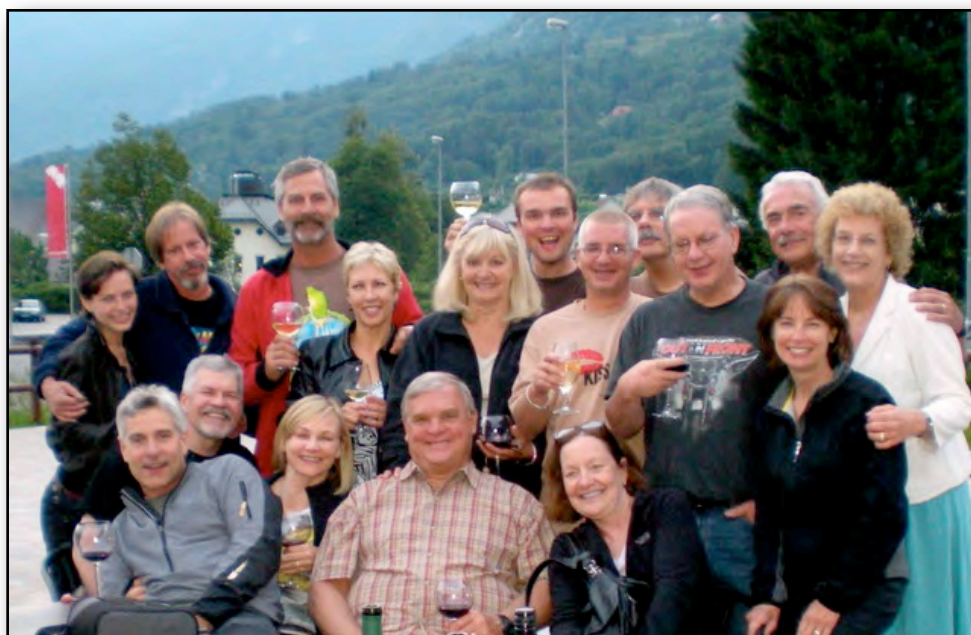




Streeterville Scramblers NEWSLETTER



The happy group on the last evening in Bovec.

STREETERVILLE SCRAMBLERS 2010 ALPS ADRIATIC TOUR-June 12 – 27, 2010

By Christine Karr

Trip Participants:

Barry, Ann & Suzanne Willey
GB Willey
Joe & Sharon Kemper
John & Kathy Young
Ron Young
Dave Young
Bob & Christine Karr

Non-scrambler self-guided tourers:
Rick (& Bunny) & John (& Stacy)
Hunts (AKA as the HUNTS
brothers)

Our leader: Matej Malovrh
(Adriatic Motor Tours)

Assisted by: Klemen Novak

Countries toured:

Slovenia, Croatia, Northern Italy

We arrived in Ljublijana, Slovenia one day prior to the start of the trip, and we able to walk around the city center during the day. Ljublijana, with a population of 270,000, was the most populated of

Officers 2010

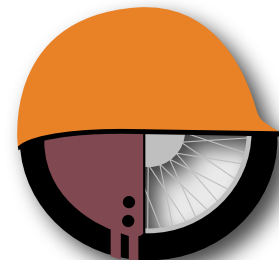
President
John Young
Vice President
Roger Ensminger
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Ann Willey
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Howard Tiedt
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David Young

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Wade Clement
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Philippe Cochran

Streeterville Scramblers Since 1963

We Are:

A group of experienced and capable motorcyclists, comprised of intelligent and independent people, who pool their knowledge, contacts and efforts to plan and execute interesting, enjoyable motorcycle tours for its members and their invited guests, to destinations both domestic and overseas.





all of the trip destinations, and the trip into the old city was a great way to start the trip. Memorably, we were walking Ljubljana on the day of the when the United States played Slovenia in the World Cup, and all outside cafes and bars were packed to the gills with locals watching the game. Of note, thought to be the most-photographed sight in Ljubljana – the great Dragon Bridge with four large dragons guarding either side of the bridge, with smaller griffins adorning the bottom of the eight lamp posts. I am certain that these dragons were digitally captured by each one of the tour participants, appearing in at least one photo. Most of us took a very modern funicular up to the Castle, and some brave souls climbed the 100 red cast-iron steps to the top of the Outlook Tower for yet another photo opportunity. We accomplished some minor retail therapy while in the city, ate lunch, and then traveled back to our quaint hotel in order to meet our leader, sign some forms, and then take a short ride to meet our motorcycles. We ended the day with a prearranged group dinner of typical Slovenian fare and wonderful local wine. We met and got to know the Hunts brothers and their very fun women (Bunny & Stacie) during this dinner, and noted that they

had the ability to eat and drink quantities of food and wine in typical Scrambler fashion.

Day two: The first riding day – we traveled from Ljubljana to the Lagarska Valley, which was shaped by glaciers in the ice age, and stopped for coffee at a little café next to a small lake. From there, we rode to yet another valley (NOTE – great sweepers, some minor twisties, and NO traffic) where all riders met up for a great lunch home cooked Slovenia at a small farm, the Govc-Vrsnik. Some riders visited the Rinka waterfall, some visited the oldest town in Slovenia, Ptuj, and others traveled on to our ultimate destination, a small farm and vineyard in Kog, which is a small village in the wine region, Jeruzalem (named after the biblical city). We were met by the owners, who were not English-speaking, given appetizers, and wine, treated to another Slovenian dinner, and then entertained by the owner’s grandson, who played a mean accordion. Once again, we were joined during and following dinner by the very enthusiastic Hunts.

Day three highlights: From Kog, most of us traveled to the oldest city, Ptuj, where we had some coffee and walked around

2011 Calendar

Dec 12

Holiday Brunch
Cantigny Golf Club, Wheaton
Tom Ging

Jan 9 2011

Rosy Cheeks
Mike & Honey Mattenson

Mar 19 2011

Dinner Dance
Iron Horse Hotel, Milwaukee
Adam Sarauskas

April ?? 2011

Virgin Voyage, Industry Tour
G.B.Willey

May ?? 2011

Museum Tour
Auburn Cord Duesenberg - AMA
Roger Ensminger & Wade Clement

June 17 - July 3 2011

Beautiful Balkans Adventure
Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia,
Herzegovina, Montenegro
Barry Willey

August ??

New England
TBD

Oct ??

Texas Hill Country
Adam Sarauskas?

Dec. ??

Holiday Brunch
Bud Melto

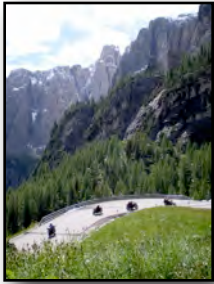
Feb 21 02??

New Zealand?!

the city center. We picnic-lunched near Podsreda Castle, after negotiating a rough, winding 5k road up to the picnic site. The nights’ destination was the very extravagant Otocec Castle, a historic castle recently renovated into a luxurious hotel, which is situated on a small



Alps-Adriatic Tour June 12 through June 27, 2010 (Continued)



Mountains, Scenery, Curves!



island in the middle of the Krka River. Some of us arrived at the hotel late, due to a minor delay occasioned by a diesel-in-the-BMW mishap (*no names mentioned because some of what happens in Slovenia stays in Slovenia*) At the castle, we were treated to a very fancy gourmet dinner, wonderful local wine, and were again entertained by the fabulous Hunts.



Twisties Galore!

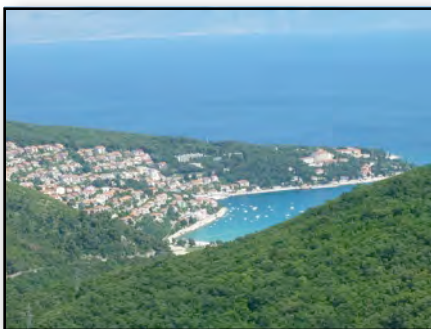
Day four highlights: We left the castle in the rain and traveled by slab to the Akrapovic campus for a tour of the factory and all things exhaust-manufacturing-related. Details of the manufacturing process will need to be provided by one of the more gear-head members of the group, as this was my first experience touring through a large factory where motorcycle and car parts are made – I was pleased at the end of the tour, however, to receive a “goodie bag” and a Slovenian cappuccino. Thanks to Barry for arranging this visit. I understand that we have been invited back for a repeat visit next year. From the factory, we rode through the rain on more wonderful Slovenia roads through the Kolpa River Valley, had a quick pizza lunch, and made our way across the largest Adriatic island, KRK

Island, via a large toll bridge to the ferry in the afternoon for a short ride to Cres Island and then our ultimate destination, Losinj Island. NOTE: because there is only one road from Cres to Losinj, we were told to make sure that we left the ferry before the cars in order to beat the traffic. *Again, no names to be mentioned, but one member of our group had the proud distinction of being the very LAST vehicle off the ferry due to a kill-switch mishap. Memorable.* The evening included a meal at the hotel and a visit to a local outdoor beverage spot – where some of us over-indulged in vile-tasting, high octane liquid poison, otherwise known as Grappa.



Our own private tour of Akropovic.

Day five highlights: Rest day on Losinj Island, in the Village of Nerezine – most of us visited a rocky nude beach, walked through the little village, ate big fish, and generally rested in an attempt to overcome the effects of the poison ingested the previous night.



Adriatic Coast.

Day six highlights: We traveled inland through the Istria Peninsula, and navigated some very tiny twisty roads up a “hill” to the medieval town of Motovun. By lunch time, we



Alps-Adriatic Tour June 12 through June 27, 2010 (Continued)

were aboard yet another ferry for a short ride to our next destination, Croatia and the town of Rovinj for another rest day. Hotel Eden was built during the socialist reign of Marshall Tito, and was intended to provide the “masses” with a luxurious resort in this very scenic tourist area of what is now Croatia. The outdoor pool was extraordinary and the hotel was huge. We walked from the hotel into the center of Rovinj for another group dinner at a local restaurant and viewed the sites of the town.

Day seven highlights: Rest day in Rovinj. Rain, rain and more rain. Two very adventurous riders, Dave and Ron Young, got up very early on this rest day, to ride many miles to catch a ferry to Venice. Unfortunately, they learned, later, that they could have caught a ferry in Rovinj.....Guys: to quote another Scrambler,¹ “you were making memories.”

Day eight highlights: We leave in the rain from the Hotel Eden (my personal favorite), leaving Rovinj and Croatia, and headed back to Slovenia for one night and then toward the Dolomites in Northern Italy. This is the day that the roads got challenging for this particular rider, having not spent many hours on a bike on

alpine mountain roads since.....the Italy trip in 2003. On our way, we made a “little” detour and visited the Skocjan caves (think many steps, claustrophobia, creaky funicular and 3 kilometers long.....fun times) We also visited the Lipica Stud farm and petted some Lippizzaner stallions, prior to ending up in a lovely new hotel overlooking a vineyard in Kozana, Brda. (*Making a case for the use of GPS, some of us tour a little detour through the corner of Austria prior to finally arriving at the proper destination.*) A group dinner, again with those fabulous Hunts brothers, was hosted at a local vineyard, and in my humble opinion, was the most memorable dinner of the entire trip.

Day nine highlights: Onward and upward, we leave the vineyards of Brda, Slovenia, and make our way on to the Dolomites, with our ultimate destination of Covara, Italy. We also experienced a change in the temperature, leaving the moderate 70 – 80 degree vineyards to a much chillier alpine climate. Having arrived a day earlier, the Hunts brothers rode through snow. We arrived in Covara on a much better day,

but it was definitely cooler than Slovenia. Our hotel, Hotel Table’, was lovely, and we got to know some of the wait staff, spending much time in the café for cappuccino and wine.

Day ten highlights: Rest day in Covara, but no rest for the Scrambles – how often do we get to ride through the Alps? Some of us crossed a few passes to re-visit Cortina, where we stayed for a few days during the 2001 Alpine Odyssey. Others rode mountain pass after mountain pass – Sella, Campolongo, Costalunga, and my favorite, Falzarego.

Day eleven highlights: Yet another “rest” day in Covara. More of the same, lovely, challenging alpine roads, and for some of us, a trip up a ski lift to the top of a mountain. Awesome views.

Day twelve highlights: We leave the Italian Alps to head back to Slovenia. Leaving the Alps means riding more mountain passes, but no one complained. Our destination, Bovec, Slovenia, is located in a resort area known as the upper Soca valley. Recreational activities include rafting, hiking, mountain biking and motorcycling. We encountered



Alps-Adriatic Tour June 12 through June 27, 2010 (Concluded)

lovely sweeping curvy roads, and great scenery, including waterfalls and flowing rivers. Our hotel, the Hotel Mangart, was within walking distance of the little town of Bovec, and had a wonderful patio (complete with bar) and a tiny unique soaking pool. We ate in the hotel night one, and then enjoyed wine, cocktails, and that vile poison, Grappa, on the patio, spending our last night of frivolity with the Hunts, who were scheduled to travel back to Ljubljana the next day.

Day thirteen highlights: Rest day in Bovec. Some rode to view the fabulous Boka Waterfall (the highest waterfall in Solvenia), some rafted and mountain biked. Most ended up at a lovely little inn in Bovec for a great gourmet dinner, accompanied by local wines.

Day fourteen highlights: Our last riding day, jam packed with scenic views and wonderful roads (including the cobblestone switchbacks). We leave Bovec, headed back to Ljubljana, and then an early flight the following day. Saving the best for last, we spend a few hours in Bled, hijack some rowing boats, and row our way to a beautiful church on an island in the middle of an alpine lake. Like a scene out a holiday movie, on our way back to shore, our boats row along with young swimmers, clad in demure black swimming suits and old-fashioned rubber swim caps. We then travel through another resort area (reminiscent of Lake Geneva) up to the Loka Castle, where we had a late lunch and watched a summer wedding. After the late

lunch, some followed the GPS-support of John Young back to the same hotel in Ljubluana where we had spent our first night. Others, not ready to give up, rode further with Matej, prior to ending up at the hotel.

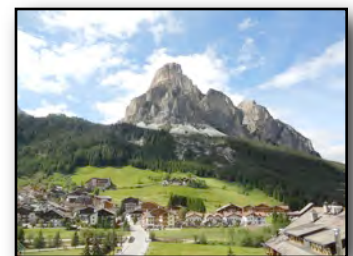
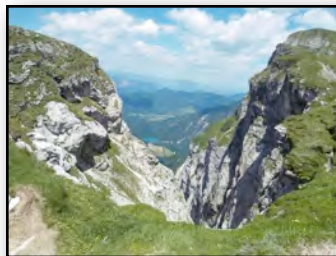
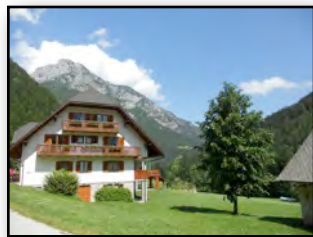


Occasionally, one may see his own tail light.

As is the case with all great Scrambler trips, the end comes too soon. We reluctantly gave back the bikes, and spent our last night in Slovenia at a local pizzeria, with great food, cheap local wine, and great company.

I can't wait to go back. Slovenia and Croatia are beautiful and affordable, with wonderfully diverse scenery and friendly inhabitants. The food was great, the wine was cheap, and the roads are open and uncluttered.

The Alps Adriatic tour was in a word – **Memorable.**



KY at Rinka waterfall. • We had a hearty Slovenian lunch here. • The highest road in Slovenia... Italy and Austria beyond. • Scene from Corvara, Italy



1. The raison d'être. Pete's Porsche 912 that he and John Young restored about 18 years ago is how Pete became involved in the local Porsche Club, and inspired the revival of the event that he hosted for years in Barrington.
2. Scott & Mary McCuskey brought their freshly completed Speedster this time all the way from southern Indiana, and got first place for their efforts.
3. Brian & Caryl Andersen came as guests of John Young, and made numerous new friends. His Honda CBX had more cylinders in a row than any other bike OR car in attendance.
4. Andy Anderson won Men's Choice with his antique Kenilworth, IL Police Cruiser.
5. Roger & Donna Ensminger made the trip from Chicago on the BMW R50 that Roger bought new in 1965.
6. Christine Karr seems happy to ride!

Motorhed Picnic Revival

On a beautiful August weekend, as the dog days of summer begin, the north woods of Wisconsin beckoned a diverse group of enthusiasts. From two wheel pilots of quintessential gyroscopic fine tuned vintage machines on one side of the spectrum to the world of four wheel vintage Porsche drivers, all converging on a granite oasis in the Nicolet National Forest. Named for the U.S. 32nd Infantry Brigade, Highway 32, replete with red arrows on the highway markers, leads into the forest to the town of Mountain. It was here that Pete Bollenbach watched a dream come true. The Streeterville Scramblers met the Fox Valley (WI) Porsche Club. And what a meeting it was, with our Supreme Commander Peter establishing the rules of engagement, dictating our route through oft-snaking dark forests roads with mist-covered lakes in the early morn of an otherwise perfect day.

You could feel the curiosity as to what the role of the vintage ambulance, or was it a hearse, could be. Was it, in the lyrical tradition of the Whiffenpoofs, to find poor little sheep who lost their way? Our Commander scripted instructions to lead us to the pot of gold or at least back to the granite. While this might seem a bit challenging to the two wheeled bunch to scan, as they whipped their machines from side to side down the winding trail, discovering an alphabet soup of Y and T intersections. We came with a strategy, to follow the little yellow Porsche with the pretty blonde navigator, doing our very best to keep him at max speed as the pack pursued him as though he had just kicked a hornets' nest. We held our finest weapons in reserve, our confidence in John Young's photographic map memory; after all it, brought him to the championship of

enduros across the continent. It became a test of technology over intuition as Bob Bernstein shouted out, "That's not the way," as he consulted his GPS; but alas, like the pied piper of old, the pack followed JY on a spurious route through the woods, while Bob became Lonesome Bob as he led a pack of one to the Rock of plenty.

Oh yes, and what became of the little yellow Porsche? He got lost on the way to the lunch stop. We all knew something was amiss as driver and pretty blonde navigator were swinging their heads back and forth like they had the necks of a chicken seeking roadside wisdom from Burma Shave. The path he led us down was not primrose, so we fired him and rocketed off after Barry Willy as he took command not wanting to be late for lunch. And a fine spot did our Commander pick to nourish both mind



and body as the spirit of love for the game was in the hearts and minds of the omnivores among us. It was a kick to see the parking lot decorated with a classic collection of Porsches and motorcycles.

As the day wound down we all found our way back to our Commander's rock. The distance traveled depended on whom you followed - for the sake of argument, and we had some, the consensus settled on 150 miles.

After a break to freshen up, and we needed it, we were back at the granite oasis to enjoy. Peter set the mood with a well-stocked bar, which he cleverly put on wheels. This was a day of wheeled sport, after all, and the bartender was not going to be outdone as she pursued the consuming crowd with spirit.

It felt like we were in King Arthur's court when the diner bell rang to a catered bar-b-que feast. And as the bartender was succeeding in her quest of consumees, it soon became apparent, that for some of the lads, no

fair maiden's butt was safe from the grab. John Young provided a show demonstrating his need for velocity as he attempted flight down Highway 32 to the pleasure of the folks on the granite perch.

The day wound down to a live rock band (differing from a dead one) that set the robins a rocking. Supreme Commander Pete put on his engineer's hat and off to the model railroad in his basement, the detail and construction of which rivaled the Museum of Science and Industry.

As the sun faded softly into trees the logs were piled high in a granite crevasse soon to explode into a testimony of pyrotechnic talent. The day didn't really end it just sort of faded away as did many of the attendees.

Report by Brian Andersen

More Motorhed

The accommodations at our hotel the "Mountain Spring Motel" were fantastic and if I return to the area I will definitely

stay there again. We were talking about all the bear pictures and paraphernalia when we were checking in and the ladies were asking the owner about them. I mentioned that bears are generally afraid of people and we probably would not see any bears then went out to get the luggage. When I got to the room the owner was there talking to Nancy & Honey and mentioned that the reason for the 2 locking doors was not to keep the heat in but the bears out!

Overall, I thought the Motorhed event was great. The ride was nice and relaxing if not kind of boring. But it was great for me to see and learn about an area that I had never been to before. The best part was the variety of people that were at the event, car or bikes they were all true enthusiasts. It was great to see and learn about the different cars and it was nice to see some of the toys that our members usually keep in the garage. Pete & Kathie put on one hell of a party which I know was greatly appreciated by all. I hope to get the opportunity to do it again sometime!

Reported by Jess Cioffeletti





Drummond Island Ride Aug. 27 - 29, 2010

Sponsored by Bill Milam

Those participating in the ride: Bill Milam and guest Lon Frye, Wade Clement, George Matocha, Pete & Kathie Bolingack, Roger & Donna Ensminger, George and Diana Moser, Tom and Sandy Ging, Rich Greenfield, Jim Goldstein, Bob Bernstein and Bob Pierson.

It was the perfect time of the year-summer, late August to be exact and Bill Milam led a lively and willing group of Scramblers on a moto-trip around Lake Michigan. Bill arranged for the group to sail across the lake on the ferry from Milwaukee to Muskegon, Michigan. However, for some of the group it was easier to ride around the bottom of the Lake Michigan, because they live closer to the Lake.

It was a beautiful day for a ride and the group met in Manistee, Michigan where we stayed at the Manistee Inn and Marina. The Inn had an excellent location right on the river and it was a nice to stroll along the river in the evening and observe the many power boats coming and going to their berths. Most of the group walked down the main drag to a restaurant that served local fare. It was great to see everyone.

The next morning, Saturday, we were up for an early departure and we had a great ride to and around the Leland Peninsula. The peninsula is one of the prettiest areas in Michigan and is noted for its curvy byways with frequent lake and water vistas. As always, the biggest challenge for our group was, "where do we eat?" Several

of us stopped at a real cute place right at the mouth of Leland River. The restaurant was called the Cove and we ate lunch on a deck overlooking the river.

Later that afternoon we rode north on beautiful Michigan Hwy C119, which runs along a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, the beauty was amplified because the lake vistas can be seen through the shoreline trees. The best part of the road is north from Harbour Springs to Cross Village. For those who have never ridden this road, it is by far one of prettiest roads in Michigan, especially if the hour happens to be in the afternoon. At that time of day, the lake is viewed with the sun peeking thru the trees. We caught the hour perfectly and the view was a fantastic. For me, that road alone was the highlight of the trip.

Because it was getting later in the afternoon, we felt compelled to proceed with haste, in order to catch the ferry over to Drummond Island. We understood the ferry runs on a fairly tight schedule and we were anxious to be on time because Bill had made a 7:00 PM dinner reservation for our group at the resort. BTW, the restaurant really was worth it.

The Drummond Island Resort, which was the highlight of the trip, is a large resort complex. The property had been a corporate retreat that was later converted into a very nice resort. Some say the corporate sponsor of the retreat was Domino's Pizzeria, who intended it for use for their





Drummond Island Ride Aug. 27 - 29, 2010 (continued)

franchisees and management. The lobby, guest rooms and restaurant were very nice and I would refer to the decor 'upscale rustic'. As I said, dinner in the restaurant was excellent and all were pleased. Drummond Island is the largest island in the Great Lakes but it is not touristy like Mackinac Island. The locals were glad we were there and they were very hospitable.

The next morning it was a dash in order to catch the early ferry at 8:30AM. I say "dash" because food service wasn't available until 8 AM. We did manage to get a coffee and still get on the ferry. After crossing back onto the mainland, we enjoyed the ride along highway US 2, which parallels the Lakeshore. Later that morning several of us stopped for a pit stop and somehow everyone piled into a small café that had a big sign in front indicating they featured "Blueberry Pie"! Some had only one piece of pie while others were not so moderate. Upon leaving the parking lot to get back on the highway, I managed to dump my bike in the driveway. The entire weight of my 600 pound BMW somehow managed to crush my great toe! OUCH! Nevertheless, we all managed to get back on the bikes and onto the Highway. Later in the day when it was time for lunch, we were near Escanaba, Michigan and we followed Tom Ging to town while we searched the right place to eat.

The first two days of the trip were long as there was much to see and do. We stayed the third night in Marinette, Wisconsin and as the weather was beginning to warm up,



we were grateful to have an early stop. The Comfort Inn was convenient and there was a restaurant about 3 blocks away. That night, while our group went to dinner, Dr. Jim Goldstein and Dr. Rich Greenfield "operated" on my sore toe-then left me alone to go dinner! They were walking down the street or I would have gone with them.

The next morning the itinerary called for a lunch stop at a fish house in the direction of Door County. Bill Milam knew it to be a good place and then we were supposed to head home. I choose to head home directly! Dr. Goldstein and Dr. Greenfield escorted me.

Reported by Bob Bernstein.





Reported by Ann Willey



Top Left: Shawn and Jeff



Top Right: Suzanne and Tom



Lower gang: Tom, Derek, Cody and Suzanne

The group hit the trails by 11:00 AM except for Ann, who went street riding instead. Derek, who is quite an experienced and talented dirt rider, helped keep the new riders challenged and was a great ambassador for the group. Everyone enjoyed themselves as they tore their way through the sandy pine forest of the 30+ mile of the oak laden Little O trail head.

(One note worthy change in the trail system is the ability to ride on the secondary dirt roads with your dirt bike as long as you have a head light. This means you can stay at Wolf Inn or Star Hotel and connect directly into the trail system. Make sure you mind the rules or it will cost you \$250.00. We know this because we were lucky to get the extra hotel room we needed due to a guy that left town in a big huff after getting fined.)

After a full day of riding, we dragged our tired, but not broken bones back to Wolf Inn and set up for a tasty barbeque of chicken kabobs and burgers made possible by Ann. Picture this scene: a group of friends, sipping a cool brew looking a blazing fire back lit by a vibrant setting sun reflecting pink highlights into the sky and them bouncing back into a mirror lake. Ahhh, it's the little things in life that make it worthwhile. It was a perfect, crisp Michigan evening as the group sat around the fire eating s'mores and telling stories into the night.

Sunday morning the group woke refreshed and ready to ride. They set back out to the Little 'O to beat their best time and very happily this reporter is to report, not any of their bones or bikes! On the car ride home, Barry was reflecting on the weekend and said, "I am amazed at how a senior fellow riding old equipment can ride so well... As they say, it's not the dog in the fight, it's the fight in the dog." And, we all know who that dog is!

MICHIGAN FALL DIRT RIDE

A small but enthusiastic group joined David Young and his son, Shawn, in Baldwin, MI for the Scramblers Fall Dirt Ride. David's guests were Don Fountain and his son Jeff. John Young made the trip as did Barry and Ann Willey with their daughter, Suzanne, and her boy friend Tom. GB's son, Derek, drove and brought his buddy, Cody. We had an age span from thirteen to--well as young as John Young is young! Not many kids can say, "My Grandpa taught me how to ride!"

We gathered Saturday morning at the infamously desolate but friendly Mother Cupboard's restaurant for piles of carbs in the form of pancakes along with spicy patties of protein commonly known as breakfast sausage. John told a great tale of how he first met Jim Fitzgibbon on a rain soaked Enduro ride in Earlville, IL back in the bad-old-days of 1973. John was mystified about a guy that would wear an expensive pin striped Arrow shirt with a button down collar and silk neck tie under his muddy and rain soaked Enduro jacket. The two became friends at first meeting; John eventually invited Jim to be a Scrambler, and they remain good buddies.



Scramblers Pig Roast & Ride Oct. 17, 2010

By Les Nasciszewski

On Sunday, October 17th, the Streeterville Scramblers took to the road for the club's annual Pig Roast ride 'n dine. Hosts for this year's event were ride coordinator, Chris Wilson, and food coordinator, Wade Clement. Motivated by the promise of beautiful fall weather, a total of 40 Scramblers and guests riding 26 motorcycles participated in this annual event.



A Special treat!



This group didn't want the day to end.



Three generations that love to ride!

The day's festivities began at 9AM at a picnic grove in Veteran Acres Park (Crystal Lake) where Wade Clement had "caffeine and calories" available to fuel the participants; this scenic outdoor venue would also be the site of our BIG meal when we later reconvened. The one hour of pre-ride leisure time gave participants the opportunity to engage in pleasurable kibitzing and enjoy the sights and sounds of arriving motorcycles prior to departing for the ensuing day's 4-hour journey. While most Scramblers rode individually, there were quite a few that rode two-up to enjoy a shared experience. Just prior to clutches-out at 10AM, Chris Wilson handed out trip-routing sheets giving directions that encompassed 139.2 miles of motorcycling adventure with routing for a Bonus Section that would cover an additional 46.9 miles for those with the inclination, riding ability and, ultimately, the speed to do so in the allotted time. As I positioned the routing sheet into the window of my tank bag, I quickly realized that the ergonomics of my recently re-acquired Honda VFR combined with my helmet's restrictive vertical field of vision made frequent viewing of the routing directions and the bike's odometer difficult and, I dare say, potentially dangerous,

especially if I were put into a "lead" position responsible for effectively directing a group of fellow Scramblers.

At the designated departure time, the participants began breaking out into smaller groups and rode off to conquer Chris Wilson's challenging (read: circuitous) journey west and north into southern Wisconsin. Given my map viewing dilemma, I had the good fortune of hooking up with Howard Tiedt, Susan Tiedt and Bill Milam who all rode motorcycles with seating positions more conducive to tank bag viewing. In hearing of my problem and associated trepidation, Howard, Susan and Bill made the gracious decision to allow me to tag along in passenger mode throughout the trip; this gesture of kindness allowed me to relax and to better soak up the nuances of the trip which I would later chronicle.

The routing through northern Illinois took us over a variety of secondary roads--some smooth, others, not so much--that proved challenging yet enjoyable due to their lack of traffic and frequent direction changes. As we continued north through McHenry County, the terrain became hilly and landscape more impressive all the way into Walworth County, culminating with a descent into the town of Fontana and a spectacular view of Geneva Lake. We proceeded west along Lake Shore Drive past the picturesque Abbey Resort, marveling at the high-priced toys floating in its harbor. After stopping briefly to refuel, hydrate and heed the call of nature, our intrepid group took off north on Highway H through the towns of Williams Bay, Delavan, Elkhorn until arriving at--and joyfully experiencing--the curvy roads and



Scramblers Pig Roast & Ride Oct. 17, 2010 (Continued)

undulating hills of the Kettle Moraine State Forest between the Palmyra and the farthest point in our northward journey, the town of North Prairie.

Our trip southward was traveled on Highway 67 through the eastern Kettle Moraine with winding roads and elevation changes highlighted by fall colors made even brighter by the mid-day sun. As we rode into the town of Eagle, we spotted a contingent of Scramblers and stopped to chat and rest before continuing on. The final routing of our southward journey had us skirting western East Troy, riding through Lake Geneva's commercial district and into the town of Genoa City; while not as scenic as the riding that preceded it, this leg of the trip was none the less enjoyable because it brought us ever closer to the anticipated meal and post-ride conviviality with our Scrambler brethren.

As Susan, Howard, Bill and I arrived back at the picnic grove, a number of motorcycles were already parked in glorious display with their proud owners enjoying the entrees of pulled-pork and chicken under the covered structure of our park pavilion. Further investigation of the dining area showed an incredible variety of accompaniments highlighted by a large cake adorned with a full-color Streeterville Scramblers logo. By 2:30PM, just about all of the day's participants had safely returned and were dining, talking and enjoying each other's company. This experience afforded members and guests a wonderful opportunity to nurture existing friendships and to cultivate new ones.

After having completed a thoroughly delightful meal, I strolled over to the parking area and marveled at the variety of incredible machines owned by our members: From the state-of-

the-art technology of Barry Willey's Ducati Multistrada 1200S to John & Kathy Young's Aprilia Pegaso Cube and every bike in between, each motorcycle's brand, color, engine configuration, exhaust note and customization was no doubt a reflection of the owner's unique character, riding style and moto-passion. Here's a recap of the remaining participants and their motorcycles: Chris Wilson--Ducati ST4S-ABS; Jim & Barb Goldstein--Honda Gold Wing; Bill Milam--Honda Valkyrie; Mike & Honey Mattenson--BMW R1200RT; Tom & Sandy Ging--Honda ST 1300ABS; Roger Ensminger--BMW R1100RT; Bob & Holly Bernstein--BMW R1200RT; Bob & Christine Karr--Yamaha FZ1; Bud & Crystal Melto--BMW R1200 RT; Andy Anderson--BMW R90S; Bob & Carol Switzer--Honda Gold Wing; Charlie & Holly Erker--BMW R1200GS; John Berry & Lauren (Chris Wilson's guests)--Yamaha FZ6; Ann Willey--Kawasaki Ninja 250; Paul & Helen Gomez (Barry & Ann Willey's guests)--Victory-Arlen Ness; Marjean Diercks--Honda Nighthawk 700S; Susan Tiedt--BMW R80RT; Howard Tiedt--BMW K1100LT; David Young--BMW R1200GS; Tom French & Chrystal--Yamaha FJR 1300; Bill Barnes--Yamaha FZ1; and your humble scribe--Les Nasciszewski--Honda VFR 800A. Non-riding/dining-only participants in this day's event included our culinary host, Wade Clement and Joe & Sharon Kemper.

Yes, it was wonderful event made possible by the efforts of Wade Clement and Chris Wilson, plus the enthusiastic participation of all involved. The day's sunny weather, varied/vivid sights, ambient aromas (food and otherwise) and sounds of internal combustion echoing through the countryside made this Scramblers'

2010 Pig Roast Ride a truly visceral experience and a memorable feast for the senses.

President's Message

12/1/2010

Seems hard to imagine that it's been almost 2 years now that Ma Scrambler has been gracing the walls of my lower entryway, and yet I haven't been able to find the time to write a "president's" column for the Scramblers newsletter. Heretofore, by the time I'm done compiling the newsletter, formatting, finding and adding pictures, proofreading, downsampling the pictures so the finished newsletter will be a reasonable size for e-mailing, converting the file to the .pdf format so that everyone can read it, etc., I'm just too burned out to write anything more. This time I'm delaying the newsletter a few days to give myself some time to prepare this missive.

The Past

At the annual banquet in Lake Forest in March 2009, Bud Melto handed over Ma Scrambler and the official "Crown." Things began to unravel for me at the first riding event of the year, the Virgin Voyage with an overnight stop in Dubuque and a gracious breakfast reception at Wayne & Eileen Coursey's "getaway" home nearby. The weather, as can be expected during April in the midwest, turned sour. Only 2 bikes and 3 people ventured still farther from home on Sunday toward the planned visit to the National Motorcycle Museum in Anamosa, IA. Everyone else headed home toward Chicago, only to catch up with the rain that we had ridden in the previous day. Son Dave, granddaughter Samantha and I rode southwest out of the rain and into the sunshine. And warmer weather. When



President's Message (Continued)

nearly to our destination in Anamosa, I got separated from Dave & Sam, and opted for a brief shortcut across a grassy knoll to a nearby frontage road, but found a large grass covered tire rut that knocked the front wheel out from under me, and caught my left leg under the saddlebag, foot pointing backward, and broke the smaller leg bone (fibula).

Surprisingly, after hobbling around the excellent museum in some pain, we were able to ride home from Anamosa without much discomfort.

This mishap relegated me to participation in the Scramblers Mystery Tour from the driver's seat of the van, and delayed the resumption of my summer exercise regimen. By the time my leg was healed well enough for me to resume bicycle riding, I felt like I was REALLY out of condition, and a little apprehensive about exerting myself. I also noticed a little gurgling in my lungs when relaxing and watching TV. A trip to the immediate care center to check this out resulted in my immediate impoundment in the hospital. The swelling of my ankles was, it turns out, NOT entirely the result of the fracture(s) but symptomatic of congestive heart failure. I spent the long July 4th weekend in a comfortable room in the Naperville hospital, with a large sign just outside the door which read: HEART FAILURE UNIT. Unnerving! Eventually a couple more stents were inserted, and things began to turn around. Participation in the Scramblers Peaks and Canyons tour was not possible, especially considering the altitude and all. I mention this because I certainly wasn't feeling very presidential, being preoccupied with survival. By October I was well enough to deliver a car to a client in Billings MT, and brought along a bike for a quick trip over the Bear Tooth Highway and into Yellowstone Park on a beautiful warm, sunny day, just one week before it was closed for the season due to snow. Certainly the highlight of my riding season.

In February I mustered enough energy to put together a new event for the Scramblers: The Winter Doldrums indoor go karting event at Chicago Indoor Racing complex in Itasca. The turnout was decent, and everyone that participated seemed to have a good time. Maybe we'll do it again.

The annual Dinner Dance event held this time at Primitive was a huge success, and even exceeded our expectations on every level. It was truly unique, and the opportunity to avail ourselves of this venue embodied what makes the Scramblers club so special: Members pooling our knowledge, contacts and efforts to plan events for our members and their invited guests. I felt somewhat presidential while relating to the assembled group the "Legend" of Ma Scrambler, how the club was formed, and the meaning(s) and origin of the name

"Streeterville Scramblers." I brought "the picture" with me to illustrate the point. I repeated the story as it was related to me by Angus McLarty in 1967. Everyone seemed to enjoy.

I skipped the Virgin Voyage in April to concentrate on Jim Lattimore's ride "Scramblers in the Smokies" in early May. This event was especially enjoyable for me thanks to Barry's generosity in loaning me a brand new BMW F800GS equipped with numerous Z-Technik accessories, especially a sweet sounding muffler. Reminded me of my 63 Triumph 500 enduro bike... on steroids. We really lucked out with a window of great weather for our time in the saddle, and the planning and execution by Jim & Joey was once again superb! The trip also illustrated to me that my health was pretty much back up to speed for our summer trip to Slovenia, Croatia and the Italian Alps. That event is chronicled elsewhere in this newsletter, and far exceeded my personal expectations. We liked it so much that we're going back this coming summer.

In August we were privileged to be invited as a group to participate in Pete & Kathie Bollenbach's reincarnation of the "Motorhed Picnic." Pete has always been the master at throwing an awesome party, and this was no doubt the best yet. Other guests included the Green Bay chapter of the Porsche club, and there were separate awards for cars and bikes. Scramblers were encouraged to bring Porsches and Porsche guys were encouraged to bring exotic or vintage bikes. In the end, most of the unique hand made awards went to Scramblers, including the recently completed restoration of Scott & Mary McCuskey's Porsche Speedster, which they brought all the way from Madison, IN.

Later in the afternoon, I felt the need to do my part to contribute to the festivities. I hadn't really planned this, but thought it might be interesting to a bunch of gearheads to hear a Norton Manx race bike strafe the driveway at full chat from the 5 inch megaphone. I scrounged up some gas from Pete's garage, topped up the oil, and begged a push start from Mike Mattenson. After a bit of a warmup and donning a helmet & jacket, I rolled out to the highway. To my delight, there was little if any traffic to cause hazard, and I ran up the highway a short distance, made a U-turn and opened the throttle wide. To my complete astonishment, there was a large group of partygoers at the end of the driveway jumping and waving and cheering and snapping flash pictures! For the first time in my 69 years I felt like a rock star! If you were part of that group and found it exciting, I only wish you could have experienced it from my perspective! I thank you for your support.

My riding season was rounded out with our annual trek to Baldwin, MI to ride the sand trails of the "Little "O"



President's Message (Concluded)

loop" as reported in this missive, and a well attended Pig Roast & ride that happened on an unseasonably beautiful Fall day, also chronicled herein.

The Future

Coming soon (Dec. 12) is the annual **Holiday Brunch**, this time at Cantigny Golf Club in Winfield hosted by Tom & Sandi Ging. At the time of this writing, there are 43 people set to attend, and we have made a special effort to invite former members, current but seldom seen members, etc.

Rosey Cheeks ride and chili party at Mike & Honey Mattenson's home in Lincolnshire Jan. 9.

Annual Dinner Dance. This year the event will be held at the Iron Horse Hotel in Milwaukee. March 12, 2011

This should be outstanding! Iron Horse has been open less than 2 years, and has recently been voted the best boutique hotel in the USA. It happens to be just next to the newly opened Harley Davidson Museum. And while I'm personally not a fan of Harley's motorcycles, their museum is great. It would be advisable to spend the night after the soiree' at the hotel, and visit the museum on Sunday morning. You won't regret it.

More tentatively scheduled events are listed on page 2 of this document. Especially noteworthy in my view is that Ron Young is researching a trip to New Zealand for February of 2012. Ron spent a month there on his own a few years ago, and with his memory for terrain, he'll know his way around. More on this as it develops.

Sincerely,

John Young



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