



Michigan Sport Touring Riders

February 2025 Newsletter

Editor - Heidi Nagel

Club Meetings & Events

MOTY Awards Banquet

Saturday, February 22, 2025

Zerbo's Market & Bistro

3000 E. West Maple Road

Commerce Township, MI 48390

Meet & Greet 5 - 6 PM

Dinner Service 6 PM

Annual Meeting 7:30 PM

Awards Presentation 8:30 PM

Westside Meeting

Saturday, March 8, 11 AM

[Alibi Bar & Grill](#)

1394 E. Riverside Dr. Ionia

Eastside Meeting

Saturday, March 22, 9 AM

[Senate Coney Island](#)

34359 Plymouth Rd. Livonia

2025 Grand Tour – TBA

2025 Mileage Program

If you are *new* to the Mileage Program for 2025, send your *starter* 2025 mileage to **Ian Orr**, at ridership@mstriders.com.

2025 Membership Forms

[2025 MSTR Renewing Membership Form](#)

[2025 MSTR New Members' Form](#)

Note that the links should open a PDF file. If that doesn't work, please try the [Membership / Resources](#) section of the webpage.

Roger & Terry's (and Ken & Kent's) Big Adventure Sixth and *Final* Installment

By *Kent Niederhofer*

Last seen, our heroes were about to sleep off a food coma, having indulged in meals at [Big Jud's](#), in Rexburg, ID.

Day 16 (June 18, 2024) – We awoke to a very cool morning and departed making a quick stop at the post office and then onto the Red Rabbit Grill where we enjoyed a leisurely, gourmet breakfast, thanked our host, and made our way to Route 20 heading north by northeast toward West Yellowstone. Along the way, we rode in parallel to the backside of the Grand Tetons – a landmark we would not be able to visit due to road closures. As we rode, the temperatures began to drop, hitting a low of 34°F and the formerly innocuous clouds began to release their moisture onto our heads in the form of freezing rain, sleet and hail. Eventually, our windshields and visors began to fog and freeze over necessitating a pit stop at a gas station. Thankfully, this appeared to be a passing storm front and we rode through it to enter a balmy 50°F with the sun's radiant heat warming up our frozen bones.



We entered [Yellowstone National Park](#) at its west entrance, riding through miles and miles of pine-forested mountains. Established in 1872, the size of this park is almost incomprehensible. Its numerous natural wonders spread over more than 2.2 million acres, welcome over 8.5 million visitors each year! As we rode through, we saw countless fly fisherman wading hip- and chest-deep into the cold waters fishing for cutthroat trout, Arctic grayling and mountain whitefish. Further on,

2025 Rides!

There are only 53 days
between the MOTY banquet
and the MoArk ride!

Missouri-Arkansas (MoArk)

April 16-19, 2025

½ K Ride

May 3, 2025

Ladies' Ride

May 4, 2025

Michigan Renegade Mountain Ride (MR2)

May 11-16, 2025

Don & Jan Pennington's Summer Sizzle BBQ

June 1, 2025

Hocking Hills Twisty Tour (HT2)

June 12-15, 2025 (Tentative)

Up North Camping Ride V (UNCR)

July 10-20, 2025

Barn Burn Raid (BBR)

August 14-17 (standard),
or August 10-17, 2025

Tip of the Mitt (TOTM)

September 11-14, 2025

Fall Color Ride (FCR)

September 26-28, 2025 (Tentative)

Last Fall Ride (LFR)

September 28-October 3, 2025
(Tentative)

traffic began to slow down to a crawl and, as we neared the point where it would begin to clear, we saw why... off to the right were two herds of bison, each consisting of about 70 animals, grazing or resting in the field. The size of these magnificent creatures, which can weigh up to 2,000 pounds, is difficult to appreciate when seen far off in the distance (which is the best distance to view them if you've watched any videos of [morons taking selfies with these animals](#)).



The key attraction for us was [Old Faithful](#), a cone geyser which was first discovered in 1870. The eruptions, which go off roughly every 90 minutes these days, can shoot as much as 8,400 gallons of boiling hot water to a height of 185 feet. Given the timing of our arrival, our "event" was anticipated to take place at 3:26 PM and Old Faithful did not disappoint. With hundreds of onlookers ringed around it at a safe distance, the geyser let loose with a majestic plume of water that looked like a whale spouting but for two minutes!

With the highlight of our Yellowstone National Park visit behind us, we strolled to the parking lot to mount our bikes and head out for Cody, WY, but we noticed something was amiss – our motorcycles were covered in bird dung and several of our bags – specifically my duffel and tank bag – were partially opened. Spread about the site were half-eaten sunflower seeds and granola bars, two nourishing snacks that I had packed away in order to stave off hunger should ride segments become further extended than planned. Apparently, a murder of crows descended onto my machine, somehow recognizing that bird food had been hidden in various zippered pockets, and began opening said pockets with their beaks looking for the tasty treats. And based on the evidence, it appears that they were mostly successful as the pouches containing both items were torn open and their contents mostly devoured. This occurred while we were off being entertained by water being sprayed in the air and several onlookers tried to shoo the pesky birds away but they were not to be denied.



After cleaning the last bits of defecation from my ignition switch, duffle bag and helmet visor, we made our way out of the park eventually crossing the [Craig Pass Continental Divide](#) at elevation 8,262 ft. and taking a quick snapshot to celebrate the moment. Many miles later, we rode along the western and northern coast of [Yellowstone Lake](#) – a monstrous body of water found at elevation 7,733 ft. and covering an area of 132 square miles. Along the way we made one of a number of pit stops for a nature break and snack, distributing a few handfuls of trail mix to two chipmunks that had apparently become accustomed to being fed by onlookers. While the peanuts contained in our mixture was popular, it seemed that the M&Ms were a special treat that Chip and Dale were willing to fight for. Further on, we came across a crowd of onlookers spying on a female bear resting in the grass among fallen timbers.



As we left the vast park, I pulled over to the left side of the road for a final photo opportunity next to a sign announcing we were now leaving Yellowstone National Park. My two riding colleagues, who were ahead of me only noticed the maneuver moments later and stopped at a pull-off on the right side of the road a few hundred feet further ahead. Shortly before coming to a stop, they passed within 10 feet of a large statue of a bison where they would wait for me. As I

remounted and headed their way, the statue moved and it became clear that this was no inanimate object but a full-grown bison bull grazing in the grass in the island near the entrance sign.

The next step was for the final push to Cody, WY. Throughout the day, one of our posse wasn't quite feeling right and as we neared town, we decided to stop at the local hospital ER as unusually high fatigue and slightly elevated temperature had set in. Shortly after our arrival, Roger was escorted behind closed doors by the nurse who then outlined the battery of tests he would be subjected to. Given that these would take an hour or two to administer, he suggested that we should go for a bite to eat. Upon our return, we learned our "pale rider" suffered from dehydration, addressed with an IV of electrolytes and antibiotics just in case.

We returned to our hotel around 10:00 PM and, after a very long day that covered 252 miles, we crawled into our beds and passed out with some peace of mind knowing that our amigo was going to be able to continue on.

Day 17 (June 19, 2024) – We enjoyed perhaps the best weather of our entire trip thus far with temperatures hovering mostly around 70°F under a near cloudless sky. Rise and shine took place around 9:00 AM at which time my two colleagues headed down to the hotel restaurant for the buffet. Having ingested a side of beef the night before, I asked the dynamic duo to return with a yogurt and banana for me. We evacuated the room and left around 10:00 AM headed for Gillette, WY via Route 14E. The topography was different than anything we'd seen up to this point as there were sections of gently rolling hills followed by miles and miles of endless flatland that was completely absent of any trees or meaningful vegetation other than grasses. This then returned to treed, rolling hills with softer mountain ranges off in the distance.

Our first and only sight-seeing stop was at the [Museum of Flight & Aerial Firefighting](#) in Greybull, WY, where we met a knowledgeable and gracious volunteer, John, who spoke with great passion about the design and development of firefighting aircraft and their engines as well as WW2 warbirds. For Terry and me, this was a conversation that could have lasted the whole of the day had we allowed it to. We took a brief walk through the airplane storage area and graveyard where a Fairchild C-119 identical to that used in the original [Flight of](#)

[the Phoenix](#) movie was on display. We exited thanking John profusely and continued on with our ride.



Given the now recognized need to do a better job hydrating, we made stops approximately every hour, including one where our postcard-obsessed Roger Zander acquired a [Jackalope](#) postcard that was to be sent to his daughter. We stopped again later in Dayton, WY – a cute but modest little town in the middle of nowhere that featured the [Crazy Woman Saloon](#) and other curiously-named establishments. (I'd like to meet the mayor because he seems like he'd be a fun guy on a night out).



From there we continued on entering [Big Horn National Forest](#) which once again provided a mix of highly entertaining roads ranging from switchbacks cut into sheer cliffs to high-speed sweepers that flowed through the hills. It was in this latter section that we crossed [Granite Pass](#), which peaks at an elevation of 9,033 ft., and borders Bighorn and

Sheridan counties. At that elevation, our toasty 70°F weather dropped by almost 20 degrees and the need to layer became pressing.



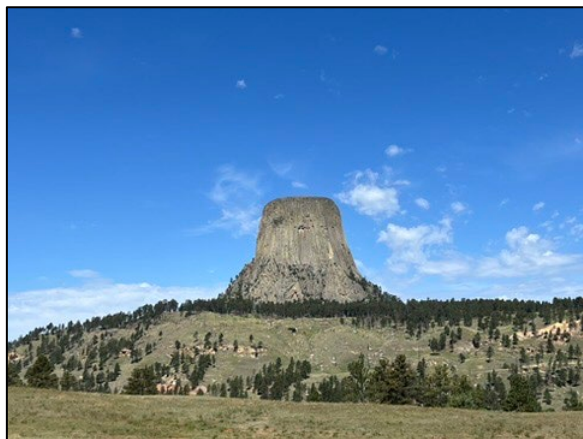
We arrived at the Days Inn around 6:30 PM and checked in. Roger chose to stay behind as Terry and I found a gas station Mexican restaurant that was exclusively operated and patronized by Spanish-speakers. In our mind, this was a good sign and we placed our orders. Shortly thereafter, we were downing two of the largest and tightest-rolled burritos ever seen – and, oh boy, were they delicious. To no one's surprise, neither of us could finish these beef and cheese logs so we packed things up, returned to base camp, calling it a day.

Day 18 (June 20, 2024) – We awoke to another day of good weather albeit somewhat cooler than the day before (which was no issue for us). As usual, I set the pace (in reference to waking up, that is) because I was in such a deep coma that I couldn't function until 7:45 AM.

My colleagues were well ahead of the game so I packed up like a [Tasmanian Devil](#), randomly stuffing clothing into a duffel bag or side case. We left the parking lot by 9:00 AM and got onto I-90E headed for [Devil's Tower](#) just an hour's ride away.

Despite this being an interstate ride, the scenery was still quite impressive though our travel was slowed somewhat by construction for a stretch. For the most part, it was uneventful but our friend, Roger (aka The Professor), was having difficulty having getting his bike to track straight and true. A quick stop for a discussion revealed that he acknowledged he was suffering from a bit of brain fog limiting his

ability to focus. He felt it would resolve itself and encouraged us to continue albeit at a reduced pace (the local speed limit was 80 mph and there was some not insignificant cross-wind).



We continued on, exiting onto Route 14E and subsequently left onto Route 24E, through jagged mountains with exposed sections of rock that appeared to have been fractured by repeated freeze and thaw cycles splintering sections off and depositing them below. The widely spaced pine trees also appeared to be tortured and wind-beaten with but a few needles lining their naked branches. It was a weird but fascinating site to see as our machines carved their way along the road that twisted through the countryside.

From a distance of approximately three or four miles, we could see off to our left, the lone profile of Devil's Tower against the sky, jutting well above the surrounding hills and lesser buttes off in the distance.

A quick nature break was taken before passing through the park entrance and riding along the road that would lead us to Devil's Tower. About half a mile from the parking area, traffic began to slow and we were now moving along at a snail's pace with frequent, multiple-minute stops. After about 20 minutes of this and now having only closed the gap by only a quarter of a mile, we looked at each other with the same thought – to hell with this crap – and promptly turned around heading back out of the park.

We took one more nature break prior to the ride back and did a further check-in with our colleague, Roger, who was showing increased signs of wear despite his best efforts to soldier on. We believed this to be nothing more than an issue of proper hydration and

low blood sugar, and so addressed both issues. Caution being the better part of valor, it was at this point that we agreed it would be best to head to Rapid City, SD (near our final destination), skipping the more circuitous route that would have taken us past a number of tourist destinations that were planned.

We headed out on our 100-mile trek via Route 14E eventually turning onto I-90E but not before having a quick lunch at the Longhorn Saloon in Sundance, WY. This town was quite interesting as it seemed to be the perfect setting for a western with big pickup trucks pulling horse trailers driven by cowboys wearing cowboy hats and cowboy boots. And just when you think you'd seen it all, as we walked outside after our meals, we saw a tracked John Deere skid-steer loader hauling a front loader washing machine (make unknown) across the street – because, why not?

The ride was, for the most part, uneventful but, as we entered town we slowed down as we approached a red light at an upcoming intersection. It was here that a 30-something year old father, driving his family in a minivan, decided to swing out of the left turn lane (with no turn signal or head check) and into the neighboring lane with me moving alongside him at his' four o'clock position. I was nearly knocked over were it not for my Valentino Rossi, cat-like response time applying a handful of brake with just inches to spare. Certain choice words reverberated through the inside of my helmet. He was now at a stop, half into my lane and half into the next lane to his right, at which time I decided to lane split and rap on his window to share my thoughts on how we could make this a more perfect world. He ignored me and, as the light turned green, proceed on as if all was good. Rather than allow this event to ruin the day, I let it go (so un-Kent of me) and continued on as we had more pressing issues to concern ourselves with. About 20 minutes later, we pulled into the Monument Health Rapid City Hospital where the world's finest surgeons and healthcare professionals would likely not tend to our friend's needs... but some pretty good nurses would.

As I write this, Terry and I sit in the waiting room thanking our lucky stars that we're not one of the many that are slumped over in their chairs celebrating successive birthdays here. We won't know until Roger is released where this adventure

leads us next but suffice it to say it has been an adventure!

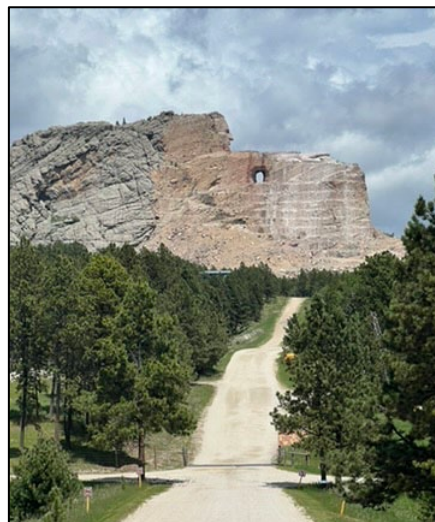


Day 19 (June 21, 2024) – The prior evening, our sickly colleague was finally released and we arrived at the [Firehouse Campground and Cabins](#) in Hill City, SD as planned just after 10:00 PM. We entered our cabin, stripped down to our skivvies and passed out in our beds listening to the sounds of crickets chirping, frogs croaking, and partiers outside of their RV's while drinking Coors by a campfire.

The following morning, these same folks were up early, revving the engines in their rented side-by-sides before tearing out of the campground and onto the road headed for the trailhead. About 45 minutes later, we followed suit albeit at a much more moderate pace headed for the Mt. Rushmore National Memorial about 12 miles away, stopping briefly in town for a breakfast at the local Subway sandwich shop.



[Mt. Rushmore National Monument](#) covering 1,278 acres, was completed in 1941 after 14 years of work by countless farmers, miners and carpenters who were recruited by Danish sculptor, [Gutzon Borglum](#), who led the project from conception. His choice of the four presidents carved into the granite face, George Washington (1st), Thomas Jefferson (3rd), Abraham Lincoln (16th) and Theodore Roosevelt (26th), was based on the leadership role they played in the creation, growth, preservation, and development of the nation. About 2.5 million visitors visit the memorial each year.



We then went to the [Crazy Horse Memorial](#) in Crazy Horse, SD which is a privately-funded mountain carving depicting Lakota warrior, [Crazy Horse](#) who took up arms against encroachment by the U.S. federal government on Native American territory. Because of the threat of lightning off in the distance, the tour bus that would have taken us around the memorial was not running so we were limited to snapping a few photographs from the distance. Just prior to this, we walked the tourist center which outlined the history of the Lakota and

housed numerous artifacts and examples of period clothing – both authentic and high-quality reproductions.



Our second site was the [Custer State Park](#) which was established in 1912 and covers 71,000 acres in the Black Hills of Custer County, SD. The ride through the park contained bison and antelope which were on (limited) display as well as a small herd of mules including two relatively recent newborns. This smart looking equines were quasi-domesticated in that they were quite comfortable with human contact – apparently because we humans like feeding them carrots and other treats. We – and many others who had stopped – spent about 20 minutes mingling with the burros and taking photographs.



As our ride through the park neared its' end, we turned onto [Needles Highway](#), a 37.9 miles long, twisty road that cuts through the pine and spruce forest covered granite mountains of this region. This road includes several blind curves and single lane tunnels making the ride particularly entertaining in the low hanging clouds and fog that we dealt with this fine afternoon. After descending from the mountain top, we made our way to I-90E making tracks for

Rapid City on our way to the Firehouse Brewery for a meal, and a Microtel, which would serve as our final destination that night.

Day 20 (June 22, 2024) – With this day's ride being one of the longest of this trip, we needed to get an early start. As we headed to the parking lot to load our bikes, we met John, from Iowa, who had rolled in on his heavily-laden KTM 1290 Adventure R the night before. This morning, he was waiting for his colleague's Yamaha Tenere 700 to get diagnosed at the local Yamaha dealer after it ingested several gallons of a water-gasoline mix from its' last fill-up. Similar to us, these two were on a west coast trip that would cover 5,000 miles over the next weeks. We shook hands, said our goodbyes, and wished each other well



We got on our way, heading for Wall, SD, to visit the famous [Wall Drug](#). Wall is a small town in the middle of nowhere that appears to have been contrived in an effort to create something that would bring tourist dollars into an area that only has 10,000+ acre farms and commercial grain silos. The western motif town has numerous shops selling tee shirts, cowboy hats, cowboy boots, cowboy shirts, cowboy jeans, lassos, and other cowboy paraphernalia and tchotchke. Other ornamentation included buffalo heads, stuffed mountain lions, taxidermy porcupines and the ever-elusive jackalopes.



After amusing ourselves for about 30 minutes, we headed out for the [Badlands National Park](#) on Route 240S just a few miles south of town. The park covers over 242,000 acres and hosts more than one million visitors per year. We took the Loop Road which toured us through large swaths of naturally-ravaged land – the exposed, layered rock a byproduct of half a million of years of deposition and erosion. These formations contain sandstone, siltstone, mudstone, claystone, limestone, volcanic ash, and shale of different color – it was simply beautiful.



After leaving the park, we headed north again on Route 240N toward Wall. After crossing the I-90 interstate, we turned left into the [Minuteman Missile National Historic Site](#) parking lot and entered the visitor's building. Inside, Terry introduced himself as a former serviceman at [Ellsworth Air Force Base](#), home to the Minuteman II, and the reception desk asked him to sign a Minuteman poster that active and retired servicemen have signed. We toured the exhibits which provided

a history of the Cold War leading to development of the Minuteman and beyond. We left taking a few ceremonial photographs outside of the facility with Terry as the proud centerpiece.



Between the onramp to I-90 and our destination, Sioux Falls, lies a whole lot of nothing. Our best choice for lunch was to leverage a gas stop, grabbing a few snacks to hold us over until we got to Sioux Falls. One Mountain Dew, one pickle, and a couple of meat and cheese sticks later, I was satiated while Roger achieved similar results via Hostess Ding Dongs and Twinkies!

After quieting our rumbling stomachs, we continued on with the ride covering long stretches of highway that cut through farmland and pastures. An intense storm that had rolled through the area days before and had left significant amounts of standing water in fields and flooding on- and off-ramps further east. Another observation made by our riding trio was that multiple cattle herds were huddled together in the

same way – always tightly clustered and on the northern-most end of the pasture they were contained in. It turns out, we later learned, that this act is a response to environmental stress likely experienced by the animals due to the storms.



Our 381-mile ride ended as we pulled into the Comfort Inn in Sioux Falls but not before devouring another Mexican fiesta at a local taco shop. I'm not sure if it was the tortilla-cheese-and-avocado dip appetizer or the hot sauce that was applied liberally to the carne asada and shrimp tacos whose secret formula ensured that this gringo's gastrointestinal tract was not going to be immune from [Montezuma's Revenge](#). Thankfully the night was not interrupted by unwelcome events. Tomorrow, we have a 440-mile ride to look forward to that will be without any distractions allowing us to slab it straight to our final destination, Madison, WI.

Day 21 (June 23, 2024) – Because we were facing the longest day's ride of the entire trip, our triumvirate awoke, packed and stormed downstairs to enjoy a fine Comfort Inn continental breakfast, in my case, consisting of Frosted Flakes – a sugar-packed treat that I haven't eaten in over 50 years. A synthetic, strawberry-flavored yogurt that looked like it had been sitting for a year with the milk curdled quickly followed and both were washed down with a shot of cranberry juice. We were on our mounts and on I-90E before 8:30 AM with a 445-mile ride to look forward to.



In three hours, we had covered just over 200 miles including a gas stop and reached the next major town, Austin, MN, where we stopped at the for a bite to eat. While no sightseeing was planned, it turned out that the [Spam Museum](#) was virtually next door and this was an opportunity that could not be passed up. This admission-free tribute to the canned, pre-cooked pork and ham delicacy provided a comprehensive overview of its origins, variants (and it may surprise you that there are many), processing, and uses (and it again may surprise you that there are many). There was even a kiosk where countless recipes using the finely ground coagulant were available to interested parties. Unbeknownst to her, I nominated my oldest daughter as a recipient of five of these!





Following this, we got underway once again, heading due east. While our fuel tanks conservatively had a range of roughly 200 miles, our derrieres did not and we usually stopped for a break at 100-mile intervals. It was at one of these stops that an elderly, white-haired gentleman approached one of our tribe standing in proximity to our motorcycles and introduced himself. Peter was a Dane and a former Harley-Davidson engineer and amateur motorcycle racer having had a role in the development of the XR-750. We chatted for a while talking about motorcycles, motorcycle engines, motorcycle racing, and Harley-Davidson. Both parties had other obligations so we took a snapshot, shook hands, and wished each other well before departing.



Once again, we got underway for the final push to Madison arriving at our hotel, another Comfort Inn, at 6:30 PM. After a quick shower, we headed to a Greek restaurant, Parthenon Gyros, in the center of town. After a light meal, we walked the streets in

search of an ice cream shop and to do a bit more sightseeing. We fulfilled both objectives and as we walked out of the Chocolate Shop Ice Cream Company moments later, we came upon a corner musician – specifically a guitarist – named Art Schlosser entertaining anyone who would watch (and pay him a small gratitude as we did). As he saw me approach, he started to serenade us with his latest hit, Hairy Legs. We listened with amusement, rewarded him with a Benjamin, and walked off to hail an Uber for the ride home. It was the perfect end to a perfect day and it is difficult to believe that tomorrow will be the final chapter of this 22-day adventure.

Day 22 (June 24, 2024) – This was to be our final day, as we had planned to leave Madison for Milwaukee where we would board the high-speed ferry and take it across Lake Michigan to Muskegon. Before the day got underway, none of us thought that there would be much to talk about in our daily log, other than some discussion about the high-speed ferry ride we’d be taking from Milwaukee to Muskegon, as we’d be largely slabbing it from start to finish but... we were wrong!

You see, one of the wonderful things about traveling by motorcycle – and it’s probably the second-best thing (I’ll tell you about the best thing at the end of this report) – is the people you meet. They come from all walks of life and the fact that you’re wearing gear or standing in proximity to your bike is like an open invitation for them to walk up and talk to you about damn near anything but most often it’s got something to do with motorcycles. “Where are you traveling to?” or “I used to have that bike (until my wife made me get rid of it).” Or “That thing got a Hemi in it?” You get the idea. In any case, motorcycles and motorcycle riding is indifferent to social status, income, race, gender, or any other crap that often gets in the way of making friends out of strangers – and that’s pretty cool.

So back to our adventure... as a reminder, we had landed in Madison, WI, the night before which meant we had just 70 miles to travel to get to the dock in Milwaukee from where the ferry would depart. We allowed an abundance of time to ensure we were not going to be late and, as it turned out, that was prudent because the traffic into the city and leading up to the road that would take us to the

dock was backed up for four miles – we were creepy-crawling!



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We eventually made it to the docks with time to spare. For those who have taken the [Lake Express ferry](#), you are aware that vehicles are lined up in rows in front of the gates which open 30 minutes prior to departure. It was during this period that we met the two riders who pulled their bikes – a KTM 950 Supermoto and a new Yamaha Tenere 700 (these things matter to the riders who read this, folks, so bear with me). Two Russians, Bronco and Boris (not making this up), introduced themselves to our trio and we talked bikes for the better part of half an hour. Once the gates opened, we were instructed to ride our machines up the ramp and secure them to the D-rings in the bedplate with the straps provided.



Once complete, we headed upstairs and went to the [poop deck](#) (and that's a real nautical term so just

look it up) to watch the ferry pull away from the dock and use all of its' 12,000 hp to move this colossus across Lake Michigan in about three hours. While watching the spray from the props blow two streams of white, frothy water into the air and back a distance of 100 feet or more, we met our next two characters. Tyler and Abraham had travelled to the Great White North for a conjugal visit to their girlfriends and were now circumnavigating Lake Michigan on their way back.

Once again, we talked bikes extensively but incorporated into their ride stories was all sorts of mischief – the detail of which will be redacted or just completely left out as these reports given my PG-13 following. All I can say is that this two often travelled to beach parties and hit it pretty hard... and they were clearly professionals at it as video evidence would prove. It wasn't long before they drained their first beers and they went inside for round two giving Terry and I a much-needed break from the action. We eventually went in to get a bite to eat and a drink and, wouldn't you know it, our two heroes were already working the pretty, young thing seated two seats to their left! We snapped a photograph together and wished them well, then found a quiet nesting place to enjoy some sanity until we docked.



We were among the first to get off the vessel with the intent of making our way out of Muskegon. It was at this point that Roger left us to visit his daughter in Grand Rapids. As we left a gas station for I-96E, we wrung our boxer engines out and made a good, steady and brisk pace for the balance of the ride peeling off at our respective exits and bringing this adventure to its' formal conclusion. In my case, I finished this trip having clocked **6,134** miles over 22 days on my Beemer. After pulling into the garage, I unloaded the bike and started the first of six loads of

laundry (which, full disclosure, includes running my riding suit through the washer three times to get the stink out) and passed out on the couch until the next morning.

So, I mentioned that meeting new people was the second-best thing about these trips so what's the absolute best thing about them? I believe it's the deep friendship and comradery built with your fellow riders. You're never going to get to know someone better than when you've got multiple dudes sleeping in a room meant for two (you do the math) or having to work out directions because our GPS devices aren't in agreement or you're trying to find places to eat after running for six hours on a Motel 6 breakfast. I look forward to our next adventure together and, when we do, you'll get to read about it here.

Conclusion – For those of you who stayed with this mini-series through all of its' 22 episodes, I hope you enjoyed being part of our trip as much as we did even if it was only in spirit. A piece of advice... if you ever get an opportunity to go on an adventure that seems like it's so big or over-the-top that you don't think you should do it, you probably should do it. The first stanza from Dr. Seuss's Oh "The Places You'll Go" seems fitting here...

"Congratulations! Today is your day. You're off to great places! You're off and away!"

Special thanks to **Kent Niederhofer** for the article and photos featured this month!

Remember: All published articles earn 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 2025 MOTY Awards!

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