

BMW MCQ MAG

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF QUEENSLAND INC.

JUNE 2022

Established 1958

www.bmwmcq.org.au



I love a sun-burnt country,
A land of sun-burnt plains
Of ragged mountain ranges
Of drought and flooding rains
I love her far horizons
I love her pearl-reef sea,
Her beauty and her terror -
The wide brown land for ever

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MY22 / COMP21



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*T&C's apply.



BMW Motorcycle Club
of Queensland



BMWMCQ

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE BMW MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF QUEENSLAND INC.

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R60/6



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Munich Motorcycles - P.64

Good Wool Store - P.64
TeamMoto - P.65
TeamMoto M&W- BACK COVER

On The Cover

Jane Gray's pic of Tony and the wonderful Silo art at Gunnedah, NSW featuring Dorothea McKellar's famous "My Country".



BMW Motorcycle Club
of Queensland



BMW Clubs
International Council



Club Details

BMW Motorcycle Club of Queensland Inc.
ABN 30 351 243 651

Address all correspondence to:
The Secretary
PO Box 3669
South Brisbane QLD 4101

Monthly meetings are held on the first Thursday of the month at the:

Geebung RSL Club
323 Newman Road Geebung

A Club Ride is usually held on the first Sunday after the monthly meeting.

BMWMCQ AIMS

The objectives of the BMWMCQ are to increase the enjoyment of motorcycling by:

1. Improving the opinion of the public towards motorcycling in general and associated members particularly, by careful, courteous, considerate riding, especially when riding with the Club, and rendering assistance to all road users in difficulty.

2. Improving the service and availability of spare parts for BMWs in Queensland using the advantage of a united effort.
3. Decreasing maintenance and running costs by mutual assistance on mechanical problems.
4. Organising day trips, tours and outings.
5. Encourage and support Regional Ride Groups
6. Affiliation with other clubs/associations where such affiliation would be of mutual benefit.

DISCLAIMER

The views and opinions expressed in this Journal are those of each contributor and are not necessarily shared by the Editor, management, and / or membership of the BMWMCQ.

The Editor reserves the right to refuse any advertising or delete any material which could be considered or interpreted as questionable, libellous or offensive, without consultation.

WEB SITE

Visit: www.bmwmcq.org.au



Cindy & Duncan Bennett

Editors' Report

Well, back in the chair after five weeks and 10,000km plus, riding every day through earth, wind, fire, and water. Although mainly on earth rather than through it (deep sand near Kings Canyon an exception) and we didn't see much fire other than the Jetboil. We went back to places we hadn't seen in over 30 years up in the NT, and saw places we had never been before to avoid the inevitable rain events that always seem to dog our travels. Normanton was our furthest north, the Olgas our furthest west, and Port Lincoln deserves a mention because even though it is north of our truly furthest south of Canberra it seems more south just because of the Great Whites. None sighted in Lake Burley Griffin, even with the Burley.

On the Editorial front, we managed to finish off and issue the May Journal on the road via laptop and make a start on this June Journal. So we've proven up the technology and software upgrades, and now have a plan B in case of an editor's desktop PC failure. The quality of motel Wifi in Australia would make it challenging to be truly mobile though; probably only two places we stayed could support sending a high def selfie out to the thousands of adoring fans.

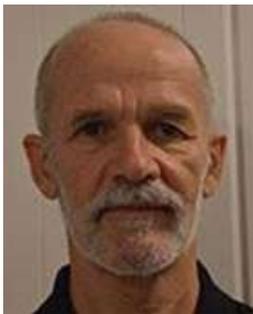
We are still "high-fiving" our luck/excellent planning skills on managing to avoid the SEQ rain event during our time away, and feel for the members who were stuck home only able to gaze at their beloved bikes. We did experience the effect of recent rains up north, in a couple of water crossings in the Gulf Country, North QLD (below is between Normanton and Burketown on the Savannah Way). Note that the editor taking photos was standing well back from the water's edge - there were crocodiles sighted and little hope of rescue from by-standers if you dropped the bike on the slippery crossing.



Submissions for the Next Journal close 25th-ish June

**VENUE FOR BMWMCQ GENERAL MEETINGS
GEEBUNG RSL CLUB 323 NEWMAN ROAD GEEBUNG
MEALS OPEN AT 6.00 PM MEETING STARTS 7.30 PM
NEXT MEETING: Thursday 7 July 2022**



**Tony Gray****President's Report**

Jane and I have just returned from an 11 day tour around South East Australia. You can read about our travels in this journal. The 2022 year has presented plenty of problems for our community with the seeming never ending rain and flooding. We are a pretty resilient lot however and the number of our club members who are currently traveling or just returned from trips is very impressive. The spirit of adventure is alive and well in the BMWMCQ. The Covid pandemic may have fallen off the front pages but it is still of concern when traveling. We noted far more sensitivity to the virus in

Victoria than we see here in SEQ and Mark Mustchin sadly contracted the virus during his organised 'dirty' ride from Sydney to Melbourne.

The other aspect of club life that is alive and well is the maintenance and restoration of BMW Motorcycles. This is part of the Club's DNA and it is great to see and hear of the work being undertaken in the sheds around the State to keep our bikes running and presented so impressively. The next club service day is on 18 June so a great opportunity to come along and see & chat with like-minded souls. After my most recent experience with another punctured tyre I will be bringing along an old tyre and set of tools & repair plugs for anyone wanting to practice in the safety of the shed and under guidance. It is preferable to have some experience before having to put your repair kit to work for the first time on the side of the road. In that regard I have spoken previously about the 'Spirit of the Road' among motorcyclists. The wave to passing riders on the open road helps to support this code. Sadly this was not on display during our recent tyre problem outside of Corryong in Victoria. With the bike on the road verge and gear being removed there were 2 motorcycles that passed – one a BMW GS1200 in both directions, the other a fully loaded KTM on tour. Neither slowed or sought reassurance that we were OK. We were OK and didn't require assistance but these riders didn't know that. You may not have any technical knowledge or be carrying tools but you may be able to help a fellow rider via your mobile phone or going to the next town for assistance. Please remember this when out on a ride.

It has been mentioned previously that BMW will be celebrating its centenary as a motorcycle manufacturer in 2023. It will be a huge year for the marque. Your committee has started to think about ways that we may celebrate this milestone during 2023. We will need plenty of hands and minds to organise different events so I am putting out a call to all members to have a think about how you might be able to contribute. It's never too early to start planning so if you have an idea you would like to share then don't be shy, let us know. Also that bike restoration project that has been gathering dust in the shed now has an incentive to get going – we will definitely have a major concourse event so we will be looking for a wide range of definitive models from the past 100 years – if you have an R32 sitting in the shed then we would love to hear from you.

On a sad note Jon, the elder brother of our popular Events Co-ordinator Mark Mustchin, has passed away. I am sure you will all join me in offering Mark and the Mustchin family our condolences at this sad time.

Tony.

Standing Stones at Glenn Innes from recent trip.





BMWMCQ Club Events for JUNE 2022

Date	Start	Event	Details	Contact
Thurs 2 June	7:30pm	Club Monthly Meeting	Geebung RSL Club, 323 Newman Road, Geebung QLD. Meals from 6pm	President Tony
Sun 5 June	12:30pm	Club Monthly Ride	A get-yourself-there ride to Maryvale Hotel for lunch	Paul Hughes
Wed 15 June	9:00am	Mid Week Ride	Details to follow - RIDE LEADER NEEDED! BYO lunch	Events Coordinator Mark
Sat 18 June	9:00am	Club Service Day	61 - 63 St Jude Circuit Jimboomba	Tools Officer - Geoff Hamon
Sat 25 June	11:00am	Sunny Coast Brunch Ride	Peachester Cafe, Peachester	Paul H on behalf of SC Riders
Sun 26 June	12:30pm	Monthly Lunch Ride	Mt Warning Hotel, Uki NSW	Events Coordinator Mark
Tues 28 June	6:30pm	German Club Dinner	Brisbane German Club 416 Vulture St, East Brisbane	Events Coordinator Mark

EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS CALENDAR

Date	Event	Location	Contact
10 - 13 June	BMW Clubs Australia Rally	Kooralbyn Valley Resort	See page 44 for further details
17 - 20 November	Walcha Motorcycle Rally	Walcha Showground	See the Club FaceBook events page for link to tickets

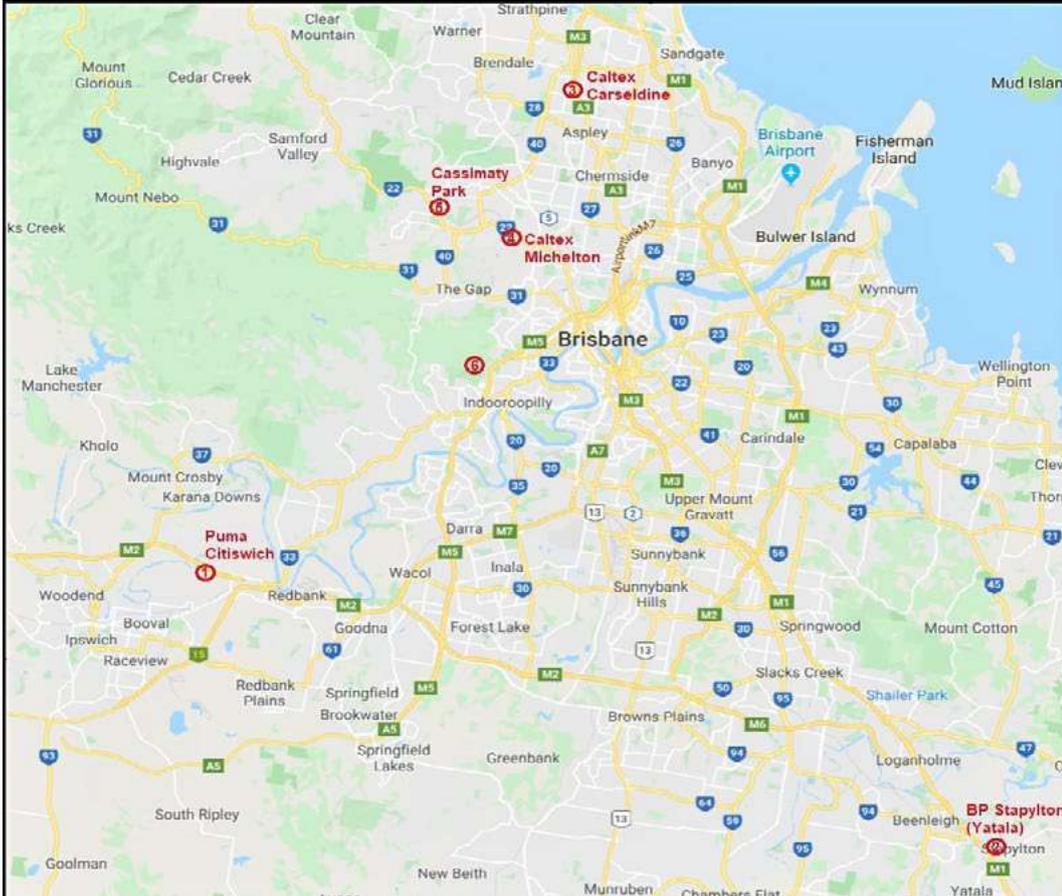
NATIONAL MOTORRAD RALLY KOORALBYN RESORT 10 - 13 June 2022

This is it people!! Last chance!!



BMWMCQ Club Events for JULY 2022

Date	Start	Event	Details	Contact
Sun 3 July	12:30pm	Club Lunch Ride	Imperial Hotel, Eumundi (make your own way there or ride with mates!)	Events Coordinator Mark
Thurs 7 July	7:30pm	Club Monthly Meeting	Geebung RSL Club, 323 Newman Road, Geebung QLD. Meals from 6pm	President Tony
Sat 9 July	9:00am	Coffee Meet Up	TBA - stay tuned!	Events Coordinator Mark
Sun 10 July	9:00am	Club Monthly Ride	TBA - RIDE LEADER NEEDED. If no ride leader steps up then it will be a self-led ride to lunch	Events Coordinator Mark
Wed 13 July	9:00am	Mid Week Ride	Details to follow - RIDE LEADER NEEDED! BYO lunch	Events Coordinator Mark
Sat 16 July	5:00pm	Christmas in July	"Midnight at the Oasis", 50 Walter St, Kingaroy	Editor Cindy
Sat 23 July	11:00am	Sunny Coast Brunch	Fairhill Native Botanic Gardens, Yandina	Steve Maney - SC Riders
Tues 26 July	6:30pm	German Club Dinner	Brisbane German Club 416 Vulture St, East Brisbane	Events Coordinator Mark
Sat 30 to Sun 31	8:00am	Frigid Digit #23	Meet at Mt Coot-tha Lookout for the annual Mystery Weekender	Gary Bennett



1	Puma Citiswich	Cnr Ashburn Rd & Hawkins Cres, Bundamba QLD 4304
2	BP Stapylton (Yatala)	Cnr Pacific Hwy & Stapylton Jacobs Well Rd, Stapylton QLD 4207
3	Caltex Carseldine	1754 Gympie Rd, Carseldine QLD 4034
4	Caltex Mitchelton	550 Samford Rd, Mitchelton QLD 4053
5	Cassimaty Park	1312 Samford Rd, Ferny Grove QLD 4055
6	Brisbane Lookout Mt Coot-tha	





Paul Hughes

Vice President's Report

Firstly let me remind you of the BMW Clubs Australia National Motarrad Rally being held on June 10,11 and 12. Less than a fortnight away but there is still time to sign up and participate. You don't have to attend all 3 nights. Just book one night and register. The Kooralbyn Resort will be a very pleasant stay located in some beautiful Scenic Rim riding roads.

I thoroughly enjoyed the CTR (Cane Toad Rally) which had over 245 participants. Wasn't as impressed with the 3 holes in the one flat tyre (true the tyre was on its final run) . Some sharp stones on that road to Mount Perry.

One of our favourite events is coming up the weekend after the "Nationals". Our second service day for the year out at Jimboomba. Always very well attended at a superb facility. Even if you have no intention of working on your own bike, come on out, you will learn heaps just listening and watching others.

I for one am pleased to be welcoming some brisker weather. Always better to ride in the cold than in the heat. Our first experience this year was the well attended Club Lunch ride to Goombungee. Some didn't dress appropriately for the cold. Bet they don't get caught out again. The Goombungee Pub was, as always, very welcoming. Drop in there on your way through for some great food and very pleasant service.

The state of our roads in SE Queensland is pretty ordinary at this stage and will be for some time as the mammoth task of repair takes place. No problem riding most, but maybe an idea to back off just a touch so you don't disappear into a volcano in the middle a corner. If you doubt me, have a ride over the western side of Mount Glorious. On second thought give that a miss for a while.

A reminder the "Smart Rider" training course is still available (a net cost of \$0 to members through our training subsidy scheme). This is a handy reminder of easily forgotten road craft that could just save your life. Many members have now completed it and I would recommend to all, no matter what level rider you think you are.

Christmas is a long way off yet, but Christmas in July at our favourite Kingaroy venue isn't. Get in and make your booking. Details are in this Journal. This is always a great weekend and fantastic Saturday night feast. Whisper is there is a "Back to the Bush" in early October. Details to be released by Don soon.

The "Biscuit Ride" is on again in August, this year in the heart of Tenterfield. I would suggest you book accomodation early to not be disappointed. Maggie is already in the planning stages for the scrumptious delights. Not to be missed.

Finally, get out and ride. The world needs more chilled people and nothing chills out a motorcyclist like a run up a mountain or along a coast line. I spent some time recently mid week chatting to a "professional motorcyclist" late one afternoon at Glorious, over coffee. You won't believe some of the things these guys see every day. Fortunately our members don't seem to be in the radar much and we do the "motorcyclist" reputation proud. Very pleasing.

Ride safe and ride often.

Cheers

Paul





Darryl Gowlett

Treasurer's Report

G'day everyone,

Well, it's that time of the year again. Somewhere between January 1 and December 31. I can't fully understand it, but it happens every year. Perhaps it's the alignment of the stars, the current phase of the moon, or even an issue with the Julian calendar, I just can't tell. So, I hope you all enjoy it, especially whilst out riding your motorbikes.

Keep the less reflective side closer to the gravitational centre of the planet, and potentially stay dry in whatever way best suits.

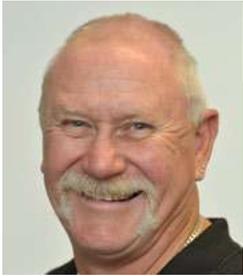
You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars, you have a right to be here. Yes, even if you ride a Harley, (or a Triumph!).

Ciao,

Darryl

Trading statement as at: May 28, 2022

BoQ Balance as at:		April 20, 2022	\$ 14,756.26	Year to date		\$ 16,165.68
Income:	Membership	\$ 1,750.00		\$ 4,767.00		
	Advertising	\$ 450.00		\$ 450.00		
	Regalia	\$ 40.00		\$ 125.00		
	Tools	\$ -		\$ -		
	Events CTR	\$ 6,100.00		\$ 6,100.00		
	Interest	\$ 1.79		\$ 5.22		
	Sundry CTR RFDS events	\$ 958.80	\$ 9,300.59	\$ 1,082.80	\$ 12,530.02	
			\$ 24,056.85		\$ 28,695.70	
Expenses:	Administration Dropbox & postage	\$ 296.17		\$ 1,026.12		
	Website	\$ 385.00		\$ 2,002.81		
	Paypal	\$ 22.55		\$ 64.68		
	Regalia	\$ -		\$ 645.00		
	Tools	\$ -		\$ -		
	Events CTR & ride belts	\$ 2,169.74		\$ 2,856.70		
	Awards	\$ -		\$ 300.00		
	Sundry	\$ -				
	RFDS for CTR events	\$ 958.80				
	3 x rider training	\$ 150.00	\$ 3,982.26	\$ 1,725.80	\$ 8,621.11	
Balance			\$ 20,074.59		\$ 20,074.59	
BoQ balance at:	May 28, 2022		\$ 20,074.59		\$ 20,074.59	
Term deposit:		\$ 20,541.79		\$ 20,500.45		
Interest		\$ -	\$ 20,541.79	\$ 41.34	\$ 20,541.79	
Available:			\$ 40,616.38		\$ 40,616.38	
RFDS donations	CTR		\$958.80		\$1,545.75	



Geoff Hodge

Secretary's Report

BMWMCQ Meeting Agenda/Minutes 7 April 2022

Venue: Geebung RSL

Meeting Opened:	7:30pm
Apologies:	Mark Mustchin in Bright with Covid Cindy & Duncan on the way from the Rock Jane Gray, Ellen Hodge, Don Grimes & Kate Farrar in Glenn Innis. Geoff Hamon, Ian & Allison Sayce, Peter Todd
Minutes of Previous General Meeting:	Accepted: Paul Hughes Seconded: Charlie Brown
Number of Attendees:	27
New Members (Name & MC):	Tony Lightfoot R1250 GSA 2021 Chris K1200GT Ian F R1200GS 2017
Visitors:	Nil
Returning Members:	None at this meeting
Treasurer Report:	\$20,000.00 club dollars \$ 900.00 RFDS from Cain Toad Rally
Editor Report:	Editors in Tennant Creek. June Journal expected very tight turnaround after their return. Get any stories in ASAP to assist.
Tools Report:	Bill in Geoff's absence - Tools Service day 18 June at Rob Wynnes {social get together as much as a working day }. Come along & enjoy.
Regalia Report:	Mark got a dose of Covid in Bright so a week in a Motel . Cloth Badges 1 for \$6.00 2 for \$ 10.00
Records Report:	Currently 266 financial members with 3 new members
Events Report:	Paul in Marks absence: May club ride changed 15 th due to Mothers Day on the 8 th . Ride leader Frank Hills. 3 June ride Richard Maher to lead
Secretary Report:	Nothing to report
Dealer Liaison Report:	Don on tour
Vice President Report:	No report this month.
President Report:	All longevity membership Medals posted out – a few to very long term members will be delivered personally as time allows. Rod Reeves a thankyou note to say he will treasure his even though he has now sold his bike and no longer rides. Mileage awards for 100,000 k and over Rider + Bike being planned. Details to follow H belts purchased for club ride leaders and tail end Charlie High Vis



Other Events/Buy/Sell/Swap:	Richard Maher is selling Marie's R850R 117000 K
General Business	Cane-toad Rally 250 people attended. Darryl thanked Les and Kelly for their work in doing all of the screen printing and to all the other volunteers over the weekend
Closed:	8:30 pm, next meeting 2 nd June 2022

Geoff took advantage of the recent sunny days to get his bikes out for some exercise!





Geoff Hamon

Tool's Report

Well we have had a pretty full on month this month.

We had an amazing crowd at the Cane Toad. I want to personally thank all those who put so much effort into what was an excellent weekend. I had a great ride up & back with only minimum challenges. The weather the last part of the month hasn't been that conducive to riding but I have been out a couple of times.

Things are looking good for our service day on June the 18th so put the date in your calendar. Even if you don't need a thing doing to your motorcycle it's an excellent social occasion.

Repair Manuals

The Club has various Repair Manuals available to borrow, mainly for older bikes.

Tools for loan

There are special tools available including the GS-911 WiFi and 3 pin diagnostic tools.

Special Tools

- 34mm socket for rotating crankshaft
- Twinmax electronic carburettor balancer (Twin BMW engines)
- Vacuumate (electronic synchronisation of throttle valves up to 4 cylinders)
- Clutch alignment shafts (3 sizes)
- Compression gauge (cylinder pressure)



- Steering head bearing puller and seating tool
- Gearbox output flange puller
- GS-911 Wi-Fi Diagnostic tool (Wi-Fi and USB Version)
- GS-911 3 pin Diagnostic tool (for older bikes)
- Tyre Pressure Monitor Sensor (TPMS) tool
- Enduralast hall sensor tester
- Brake bleeding tool (suction bleeding via the brake caliper)
- Compression tester

Club Tool Loan:

\$50 deposit (refundable) for GS911.

Contact Tools Officer

Geoff Hamon 0413 334 625

email: spares@bmwmcq.org.au





Greg Gaffney

Records Officer Report

The rain finally let up in time for the May club ride to the Pioneer Arms at Goombungee with a great member turnout. Now we get ready for the cold weather. I enjoyed recently doing the Keep it Upright course. I didn't knock over any cones but still learnt some things better learnt 40 years ago!

Cheers Greg.

[records@
bmwmcq.org.au](mailto:records@bmwmcq.org.au)

Welcome to New Members:

- Kim Howlett, FOREST LAKE, CE 04**
- Cameron Coles, CRANLEY, R1200GS**
- Donald Gaydon, HAWTHORNE, R1200R**
- Hayley Reid, CHURCHABLE**
- Chris Bramwell, FOREST LAKE, K1200GT**



Donna Wiltshire

regalia@bmwmcq.org.au

Regalia Report

Hi all,

I have nothing new to regale you with this month. Have you purchased a BMW 1958 MCC Queensland cloth badge yet?

Why not dress up a jumper or winter motorbike jacket with some badges. Drop me a line if you want to purchase any, \$6 each or 2 for \$10 (a bargain).

Thank you Cindy for this photo example that you can never wear too much regalia! **Ed - Or look too cool!**

Kind regards,

Donna





Lady Shirts



[2LPS](#) - \$32
65% polyester
35% cotton



[2LCP](#) - \$33
65% polyester
35% cotton



[7LPI](#) - \$33.50
100% polyester
"Working 9 to 5 in this was easy!" - Dolly Parton



[ICE Tee](#) - \$26
Cotton
Queen Elizabeth just bought one in platinum!

Bloke Shirts



[210](#) - \$32
65% polyester
35% cotton



[2CP](#) - \$34
65% polyester
35% cotton



[7PIP](#) - \$36
100% polyester
"A change of government needs a change of shirt. I'll call Daniel" - Albo



[ICE Tee](#) - \$26
Cotton
"Veni, Vidi, ICE Tee" - Julius Caesar said back in 47BC and it's still true!

Gender Neutral Hats & Bags



[AH695](#) - \$17
Bucket Hat
Sandwich Design
(with trim)



[AH715](#) - \$16
Bucket Hat.
Not all that
gender neutral.



[AH230](#) - \$15
Cotton Cap,
not as warm
as a beanie.



[Ladies](#) Vests
\$48.00



[Non-Ladies](#) Vests
\$48.00

AWESOME FOR WINTER!!!



[Metro](#) - black/charcoal or black/royal - \$21
[Swiss](#) charcoal- \$37.50
Note: a bag order small surcharge may apply - talk to Daniel!



[AH742](#) - \$17
100% Wool
Beanie



[AH770](#) - \$17
100% Cotton
Beanie

Look out people, you need these now!



BMW Motorcycle Club of Queensland



Club order form for shirts, bags and hats

Send this form to daniel@goldstarembroidery.com.au or call Daniel on **0403 150 857**

Name: _____ Email address: _____

If delivery is required an additional fee is charged. Delivery required **Yes or No:** _____

Delivery address: _____

A minimum 50% deposit is required before the order is started. Payment in full is required if Gold Star Embroidery is to organise delivery. An invoice will be emailed after the order form is received.

Shirts/Vests order:

<i>Shirt product code number</i>	<i>Quantity</i>	<i>Size</i>	<i>Colour</i>

Bags order:

Bag product name	Quantity	Colour
Metro		
Swiss		

Headwear order:

Product code number	Quantity	Size	Colour
Cap AH230 - \$15 each			
Bucket Hat Sandwich AH695 - \$17 each			
Bucket Hat AH715 - \$16 each			
Wool Beanie AH742 - \$17 each			
Cotton Beanie AH770 - \$17 each			

There are also heaps more colours, styles and fabrics available through Gold Star Embroidery - check out the website at [goldstarembroidery](http://goldstarembroidery.com.au) and call Daniel - he knows all about BMW regalia!





Mark Mustchin

Events Report

May looked promising with some great rides planned but the weather turned nasty & resulted in the cancellation & rescheduling of a number of planned events. First casualty was the Coffee Meet Up which was to be held at the Lovewell Project Cafe at the Mt Gravatt Lookout on Saturday 14th.

The Club Led Ride originally scheduled for Sunday 8 May was rescheduled to the 15 May then cancelled due to very inclement weather & dangerous road conditions. Hopefully Frank will run the planned ride later in the year. The Sunny Coast Brunch Ride scheduled for May 21 was also cancelled due to the very heavy rains & local flooding in the Sunshine Coast area.

The Mid Week Ride led by Paul Hughes was also moved from Wednesday 18 to Wednesday 25. The starting point was changed from Samford to Fernvale due to dangerous road conditions & multiple areas of road works on Mt. Glorious. The ride started under threatening skies but they made it to CJ's at Kilcoy for coffee without getting wet. Myself & Donna joined the ride at Kilcoy & Frank & Richard left the ride there. From Kilcoy we rode to Lake Baroon and we luckily dodged the rain again. It did pour down while we were eating lunch but we were under cover. The heavy downpour lasted about 15 minutes but by the time we departed it had stopped and we managed to make it home without getting wet.

The weather for the Club Lunch ride was a big improvement on the previous weeks, it was fine but windy & as Rosi put it "Bloody Cold". Twenty one club members made the ride to The Pioneer Arm Hotel at Gumbudgee. The dining area had a log fire going & the food is always good and served in generous proportions.

I had signed up for the Moto Trekin Ridge Rider event which started on May 1 from Penrith and was run over 5 days finishing in the Yarra Valley. I had 3 days of riding some great dirt roads along the Great Divide. On the afternoon of the 3 day after riding the Barry Way I started to get a sore throat, I tested myself and came up negative but felt worse the next morning so tested myself again and unfortunately tested positive for Covid.

I could not continue the ride & had to isolate in my hotel room for 7 days. I have been triple vaxed but still got quite sick. The Moto Trekin crew bought me food to survive on, the hotel manager generously gave me a reduced rate for my iso time there & also did some shopping for some additional supplies. Anthony Cuff who is an ex-president of the Club & now runs a B&B in Bright also helped me out by supplying me with a couple of testing kits & some shopping supplies. Thanks Richard for putting me in contact with Anthony.

While I was isolating in Bright a family issue developed & I had to return to Brisbane as soon as I could. On the 7th day I tested negative so packed up & rode to Melbourne where I was able to leave my bike at Doncaster BMW.

I organised "Bikes Only" to ship my bike back to Brisbane. This proved problematic because they do not collect from rural areas like Bright. I eventually organised to store the bike at Doncaster BMW until the 27th when Bikes Only could pick it up. Delivery to North Lakes should be on the 6th June. Big thanks to Ron Andrews for helping me out with the bike storage.

How Did I catch Covid? I arrived in Penrith on Saturday afternoon at the same time as Greg who had ridden his Africa Twin down from Rockhampton, we were talking in the car park while new tyres were being fitted and later with a few others sat around the foyer of the hotel discussing the Gaia App that was to be used for navigation. Sunday morning was the start of the registration and part of the process to be able to participate in the ride was testing negative. Greg tested positive & was not allowed to participate, he packed up & rode back to Rockhampton. At that stage he had no symptoms & was feeling OK but by the time he reached Brisbane it was starting to kick in & by the time he got to Rocky was feeling quite bad.

I tested negative on Sunday morning & was told by one of the crew doing the testing that someone had tested positive and was not allowed to continue. The penny dropped for me at the briefing on Wednesday night when they mentioned Greg's situation. Because Greg had posted on the Ridge Rider Facebook page I was able to send him a personal message where he confirmed that he was in the group in the foyer on Saturday night.

If Covid was not part of the equation I would recommend a Moto Trekin Tour to anyone but when you factor in Covid I would be reluctant to participate in any event where a large group is involved. There were 214 riders from all over Australia participating in the event so the risk of catching/spreading the virus in greatly increased. I did ask if any other riders had caught the virus and was told they did not know but a couples of crew members did catch it, they were sitting in the group in the foyer of the hotel on the Saturday night.

I'm looking forward to some great rides & events in June, hopefully they won't be affected by crappy weather.

Mark.





WHEN ALL'S SAID & DONE

JEGMay2022

Could this happen again? History making rain?

Such sorrow & pain over valleys & plain

When floodwaters abated and sunshine awaited

Most were elated while others debated

Homes & businesses prepared, demolished or spared

Hard work gladly shared, emotions stripped bare

Mud armies reached out, such destruction about

Community spirit throughout, of that there's no doubt

Many weeks rolled by with sunny days & blue sky

So many questions why, still trying not to cry

For some Life's not the same all they've got is their name

Not sure what's to blame in this heart wrenching game

Again rain starts to fall – forecasters put out the call

Be prepared one & all for another long haul

Anxieties soar, strength comes to the fore

For one thing's for sure, some can't take any more!

Heavy rain far & wide, many rivers collide

Waves of heartache to ride with nowhere to hide

We'll again see the sun & again we'll have fun

But Mother Nature has won when all's said & done





Jane inspired some other poets this month, including the below from an anonymous scribe who we will just call "Studly Ramthrust"!

*To improve your mental health
And enrich your emotional wealth*

*Plan a ride on a morning bright
Fit your Helmet nice and tight*

*Jacket and Gloves slip right on
Top the tank with 98 RON*

*Choose a windy road that suits your
mood
Plan for strong coffee and good food*

*Spend the night under the stars
In a place without any cars*

*Swim in the creek make a fire
Whatever your hearts desire*

*Enjoy the peace and quiet
Go on and try it*

*Do it with a BMW Motorcycle
And your stupid friend Michael!*

*And thanks again to Michael John for this month's Haiku:
(For the record Michael John is not Studly Ramthrust's stupid friend Michael)*

Contemplating the R 1250 RT

*New bike, deep feelings,
though gone, faithful old machine,
something lost, now found,
through life, excitement comes, goes;
deep tingling gratitude.*





BMW Motorcycle Club
of Queensland



BMWMCQ PRESENTS

The Clubs 2nd longest running weekender...

The 23rd FRIGID DIGIT

This is an **annual Mystery Weekender** that started in 1995 and always held on the last weekend in July somewhere cold. It can be full accomodation, camping or a combination of both. There is always an evening meal together as well as a campfire.

The **30th-31st July 2022** is the date for this years event which will be **camping only** (*details below*). It will be a BYO food and Alcohol can be purchased at our lunch stop. The location for lots of laughs and tall stories is always around the traditional camp fire with firewood supplied. It is BYO **Breakfast** also.

Camping Details: Camping this year will cost \$12pp.

The camping area has lots of trees and is level. Amenities with flushing toilets and a small fee for the use of hot showers.

This year no payment needs to be made up front. The venue is happy for payment to be made upon arrival.

It's a great, quiet location within 2hrs of Brisbane with excellent roads in between.

Contact: Gary at gbennett777@gmail.com
or reply to the Event on Facebook.





The June winner for the Pic of the Month is Jane Gray, with a great shot which graces the cover this month. Congrats Jane, a regalia voucher is coming your way...

A reminder of the criteria for the Pic of the Month:

- "Pic of the Month", will run from March to December 2022.
- Each month members are invited to submit a photo that they have taken during that month - there will be no theme, so anything bike/riding/Club event/ bike travel related.
- Prize will be a voucher (\$30 value) with our regalia supplier Gold Star Embroidery. This can get you a t-shirt or a couple of caps or put towards one of the bags (see p 16 for inspo)!
- Entries can be submitted by emailing to the Editors at editor@bmwmcq.org.au with a description of the photo.
- We look forward to seeing your shots!



This month Mark Mustchin has submitted several pics of his Ridge Ride (sadly cut short due to his dose of Covid) - great pics Mark!



Paul Hughes - "In good company" is that an unmarked police bike perhaps?



Mark Mustchin - Barry Way (left) and below "a good coating of dust on day 2".





Tony Gates - Condamine River Road

Jane Gray - Lake Jindabyne, NSW



Richard Maher - I took this pic at the Brisbane airport carpark.

This prankster has decided to confuse all the BMW nerds by fitting a K100 Headlight and indicators to an R80. I like their style.





John Gilbert - pic taken in QLD on a Far Ride.

Mark Mustchin - Old school at Suggan Buggan on the Barry Way



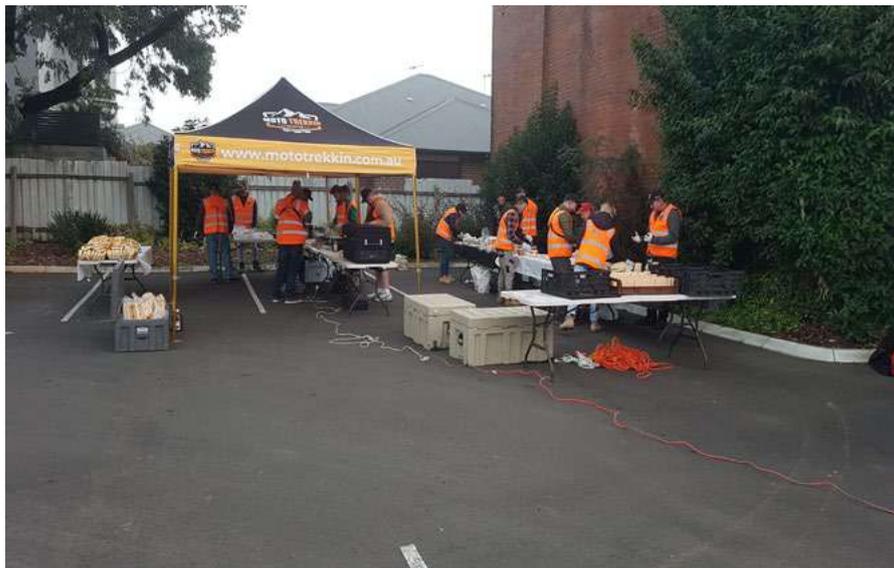
Tony Gray - wonder where??





Jane Gray - Mount Beauty Lookout, VIC

Paul Hughes - "Where did everybody go?"



Mark Mustchin - Ridge Ride, impressive set-up!



Kim Richter - 2 Editors on 1 Tiger contemplating a Westward ride!

By Gary Bennett, Member #509

We were lucky again this year, not because of Covid this time, but it was the weather that was threatening to throw a spanner in the spokes... well at least to the ones that had spokes. An enormous amount of rain fell in the month leading up to the rally and despite that it was primarily an overcast weekend with the odd sprinkle, we still managed to welcome 248 motorcyclists. It was fairly hectic at the gate and with help of some changes to the procedures from last year and help from volunteers Stuart Wade, Pete Ferguson, Geoff Hamon, Paul Hughes and Kelly Wicks we managed to get through it ok. Another improvement made from the previous year was the choice of three organised rides on Saturday morning. Last years' sealed road ride to Paradise Dam and visiting Boolboonda Tunnel was run again, this year led by Tony Gray and a ride via dirt to Paradise Dam was also run led by Duncan Bennett. There was also a third ride to the "Mystery Craters" which was led by Tony Malone, who I think returned with no-one following him again, well done Tony! The usual Gymkhana events were joined by a demonstration event put on by BMWMCQ members called the "Super Thong Toss". In this event a thong can be modified and/or added to something else that would enable it to travel further. The only rules are that it must be a thong and you must be able to wear it on your foot, as it will be thrown and walked in for 6 metres. This appeared to be a hit with the crowd and I eagerly await to see what they create for next year's rally.

This year for the first time we had Cane Toad Races run by the Mt. Perry Development Board with proceeds going to sponsor a local Police Officer who will be running from Mt. Perry to Bundaberg and return non-stop to raise funds for Epilepsy Research.

The traditional Screen Printing on t-shirts for a Gold Coin donation to the RFDS was done again using the resurrected "Fanging Toad" from the early 1980's. The procedure for this was changed and although it worked better than last year, more changes are planned for next year. An enormous thanks to Kelly and Les for their help with this somewhat demanding part of the rally and also to Dennis Barber and Lou Brennan, they all made a great team. Lou also helped with keeping the Ladies toilet/shower block in order, thankyou so much for that.

Kelly also (unplanned) single handedly sold all the raffle tickets for a donated Hepco Becker Top Box with proceeds also donated to the RFDS.

Award winners for Longest Distance Male & Female were Peter & Teresa Golding both riding 1,949km from Melbourne. Longest Distance Pillion was Chrissy Avery travelling 1,023km. The Oldest BMW went to our own Ian Elliott for his 1967 R60/2. Hard Luck Award, with overwhelming support went to Mark Morrissey.

The Slow Race was won by previous BMWMCQ member,

Matt McGuigan who also won the Egg & Spoon race with BMWMCQ member Kathrin Breitenstein as pillion. Busa Mick won the Thong Toss and John McCombe won the Long Thong Toss. Rum Hunt Winners were Con Schuit (*for the 4th year in a row*) and Katherine Breitenstein. This year's Highest Club/Forum attendance went to two clubs, 10 from the Central Coast Motorcycle Touring Club and 10 from the Leisure Riders Touring Motorcycle Club.

Once again, all proceeds from the rally were donated to two Mt. Perry Community Groups and the RFDS.

The growing pains were certainly felt this year and in order to keep each area of the rally running smooth and efficiently, we now plan on forming a committee to take on the responsibility of each of these different areas. It will ensure each area is managed properly and also allow everyone involved to find the time to mix in with our guests and enjoy the rally. More details coming soon.

Some interesting statistics from the Cane Toad Rally

since its re-boot in 2018.

2018 Nindigully - 18 attendees (*advertising started 6 weeks before the rally*)

2019 Toobeah - 67 attendees (*first year at Toobeah & date was changed due to Covid*)

59 New registrations - 8 returned from previous rally (8 were BMWMCQ members)

2020 Toobeah - 56 attendees (*NSW Border closed due to Covid*)

37 New Registrations - 19 returned from previous rallies (8 were BMWMCQ members)

Returning rally goes doubled from last year.

2021 Mt. Perry - 185 attendees (*first year at Mt. Perry*)

140 New Registrations 43 returned from previous rallies (28 were BMWMCQ members)

Returning rally goes more than doubled from last year.

2022 Mt. Perry - 248 attendees (*threat of rain*)

154 New Registrations 93 returned from previous rallies (27 were BMWMCQ members)

Returning rally goes more than doubled from last year.

2 people have attended all 5 Rallies - 15 people have attended 4 Rallies - 17 people have attended 3 Rallies

Since the re-boot in 2018 the Cane Toad Rally has donated a total of **\$6977.80** to the RFDS and Mt. Perry Community Groups.





By Klaus Zillner, Member #4515

Was it a New Year's resolution or was it when fortress QLD reopened its borders? Not sure when we decided that it was time to visit the southern most state of Oz. No doubt the odd glass of red wine (or two) encouraged our decision making process.

Who is "we", you ask? Well, apart from us (Kerry and Klaus) there was another Hervey Bay couple riding a BMW, namely Paul and Anne. Paul had just purchased his brand new BMW R1250RT and had picked it up from Melbourne a few weeks earlier to test out his new steed and get used to a big tourer (coming from a Triumph Tiger 1200). We rode our trusted R1200GSA so two "triple blacks" were ready to hit the road in mid February.

We did not ride in tandem all the way as Paul had taken off from Hervey Bay a couple of days earlier and would join us in Northern NSW, while Anne had decided to fly to Melbourne and join us there. After checking over our GSA and getting a fresh rear tyre (Pirelli Trail to match the front tyre) we departed the Fraser Coast on 15 February for Dalby.



Day 1 saw an uneventful ride around the Bunya Mountains with the weather being kind to us (which remained the case for most of the trip). Day 2 took us to the QLD/NSW border town of Texas. We saw firsthand the damage caused by the earlier floods along the Dumaresq River as we made our way over Mt. Pleasant into Tenterfield.



On day 3 we followed the New England Hwy southbound and turned off at Nemingha (just south of Tamworth) towards Willow Tree and rode onwards to Muswellbrook. There we teamed up with Paul again who had ridden around the Oxley Hwy and Thunderbolts Way the days before.



Day 4 was very interesting as we headed for Denman, backtracked a bit on the Golden Hwy to Sandy Hollow to follow the Bylong Valley Way via Rylstone to Kandos, all great little country towns with lots of history. Turning off at Ilford we headed for Sofala and took another back country road to Bathurst. Of course we had to "conquer" the mountain track in Bathurst with the obligatory

standing start from the grid (no burnouts though - easy on the clutch was the order of the day!). So it was a BMW first and second with no Holden or Ford in sight, something the local media totally failed to witness and to report - unfortunately so (imagine the sponsor money we missed out on...!). Keeping west of the Great Dividing Range we took a lesser known and very quiet route to Trunkey Creek and south towards Crookwell where we turned off to Gunning, followed by a short spurt on the Hume Hwy for a well earned rest at Yass.



Day 5 started off with another short(ish) ride on the Hume heading west to Gundagai where we turned south to Tumut to catch some twisties. A terrific road with lots of hills running across the foothills of the Snowy Range, through pleasant little towns like Batlow and Tumbarumba to the Victorian mining town of Corryong (site of the old Mt. Elliott gold mine). There we hit the Murray Valley highway (it runs parallel south of the perhaps better known Murray River road) which is anything but a highway, as it meanders west towards Wodonga. However, at Tallangatta we veered off and took (part of) the Great Alpine Rd to the historic and very picturesque township of Beechworth before heading to Wangaratta. Paul (a.k.a. "Ironbutt") had enough energy left to carry on to Melbourne but we decided to call it a day and stopped in Wangaratta for the night.

Our destination for day 6 (Sunday) was Melbourne but avoiding the Hume we decided to ride through the picturesque King Valley to Mansfield. This is of course a popular long range Sunday destination for Melbourne's motorcyclists

with the main attraction being the 60+ km stretch between Mansfield and the Whitfield pub. We were told to watch out as these roads are heavily policed - especially as the route east of Mansfield leads to the snowfields and people are quite often in a hurry (getting there or heading home). As it turned out that was the least of our worries....!

We took a little side trip on a dirt road to Powers Lookout clambering out on the rock of its namesake bushranger (an Irishman with an infamous track record) - and that nearly threw a spanner in our itinerary. Heading back to the main road the red warning lamp on the dash alerted us to a problem - yes, the new(ish) Pirelli rear tyre was going flat fast! Not what we needed with some 300 km to go to Melbourne Port and having to catch the Spirit of Tasmania the next morning. We pulled over as far as we could on the dirt road, lightened the load (panniers off etc) and inspected the tyre with the bike on the centre stand. The Pirelli was pretty deflated already which made it hard to find the leak; we sacrificed a bit of drinking water pouring it over the tyre but no familiar bubbling sights or sounds. We were right on the edge of Telstra coverage but did manage to contact BMW Road Assistance - it pays to keep that little insurance running.



There was a bit of vehicular traffic going both ways but disappointingly no one stopped to offer their assistance, including another GS rider (thanks, mate!).

Eventually we waved someone down to give us a hand. Luckily that kind person was very helpful and did indeed have an air compressor; so we re-inflated the tyre and managed to spot the leak, a



bit of a gash from a sharp stone by the looks of it. I plugged the hole with two plugs but no joy, still leaking. A third plug followed with the same result; we were running out of options. Fortunately another 4x4 stopped driven by a beefy South African bloke who was also a GS rider - and he had a tyre repair kit with more (and thicker!) plugs. This time the plug held and we quickly geared up to carry on to Mansfield (~ 40 km away). The first driver was going the same way so he offered to shadow us on the way which turned out to be a life saver, sure enough the battered Pirelli started to leak again and we were forced to pull over several times, pump up the tyre and carry on ever so gently (the windy road did not help matters either). Eventually we reached Mansfield and limped into a service station, where we offered our "escort" free coffee and a diesel tank refill which they declined (the kindness of strangers...).



No chance to find an open tyre repair shop on a Sunday arvo - but luck was on our side once again. A group of friendly VIC bikers had pulled in and offered their assistance. So we plugged the tyre once again - how many more plugs?! But this

time it seemed to work, we re-inflated the stricken Pirelli and the pressure held firm. So we called off the BMW "rescue team" and took off on our final 250 km to Melbourne. A rather nervous journey with one eye constantly on the dash battling the afternoon traffic on the road to Yea and then south to Yarra Glen with Melbourne (almost) in sight. But the tyre held with the pressure just dropping ever so slightly - all good and we reached the city. One more top up of fuel and air at the servo and off to the hotel for a well earned coldie! In the meantime Paul had called some of his contacts in Tassie and managed to organise a replacement tyre in Ulverstone to be fitted on the Tuesday; quite an incredible feat on a Sunday afternoon!



Off to the ferry on morning of day 7 (Monday) with a long queue of cars and (fewer) bikes lining up at the docks. The Pirelli played along with the air pressure holding. Once the checks and paperwork were done we were onboard, bike strapped down

and off on our day cruise to Devonport. As expected the Bass Strait was a bit breezy but the voyage went fairly smooth, even out in the open seas. We got to our destination in good time; getting off the ferry in Tassie was quick and simple. We spend the night in Devonport after enjoying some excellent Tasmanian seafood and wine.



into the spectacularly white sands of Boat Harbour Beach for a seafood lunch.



Paul and Anne had already carried on to Smithton on Duck Bay, the last stop before Arthur River and the Tarkine Wilderness area with Marrawah (a surfer's paradise if you do not mind the cold...) on the coast of the Southern Ocean. Our destination instead was the historic town of Stanley in the shadow of The Nut, a huge 200m high volcanic plug; the town boasts beautifully preserved colonial buildings now housing cafes and B&B cottages. Of course we had to take the open chairlift ride to the top of The Nut looking out for seals and penguins - without much luck though. Again we enjoyed some beautiful seafood washed down with more wine before settling into our historic cottage accommodation.

On the morning of day 8 we rode straight to Ulverstone (~25 km west of Devonport) to get our new tyre, goodbye Pirelli and welcome Michelin (Anakee Adv). The guys at the bike shop in Ulverstone were very helpful and did an excellent job. We had a little stroll around Ulverstone with its rich agricultural tradition (there is also a chance to see penguins walk up the beach each night at Lillico Beach) before heading west on the winding coastal road via "The Big Penguin" (in a town called - you guessed it - Penguin) to Burnie which is a really more of an industrial hub around the pretty Emu Bay. On to Wynyard we went, a popular holiday spot for beach activities and fishing, where we briefly stopped at the windswept Table Cape, with its lighthouse and spectacular views of the coast and farmlands. A few kilometers further west we tucked



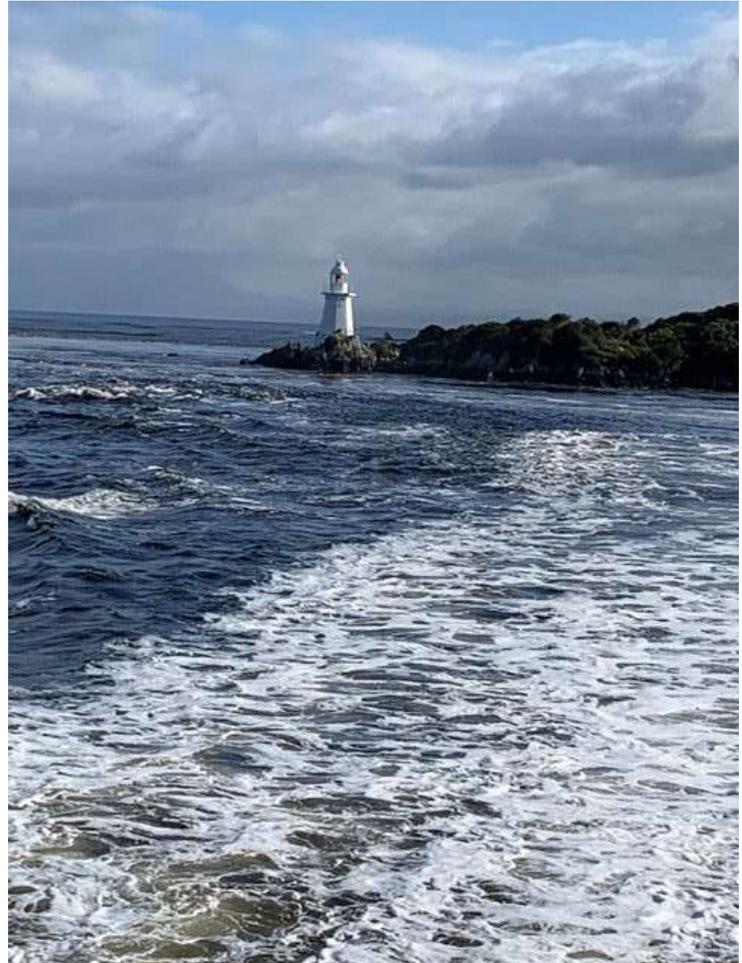


On Day 9 we caught up with our co-riders again as we backtracked along the coastal road to Somerset where the Murchison Hwy starts meandering through the central Tassie ranges. A twisty ride towards Hellyer Gorge where we briefly stopped in the rainforest-clad valley but quickly descending fog and gusty windy conditions made us continue on south. Rosebery is typically the main stop along here but we decided to continue on another spectacular ride to Zeehan where we took the lesser road over the low watershed between the Badger and Little Henty Rivers. From there it was a fairly fast and open run past the impressive Henty Dunes (offering quad rides...) around the back of Ocean Beach to our next stop for two nights, Strahan. This seaside town proved to be a popular holiday destination for two- and four-wheelers alike as it is an ideal spot to explore the rugged West Coast.



Day 10 was a rest day for our steeds but not for us. We had booked a boat cruise through Macquarie Harbour, Australia's second largest natural harbour and six times the size of Sydney Harbour! The cruise took us southwest first to the aptly named Hells Gates at Macquarie Heads, an very shallow and narrow stretch of canal requiring exceptional navigation skills for boaters. The weather gods smiled on us (again!) and even our skipper was impressed as it is apparently rare for the cruise boat to be able to venture into the Southern Ocean - even ever so briefly. Heading back in the harbour we set afoot Sarah Island which was used as a penal settlement where convicts were forced to work under some of the harshest conditions. The prisoners' stories are

captivated in "The Ship That Never Was" play (and book) about the last great escape from the island. The cruise took us further south in the magic Gordon River where we stopped at the Heritage Landing to stretch our legs and see the remains of a historical Huon pine logging site. Back in Strahan we had a brief look at the impressive Ocean Beach before enjoying yet more Tassie cuisine and beverages.



The many tight twisties of the Lyell Hwy awaited us on day 11 as we made our way to Tassie's capital, Hobart. The first stretch to Queenstown works its way up a long ridge above the King River Valley, luckily there was no rain in sight as this road could potentially be treacherous when wet. More caravans and motor homes to look out for as this is probably one of Tasmania's most scenic and exciting roads to ride/drive. Queenstown's hillsides shows almost no vegetation with the smelters' fumes having done their dirty work over the years. After a brief coffee stop at the railway station (with an interesting little museum) we continued over Mt Owen to Nelson Falls, crossing Lake Burbury on the way. Nelson Falls is a short walk off the carpark near the main road but well worth it.



Heading further east along the Nelson Valley and the various ranges (Raglan, Collingwood, Loddon, King William, Cheyne to name a few) the road divides Cradle Mountain - Lake St Clair National Park to the north from Franklin-Gordon Wild Rivers National Park to the south. More spectacular views and curves along the next 100 km to Derwent Bridge, the gateway to Lake St Clair and the Walls of Jerusalem National Park. We stopped at the Visitor's Centre for a break and to take in the scenery; further excursions in the national park require permits or booking a boat trip on the lake but the cruising times did not work out for us. We pledged to come back and bring along our hiking boots! More twisties awaited us along the road to Bronte and more fantastic views following the Derwent River Valley.

Bronte Lagoon is supposed to be the geographical centre of Tasmania as we made our way past Tarraleah Falls (with the giant pipes of one of The Hydro's, the Tasmanian Hydroelectric Commission) towards Drying Ground Ridge and for our lunch/fuel stop in Hamilton. This rural town sits on the banks of the Clyde River with beautiful views of the Great Western Tiers; apparently Hamilton

was home to a bustling mix of breweries, inns and an illegal liquor trade in the 19th century. We decided to remain law-abiding citizens and rode on unimpaired.

The country side then flattens out a bit as we continued to New Norfolk, with the town claiming yet another one of the "oldest pubs in Australia". Apparently Budweiser grow their hops in this area and run their own research facility which makes you wonder why their beer tastes so awful. After that the Derwent River widens and becomes more dominant in the landscape as we rode past Bridgewater (where we glanced at the convict-built causeway near Granton) and finally into Hobart. What a great day of riding and scenery! That evening we enjoyed a memorable dining experience at the iconic "Drunken Admiral Seafarers Restaurant" on Hobart's waterfront. Hobart was our stopover place for the next three nights with more adventures and sightseeing awaiting us.



On day 12 we got seaborne (not airborne) again as we left Hobart southbound on the Channel Hwy along its riverside suburbs, a lovely road with corners of just about every radius with good tar



and generally good sightlines. Heading to Kettering to catch our ferry the highway follows the coast very closely in long, sweeping corners. Being two up and lighter with no panniers added to the fun! The ferry to Bruny Island across the waters of the D'Entrecasteaux Channel (named after Bruni D'Entrecasteaux, a French 18th century explorer) takes around 20 minutes but queueing times can be significantly longer (as we discovered on our way home!). The ferry drops you off on North Bruny from where one heads south past the photogenic Neck Beach with Isthmus Bay on your right (west) and Adventure Bay on your left (east). The latter was our main destination as the Bruny Island Cruises depart from there.



There are a couple of operators with Pennicott Wilderness Journeys probably the best known and most popular, for good reason. We enjoyed a brilliant ride in one of their speedboats way down the rugged coastline of South Bruny all

the way to the bottom end of Boreel Head, Tasman Head and The Friars. Nothing between us and the Antarctic from this point on, we were told! Great boating skills and plenty of wildlife, seals, birds etc. Well worth the money but we recommend to take the early morning ride as the afternoons on the Tasman Sea can get quite choppy.



As we took off from Adventure Bay we even spotted an albino wallaby - our first one ever. We took a quick look at the west coast of South Bruny as there is a historic lighthouse (built in 1836) on Cape Bruny but the dirt road south of Lunawanna was not to our liking, especially with threatening rain clouds moving in. At the end we did encounter a few light showers as we headed up north again but sampling some freshly chucked oysters and a wedge (or two) of Bruny Island's iconic cheeses made up for it.

Being a Saturday afternoon there was a long line of cars waiting to get on the ferry back to the main island but we managed to do some "lane splitting" and got in front of the queue, joined by a couple more GS riders from NSW. The friendly ferryman actually waved us bikers on first to the apparent dislike of the four wheeling crowd -

grumble, grumble (get over it!!).



Day 13 was spent sightseeing in Hobart, with the city offering a buzzing mix of arts and culture, fine wine and food, not to mention a rich history. The Georgian-era sandstone buildings tell stories of a bygone era and some of museums and galleries are simply outstanding. The Salamanca markets are a culinary delight and the adjacent old town of Battery Point is full of interesting historic houses, little shops and cafés. Good thing we were more or less “maxed out” with our luggage space otherwise... While our friends managed to dash up Mt Wellington the day prior and did enjoy a clear view of the city we had less luck with the weather on that day - the summit was covered in clouds all day.

On day 14 we bid farewell to Hobart, heading out over the tall Tasman Bridge (hoping that no large vessel would hit the pylons and bring the bridge down - as shown in the Maritime Museum!), past the airport and across the long double causeway to Sorell. Although we had planned a quick dash to Port Arthur the weather had other ideas (uncharacteristically blowing in rain clouds from the east instead) and we had to alter our plans. So we followed the Tasman Hwy via Triabunna to Swansea donning our rain gear. With the easterly gusting at nearly gale force the ride to Bicheno (just north of Freycinet National Park) was not overly enjoyable. Time to hunker down at our AirBnB and wait for better weather, but at least the bikes got a (free) wash!

The lady at the Bicheno AirBnB welcomed us warmly and handed us the keys to her little chalet set amongst some horse paddocks. That was something

oddly familiar about her, at least for my (Klaus') Aussie co-riders. Then the penny dropped - the owner was former Olympic swimmer Shane Gould who won five medals in 1972! Apparently Shane divides her time between Sydney and Bicheno. What a pleasant surprise - who would have thought!?



With the weather clearing up a bit the next morning, on day 15, we had a quick look at Bicheno’s blowhole and then carried on northwards past the picturesque Douglas-Ashley Nat’l Park to tackle the Elephant Pass up to St. Marys. That pass is quite narrow and tight so one needs to watch out for oncoming traffic. More clouds were pushing in from the east and we were contemplating taking the Esk Hwy from St. Marys and then continue northwest on the Midland Hwy to Launceston. But the St. Marys Pass down towards the coast to Scamander and St. Helens was just a more attractive option.



St. Helens is the largest town on Tassie’s East Coast, just a few kilometers from beautiful Binalong



Bay and the Bay of Fires, the latter peppered with the famous orange-hued boulders - both well worth a visit. Then the Tasman Hwy beckoned, more tight twisties and ups/downs along a beautiful country road. A few isolated showers along the way with plenty of leaf litter (plus caravans & trucks!) kept us on our toes. This looked like untamed forest country in places, especially over the Weldborough Pass (some forest walks looked tempting but not over damp muddy ground wearing our bike gear).

A brief stop in Scottsdale and more great roads awaited us on our final stretch to Launceston. This is Tasmania's second largest city and one of Australia's oldest, offering heritages streetscapes and well-kept building facades along the waterfront. We spent two nights, days 16 and 17, in Launceston to have a chance to visit the Cataract Gorge Reserve (amazingly within walking distance from the town centre) and explore the Tamar Valley wine region, one of Tasmania's oldest wine growing region. We made our turn north into the East Tamar Hwy, then over the Batman Bridge and back south along the West Tamar Hwy. A terrific run with quite a few options to turn onto small roads to the coast or further inland.

Day 18 saw us heading back to Devonport via Deloraine (with more historic buildings) and the Bass Hwy, a short dash to the main port town on the north coast. Although we had planned to do a detour to the Great Lake via the "Roof of Tasmania" but we had to skip that one due to time constraints (next time!).

On day 19 we boarded our ferry back to the mainland again, having an exceptionally smooth journey across the Bass Strait, arriving in Melbourne in the late afternoon.

Although we intended to ride to Lakes Entrance and the Alpine Road to Tallangatta on day 20, the Victorian weather had other ideas. With heavy rain over the dividing range we decided to hightail it over the not so inspiring (but dry!) Hume Hwy to Wangaratta, before continuing to Canberra on day 20. Paul and Anne were continuing up north towards Sydney to catch up with family and friends, while we did the same in Canberra for the next four days. Bike and bodies were given a welcome rest.

Day 24 saw us dashing up on the M23 to Goulburn and then west of the Great Dividing Range



(also called the “sandstone curtain” by the locals) to Oberon, quite a beautiful road and part of the Tablelands Way. Onwards we pushed to Lithgow and then via Ilford to Mudgee for our night stop. On day 25 our destination was Australia’s country music capital (not really our cup of tea though...) crossing the Golden Hwy at Uarby and then veering north via the Black Stump Way to the Oxley Hwy at the little township of Mullaley. From there we headed east on the Oxley through Gunnedah to Tamworth. Nice easy sweeping corners and not too much traffic, so quite enjoyable.

We were tempted to ride on to Manilla, Barraba and Bingara (near the Gwydyr River) on day 26 but a bit of travel fatigue (or saddle soreness?) had set in and we simply followed the New England Hwy to Tamworth. Disappointingly the Russian Ural motorcycle shop in Uralla (pun intended?) was closed so we pushed on to Armidale and Glen Innes. It is still a picturesque ride across the top of New England. In Tenterfield we caught up with some of the “SEQ Riders” from Brisbane who had come in for an overnigher from up north. As the SEQ guys say “what happens in Tenterfield, stays in Tenterfield”

so no comments on who behaved (no one really) and who did not (everyone actually).



The SEQ Riders tempted us to join them the next morning, on our day 27, but we (perhaps wisely?) took the easier route again and crossed into QLD south of Stanthorpe before taking the Cunningham Hwy north of Warwick. We always wanted to try out the Cunninghams Gap and being Sunday everyone else seemed to have had the same idea; plenty of traffic but still interesting scenery. From there it was the usual tedious ride into Ipswich and via The Gap to Dayboro. Our preferred route via Fernvale and Mt. Glorious to Samford was closed due to recent weather events.

Our BMW was due for her 30,000 km service in Brisbane and she had performed flawlessly throughout the trip. Cannot fault the good old GSA! After spending a couple of days with family near Dayboro it was time to head back to the Fraser Coast on day 30, avoiding the Bruce Hwy as much as we could.

So after a month of great adventures our memorable trip came to an end, some 6,700 km later.





May mid-week ride - led by Paul Hughes with morning tea at Kilcoy and lunch at Baroon Pocket Dam. Weather mostly kind with a downpour while lunch was had.



May lunch ride to Goombungee Pub



WE TOOK THE CHANCE

JEGMay2022

*Flooding rains in the recent past
Flooding rains filled rivers fast
More predicted in coming days
Flooding rains their shadows cast*

*We wondered if we really could
We wondered if we really would
Get away for a long bike ride
Then wondered if we really should*

*We took the chance and rode away
We took the chance though skies were grey
South towards the mountain roads
We took the chance & seized the day*

*Back home the flooding rains poured down
Back home they thought they just might drown
While we were riding in bright sunshine
Back home it was a soggy town*

*We rode for days under crisp blue sky
We rode for days over mountains high
We're back home now & thankfully
We rode it all completely dry*



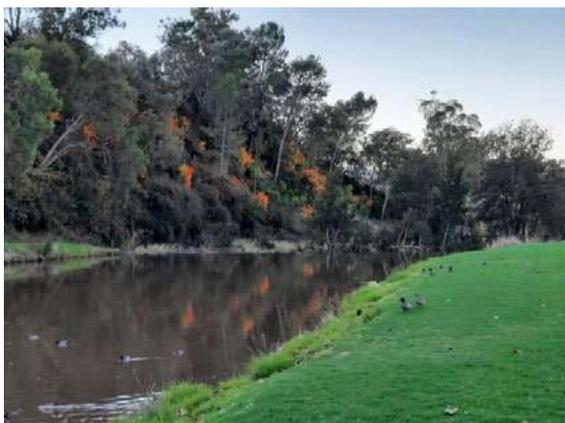
By Tony Gray, Member #3905

It is said that birds fly south for the winter, but that surely only applies to the northern hemisphere where south equals warmth. In our beautiful southern hemisphere south in winter equals cold so surely the birds must fly north. Now let us swap birds for motorcyclists and apply the same logic. Why would a motorcyclist escape the warmth of the north for the cold of the south. Well for Jane and me that reason can be summed up in one word - RAIN. Yes rain, seemingly never ending rain. It appeared that the whole of Queensland was under water and had been that way for most of 2022. Our editors had escaped by heading to the red heart of Australia, we didn't have that much time so our only option was to head south - yes, straight into the face of those migrating birds.

Our road trips normally have a theme or at least a destination but this one had neither. Our goal was to keep dry and see some new country along with some old favorites. We planned on about 10 to 14 days away. The Grey Ghost was serviced and ready to go and then there was a crack in the weather and we were off. Options to exit Brisbane in mid-May were very limited with all major highways closed at various points and with many popular major secondary roads also closed. We headed towards Warwick under cloudy skies, got turned around at a flooded road but kept heading west on the Cunningham Highway until we found blue sky and sunshine.



Our first night destination was across the border at Inverell so we left the highway turning south towards Texas past Lake Coolmunda. Evidence of the big wet was everywhere to be seen with the lake full and standing water lapping at the road edges. We arrived in Inverell to a collage of beautiful autumn colours.



We had feared that we may have been too late in the season for this stunning feature on Mother Nature's Calendar. A note here about staying in Inverell - it is very much like Tenterfield and Stanthorpe in that the HOUSE FULL sign is often on display. If booking, book early or risk disappointment.

We had found what we were looking for with bright sunshine and blue skies. Yes the temps were very cool but after Brisbane's unseasonably warm and humid autumn this was most welcome. A visit to the excellent National Motor Museum was declined as we had been there last year. The alternative morning run down to Uralla after an excellent breakfast at the Australia Cafe was bracing. This café has become a 'must visit' for us when in Inverell. It is housed in a classic old building in the town centre that was rebuilt after being gutted by fire. It is the characters who run the place that make it so interesting as well as the food that will satiate any appetite. I liken the proprietors to an Australian Ma & Pa Kettle if you are old enough to remember those comedy characters from early 50's TV. Pa takes orders in his notebook, no iPads here, while always wearing his cap. Ma is a rotund lady like everybody's favorite Grandmother and manages the kitchen and the finances. Long may these Australiana Characters last to add colour to our country.

There are many excellent roads radiating from Inverell and the one we chose through Bundarra to Uralla is part of Thunderbolts Way that extends all the way to Gloucester. We didn't delay passing through Uralla as Cafe Graze and their excellent coffee and pastries drew us on to Walcha. Walcha is very much at a crossroads of the renowned Oxley Highway and Thunderbolts Way. A question mark hung over whether the mighty Ox was indeed open. The Council had announced that major repairs were required on the road following the disastrous rain events of Feb/March and that the highway would be closed. There was a local uproar and the council backed off keeping the Highway open with restrictions while work was undertaken. This pleased fellow club member Ross Layther whose riding group was on their way to tackle the Oxley. On this trip however we were heading south so a trip down the Oxley would have to wait for another day.

Several years ago Port Macquarie club members Steve Herpich & Darrell Jordan shared their local knowledge of a road called Port Stephens Cutting. The path to this tight twisting piece of motorcycling delight starts about 50km down Thunderbolts Way at Topdale Road. What follows is a 60km mix of open sweeping range road, the steep twisting descent through Port Stephens Cutting then more twisting open roads along the valley floor to Dungowan. My earnest search efforts failed to unearth why a road over 200 km from the sea should be named after a Port over 250km distant? Satiated we cruised into Nundle for an afternoon tour of the Woollen Mill and a coldie at the excellent Peel Inn.

The Woollen Mill is certainly worth a look regardless if you know a knitting needle from a Tunisian needle (as Jane does). The machinery is positively ancient having started out as steam powered early last century but it all still works to transform the fleece off a sheep's back into high quality yarn to satisfy the most discerning ladies at the CWA. The Peel Inn is well regarded in the motorcycling community and justly so. It has been in the one family for over half a century and provides a great bistro feed and a cooked breakfast to set you

up for the next day.



Nundle is currently embroiled in a local arm wrestle over a proposed wind farm above the town at Hanging Rock. A local told us that there was a small group of 'entitled' individuals opposed to the wind farm while the majority saw the benefits that would flow to the community. Regardless of the wind farm outcome, a ride up to the Hanging Rock Lookout is well worthwhile.



Our ride down to the Bylong Valley was thwarted with a road closed sign on the Merriwa Road. A longer detour down the NE Highway ensued before we could cut across to Denman (now with a new One-Way main street) and a crossing of the Bylong Valley to our overnight stop at Rylstone. Sadly the Bylong Valley Road is in a very deteriorated state. It never was a smooth road but this year's weather events have further knocked it around. This was a theme of our trip with regular interruptions for road works, road hazards and caution signs. There is a massive job ahead of the local councils and respective state governments and I cannot see this being fixed for a very long time. Need to take care when you are about on your bike (or car).

The weather was being very kind to us as we continued our path south always checking the weather predictions before committing to a path forward. After Sofala we were transported back to the 70s as we passed the 30+ year old cars competing in the Variety Charity Bash.



There must have been years of work put into these cars in the sheds of Australia. Well done team for a great cause and a lot of fun. Bathurst (with a lap of the track) rolled by before we hit our first bout of really cold weather reminding us that we were on the cusp of winter.



Oberon is a noted cold spot and it didn't disappoint. We were heading towards historic Taralga but first had to cross Black Springs at 1210m in heavy fog. It was very cold. After Taralga we turned west through Crookwell to Cootamundra under a weak sun that felt like a furnace after the chill of Black Springs. The roadkill of wombats and foxes was starkly contrasted with the rich fields where the grazing sheep looked like puffs of cloud pushing out of a green sky. It was very pretty indeed.

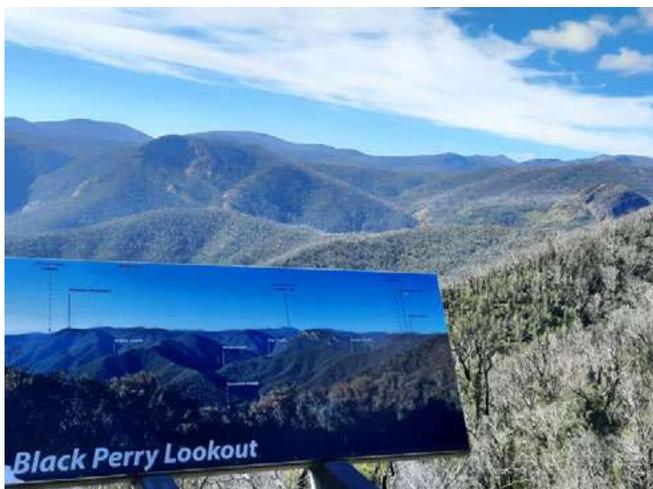
Cootamundra draws on its notoriety as the birthplace of arguably the World's Greatest Cricketer, Don Bradman, with a Bradman Museum and Captain's Walk - a park containing the bronze busts of all of Australia's Cricket Captains. It is a good town in which to stay being well located about 2 days ride from Brisbane on the way to Melbourne. Cootamundra is also the home of 'Helen's Coffee Lounge' which was the recommended breakfast venue. We couldn't remember the last time we had visited a 'Coffee Lounge' so ticked this off the list. The food was very good but there wasn't a Helen to be seen - it was an all-male ensemble!



Progress south from Coota is not possible without crossing that colossus of an altar to the motorcar, the Hume Highway. We not only had to cross it but trek along its concrete runway for about 15km before escaping at Gundagai and heading straight up the Snowy Mountains Highway. The Grey Ghost is not a highway sort of girl so was straining at the bit as she ascended the sweeping ascent. It is a beautiful piece of tarmac en route to Tumut. We stopped to visit Blowering Dam, part of the Snowy Mountains Scheme that was built in the 1960s. With a surface area of approx. 4,500ha it has three times the volume of Sydney Harbour. It was no surprise then that Ken Warby chose this site to attempt to break the World Waterspeed Record on 8 October 1978. Ken driving the 'Spirit of Australia' achieved a world record speed of 317.6MPH (511 KPH) that is yet to be beaten.



We continued to climb the Cumberland Range where the Gap sits at a height of 1220m. At a viewing point we picked out 'Black Perry' a rare 'skarn' deposit. When I say we picked it out, I really mean we read the notice board. Knowing how excited Co-Editor and sometime Rocktologist Duncan would be with our good fortune Jane promptly shot off a photograph and waited to hear of a seismic shift somewhere around Coober Pedy where our editors were touring. The reply of 'cool' was somewhat shy of seismic but it probably doesn't rate top shelf in the Skarn World!



After all of the excitement with the Skarn and with the caffeine high of Helen's Coffee Lounge quickly wearing off we were getting desperate for another fix. There isn't much along this stretch of the Snowy Mountains Highway and it

was a Saturday so prospects looked bleak. More in hope than expectation I turned off the highway to one of those soul-less little Snowy Mountains Authority Towns, Talbingo. Eureka, there was a mobile coffee van parked off the road on a green verge in perfect sunshine. Needless to say no sooner had we parked the GG and ordered our mugs of the magic fluid than bodies started appearing and descended on the van like seagulls on a hot chip. Where they came from and where they went after getting their coffees will remain a mystery as there were no other signs of life in Talbingo. As we pulled out of Talbingo I gave a quick glance into the rear view mirror and I am sure that the Coffee Van had also disappeared – perhaps a sighting of the mobile van version of the Flying Dutchman.

What was very real was the three P Platers we loomed up behind on the highway heading towards Cooma. These three young lads were wringing the necks of their Lams bikes in their attempts to keep ahead of the behemoth of the Grey Ghost shadowing their rear. They weren't taking bad lines through the sweepers but were hitting the red line on the straights. After several km they pulled over and gave us a big Thumbs UP, no doubt with broad smiles under their helmets. Oh to be young again! The Alpine Hotel is a popular Pub for bikers but surprisingly ours was the only bike in the locked shed in what was a full house. The owners have taken the Covid hiatus as an opportunity to install a new enclosed beer garden and external pizza oven.



Fortunately the bike shed has been retained. There was a Canberra based band playing which may have accounted for some of the patronage but here was another case of book ahead. Fortunately we didn't tune in for the full gig as one of the roadies told us next morning as we were loading that they didn't get to hit the pillows until 3.30am. That is certainly not for these two little wood-ducks.

Cooma turned on a blanket of fog next morning and it was COLD. The BOM said below zero and they don't lie.



We both agreed that donning our wet weather gear did not constitute riding in rain and thus breaking the trips ethos. It was just as well we did as I had the hand warmers cranked up to warp speed but was still cold as rivulets of water ran off the screen. The fog lifted to reveal a beautiful sunny sky just before Berridale, about halfway to Jindabyne. The dam at Jindabyne was picture perfect as was the continuing ride to the Ranger Station at the entry to Kosciuszko National Park before Thredbo.



There is a Park Usage Fee but it is waived if you are just passing through as we were. What surprised was the NSW Police Patrol car with mobile radar parked only metres from the Ranger Station. It is a mystery of who/what he expected to catch speeding through the booths? On the Kosciuszko Way Drive we passed our highest point of the Great Dividing Range at 1580 m and there was snow and more importantly snow melt that had frozen to ice on the shaded side of the mountain. Care was needed as I had left my snow chains home in Brisbane.

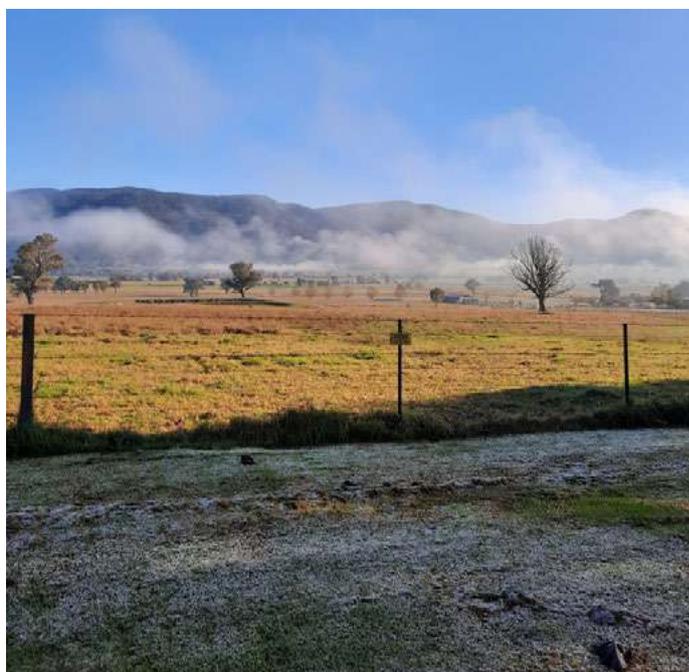


We stopped at another of those Snowy Mountains Authority townships for lunch. Fortunately there is much more life in Khancoban than there was in Talbingo. The 'Pickled Parrot Providore' (I'm not making this stuff up!) delivered the best pie I had on the whole trip and they had some real competition. The mountain descent to the Murray Valley is steep and narrow in many places and most 4 wheel drives seem to think the road is for them alone. Care required.

Not too far out of Corryong and thinking how hard it would be to ride back up to the Pickled Parrot for a dinner pie we came across Farmer Jones and his herd of future pie fillings. Neither Farmer Jones nor his herd cared too much for the Grey Ghosts arrival and just continued their slow wander along the road shitting as they went – the cows that is, I never saw the farmer take the liberty. Eventually the herd

cleared a path for a 4x4 coming in the opposite direction and we took the opportunity to squeeze our way through. I was carefully avoiding the cowshit and clearly missed seeing the 10mm tek screw waiting in our path. Or perhaps it had been consumed and passed through one of the cows? As we started to accelerate away the clip clip clip coming from the back wheel indicated a slight problem. Bugger. We pulled onto the verge to fix the tyre and the cows came around to have a peek, or maybe to claim back the tek screw.

Plans for a day ride to Omeo were put to bed as I arranged for a new tyre to be fitted in Albury. We received excellent service from a small local bike shop, Buzz's Bikes & Bits, who had a new tyre fitted and balanced for us as soon as we arrived from Corryong. The day was not wasted however as we fitted in a ride around the Victorian High Country including a visit to the Beechworth Bakery before returning to Corryong. The Motel is on the eastern edge of town with a mountain backdrop. Each morning we were greeted with frosts and fog making for a great picture and a cool ride.



We had been unable to secure a third night at the Mountain View Motel in Corryong (an old favorite) so opted for an alternative down the road at Tallangatta (pronounced tuh-lang-guh-tuh) which is a town that was moved to its present location in 1956 when the old town was flooded with the raising of the Hume Weir. More riding next day in the High Country with great roads along the Keiwa Valley, Mt Beauty, Bright and Myrtleford included.

Rain was headed this way so we pulled up stumps and headed north again hitting heavy fog that had been a morning feature along the Murray Valley Highway. Between Tallangatta & Koetung there is a turn to the C546 road that goes over Granya Mountain. Unfortunately our ascent on this beautiful biking road was in heavy fog but we broke into clear air before the top and had a great descent towards the Murray River. The main Murray Valley Highway that we had been plying for the previous couple of days runs through the valley but not along the river. That task falls to the C546 road better known as the Murray River Road. It carries much less traffic and as a consequence is not as heavily policed as its



better known cousin to the south. Eventually you cross the Murray into NSW at Jingellic. We had stopped at a lookout along the way and were fortunate to meet a contractor who was inspecting sign boards at various vantage points along the way highlighting features of the region. This is part of a State promotion campaign. This site featured the Wedge Tailed Eagle that inhabits the area. There was a large statue of the bird to draw attention to its presence in the river basin.



Also in this area was a monument to the Murray Grey breed of cattle that was developed on a property in the area in the early years of the 20th century and has now spread world wide – maybe even to the Pickled Parrot?

It is a great ride from Jingellic to Tumbumba which passes through harvestable pine forests and past the big Hyne timber mill just outside of Tumba. These forests were destroyed in the bush fires just over 2 years ago. I have passed the Hynes yards on several occasions and they are invariably filled with timber being seasoned or awaiting despatch. Not so this time as there was a lot of open yard as the industry struggles to recover from the devastation of that fire season. Consider

that when you cannot get your stick of pine from Bunnings for a DIY project. Tumba also boasts an excellent bakery, another must on any bakery tour of Australia. Further north we passed through Batlow and the regrowth on the trees belies the horror of what it must have felt like in the town as burnt trees encroach right to the edges of the town on all sides. Our mate from the sign company had told us that they had felt the loss of one of their local fire fighters in this area.

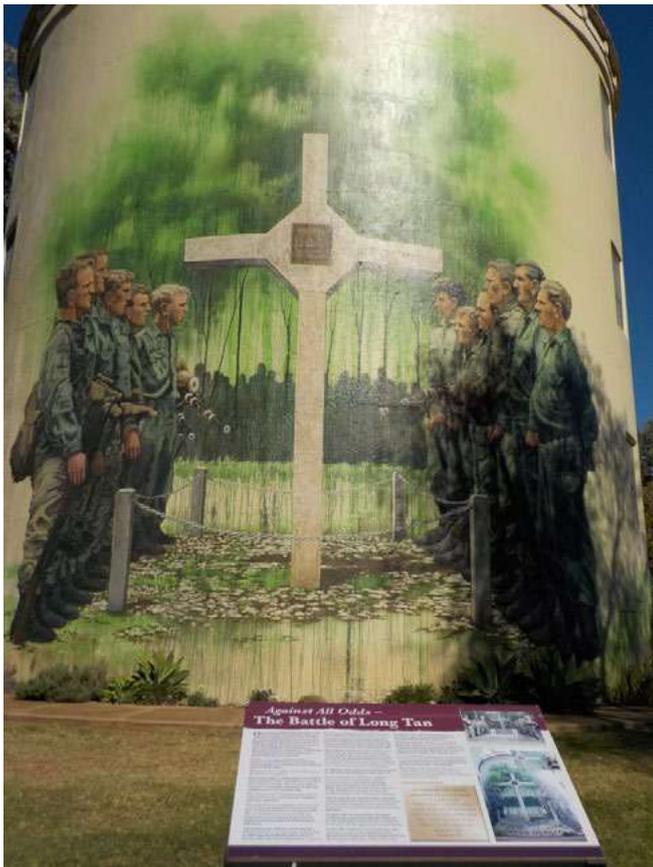


We crossed back into Gundagai but stopped for a feed this time and were rewarded with finding what is claimed to be the oldest working bakery in Australia dating from 1864. Fortunately the pies were a bit fresher. We had planned to stay in Young or then Grenfell but both had HOUSE FULL so we booked into Cowra which isn't a bad alternative. The Japanese Gardens are a delight and are meticulously maintained by local volunteers.



We also visited the site of former WW2 POW camp for which Cowra is renowned. There has been a lot of work put into the site with story boards depicting life in the camp and the Japanese breakout. A replica guard tower has also been constructed. It is well worth a visit. The next stage of our trip was thwarted by flood waters further north. We had planned to visit Lightning Ridge before crossing into Qld at Hebel and onto Dirranbandi and St George but the Balonne River Basin was flooded and the road closed. We opted instead to return via Coonabarabran, Gunnedah and north through Manilla, Barraba, Bingara, Inverell and onto Glen Innes for our last night on the road. Gunnedah has some very appealing silo art including a very prominent work dedicated to Dorothy Mackellar who spent time writing her famous poetry on her brother's property near Gunnedah. There is a less prominent piece dedicated to the Battle of Long Tan where the former water tower has been converted into a Vietnam War

Museum. Unfortunately it is only open on Sunday mornings and we were there on a Friday.



Manilla was the site of the World Paragliding Championships in 2007 and is world famous for its topography and conditions for extended flights in gliders and paragliders. Probably more significantly this was the site where Mark Mustchin did some glider training flights. It is a neat town close to the massive Lake Keepit. Its sister towns along this route, Barraba & Bingara are both worth a visit with curious shops and pubs. Barraba has also joined the silo art trail with the 'Water Diviner' depicted.



We tossed up between the Gwydir and Bruxner Highways for our run home and opted for the Bruxner down from Tenterfield to see how the recovery efforts were going after the big wet. Across the top of the range the road was fine but pot holes started to appear on the descent and there was a stop/go light system in operation above Drake and below Tabalum. Care was required as some of the badly damaged sections had no warning markers – maybe the Council had just run out of signs. Buoyed by the relatively good condition of the Bruxner I thought I would try our luck on Clarence Way through Bonalbo and Urbenville en route to Woodenbong.



This was a big mistake as the road is terribly torn up and was hard work on the GS – I felt for the rider on the RT going the opposite direction. By comparison the road from Woodenbong to the Qld border was in pretty good condition but deteriorated after the border but never anything like Clarence Way.

We arrived home after 11 days on the road covering 4,327km in the process. The trip reinforced what a beautiful varied country we have to call home. What better way to explore than on the back of a bike, a BMW GS of course.





BMW Motorcycle Owners Club (Gold Coast) Inc.



NATIONAL MOTORRAD RALLY KOORALBYN

10 - 13 June 2022

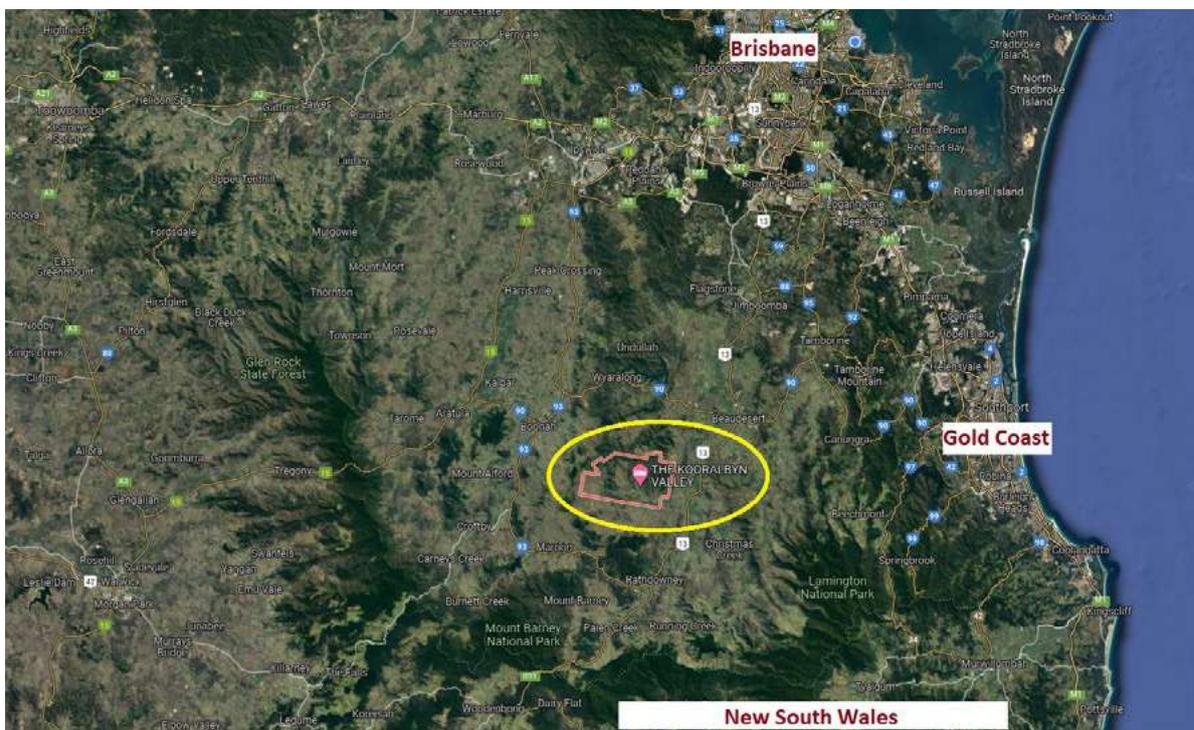
To be held at the iconic Kooralbyn Resort set in the middle of some of best Southeast Queensland-Northern NSW motorbike riding country. Southeast Queensland in winter would be a welcome journey for many southern bikers, average temperature in June is minimum 7 and maximum 21 degrees and only a chance of slight rain for 4 days in the month. The roads in this area offer magnificent winding routes and off road for the more adventurous.

With travel between States now that much easier and likely to be even easier in the months to come, it is more important than normal to lock in accommodation as people roam this great land. We recommend that you secure your accommodation now as space will be limited and many will miss out. For those still in serious lockdown, you are yet to experience how busy non lockdown destinations have become.

We have been able to secure a special accommodation deal at the spacious Kooralbyn Resort based on a 3-night stay.

\$378 gets you 3 nights' accommodation in a Double/Twin room or \$398 for a King Room.

There are no camping options in the area, but each room can sleep 2, so based on a double or twin room and 2 sharing, that works out at \$63 per person per night and you get to use the great facilities and have a comfy bed.





**BMW Motorcycle
Owners Club
(Gold Coast) Inc.**



To be part of the Rally, you must do two things -

1. Visit <https://bmwclubsaustralia.org.au/event-4427426> to register

Registration includes:

- Welcome pack
- Friday night Welcome Dinner
- Saturday night Gala Buffet Dinner
- Registration cost is **\$97** per person

2. Contact Kooralbyn Resort directly to get the special deal

TO BOOK ACCOMMODATION:

You must **PHONE** Kooralbyn Resort reservations directly on **(07) 5544 6688** and quote Booking Code **91169**

A DEPOSIT is required equivalent to one night's accommodation at approximately \$120 per room.

NOTE.... ONLINE BOOKINGS WILL NOT RECEIVE THE SPECIAL RATES OR BE REGISTERED AGAINST THE RALLY GUEST LISTING HELD BY THE RESORT.

We will also be providing more detail on some of the planned events, guided and non-guided rides and optional activities should you wish to bring non-riders along or make this part of a bigger trip.

Get in and Register, and book your accommodation so you don't miss out!





By Duncan Bennett, Member #4171

We ended Part 2 in Tanzania just past half-way down the continent. It was time for some hard riding as we'd had a big half-time break on the Serengeti, the Ngorongoro Crater and Zanzibar. I was hard riding on Stan's Tiger 800XC, The Precious was still out of action, and tension was mounting as we headed toward hopeful congress with a shipment of new spokes in Malawi.



Part 3: Malawi to Zimbabwe

It's Lilongwe to Tete if you want your spokes to roll

The Malawi immigration facilities reverted back to fairly primitive, and the crowds of 'tween border money exchangers and food sellers and plastic bottle collecting kids were out in force. Combined with the humidity along the plains to the west of the enormous Lake Malawi, it could be a little trying.

A noticeable feature of Malawi was the obvious presence of aid support to what was a surprisingly poor community. Signs were everywhere with EU organisations, World Vision, and other charity groups advertising their food security or water security projects. It can be a little weird talking to a volunteer about their water

security project while standing next to the world's fifth largest body of fresh water, just throw a pump in mate!



2014 Gold Coast Airport Marathon Volunteer shirt worn by a bloke who had never heard of the Gold Coast



At Malawi border and no longer sugar coating it; Arusha barber's hair food has failed



Everyone already married who was not a doctor had regrets

The arrival into the Chitimba Camp, inevitably on the edge of Lake Malawi, was not without challenges as the track in was initially very rough, then with patches of deep sand. Cindy nearly made it, but had an off in a sandy patch as her normal foot paddling technique didn't work due to only having one foot. Unfortunately the crash was onto the weak right side, fortunately no major damage was done but it was obvious there had been a mild re-straining of the damaged member.

The camps and lodges along Lake Malawi are beautiful but many are fairly basic. Cash is the only means of paying for anything, fortunately we'd stocked up on heaps of Kwacha. Things are cheap and easy, which doesn't encourage much strenuous activity. The weather cancelled out our only attempt at getting up off the deck chairs - a fishing trip organised through a bloke who looked and acted like he'd smoked a Shappelle Corby boogieboard bag load of marijuana that morning.

The scenery along the lake was very pleasant, however the country is tropical and humid so dressed in full motorbike gear it is like riding in SE QLD in February; needed to keep moving down the lake at speed to avoid becoming a sweaty mess. We arrived at Ngala Beach Lodge after becoming twice confused as to whether the Lodge entrance was 400m further along the road or 400m down what looked like a bad track by 17th century standards. The track could not have hidden this

accommodation gem more completely; on pulling in we were welcomed by Sandy and Chris, who took hosting their guests to a whole new level.



Malawi chocolate - both right and wrong

After peeling off the disturbingly moist riding gear, we were straight into the infinity pool with about half the group, some of whom could not resist a few pre-dinner gins with a homeopathic concentration of tonic while soaking in the glorious pleasantness. Memories of the evening were a bit sketchy after that, but Sandy had spent 15 years working for DHL so while I was still compos mentis some phone calls were made to DHL in Lilongwe and the spokes delivery for the next day was sorted.



Hopefully not a club with a middle aged blokes membership and a bar



The ride south highlighted one of the fun features of Malawi, the shop and road signs are relentlessly amusing, with Dave Shop almost stopped at to see what Daves they had in stock. I expected ride leader Andrew to stop and spend the day at the Andrew Shop, but he missed it so lost a huge opportunity for an upgrade.



No charge? Not allowed? Not wading in to find out.

Right on lunchtime we pulled into the Woodlands Lilongwe resort, located in the central city area but right next to a lion reserve, with walks up to the restaurant hurried along by roaring somewhere in the bush behind. At 4pm, an anxious Triumph owner was loitering about the front of the resort when a DHL van pulled up, and the driver was not even allowed to alight before the exchange of spokes for signature was completed. Sheer joy was the feeling; with a bit of effort on the morrow, surely The Precious would be once more part of the C2C experience.



I could hear the archangel Gabriel singing the Hallelujah chorus while opening this

Tension was rising as I got past the original count of 8 broken spokes, I'd only ordered 12. Luckily the breakage trend stopped at 10, so no plans for self-harm were required. A problem arose when the new spoke threads were different to the old spoke threads, which meant having to pull off the tyre which extrapolated to a sleepless night spent worrying, solved by an early morning viewing of a YouTube video which showed how to true a rim.



It is late. We've had a few wines. Time to do something technically complex and fiddly.

The highest priority the next day was not my spokes surprisingly, rather we had to attend the Mozambique High Commission to obtain a visa. The atmosphere was casual; no security checks and only helpful assistance until we got to the visa window controlled by a dowager, who asked for a visa fee of US\$77, utterly unsupported by any sum mentioned on the visa fee list on the information board. With zero negotiation powers, we went to the bank and deposited the mystery visa fee, then returned to the High Commission for our receipt. After this process, we were free to move off low priority activities and back onto my spokes. Adrian and Stan helped pull off the cold tyre, not an easy job, and by mid morning the rim was set up on a body spoke truing stand.

The early morning YouTube video principles that could be recalled followed to the letter, by lunchtime the wheel looked to be about as good as it was ever going to get. The Precious was soon back together, and after a quick test ride declared fit for purpose once more. The rest of the afternoon was spent basking in the warm glow of self-congratulation, before some great Indian food and basking in the warm glow of Korma medium spices.



Nothing is as exciting as doing something that will kill you if you get it wrong

A 90km run to the border with Mozambique at Dedza. Cindy and Adrian supplied QAQC for my spoke job, and I even swapped with Adrian so I could get a 1200GS rider's perspective. Naturally everything looks worse with other bikes when you are on a 1200GS, but The Precious wheel appeared okay even though there was a slight wobble. The border out of Malawi was old school Africa, but after filling out the departure card, the carnets were back and within 20 minutes we were through the magic portal, represented by a rusty old gate.



Cindy enjoying the peace and quiet of the border while Stan tells the locals about golf

As we already had a visa, the Mozambique process was literally minutes. The carnets were a bit more confusing, an army of helpers disguised as insurance salesmen arrived as Mozambique do not recognise the Comesa insurance we'd bought for the rest of southern Africa. The fact that they don't recognise carnets either was only a momentary issue, soon the helpers were efficiently filling out forms and setting themselves up for an insurance sale. Having passed over our 850 Metical for insurance, we were in.

With 250km to Tete, a thorough check of the spokes was undertaken and all seemed okay. The journey into Tete though the huge Vale coal mining centre of Moatize was comforting to me, familiar equipment and mining service company names everywhere. Still a bit squalid, but suddenly modern buildings and businesses were in the mix. The hotel as marked on the GPS was an abandoned shed in a muddy paddock, but we had learned that this wasn't to be taken literally, so rode on until the Park Inn Radisson appeared.



Riders and their bikes finally present and correct, Mozambique

Now to describe our solid routine perfected over 50 days – set alarm for about 2 hours before scheduled departure, up for shower and check which tree in the electronic gadget forest had forgotten to be charged overnight, plug it in, put on Hawthorn Football Club riding socks and right ankle support to stop rubbing of skin over ankle metal strip inserted after accident out near Gatton in 2015, put on riding pants and finally boots. Then select the day's riding shirt by seeing which one the sniffing nose could get closest to, and head down to breakfast. After repast, back to room to complete toilette, then pack bag and zip up and lock. Then unlock and unzip because pyjamas aren't in, and repeat for toiletries bag, and again for shoes worn



last night. Finally pick up Cindy's 54kg bag in clean and jerk motion, steady for several seconds, then attempt snatch lift of own 30kg bag, hopefully without rupture. The bags were then carried in a staggering motion to the support vehicle, and as per Matthew 25:21; "Bayne said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful ride member; you are here while I have the truck open, I will favour you over others who bring their bag too late. Enter into the joy of your ride leader's daily briefing.'"



The Precious with a decent baobab tree in western Mozambique

The Mozambique border crossing at Nyamapanda smashed all records for speed, very little time was taken to present passport and departure card at window and get them stamped. Likewise the carnets didn't take too long. And then we were through to commence the Zimbabwe experience.

No Way, Zimbabwe

The entry into Zimbabwe commenced with a small movement up the road past the Mozambique gate, where we were directed by someone to park up a steep gravelly slope under a tree. Firstly filling in our arrivals card, we clutched the passport and the completed card and entered the immigration and customs building and dished up our US\$45 for a multiple entry visa, just in case we wanted to wander over into Zambia while at Victoria Falls.

Our shortage of US\$ had been a problem since Ethiopia, and Cindy and I had almost reached the point of holding our hands out to the rest of the riding group at border crossings, and then throwing a rock if no cash was given. We believed that our problems were solved with arrival into Zimbabwe;

finally a country where the official currency was US\$ after the infamous runaway inflation in 2008. We would just need to find an ATM and all would be well.

After more calls against our minute inventory of US\$ for road tax and carbon tax, and we were allowed to get on the bikes and ride through the gate. Almost. We had to stop at the gate, produce all the documents that had inevitably been put away somewhere, and open the top boxes and panniers on the bikes for inspection. Once through the gate, we prepared to accelerate away, only to be pulled up and asked to park neatly near a tent. This was a registration check, to ensure that the name on the motorcycle registration certificate matched the name on the passport, and this seemed to conclude formalities. Almost. We were then told to leave the bikes and walk back through the gate to the support vehicle for a baggage inspection.



Telling the world she is not a Zimbabwe police officer

Unfortunately a bus had come through after us, and the passenger's baggage was neatly lined up while sniffer dogs walked up and down and suspicious smelling items were pulled aside. Once they were finished, random bags from our vehicle were selected and the owner had to open them

for checks, although a peek into the average bag jammed with putrescent riding gear quickly dulled any inspector fervour and the sniffer dogs weren't risked. We were then allowed through the customs shed after another passport inspection, or not if we'd left it back on the other side, and then finally back to the bikes. With a low level of certainty, we mounted up for the fourth time and headed toward the second gate, however the process requirements had been satisfied so we were allowed to proceed.

Our nerves were on high alert entering Zimbabwe; we had been told in Malawi that the police had not been paid for 6 months, so the only way they could earn cash was through fines. So not breaking any laws, keeping within speed limits, and making sure all the paperwork and the bike were in order was paramount. Fines of US\$100 had been mentioned; naturally this made those without any cash especially concerned. As it was, the 240km road down to Harare was good quality, signage looked quite okay, and although we passed through many police check points we were generally unmolested.



Cindy forging south to Harare on a rare section of road without police road blocks

On arrival at the Rainbow Towers hotel near downtown Harare, some issues with Zimbabwe began to become apparent. Asking the concierge where the nearest ATM was, he looked rather surprised and said there was a cash crisis in Zimbabwe. We could go into town and try he said, and even though most of the ATMs worked, they did not contain any US money. There were also special problems for foreigners trying to get cash; only Zimbabwe accounts could get money out to stop foreigners withdrawing cash and then leaving the country. 'Swipe' had entered the vocabulary, with

the only way to buy things to pay on cards. A working ATM was usually obvious; it had a huge line-up of people and would only give US\$50 or Zimbabwe "funny money". The hunger for cash is huge, and the quality of the notes is utterly irrelevant, I paid for laundry with my remaining US\$11 that consisted of one and two dollar notes that looked like they'd been used to line adult diapers in the Explosive Dysentery ward of the local hospital.

Leaving a disappointing Harare, we continued south with a jaunt of 326km to Masvingo and the Great Zimbabwe Ruins. We didn't start off too well with our Gollum-like retention of our meagre stock of US\$ – the service station on the outskirts of Harare tried the Swipe but only Zimbabwe cards would work. Then somewhere before Chivu, an extraordinarily long distance after a built-up area was ridden with no speed de-restriction sign seen. The sophisticated trick of spotting the 80kmh restriction sign going the other way was used to assume that the limit was now 100kmh, but no, the cunning main roads people don't line up the speed restriction and de-restriction signs, meaning the police sit looking for the southbound sophisticated people. 91kmh in an 80 zone was the charge, US\$10 the sentence. At the side-of-road arraignment in the court of Justice Moo Cow the plea was guilty.

6574629 Y

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C.R. Form 265 NQ

Station: *Harare*
 Arresting detainer No: *1000000000* Rank: *SC*
 Name: *1000000000*

Surname of person admitting guilt: <i>BRUNST</i>	Date of birth: <i>2/12/67</i>
Other names: <i>BRUNST</i>	Place of birth: <i>13.11</i>
Residential address: <i>76 Cornhill St Harare</i>	Date of entry: <i>12/12</i>
Business address: <i>Harare</i>	Port of entry: <i>Harare</i>

Charge (Section and Statutory enactment): *105 500 or more*

Brief Description of Offence(s): *105 500 or more*

Date: *23/12* Time: *A* Place: *1000000000*

AMOUNT OF DEPOSIT FINE FIXED BY PRESCRIBED OFFICER: *100*

Details of the confession

Arriving in Masvingo, fortune finally favoured the fortunate and we found a service station chain where the Swipe was on. Then a cunning ploy for getting US\$ was discovered; simply overestimate the amount of fuel required, fill up, and the excess value is returned as cash. Brilliant, but overestimating by 150 litres for getting US\$200 in one hit is unlikely to fool any but the most dimwitted attendant.



Dr Hitler Primary and Secondary Schools. Doubt the new curriculum included Hebrew.

Then a quick ride around the town looking for an ATM, the Barclays Bank ATM worked which was fabulous, but the pathetic options were account balance and return card. Another ATM up the road looked like it was dispensing vouchers for an essential oils massage from Beyoncé while Jay Z was away on tour, the queue went around the block, and there was no guarantee foreigners could get anything useful so it was not attempted.

Another 30km down the road we arrived at the Great Zimbabwe, perhaps unsurprisingly the source of the country name, apparently meaning “venerated house”. Following a lodge car park lunch, it was off to the ruins to have a look.



Great Zimbabwe Hill Enclosure fortress, water inconveniently outside at bottom of hill

The ruins are 11th to 15th century late Iron Age and were the work of Shona kings to create what can best be described as a fortress and town combination at a significant trading centre. The first effort was on the top a steep hill of granite boulders, with pink granite like the final coating on the Giza pyramids, in small slabs used to create walls of impressive mortar-less stability and height. Later development toward the end of the era increased

the impressiveness factor, culminating in the Great Enclosure that looks very modern from a distance. The place is spread out over a large area, with some regret that I hadn't changed out of the riding gear before embarking on a lengthy tour, but it was well worth the sub-optimal internal pant condition regardless.



Hill Enclosure easily defended against Daleks and invaders who can't turn sideways



Great Enclosure has great walls

The calories lost in sweat were soon replaced at the Lodge bar and by a very impressive dinner. The following day plan was 206km to Antelope Park at Gweru, heading northwest, so making Great Zimbabwe the most southeasterly point of the C2C, everyone got really excited about that quasi-statistic when I mentioned it. From here on, we were transferring to the western side of Africa before continuing south.

The road to Gweru started off reasonably well while we headed west, then we turned off north-west on a road that serviced the local mines, so lots of heavy vehicles. Potholes that could hide a

BMW R18 nearly caused cardiac infarction amongst the newly be-spoked, however we managed to slalom around them without any major dramas as they were all about volume rather than quantity.



GPS plot proving the controversial C2C “change of direction” theory



The “mind your spokes and rims” highway

Arriving into Gweru, we rode around and around the town which had seen much better days, until we alighted upon our service station brand of choice, Engen. Then totally stuffed it up by underestimating the amount of fuel required, so not even filling the tanks. A short way out of town, the turnoff to the Antelope Park was well signposted, directing the rider straight into an enormous puddle at the start of a very average looking 6km dirt road. With Cindy’s leg still top priority, some portage was required with me riding both bikes through the really uncertain bits, but otherwise the sandy/rocky/muddy track was negotiated without incident. Again, the track quality was completely at odds with the lodge quality, it was just getting better and better.

We were given a comprehensive and very interesting briefing by Gary the General Manager,

who described the origins of the park and the purpose – it is designed to get lions back into the wild. The premise is that lions are like domestic cats; their instincts are dominant so when released into the wild, they will kill things. The park trains them from a young age to prepare them, and while we were there the lion inventory was 119, making the park one of the worst places in the world for nervous prey to get a good night’s sleep. Roaring starts at about 7pm and rolls on until about 6am.



Cindy “Supper” Bennett with her gammy leg at Antelope Park

A comprehensive range of activities was on offer, the most popular is the Walking with Lions and was selected by all, even with a 6am start at peak mental readiness the next day after listening to a solid 11 hours of roaring. Three 16 month old lions were to be walked, with a serious briefing given and a large number of rules laid out about how to behave with the lions who think that people are part of their pride. Maintaining the illusion of being higher up the biting/scratching order is critical, if they think you are a lesser being then you’d best have your last will and testament taped into your hat in a solid container that will hopefully survive passage through a lion.

Armed with little sticks, which are in lieu of something useful like a .577 nitro express rifle, we headed off on our 3km walk. Standing there while three large lions bound out of their enclosure toward you required a bit of personal focus on lower torso clenching, but it turned out to be much more controlled than the feverish imagination allowed. The reason the walks are done in the early morning is that lions are very slack especially in the heat, and will lie down and do nothing all day like a late teen



if given half a chance. Loads of photo opportunities were available as the quickly exhausted lions collapsed from the exertion of their 100m strolls. A truly fabulous experience, made better by having someone like Cindy with her bad leg in the group, we knew in a crisis we could run faster than her.



Of course I'll stand my ground when they attack



The young lion not terribly excited by Cindy's stories of our cat at home



C2C 2017 full team with a couple of celebrity non-riders up front

The next day was 600km to Victoria Falls. It started with the ugly 6km back to the main road, traversed without incident, then the 150km to Bulawayo. We were only pulled up by the police once on this leg, so very easy. After fuel and grabbing a pie, a proper meat pie, from the servo in Bulawayo, we then started the 450km north to the Zambezi. This was a good road, but police road blocks have grown like pustules along it. We were very lucky to have only been pulled over 6 times; once for a full paperwork check, once for a bike roadworthy check, once for a general lecture on the poor state of Zimbabwe roads and the need to stay below the speed limit, and three times for just a chat about where we were going and where we'd been. Worst for the group was 16 times, and the highest fine levied was US\$75. Embarrassing for the locals.



A not very well painted Painted Dog sign

Finally we reached the Victoria Falls airport, beyond which the police would not dare set up a

road block as 99% of the tourists fly straight in to see the falls. Pulling into the Kingdom Hotel for three nights was a blessed relief, no more police, and an opportunity to see one of the world's great natural sights – nine continent crossing motorcycles lined up in a hotel car park. And a waterfall.



One of the seven natural wonders of the world – Terry's 1200GSA

The two days at Victoria Falls was all about activity planning and execution. Bookings were made, tours were toured, zip lines were zipped, horses and rafts were ridden, sunset cruises were cruised, and photos were taken of everything. Victoria Falls shares a common feature with the other two of the world's greats Niagara and Iguazu Falls – besides a reasonable volume of water dropping off a cliff – painfully they all sit on the border between two countries so seeing the entire falls means yet another bloody border crossing. Getting into Zambia only took 10 minutes, required a US\$20 fee, and getting back only took about 15 minutes, but it was still a nuisance.



The cataract at the end on the Zimbabwe side

So after leaving Victoria Falls at the crack of dawn, which had been adjusted by the group to 10:00am in recent days, we headed the meagre 70km west to the border with Botswana. Only one police checkpoint was crashed through about 500m from the border, this one mainly focused on having suitable indicator light function and number

plate light bulb illumination, the latter apparently a critical safety feature in the blinding sunshine of southern Africa.



About half of the water comes back up again, then down as rain on the Zambia side

With some relief, and no more police checks in the remaining half kilometre, we reached the border. The bureaucracy went into overdrive in the modern and well fitted-out facility, and within a very short space of time we were outside, on the bikes, and riding up the hill to Botswana.



Dazed and Confused in Zimbabwe

In the next instalment we will cruise through Botswana and Namibia, the homes of lots of African animals. Thought you'd seen enough? Yes you probably have, but we took heaps of photos of wildebeest and zebra and like some of our BMWMCQ contributors with bear photos - too much is never enough.

End of Part 3. Only 1 to go, I promise.



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Breaking the Brakes

By Tony Gray, Member #3905

Last month I introduced our community to the latest addition to the Gray household - err that would be the bike garage. The 1997 BMW R1100GS has now been officially christened 'The Red Baron' (RB). Yes he is Red and is a solid lump of kit so has assumed the male gender.

Now RB came onto my radar in very unfortunate circumstances with his previous owner deceased and he sitting forlornly in a large BMW dealership with a 'no brakes' sign on his forehead. I therefore have no understanding of how RB lost his brakes or in what circumstances. The workshop for reasons known only to them had replaced the disc rotors and pads both front & back but there was no fluid in the system. It appeared that no one was prepared to investigate and resolve the 'no brakes' dilemma with the ABS pump the assumed culprit. So there he sat unloved and unwanted.



ABS Unit with 4 hydraulic lines – In/Out to Front and In/Out to rear brakes.

I had a close look at the original equipment rubber brake hoses and observed what appeared to be a split in a front hose. Could this have been the source of the fluid loss? My next stop on the path to restoring life into the braking system was to get a full understanding on how the brakes worked. The 1100's were equipped with the first iteration of the BMW ABS system and it was an option on the models through the 90's and early naughties. The Haynes & Clymer manuals both describe the system in detail but do not venture into the ABS pump as if it's a taboo subject. The various brand specific internet forums and Youtube videos tend to confuse rather than enlighten. The main confusion appears

(from my perspective) to be between the 1100 and later 1150 models which came equipped with the 2nd gen ABS which was servo assisted. This style of pump lasted until 2006 on both 1150 and 1200 models. If this pump 'failed' you would be left with very little braking (some suggest as little as 5%). To see how this works, experiment (no, on 2nd thoughts don't try this at home kiddies) by rolling your ABS power assisted braked car down the driveway without engine power and see if you can stop it! On the 1100 however without power assistance the bike would lose the ABS function but should retain full manual braking even if the pump fails!



The power assisted unit on the 1150/1200 is a lot bulkier and heavier than that fitted to the RB. Once removed I weighed the ABS unit at 4.856 kg or about 10lb in the old money.

This compares with suggestions of 20lb on the net for the servo pump unit. I took the top plate off the elect motor hoping to find something as simple as worn or stuck carbon brushes. No such 'luck'. Apart from blowing out some carbon dust there was nothing else to do as the motor was fine with plenty of 'meat' left on the carbon brushes. I took the next

step towards enlightenment and had a word to Les Fitzpatrick who generously offered to have a look at the unit in his fully equipped workshop. Les performed several tests and spun up the motor confirming it was all OK. The unit casing below the motor where the elect motor engages with the 2 pumps is contained within a crimped pressed metal casing. We decided to open this and have a peek.

We had entered uncharted territory.



The 2 clutches and (slightly obscured) the hyvo chain.

The vertical stator shaft of the elect motor has a bevel drive gear that engages a gear wheel. This drives a shaft through 2 clutches with two pistons for the separate front and rear brakes. If either ABS wheel sensor detects a locked wheel then the elect motor pulls down a piston via a clutch that releases brake fluid in the 'locked' front or rear brake line.

The piston is returned to its resting position by a very compact 'hyvo' chain. This all happens in the merest fraction of a second. Everything looked to be operating in accordance with its design but it could not be 'triggered' unless connected to a pressured brake line which we could not provide on a workbench.

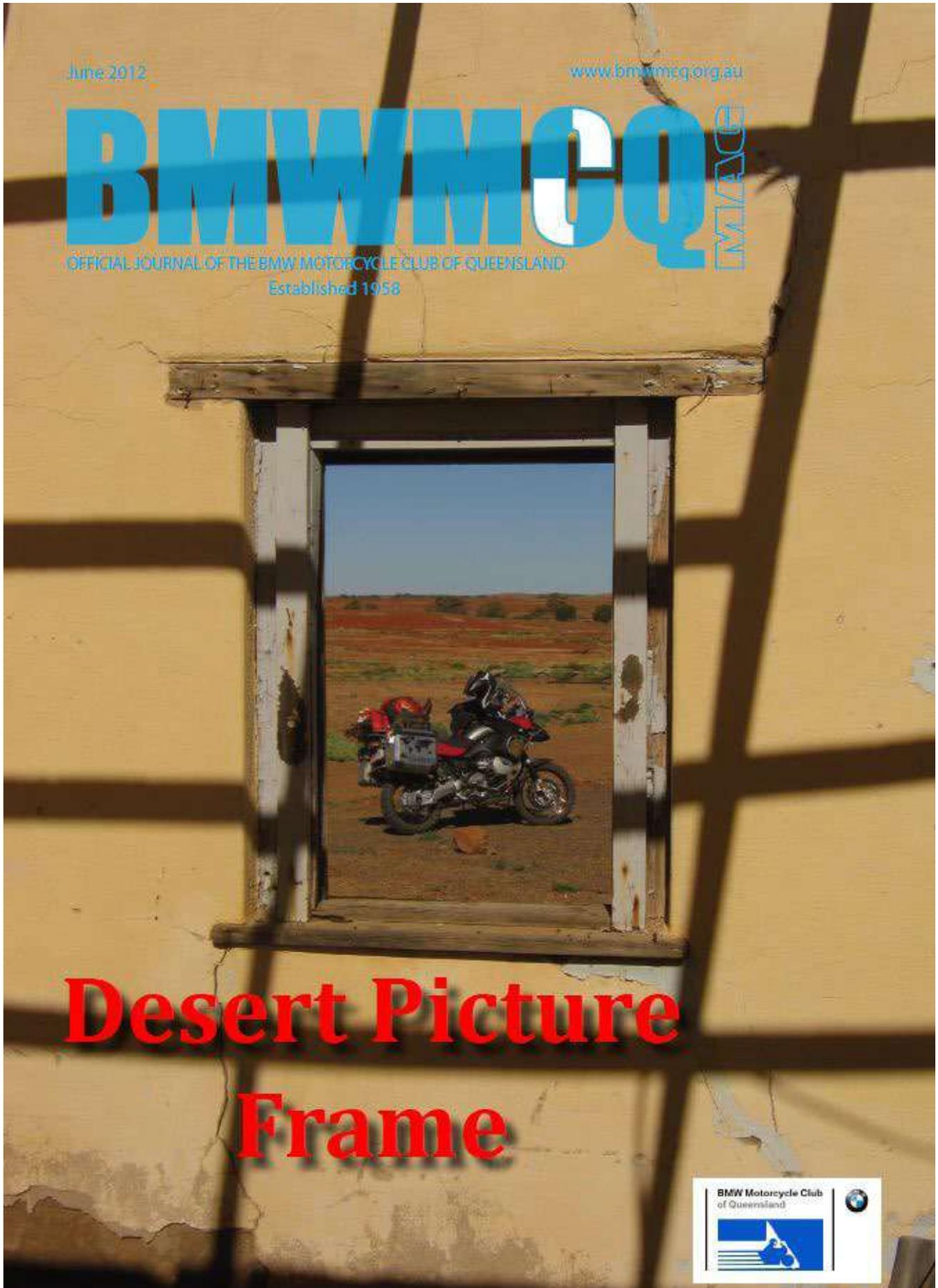


The bevel drive at the base of the electric motor engages with the fibre gear wheel. That grease is 25 years old.

Replacement braided SS brake hoses will be ordered from HEL at Sandgate in Brisbane and then the system can be reinstated and tested to reveal any fault. Watch this space for the next exciting instalment on the path to braking enlightenment.



The below is the cover shot of the June 2012 Journal, a photo by Dan Rajkovic of his 1200GSA framed through the window of an old railway ruin along the Oodnadatta Track. Dan had part 1 of his Desert Trip in this Journal - so get onto the website and download this edition for a great read and more splendid photos!





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4. The applicant must present details and receive approval for the intended training course from the Club Secretary prior to the course being undertaken.

There you have it, an incentive to help to make you a better and safer rider. If you undertake a course please let us know your thoughts on the success of the course, positive or negative.

Tony Gray - President BMWMCQ

The below pic comes from Adrenaline.com.au where you can sign up for a "Learn How to Wheelie a Motorcycle" session for \$159 (it is in Melbourne however...) it is described as 30 minutes of adrenaline pumping fun, using a wheelie machine to master the "ultimate trick" of motorcycling! OK who is in??



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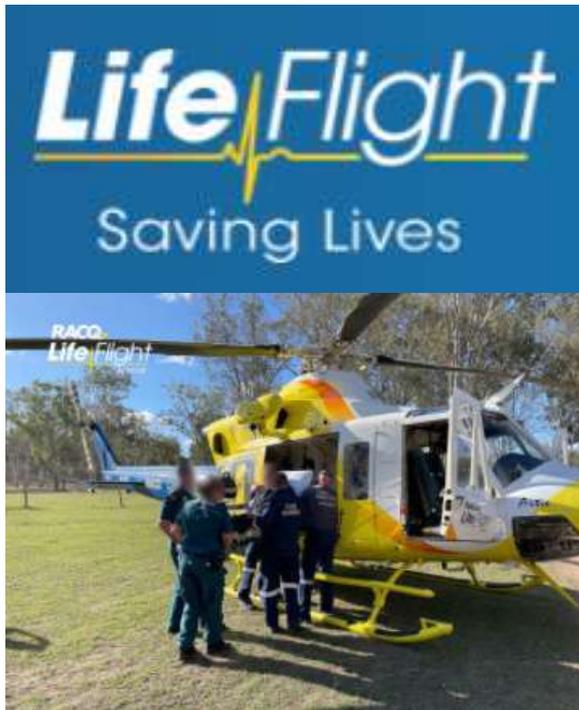


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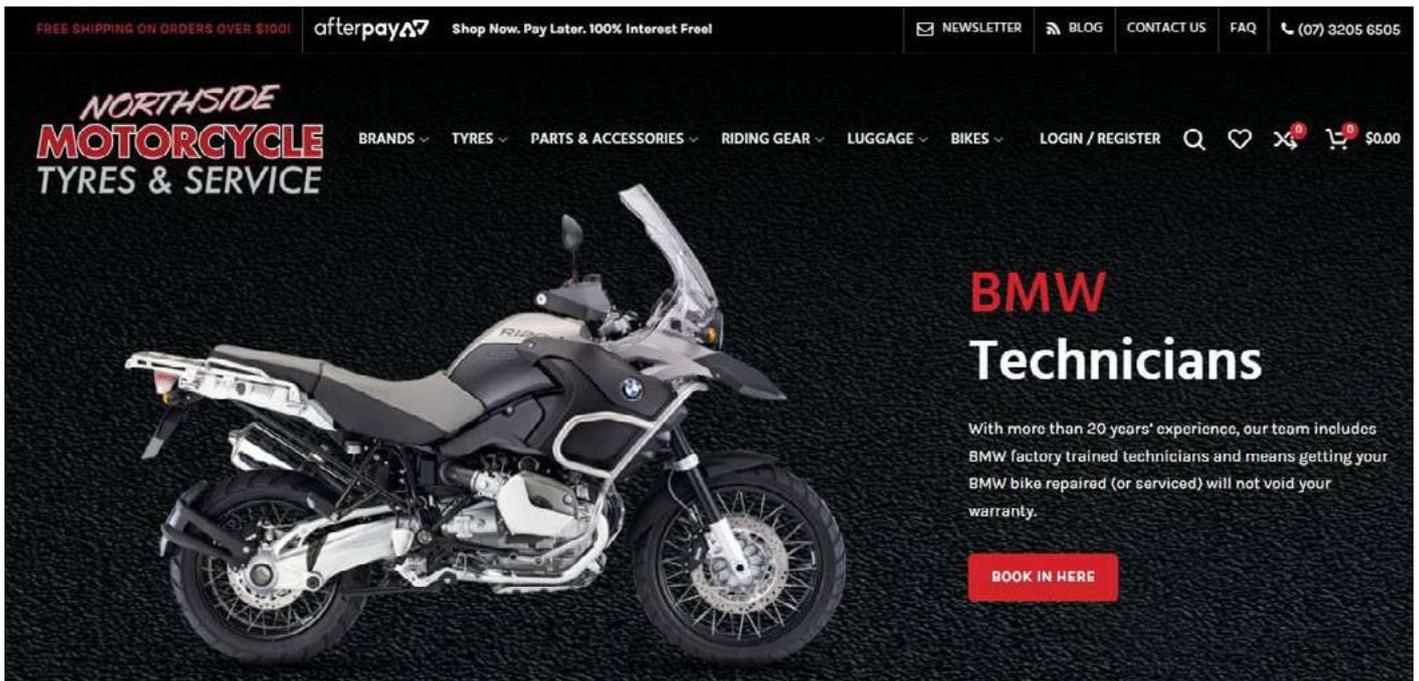


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Uluru 22!

Cindy Bennett, Member #4170

Our 5 week Uluru '22 trip is now over and it was an excellent trip away and not only because we avoided the wet SEQ weather.

Only one wet riding day leaving Carnarvon Gorge was had, and a slight shower heading down to Port Lincoln which is hardly worth mentioning.

We had all our camping gear but only camped 4 nights in the 5 weeks - 2 at Cane Toad Rally at the start of the trip and 2 at Lawn Hill Gorge.

I boldly did something I hadn't done before - listen to audio books while riding - the long straight roads of South Australia prompted this boredom saver (Both "Bossy Pants" by Tina Fey and "Yes Please" by Amy Poehler were finished - and highly recommended by the way!)

Duncan is writing up the trip in more vivid detail, but for me the highlights were:

Carnarvon Gorge glamping - even though rainy we managed one good walk to the Amphitheatre.

Undara Lava Tubes, staying in a railway carriage.

The Gulf Country of North QLD - the grilled Barra at Criterion Hotel in Normanton will be long remembered!

A revisit to Alice Springs and pleased to see positive changes in the town 30 years on.

Uluru, especially riding a pushbike around the base - best way to get up close.

Cooper Pedy, staying in an underground motel room.

Port Lincoln, a bustling remote little town with awesome seafood and a great vibe.

Clare in South Australia to sample some very fine wines.

Catching up with son Tim and our adorable grandkids in Canberra!

Spectacular Japanese Gardens at Cowra NSW.

So here are a few of my favourite pics from the trip.



Devil's Marbles, NT



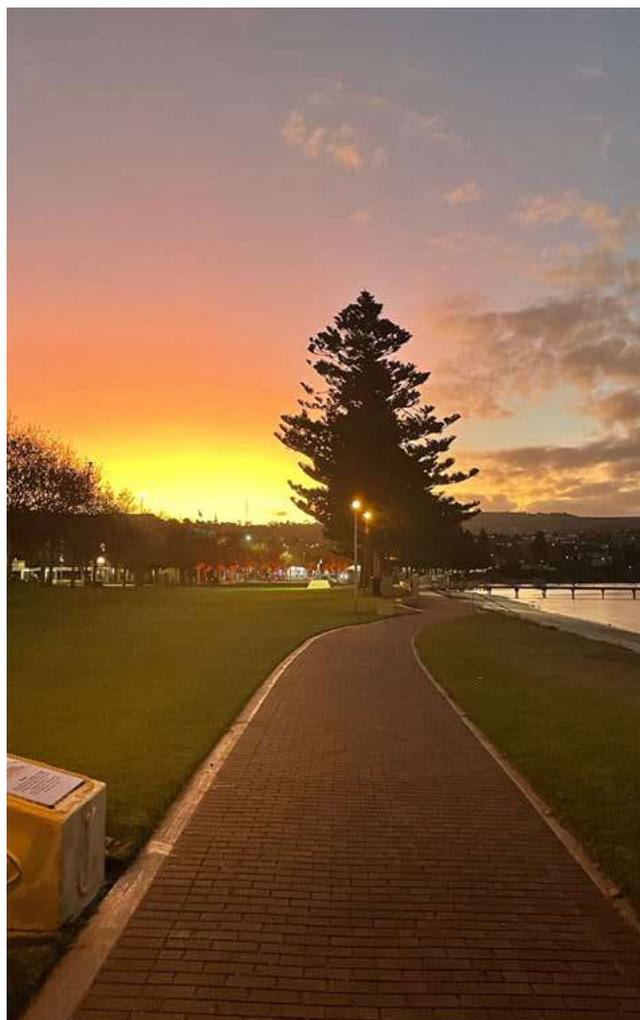
No prize for guessing where...



Bridge over the Murrumbidgee River NSW



Long straight (audio book inducing) South Australian roads



A Port Lincoln sunset

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| Overland Magazines - issue #'s 11; 19; 21; 22; 25;
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| Adventure Bike Rider - issue #'s 44; 46; 51 and 53 | |
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