



Just to catch everyone up as to what has happened this year. **Sat. April 28, 2012 Dave McLellan** Daves Ride to his home. It was sort of nasty and cold. This happens this time of the year. We took starting mileage numbers, spot checked tire pressures, chided those with low tire pressure and got reacquainted with people we missed over the easy winter. Food and camaraderie were in abundance.



Ride Reports (some creative license was used when ride reports were not available, actually quite a lot)

May 2, 2012 Richard Hickey, Newport MN It was a dark and blustery mid afternoon before the clan departed with full bellies and mischief on their mind. Newport awaited just a short 60 minutes away. We rode, we drank, we rode some more and no one got hurt.

May 5, 2012 Scarfie The bar, Hastings. South western MN is a destination once again. Scarfie showed off his new windshield. He didn't bring his flag this time.

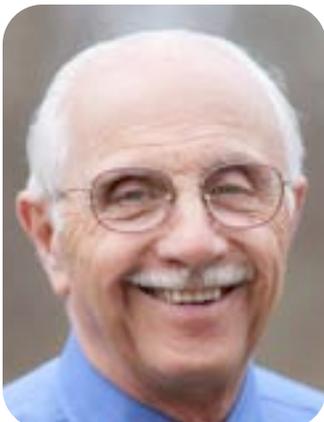
May 9 Neil Tessier A tour of the city, its dark nooks and crannies, its recognizable landmarks were sights along the way to Shaws. The band played and middle aged people grabbeed each other like there was no tomorrow. The sweat ran and we forgot yesterday.

May 12 Jeff Miller (Big Red) A quiet soul Red lead us to the Nauti Hawg in the middle of nowhere. Better known as Diamond bluff WI. It is a stop for many on the "frost your nuts run. Some people got lost or just left the group, others were found but said they were never lost. We would later discover that this was Reds last Ride captain time with the WBMC.



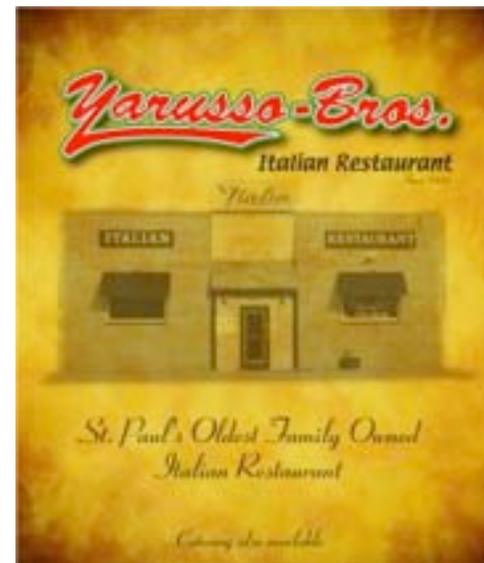
May 16 Amy Thomas Though she does not drive she lead Clay through the twists and turns to Stillwater. No problems and no one got lost. Brookside at Marine on the St Croix was right where we left it. No one knew that later this year it was Clays time to bite asphalt.

May 19 Paul Moore Time to hit the Pussy. Actually the title was "Oh Golly, Don't run over the Kitty", but my description of the ride seems more spectacular. The origination of the title was due to a ride last year. Paul twists a throttle around a corner and a suicidal cat runs in front of him. Paul does what you are supposed to do in this emergency: Shift your weight back a bit, bring your but off the seat and absorb the impact with your legs. Paul was fine. The kitty not so much. Anyway, the ride was the famous "Where the hell are we ride, and how can I remember these roads for another trip"? Roads that looked like a rollercoaster more than a country road. Speeds were moderate to Yippee. No one crashed. All had a good time.



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Realty 612-822-8888

May 23





Mike
Green
This
time it

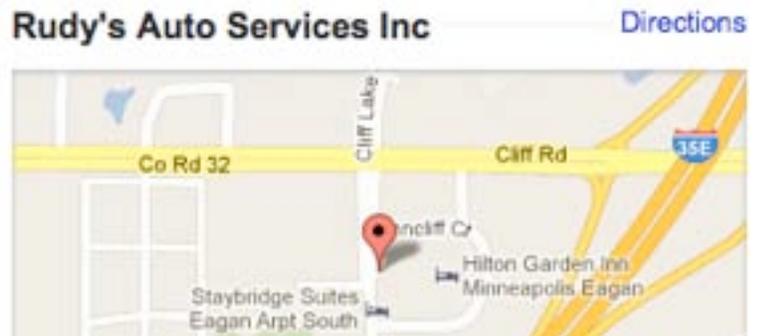


was St Paul's time to host the club. A leisurely ride through the secondary streets of Minneapolis. A little nippy that evening but Keenan's off west 7th and Western Ave S was happy to host us that night. The bar is nothing to look at, wood floors, little 4 top tables. It would be a good place for a small Irish band. We flooded the bar, food came out quickly. I remember the wings being extremely succulent that night. The rush to sign in and we lingered before making our way home.

May 26, Harald Nenza The man known for the clubs web site and all its numerous updates took the lead this Saturday and brought the 20 or so people to Dons Little bar (sponsor) in White Bear Lake. Not a long ride but a nice destination when sunny.

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May 30 Fred Meyer Jr. OK so you can take the long way as many of us did or the short way . 20 miles or 2 miles. I chose the 20 mile and it was fun. Some people got lost and had to catch the group. Not an easy thing to do. Everything goes to hell when a corner does not get marked or someone leaves too early. We all made it, clogged the parking lot, swamped the bar and had our fill of 3.2 beverages.



June 2 Mike McCabe "The Egg Hunt". Started out being a good idea, but when you plan a route based on Google maps things can go awry. We went to a cemetery, hit 7 miles of dirt road. Grab your cleaning cloths and tooth brushes for polishing. Got a little lost (makes it more fun) and ended up at an organic egg farm. Picked up some eggs, got some sausages, beverages and burrito shells. At a park in Henderson I pulled out a small camp stove and we cooked those eggs, sausages, and shells. Plenty for everyone, and a few of us had some adult beverages. Mike got stopped doing 51 in a 30 and had to blow in a tube. It showed .025 and all were best buddies after that. They let him go probably because he was so polite. Reminds me of something a cop told me once. "You may not be able to talk your way out of a ticket, but you can certainly talk your way into more".

Tom the Tailor
1052 19th Avenue Southeast Minneapolis, MN 55414

June 6 Chad Kelvies "B" day ride. Hopkins will never be the same and I hope Chad has recovered from that night. Rather crisp that evening. Festivities were in full swing when I arrived. Chad was the shot King that night. He had a ride home that night and

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we wish him well. I think he is 39 now.

June 9 Paul Moore. As usual Paul led a great trip on a hot summers day. Everyone got naked in the creek after a spirited ride. Imagine a bunch of naked bikers with tan lines lying on the bank of a shallow creek. Then it was off to the bar where a couple of women and some drunk guy showed us there pole dancing technique. Paul drank tequila from some women's navel. It was a fun afternoon. I just made all of this up because there was no trip report. OOOps

June 13 Randy Meyer The Valley Lounge welcomed us this evening. Starting from Whiskey we were about 40+ riders on a south metro ride around 40 miles in total. Crazy so many people made it to the destination with all the lack of corner markers and roundabouts. Minneapolis, south St Paul, Inver Grove Heights, east St Paul, we went everywhere that night. Seemed late when we arrived for our evening of bar supplied burritos. The owner said Randy is a regular and to show their appreciation for his patronage put on the dog for us. Yeah Randy.

June 16 Mike Green Finally we visit the state to our East. Why is it so windy in Minnesota...? Wisconsin sucks. Kidding The normal Saturday suspects meet at the crack of noon for a leisurely 1:00pm departure to Wisconsin. Feels good thundering down the road with a group of friends. Carefree and loving it. Klinkers (sponsor) was looking forward to our arrival. Beverages, food, a lot of BS between friends. What could be better.

June 20 Scarfy Harmon Face it you really have no idea where Champlain is. But it really is an area north of Brooklyn Center. The legion has all the appeal of a wooden box complete with its drunk old women inside who looks like she has been ridden hard and put away wet. Champlain is one of those non descript second or third ring towns with families that include 2.2 children, a little white dog, people who commute 30 miles a day in their 2002 Tauruses, and vote for people because they think one day they will have enough money to take advantage of the tax breaks they promise the rich.

Sorry, but no ride report on this one. Scarfy has really stood up this year and lead a lot of rides that would have gone vacant except for his dedication to the club.

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DRIFTERS BAR & GRILL

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(651) 453-9590



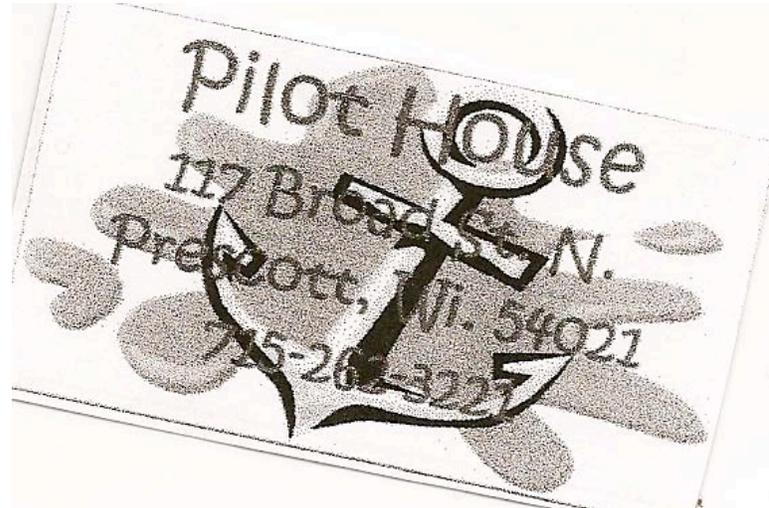
Don's Little Bar 
4150 Hoffman Road White Bear Lake, MN 55111

June 23 Mark Cady A really nice long ride to Mazeppa, MN. South east near Rochester. Lots of twisties and county roads. Lunch, then on to Wabasha via Hwy 60. Did I mention lots of twisties. Mark obviously spent a lot of time planing this and he did a great job pre riding it and getting the maps done professionally. As Mark says it is not about the destination it is how you get there.

June 27th Mike McCabe A time tested ride with 40 or so riders. We hit Hwy. 94 East and up 280 to energy park drive. We rode through the deserted fairgrounds. Early strange to not see it full of

Scribble space by Mark

families,
food, cotton
candy
or



nauseating rides with carneys. Did you know carla was a carnie. Through como park, by Vadnais lake and sucker creek (water source for St Paul). Good water for fishing, but illegal to boat or swim in. Ended up at a snooty little strip mall near North Oaks. Last year when we rode through "The Oaks" some resident threw a watering can at one of us. The police inquired who led the group. As I recall no one stepped forward to claim that title.

June 30, 2012 Milo Kendal We rode to see Milo jump from a plane. His shoot opened, all is well.

July 4th Clay Gordon Before Clay smashed into a girl on a bike and planted his face firmly on the asphalt he lead a ride to Captains on Long Lake in Isanti. I tried to look up this place on the net and all that was found was an incomplete web site. www.youtube.com/watch?v=5zWaGIQC3BE Looks like a nice place about 40 miles due north on 169. There is a lake nearby.

July 7 Scarfy Harmon Hey James get those front fork seals replaced. It was nice to go to Vermillion. Metro rides can be such a pain on a nice weekend. Maybe 25 people showed up for B-fast at Whiskey Junction and around 1:00pm the group left for the short ride to Vermillion, and the Steinhaus. Guess what was there... Beer and more food. No complaints.



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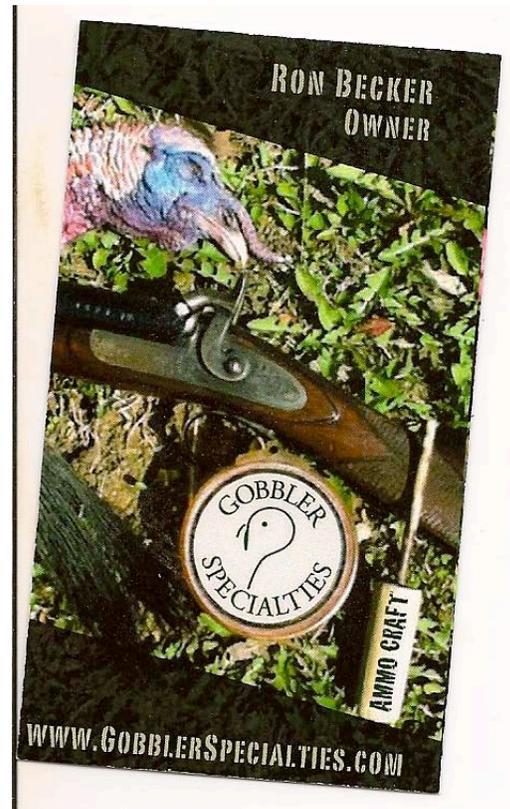
Hours: Closed Monday;
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Friday 8:30-6:00; Saturday 8:00-12:00



July 11 Paul Moore Now this was a fun time. We went all over the place. Paul must have ridden the ride before the group. He found newly resurfaced roads, areas to twist the throttle and other areas to challenge your turning abilities. Few people got lost but we all ended up together at a new bar. The dog House bar and Grill is your standard sports bar with flat screens on the wall and good deep fried food.

July 14 Smoker and Mike McCabe Not the best ride in the world. 11 of us took off for Breezy Point Resort. Smoker has a boat repair shop just off the lake. We rode due north for 100 miles and had a sign in. A few peeled off and probably returned but a few of us continued the rest of the 50 miles to meet up with some ABATER's. Keith (smoker) had the meeting at his shop and afterward the ABATERS and us sat down for a feast with music provided by Dale. Did you know he was a professional musician a while back in Florida. There was a pontoon ride on one of the many boats available, and overnight and breakfast was provided

the next morning. One of us had to leave while the rest were out pontooning so over the chain link fence I went to retrieve bags. Getting over that fence would have been easier 20 years ago. Breezy point, nice place,



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July 18 Dale Schultz Maynards on the lake. How that place has changed. From dive bar, to conference center, to banquet hall to not so bad bar on the lake. While most of the leather there was not in the form of jackets but short skirts I was not complaining. The lake and other views were breathtaking. Easy ride out there, Sheila was ready with the sign in sheet. I think we took Hwy 7 all the way from Uptown to Excelsior. Sure mark appreciated being so close to home.



July 21 Jim Morin grabbed a fist full of throttle and let's get going. Jim is known for taking no prisoners. This near 100 mile journey left at 12:00n West bank time and headed to Wisconsin. county roads, highways, no moss was gathering under anyone's wheels that day.

July 25 Smoker Efron Lord Fletchers had done some remodeling and while they do have valet parking no one in the club offered the pimply faced attendants their keys. All the pretty people were out that warm evening. Then there was us. Thieving bankers, cheating husbands, and I thought silicone was primarily used to waterproof your bathtub. It also is what holds up tube tops.

July 28 Paul Moore The ride sheet says inner tubing. I guess that is code for some type of debauchorous activity involving hamsters and whipped cream. But I could be wrong maybe they really did go tubing on the Sunrise river near North branch.



August 1 Mike Greene We went to Drifters www.driftersbarandgrill.com after a long wining route through s Mpls. we took the big right hander onto Hwy 62 East. One of the best big corners in Minneapolis to roll through at speed. The group partially broke up for a while, but all corner markers held fast and we mostly arrived in mass at Billys place. The owner Billy (drifters) and Mike (WBMC) both used to be involved with

the St Paul Bouncing team. That is the group who hold onto a round rug and bounce girl up into the air during many of the carnivals and festivals throughout the cities. Great location to unwind that night. the gentle slapping of the water on the shore, the solitude of South south St Paul, and darkness of an unpopulated area made it a good night.

August 4th Mark Cady The plan was to go to Mazeppa. A wonderful ride when held earlier this season. The day of the ride a concern of rain made Milo decide to change the ride to Norms Wayside in buffalo A yawn could be heard from all twisty loving bikers. Ultimately some went and did twisties, others went to buffalo. All gathered at Whiskey on Wednesday.

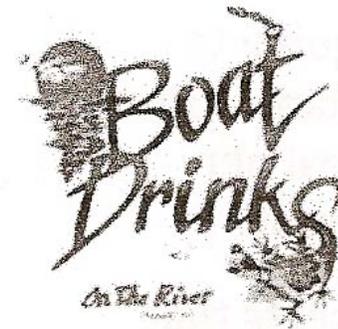
August 8 Mike McCabe
The ride was scheduled for somewhere else but because we are a bunch of wimpy pansy asses we headed to Mayzlacks. (Nobody beats Mayzlacks meat) A gentle tour of West river road to downtown, a round about tour of the new condos that used to be \$425K and are now around \$350K. Thanks you bankers, predatory lenders, lax rules that allowed millions to lose billions



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and line the pockets of hundreds. Oh yeah, back to writing. Over the Broadway bridge we go at a normal pace. This bridge is notorious for cops with radar. Crest the top of the bridge at 35 and whammo, you got a citation. While at mayzacks a well known thief of club funds showed up with her lovely daughter. Most made nicey nicey others remember to well the costs and friendships lost.

August 11 Kenny Motzko Little carnelian lake is where Kenny resides. The club normally rides there on Wednesdays, but a couple yahoos made it more feasible to arrive on a Saturday. His driveway is a bit of a bikers nightmare and parking under good conditions can be tricky let alone at night.



Cathy was there to make us all feel at home and served up a nice lunch. A few people went swimming the rest played the game "How many people does it take to sink a pontoon boat". Looked like people were doing a Jesus. The pontoons were barely visible and at a distance it looks like people were walking on water while carrying a large umbrella.



August 15 Scarfy Harmon He steps up again and helps the club leading yet another ride. We ride, no one gets hurt. The route is pretty much up Hwy 35W to Mouondsviw. Bamboo Bettys does have a nice outdoor deck with simple furnishings. Inside it is a rectangular down on its luck sports bar. POne wonders why the name. Maybe that is why over half decide to go accross the street to another establishment. It just does not have that 'je ne sais quoi' present at a similarly sounding bar of NE Minneapolis fame. Psycho Suzies knows for its tiki bowl rum concoctions and stunning views of

the Mississippi river.

August 18 I think Mike McCabe was the leader. At least it felt that way when the 5 of us left Whiskey Junction. No map just a... " Find siren, go 6.5 miles out of town and turn left. "You've been there before" There were about 15



West bankers there ove the weekend. Pat Cremins has been hosting the club at hell hole for 30 years and the crowd is getting long in the tooth. Children, and grandchildren now populate the evenings entertainment. He has even sectioned off a portion of his land and given it to his son and girlfriend to build a house on and raise their own family It is only a brief tractor ride from the main house. Built by hand by Pat and others it is remniscent of a communal 60's style Hippie round house. Food was BBQ pic nicky style, camping was where you found it. Milo had been there for a



couple days and was in full happy mode. There was a funny fellow with a big 35 foot motorhome who regaled us with stories of how he was a videographer in the 80 and his shoulder and Prince's face made it into final edit of his 3rd non spectacular movie.

August 22 Mark Cady Maybe he just wanted to lead a ride close to home, or we needed someone at the last minute, but what a fun night this was. A big group left the Junction and

meandered through Mpls to Nord east and the Nightcap. It is a place you've driven past hundreds of times but maybe never walked in. Dark room, sticky floor, small band playing in the corner, couples with years of experience dancing the evening away, and leaving their troubles at the door. A friendly place, a neighborhood bar. There are still quite a few places like this in Nord East. But a lot of trendy places are filling in the voids left by a bad economy.



August 25th Paul Moore So we are off to Wisconsin again. Paul, notorious for finding out of the way places does not disappoint. After winding through narrow roads and down the Wisconsin coulees he actually finds a Blacksmith Shop. He puts on an apron, grabs the rear leg of a large draft horse and shows us how to shoe it. He pulls off the old shoe, rasps clean the hoof and goes on to heating up the black iron in a coal driven fire he pumps the bellows to make the metal red hot. Bam, Bam goes the 5 pound hammer bending the near molten slab into just the right shape for this broad oak of a horse's hoof. Hand made hoof nails are plucked from between his lips and steadfastly secure the newly made horseshoe. (No trip report was available so I took literary license)



August 29th Scarfy That man is a machine. Without James we would all be left at the Junction looking at our beers wondering what to do next. There is a volleyball court and last time I was there a one legged man named lefty selling tacos from his station wagon.

Lefty was not there the night we arrived, and although they had free Wi-Fi no one knew the password to log in and connect. It was a stormy and slightly wet night but 20 still made the journey. Some stayed outside for a smoke most samples the finest grainbelt available inside the bar.

September 1 Scarfy Harmon is there no one man enough to lead other than him? Joe and Stans (Sponsor) is but 11 miles from the Junction and it was an easy ride for the 30 of





us. Once there karaoke and \$3 tacos filled and warmed the belly while the beverages made the arthritis just a little bit more bearable. the club hadn't been ther for a while and nothing has changed in that year. The place still has a small back yard an a big kitchen.

September 5 Mike Brier His first lead of the season, car tire and all, and we go to Boat Drinks in Prescott. Nice highway ride, couple good areas to roll on the throttle. Uneventful. Boat Drinks is knows for its shrimp platter and I'd suggest staying outside or upstairs. The flavor in the basement bar reminded me of the time I had to call rotor roter.

September 8 Clay Gordon Just out of the hospital his face held together with prayers, wire, glue and a lot of internal suture. This last crash was Clays second. No helmet was worn in either accident. The doctors Strongly suggest his head and face can not survive another similar accident. He is sure he will ride again next time it will be with a helmet. Personal observation: This year has been a particularly tragic year for the club. A helmet did not save Red's life, but it could have saved 2 people from very serious injuries. Just a thought.

September 12 Mike Green Not enough do we go far far south of the cties. This was a welcome ride to Mike's stomping ground. Pretty much a straight shot south to New Trier and Dan's Bar and Grill. Known to have cheerleaders showing up from time to time it was an easy ride.

September 22 Milo Kendall Living in St Boni it was an easy choice for Milo to take us all there.

September 26 James "Scarfy Harmon When I types in putnam Garden all it pulled up was a garden and greenhouse in Scott Depot West Virginia. This was wrong. The club has been going here as long as I can remember. It was just a house and garage. It has morphed into a hosta-extravaganza. A bridge, firepit, trails to nowhere, art installations and lets not forget a hundred varieties of hostas have been planted and coaxed into growing everywhere imaginable. If only we could have arrived earlier to see all the tremendous work laid at our feet. Vittles were provides. A very strange and uniqwue place in south St Paul.

September 29 Seila Smith It was a great 2 hour ride to Prior lake to Dale and Sheilas new/old farm house and out buildings. Guess we were 25-30 people and some old friends (Yvonne) we have missed over the months showed up. Prior lake is not the sleepy area it once used to be. A casino, horse track, and a lot of money has made this a hoppin area to invest. Their two dogs enjoyed the excitement.

Ride captains	#'s of rides
Scarfy	7
Mike M	5
Paul M	5
Mike G	4



