



*Michigan*  
*Sport Touring Riders Report*

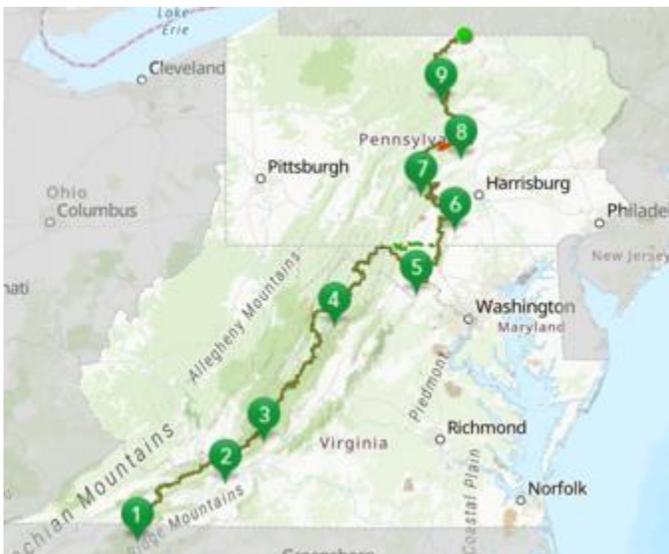
December 2022

Editor – Rachel Durling

## Riding the MABDR, Part Duh

By: Kent Niederhofer

The BDR (Backcountry Discovery Route) is a non-profit organization established to encourage and support adventure motorcycling and to bring a measure of economic stimulus to rural communities in some of the more scenic parts of the country. The MABDR (Mid-Atlantic BDR) is one of 13 routes developed by this organization and is among, if not, the easiest to navigate. It is for this reason that it is usually chosen for “cutting one’s adventure-riding teeth.”



A few riding colleagues expressed interest in this, so I began developing a proposed itinerary for the trip over the winter of 2021/22. As we rolled into the following spring, it began to take its final form. As availability became clearer, the ride plan anticipated four riders at the start, five at its peak, and two at the end. The individuals making up the ride group included three Michigan-based (i.e., all MSTR) riders and two

New York-based riders – one my high school friend and college roommate, the other his son-in-law, who I knew as well.

Interestingly enough, this wasn’t actually my first MABDR rodeo. Some of you may recall that Marc Wilkins organized, and Keith Danielson led, this ride last year, and I was part of that riding group as well. However, mid-way through section 2, an “unplanned dismount” resulted in what I thought might have been a severely sprained ankle.

Unbeknownst to me, it turned out it was a broken fibula, which was showing no signs of improvement the following morning. As a result, I was only able to complete the first two sections of the MABDR and ended up riding the 550-mile trip home in the company of Bill Clarke and Prayot Marekar, who had planned to return that same day anyway.

Having fully recovered from that incident, I was determined to complete this trip, but now with a new group – a group that was completely ignorant of the pitfalls and risks associated with such a ride. Our crew included Greg Linton on his new 2020 BMW R1250GS Exclusive, Matt Ploetz on a 2012 Suzuki DR650, Ken Snodgrass with his 2020 Triumph Tiger, and Jeff Warren on a 2007 Suzuki DRZ400, while I rode my (second) 2019 BMW R1250GS. For me, this was a “bucket list” ride (and I have many), so I wanted to share the daily highlights of our escapades with you.

**Fri, 22-Jul**

**Day 1: Southeast MI to Wellsboro, PA (541 miles)**

The plan for the first day was for Ken and me to meet Matt and Jeff at our mutually agreed start point for the ride. This was to be Wellsboro, PA, just 20 miles south of the trail head in Lawrenceville, PA, which offered a reasonable mix of hotels, restaurants, and bars.

As it turned out, the adventure began even before the adventure began. The ride from southeast MI was estimated to be 450 miles or 7.5 hours, but lunch, nature breaks, and gas stops would add to that, so we conservatively planned for 11 hours, with a 7:00 AM departure getting us in around 6:00 PM.

But like all well-laid plans, this isn't how things played out. Approximately 90 minutes into the ride, my GS's TFT display lit up like a Christmas tree, indicating an ABS and cruise control fault. I immediately recognized this as a problem that stemmed from last year, where a slightly bent ABS tone ring resulting from a tire change led to these same symptoms. We pulled over into an OH-based oasis so I could perform some diagnostics with my GS-911 service tool, however the inability to make an internet connection rendered this effort unsuccessful. As a result, we planned for a stop at BMW Motorcycles of Cleveland, which was on our way, so they could complete a check and do a reset. Thankfully, they were able to take me in, and in just over an hour, we were on our way again – now 90 minutes behind our original plan. After making our way through most of OH via highway, we got to enjoy some truly spectacular country roads like Highway 6 in northern PA. That is, until we got to the town of Galeton, which was just 30 minutes from our destination. Unfortunately, a detour was rerouting us south on PA-144, which I obediently followed. What we didn't fully appreciate is that this area of PA is quite mountainous and roads like this meander through valleys for countless miles, which is exactly what this one did. We spent well over an hour to only find that a bridge along the detour was out. We were without cell

coverage, our fuel running was low, and daylight was fading fast as the sun began to set behind the mountains all around us.



We were now on our own trying to figure out how to get to Wellsboro while having only a rough idea of where we were. Yes, we had the Butler map for the MABDR, but the scale made it difficult to identify little mountain roads that were often unpaved and sometimes unmarked. We rode in the general direction of Wellsboro, but the twisty roads sometimes betrayed us. Thankfully, we ran into three guys riding ATVs, who I signaled to stop. Apparently, after our exchange, they felt sufficiently sorry enough for us that they suggested we follow them to a road that would lead us to Wellsboro, and we did just that by turning onto a rocky trail that headed into thick wood at dusk. They provided directions for the last few miles to our destination and departed. After a few false starts and a bit of improvising, we completed our 541-mile day and arrived at our hotel at 9:30 PM. While we were supposed to join our ride partners for a steak dinner, our late arrival ensured that all restaurants were now closed and the only sustenance that we would find was a cold beer and some pretzels at a local bar.

**Sat, 23-Jul**

**Day 2 (Section 9): Wellsboro, PA to Lawrenceville, PA to Cedar Run, PA (102 miles)**

After waking from my slumber at the Penn Wells Lodge, we enjoyed a stereotypical post-COVID

hotel breakfast, and our crew of four – Jeff, Matt, Ken, and myself – took off to tackle the first segment on our heavily-laden but trusty steeds.



The day's route included a mix of road and trail, the latter which was relatively mild, but through thick and remote woods that are typical of western PA. The woodland roads have interesting names, like Mine Hole Road, and seem to reflect local events, geography, industry, or mood.



Section 9 represented a good warm-up for some of the more technical bits that were to come, and it was thoroughly enjoyable. While the BDR's planned terminus for this segment is the sparsely populated but charming village of Cedar Run, PA, we soldiered on for just a bit longer to the Happy Acres Resort, the campground where we had planned to rendezvous with Greg, who planned to join us one day later due to work commitments. The location was ideal, as there was a bar,

restaurant, and convenience store just across the road – the latter offering some of the most monstrous ice cream cones I've ever seen!

**Sun, 24-Jul**  
**Day 3 (Section 8): Cedar Run, PA to Hartelton, PA (115 miles)**



Another day, another section of the MABDR to knock off, and today's segment was certainly going to be one of the most entertaining. As most of us were up right around sunrise, we got off to an early start, which was good as the temperatures continued to climb. We made a quick stop for gas and coffee, then took off on our next adventure. It wasn't five minutes after our departure when a deer darted across the road between two of the bikes in our convoy. As lead rider, I had a front row seat to this event, which nearly required a change of underwear and wouldn't be the last time we came into contact with these bovine threats.

Thankfully, with no harm done, the day's ride turned out to be one of the most entertaining segments on the MABDR given the mix of off-road, trail riding experience. The route took us through some of the most mountainous parts of the entire trip and the scenery was unbelievable. One particularly challenging section of trail zig-zagged up and down a pine and hardwood-shrouded hillside that was littered with granite boulders the size of college dorm room refrigerators. The path was becoming increasingly more gnarly and, after a particularly butt-puckering stretch on Walters Road, I

rounded the corner and came to a stop on a clear section of trail dripping with sweat, completely out of breath, and my heart beating like that of a hummingbird's. The remainder of our troop also rounded that same bend, parked their bikes, and dismounted, totally stoked about what we'd just experienced. I, on the other hand, was still sputtering expletives that only a veteran sailor would be familiar with.



During the course of our break, we snapped a few photographs, and at the end of the day in our hotel room, Greg and I took the opportunity to capture the moment in the "Pavement Ends" section of the MSTR Slack channel:

**@Greg L**

*Taking a break after a bruising stretch of the MABDR section 8 on Walters Road. Our fearless leader @Kent Niederhofer didn't even take a deep breath before charging up the rock-strewn climb. But he had a few choice words for the road after we made it around the bend onto flatter ground.*

The reality was that I had no time to react once I saw what we were about to face. Thankfully, the tight right-hander that led to this section of trail required first gear, so I was at little risk of stalling the bike as long as judicious amounts of throttle were applied – which I managed to do. Counter to my recent training, I was seated on the bike and the rocks all over the trail managed to bounce the beast all over the place, so after I had come to a stop, I felt like

I'd gone 10 rounds with Mike Tyson. My contribution to the daily log was not far from the truth.

**@Kent Niederhofer**

*Halfway through the turn, I looked up the hill, saw a minefield of rocks, and immediately went Code Brown! There was literally no turning back and committing to a big handful of throttle saved my @\$\$! Thankfully, the big GS is far more capable than me! Shout out to @Greg L (GS) and @Ken Snodgrass (Tiger) who were right on my tail and didn't even break a sweat.*

This was our first entry into Slack and, as you'll note in the entries that follow, with Greg's arrival, it became our logbook for each day's highlights. The commentary was sometimes insightful, always playful, but, with increased fatigue and more alcohol, definitely took on a more sarcastic tone – most of which was me breaking Greg's stones following some well-deserved Homer Simpson decision-making.



This isn't to say that I didn't have a few "doh" moments myself. After getting grief from the mod squad regarding my failure to stop and smell the roses at some of the more scenic bluffs, I made sure that the next outlook was not going to get missed. Unfortunately, the next opportunity came up rather quickly as I was rounding an uphill right-hander and realized it slightly late. Without an abundance of thought or preparation, I came to a very quick and

somewhat awkward stop on a sloped section of rock, put my foot down, and... nothing. That is, nothing was there, as my vestigial leg failed to make contact with Mother Earth and so the bike went over very slowly. I literally “laid ‘er down” as recovery was not an option. It was not my proudest moment.



**@Kent Niederhofer**

*Today’s ride in section 8 of the MABDR was in incredible heat – it reached 97F. Frequent stops for water and rest were the order of the day. Here is my GS taking a dirt nap!*

Needless to say, the “team” took the opportunity to celebrate my misfortune with a photograph and Greg did not fail to recognize the occasion as well:

**@Greg L**

*Note how helpful I’m being in this shot. Did your bike fall over Kent? Oh, that’s too bad. Someone will be along shortly, I’m sure. BTW, I was sweating bullets on that hill as the tires pinged off rocks left and right threatening to pitch Mr. Exclusive into the ravine.*

After only a brief respite, we soldiered on, but with the heat and humidity sucking the will to live from us, we decided to take a lunch break at the Rusty Rail Brewing Company, where we cooled our sweat-soaked arses in air-conditioned nirvana. Our final destination was just an hour

away and, after a great meal and a few beers, we got under way with the forecasted rain just starting to come down as we rolled into the Country Inn & Suites parking lot. A soak in the hotel pool followed by a quick shower and a fresh change of clothes helped to complete our recovery, and we headed out to enjoy an excellent meal at Matty’s Sporthouse Grill across the way.

**Mon, 25-Jul**

**Day 4 (Section 7): Hartelton, PA to McVeytown, PA to Huntingdon, PA (121 miles)**



Our crew awoke to a steady rain and, with Greg having to take a second business call anyway, we sat in hotel rooms and watched the downpour. By noon, we were all available and the skies were clearing as the tail -end of the storm left the area. Unfortunately, our Dakar riders would be reduced by one as Ken’s shoulder was still smarting from the prior day’s spill. He decided to sit things out for another day to see if there were any signs of recovery. Alas, the much sought-after improvement never came, so he decided to return home the next day, covering the roughly 500 miles solo. Apparently, our motto “No man left behind!” did not apply to Ken, as the rest of us decided to carry on (in his honor, of course)!



Section 7 was to be equally interesting and offered up two expert-level technical sections, which we somewhat inadvertently passed by. And by that, I mean we literally passed by them without realizing it until we were well past the off-ramp that had two very sinusoidal “whoopy doo’s” at the mouth of the trail. Matt and Jeff, who were riding a KLR650 and a DRZ400, respectively, could no doubt manage it, but for the two Muppets on 620 lbs. aluminum and plastic pachyderms (i.e., our fully loaded GSs), no doubt this would have ended badly.



This segment’s final destination was the little town of McVeytown, PA and we snapped a photograph in the square before heading off to dinner at a local Amish diner up the road that offered some of the largest pies I’d ever seen. What is it about PA that all the desserts are gargantuan? Of course, I did have to sample the banana cream pie, in the name of science and research.



Thereafter, we once again mounted our iron horses and headed to our motel, the Huntingdon Motor Inn, which was a leisurely 20 miles west of our dining stop. This was a location secured by none other than Greg because of its attractive (i.e., that’s Linton-speak for “cheap”) rate and free Wi-Fi. It was an evening to remember, and my thoughts and observations were captured in that evening’s Slack posting:

**@Kent Niederhofer**

*So, we relied on @Greg L to select our overnight rest stop. He picked the Huntingdon Motor Inn which offered free Wi-Fi (needed for his morning business video conference call) and its’ \$71 per night rate. It also included a beautiful view of two detention facilities that were right next door – one a maximum-security prison for defective delinquents (I’m not making this shit up). We also got to meet the owner who was a serious [off-road] motorcycle fanatic as evidenced here. As it turned out, we spoke with him at length – and I spent two hours with him the next morning. Derek is an absolute riot and an extremely accomplished rider. His business ventures and motorcycle stories are too numerous to*

*print here but [despite] Greg's best efforts to get us killed, I wouldn't have traded this stay for anything. Just goes to show you... never judge a book by its cover!*



**@Greg L**

*Beside the aforementioned buffoonery, we have discovered some great potential MSTR twisty roads. I wonder if anyone has researched central PA as a potential base of operation. I volunteer @Kent Niederhofer to spend a couple of weeks wandering around documenting road conditions.*

That evening, we enjoyed a truly beautiful view of the sun as it sank behind the hills on the other side of the valley. The moment was made all the better as we replenished vital electrolytes and nutrients with a few ice cold Yuengling from the comfort of our picnic benches adjacent to the parking lot.

**Tue, 26-Jul**

**Day 5 (Section 6): Huntingdon, PA to Mt. Holly Springs, PA (102 miles)**



Our crew awoke after a surprisingly restful night's sleep despite the rowdiness of some of our seedy neighbors. As mentioned, Greg had a business call that he had to wrap up that morning and our two NY friends mulled around debating the merits of returning home or continuing for one more day. As it turned out, they chose the former option as the next segment would have them travel in the exact opposite direction of their return trip, thereby extending the whole adventure by another two days. As a result, Greg and I said our goodbyes that morning and the rest of the story is once again captured in our Slack daily log:

**@Kent Niederhofer**

*So, this morning's ride crew was reduced by 50% as my friends from the Finger Lakes had to return. That meant @Greg L and I rode off to conquer section 6. Our planned departure was 11:30 AM as Greg was called on to develop the NA strategy for stamped steel components. Unfortunately, technical difficulties with his Stich (zipper wouldn't close at his nether region) meant a stop at Walmart where safety pins and duct tape rescued the day. Weather was a bit cooler but still high enough to make for some "Shwetty Ballz". Our 1:00 PM departure meant Greg had to pick up the pace which he did with grace and aplomb getting us to our campground by 5:30 PM.*



With little to do other than set up our tents, we stripped down, got into our mankinis, and went for a swim in the on-site pool. Despite our trip taking place in August, the facility was surprisingly barren of humanoids, so Greg and I were finally able to enjoy some “alone time!”

**Wed, 27-Jul**  
**Day 6 (Section 5) Mt. Holly Springs, PA to**  
**Shepardstown, WV to Moorefield, WV (276**  
**miles)**

As it turned out, this day’s ride was a long one. The pace set by our goateed leader – with special emphasis on “goat” – meant that we would complete both sections 5 and 4, much of which included country highway, but was no less scenic and allowed for a nice mid-day break for lunch. Read on:

**@Kent Niederhofer**

*So today @Greg L led our ride, and we knocked down sections 5 and 4 of the MABDR –276 miles all together. At the midpoint, we stopped at Harpers Ferry for*

*lunch at the Rabbit Hole and shortly before we left, I spoke with some of my minions (i.e., the Amish). Later that day, we had to cross an old toll bridge and @Greg L played the “I forgot my wallet” card knowing full well I’d be forced to cover for him. We checked into our luxury accommodations, and we travelled to a local fine dining establishment where my herbivore companion had a delicious dinner of microwaved fries, canned green beans, and coleslaw.*



The vegan diet is a challenge when travelling, but I had to give Greg credit where credit was due – not once did he look at his vegetable garbage plate and say, “I think I’ll have the burger!”



*I failed to mention one other high point during today’s ride. We stopped at the South Mountain Creamery where I enjoyed a fresh-from-the-cow ice cream. While the photo might suggest otherwise, @Greg L. was not performing goat yoga – he was making himself available to the alpha ram!*

Thankfully, the evening ended with us checking into a decent hotel stay just outside of town as we pondered what would await us over the few remaining days of our adventure.

**Thu, 28-Jul**  
**Day 7 (Section 3) Moorefield, WV to Covington, VA (193 miles)**

The next day's ride took us through more heavily-wooded and moderately-gnarly trails – this segment represented a more challenging mix of road and trail than yesterday's escapade, which, combined with the sustained high temperatures, required frequent nature breaks and carbo-loading (which I had covered) courtesy of Frito-Lay!



**@Kent Niederhofer**

*Another day, another section of the MABDR completed. Today we rode section 3 which was a mix of very remote country roads (mostly early on) and granite/dirt trails through heavily wooded mountains. After a fine breakfast, we departed at 8:15 AM. The customary stops for snacks and drinks ensured that locals had the opportunity to ask questions about our bikes, travels and entertain us with their motorcycle stories. West Virginians [this was actually Virginia but based on our observations it would be difficult to tell the difference] – we saw one homeowner who had one cow eating the grass in his front lawn and a second one*

*trimming the back yard – no yard service required here! A second entrepreneur decided to install a Port-a-John rather than waste valuable trailer real estate on a commode! The scenery was stunning – one of our stops offered a beautiful vista and several fee roaming Black Angus cattle cross the road. Cow pies had to be averted through this stretch. The full ride was to run 193 miles but by mile marker 110 or so, @Greg L's java addiction got the better of him, the ride was "fucus interruptus" and we had to cut a gnarly 10-mile section of trail off in search of a receptacle.*

*Unfortunately, towns were few and far between, so we resumed our ride after dropping Deuce Bigelow off in the woods. Managing the big GS's over approximately 60 miles of punishing trails meant a hotel was preferred over a campground. Needless to say, @Greg L once again outdid himself and found us another potential site for a drug deal or murder... but not before a few minutes of goat yoga by the pool... without the goat! After this, we feasted on a dinner of Taco Bell and beer. What will @Greg L's intestines have in store for us tomorrow? Stay tuned to find out!*

Rather than cover his intestinal mayhem in further detail, Greg added some colorful commentary to the day's ride, which was truly peaceful and majestic.

**@Greg L**

*Little known fact, @Kent Niederhofer managed to obtain sponsorship for this ride from Frito Lay. They were kind enough to provide a bag of original Fritos that continuously replenished itself over the course of several days. (According to Dr. Niederhofer, this had nothing to do with my intestinal stress today). No matter how many handfuls we gobble down, there's always more. This came in handy fortifying us with calories for the trail work we undertook. Being among the ranks of the unemployed again, @Kent Niederhofer is*

*trying his hand at National Forest Trail Arborist. I've lost track of how many deer we've encountered on this trip. They are everywhere and Kent and I have concluded that they wait by the edge of the trail for a motorcycle to approach before darting out pretending to be startled. In case people think we are just a couple of maniac motorcycles on the trail... butterflies.*



**Fri, 29-Jul**  
**Day 8 (Section 2 & 1) Covington, VA to Newport, VA to Marion, VA (191 miles)**

It turned out that this would be our final trail ride of the trip. With unparalleled verve, we took on the morning's less-than-spectacular weather and conquered most of what remained of the MABDR deciding to call Marion, VA – just 30 miles short of Damascus, VA – our final destination.

The events of the day were covered in our Slack log:

**@Kent Niederhofer**

*Well, we completed the MABDR today – or at least as far as we're going to ride it. Strictly speaking, we did sections 2 and nearly all of section 1 stopping in Marion, VA which is 26 miles short of the end point in Damascus, VA. The 191 miles we covered today were pretty special – a nice mix of flowing country roads, steep trails that hugged the mountains and wound through heavy woods strewn with either gravel, rock, or dirt – or some combination of the three. Our 8:35 AM departure was met with a light drizzle that eventually*

*turned into a solid, hour-long rain. This made clay trails even more slippery but had the benefit of washing some of the dirt – but none of the stink – off of our riding suits. It also helped to fill low spots in the trail with water and I nearly made it through the 1,000-mile plus trip without an “aww shit” spill but it was not to be. Choosing the ideal line but executing poorly, as I rounded a rather large puddle, I went down like an anchor. Fortunately, I didn't land in the puddle but next to it. Though another pound of mud and spray was ground into my pants, jacket, and helmet. @Greg L was close behind and got to enjoy from a front row seat (sorry, no photos to commemorate the occasion).*



*Our lunch stop allowed me to sample some gas station fried chicken with a side of coleslaw while the Veginator drank mung juice (I think he meant dung juice). Sitting at a picnic bench, we got a visit from a four-legged friend named Bowie who would have been very happy to sample my chicken. [Proof that a mangy dog has a more refined palate than @Greg L].*

*During our ride, we saw more MABDR ride groups than we'd seen all week – three separate groups – one consisting of two dudes (on KTM's), another five guys (four on KTM's and one on a Yammie?), and Joe and Betsy, a couple from Hawaii (Joe on a KTM 890 and Betsy on a 390). We were taking a much-needed break when they rounded the corner and stopped to talk with us. They had ridding cross country to do both the MABDR and the NEBDR! They looked like KTM/Klim models as there wasn't a spec of dirt on either of their bikes or their riding suits. Meanwhile, we looked like we'd been rolled in flour, and we smelled like a used sweat sock. Couple that with my companion's "Full Monty" courtesy of his broken Aerostich zipper and they must have thought we were homeless!*



*The last bit of trail was some of the most challenging with heavily rutted slopes climbing into the mountains and offering no respite until we reached the summit. Along the way, I saw a small black bear cub running ahead of me and into the woods. Of course, where there is a black bear cub one will also find its mother. Not wanting to wait for that encounter, a heavy dose of throttle got me past and well beyond that point leaving @Greg L to fend for himself!*

*The final push to Marion ended with a fine Mexican meal and a cold beer – and, as expected, @Greg L began firing the opening salvos – sounding like The Trumpets of Jericho – shortly after we got*

*to our room. Needless to say, it's going to be an unpleasant evening and, assuming I survive the night, tomorrow we undertake the 550-mile return home.*

**Sat, 30-Jul**

**Day 9: Marion, VA to Southeast MI (550 miles)**



After eight days of mixed trail riding, we were ready to head home. The challenge was that the ride back required us to cover 550 miles of ground – which is a long day, even if it's all asphalt – but that's not exactly how the story ends.

Greg offered to lead the return and, after entering the proper coordinates and settings in his Garmin, we were off in pursuit of curvy roads. Our departure wound us through the countryside, including some country roads requiring significant repair. These continued to degrade further with every mile and eventually led us to some unpaved sections that became increasingly narrower, coursing through farms and pastures that were at least as challenging as the best that the MABDR threw at us! After close to an hour of this – including a ridiculously deep-water crossing – we came to a stop at the crest of the road. I pulled my visor up, looked at Greg, and between bursts of uncontrolled laughter, yelled, "You're fired!" for forgetting to select any avoidances (including "Unpaved Roads").

From that point on, I took over the navigational duties and, after 30 minutes of negotiating our way out of the winding countryside roads, we were back on track. We now sped along on a very lengthy stretch of tree-lined country highway featuring large-radius curves to make up some lost time.

After one of many gas stops, my co-pilot suggested we grab some lunch and, I suspect to make up for his earlier misdeeds, he led us to a carnivore's paradise, Rowdy's Smokehouse in Jackson, OH. Unfortunately for him, it became apparent that, at this restaurant, PETA stood for "People Eating Tasty Animals," so Greg's options were limited and his enthusiasm for the cuisine was evident from the expression on his face. It's hard to appreciate what a kind gesture this was unless one understands that Greg's move to a vegan diet was not done solely for health but also ethical reasons. The implication is that this act of kindness is akin to a stegosaurus leading a T. Rex to his family so he could dine on them (well, maybe not exactly, but you get my drift).

With our bikes and bodies freshly fueled, we continued on our journey, getting ever closer to our final destination. As the ride wore on, speed gradually increased as our enthusiasm for getting home seemed to be inversely proportional to the aches in the seat of our pants. Despite these thoughts, as I approached home, I felt jubilation having deepened friendships and successfully overcome the challenges but was simultaneously saddened that our journey was now over.

**A special thanks to Kent Niederhofer for his article and pictures featured this month.**

**Remember...** All published articles earn a free breakfast, entry into the year-end newsletter drawing AND your fellow members and the newsletter editor will appreciate your articles. You will also earn points toward the **2022 MOTY Awards!**



## MSTR Heads Up

Here is a listing of some of the upcoming local events and meetings within the next few months. If you know of a local motorcycle event in Michigan or Ontario the MSTR would be interested in send Rachel Durling an e-mail to [Communications@mstriders.com](mailto:Communications@mstriders.com) with the details.

### MSTR East Breakfast Meetings

**This month's east side breakfast meeting will be on Saturday December 17, 2022 (again a week early due to Christmas) at 9:00am George's Senate at 39430 Dun Rovin Dr, Northville, MI 48168.**

### MSTR West Lunch Meetings

**Our next west side lunch meeting will be on Saturday January 14, 2023, at 11am at the Alibi Bar & Grill, 1394 East Riverside Dr, Ionia, MI 48846.**



## BMW Motorcycles of Southeast Michigan

Saturday, December 17th is their annual Holiday Party & BMW R nineT Urban G/S Raffle, for which they will be donating all proceeds to Toys for Tots to help assist them in their mission of ensuring that all children experience the magic of Christmas, every year!



<https://bmwmotomichigan.com/events/>

## 2022 MSTR MOTY Banquet

The **2022 MSTR Member of the Year (MOTY)** banquet will be at Zerbo's Bistro on Saturday, February 4<sup>th</sup>, 2023. The evening starts with a meet and greet at 5:00pm, followed by a plated dinner at 6:00pm and then our first annual membership meeting at 7:30pm. We close the evening out at 8:30pm with our Awards Presentations. Banquet reservation forms can be downloaded from a Mailchimp message to be sent to all members and on the MSTR website.



# Twisty Road Seminar

MotorcycleSafetyAssociation.com



## What a Professional rider says about the Seminar

"The Twisty Road Seminar offers sound advice to all street riders, regardless of experience level!"  
Mark Miller, Isle of Man TT – 1st Place Winner

### About us

The Motorcycle Safety Association is a State of Michigan Non-Profit corporation. The U.S. Treasury Department has determined the Association is a charity under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Donations are therefore tax deductible to the extent the law allows.



Info@MotorcycleSafetyAssociation.com

## MSTR 2023 Rides



The rides for 2022 have been completed for the year. Please check the MSTR website on the events page for a list of the rides and events for 2023 ([www.mstriders.com](http://www.mstriders.com)). If you are interested in volunteering, please send an email to the address above.

Note: Membership in the Michigan Sport Touring Riders is required to attend an MSTR riding event. We will not be able to add your name to an event sign-up list unless you are a current MSTRider or until your New MSTRider Form or MSTRider Renewal form and fee are received. Go to [www.mstriders.com](http://www.mstriders.com), then navigate to the Resources page and scroll down to the **New MSTRider Form** or the **MSTRider Renewal Form**.

## MSTR Newsletter & Website

The MSTR Newsletter and Website ([www.mstriders.com](http://www.mstriders.com)) belong to you, the riders. They both can only be as good and as interesting as you make them. If you have something to say about a ride, your bike, perhaps a trip you are planning, whatever, send it in for the newsletter and/or website to:

**Rachel Durling:**

[communications@mstriders.com](mailto:communications@mstriders.com)

## MSTR Dealer Members

**BMW Motorcycles of SE Michigan**  
[www.bmwmcsem.com/](http://www.bmwmcsem.com/)

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**BMW of Grand Rapids**  
[www.bmwmcgr.com/](http://www.bmwmcgr.com/)

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**Ducati Detroit**  
[www.ducaticetroit.com/](http://www.ducaticetroit.com/)

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**College Bike Shop**  
[www.collegebikeshop.com/](http://www.collegebikeshop.com/)

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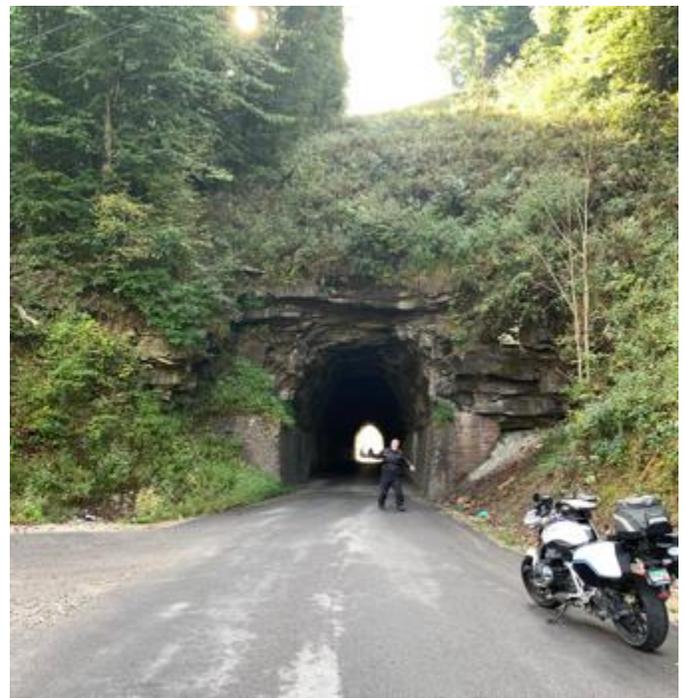
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## MSTR Photo Gallery

The MSTR maintains a Smug Mug photo gallery (<https://mstriders.smugmug.com/>) to allow riders to upload and download pictures of various club events. Upload and download passwords are sent out to participants for each event. Click on the above link or visit the MSTR website and select the MSTR Photo Gallery link to check out all the event pictures.

### Memories from our 2022 riding season:





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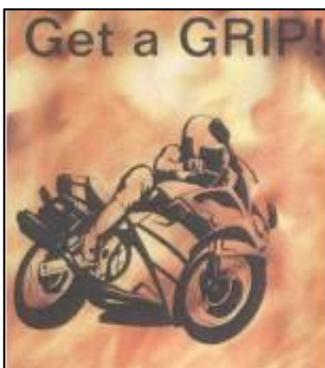
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