



Places to go, roads to travel

I want to let you know about a cool bar I came upon this last month. The place is called Sach's Rendezvous. It's located on Hwy 139, about 200 yards from the Michigan border. This place is very warm and friendly. I was there for just a little while and was able to look at all the stuffed mounts in the spherical building. Get a look at their deck that is partially covered. Sach's has a full liquor store on site, plenty of parking and some grass for those that need to throw out a tent. Talking to the owner Lisa, she mentioned that they were a drop off point for Michigan riders to drop their helmets while riding in Wisconsin.

Located out in the middle of nowhere, this seems to be the ultimate bike stop during this summers travels. Just north of Hwy 70 a couple of miles, I think you will enjoy your time there. Stop in and say hi to Sach & Lisa

Sach's Rendezvous & Party Store
7190 State Highway
139, Tipler, WI
715-674-7600

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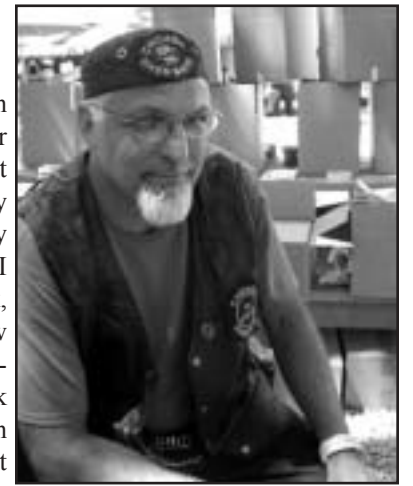
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Same Story, Different Day

By Kenn Hartmann

My old man did the 290 commute for umpteen years & hundreds of thousands of miles, but never commuted like me. I drop onto the Ike amidst lightning strikes & wind driven rain, dreading my carb socks get soaked & stall with a semi on my ass. The bike sputters & spits & mostly I think 'I hate this shit' although for a brief moment I think, 'I'm go'n be strand'd & gots'a call Ragu's Bike Tow to haul my ass home.' But this ain't rain-suck sputter into my carburetor; I'm out of gas & the tank petcock's already on reserve, you know the refrain dear reader, 'sputter-mutter, I'm f'd like butter.' I hit the exit at 17th & coast to a gas station at the top of the ramp, the fortunate son - a lucky bastard. Ten bucks fills it to the brim & five miles later, the rain-suck sputters got my carbs waterlogged & I bitch & moan, 'gots'a make it home or gots'a get Ragu on the phone.' All I can do is twist the throttle & argue with the Great Daddio in the sky & shut my foul mouth humbly when lightning strikes near. In the garage, I let the bike run until the water clears.



Next night: in a field outside town, trucks downshift on the highway, a couple crotch-rockets accelerate at high velocity. I unpack a leather humidior. The sickles parked near a grove of trees & darkened ballpark across from a backyard patch of corn. I crouch low & light the illegal Cuban with a wooden match. You can debate what you like in taste or the philosophical merits of a cigar made for a revolutionary martyr or mass murderer. Just answer me this: when isn't society on the brink of crumbling into chaos? God's starry night, the Big Dipper's directly overhead, the North Star, where it always is. The first quarter moon's in the southwestern sky obscuring most of Orion with its reflection. I flunked astronomy, mostly because it met at 8 in the morning. Stars are just signposts, cyclical reminders of where you happen to be when you look up & hear the trees rustle in cool spring zephyr. A distant dog barks & a squeaky door slams. Music wafts from afar; perhaps it's a live organ & a bass, vaguely like 99 Teardrops or a polka. My engine offers a crinkling metallic tingle as it cools. The soft breeze keeps a perfect ember on the Cohiba. Bampa a smoked cigars incessantly, his wife bitched & made him put it out at dinner. Otherwise he had a White Owl stuck to his lips like glue while playing Solitaire at the kitchen table. He talked with it clasped in his mouth, occasionally he took it out to make a point, not wave like a wand or jab like a dart, but held low gently rolled in his bony fingers. He'd stare at a rising curl of smoke & spoke in a resounding whisper to a tad rambunctious lad whose heart was destined to wander. Bampa was

my grandpa; his name was Otto. Never been good at names.



Take Ronny Rhodes - it only took me 20 years to get his name right. Ron Rhodes is a master cigar smoker. Most people toke deliberately nonchalant; Ronny's a natural. Though he may be contemplating the apparent malfunction of a Harley while he savors subtle mysteries of the aromatic leaf. Ron's been a Harley tech for as long as I've known him, occasionally scrounging swap meets or prowling the bars on Western Avenue during Toys for Tots. He's always got something going, just like that endless ember on the cigar he diligently caresses. He & his wife are opening Woody's Hot Dogs on Ardmore across from the Villa Park train station.

The Rhodes The moon's out of Orion, a bug zapper faintly crackles, a car with a bad muffler peels off, a freight rumbles. I hotbox the stogie butt. The exquisite bliss fades, now jittery. I pace around the bike. Flick ashes, spit out tar. The surrounding din becomes a torrent of strange trembling voices, as if the earth itself tries to speak, to cry out. When the surreal crescendo peaks, I fire the sickle & crack the throttle; all's well, all's well.

-Kenn Hartmann
www.chicagobikerbars.com