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**SEPTEMBER 2025 VOLUME 22 ISSUE 6** 

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STURGIS OR BUST! W/RJ&ALY!

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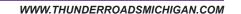
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ON THE COVER BIKES ON THE BRICKS SEPT. 5,6,7

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# LETTER FROM THE OWNERS

ell... Sturgis has come and gone, and what a ride it was! This month's issue is absolutely packed with Sturgis content—stories, photos, and the final chapter of our Sturgis or Bust series. So, I won't go into too much detail here... you'll just have to check it out for yourself! Also, with the riding season coming to a slow ending, we should be able to catch those breaks we've been waiting for in order to get a caught up on our YouTube channel! Stay tuned!

As we shift gears into the final stretch of the riding season, we've still got a couple of big events on deck. Make sure to continue to check out the Events Calendar each month to see where we'll be, but you especially won't want to miss our Final 2025 Bike Night on Thursday, September 11th at Holeshot Harley-Davidson in Mt Pleasant, MI. Someone WILL be taking home that 2013 Breakout!

If you've been to one of our Bike Nights already, you know the drill: great people, beautiful bikes, music, vendors, giveaways, and a whole lot of laughs. If you haven't made it to one yet—what are you waiting for? Each one has had its own vibe, and even when the rain showed up, so did the riders. No matter what the weather, we come together, have a blast, and make memories.

Looking ahead, we're already thinking about how

to take things up a notch in 2026. Fingers crossed for more Bike Nights, more partnerships, and more chances to connect with all of you out on the road.

If you've got a raffle ticket, best of luck! And if you don't, get yours now, or grab'em on September 11th at the final bike night and bike raffle. We look forward to seeing you there! RJ & Aly









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# **CHAPLAIN CHARLIE'S CORNER:** SEASONS OF THE SOUL AND THE ROAD

eptember always feels like a turning point. The long, hot days of summer begin to soften, the kids head back to school, the nights get a little cooler, and Labor Day becomes the unofficial farewell party to the season of sunburns, lake days, and road trips. For us bikers, it's the signal that riding season is shifting gears. We've still got some good miles left before the snow flies, but fall is knocking, reminding us that every season has its time.

The Bible speaks often about seasons, not just the ones marked by the weather, but the seasons of life itself. Ecclesiastes 3:1 puts it plain: "There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens." That truth is as real as the rumble of a Harley under your seat. You can't ride through January in Michigan without snow in your teeth, and you can't go through life without changes that remind you: seasons come, seasons go.

### **Seasons on Two Wheels**

Motorcycling teaches us this better than most hobbies. Spring is when we shake the dust off the bike, change the oil, and hit the road with a grin as wide as Lake Michigan. Summer is the high season, Thunder Roads Michigan bike nights, rallies, the long weekend trips and the bug-splattered windshields. Fall reminds us to slow down and soak in the colors before the frost sets in. And winter? Well, winters for stories, tinkering, and dreaming about the

Isn't life that too? We all have our spring seasons, new beginnings, fresh starts, new adventures. Our summers are full of activity, laughter, and the miles flying by. Autumn rolls in with reflection, maturity, and gratitude. Then there are the winters, seasons of waiting, resting, or sometimes just plain toughing it out.

### **God's Purpose in the Seasons**

Scripture reminds us that none of these times are wasted. Galatians 6:9 encourages us: "Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up." That verse is autumn through and through. It's the season of harvest, when the work and sweat of spring and summer bring fruit.

Psalm 1:3 also paints the picture beautifully: "That person is like a tree planted by streams of water, which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither, whatever they do prospers." Notice it says, "in season." You can't force fruit in January. God has His timing, and just like we can't change the Michigan weather (as much as we'd all like to!), we can't rush the work He's doing in us.

### Seasons and the Rider's Faith

Think about the road. There are days when the sun's shining, the throttle's open, and you're carving through curves like you were born on two wheels. That's a summer season. But there are also days when the rain sets in, the ride is cut short, or you're sitting in the garage staring at your bike instead of riding it. That's a winter

Both have value. The sunny ride builds memories. The rainy day builds patience. And the garage days? Sometimes those build faith. Isaiah 40:31 says it this way: "But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary; they will walk and not be faint." I like to imagine if Isaiah had been a biker, he might've said: "They will ride and not run out of gas; they will roar and not grow weary."

### **Labor Day and Shifting Gears**

Labor Day itself is a reminder to pause. It's a holiday that celebrates work, but it also tells us to take a break from it. Spiritually, it's good to ask: what season of labor am I in? Am I grinding so hard I've forgotten to rest? Am I in a fall season where I should be thankful for the harvest? Or am I stuck in a winter, needing to trust that spring will come again?

Jesus said in Matthew 11:28, "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." There's no better verse to ride into September with. As we shift seasons, He invites us to rest, not just in a hammock or in a recliner after a long day, but in Him. That's the kind of rest that fuels the next season of the journey.

### The Ride Ahead

So, here's the challenge, brothers and sisters of the road: pay attention to your season. If you're in summer, enjoy the ride, don't take the sunshine for granted. If you're in fall, gather the blessings and share the bounty. If you're in winter, hold on. The road doesn't end in the snow; it just waits under it. And when spring comes, as it always does, fire up that engine and roll again.

Motorcycles remind us that the ride is about the journey, not just the destination. Faith reminds us of the same. Philippians 1:6 promises: "He who began a good work in you will carry it on to completion until the day of Christ Jesus." Seasons will change, but God's faithfulness doesn't.

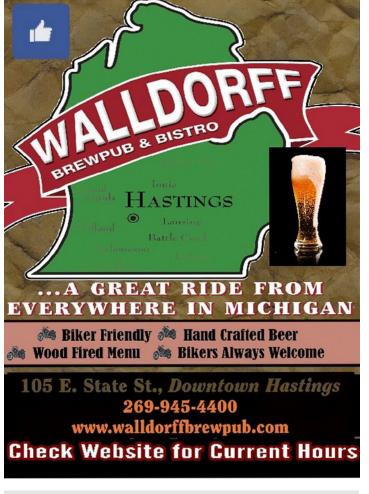
So as the air cools and the leaves start to turn, take a ride. Feel the shift of the season in your bones. Let the wind remind you that time doesn't stand still, but neither does God's grace. And when the last mile of summer fades in your mirrors, trust that He's already got the next season mapped out.

Until next time, keep the faith, keep the rubber side down, and remember: whether it's summer sun or autumn chill, every season is a chance to ride with God.

Chaplain Charlie - #letyourlightshine



Chaplain Charlie Chaplain Dean Titus (Charlie) Sanford American Legion Riders #443











# STURGIS OR BUST 2025!

n July 31st, RJ and I finally set off on our longawaited 1,400-mile stretch across the Midwest toward Sturgis. It was a ride we'd been looking forward to for a long time. We don't have to get into explaining "RJ time", because the pictures explain it clearly. Let's just say that the other three riders were on time and one had a free breakfast coming. After fueling up we headed north toward Michigan's Upper Peninsula to pick up one more in Sagola, MI — making us a crew of six. For me, RJ, Jon and Jen — this would be our first time experiencing the legendary Sturgis Motorcycle Rally. Aka





the Black Hills Rally. The other two, Jim and Carl, had been before. Jim was a seasoned rally veteran, while Carl had just dipped his boots into the scene the previous year. But first the Mackinac Bridge and a bite to eat at Clyde's in St Ignace.

If you've never ridden across the Mighty Mac on two wheels, it's a rite of passage. It's also a test of nerves, especially in the lane infamous for its metal grates. It was a new experience for some in the group, but we all tackled it



without issue. Honestly, there should be a "grate" patch just for those that have ridden them.



Reaching the far west side of the Upper Peninsula, our group grew to six.

After picking up Carl, we rolled into Wissota, Wisconsin, but not before taking a moment to celebrate a huge milestone: Jim's 2010 Fat Boy crossed the 100,000-mile mark on this leg of the trip while coming into the town of Sugar Camp, Wisconsin. That's the kind of achievement that deserves its

own stop, and we were proud to be there for it.



We landed that evening in Chippewa Falls at Lake Wissota State Park around 7 p.m. and pitched our tents for the night. Some might've preferred a hotel bed over canvas and zippers, but they managed — and who knows, maybe they even enjoyed it... That's sarcasm, for those not picking up on it.





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After setting up camp, we scouted out a restaurant nearby with good reviews and found 1917 Lake Wissota. It hit the spot after a long day's ride, and it was rated high enough for us all that it warranted a return stop on the way back home. The cheese curds? Absolute perfection. At least on the first visit. By the time we returned 9 days later, they'd changed the recipe the night before (go figure). Still, great food and even better service both times.





After some light debate over the next morning's KSU time over a few drinks, dessert, and laughs, we turned in — doing our best to outlast a small campfire. But in the end, the fire outlasted us. Classic.

The next morning, the breakdown order was clear: Jon was up first, Jim was already packed, Jen and Jon were mid-process and Carl had a small head start on us. That routine stuck for the rest of the trip, like a well-oiled machine. Time to go.

### Miles, Wind, and the **World's Only Corn Palace**

Our second day on the road took us from Chippewa Falls, WI to Fort Thompson, South Dakota, We made great time — another 500 miles, bringing us through the rest of Wisconsin, all the way across Minnesota, and into South Dakota on I-90 West. It felt good to open up the throttle and let the horses run.

A highlight stop that day: the World's Only Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD. It's quirky, it's touristy, and it's weirdly iconic — so of course, we had to leave our mark like any selfrespecting biker crew passing through.





With daylight fading, our road captain Jim locked in a spot at Left Tailrace Campground in Fort Thompson. The wind greeted us on arrival, and we debated whether or not to bother with a fire before ultimately accepting the challenge of trying to get it lit. We skipped dinner on the way in to beat the darkness and went with pre-packaged sandwiches from a gas station. We were lucky to wash them down with surprisingly cold drinks from our saddlebag cooler. It wasn't much, but it did the job.

That night, the forecast promised a storm. And it delivered.

We woke up to soggy grounds and soaked tents especially Jon's. Let's just say, if it wasn't clear already, Jon is not a fan of camping tents. That poor guy muscled through the night in what was arguably the smallest tent we've ever seen. He joked about it often, but he stuck it out with a smile (sort of). Still, spirits were high. Two days down, one major destination ahead.

### **Into the Badlands**

On the third morning of our journey, with Sturgis nearly within reach, we woke up envisioning our cabin in Lead. First, facing a choice: make the classic tourist stop at Wall Drug, or take the longer, more scenic route through Badlands National Park. The decision was unanimous—skip the roadside kitsch and ride through one of the most iconic landscapes in America.







As so many riders before us had done, we lined up in front of the **Badlands National Park sign** for photos, grinning ear to ear. I'm glad we made that call. The ride through was like stepping into another world—miles of jagged rock formations painted in layers of gold, red, and gray. We pulled off at an overlook, soaking it all in. At our last stop, someone joked that you almost expected a cowboy to ride across the ridge, a flicker of movement on the horizon, leading to a dusty showdown straight out of an old Western film. It was a reminder of how timeless and rugged this land really is, and a perfect introduction to the week that lay

### **Arrival in the Black Hills**

With just over a hundred miles to go, we made one final detour. Instead of heading straight into Sturgis, we wound our way through Deadwood and into Lead, where our lodge awaited. Check-in was set for four, but by the time we arrived and unpacked our gear, it was closer to seven. No matter—we had made it. The long days of riding were behind us, and the excitement of being in the Black Hills was just beginning.

While still settling in, our group grew to seven when Kristi arrived, hauling some of the heavier gear and supplies in her vehicle. Her timing couldn't have been better. With everyone together, we headed down the road to **Lewie's** Burgers and Brews, a laid-back bar where we toasted our







arrival, swapped stories from the first few days, and laughed about our familiar nightly debate: "So... what time is KSU in the morning?"

### **Day One - First Ride to The Hills**

We took on our first day of riding with fresh energy from an amazing home cooked breakfast, and clean clothes, we set out for our first official ride during the rally, Spearfish Canyon. But first, we had to stop in town to take in the scene. Vendors lined the streets, music poured from nearby bars, and the atmosphere buzzed with the kind of energy only thousands of bikes in one place can create. Carl and RJ made a pit stop at a bikini bike wash while we claimed a spot under a tent for refreshments with Jon, Jen, and Kristi. Jim took advantage of the Demo Truck and threw a leg over an Indian motorcycle for a test ride while the rest of us hung around. The smiles all-around said it plainly: we were finally living it. Knowing we would find ourselves in downtown Sturgis later on kept us moving.







Then came our first reality check. We had just pulled away and made our way up a long curve in the canyon when we spotted a patrol car heading the opposite way. Sure enough the brake lights lit up, and he swung around. The group kept rolling, but poor Jon, riding last in the pack, got tagged. We waited up the road at a golf course parking lot while he sat in the cruiser, having his information run. In the end, he walked away with nothing more than a written warning—a "paper trophy," or as he called it a "souvenir".





The officer's claim? Jon was doing 60 in a 35, which was laughable given the line of bikes ahead of us. But the message was clear: the rumors were true. During rally week, the Black Hills are crawling with police, and

they're not shy about pulling riders over. As Jon rejoined the group, he passed along the officer's sterner warning: "Tell the rest of your group to slow the f\*ck down!" Lesson learned—don't be the last guy in the pack and the police are EVERYWHERE.

After the beauty of Spearfish Canyon and the buzz of our first official ride, the day brought us parking our bikes with the iconic hill of stone spelling Sturgis behind us. We were here! We walked down the street in search of a place to eat and landed at the Iron Horse. We were still in disbelief that we were finally here, but there was another highlight in store. Back in Michigan, we talked about linking up in Sturgis with Frank Grimes from the Wyld Stallions Motorcycle Build and the opportunity had arrived. Frank and his father Marty had both entered their custom choppers into the chopper show at Sasha's Cycles, right in the heart of downtown and we made the walk down the strip to see them.





The vibe was electric, the constant music of motorcycles in the background, rows of machines on display, and the easy camaraderie that happens when bike people gather to appreciate craftsmanship. Spending time with Frank and his dad, seeing their bikes among so many wild and creative builds, reminded us that Sturgis isn't just about riding the Black Hills. It's also about celebrating the culture, the artistry, and the friendships that fuel this community. It turned out to be the perfect way to cap the day by taking the Nemo Loop back to







### **Day Two-Full Throttle to** Iron Mountain Road

The next morning started a little slower than planned but we all enjoyed another hearty breakfast courtesy of Jim before agreeing to regroup at the legendary Full Throttle **Saloon** later in the afternoon. It was our first attempt at setting out at our own pace.

Jim, Kristi, and Jon rolled out together, while RJ, Jen, and I took a more meandering route. That "meandering" quickly turned into a string of unexpected dirt roads courtesy of the GPS. By the time we rumbled back onto pavement, we were laughing about it. After all, every trip needs a little wrong turn adventure to keep it interesting. By the time we all finally converged at the Full Throttle, it felt like we didn't linger long, but we made the most of it. The Full Throttle Chopper Show was in full swing, and we wandered through rows and rows of custom choppers, each one a testament to someone's vision and hard work.















We tried to find Frank and Marty at this show too but only found their bikes on display. A few T-shirts found their way into our saddlebags, and it was time to go. We rolled

out together from the Full Throttle and headed toward **Keystone**. There, we cooled off and refueled with a meal at the **Ruby House Restaurant**, the kind of old western spot that makes you feel like you've stepped back a century. Bellies full, we aimed for what quickly became one of the crown jewels of the trip—**Iron Mountain Road**.





That stretch of twisting, winding asphalt was easily one of our favorite rides of the week—if not the favorite. With its tight curves, one-lane tunnels, and pigtail bridges, Iron Mountain felt like it was designed specifically for motorcyclists. We rode it in both directions that evening, grinning inside our helmets the whole way, and loved it so much that we returned later in the week for another go. But not before taking our pics at the Iron Mountain Road sign by the Visitor Center Store.









# **Day Three - A Different Kind of Day**

Day three at the rally brought another relaxed morning for the group. We had settled into our own rhythm and felt that we had pounded out some miles. RJ. Kristi, and Carl stuck around the lodge to catch up on some work, while Jim and Jon made their way out to the Black Hills National **Cemetery** to pay their respects. Meanwhile, RJ and I drifted toward **Deadwood**, drawn by its storied past and old-west charm. Kristi ended up staying in for the day and Carl had his own detour that morning. He doubled back into Sturgis to replace his HOG pin, which had gone missing after registering at the Harley-Davidson booth the day before and was on a mission to replace a missing exhaust bolt.

Deadwood didn't disappoint. We wandered through town until we found ourselves bellied up at the historic **Wild** Bill's Bar, where the drinks came with a little frontier flair. The bartender didn't miss a beat when RJ asked for a Jack Daniels—he just pointed at the sign behind him, making it clear the bottles here were more "time period" than what we were probably used to. The liquor might not have had the same kick, but the beers in the cooler were cold and current. We laughed at the names on the bottles, took some pics, raised glasses, and struck up conversations with fellow travelers. As had been the case all week, everyone we met was friendly, eager to trade stories of where they came from and how they got there.











A couple nours later in the day, Jim and Jon wandered n and ioined us for a cold one, and even Carl showed up in time to grab a beer off the tap. By the time we rolled back to the cabin, the mood had shifted from exploration to pure camaraderie. Steaks hit the arill, laughter

echoed across the porch, and before long we locked in a few "honest" hands of euchre—well, honest enough. It was the kind of night that reminded us the trip wasn't just about the roads we were riding, but about the time we were spending together.

### **Day Four - Destination Devils Tower**

On our Wednesday in Sturgis we decided to take a ride to see America's first National Landmark, **Devils Tower** in Wyoming. We made a big loop after leaving in the morning from Lead. We stopped along the way at the **Buckhorn** Bar, then rolled through Sundance and got some more fuel





























before heading to the tower. We were stopped a few miles short of our goal and were forced to turn around after a big accident involving no less than 4 motorcycles happened just ahead of us. Please pray for all those involved. We finally made it to our destination and stopped for cold drinks and ice cream at the Devils Tower Trading Post. On the way back

we rolled through Hulett for No Panty Wednesday, passed the town of Aladdin (population 15) and then in to the **Stone** House Saloon in South Dakota near Belle Fourche. We missed a storm on the way out and arrived safely to indulge in yet another great meal at our cabin in Lead!!! After dinner a few of us rode into Sturgis to check out the night life on Main Street, but alas it was dead and we moved on to



















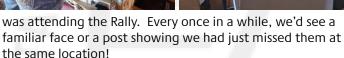
the Sturgis Buffalo Chip and finally Full Throttle Bar.... **Sturgis**, South Dakota for drinks and some live music!! Cheers to all!!!! ~Jim S.

We couldn't have said it any better ourselves, but we'd like to add that it seemed like we were always an hour to a day ahead or behind everyone else from Michigan that

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## Day Five - Custer, Needles, Iron Mountain, Mount Rushmore, Boar's Nest

We kicked off a full day of riding the next morning with another big breakfast courtesy of **Chef Schulz** at the cabin. With the day we had planned, we were going to need it! Let me just say—it was an unexpected blessing. He made sure we never hit the road on empty stomachs, and every plate he served was just the kind of hearty fuel we needed. The biscuits and sausage gravy, the French toast with eggs & bacon, and the breakfast quiche from scratch was... the... bomb! - Thank you, Jim!

Bellies full, we set our sights on **Custer State Park**, ready for a full day of riding. It ended up being the hottest day of the week, but the weather gave us nothing to complain about. It had been absolutely perfect all week, and even though the temps flirted with triple digits, the excitement throttled us through the day.

Even though we didn't get to experience any buffalo crossing the road, the ride through Wildlife Loop Road delivered antelope grazing not far from us as we were pulled over to take in the sight. We did get to witness the size of the buffalo that loomed in the distance around some trees and watched prairie dogs as they scrambled across the dry grassland. Somehow, we all were able to fight the urge to







wander into the field to pet the "fluffy cows." Further down the road we stopped again with some other riding groups to watch the critters scurry in the dry plains. Though we resisted the temptation earlier to try and pet the fluffy cows, Jim and I did our best to sneak up on the busy, but curious prairie dogs for a closer look.

Shade was scarce but we took a moment to pause for some hydration and then we were off for more sun-soaked miles.

From there, it was time for the legendary **Needles** Highway. If Iron Mountain had set the bar, Needles was right there with it—narrow tunnels, towering spires, and switchbacks that demanded every ounce of attention. By the end, we were split on which road was our favorite. RJ





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leaned toward Iron Mountain, mostly because of the shade and the fact that it felt less crowded and touristy. But the truth was, with the temps climbing near 100 degrees, we were all roasting on our bikes and that could have been a factor in his choice.

So of course, we rode **Iron Mountain Road** again—this time to get those must-have **Mount Rushmore** photo ops.













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Carl waived us a "See you later" as he rolled onto Rapid City to find a friend. He mentioned earlier that he would most likely skip it this time. For us, we couldn't come all this way and not stop for the shot in front of the stone POTUS's.

With the sun still high, we headed back toward the cabin. Jon, Jim, Kristi, RJ and I detoured to Boar's Nest Roadhouse, finally catching it early enough to be open. Cold drinks inside with the open air hit the spot, and even though we were hungry, we agreed to save our hunger for later.









# Day Six - The Squeeze

It was Friday and our last day in Sturgis! Jon, Jim, Kristi, RJ and I headed into town for one last walk around. We were on a mission to find some 85<sup>th</sup> shirts, the Rally Headquarters, the **Sturgis Motorcycle Museum & Hall of Fame**, and a place that Jim could get some patches sewn on. When we stumbled upon the Sturgis Museum, Jon and Kristi decided to skip it while Jim, RJ and I dove in. Carl was still out on his



own mission to find a replacement bolt for his exhaust. Unfortunately, it took up most of his day, but what's a better place to be stuck in than Deadwood, South

While waiting in line at the counter to pay for our admission, RJ scored himself the very last poster autographed by Hall of Fame inductee Gloria Struck. At first, he thought they were all printed with her signature until he flipped through the stack and realized it was the only one signed by the 85th Grand Marshal herself, who also just celebrated her 100th birthday. It was funny watching him squint at the signature on the David Uhl print and hold it so carefully... until the look on his face changed as the cashier put the largest piece of tapes she could on his carefully



rolled possession, he handed her. Then came the rubber band he originally had asked for. Ugh.

Walking out the door we discovered that everyone was just outside waiting for us on the bench. We walked a little further down the street and decided we wanted to get our photo taken at the top of the tower stairs in the middle of the street. It was a good view from the top looking down but the photo of us from the bottom is one to be framed.











Continuing down the street everyone was able to find an 85th shirt they liked except for RJ because he was being extra picky.

We then found our way down into the **Dungeon Bar**. It was packed but there was a spot in the back corner calling our names. One by one we slid onto the tipsy benches that were a bit sketchy. They felt like trying to sit on a one-legged rocking chair and leaning back. After a drink and some laughter in the bra and panty wallpapered walls

and ceilings, we headed back up to the daylit streets. Jim, Kristy and Jon decided they were going to roll out, but RJ decided to go back and take a second look for a shirt. After another pass, he found another long sleeve... go figure. Hey, at least it was orange and not black!



Since we weren't far away from the **Buffalo Chip**, we decided it was a good time to go and say hello to our friends Paul and Cori from **Cuzins Cycle**. They were set up during

the rally and we couldn't leave without seeing them. After our visit with Cori and Paul, we were going to head back to the cabin, but Jim reached out and said that he was heading back to Sturgis



from the cabin on his own to try to find a place to sew on some patches. So, we sent him the location where RJ had his done and saved him a parking spot right out front.

In between conversations, it was mentioned that Jon had decided to pack and leave alone that night. Like a madman he rode east after an already long day in the saddle, finally grabbing a cheap hotel room around 1 a.m.



After Jim's patches were done, he offered to stick around a bit longer with us for one last drink at Oasis Bar on Main Street. We gazed at what was left of the rally and called it a night. Friday had given us everything it could offer, and we headed back to the lodge. The vibe had changed when we arrived, and the house felt empty. It was time to start preparing for our journey home. The familiar question floated jokingly through the air one last time: "So... what time is KSU in the morning?"

# **Day Seven - Destination Michigan**

Morning came too fast, and it carried the same rhythm as breaking down camp along the way there. The familiar motions of packing, loading, cleaning, and double-checking. Everyone moved in their own order, passing each other on the stairways, scanning rooms one last time. The group was down to five from seven.

We tried to keep pace with Jim and Kristi by doing our part in making sure the lodge was left exactly the way it had welcomed us. We used every second leading up to the 10 a.m. checkout. We were ready to pull off and attempt to follow Jon's tracks, not knowing he was heading south versus the way we came. We were never going to catch him. It was later in the day that we found out that apparently, he hadn't punished himself enough last night, so he rolled out Saturday morning as we did and unknowingly earned his very own iron butt (without the official patch) by wrapping up his voyage home on Sunday at 3:30 a.m.: 1,015 miles, 18 and a half hours of seat time. Stopping only for fuel and putting oil in his bike along the way since it developed a major oil leak after he left. Not many can say they've pulled that off, especially with riding almost 3,000 miles leading up to it.

Of course, no sendoff is complete without a running joke, and along with "What time was kick stands up in the morning?" and others, they were shadowed by the mysterious obsession with the jacuzzi photo. For 24 hours leading up to departure, it felt like every other sentence was, "Did anyone get a picture of the jacuzzi?" It was almost comical, even after someone finally confirmed the photo had been taken, I swear I heard the question one last time as we were sitting on the bikes.

And then, just like that, it was time to ride. We hugged it out with Kristi and wished her safe travels on her journey home. We climbed back in the saddle, the last four bikes of six fired up in sequence, and we rolled out of Lead, leaving the Black Hills behind us. The miles east felt different than the miles west. The anticipation had been replaced by reflection, but I don't recall anyone ever pleading to get off their bikes. We were ready to go home. Every fuel stop, every shared glance across the highway carried the weight of what we'd experienced together and what was saved for the potential of "next time."

If you remember, we had skipped Wall Drug on the way west so we could ride through the Badlands. Now, on our way back, it was our last bucket-list stop before crossing into Minnesota. Jim reminded us that it's probably the most famous roadside store in America. Since 1931, it's seen as many as 20,000 visitors in a single day. For RJ and me, it was our first visit, and the place didn't disappoint. Wandering through its maze of shops and attractions felt a little like walking around Cedar Point—crowds everywhere, the buzz of families—just without the roller coasters. By coincidence, we even ran into the same father, daughter, and son

who had kindly snapped a group photo for us at Mount Rushmore. They got a kick out of it as much as we did. After grabbing a decent meal in the restaurant, and some ice cream near the door, it was time to roll again.



We pushed on toward **Sioux Falls** and eventually staked our tents in Salem for the night. Hunger led us fifteen minutes east to **Big J's Roadhouse in Humboldt**, and what a score that turned out to be. Though the staff was preparing to close for the night, they welcomed us in, treated us like family, and served one of the best meals of the trip. The food was fantastic, the ice-cold drinks, and the humorous nature of the bartender was a much-needed topping to our meals. Honestly, it was a close second only to our meals at 1917 Wissota Lake earlier in the week. Once back at camp, we decided we couldn't end the night without a fire and a nightcap. When damp twigs made the task difficult, someone recommended dropping part of a rag into one of the gas tanks to help spark things up. It was exactly what we needed.







# **Peeling Off the Miles**

Sunday morning our group grew smaller once again. Carl chose to carve his own path home, leaving three of us to finish out the ride together. We took a slower pace, enjoyed a proper breakfast, and stayed just behind the

line of storms. Somehow, we managed to stay dry, though Carl later messaged to say he'd been riding through rain most of the day but had made it home safely around 11 p.m.



Jim summed up our own conditions best: "The humidity made it feel as though we were riding through soup."

With the road feeling familiar, we retraced our steps and set up camp once more in **Chippewa Falls**, the same spot we had used on day one of our westward ride. Following tradition, we couldn't resist returning to the **1917 Wissota Lake** restaurant. This time, we went all in—ordering big, passing plates around the table so everyone could taste everything, right down to dessert. Once again, it ranked among the best meals of the trip (minus, of course, the original cheese curds).

After a few digs in our food, we propped up a phone and video-called Jon, who had already made it home from his Iron Butt-style marathon. It felt good to share a conversation with him over dinner, catch up on his wild ride, and of course, break the news that the curd recipe had changed.

With satisfied appetites, we rolled back into camp where the puddles refused to move from the storm we'd followed in. Any wood lying around was guaranteed to be soaked, but that didn't stop us. What do we mean, if we wanted a fire? Of course we did. We worked harder for that fire than any other on the whole trip—even sacrificing another rag dipped into a gas tank to coax the flames along. The result wasn't much to brag about, but it was ours.





The next morning, after one last breakfast on the road, we began the 350-mile ride to Gould City, Michigan—our final night away from home. Our stop: Byce's Michihistrigan Campground, a familiar and welcoming spot. We had mistakenly given an ETA that was an hour off thanks to the time change crossing out of Wisconsin, but we still made great time. Crossing back into Michigan felt good. When we





checked in at Byce's Bar, it felt like coming home. Knowing we had only about four hours of riding left the next day, we indulged ourselves in celebratory fashion. Jon even surprised us—calling the bar anonymously to buy us a couple of drinks over the phone. The bartender forgot to ask for his name, but of course, we knew who it was. Cheers, Jon!









# **Homeward Bound**

Tuesday morning greeted us with a gray sky that told us to check the weather apps before packing. Rain gear on top—just in case—and we were ready to roll. After thanking Jason, the owner of the Michihistrigan, for his always topnotch hospitality, we headed southeast on US-2. It didn't take long before sprinkles turned into steady rain, and then we were stuck at a road construction standstill, one

lane, nowhere to go. Once through, the skies opened further as we approached St. Ignace, forcing us to fuel up and zip into our gear properly.

At the tollbooth for the Mighty Mac, we paid for the group together at once and then lined up as instructed—"One at a time." The bridge has never been an issue for any of us before, but this time RJ confessed it nearly shook him. The grates pulled at his tires, making the bike feel like it wasn't his to control. He swore he'd never felt anything like it and was just glad to make it back onto pavement.

From there, it was throttle down past Mackinaw City and onto I-75. The rain came in spurts—never too heavy—but enough to keep us cautious. To dodge the worst of the storm, we veered onto 127 and aimed for clearer



skies. Our next and final group stop was the Clare Welcome Center, where we shared a quick goodbye with Jim. He decided to hold off for a bit longer to let the storm pass, while RJ and I pushed on.

Home was close now. The rain, however, was slowing us down the closer we got. By the time we reached Midland, the storm had done its damage trees broken and scattered across Mom's yard. We visited briefly, watching the radar until a small break

opened up. That was our cue. We said our goodbyes, fired up the bikes, and sprinted for home. We rolled into the driveway just as the sky closed up again. Travel bags stripped off, bikes parked, doors shut—mission complete.

Nearly 4,000 miles later, we were home. The road had given us everything: wide-open skies, twisting mountain passes, nights around the fire, and the kind of laughs you only get with people who share the road. We'd eaten unforgettable meals, shaken hands with strangers who became friends, and tested both bikes and bodies in ways that stitched the trip into memory forever.









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jenniferdabrowski.inteletravel.com



SATURDAY

FRIDAY

THURSDAY

WEDNESDAY

TUESDAY

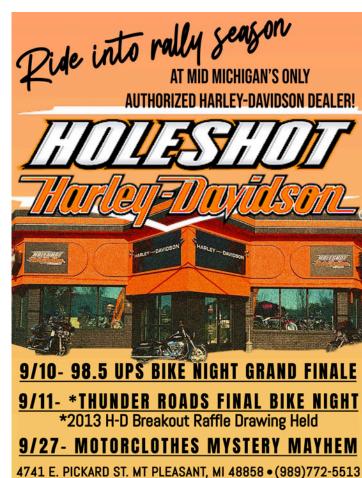
MONDAY

SUNDAY

1ST ANNUAL ROB VANGORDER 27 CELEBRATION OF LIFE POKER RUN BORN 2 BE WILD 13 RUSTY BUT TRUSTY CAR SHOW & FAMILY FUN WEEKEND 3RD ANNUAL RUN WHAT YA BRUNG POKER RUN PORT HURON
MOTORCYCLE CLUB
STEERING
WHEEL
SHOOTOUT IV FALL FREEDOM RUN 2025 BIKES ON THE BRICKS 12 19 26 BIKES ON THE BRICKS MOTORCYCLE CLUB
STEERING WHEEL
SHOOTOUT IV **BE WILD BORN 2** 25 N PATRIOTS DAY 10 24 HOLESHOT H-D 98.5 UPS BIKE NIGHT GRAND FINALE 16 23 30 0 15 29  $\infty$ Labor Day 28 BUBBA'S BACKYARD MOTORCYCLI SWAP BORN 2 BE WILD BIKES ON THE BRICKS











# YEAH, OR MEH?

ACCESSORY REVIEW: Eagle Lights 2" Halo Front Turn Signals Part #: 8748TS-HZ

GEAR SCORE:





This month, I slapped on a set of Eagle Lights 2" Halo Front Turn Signals to the bike, and here's the scoop...

Installation? Dead simple. These are plug-and-play units that replace your old-school amber lens covers. No splicing,

no cussing (well, maybe just a little for good measure).

Once they're in, the halo glows a bright white while driving, switching to an amber flash when you hit your signals or hazards. It's a slick, modern upgrade that really cleans up the front end.





I did experience some hyper flashing initially, but it's calmed down a bit since installation. Still keeping an eye on that. One gripe? The fit. They felt a little loose in the housing—like they weren't quite as

snug as they should be. But hey, they haven't fallen out yet, so maybe I'm just being paranoid.

Final Verdict?



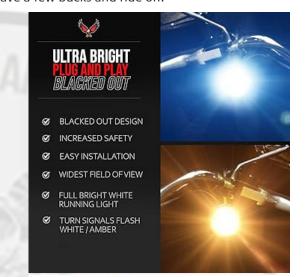






Cool look, clean install, and solid function (so far). Just wish they felt a little more secure.

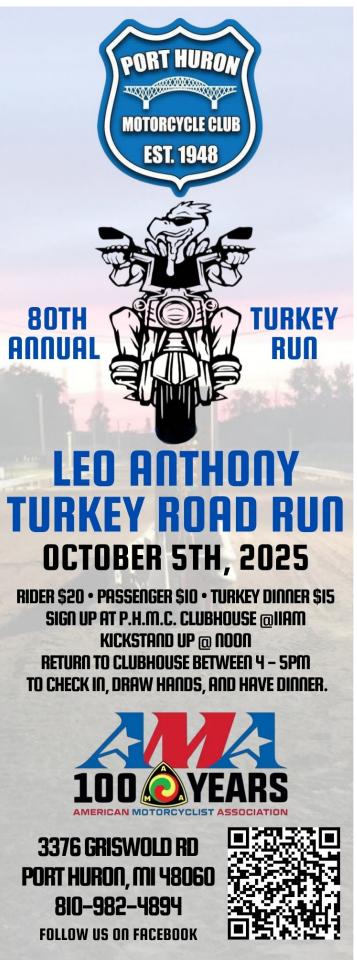
And hey—if you're ordering from Eagle Lights, don't forget to use code MIDMICHIGANBIKER for a discount at checkout. Save a few bucks and ride on!



- SMOOTH LIGHT, SHARP BIKE The light from this turn signal is sharp, fullydiffused and bright. The unique diffuser on the turn signal hides the individual LEDs while allowing the light to pass through.
- HALO RING RUNNING LIGHT The HALOS LED turn signals feature a smooth
  white running light for added visibility and safety. The white halo ring is disabled
  when you activate the turn signal. This makes the turn signal more noticeable
  and vibrant to other divers.
- EASY INSTALLATION With the Eagle Lights LED turn signals, upgrading couldn't be easier. Our LED turn signals are plug and play on most Harley-Davidson® models. Installation typically takes about 5 minutes. Pop off the lens, replace the old one with your new LED turn signal, put the lens back on and go for a ride. Ride safer, look better, and ride longer with the Eagle Lights LED Turn Signals.
- PLUG AND PLAY Five minute plug and play installation on all Harley-Davidson® 2" builtet style turn signals. On 10-older Softalis, 11-older Dynas, 13older Sportsters, and 13-older Touring and Tri-Gilde models the turn signals may flash faster than normal. A plug n' play Eagle Equalizer can be added to restore normal flash rate. '10-13 Street Gildes use part # EL60WR-P-SRG. '04-13 Sportsters use part # EL60WR-P-XL. All other '96-13 Harley-Davidson® models use part # EL60WR-P.
- EAGLE LIGHTS LIFETIME WARRANTY Our LED turn signals are designed to
  outlast your bike! But should something go wrong, you are covered by the Eagle
  Lights Lifetime Manufacturer Warranty. The best warranty in the business! No
  hassle returns and no hassle warranty replacement.

Some photos and Specs courtesy of eaglelights.com













# ABATE UPDATE

y the time you read this, our bike raffle weekend will have wrapped up, and I'm hoping it was the best one yet! Someone will have won a 2025 Harley or Indian motorcycle, and as this is an annual fundraiser, we'll be back selling tickets before you know it. If you missed out this year, we hope to see you in 2026.

Some folks have asked why we hold a bike raffle and what it supports. Well, ABATE of Michigan funds lobbyist in Lansing to advocate for our rights. It's a tough job, especially when lawmakers try to sneak in legislation late at night. Our dedicated legislative committee collaborates closely with the lobbyist, making trips to Lansing regularly, all on their own dime.

The raffle also plays a crucial role in raising awareness across our state. From billboards to "Look Twice" signs and stickers, we aim to educate drivers, especially in training classes. Every rider should encourage their friends and family to stay alert and avoid distractions while driving. Let's change the "Slug Bug" game to "Look Twice" when spotting a motorcycle—it may sound silly, but it's a fun way to keep safety top of mind. Our membership numbers are sadly declining, and I can't quite figure out why. You're all still riding and paying for insurance, so let's make sure our voices are heard. If you're interested in learning more, please visit our website or reach out to me at (734) 652-9739.

Riding is a core part of our lives, yet many in Lansing who don't ride—perhaps a few do are pushing for laws that make little sense for motorcyclists in Michigan. The insurance situation is particularly alarming; if these lawmakers get their way, we could be facing exorbitant costs just to enjoy our passion. It's becoming increasingly clear what's at stake. When we began the fight to repeal the helmet law, we had thousands rallying for their rights, but now many seem to think, "It

won't happen to me." Just take a look around social media is filled with stories of accidents involving hardworking individuals who are now struggling to cover medical expenses, often resorting to crowdfunding just to stay afloat. The situation is dire, and many are even losing their homes. Chances are, you know someone affected by this.

We have an important seminar coming up in January 2026 where I'll share more details as the date approaches. It will feature breakout sessions with representatives from the MRF, legislative experts, our attorney, and more. We would love you to join us and be part of the conversation. It's crucial that we take action to ensure every rider and passenger is protected in the event of an accident. Join us today—I'll send you a membership form, or you can sign up on our website or attend a meeting anywhere in the state. Let's stand together for our rights and safety. Visit www.abateofmichigan.org to get involved.

Enjoy the sunshine on your face, the wind in your hair, and most importantly the friendships you make along the way.

Sincerely, Merry S. Garrett Proud lifetime member of ABATE Board Member, State Events Chair, RC Region 6 (covering Gladwin, Midland, Bay City and Arenac counties)



Enjoy the sunshine on your face, the wind in your hair, and most importantly, the friendships you make along the way.

# VETERANS









# VFW Riders Make Their Mark at National Convention in Columbus













**COLUMBUS, OH - AUGUST 2025** 

he heart of the **Buckeye State was** filled with pride. patriotism, and the unmistakable rumble of motorcycles as thousands of veterans and supporters gathered for the 126th Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW)



National Convention in Columbus, Ohio. Among the standout groups in attendance were the VFW Riders, whose presence was felt throughout the city — on the streets, at the convention, and in the hearts of their fellow veterans.

Riding with Purpose - The VFW Riders — a nationwide group of VFW and VFW Auxiliary members who combine a passion for motorcycling with a mission of service — arrived in force, many riding hundreds of miles to attend. Their journey wasn't just about the road; it was about honoring those who served and continuing the mission of support for veterans and their families. "Columbus welcomed us with open arms, we're proud to be here representing our brothers and sisters — past,

Unity at the Convention - Throughout the weeklong convention, held at the Greater Columbus Convention Center, the VFW Riders took part in a wide range of activities — from national meetings and breakout sessions to memorial events and advocacy forums. A special highlight was the Riders Unity Ride, which drew dozens of participants from across the country and passed by local landmarks, VA hospitals, and memorials in the Columbus area.

The ride not only honored the fallen but also raised funds for the VFW National Home for Children and supported veteran suicide prevention programs — two causes close to the Riders' mission.

Community, Camaraderie, and Commitment - Locals and fellow VFW members alike were drawn to the Riders' strong sense of community and unmistakable presence. Whether parked outside the convention center or rolling into service events in formation, the Riders showcased the best of what the VFW represents: strength, unity, and continued service.

"Being a Rider isn't just about motorcycles, it's about carrying the VFW mission forward — into our communities, into public awareness, and into the hearts of those who may feel forgotten."

Looking Ahead - As the convention wrapped up, the Riders held a closing gathering to celebrate their successes and chart a course for the coming year. With new chapters forming, expanded outreach efforts, and growing membership, the future is bright for the VFW Riders program.

They ride home not only with memories but with a renewed commitment: "Still Serving."

About the VFW Riders

The VFW Riders are made up of VFW and VFW Auxiliary members who are passionate about motorcycle riding and committed to community service and veteran advocacy. With local chapters across



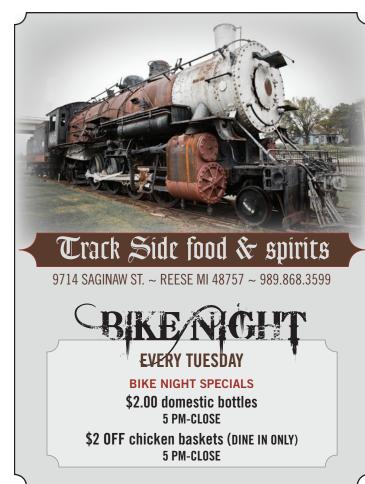
SHARON K. HARVEY (RET) TSGT, USA/USAF

the nation, the Riders work to raise awareness for veteran causes, support charitable missions, and keep the VFW spirit alive — on the road and off.

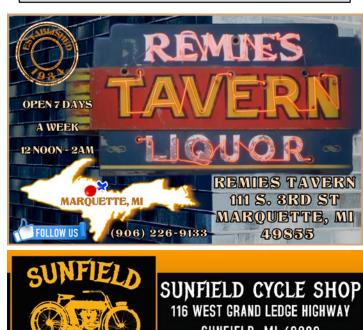
Ride Safe, my Brothers and Sisters Sharon K Harvey, **USAF** (Retired)

Sponsored by:











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# shout A STURGIS WEDDING



Big Shout Out and congratulations to my brother-in-law Shawn and my now sister-in-law (and lifelong best friend) Alisha Hancock on their beautiful wedding at Custer State Park during the 85th Sturgis Motorcycle Rally on August 4, 2025! It was such an incredible moment to see you two commit to a lifetime together, surrounded by amazing scenery and great people. We're so happy for you both and can't wait to see all the adventures that lie ahead.

Thank you for an unforgettable week at the Rally—full of laughs, good company, and memories we'll carry forever. We're grateful we got to share in your big day and celebrate with you. Wishing you endless happiness, love, and plenty of open road to enjoy together.

— Merry & Jasen Hancock







Want to wish someone special a Happy Birthday, Happy Anniversary, Congrats, etc. in a BIG WAY? Surprise them by saying it in Thunder Roads® Michigan Magazine! For only \$15 you can put your personal message along with a photo in an upcoming issue of Thunder Roads® Michigan.

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Keep reading, keep riding, and remember... WHERE THERE'S BIKES THERE'S GOING TO BE THUNDER!







Saturday, September 13, 2025

Wilson Park; 89 Wabash St.; Milan, MI

### **BIKE RAFFLE!!!**

2020 Harley-Davidson Street Bob with less than 5,200 miles Beautiful "must-see" custom paint and lots of extras (AS-IS) \$10.00 PER TICKET MAXIMUM OF 2500 TICKETS BEING SOLD

DO NOT NEED TO BE PRESENT TO WIN

• 50/50 Drawings

Door Prizes

### Registration 9 AM – 12 PM; Trophies 3:00 PM

Best Original (Top 2 for

Best of Show (1 Custom Trophy) Police Choice, Fireman Choice, Mayor Choice and trophies for each class: Pre-1940, 1940-49, 1950-59 1960-69, 1970-79, 1980-89, 1990-1999, 2000 & newer; Imports

Police Choice, Fireman Choice, Mayor Choice and rophies for each class: Best Paint, Metric Class, Trike Class, Bagger Class, Vintage Class, Custom Class, Hot Rods Members Class

### Proceeds to benefit Suicide Prevention. Motorcycle Awareness and other Michigan based charities

- Community Vendors\*
- Raffle baskets
- DJ: Doug Gilson; Backstreet Cruizers Hot Rods Motorcycle Awareness and Suicide Preventio



Foundation-501(c)(3) Nonprofit us if interested in a Vendor booth or more information a



# HOT RODS TOPICS

ur inaugural Golf Outing Fundraising event was a tremendous success! We had a full house and raised funds

for additional suicide prevention benches, allowing us to address the mental health needs of several schools on our waiting list. A huge shoutout to Bob and Donna Lawrence, our Liaison Officers, for their incredible organization, and a big thank you to Brookside Golf Club for hosting us. Mike, Glen, and their team were fantastic, and we truly appreciate all our members who showed up ready to lend a hand!

August 17th, we headed to Child Protective Services in Lenawee County to support foster care children by providing them with backpacks and essential school supplies. Our goal is to help them kick off the new school year on a positive note. Additionally, our 5th Annual Car & Bike Show is just around the corner! We invite everyone to come out and support us, as all proceeds benefit the community. With a bit of luck, we'll enjoy great weather, good company, and a showcase of classic cars and bikes!

Stay safe,

President / Hot Rods Motorcycle Awareness and Suicide Prevention Foundation

### **Hot Rods Motorcycle Awareness & Suicide Prevention Foundation**

Sponsorship Program - Join Us in Making a Difference in 2025

### Suicide Prevention Efforts..



### Suicide Prevention Benches

- have been placed at the following schools
- Britton Deerfield • Brighton
- Manchester Milan
- Tecumseh

The benches encourage friendship while displaying the message "You Are NOT Alone" and the

988 Suicide Prevention Crisis Hotline #.

Milan Police

### Michigan based charities...

- Aid in Milan
- American Foundation Suicide Prevention / Michigan Chapter
- American Heritage Girls
- American Legion Post 268
- Big Red Bundles
- Bikers Against Trafficking
- Clara's Closet
- Catherine Cobb Safe House
- Gabby's Grief Cent
  - Ike and Ella Fund McCalla Green Holiday Meals

Children's Protective Services /

Compassion Ministry of Milan

Lenawee County

Ele's Place Ann Arbo

• Foundation 14

- Toys For Milar
  - Veteran's Dire Need Fund

Project Brotherhood

Six Feet Over

Milan Rotary Christmas Basket

- Lenawee County



- Traveling Mobile Awareness Sign
- 338 Drivers Education Students trained
- 775 Motorcycle Awareness Quizzes completed
- Roadside Awareness Events
- Yard Signs
- Township Proclamations

Hot Rods Motorcycle Awareness and Suicide Prevention Foundation A 501(c)3 Non-profit Foundation EIN: 86-2338054 rtact us at: hotrous.motorcycle.awareness@gmail.com Revised April 2025



STORM CHASERS DRINK RECIPE

THIS IS OUR TRIBUTE COCKTAIL TO OZZY...

- 1 1/2 OUNCE OF CROWN APPLE
- 1 OUNCE OF GRAPE PUCKER
- CRANBERRY JUICE
- SPRITE
- 1.11/2 ounce of Crown Apple
- 2.1 ounce of Grape Pucker
- 3. Cranberry juice
- 4. Sprite







Two teenage boys had jumped the fence at Ole' Man Cain's Farm, with full intent on going swimming in his beautiful clear pond. They knew they were taking a big risk due to the fact that Ole' Man Cain had an itchy trigger finger and would not hesitate to shoot at anyone in his pond, and continue shooting when they grabbed their clothes and ran like hell to get back over the fence

fence.
They got to the pond and looked down and were truly amazed at how crystal clear it was and all kinds of beautifully smooth rocks on the bottom. They got undressed and as they were about to wade in, the one lil' boy looked over and saw a big metal sign hanging on a tree that read: Think Twice Before You Swim In My Prize Pond Are You Really That Hot or Really That Stupid? INSURED BY SMITH & WESSON SECURITY SERVICES BY WINCHESTER FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS BY JOHN DEERE They got dressed and hauled ass back to fence.

Boyfriend: I've got a big problem. Girlfriend: No, now we've talked about this and it's no longer You or Me, it's now We. We're a couple and true partners. Your problem is my problem. We're in this together. Boyfriend: Ok, well, it's official, We got your sister pregnant.

Stopped in at my local fave Pub and was enjoying a glass of wine when this already fairly into his buzz fell into a stool next to me at the bar and looked over at me all googly eyes and slurred, "Hey pretty lady why don't you sit on my lap and we'll talk about the first thing that pops up? I looked over at him as I was grabbing my wine and purse ready to move to the other side of the bar and looked directly at him and replied, "As silly as that sounds, truth be told, I'm just not into small talk."

We were so poor, Moma got all of our clothes from the used Army & Navy store. For a solid year I went to school dressed as a Japanese Admiral.

I'd betcha a \$100. bill that No dude has ever said, "Man, she'd be Really hot if her eyelashes were longer.

My buddy asked me to bungee jump and I said "No way", I came into this world because of a broken rubber and am not leaving the same way.

My wife and I were out eating supper and our Waitress came by to check on our meal. I told her that my steak was bad.

She picked it up, slapped it a good one, put it back down on my plate and said, "If it gives you more trouble just let me know!"

WoW! who knew? Apparently it's "rude" to ask parents of a kid on a leash if it was a rescue.

Me: Hello, is this the helpline for alcoholics? Them: Yes, it is, how may we help you change your life?

Me: Could you give me the full recipe on how to make that drink, Sex On The Beach?

Saw a waste pump truck going down the road and Really Big on the back was written: STRAIGHT FLUSH BEATS A FULL HOUSE

Nosey Neighbor: I saw your husband's car parked on the dark side of the Hampton Inn.
No BS Neighbor: No, my husband and I are right here on the sofa watching a movie. Your husband came by a few hours ago and asked to borrow our car since y'all's was in the shop.

Becoming a Vegetarian is a Big Missed Steak!

A man said to his wife, "I don't know how you can be so stupid and so beautiful all at the same time. His beautiful wife responded, "Allow me to explain God made me beautiful so you would be attracted to me, then in his divine wisdom, he made me stupid so I would be attracted to you.

Was in the shower & bedding department at the local Walmart and saw a girl with six lip piercings, and I will not lie, it took every ounce of willpower in my brain not to attach a shower curtain to them.

Me thinking to myself: I make good money, why is it that it seems like I hardly have any? Gets a ding on phone from Amazon: Your dog's wig has just been delivered.

Them: Can I come see you? Me: My house is in the Shop right now.

The absolute best safeword you can have during sex is "Meatloaf" because it means I would do any thing for love, but I won't do that.

Joker's Wild composed by: Toni McCoy Shearon | thunderroadsfounder@gmail.com







### **SEPTEMBER 2025**

### September 5

- Bikes on the Bricks S. Saginaw St. Downtown Flint, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Port Huron Motorcycle Club Steering Wheel Shootout IV 3376 Griswold Rd. Port Huron, MI **Check out Facebook for details**

### September 6

- Bikes on the Bricks S. Saginaw St. Downtown Flint, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Port Huron Motorcycle Club Steering Wheel Shootout IV 3376 Griswold Rd. Port Huron, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- RSVP Horseman & ALR Post 127 Ride American Legion Post 127 4310 18th Street Dorr, MI Check out Facebook for details
- Some Gave All Veterans **Honor Ride Reining Liberty Ranch** 4656 Silver Pines Rd Traverse City, MI KSU: 11:00 AM sharp **Check out Facebook for details**

### September 7

- Bikes on the Bricks S. Saginaw St. Downtown Flint, MI **Check out Facebook for details** 

- Bubba's Backyard Motorcycle Swap **Bubba's Tri-City Cycle's** 804 S Huron Rd, Linwood, MI **Check out Facebook for details** 

### September 10

- 98.5 UPS Bike Night Grand Finale **Holeshot Harley-Davidson** 4741 E. Pickard St. Mt. Pleasant, MI **Check out Facebook for details** 

### September 11

- 2025 Thunder Roads Michigan Bike Nights! The Last TRM Bike Night of the Season **Holeshot Harley-Davidson** 4741 E. Pickard St. Mt. Pleasant, MI **Check out Facebook for details** 

### September 12

- AMA D-14 Flat Track Lucky Thumb Motorcycle Club 7394 E Bevens Rd. Deford, MI Check out Facebook for details
- Born 2 Be Wild Akerman Park 4956 McKinley St. Elkton, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Rusty But Trusty Car Show & Family Fun Weekend **Isabella County Fairgrounds** 500 N. Mission Rd. Mount Pleasant, MI **Check out Facebook for details**

### September 13

- AMA D-14 Flat Track Lucky Thumb Motorcycle Club 7394 E Bevens Rd. Deford, MI Check out Facebook for details

- Born 2 Be Wild **Akerman Park** 4956 McKinley St. Elkton, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Mint City Motorcycle Mania **Bike Show & Street Party** Sirens Bar 119 E. Walker St. St. Johns, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Rusty But Trusty Car Show & Family Fun Weekend **Isabella County Fairgrounds** 500 N. Mission Rd. Mount Pleasant, MI **Check out Facebook for details**

### September 14

- Born 2 Be Wild **Akerman Park** 4956 McKinley St. Elkton, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- Dinner Ride to Mac City **Ride with Purpose Dinner Rides** Blain's Farm & Fleet Parking Lot 210 US-31 **Traverse City, MI** KSU 11:00 am **Check out Facebook for details**

### September 19

- Speed Promotions Racing at US-131 Motorsports Park - Martin, MI 1249 12th St. Martin, MI Check out Facebook for details

### September 20

- 3rd Annual Run What Ya Brung **Poker Run 5438 Millington Road** Millington, MI **Check out Facebook for details**
- AMA D-14 Flat Track Croswell, MI Check out Facebook for details

-Sirens at Bay Shore WHEELS & HEELS Bay Shore Bar 9438 Bay City Forestville Rd. Quanicassee, MI Check out Facebook for details

- Speed Promotions Racing at US-131 Motorsports Park -Martin, MI 1249 12th St. Martin, MI Check out Facebook for details

### September 27

- 1st Annual **Rob VanGorder** Celebration of Life **Poker Run Grease Rag Customs** 320 Corunna Ave. Owosso, MI Check out Facebook for details
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Ride & Seek / Bike Blessing Saginaw Valley Church of The Nazarene 1815 Tittabawassee Rd. Saginaw, MI Check out Facebook for details

- AMA D-14 Flat Track Cadillac Motorcycle Club 3747 39 Rd. Cadillac, MI Check out Facebook for details - Creative Arts Festival Motorcycle Show M89 Highway Downtown Otseo, MI For Info: Patty 269-217-5929
- Fall Freedom Run 2025 **Ride with Purpose** Check out Facebook for details
- Motorclothes Mystery Mayhem **Holeshot Harley-Davidson** 4741 E. Pickard St. Mt. Pleasant, MI Check out Facebook for details

### September 28

- AMA D-14 Flat Track Cadillac Motorcycle Club 3747 39 Rd. Cadillac, MI Check out Facebook for details

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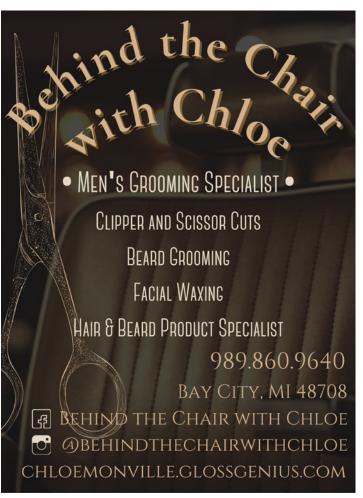
















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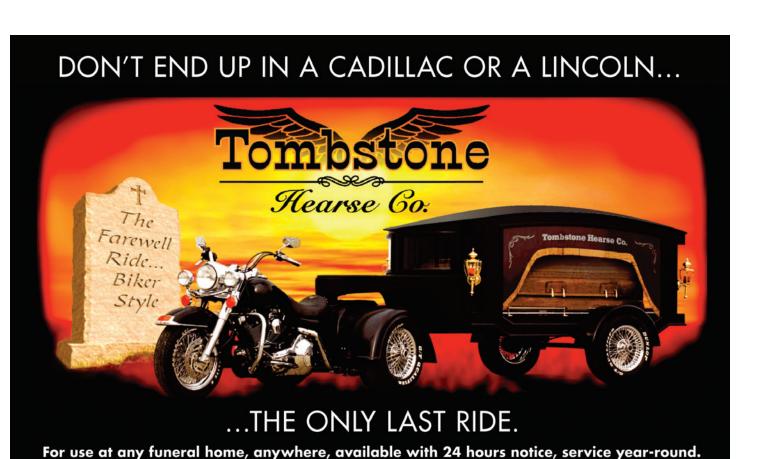
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