

WEST BANK M/C

NEWSLETTER

August 1976

First of all I want to once again express the West Bank Motorcycle Club's appreciation to Jim Annen and The Joint/Cabooze for their continued support and the use of their facilities for our meeting place and other get togethers.

Did you ever really take a look at the sign in sheet near the end of the evening? You can BS and put on all you want about your bike, but the signatures really tell it like it is. They are a dead give away about cycles and their owners. WITNESS:

- KAWASAKI: Signature starts at one edge of the page and goes directly, in a straight, smooth line, to the other. Generally too fast to be legible.
- Harley: Characterized by letters that go up and down repeatedly with grease spots to dot "i's" and cross "t's".
- BMW: All "S's", have two parallel lines diagonally from upper right to lower left.
- HONDA'S: Smooth and even lines but probably well practiced from signing the monthly payment book.
- TRIUMPH/
NORTON: Precise, sweeping curvatures in the likes of "S", "U" and "C" but an uncertainty of continuity.
- MOTO
GUZZI: No pattern, One signed in Polish and the other couldn't straighten up enough to sign the sheet.
- SUZUKI: All had name stamps, apparently included with all the bike's other gadgets.
- YAMAHA: Come On, is there really a Kenny Roberts in the Club?
- TRIKES: Names tended to be written in a series of four arches, initially steep but falling off towards the end.

AUGUST 14th at Cannon Falls and Veseli had to be the smallest group so far this year...only 5 tents went up Saturday night, the half being for the two youngsters who came along. Kids are welcome though sometimes their questions can be embarrassing...."where is that girl/guy who stayed in your tent the other time Road Captain, Harold Nenzza had the route and campsite really together. Course anyone who's fallen out of an airplane almost 800 times and is still around must have it together. And we imagine Fred Kritzman wished he had a parachute when his new Kaw and sidecar bumped over that 15 foot vertical embankment on a side trip to a nearby lake. Somehow, he was able to walk away from it and nurse an awfully bent up piece of machinery home. Sunday the Veseli (Pop.36) Hoe-down Days provided perfect weather, cold beer, continuous polka music and robust farm gills.

AUGUST 18th Joy Park. Joy Park, huh Ross? Fortunately we have some Harley riders who can always be counted on to carry anywhere from 3 to 19 pounds of spare parts, including a master link. And speaking of spares, who was that big blue fella on the bike of your wife's bike, Tony? Just what did go on on your 3500 mile trip? We could always sign him up, now that Lee's on vacation. It was good to see so many familiar faces, all safely back from summer wander-

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ings. It would be interesting to tally-up the total miles traveled this summer by club members. Anyone notice the absence of law enforcement officials that night? Also, noticeably absent...Harry's old hat, Ralph, assorted lovers and lovees, rain and Richie's boots. Noticeably present...Vicky's "Eat Me" T-shirt, Harry's new hat, Barb Swenson, and someone's (?) B.O. And to whoever asked, Gold Palladium is not expensive dental work.

AUGUST 21-22 Millville Someone said there was a wedding dance in Millville... so why not. Unfortunately, some danced to the flight of the bumblebee and had to waltz in for medical help...but no lasting after effects. Some said the real dance was at that night's campfire. Seems some late night skinnydippers were drying out by the fire when the first wave of town returnees pulled in, not at all a smart move. Earlier a gourmet dinner of gizzards and fixin's was prepared by garde-mangers, Don Peter and Barb Gabatino. Needless to say, Sunday morning was very quiet....Larry Stitzel stole away early to avoid having to get a motel operators license, a member of the local Ladies Aid Society quietly collected the sundry clothing strewn around the smoldering campfire, while the tents of the gizzard eaters gently tugged at their stakes, attempting to rise to the tree tops.

AUGUST 25th Flying Cloud Overlook. You get a sports car driver (Don Peter) to lead a ride and, as you might suspect, you find yourself in a GYMKHANA; some never did find themselves. Credit to Don though for the keg of beer donated by KICK'S Liquors, and really, an interesting ride. It was: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MIKE WEBER, Welcome back, Lee and a handshake from the local (Eden Prairie) Police. In case you haven't yet taken a look at the letter recieved from them complimenting the Club...come to think of it, we've known all along the great bunch of member riders we've got...but its nice to be recognized sometimes. The rides-to-date summary was posted...looks like we'll need a big supply of 20 ride patches.

AUGUST 28th-29th Bone Lake, Wisconsin Was it really some obscure Roman Holiday? When you start at the Joint with their ALL YOU CAN EAT Pig Roast and finish up Sunday A.M. with the same breakfast at a place called the Paradise Inn near Balsam Lake, Wisconsin. Plus all kinds of games-of skill(?) in between, what else could it be? Sparing everyone the menu's details, the Mid-Season (Well, some die hards ride in November.) Electric Games Championships were decided at the Shore Bar atop a mountain from the campgrounds. Awards were given to the following for the following: A coupon good for a DWI ticket to Bob Bramstedt in roadracing; a free worm shot to Bear for eating the most dead fish; a band-aid to John and Roxy for air hockey; Knepectate to Barb Gabatino for eating the most; chapstick to Lee for whistle blowing; A framed map to Mike Bahn for all nite dirt road enduro riding (On a Harley even); A towel good for throwing in to Tom Harder in foosball; a hammer to the Hat for pounding down the pegs in the shuffleboard table; a 3 lb. bag of Supersweet to Mike Ciola and Richie for hogging the pool table; A conversion table of "Wampum" to dollars and cents to Bud so he can play next time; and a free spray of Gunk to all participants in the Kara Sutra Pleasure Palm Contest. And much thanks to Tom Harder and the Hat for a good ride and campsite. And Tom, tell your mom we'll all make sure you wear your long underwear on these chilly days.

A Postscript from Barb and Lani Gabatino: Having been asked to write up several rides due to vacations, we gladly accepted. Being freshman club members, however, we must apologize for the omissions we know have occurred in them. We are more than aware that club membership extends well beyond the numerous friends and acquaintances we have made and written about. It has been our impression that it is the entire membership, ALL OF YOU, who provide that certain something few other clubs or organizations enjoy.



STURGIS '76

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by

Barbara Swenson

One Ringy Dingy...Two Ringy Dingy...The man sez, "I'll give you a ride to Sturgis if you're willing to travel straight through! Momentarily pausing to consider my posterior's physical well being and my desire to attend my fifth Rally, I agree to his terms. (See, I'm not a libber.) And did he mean what he said, that Wing literally FLEW down the #14 road...Smooth as a limo-sine, quiet as a mouse. The only time we stopped was to fill the gas tank or empty the bladder. Just as I reached the conclusion that the reason female passengers have rather large derrieres is because of the extensive dead ending on the rear...myself fitting snugly within the double contour seat at "take off" and seemingly spilling over 300 fast miles later...he decides he is losing weight on this trip and we stop for dinner.

There are three things we Sturgis trippers especially dislike about the 660 mile trek through South Dakota...the hot sun which can incise you in an hour...the constantly gusting wind which gets under your helmet and lifts you skyward with choking force, besides blowing the cycle from the center line to the shoulder and the absolutely boring terrain. But have you ever witnessed the sun descend on A tree? (That tree spotted at Huron and followed to Pierre) The lack of hills and treetops gave a panoramic view of the dusk and new moon sneaking to the west, slowly engulfing the honey toned sunset which seemingly was unending. Once twilight prevailed, the awesome glow of the full moon ahead caused me to sit back and serenade the sky. (I bite at midnight.)

Arriving at our campground at 1:00 A.M., it is spookily silent. The only people around are those in "forever slumber" at the nearby cemetery and Steve and Marty Park. They greet us with enthusiasm, having been five weeks and 8000 miles on the road...and just that day staring at each other across the picnic table and twiddling their thumbs.

After a day of campsitesaving, playing endless games of Gin Rummy and 500, I was anxious to see some familiar, friendly faces. These came in the form of Harry Hat and Tom Hardee, just ambling in from a week west bumming around the Tetons and Big Horns. Next morn, there was Ron Baron, Bill High, Nancy Martz, Bill Rodeck and long time, good friends, Walt Brown and Julie Koemel, taking the long way back to Denver from Scottsbluff, Nebraska. They were very excited and a little staryeyed, haven just gotten officially engaged...she's got the rock. They considered getting married in Sturgis the following Saturday but Walt had to return for work so things did not get arranged. However, the proposed date is for November 27th in Minneapolis. I can hardly wait. Later Sunday, Bud Koemel, Dusty and Dave Zeman arrive. Then Joe and Barb Frieberg, Charlie Rice, Fred Wolf, Lynn and Donna Anderson (Friends but not wed.) Sam Lemansky and LuAnn Schmiatke who took a detour to Louisiana for some of Mama's good cooking... Crawdaday stew and hushpuppies, I betcha. Soon, Rich Nielson, Vicki Frieberg, Dale Schultz and Bear came rolling in...and who dat with the red beard?...the "Atlanta Hounddog" Mark Kunz, still hung up with his broken leg, but as full of the devil as ever. Y'all come back soon, ya hear. (and wash those footprints from the dash.) Then enters the brown BMW with Marni Schall astride, pooped or pie-eyed, but whatever, she promptly collapses...for a little while. Jim Eastlee on his way home from California, then Diane and Larry Stitzel, parched, peeled and weary from a circle trip, including Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming. Arriving from a similar trip are our Des Moines chapter, Tom, Carol, Debbie Benedict and Craig Hoyt accompanied by Tony, Patty and Dean Walstrom. After driving all night, Butch and Sue Blawd rumble into camp at 6:00 A.M. Thursday, and after an hour's snooze are ready to celebrate Butch's "Year Older Day". Also spotted in town and around the hills were Jay Paulson, Paul Schall, Gerbie Gehmann, Fred Kritzman, Kent Grand, Phil Schoch. Not seen but reportedly arriving Saturday after all but four BMWers departed were Lee Pechacek and Jim Carroll. plus Bona and Naomi Widell.

The town of Sturgis, quite ordinary and usually quiet, except for Rally week when thousands of motorcycles take over the Main Street, City Park and surrounding area. (This year estimated at 20,000.) The local folk are down to earth, friendly types, favoring cowboy hats and pointy toe boots. There are strange turkeys such as the "Sturgis Screwball" (CB handle) who accosts females on Main and slyly suggests...with a wink...an afternoon of "hamming it up". His favorite tale is about the time he romanced a lady truck driver over the CB and actually set a wedding date without ever seeing her. Then there was the senior citizen who sat on his front lawn across from City Park (aptly termed the Zoo) Warmly ensconced in his rocking chair, he wore his striped P.J.'s, a well worn out studded black leather jacket and a Harley Hat complete with wings. Next to his chair was a bedside table with a ruffie shaded lamp atop and in his lap, a pair of binoculars. Many townspeople, (after sending their wives and young maidens a safe distance away) enjoy bike Main and yardsitting on Free Feed night. "Hey, Maudie, Didja see that goof pop a wheelie barefoot and land on his head?" "No, Clem, but there goes that naked guy climbing that tree with the cops on his tail again. Gollee." Pranks staged with no intent to injure anyone else are harmless and often hilarious, like the truck that passed by the Joint, its sides and rearend lined with mooners. For a moment, I suspected they were West Bankers, but the likelys were all within the saloon. Incidentally, the West Banker who last year streaked the Queen Coronation (and outclassed them all) declined to repeat his performance. This year, for the first time in many, the outlaw population was larger. Holed up in a campground south of Deadwood they were reasonably well mannered until the end of the week, when they started shootingup, flashing knives and harrassing each other in Deadwood. Officials had to close down the entire town and escort everybody out. Later, they poured gasoline on Sturgis streets and lit them afire. I also heard reports that they reenacted the T-shirt contest scene of last years Mankato Rally on the bartop in No. 10 saloon. Need I say more?

Sturgis is strictly B.T.O.B. (Bring Your Own Brood) for guys and downright dangerous of ladies "off the leash". In an attempt to describe the male's mental attitude and physical condition during Rally Week let me say this...On Monday, a young, unescorted female walking down the Main Street would likely get 10,000 leers, 5,000 friendly smiles, 2,500 whistles, 1250 Hubba Hubbas,

(From the Retreads) 625 indecent proposals and at least one pinch...wherever. By FRIDAY, an 85 year old, nearsighted, hunchbacked Granny with a cane would get the same plus a definate probe. Possibly the problems with the Outlaws could have been avoided by bringing a "Corps D' Prostitutes" to Strawberry Hill. ATTENTION Madam Dixie. Save the historic streets of Deadwood from Outlaw destruction...Open your ___house during Rally Week 1977.

West Bankers occupied their days touring the Hills, poking around abandoned mines, skinnydipping in Pactola, scraping their footpegs on the Needles Highway switchbacks, eyeballing Mt. Rushmore and Crazyhorse, dragging Spearfish Canyon, trying to identify the five states visible from Terry Peak, wallowing in mud at Backlock Falls and other such adventures. Morning Red Beer sessions at the Joint found them discussing such profound subjects as Fried Eggs, Ostrich Eggs, and Hummingbird Eggs. (Flat boobs, immense boobs and petite boobs.) The afternoon Matinee at the campground busied themselves; watching Vickies dried, brown plant rejuvenate to green, capturing flies in clear plastic tumblers, then blowing cigarette smoke in to see how long it would take to annihilate them, starting avocado seeds, sleeping off hangs and going on Snake Hunts. One rattler was found, already shot and was later seen being carried to the Harley camp next door presumably to be skinned and cooked for dinner. Sirloin snake, anyone?

A Tuesday Hill ride with Hat and company, starting out at 9:30 A.M. proved to be a "rainstorm ducking" affair. Many hours were spent in the Moonshine Gulch Saloon in Rochford. (Pop. 25, Elev. 5,260) which is my favorite place in the Hills. Their beer is chilled and served in frosted glasses which causes the liquid to form icy crystals. Delightfully refreshing. Still more rain and hail

later found us hanging "in" at Hill City, Harney and Deadwood bistros. Upon finally reaching camp at 12:30 A.M. Weas. (They were ready to send out search cycles.) we heard the reports of Sturgis's phenomenal hailstorm. Photos in the next day's local newspaper showed the action in detail, which Barb Frieberg, Tom Harder and others actually experienced. Large hailstones came down with such force that they bounced to the tops of buildings. They broke windshields, dented gas tanks, soaked seats and ravished choppers. The accumulation was so great that merchants had to shovel their sidewalks and one ingenious biker made a snow lady, using cherry popsicle tips to make her more feminine. (Frostina melted in a couple of hours, but I betcha she got a lot of lovin') The sculptor of such is Bruce Caldwell aka Boomer of Thunder Bay, Ontario, a gregarious, smiling fellow whose charm won the admiration of all of us...and also the key man of the West Bank's Canadian Chapter.

Moonlit evenings in the Black Hills, hardly romantic what with 10,000 hornies blasting their engines and mufflerless machines down the street. But rather a circus/carnival atmosphere with trikes and bikes painted in fluorescent waves and swirls, some lit up with spoke lights and luggage compartments and fairings outlined in lights...sort of Christmasy effect. Hordes of people meandering down the streets, waiting in line at Gunner's Lounge and crowding the Joint to hear the honky tonk piano player. Obviously absent is "Lamppost" J. Carroll sitting under his fir tree outside the Armory...a favorite spot maintained for over twenty years and now occupied by Bear. Jim was replaced by Bud Koemel at the traditional "Closing of the Joint" with Jim Eastlee and Dot.... a Motormaid who last year reportedly sold her _____ (donkey) This year she admitted she made enough money from that sale to buy FOUR...ah...um...roosters.. That's it, roosters. (I think.) The aftereffects of this years beer consumption contest was Eastlee under the table and Bud "choking" the "turkey" all the way to camp.

A ten mile boogie through the canyon brings you to Deadwood and the Old Time No. 10 Saloon where outlawwatching...both the dead ones encased in glass on the walls and the live species...is at its best. Actually there is little difference....except the dead ones have clean faces. (I swear the tattered jean variety whiz daily on each other for "Eau d'Cologne" (Toiletwater)) The bartender is merry and congenial, doing a rock and roll twist while concocting drinks, giving a beer and bump of tequila to our Birthday Man, Butch, tossing gobs of olives in Hat's and Tom's Gimlets and gratis martinis for this lady. Ah, yes, it got a little drunk out in Deadwood that night....but pleasantly so. While sipping on my second...or was it third martini, I was called upon to sign up a new member. Rather a unique place, wouldn't you agree...but a warm welcome to Bill Bane of Anoka, racer at Brainerd International and owner of Raceway Specialists Ent. Intelligent bikers start their alcoholic fluid intake at Deadwood and ride that cold, twisty canyon road to Sturgis before getting excessively intoxicated. Then maybe a chill chaser or two in town and nightcaps....if necessary...around the campfire. Around 1:00 A.M. The Second Annual Graveyard Campground Hillclimb commences. Sadly missed by our Harley neighbors is Ken Anderson. With much hullabaloo and carrying on through the night, several "Hogs" smash into trees, bending their front forks and crushing a few minor bones. When the noise finally subsides around 6 A.M. all you can hear is the "bag zips" of the early morning rouser in the tent next door, an occasional gunshot from the camp below, the babbling brook babbling beneath the bridge and one guy looking for a misplaced sock...Diddle Diddle Dumplin...my friend _____.

By Friday, although I have camped in comfort, ate hearty, good food, artfully prepared by Chef Frederico, been escorted, protected and hauled around by my good buddies, wine and dined by a new friend plus meeting interesting people traveling new roads in addition to my favorites, I am ready to go home. Looking forward to a soft mattress and my feather pillow, I climb on the "Tacky Turkey" late Saturday afternoon to head East. With Klutz on the throttle, it is a leisurely pace, spending a QUIET night at Pierre and arriving at my home Sunday.

ODDS AND ENDS.....

All in all, there were about fifty Westbankers in Sturgis. A fair cry from two of us in 1971 and six in 72. If you have never been there or missed this year, make your plans early and join us in Sturgis, 1977.

The Trophy Run is very close and can still change what with nine rides remaining....So far the top twelve riders are Lee, Mike Ciola, Harry Strand, Roxy and John Brightman, Rich, Carol Fisher, Joe Frieberg, Marni Schall, Barbara Swenson, Don Peter and tied for the twelfth trophy...Tom Harder and Harold Nengza. Right on their tail, in a three way tie is Tom Pilcher, Fred Kritzman and Ron Widell.

What with all the new Wings flying around the club, I failed to mention Bob Bramstedt's shiny new Z-1 Kawasaki, which I hear leaves those Wings in the dust. Although Naomi Widell got a new 90S BMW for their 6000 mile trip West, I understand if she had her brothers, she'd knock Ron off his Wing and give him the Beemer. A little top heavy for a little lady like Naomi.

Although we appreciate the ingenuity displayed by recent Road Captains in their planning of routes, there are guidelines that should be followed as close as possible. One of these is the 90 mile limit on Saturday runs unless preannounced or unintentional. As an open minded group we have to take into consideration all types of riders, the campers and non-campers who have to return to the cities, the experienced and the inexperienced drivers. Leading a ride is more than just getting in front of a large group of motorcycles...that's why we give you a patch, because it involves work and specific planning and awareness of others. Remember, those bikers behind you do have a measure of intelligence.

A Poem contributed by Larry Stitzel:

SHORT THOUGHTS FROM A SHORT MAN

By Curly Wayne

As one fine man once told it to me,
everyone has got to ride something.

On land, in the air, or on the sea,
A Gold Wing, my friend said, is the only way to go.

They'll give a ride of great comfort
and vibration will not show.

These words of wisdom from his lips
were music to my ears.

Because through this bike his world is made
and happiness is his.

But in this land of ours, with individuality
my taste and his do not coincide,
a Gold Wing is not for me.

My legs are short and stubby
and a great fall could prevail.

With 850 lbs. of Gold Wing
laying upon my tail.

With so many bikes to choose from
the decision will not be small.

Honda, Triumph, Norton and M/G
From which to fall

Kawasaki, Suzuki and Yami
Bultaco and Maico too.

The next that I might try
will be BMW.

STEVE MALM has offered to take a group picture of the WBMC & sell prints at a reasonable \$. Those interested in such place a * next to your name on the sign in.

A THOUGHT: Social Intercourse is a form of intercourse without intercourse which can have all the pleasure and excitement and satisfaction and dissatisfaction of intercourse intercourse which is a form of intercourse without the need for socialization although in some cases of intercourse intercourse you're apt to end up with what is called a social problem while in some cases of social intercourse you may end up with what is colloquially called a screwing.