

**BMW Touring Club
of New South Wales**



**Member of the International Council
of BMW Clubs**

June 2020 **NEWSLETTER**



1973 R75/5

BMW

Touring Club of New South Wales



OFFICE BEARERS

PRESIDENT

Jason Boyd
0412 858 880
president@bmwtcnsw.org.au

VICE-PRESIDENT

Dave Beers
0401 444 567
vicepresident@bmwtcnsw.org.au

GENERAL SECRETARY

Alex Spiteri-James
0405 312 540
secretary@bmwtcnsw.org.au

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Marie Pennykid
0428 393 093
membership@bmwtcnsw.org.au

TREASURER

Alison Ashby
0422 077 583
treasurer@bmwtcnsw.org.au

BMWCA DELEGATE

Trevor Dean
0409 407 409
bmwcadelegate@bmwtcnsw.org.au

EDITOR

Alan Pennykid
0427 393 093
editor@bmwtcnsw.org.au

REGALIA

Warren Buffett
0473 403 205
regalia@bmwtcnsw.org.au

ASSETS and ARCHIVES

Mal Cattermole
0409 179 419
assets@bmwtcnsw.org.au

PUBLIC OFFICER

Alan Peters
0407 829 033
publicofficer@bmwtcnsw.org.au

SPARE PARTS/CLUB TOOLS

Rob Edgar
0408 161 107
spares@bmwtcnsw.org.au

MCC NSW DELEGATES

Bob Madell 0428 115 299
Paul Ioakimidis 0421 758 118
mccdelegate1@bmwtcnsw.org.au

WEBMASTER

Michael Sarah
0438 619 838
webmaster@bmwtcnsw.org.au

NEWSLETTER DISTRIBUTION

Tony Conliffe
Al Peters

Club Website:

www.bmwtcnsw.org.au



Club Yahoo groups site

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/bmwtcnsw>

CLASSIC REGISTRARS

South Coast	Steve Treloar	04397 39876 sthcoastregister@bmwtcnsw.org.au
North Coast	Damien O'Toole	0419 296 939 nthcoastregister@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Central West	No Current Officer	
Sydney North	Craig Hancock	0419 557 014 sydneythregister@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Sydney South	Graham Johns	0419 281 875 sydneysthregister@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Sydney West	Perry Gilseman	0418978781

REGIONAL RIDE CO-ORDINATORS

ACT	Dave Ramsay	02 6278 3895 actcoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Hunter	Rob Tiedeman	0425 777 461 huntercoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Mid North Coast	Position Vacant	Put your hand up if you're willing to take this on.
South Coast	Tony Schmidt	0407 494 229 sthcoastcoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au
Central West	No Current	centralwestcoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au

MEETINGS

Monthly Club Meetings	Held at 7:30pm at the Andrew Cook Hall, Toongabbie (corner Targo and Toongabbie Roads) on the last Wednesday of each month (except for December)
Sydney Social Sip	Held at 6:00pm on the last Wednesday of each month. Members gather at the Toongabbie Hotel for a chat and something to eat before crossing the road to attend the club meeting.
South Coast Social Sip	Held anytime after 6.30pm on the 2nd Friday of the month. Members gather at the Great Southern Hotel, 95 Queen St, Berry, for a chat and something to eat.
Newcastle Social Sip	Members gather anytime after 6pm on the last Thursday of the month. At the Hexham Bowling Club for a chat and something to eat.

CLUB POINT SCORE

<i>Organise a Ride or Event</i>	2
<i>Attend a Social Sip</i>	2
<i>Attend a Social night (Restaurant night, party, etc)</i>	3
<i>Attend a Maintenance Day</i>	2
<i>Attend a Day Ride</i>	6
<i>Attend a Weekend Run or Rally</i>	10
<i>Attend a Long Weekend Run or Rally</i>	12
<i>Self-written Newsletter article</i>	4
<i>Attend a Club Meeting – City Member</i>	4
<i>Attend a Club Meeting – Country Member</i>	6
<i>Attend a Night Run</i>	6



Ride & Events Calendar

ALL COVID 19 RESTRICIONS WILL APPLY TO ANY RUN PROPOSED. PLEASE CHECK IF YOU ARE CONSIDERING ATTENDING ANY FUNCTION

ALL DEAD DUE TO COVID 19, Thanks Covid 19			
May	Events	Contacts	Points
Wed 27 th	Online Club Meeting 7:30pm	Jason Boyd 0412 858 880	4
June	Event	Contacts	Points
6 th , 7 th	51st Alpine Rally, Check website to see for online details.		10
21 st	Henning's Winter Solstice Lunch time BBQ. Baxter Park, 71 Marine Pde, Nord's Wharf.	Henning 0457 034 488	6
20 th - 21 st	Casper Rally, Check online, SCUM Tourers		10
Wed 24 th	Club Meeting 7:30pm. TBA	Jason Boyd 0412 858 880	4/6*
Thur 25 th	Hunter Social Sip: TBA.	Rob Tiedeman 0425 777 461	2
July	Event	Contacts	Points

TBA

Newly & updated items are highlighted Yellow.

4/6* City members attending a club meeting receive 4 points, country members receive 6 points.

If you have been to an event & wish to have your attendance considered for the Clubman Point score, or have suggestions for a club ride or event, please email: vicepresident@bmwtcnsw.org.au

Please also feel free to contact your local Ride Coordinator (details inside cover of newsletter)





From June 1st in NSW, restrictions regarding holiday travel are lifting. Based on this the club is starting to reintroduce events back to the calendar. **PLEASE NOTE** – this does not mean the events will be going ahead, only that there is a plan in place assuming COVID restrictions are eased to allow them. You are responsible for your own actions. Please refer questions to event organisers and consult relevant authorities. Stay safe, stay out of trouble and do the right thing.

So, what events are coming up??? It's a bit like a Schrodinger's Cat prediction unfortunately at the moment. The Alpine Rally may, or may not go ahead.

The Winter Rally may or may not go ahead? Henning is hoping to have a "limited attendance" BBQ / Day ride at the end of June. The DOC Thunder Rally planning is going ahead. Our Far Cairn Rally Planning has started (*we may have to scale back numbers and catering to meet requirements*). The clubs Award Night will likely be deferred a month or so in the hope that restrictions ease a little further (*if you have any recommendations for its location please call it out*). Maybe the OCR will be on the cards later in a few months?

A plan is a plan, and can change with a stroke of a pen, but if we don't get them on the page its certain they won't happen. So keep your diaries free, if you have any suggestions for the calendar please contact the Vice President (Dave Beers), keep your ear to the ground and help organise if you can.

The next monthly club meeting (*end of May*) will again go ahead as a virtual event. Last month our meeting had 35 people dial in. Feedback received was positive, and it went a lot smoother than I expected. If you didn't get an invitation last month, please ensure your email address is correct and current with the Membership Secretary (Marie).



I have been approached (harassed?) by the President of the ACT BMW Club (Hi Garry) looking to see if we can set up a inter club day event, possibly in July. The initial suggestion was a day ride from our respective locations, to a central location to compete in (perhaps) a 10 pin bowling competition in Goulburn? Of course this has quickly exploded into overnight and multi day ride plans ☺. I think this could be fun, but again will depend on restrictions. Keep an ear out for developments.

As I mentioned last cycle (?), we have the yearly Annual General Meeting coming up. It's a requirement to hold this event within a few months of submitting our official paperwork at financial year end (April). Due to group gathering restrictions, we will likely have elections via mail / email this year in June – to be confirmed. In the last newsletter, Mr Editor (Alan) added a nomination form for committee positions. We have since had interest from a few members wishing to get more involved with the club. If you are interested in sitting for a Committee position, please let the current General Committee know. If you know of someone that may be interested in running for a Committee position fill out the form and send it through.

Anyway, I have likely forgotten something, but that's enough from me. Remember this is YOUR club and it is only as strong as the membership. See you out there soon!

Cheers, Jason, President, BMWTCNSW
Email: president@bmwtcnsw.org.au



Treasurers Report, April 2020

Account Balances

Regular bank balance at end of month \$1,170.70
Savings Account balance at end of month \$29,812.26
TOTAL IN BANK \$30,982.96

Summary

Total Income \$3,931.57
Total Expenses \$5,706.37

Total Interest earned \$1.38

E ditors Report



Welcome to the June newsletter, hopefully the last issue arrived with you OK by email. We are intending to mail out hard copies (inc these issues sent by email) once again when our monthly meetings are able to be held when/if the Covid 19 restrictions on gatherings ease.

I'll say it again, thanks to all who have been contributing content to the newsletter. If nobody submits content it makes for a very dull read. And again we do have some fresh content for this issue. I hope you enjoy it.

As always send any content for the newsletter to editor@bmwtcnsw.org.au the deadline for content submission for the next newsletter is Saturday 20th June. I will be putting the newsletter together on the 21st and would like all material with me before I start, otherwise it may be too late.

Al



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Attention New Mailing Address!

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(I put the incorrect address in the Committee nomination form last issue—Ed)

WELCOME TO THE NEW MEMBERS!

- Rohan & Sofie Bainbridge (Moonbi)
- Don Li (Wahroonga)

The Editors Axe

-Rob Lovett

Unfortunately, there are a few things in life that are unavoidable, inescapable, and inevitable. These include, death, paying taxes, falling off your bike and getting extremely cold at the Alpine Rally. But there is yet another frightening life experience, and that is, the Editor's Deadline and the fear that it brings - not unlike arrival of the Grim Reaper. Heavy Metal bands have dedicated hit songs to the inevitability of terminal events like this such as *Hand of Doom* by Black Sabbath or *The End* by the Doors and I'm pretty sure they were actually singing about the Editor's Deadline.

When the Editor Calls, there are no excuses, there is nowhere to hide and there is no time. You have to do something as the Editor's Call is absolute, unforgiving and ruthless. It would be far better to have the last shout when you don't really want one or to be disembowelled by your own bike, or explaining to the wife why there is a new thingy in the shed rather than avoid the Editor's Deadline. So I didn't have the courage to do so.

Now, it suddenly struck me that time flies when you are having fun and just noticed I've been a member of the club for 25 years or so. I remember as if it was barely yesterday when I did my first Karuah and stacks of club rides since. In that quarter of a century, I've made some great friends and had the privilege of meeting some amazing and capable people.

In this weird pandemic pixel of our history, there's not much riding to be done (maybe), so, I thought I'd share a few highlights of my earlier time in the club - just so I can duck the Editors Axe.



It's February 1996 and my first KRR where I convinced Frank Cachia to pose with my bike - Alex Leitch and I stayed in the Bank Hotel the night before and it was a great run.



It's June 1999 in Brindabella Valley for the 30th Alpine Rally with Dayn Jackson, John Minogue and Dave Ramsay - it doesn't look too cold?



Sunday 10 September 2000 and we are at Silverton for lunch during the Ghost Town Rally. L - R are George Scarfe (with Spike), Alan Pennykid, Marie Pennykid and me with my R1100R (perhaps with a hangover)?



We are at Penarie for Easter 2001 in the middle of nowhere with our towers of strength showing off their wares. Henning Jorgensen is left of Gerry Bloemen. There are other pics of these two but I dare not reveal the details.



The full troop for Penarie during Easter 2001– L – R are Henning Jorgensen, Al Pennykid, Kydo(the dog) , Adrian Selwyn-Smith, Peter Jenkins, John Cecil, Marie Pennykid with Mara and Gerry Bloemen to the right. The couple to the right of Marie are friends of Gerry/Mara

Great memories Rob, where did my hair go?

-Ed (Al)

Iceland

as per my Trip Diary notes
Gerry Bloemen

11/06/2016, Sat

Flew Qantas from Sydney to Singapore, then Finnair to Helsinki, then onto Reykjavik, arriving 12/06/2016. The original part of the flight with Qantas, was not overly impressed - food and service left a lot to be desired. Then at Singapore switched to Finnair - no complaints, everything from the seats, service and food was spot on.

12/06/2016, Sun - Fosshotel Reykjavik

Arrived at Helsinki, what a shit fight going through their arrival/departure procedures. Then boarded an Iceland Air flight, nothing was supplied, but as it was the last of our flights we wore it - arrived at Reykjavik International Terminal at just after 9.00am, bought some duty free booze, caught the recommended bus, which was a pain in the you know what, after a change of buses got to the Hotel at about 12.15pm - couldn't get a room straight away so went for a walk through Reykjavik, had a pretty good meal there and back to the Hotel just before 2.00pm, got our room, showered, brushed teeth, changed and felt much better. Again, went for a walk through town, then back to the Hotel for a beer, something to eat, a few duty free drinks a bit of TV then an early well deserved night.

13/06/2016, Mon - Fosshotel Reykjavik

Quiet day today, recovering from flight/jet lag - just spent it touring Reykjavik on foot and taking some photos, including a look through their Entertainment Centre quite a blow-out. Mara brought a new top - otherwise nothing much exciting. Though did buy a Sim Card, which failed to operate - will try again tomorrow. The good news was that we found the 'Beer Cellar' in the hotel so things are getting to be a little more interesting.

14/06/2016, Tues - Fosshotel Reykjavik

Took a trip on the 'Hop On-Hop Off' bus to check out Reykjavik, after the first loop got out at Kringlan Shopping Centre and managed to get a new Sim Card, the other one was for data only, at no cost. Very happy now. We then walked to what we thought was the National Museum, only to find it was the Sculpture Museum, then walked for what seemed like miles back to our Hotel, but still saw some very interesting sights - mainly sculptures. After a very light lunch we again boarded the bus and stopped at the National Museum, we could only do a very quick tour of it due to time con-



strains, then back on the bus which we took to the Hallgrims-kirkja. We then took a leisurely stroll through the heart of Reykjavik to our Hotel in time for Happy Hour - Mara wanted a Cider, which arrived in a 2L stein - you should have seen her eyes! Forgot to mention when we got back to the Hotel met Kylie & Scott, also on the trip, who had just arrived and were the worse for jet-lag. Got a message from Jess & Garth to let us know they'd arrived, but were staying at the Foss Baron, a short distance away. Finally caught up with them, had a few drinks, watched Iceland and Portugal draw in the Soccer - had a light dinner and as we were bidding them goodbye ran into Mike who was just arriving.

15/06/2016, Wed - Day 1 (of the Tour) - Fosshotel Reykjavik

Early breakfast, ran into Kylie & Scott, who were much better, then Mike who ended up sitting with us. Went for an extended walk including the whole harbour-front area - saw a simulated rescue and an authentic Viking ship replica plus various other ships, etc. Walked back through the Centre of town, went back to the hotel, read and then downstairs to partake in the Happy Hour. Mike then introduced the rest of the participants followed by dinner in the Dining Room.

16/06/2016, Thurs - Day 2 - Fosshotel Reykjavik

A pleasant breakfast with various members of the participants, then Garth, Jess, Mara & I walked up to the 'Pearl', then downtown to the oldest coffee lounge in Reykjavik. Back to the hotel for a rest, then the Beer Garden to sign our lives away and receive details of our bikes followed by dinner at a Thai Restaurant.

Back at the Hotel I paid the bill, originally with the wrong card - silly me, however, after some negotiations this was rectified.

17/06/2016, Fri - Day 3 - Hotel Skogar, Skogar

Again, a terrible night's sleep which culminated in an early breakfast so a good start to the day. To put you in the picture, it's the middle of the Icelandic summer and there is never any complete darkness.

Picked the bikes up and proceeded through the unbelievable lack of traffic through and out of Reykjavik.

Everyone seemed happy with their choice of bikes, I know I was - F700GS. Spent the day looking at some rapids and waterfalls, ending up at huge one near our Hotel. Found an outside hot tub, which created a precedence and a few of the others also joined in. Tonight, having dinner at the local bistro.

Temp. from 8C to 12C.

18/06/2016, Sat - Day 4 - Hofn Inn Guesthouse, Hofn -

A later breakfast this morning but didn't affect the starting time. First stop just down the road for a look at some soil/grass covered houses. Then off to some cliffs, rock formations and hopefully some puffins, regrettably no puffins but did see some ducks in the water. We then rode through lava fields into very strong headwinds, which really affected fuel consumptions for most bikes, some including me just making to our destination at Hofn - incredibly doing 79Ks after the reserve light went on before refueling - Richard managed 100 before running out completely. Before we reached it we were blessed with some incredible scenery, again including lots of waterfalls which originated from Europe's largest glacier. We also stopped at a glacial lagoon with floating icebergs.

We arrived at Hofn, fueled up, found our accommodation and ended up at a local restaurant for a lobster meal - walked back to the guesthouse for a reasonably early night. Quite cool today, again topping out at 12C.

19/06/2016, Sun - Day 5 - Alfheimar, Eystri

Woke up this morning to light rain. This stayed with us most of the day, sometimes torrential but as the day progressed it became light misty foggy, sort of. It was a pain, as it



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caused my visor to fog up and as a result slowed us down somewhat, it also meant we missed some very spectacular picturesque sights, we knew they were there but were unable to see them - we also had some close calls - two with sheep and one with a gaggle of geese. Eric wasn't so lucky, apparently he was interested in a sheep on the side of the road ran wide on a slight corner and over the side of an embankment, lucky no serious damage to his bike or himself - only his pride. Witnessed by Garth.

At the morning tea stop because of the wet weather and the fact that we would be hitting the dirt (mud) Mara opted to get into the back-up vehicle - turned out to be a good choice.

After a short time we turned off the main highway and onto the dirt, which gradually wound its way up into fog and the snow line - that is what we could see of it through the fog and fogged up visors. Once we got back onto the bitumen it was a blast through some of the newly forested areas to our lunch stop at Egilsstadir.

We then proceeded to Borgarfjordur and had a look at the puffin colonies, where after a beer at the local pub we found our accommodation for the night.

Might note that the temperatures through the day mainly hovered around 8C, though I did see 5C on the heights.

20/06/2016, Mon - Day 6 - Fosshotel Husavik, Husavik

Again, the day started with fog and misty rain, which was a pity as Eystri looked very picturesque especially the snow topped hills, which possibly could have been volcanic in origin.

A wet, cold foggy run out of the town along the coast and over the surrounding mountains. We then proceeded along a short cut to Dettifoss, considered Europe's most powerful waterfall, but the mountain pass we were supposed to cross beat us with very heavy fog, arctic winds and blizzard like conditions. I might add we spent most of the day on dirt - real adventure bike conditions, even Dave on the Harley

handled it with aplomb - can't believe where he went and what he put that beast through and how well he did it.

Back down the bottom of the mountain we regrouped only to find Shorn (yep, spelled right) had a flat, Ragnar, our back up driver stayed with him and we proceeded onto our lunch stop, however, our back-track meant every-one was short of fuel with Dave & Garth's bike running out. We refueled off some of the other bikes who'd managed to get some along the way. SEE DAY 4 - should be here!

At the lunch/ fuel stop we found Scott also had a flat, Mike decided to stay with him and gave us directions to the Falls - Garth leading, Rod bringing up the rear, again an off-road adventure. We also stopped and had a look at a thermal area.

After the falls we had a look at Asbyrgi then onto Husavik for the night - had dinner at a harbour-side restaurant, then to bed as because of all the delays during the day it was quite late.

I must mention that the winds/gales in Iceland are constant, blow from all sides and are a real nuisance.

Today the temperature varied from 3C to 10C

21/06/2016, Tues - Day 7 - Guesthouse Hrafninn, Akureyri

Up nice and early, breakfast, pack up the gear than onto the boat for a whale watching excursion, wasn't overly fussed at first but thoroughly enjoyed it. Might note that the weather had turned for the better. Anyway, saw hump-back and minke whales and some Atlantic porpoises.

Back on dry land and after a bite to eat back on the bikes and lo and behold sunshine, had look at another waterfall and then cruised into Akureyri.

The temperature today got to 20C - hallelujah!

22/06/2016, Wed - Day 8 - ditto

Quiet day today, after breakfast caught up with some house cleaning and then visited a motor-cycle museum. Walked back into town and caught up with Mara, Jess & Garth and had an unhurried lunch with them and after some private down-time ventured into the town Centre to



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watch the soccer; Iceland versus Austria with the home team winning, what a buzz! Then a few celebratory drinks followed by an excellent Chinese meal, a walk through town and back to the guesthouse!

23/06/2016, Thurs - Day 9 - Hotel Hvammstangi, Hvammstangi -

Again a 9.00am start and for a change the weather was quite moderate with light cloud cover and the temperature even managed to climb into the high teens. Probably the highlight of the day were the three tunnels we had to go through - 3.5, 7.00 and approx. 2.00 K's long, pretty basic and cold.

We meandered around more fiords to our overnight stop. Mike offered two alternate options over the main route but Eric and us took the easy way, mainly because they were over dirt and Mara wasn't up to it. Instead we had a swim and a hot tub.

Dinner was at a fancy restaurant at the harbour and exceptional.

24/06/2016 - Fri - Day 10 - Hotel Isalfjordur, Isalfjordur

A bit different than yesterday, very overcast, cold and windy. Again, in and out around countless fiords with lots of waterfalls cascading down the mountains - in all a very picturesque day.

Scott & Kylie even managed to spot some seals basking on the foreshore.

Today a bit of dirt but overall the roads were in pretty good condition - managed a few steep passes and at the top of one areas of water were still frozen over with a covering of snow. Again, I'll mention the wind which was very strong all day.

Overall made good time and we were at our lodgings reasonably early.

25/06/2016 - Sat - Day 11 - Breidavik Guesthouse, Breidavik,

Another day that looked ominous, grey skies and misty rain - first part of the trip was through another tunnel (6K), but this one was different with an intersection in the middle of it. When we got out of it, it was back onto the dirt and for the next 130 or so K's we copped fog, rain and strong gusty winds, including some terrible muddy and potholed roads. Needless to say, when we could see it the scenery was fantastic, fiords and waterfalls everywhere, we ended up on the western most point of Iceland (Europe).

Back along the dirt to our accommodation which proved to be a very isolated guesthouse, very comfortable and with an excellent cuisine.

26/06/2016 - Sun - Day 12 - Fransiskus Hotel, Stykkisholmur

Another day in the wet weather gear, started out with a misty sort of rain which wasn't too bad as the first 70 or so K's of heavily potholed dirt road weren't too bad - must be getting used to it. Country very pretty with isolated farmhouses, little villages and pretty high ranges between fiords. Back on the tar for awhile and everything was looking good, then back onto the dirt, luckily this time it wasn't raining, but Garth got a rear tyre flat, tried Finilek but this didn't work. Then Ragnar noted that he had a tubeless repair kit in the van, we tried once and failed, the second one went in OK then we used the one other container of Finilek to inflate the tyre. This seemed to work - we eventually found a service station and put some more air in the tyre - I might add by now the rain had returned!

We eventually caught up with Mike at the lunch stop, however the others had already left. After a quick bite to eat it was back onto the dirt which by now had turned into a real quagmire though we were progressing along quite well, a bit slow on my part as the conditions were a bit dubious for pilgrions getting along with two geriatric semi cripples aboard. Anyway, I noticed some very erratic tyre tracks and assumed it could only be Garth and Jessica on a flat tyre, this proved to be the case. The plug had failed and luckily Ragnar had bought another tin of Finilek when we stopped for lunch,

Jessica went into the van and Garth soldiered on - might add all this was in the rain.

We pushed on very carefully, Garth with a dubious rear tyre and eventually met up with Mike who came back to see if we were OK and escorted us back to our lodgings for the night - thank goodness, as it was in some side streets and we would never have found it.

In all, and I might add in very harrowing conditions, we did an excess of 400Ks with more than 300Ks of dirt - real adventure bike territory and the Harley just soldiered on, two-up and always near the front of the group.

27/06/2016 - Mon - Day 13 - Hotel Husafell, Husafell

Overnight Mike put 2 plugs in Garth's tyre and it looked alright when we left in the morning, little were we to know that after 10Ks it would again fail. This necessitated a long wait on the side of the road before Ragnar could contact Mike - after doing so we had to wait for him to get back to us. When he did, he swapped bikes, took the one with the flat back to town for a more permanent repair and Garth continued on with his bike. We hightailed it after the others, missing a waterfall and catching up with them at the morning tea stop. Might also add that there was a rush to the local Apoteek (Chemist) for Stepsils as some of us were suffering from head/chest colds, We then proceeded to the caves made famous by Jules Verne and did a subterranean tour and again caught up with Mike who'd convinced someone to put a huge plug in the wayward tyre.

Then after lunch to another impressive waterfall, which flowed from out of a volcanic lava wall.

At the hotel we watched Iceland beat England in the Euro Football Championships.

Might add the mean temperature over the last couple of days has been hovering around the 10.5C mark!

28/06/2016 - Tues - Day 14 - Fosshotel, Reykjavik

Everyone was up bright and early as this was to be the last day of our adventure. Donned wet weather gear as it looked like it was going to be a typical Icelandic day and glad I did for warmth and the occasional showers throughout the day. We did the Golden Circle - see Mikes notes for all the places seen.

There were some very interesting roads covered today from sweeping corners around a fiord, tight corners up and over a very steep hill/mountain, a bit of gnarley gravel and slippery road works followed by long straights beside a pipeline leading into Reykjavik.

In the evening we had a farewell dinner (feast), but regrettably had to retire early as we had to catch an early flight.

29/06/2016 - Wed - Day 15

Up at 2.00am to catch a taxi with Jessica and Garth to the airport, flew Air Iceland to Helsinki and from there to Amsterdam. Might note that had a fair wait at both airports but managed to entertain ourselves.

We spent the rest of our holidays visiting relatives and generally exploring the Netherlands.

RIDERS:

**Mike Ferris
Scott & Kylie
David & Cheryl
Eric
Johny
Nathan
Philip
Richard & Lindy
Shorn
Rod
Garth & Jessica
Mara & I**

People you meet

Irrespective where a motorcyclist is touring, ranging from a pot holed secondary road to an Outback dirt road one always meet people. It is inevitable that the motorcycle will always enter the conversation, even at times becoming a conversation starter.

This was the case on a number of memorable occasions.

It is on one of my cross country long tours. Weather wise it just doesn't get any better. The sky was a dazzling blue, clouds were banned, the wind stayed away and the temperature, a pleasant 30C. With the mountain ranges disappearing in the rear view mirror, the straights become longer and unfortunately the bends few and far between. The road offered unlimited visibility and with no place to hide one could spot Mr. Plod from miles away. So with the closest town half an hour drive away I let the R90S stretch its legs. Even 'doing the ton' the S felt as if it's only idling, gently purring past the dry expanse. The sensation of riding the open, empty, smooth highway away from the cities just has to be unique and in complete contrast to road conditions in build-up areas. The only thing that stops anyone thinking that he's the only person on earth is the occasional car spotted on the shimmering horizon and eventually passing by.

Time seems to sit still; the clock on the S fairing seems to have simply slowed down to a crawl. Time is spent looking at the instruments, the view ahead and then the rear view mirror. You do this because there's nothing else to look at. When it comes to boredom the worst section of this run is when you enter the 90 mile dead straight stretch. For 90 agonising miles the bike stays perfectly up right, you can't see the end due to the earth curvature and since there's nothing flashing by such as a tree or lamp post whatever speed you're sitting on, is just too slow.

I have traversed this section of road three times on the S. On the second run I actually locked the throttle with its screw at 120kph and much to my mate shaking head in disbelief and my own nervous amazement placed my hands on the tank bag and didn't touch the handlebars once for the whole 90 miles.

On the third and final time as I sang, did mental arithmetic and looked at the S clock I saw something just off the bitumen that saw me caress the brake lever and then laughingly back off, dropped down through the gears and come to a complete stop. Placing the bike on the side stand I looked both ways (rather a waste of time) before crossing the road.

There right before my eyes was a kangaroo leaning against a road marker holding a can of beer. I just burst out laughing. What had happened was a kangaroo had crossed the road and unfortunately was hit by a car killing it immediately. The car stopped, most likely so the driver can inspect if there's any damage. Remember out here a damaged radiator leaking water is quite series. The nearest water could be up to 50 or so miles away.

So most likely out of boredom the kangaroo was physically lifted/dragged off the road and placed leaning against a road marker. At just the right angle and with rigor mortis setting in under the blazing sun it doesn't take long to drain a can of beer and strategically place it in its front paw.

Yep any car passing by stopped, conversations started and numerous cameras were pressed into service. My only regret was I didn't have any film in my camera. One tourist handed me his camera requested to take a photo of him crouching next to the kangaroo. After handing him the camera he said

He: "Dumb animal".

Me: "What made you say that?"

He: "If he was smart he wouldn't have crossed the road directly in front of an oncoming vehicle".

Me: "In a way I do agree but he's dumb not because of his lack of road sense"

Spinning around to directly look at me he said

He: "What then?"

Me: "He's drinking the wrong brand of beer."

He just looked at me as I walked back to the bike.

In a way it's fortunate no animal loving group heard me as they would object to see this rather unusual sight.

Before riding across Outback roads/tracks it is wise to seek out road conditions. A word from a local does help. A stop at a police station is most welcomed. Not only do you receive road condition but more importantly if something does happen, if for example you fail to 'report back' at the other end of the track, an alert will be raised and a search and rescue team is quickly organised.

This was the case when I had planned to traverse the Birdsville Track from Birdsville in Outback Queensland all the way to Maree in South Australia. Although it is a dirt/gravel road, it is only 517km long and in some places easily able to cruise at speed. At the same time you have to be careful of dips because you most likely come across a creek crossing.

I reported to the small one man police station out in an Outback Queensland town and informed Mr Plod that I wish to head south to Birdsville and then Maree along the Birdsville Track. He instantly dropped his pen and smilingly came out to have a look at the R90S. His enthusiasm led me to believe that he was grateful for the interruption as most likely I was the first person that day he talked too. As he circled the bike, his hands behind his back, reminding me of my dad 'inspecting' the bike when I bought it, he praised the bike acknowledging the superb German engineering, the enclosed shaft drive and the long range fuel tank. I off course was enjoying the praises so you can well imagine my disappointment when his smile vanished and in a frown strongly rejected the idea of me tackling the Track in the present condition.

(He can't physically stop me from going but he can strongly suggest not going. The reason is usually the vehicle or the owner isn't up to the task. It's best to keep in mind that the area about to be crossed is extremely hot, barren, dry and isolated, water and supplies should be carried in case of emergencies.)

Naturally my one and only question was WHY?

He: "Sorry mate, I can't approve this crossing, you're not ready."

Me: "Really, why not? By your own admission it is a reliable bike, I have the fuel range to easily make it across, spare food, water and tools to just about tackle any emergency"

He: "Oh look no doubt, as you said the bike is the ideal vehicle but you haven't got a spare tyre."

After a rather nervous giggle

Me: "An inspection of the rear tyre shows that it has heaps of thread as it has only covered less than 1000klm. Since I'm travelling on dirt/gravel I have taken the liberty of replacing the road tyre to a deep block dirt one".

He: "Yes I've noticed that, good thinking, but in case of an emergency you have nothing to contact anyone. You do not have a Satellite or short wave radio and out here mobile phones are useless, so as stated, you're not ready."

Well that stopped me dead in my tracks, he was right, it

was something I never even thought off. Seeing my worried look he said.

He: "Look mate, give this trip a miss this time, do the Track another time."

Me: "Yes. I agree, mind you it is going to be a costly affair because I can't afford to buy a Sat Phone and I doubt if they can be rented out"

He: "Oh you don't need a Sat Phone."

Me: "What can I use?" I quickly replied.

He: "As I said a spare tyre. Just carry a spare tyre"

Me: "How does that help?"

He: "Oh easy, carry a spare tyre, if you get into difficulty set it alight. The black smoke can easily be seen from miles away, especially from the air, and sooner or later help will show up."

Me: "Yes that's a great idea, yep that's what I'll do"

He: "Well I'm glad that's sorted out. Off course you do realise that if you do torch the tyre you will be fined for burning off"

Me: "What? You've just finished telling me what to do in an emergency and then you'll book me?"

He smiling: "Certainly, did you have a permit to burn off?"

An enjoyable drink was consumed before waving and heading off. On the second time I attempted to do the Track I did carry a spare tyre, unfortunately the Track was closed due to unseasonal rain-----aargh.

One of the joys of travelling in Australia especially in summer is the weather. It was, again, one of those days that the sun came out smiling, the clouds and wind stayed away and covering long distance on secondary roads in the Outback meant no traffic to speak off. Unlimited visibility showed blue skies except for rising white smoke out on the horizon. It doesn't take long to work out that it is the first sign of a bush fire. I was heading in that exact direction.

No traffic coming from that direction meant either there was no traffic to speak off or the road was closed. As I got closer I could smell it. Finally the fire came into view, burning on both sides of the road. Although protected by helmet and leathers I could easily feel the radiant heat. Not good, still this was a chance too good to miss.

I pulled over, placing the bike at the edge of the fire, unpack the camera and took two photos from the other side of the road.

Hardly had I moved the bike away from the approaching fire when I could hear another sound; that of a fire engine wailing siren. I don't know why they bothered switching on the siren since apart from me there was no one there to hear it. Hardly had the vehicle came to a stop when a rather obese fireman came rushing over. That surprised me; I didn't think he could generate that much energy to rush over.

I flashed him my most welcoming smile and said

Me: "G'day mate, how are you?"

He: "Never mind that, what are you doing?"

What, no salutations I thought

Me: "Oh I've taken the opportunity photographing my bike against the fire; I'm trying to capture the flames reflecting off the petrol tank?"

Raising his voice he said

Him: "Are you bloody nuts? This is a bush fire ya flaming

drongo? People run away from bushfires"

Me: "You haven't."

He definitely wasn't amused by my comeback. Clearly his blood pressure was turning his face a glowing red, excellently matching the flames.

He: "You shouldn't be here."

Me: "Where should I be? As I said I was presented with an opportunity to film a fire. You wouldn't want me to miss this, would you?"

Bellowing he said

He: "Get out of here."

Me: "OK mate, ok, take it easy, you're about to either blow a fuse or get your heart to valve bounce."

Abruptly turning my back to him and taking my time to put away the camera, I spent several moments observing the other firemen working their hoses. By this time the fire had moved and the radiant heat was quite noticeable. He was quite agitated running around. His antics were as amusing as seeing Daffy Duck being on the bridge of a sinking ship.

I put on my helmet, fired up the S and before he had a chance to tell me to turn around, selected first gear and much to his frenetic state rode through. Last time I saw him in the rear view mirror, he was frantically waving.

It definitely was an unusual sight riding a bike with both sides of the road alight. I could see red tongues of flames curling around tree trunks with a crackling sound filling the air. I must confess that there was a brief moment of deep concern as the bike started to cough and splatter, sounding very asthmatic.

Oops, silly me, I forgot to switch on the fuel tap and mercifully had enough momentum to go through. Never was there a more beautiful sound as the engine returning back to full health.

The ride from Sydney to Melbourne along the main highway can easily be covered in a leisurely 9 hours. Apart from the last 200km of twisting winding back roads, it offers around 670km of brain numbing boredom. Clearly whoever builds this never ending divided road isn't a motorcyclist. They failed to place a bend between two straights. Only truck drivers and maddening tourists towing a caravan love it. Therefore I often elect to ride at night. For one thing I don't have to look at the endless ribbon of straight road and there's far less police presence. This plays an important part for the R90S as it gives it a chance to "clean out the exhaust pipes".

One memorable ride along this highway took place at the end of spring. Even hours after dark it was still warm. A clear star studded sky and a full moon accompanied me as I left Sydney bustling traffic in the rear view mirror. I glanced at the instruments, look at the clock and work out an estimated time of arrival and settled in for the run ahead. Other than the occasional truck, the road is void of traffic especially on a week night. As the miles slipped past under the wheels I let the S extend itself. As the speedometer needle climbed up the dial and the broken white line started to flash by underneath, I looked up tilting the helmet back and listen to the engine, running crisp, clean and healthy.

I had only covered a mere 300km when the first drops of rain landed on the visor. Surprised as this was the last thing I expected, I looked up at the darkened sky. The stars had now vanished, the moon fading away hiding behind the clouds. More rain drops followed so I pulled off

the road and proceeded to put on the wet weather gear.

Ah, one of the adventures of motorcycling; struggling to get wet weather gear pulled over leathers in near pitch blackness.

As I was about to swing my leg over the seat I saw a pair of headlights coming the other way. I don't know why, there was no reason to, yet I found me looking at them. At first unsure and alarmingly becoming positive that something is wrong, the vehicle started to slowly wander across the road. I stared in disbelief as suddenly, without any warning the twin headlights veered off the road.

From that moment on, right there in front of me the truck was doomed.

The sound of destruction grew in intensity as the truck, now completely out of control started on its final run. It started to first mow down the reflective wooden posts, then scrubs and tree branches. Dust billowed, spreading itself around the path being created. Ploughing through a wire fence the prime mover rose and heaved itself over a fallen log. With a hiss from escaping air, the trailer separated, sending more debris flying in all directions. The trailer now with a mind of its own disgorged its cargo as it ripped itself apart.

Stunned, bordering on stupefaction, unable to move a muscle I watched the truck, just like a dying beast, its engine screaming in agony, tearing itself apart. The sound of twisting metal and the spine tingling sound of glass shattering were the last sounds to be heard as the truck tipped over onto its side, a massive tree halted its final movement.

I found myself running, rather ungainly with all the clothes I was wearing, towards the wreck, now partially hidden by a dust cloud and a curtain of fallen leaves. Pushed more by adrenalin rather than a fast beating heart, I found myself asking questions about first aid techniques. Before I reached the vehicle I started to fear about those inside. How bad their injuries were or worse, are probable dead. How do I prepare myself?

The dust caused me to cough as I looked through the broken windshield. There was no one in the passenger seat which was a relief. Looking at the driver, his face covered in blood I spotted a movement. He was alive, what a relief. Pushing wreckage aside I gingerly, careful of broken glass and just as ungainly thanks to my wardrobe climbed onto the side of the cabin. I reached out with my hand encouraging him to take hold of it. He looked at me yet no words were spoken. Finally after coaching him to come up he started to move then talk. His slurred speech led me to believe that he's in shock or has been drinking.

He: "What happened?"

Me: "Nothing much mate, you've just been in a minor accident."

He: "Is the truck OK?"

Me: "Yep, just a few scratches here and there, but she'll be right."

Looking at the devastation around me I made a mental note to pat myself on my ability to twist the truth.

Me: "Come on mate, grab my hand and I'll pull you up."

He: "How come you're dressed in yellow?"

Me: "I ride a motorbike; this is my wet weather gear"

He: "What type of bike, a Harley."

Me: "Nah mate, better, a BMW"

He: "Oh yes, great British bike"

Me: "What? You got a head wound mate. Come on, give me your hand."

He: "OK but don't drop me, I feel like shit."

Me: "Yep, you look it too."

I laughed, doing my best to lighten the situation. There was no way I could lift him up and was very relieved to see a truck pull over, to be quickly followed by others. Flashlights danced around as they came running. One young driver jumped in and with other helping pulled him up and down onto the ground.

Me: "Come over here mate, sit down, yes you do look like shit but that's OK, you'll be fine and up and about shortly."

As he turned to sit I could see trickles of blood from pieces of glass shard sticking in his back. He didn't feel them at all. It was only till I saw his eyes that I realised that he hasn't been drinking but was definitely on some sort of drugs. No wonder he didn't feel a thing, he's higher than a kite.

As requested by the other drivers we searched for his log book. When found a driver whisked it away, most likely hiding it from the police. I was asked what had happened, thanked and left. I was surprised to find the bike was still patiently ticking over. More so when I looked at the clock to find that the whole episode lasted no more than around 10 minutes, yet it felt like an eternity. As the bike started to roll I looked back seeing the twin headlights still stabbing the darkness with one aimed at the ground, the other now lighting the tree tops.

Well that certainly stops boredom. An hour or so later the light rain had stopped. Looking up I saw the moon peer out from the edge of the blackness. Checking the rear view mirror showed the road looking like a ribbon of silver, the moonlight now bathing it and the surrounding area with a soft almost translucent glow.

Looking ahead the adventure continued.

Frank Cachia



If anyone can identify the bike in the pic above, Frank will buy you a drink next time you see him !



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

BMW Touring Club of New South Wales Incorporated
(incorporated under the Associations Incorporation Act 1984)

The BMW Touring Club of NSW was founded in 1965, with an initial membership of 15. The aim of the club is to provide a social medium for BMW riders and motorcycle touring. It is not necessary for you to own a BMW motorcycle to join the club. There are a wide range of activities throughout the year, ranging from regular day rides, rallies (local, interstate and other BMW club rallies), runs with interstate BMW clubs and camping weekends. We have gained a large number of trophies from our attendance at rallies. The club also has regular maintenance days (where you can tap into a vast range of knowledge from our members). We have spare parts available at a slight discount for members and a variety of special tools for use when servicing, repairing or replacing components. We also have social evenings, an annual presentation night/dinner and a Christmas party. The club encourages family involvement in all events.

Current Membership Number (if known):	
I, (Full name of applicant) and additional person/s to appear on the membership	
Of Address (number, street, suburb, postcode, state)	
Preferred Phone Number (s)	
Email Address:	
Motorcycles Make, Model, Year	
NEW MEMBERS ONLY (introduced by):	

OPTIONAL (please provide your preferences)	YES / NO																		
Do you wish to download the club newsletter from the club website																			
Do you wish to receive the printed newsletter by Mail?																			
Do you have a First Aid Certificate?																			
If NO First Aid Certificate, are you interested in attending a First Aid Course for motorcycle riders?																			
If you would like to be included on the clubs hospitality list please complete the following:																			
<table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>Name</th> <th>Location</th> <th>State</th> <th>Phone #</th> <th>S</th> <th>A</th> <th>N</th> <th>D</th> <th>Comments</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td> </td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	Name	Location	State	Phone #	S	A	N	D	Comments										
Name	Location	State	Phone #	S	A	N	D	Comments											
(S) Social Stop; (A) Accommodation; (M) Mechanical Assistance; (D) Distance prepared to travel to assist; C Trailer, alt																			

COSTS	
New Member Joining Fee	\$20.00
Annual Membership Fee (city or country membership per year)	\$50.00
Subsidised Club 'T' Shirt (Mens XS–5XL)	\$10.00 per shirt
Total Amount Payable:	

PAYMENT	
MAIL / CHEQUE: Mail to: BMW Touring Club of NSW PO Box 549 TOONGABBIE, NSW 2146	DIRECT DEPOSIT: BSW 032 173; Account 40-6259 Please quote 'MSHIP', your NUMBER and your NAME when making the transfer
All cheques and money orders available to BMW Touring Club of NSW. Please POST, SCAN or EMAIL this form to the Membership Secretary (membership@bmwtcnsw.org.au) so your deposit can be reconciled, your T-shirt ordered and your details updated. All membership fees are dues by 1st July each year. Membership not renewed by 1st August will be considered as a resignation of membership	

APPLICATION		
I am applying for (please circle):		
New Application	Membership Renewal	Joint Application
I hereby apply to join / renew my membership of the above named incorporated association & agree to be bound by the rules of the club.		
Signature of Applicant:		Date (dd mm yyyy):

APPENDIX 2

FORM OF APPOINTMENT OF PROXY

BMW Touring Club of New South Wales Incorporated
(Incorporated under the Associations Incorporation Act, 1984)

I, _____, Membership no: _____
(full Name)

of, _____
(Address)

_____ Postcode: _____

being a member of the BMW Touring Club of New South Wales Incorporated.

Hereby appoint _____
(full name of Proxy)

of, _____
(Address)

_____ Postcode: _____

being a member of that incorporated association, as my proxy to vote for me on my behalf at the general meeting of the club (annual general meeting or special general meeting, as may the case may be) to be

held on the _____ day of _____ 20____ and at any adjournment of that meeting.

My proxy is authorised to vote in favour of/against (delete as appropriate) the resolution
(insert details)

To be inserted if desired

(Signature of member appointing proxy)

Date: _____

NOTE: A proxy vote may not be given to a person who is not a member of the association/club

If undeliverable return to :

BMW TOURING CLUB OF NSW
PO Box 549
TOONGABBIE NSW 2146
Australia

BMW TOURING CLUB OF NSW NEWSLETTER

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AUSTRALIA

Watch out for these upcoming events :

6th-7th June

Alpine Rally (Covid 19 restrictions allowing, check the website)

20th – 21st June

Casper Rally (Covid 19 restrictions allowing, check the website)

TBA

Club annual awards night

19th -20th Sept

**Far Cairn Rally
(if Covid 19 restrictions at the time allow)**