



# Michigan Sport Touring Riders

## January 2025 Newsletter

Editor - Heidi Nagel

### Club Meetings & Events

#### **Eastside Meeting**

Saturday, January 25, 9 AM

[Senate Coney Island](#)

34359 Plymouth Rd. Livonia

*Note:* No Eastside Meeting in February. See you at the banquet.

#### **Westside Meeting**

Saturday, February 8, 11 AM

[Alibi Bar & Grill](#)

1394 E. Riverside Dr. Ionia

#### **MOTY Awards Banquet**

Saturday, February 22, 2025

[Zerbo's Market & Bistro](#)

See page 2 for more detail and to download the reservation form!

### 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](mailto:ridership@mstriders.com).

### 2025 Membership Forms

**Current members, get \$5 off your 2025 membership by renewing before February 1!**

### [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.

### **Weldcraft Wheels Repair**

By *Bob Komjathy*

In late August, I was on my way home from the MSTR East Side meeting. 8 Mile and Beck was a construction zone so I went slow, but there, right in front of me is 12-inch by 12-inches deep cut-out pavement section. **BAM!** I turned slightly to miss it but still caught the right side of the gorge with the left side of my front rim. No safety cones and it wasn't very noticeable that there was an issue with the road in my lane. When I got home there was a notable aneurysm to the aluminum rim. Fortunately, no damage to the front tire (General Road Attack 4 with steel belted sidewalls).



Tip of the Mitt was coming up shortly. Without yet knowing my options, I decided it was holding air so it could safely wait while I researched a path to repair. My options were to buy a used one of unknown quality off of E-bay or Beemer Boneyard for around \$250, or if there was a lateral bend in the replacement, a new rim from BMW. (Stock Code 36312333465, \$ 1,394.84 from <https://bmwparts.crosscountrycycle.net>.)

I remembered fellow MSTR member Dave Burr had a similar dilemma when he hit a deep pothole on a ride on his R1250RT. He swallowed hard and purchased a new one, then thought about a repair to the damaged one thinking he could sell it to recoup some of his money. He went to [Weldcraft Wheels](#) in Livonia. So, in late December, I took my front wheel to Weldcraft. I talked with owner, James Reading, and he inspected my damaged wheel for repair-ability. He checked both sides, as well as for lateral shifting. It remained straight, with no wobble!

## 2025 Event Schedule

### **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**

[Click HERE to download the Reservation Form.](#)

### **2025 Rides!**

#### **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

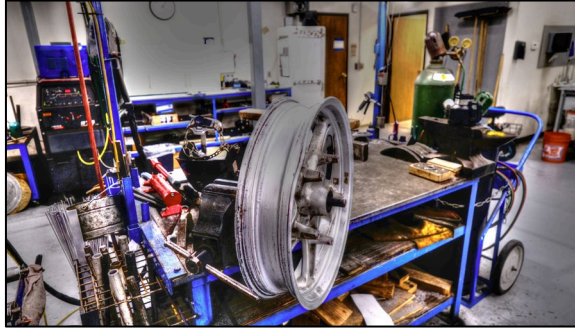
#### **Fall Color Ride (FCR)**

September 26-28, 2025 (Tentative)

#### **Last Fall Ride (LFR)**

September 28-October 3, 2025  
(Tentative)

\$100.00 for the repair and I was responsible for the repainting and aesthetics of the repair.



I picked up the wheel in early January and stopped at O'Reilly's Auto Parts for the BMW DUP 0600 Universal Silver paint, and a rattle can of acid etching primer. After a couple of coats of each and a day between coats, the wheel was ready for reassembly. Brake rotors, rotor spacers, and ABS sensing wheel reinstalled as well as the Road Attack 4 front tire and a new valve stem. (I will get a new set of rubber shoes in the early Summer.) The repaired wheel is almost perfectly balanced. I needed only one small lead weight to balance.

So now you know there may be an affordable option to trashing your wheel if you should happen to unavoidably change its geometry. Some of the new wheels with hollow spiders (part of the wheel inside the circumference) cannot be repaired if the damage results in a leg of the spider being warped. But, if the rim circumference is all that is damaged, you now have a more reasonable option than buying a new one!



~ Bob Komjathy

### **Hot Tip for Motorcycling on Illinois Tollways**

By *Peter Stephan*

If you use the I-Pass to get the discounted toll rate, you will need to get a replacement hard case transponder for use on your motorcycle. If you have an I-Pass account, the transponder decal you may have received is not valid for motorcycles. You need to call Customer Service by phone to resolve this. It is not possible on-line.

<https://agency.illinoistollway.com/>

Call (800) 824-7277, or 800-UC-IPASS

## Are you suffering from PMS? (Parked Motorcycle Syndrome)

Get yourself a dirt bike and rip around in the snow!



*Mike Makysmetz' Yamaha WR250R*

## Roger & Terry's (and Ken & Kent's) Big Adventure, Installment #5

By *Kent Niederhofer*

*Last seen, our heroes had bid farewell to their trusted companion, Captain Brown, in Oxbow, Oregon.*

**Editorial Note** – Lest we still be following our heroes along their journey to a 2024 event, while they are attending same event in 2025, I am adding a few pages to the next few newsletters.

**Day 10** (June 12, 2024) – We picked up a fourth to our party when an old acquaintance of Roger Zander's rendezvoused with us at the campground. Tom was headed to the rally from Iowa City, IA, and it just made sense to have him travel with our group.



Day 10's morning sun came early, like an uninvited guest showing up at your birthday party an hour before the scheduled start. What to do? The answer is to just accept it for what it is and to remember, just like the unwanted guest, no matter how you try you really can't make him or it go away.



As such, we got up early and went through the usual camping drill of tearing down our temporary shelters and packing things up. We left Copperfield Campground around 7:30 AM for an entertaining ride through [Hells Canyon](#) – something that was scheduled for the prior day's ride but was aborted due to the stifling heat. Hells Canyon earned its name because of the nearly vertical cliffs made of red rock that border both sides of select sections of road. A common theme in the mountains that are found in the west is that a large, meandering rivers can be found cutting through the hills with a twisty road on one or both sides of the water. It makes for some beautiful and truly entertaining riding if you like to rip (which, periodically, when the mood strikes me, I do).



Following the 40-mile, canyon-carving ride to its terminus and back, we headed for Richland, OR where we would find Sara's Richland Café, a cute little corner diner. Next door was a modest home with a wrought iron fence surrounding a nicely manicured lawn, flowers and patio set. Laying directly behind that fenced, was a spotted black and white canine – breed unknown but similar in build to your typical hunting dog – undisturbed by our antics and just sleeping the morning away.



As we removed our helmets and riding gear, the dog woke from his slumber, picked up an extremely well-chewed tennis ball, and dropped it at our feet between the grating of the fence. And so began a 10-minute game of fetch with our new, mottled friend which entertained our crew until he combination of growing hunger and a tennis ball whose coating of dog saliva was making it increasingly less interesting to pick up, brought the match to an end (much to the disappointment of Fido). It wasn't long before we were enjoying a fantastic meal made even more fantastic by the liberal application of [Silagy Smokin' Habanero Sauce](#) on our eggs and hash browns.

Just under an hour later, we left heading southwest for Halfway, OR where we would find an old, tired-looking gas station offering 92-octane premium fuel – the preferred breakfast of modern, high-compression BMW boxer engines. After a drink, we resumed our trip eventually taking I-84E into Baker City, OR – one of the larger urban centers in an otherwise remote part of the state. We rode through the high desert of eastern OR, whose topography looked much like scenes from the old, Clint Eastwood spaghetti westerns from the '60's. Some long straights as well as the many winding

sections that cut through the desert mountains provided ample opportunity to rediscover the sounds of the 1,254cc engine as it neared its' redline. Tranquility and calmness returned over both man and machine as we neared the next small town and our tribe regrouped.

Day 10's ride was to total 330 miles and miles 170 to 230 were maintained at a pretty steady, 60 mph drone. While that ensured that there would be no issues with the local gendarmes, it also had the unwanted side effect of nearly putting our riders into a "take the baby for a ride in the back of the car" sleep. A critical pit stop to restore oxygen flow to the brain via ice cream and to top off the tanks for our final push provided some rejuvenation – that and a substantially more, lively pace that basically "gave the bird" to posted speeds over the last 100 miles. Remarkably, we arrived at our destination, the [BMW MOA Rally](#) in Redmond, OR, around 5:30 PM very alert and without having earned any performance awards.



Since we arrived the day before the rally officially opened, we got to pick out one of the choicer camping sites on the property. After setting up in the shade of a nearby tree and in proximity to the restrooms, we toured the site finding the food trucks that would provide that evening's nourishment. After a dinner of beef tacos and teriyaki chicken with rice, we headed to the stage where patrons were entertained by a country band named Adrian & Meredith which played to a small crowd as we enjoyed our hops-fortified refreshments.

Because the next two days will largely be spent at the rally fairgrounds, I'll cover our adventures at the end of the third day summarizing the most

interesting events rather than highlight each time I drink a beer or eat a bean burrito.

**Days 11-13** (June 13-15, 2024) – Our first full day at the rally provided the opportunity to tour the fairgrounds serving as the home base for this event. Large trees scattered across open, grassy areas separated by walkways provided shade for our temporary shelters and, in addition to a large sports complex, served as staging for vendor booths where attendees could ogle over the latest motorcycle paraphernalia: tires, helmets, riding suits, gloves, shirts, protective guards, auxiliary lighting, and many other bits for the riding enthusiast.



Presentations were given by “BMW royalty” like Chad Warner, Tami Bakke, Shawn Thomas, and others affiliated with BMW who serve as ambassadors for the brand. We also got some one-on-one time with **Jennifer Ott**, Grand Poobah of Sales at BMW Detroit, and recently anointed BMW MOA Director. Congratulations Jennifer! She and three other ladies gave a very well-attended presentation called “Women Who Ride.” It was clear that the passion of the presenters, as well as the lady riders/pillions in the crowd who spoke, was on full display and that their experiences were empowering.

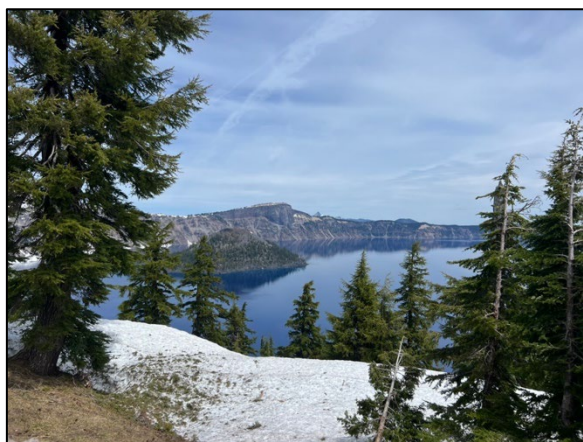
Later that day, Jennifer visited us at our campsite and thought it would be a good idea to offer us the keys to a brand-spanking new **BMW CE02** which is an all-electric, compact urban scooter that, we found out, is a whole lot of fun to zip around on. With 50 miles of range and a top speed of 62 mph, it has sufficient oomph to do just about anything we could think of. Yes, I tried to pop a wheelie with it but sadly I’m a noob, plus I didn’t want to have to

face Jen if I balled-up her \$9,000 toy – that wouldn’t end well for anybody!



That evening, we decided to go “off campus” for dinner – Mexican at a local establishment called Dylan’s which was quite good despite the meals being served out of a food truck. After downing a carne asada burrito and a Mexican pop, we headed to a local food truck park that offered truly gourmet, hand-churned ice cream with any number of toppings. After consuming the sugar-rich treat, we returned to home base and headed to the stage where a band called The Substitutes played great Rock and Roll including Bryan Adams, Foo Fighters, The Kingsmen, Men Without Hats, Tom Petty and many more along with a few one-hit wonders like Tommy Tutone. The evening ended around 10:30 PM and we crawled into our tents for a brisk night’s sleep as the desert temperatures dropped.

The next morning, four riders, two from our posse and two others we met – Rob Fritz, Dave Gian, Terry Morisi, and myself – decided to take on the >300-mile, round trip trek to visit [Crater Lake](#). Crater Lake formed about 7,700 years ago when a volcano, 100X more powerful than Mount St. Helens, erupted and formed a caldera that would leave behind a lake of steel blue water with a small island in it. At 1,949 feet, the lake is the deepest lake in North America, with temperatures ranging from 32° – 60°F, and it is fed exclusively by snow melt and rain. The lake is home to both rainbow trout and lake salmon. The views from the rim are absolutely stunning and are beyond description.



Like all good tourists, we popped our heads into the nearby trinkets-and-trash shop looking for a few souvenirs. While inside, we all got to enjoy the soprano screams of a 4-year-old boy throwing a temper tantrum while his father, who was kneeling by the little tyrant, was repeatedly slapped on his head, knocking his glasses off as he explained to

passersby that “he’s having an episode.” After the 15-minute concert, we left the parking lot for a drive around the lake for as far as we could go as we had learned that sections of the road were still covered in deep snow. As it turned out, it wouldn’t be very far but it would be far enough to get to the next lookout point where we would introduce ourselves to another rider – a young man named Luuk from the Netherlands who had applied for a six-month vacation Visa and was now traveling the country. We left having wished him well and started the long journey back to the rally.



It wasn’t long into the return before two of our riders realized that the little, yellow, low-fuel warning light had come on indicating that we were now operating on the reserve! It was at this point that the odometer started counting down the remaining range in miles – which quickly reached

zero and stayed there for the next 10 miles as we nursed our machines closer to the nearest gas station. Somehow, we managed to roll in, our engines consuming the last fumes of gas in our tanks. I ran my credit card, removed the hose, and filled the tank with its full capacity of 5.3 gallons of premium. Whew! The rest of the ride was far less stressful and a bit more entertaining as we wicked our machines up to Warp 7 arriving at the fairgrounds around 5:10 PM bringing the rally experience to an end.

The following morning, we woke early to very cool, brisk air, had a morning coffee (or tea, in my case) and again packed up. We were rolling by 7:45 AM but this time for the return trip which, just like the inbound ride, will include many stops at both planned and unplanned sightseeing-worthy spots.



The only stop on Saturday's schedule was a visit to [Painted Hills](#), about 90 minutes northeast of Redmond, OR. Painted Hills is one of three units making up the John Day Fossil Bed and covers 3,132 acres featuring varied stripes of red, tan, orange and black soil – evidence of past climate change. The colors of the exposed earth combined with the topography create an almost surreal viewing experience – akin to having been dropped off and left on Mars.

After several photographs and some video, we mounted our iron steeds and resumed the ride to our destination of Boise, ID. Like all of our other riding, the roads and the scenery were sublime – certainly different than what we'd seen elsewhere but no less beautiful. We made sure to stay off of the highway and stuck with US-26 which also provided the opportunity to pass through some small, cute towns. One of these included John Day

where we stopped at The Outpost for a late lunch around 2:00 PM. Just shy of an hour later, we were underway once again.

The final stop before reaching our destination was for a gas and refreshments stop in Vale, ID. As we contemplated the best route to take, a salty and seriously ripe-smelling fellow wearing a voodoo top hat, sat in his ratty MJ-series Jeep next to us and suggested an alternative set of entertaining country roads. We took his sage advice into consideration and thanked him but decided to make haste for the shower and dinner that awaited us at our bed and breakfast. The remaining hour was largely highway – not the most interesting riding of the day but certainly efficient. We pulled up to our bungalow on West Grover Street, unloaded our kit, and called it a day – after 330 miles while at the rally and another 343 miles covered today (bringing the trip total to 3,795 miles thus far) – a hot shower, a decent meal, and a good night's sleep was all we had on our mind.

**Days 14** (June 16, 2024) – Our troop must have been spent from the prior day's ride as we all staggered from our beds like zombies around 7:15 AM, more than an hour later than our average morning. It was fine as today's ride was only planned to be about 200 miles which would get us to Hot Springs, ID.



The day's first stop was at the Capri Restaurant in Boise, a quaint diner next door to a slightly seedy motel near the center of town but absolutely packed because of Father's Day! It seemed every wife, daughter or son was taking dear old dad out for breakfast and we were told that we'd have to wait. But, like the parting of the Red Sea, five seats opened up at the counter right before us and we scooped them up immediately. Once again, our eyes were bigger than our stomachs and we ordered

more food than any of us could possibly consume. After checks were paid, we exited for a few snapshots in the parking lot and headed out of the city via SR-21.

SR-21 would turn into another flawless, winding road with beautiful vistas – steep, rocky, mountains covered in tall, dark green pines, a meandering, fast flowing river winding through the valley alongside the asphalt. The road went on like this for miles and miles – well over an hour’s riding – providing ample opportunity for stops at scenic outlooks, catching our breath, enjoying a water break, and snapping a few more photographs. Another of these stops was for gas in Idaho City, ID where we would have had our first opportunity to enjoy some “gas station fried chicken” – well known to be the best in the world (at least that’s what the sign said) – but it simply was way too soon for lunch as the morning’s breakfast still sat like an anchor in our stomachs.



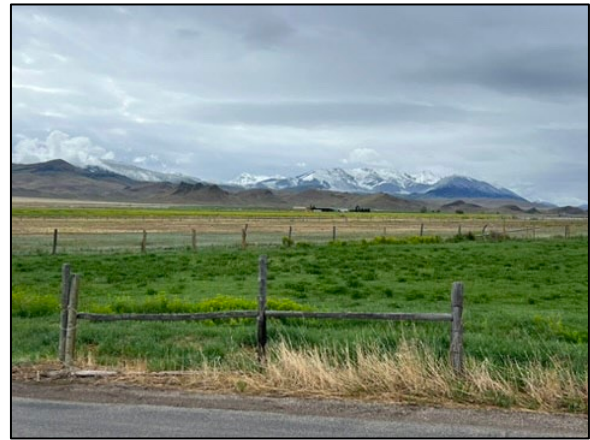
Eventually, we turned onto SR-75 as we passed through the tiny town of Stanley, population 117! As sensational as everything that we’d seen up until now had been, this next section of road was even better. It’s difficult to describe when you’ve already run out of superlatives so I’ll just say it was “freaking awesome!”



After well over an hour in the seat, we were due for a second break which we did at a small gas station-convenience store-restaurant (with surprisingly amazing food and milkshakes) in Clayton, ID. We went inside, each of our four riders ordering what they needed to subdue their appetite – for me, it was a “gas station hot dog” but not the famous one which you will find spinning slowly for a year or more on a rotisserie but an all-beef, natural casing delicacy ensconced in a toasted and lightly buttered bun with a side of fresh-from-the-fryer, hand-cut fries. While I was enjoying my tube steak, a couple sitting at the table kitty-corner from us asked about our travels and where we were staying. It wasn’t long and after learning that we were planning to stay at a campsite where tomorrow’s forecast had some chance of rain, that Steve and Joy invited us to spend the night in their heated barn just a few miles away. We talked a while longer and expressed our appreciation but continued with our journey to the Challis Hot Springs Campground.

To no one’s surprise, [Challis Hot Springs](#) is in Hot Springs, ID, where natural hot springs feed two pools – one kept at 97°F and the other at 107°F by mixing the hot spring water with natural spring water for “the perfect blend.” Needless to say, it was no more than 10 minutes after we parked our bikes that we stripped down, donned our swimsuits and headed for the pool. First, the bath water and then the hot tub water – aches and pains from the day’s ride soon melted away, and we marinated ourselves until the skin of our hands and feet began to resemble prunes.





After our spa treatment, we mounted our scooters and rode to our campsite. Our Iowa City, IA rider, Tom Fay, decided that, in light of the incoming storm, he wanted to get a head start on tomorrow's ride and left for a motel that was en route and closer to home. We bid our new friend goodbye, set up our tents, and enjoyed a fine meal of freeze-dried gruel in a pouch. The campfire that had been started to provide some heat burned out around 9:30 PM at which time we crawled into our sleeping bags and passed out.

We initiated the tear down and pack up of camping gear, and departed the Challis Hot Springs Campground, heading to downtown Challis where we would have our choice of two breakfast locations – one open but empty, the other, also open and packed. We chose the latter.

**Days 15** (June 17, 2024) – As the forecast promised, we enjoyed a fair bit of rain through the night which could be heard pinging on our tents starting at midnight. Unfortunately, the temperatures for the day would be lower – again as forecasted – and the snow-capped mountains we observed in the distance the day before were even more snow-capped this morning. On the plus side, all precipitation had come to an end by 3:30 AM though virtually everything was wet.



After parking our machines in front of The Village Inn, we entered with helmets still on as the locals

observed what they no doubt thought were three astronauts. We seated ourselves in close proximity to wall outlets so as to charge our helmet communications systems (which were drained during the prior day's ride). We placed our orders and shortly thereafter three very fine and generously portioned meals arrived.



We left for our next two tourist attractions, the first being the [Craters of the Moon National Monument & Preserve](#) and, the second, the [Idaho National Laboratory](#), both just outside of Arco, ID, famous for being recognized as the first city in the world to be powered exclusively by nuclear energy (on July 17, 1955). It should be noted that that milestone was achieved for just 90 minutes but that was sufficient. When we arrived at Craters of the Moon – so named because of the misshapen topography left behind from lava flows – we parked our bikes and entered the museum. There, we leveraged the opportunity to thaw ourselves out and to get an overview of what we would be seeing on our four-mile riding tour through the park. 30 minutes later, we mounted our scooters and began the ride through the lava fields which gave the impression of a forbidden planet. We parked once again when we came upon a cinder cone, formed by a now dormant volcano, that was approximately ~400 feet high and took the 0.2-mile footpath to its' summit. It should be noted that we were already at 6,100 feet elevation at its' base and were now making our ascent,

If you've ever thought to yourself, "*Gee whiz, I really wish I had a Michigan Sport Touring Riders t-shirt!*", you are in luck!

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huffing and puffing like three doddering [Sir Edmund Hillary](#)'s as we climbed higher through the increasingly more, oxygen-depleted atmosphere. Upon reaching the top, we were blasted by cold, unobstructed air which, surprisingly, was a welcome feeling given our inability to ingest oxygen in sufficient volume. Shortly thereafter, we made our descent and, following that Olympic event, left for our next objective.



We arrived at the Idaho National Laboratory Museum after a 30-minute ride through gale force winds that nearly swept our bikes off of the long, straight and barren highway. We enrolled for the 45-minute guided tour and were escorted by a young man who covered one of history's most significant events of the atomic age. Famous scientists broke new ground in converting uranium and plutonium to energy both safely and efficiently. We also were shown the control room where Homer Simpson would hypothetically have sat with his feet up on the console while snacking on a box of donuts as the reactor core would melt down.





Thereafter, we headed for [Big Jud's](#), a burger-joint in Rexburg, ID, that was featured on Drive-In's, Diners & Dives. Once again, we three Neanderthals took a moment to thaw out and then were seated. We dined on fried chicken sandwiches, hamburgers, fries and onion rings. At the adjacent table, a young man, no more than 13 years old, had order the Big Jud, a monstrous lump of hamburger placed between equally monstrous discs of bread. The wall of shame by the entrance had photographs pinned of past gluttons who had successfully devoured one of these edible manhole covers in one sitting – the young man made a valiant effort but fell short two-thirds of the way into his meal.

As we departed, we were met by a near constant mix of sleet and rain which we got to enjoy for the whole of our 15-minute ride to our final destination, an AirBnB home in the town of Rexburg, ID. Three hot showers later, we could be found in a near catatonic state on the living room couch while the riding day's laundry clunked around in the dryer with bedtime just one ring of the buzzer away.

~Kent Niederhofer

Special thanks to **Bob Komjathy**, **Peter Stephan**, **Mike Maksymetz**, and **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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