

**BMW Touring Club
of New South Wales**



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

OCTOBER 2016 NEWSLETTER



Rob Lovett at the
recent Canberra
German Autoday

BMW Touring Club of NSW



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NEWSLETTER DISTRIBUTION

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Mick Goodwin

Club Website:

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Club Yahoo groups site

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



www.bmwclubs.asn.au
www.bmw-clubs-international.com

CLASSIC REGISTRARS

South Coast	Steve Treloar	04397 39876 nthcoastregis-ter@bmwtcnsw.org.au
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ACT	Dave Ramsay	02 6278 3895 actcoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au
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Mid North Coast	Lin Van Copenhagen	0417 098 255 midnthcoastcoordinator@bmwtcnsw.org.au
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 Friday of the month. At the Hexham Bowling Club for a chat and something to eat.
North Coast Breakfast & Social Sip	Quay Lime Bar and Grill, 18 Park St, Port Macquarie from 4:30pm.

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 Calendar

OCTOBER			
Sat 1 st – Mon 3 rd	Cane Toad Rally (QLD) See Sept. newsletter for details.	Marie Pennykid 0428 393 093	10
Sat 1 st	Mid North Coast Monthly Breakfast, Abundance Garden and Café 274 Rawdon Island Rd, Sancrox, NSW from 8:30am	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Sat 8 th – Sun 9 th	Kosciuszko Rally; Geehi Flats campsite, BMW/MCCACT		10
Sun 9 th	Coffee and day ride; meet 22 Patterson Road, Bolwarra. 9.00 am for coffee. Possible ride afterwards to be decided on the day.	Cheryl 0408 074 214	2
Fri 14 th	South Coast Social Sip; Great Southern Hotel 95 Queen St, Berry (6.30 2 nd Friday of the month)	Tony Schmidt 0407 494 229	2
Sat 15 th – Sun 16 th	Farm Stay at Stuarts place near Dungog at 943 Glen William Road, Glen William NSW 2321. BBQ, Fire etc. Great camping weekend last year. Special invite to our all members. RSVP 8th Oct 2016	Stuart 0427 767 129 Rob 0425 777 461	10
Sun 16 th	Mid North Coast Social Sip, Quay Lime Bar and Grill, 18 Park St, Port Macquarie from 4:30pm.	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Sun 23 rd	New Members Ride, To Burrawang Park, Burrawang, meet @ McDonalds Eastern Creek West Bound @9.30 for 10am departure, please RSVP Marie 0428 393 093 by 21 st OCTOBER	Marie Pennykid 0428 393 093	6
Wed 26 th	Club Meeting 7:30pm. Please join us for dinner before the meeting at Toongabbie Hotel from 6:00pm	Alan Peters 0414 660 890	4/6*
Thurs 27 th	Hunter Social Sip: Hexham Bowling club 6.00 PM for Drinks and Chinese dinner from around 6pm (last Thurs of the month)	Rob Tiedeman 0425 777 461	2
NOVEMBER			
Sat 5 th	Mid North Coast Monthly Breakfast, Abundance Garden and Café 274 Rawdon Island Rd, Sancrox, NSW from 8:30am	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Fri 11 th	South Coast Social Sip; Great Southern Hotel 95 Queen St, Berry (6.30 2 nd Friday of the month)	Tony Schmidt 0407 494 229	2
Sat 12 th – Sun 13 th	BMW National Motorrad Rally (Bright, Victoria)		10
Sun 13 th	Coffee and day ride; meet 22 Patterson Road, Bolwarra. 9.00 am for coffee. Possible ride afterwards to be decided on the day.	Cheryl 0408 074 214	2
Sun 20 th	Mid North Coast Social Sip, Quay Lime Bar and Grill, 18 Park St, Port Macquarie from 4:30pm.	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Thurs 24 th	Hunter Social Sip: Hexham Bowling club 6.00 PM for Drinks and Chinese dinner from around 6pm (last Thurs of the month)	Rob Tiedeman 0425 777 461	2
Sun 27 th	Grey Gums Breakfast Ride		6
Wed 30 th	Club Meeting 7:30pm. Please join us for dinner before the meeting at Toongabbie Hotel from 6:00pm	Alan Peters 0414 660 890	4/6*
DECEMBER			
Sat 3 rd	Mid North Coast Monthly Breakfast, Abundance Garden and Café 274 Rawdon Island Rd, Sancrox, NSW from 8:30am	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Fri 9 th	South Coast Social Sip; Great Southern Hotel 95 Queen St, Berry (6.30 2 nd Friday of the month)	Tony Schmidt 0407 494 229	2
Sat 10 th Sun 11 th	Club Christmas Party At Majors Creek Community Hall, Dinner catered by Capital Roast, Camping with plenty of parking in hall ground with limited accommodation at the pub (Elrington Hotel 02 4846 1145) 500m walk RSVP Dec 1 st wozzashed@bigpond.com	Warren Buffett 0473 403 205	10
Sun 11 th	Coffee and day ride; meet 22 Patterson Road, Bolwarra. 9.00 am for coffee. Possible ride afterwards to be decided on the day.	Cheryl 0408 074 214	2
Sun 18 th	Mid North Coast Social Sip, Quay Lime Bar and Grill, 18 Park St, Port Macquarie from 4:30pm.	Lin van Coppenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Thurs 29 th	Hunter Social Sip: Hexham Bowling club 6.00 PM for Drinks and Chinese dinner from around 6pm (last Thurs of the month)	Rob Tiedeman 0425 777 461	2
Wed 28 th	No Club Meeting, but please join us for dinner at Toongabbie Hotel from 6:00pm	Alan Peters 0414 660 890	4/6*
Sat 31 st Sun 1 st	New Year's Gathering @ Wee Jasper		10

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

Minutes—BMWTCNSW Club Meeting

31 August 2016

Chairperson – Al Peters.

Meeting Opened – 8.02 PM.

Apologies – P Evans, J Boyd, S Saliba, C Watkins, M Donaldson, T Lever, and T Dean.

Visitors – Nil.

New Member – Nil.

Previous Minutes – The Minutes of July 2016 Meeting were tabled.

Acc-Adrian Selwyn-Smith.

Sec-Bob Madell.

Correspondence –

Magazines from BMW Club: NZ, QLD, VIC and NSW Drivers Club.

Westpac statements x 2.

21 FCR Registrations.

RFDS letter re Honour Roll.

Receipt for RFDS \$750 donation.

President's Report –

President reported that he had included articles regarding the FCR and Motorrad Rally in the September Newsletter.

More members' articles requested for the Newsletter.

Reported that FCR registrations currently totalled 33.

Vice President's Report –

VP reported on the Hat Rally, Carcoar weekend ride and TTT Rally.

Secretary's Report –

See minutes in the Newsletter.

Secretary noted that various emails received such as guided rides, first aid courses, tours, etc, will be posted on the Club e-group.

Treasurer's Report –

Reserve Acc \$30,660.13.

Cheque Acc \$8,695.00.

Treasurer advised that Crash Card profile is included in the Newsletter.

Treasurer requested that members include their name when making EFT bank deposits.

Treasurer reported that Club bank accounts reconciled to end July. P&L for each month and YTD available.

Treasurer drew members' attention to the Motorcycle Awareness Week commencing 11 October.

Membership Secretary –

Reported 6 new members this month.

Current Club membership totals 234.

Editor –

The editor thanked members for Newsletter articles.

An OCR report is needed for the Newsletter.

Public Officer

Reported that he had been seeking quotes for Club officers and volunteers' insurance.

The Public Officer advised the meeting that he did not intend to renew his Club membership and that under DFT rules the General Secretary is deemed the Public Officer if the position of Public Officer is vacant.

Bob Madell thanked Ian for his efforts as Public Officer.

Regalia –

Dave Beers reported that \$130 had been received from regalia sales this month.

Assets & Archives –

No report.

Clubs Australia –

No report.

Webmaster –

No report.

MCC –

At the July meeting of the MCC it was confirmed that the MCC is pushing for satellite phones to cover the Snowy Mountains area.

Other items discussed were legal responses to criminal organisations in NSW and QLD, requirements for star rating for motorcyclist clothing, Oxley Highway satellite phones, Changes to NSW CTP scheme.

Information leaflets for Putty Road emergency phones and RTA recommended braking habits were tabled.

Past Events –

OCR – Warren Buffet reported that 8 riders had met at West Wyalong, and travelled via Victoria to avoid closed unsealed roads in Western NSW.

Hat Rally – Not a very big turnout reported.

TTT Rally – About 70 riders attended. Poor weather conditions may have reduced the attendance.

Country Meeting at Cowra – 29 attendees including 3 visitors. Weather cold, wet and windy. Good time had by all. BMW Centenary photo taken outside Cowra Railway Station (See cover September Newsletter).

Coming Events –

16/18 Sept - FCR Pre-rally entries close Friday 2 September.

10/11 Sept – Ragged Fringe Rally.

1/3 Oct - Cane Toad Rally – entry form in September Newsletter.

28/29 Oct - Thunder Rally.

11/12 Nov – BMW Motorrad Rally Bright.

10/11 Dec - Club Christmas Party.

General Business –

Marie Pennykid stated that she needs to place another Club T shirt order.

Meeting Closed: 9.23 PM.

PRESIDENTS REPORT:

Sadly, we had to make one of the toughest decisions regarding the Far Cairn Rally last week. We were all keen and raring to go with all the organisation in place. Badges and awards were made, Tee shirts were printed and transport for all the bits and bobs sorted.



A week before the rally date Ken Lovegrove sent me a picture of the Bogan river at Dandaloo. A pretty good indication of how wet things had been. John Rayner called the council to ascertain the conditions of the racecourse and we were told we couldn't use the saddling yard because it had been flooded. By Wednesday things had declined with more rain at Tottenham and we were unable to secure an alternative venue there. Paul Evans made a call to locals to get their place as a potential campsite to be told they couldn't get out of their own property. With that realisation of the gravity of the situation the rally postponement was announced.

At this stage a new date has not been set, but it looks to be that could be as late as March 2017. Watch this space. Anyone wishing for a refund should contact me at president.bmwtcnsw.org.au.

There is still a commitment to have the rally as there are funds to be raised for MARI

Ride well in October everyone.



MOTORCYCLE AWARENESS WEEK:

The launch of Motorcycle Awareness Week (now Motorcycle Awareness Month) is to be held at Old Customs House, Circular Quay on Tuesday, 11 Oct. from approx. 07:00am to 3:00pm---all Visitors welcome---come & have a chat/etc



THE OFF CENTRE AND THE DOMMIE

-George Scarfe

In an effort to get interest in the Off Centre Rally I started an email/Facebook discussion with a planned trip. I prepared a spreadsheet with a draft route inviting comment, providing relevant information on distance, fuel stops and the URL's of Pubs and Caravan Parks. Initially we had 14 on the list.

The basic plan was to meet at the Ace Caravan park in West Wyalong, (the one with the DC3) and set off for Hillston heading west on as much dirt as we could find.

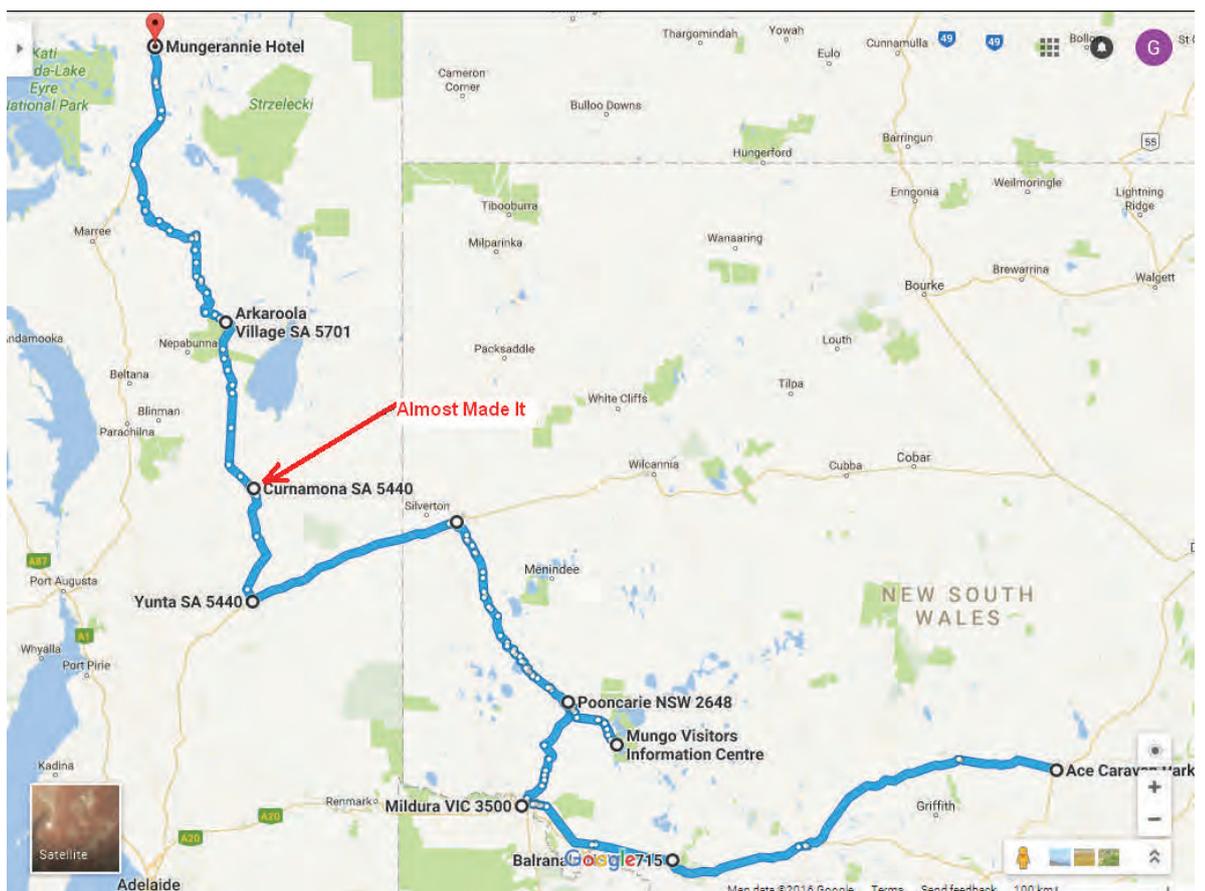
We planned to stop off at Mungo, Pooncarrie and then onto South Australia and on up to Arkaroola and then up the track to the Mungerannie Hotel.

Eight of us met at Wyalong stopping overnight. The next morning we broke into two groups of four and headed off. The two groups were Paul Evans Jason Boyde, Bala and Ian Emmet with Wozza, Rob Tiedeman, my wife's brother in law Wayne and I in the other group.

Unfortunately Carrathool and Wentworth shires closed all the dirt Roads so we were consigned to the bitumen until Mildura. The dirt roads were opened the next day so we headed for Pooncarrie. A committee meeting at the Mungo turnoff decided to visit Mungo

after all where we were lucky to snag a shearer's hut and have a night on the turps with some other visitors.

We spent the night at the Menindee Lakes Caravan Park where some repairs on Wayne's DR fixed his idling problems. We proceeded to Broken Hill the next day where Rob had a new tyre fitted and then set off for Yunta.



A hundred Km up the Arkaroola road we all stopped for a rest. Wayne and Rob set off with Rob leading but unfortunately the old Dommie refused to start. It had been performing beautifully up until then starting at the touch of the button.

Wayne wasn't watching his mirrors so he and Rob got a long way ahead before Wozz and I were missed. Rob on his 250 didn't have enough fuel to return and look for us.

Wozza and I worked on the bloody thing for three hours replacing all the electronics and ignition components (I brought spares) but to no avail. Wozz helped me to the nearby Curnamona station and set off after the others arriving in Arkaroola in the dark.

The managers of the Station Jeff and Lynette Pumpa could not have been more helpful. Offering me a bed and the use of their workshop. The next day I worked on the Domster until midday, gave up and picked up a lift in a few minutes outside the gate. The lovely people took me to Broken Hill where I caught a flight to Sydney and a bus back to Canberra.

My wife and I did four 800 Km days back to Curnamona and picked the old girl up.

On my return home I tested it thoroughly for spark and compression etc and eventually settled on a slipped worn timing chain. Repairs continue.

Member Profile: Garry M^cCarthy

What motorcycle do you ride?

-1990 K75, 1987 R80G/S-PD, 1995 K1100LT

What was your first motorcycle?

-Suzuki TS250

What do you think is your ideal bike?

-The 3 that I've got!

What is the bike that you wished you'd never sold?

-Suzi GT750 Waterbottle

What is/was your favourite ride?

-To Darwin and back via QLD & back down the centre

What type of riding do you enjoy?

-Long Distance touring

Other than motorcycling what interests do you have?

-Messing with computer systems

How long have you been a member of the BMWTCNSW?

-One and a half years

What made you want to join the club?

-I have friends that are members

What is the best thing you've done with the club?

-Day ride to Wondabyne Railway Station with the Newcastle group.

Have you taken any roles in the clubs organisation?

-No

Name or describe a ride that you want to do in the future.

-The National Motorrad Rally in Bright (Nov 16)

A BMW GS motorcycle is shown performing a wheelie on a dirt road. The rider is wearing a blue and white riding suit and a helmet. The background features a rocky, hilly landscape under a blue sky with light clouds.

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the road and in front of the local Honda dealer it died again, with erratic light flashes and random standstill dash speeds of 135kph. O Kay. A second opinion from the bike shop was as predicted - no diagnostics so nothing we can do. Most bike people are helpful and Deakin Motorcycles did everything to assist – they were fantastic. All my bike gear was now on the bike in their workshop to be transported back to CBR. I now planned to catch the bus to Adelaide to see my mum. I was walking. Walking. Walking up the main street with my canvas bag and clunking MC boots.

I head to the travel agent. "You want to get to Adelaide? Sorry, no bus, it stopped running a month ago, only thing we have is a train to Melb tomorrow or the flight which leaves in half an hour" Flight thanks, and connect to ADL please, as I hand her my chipped plastic rescue card. The cab to the airport took its time... as they do when you really need to get somewhere quick. I strode to the airport desk and they take my big

canvas bag and plastic wrap my sodden jacket. Getting the tank bag through the xray machine at the boarding call took three attempts as numerous, zip-ties, my favorite 10mm spanner, multi – tool, knife and 100mph tape are not appreciated as hand luggage! "Especially the zip ties," said the cute friendly woman with the knowing look. All lost and gone forever. I lamented my plight in the 70's themed bar at Tulla as I slurped a rather nice McClaren Vale Shiraz. Maybe I can still get to the rally...

Four days later I touch down in Canberra with the knowledge that the company transporting my Husky home had a

breakdown and my bike and gear will not arrive for another week. I paced and planned. My girls were really keen for me to have another crack (I was a bit cranky). In the shed I have the old '84 BMWR80G/S which had been neglected of late - out of rego, flat front tyre, tappets were a bad sort of noisy, bald rear tyre and a bit of an oil puddle under her (pushrod seals – no biggie). Johnnie Minogue's (RIP) old bike – its mine now and it's been with the TC for some time. I dug out and dusted my old 90's camping gear, took the rim to the shop, rego and tappets set. I rigged up some luggage.



My mate Dayn (also riding a R80G/S) heard of my plight - he was experiencing Canberra winter cabin fever and was also getting shooed out of the house by his partner. With a pirouette and a side step he was in, and this was good. A besty. We have ridden tens of thousands of kilometres together - a good mate and a R2V fan.

This could turn out good or bad (I did not want to own 3 busted bikes!) things were getting expensive. Memories of a bent rocker arm from the Cape York OCR came flooding back. A restless night. Ready to go at dawn, I could hear the distinct putter of Dayn's R80G/S in the driveway and we headed out in the dawn rain for the

abbreviated trip to Mungerannie.

Making Mildura well before dark I purchase a new helmet from Deakin Motorcycles and we sampled that chocolate beer ah... thumbs up, na-ice. In the morning chasing long shadows west I counted out the R100, R90, R80, R75, R65, R60, R50, R45 and R25 kilometre signs to Renmark where I had my first decent pastie - this was going well. A stop in Burra for an even more superior Cornish pastie and finally, clear skies to Hawker. We were almost there, so we celebrated.

It was a slow start next day and we



were now more realistic about smashing our loaded 35 year old bikes down motocross tracks as we had planned to do late the night before. Pressing on through the spectacular morning as the Flinders Ranges slowly disappeared just above my throttle hand. Numerous dips of the helmet to avoid hitting wedge tailed eagles and the wide views of the big green desert. Woops through creek

beds thump, rear step outs across the wet patches – mind that cheap Korean rear – this was special.

Motorcycles began to appear. Three WA 1400cc Suzuki outfits howled by with a wave. A R100R, KTM, DR, Strom, XR650, 610 Husky, K1100 outfit. We were getting warmer. We chased the bikes to Leigh Creek for provisions. Now travelling with like-minded people some global travelers were also in the mix with EU and UK plates on some of the bikes.

At Maree we met the hideousness of the blaring variety bash for the second time this trip. I really did not come this way to see straight men in drag on a government subsidized piss-up. It was only ever funny the first time.

Further along I realised I was finally relaxing and wondered why did I ever doubt the R80.

Up the Birdsville Track, a 200km doodle and the big catch up at Mungerannie – way too many stories, many involving emus.

Forrest north of Eucla (WA) was announced as the 2018 destination – That's OK.

Heading home always seems shorter. I had a double shot affogato at the Prairie Inn that saved my life and afforded focus to Peterborough where we stayed in the haunted pub. Next day we ate vegan in Broken Hill - there are rare times when your body says salad. I got motion sickness following Dayn who stepped up the pace (as I was slowing down) through the roller coasters south of the Hill (possibly the body shock of vegetables) and I almost lost my colostomy bag. On to 200km of dirt to Ivanhoe - green everywhere - emus. Many emus. Emu do on my boot. We put up tents in the caravan park and not long after met a Ural guy and partner (rider) who had the outfit on the back of a trailer – hit an emu.

Things just happen on a bike. You talk to



people find out about what is going on, the road, the weather etc and it is often an introduction to fun.

We were in the Ivanhoe Pub, and in some ways this was the highlight of the trip for me. Way west of Wilcannia playing pool with the local Indigenous crew and the local copper - she was quite a character. Great counter food from the Pommie publicans. In this town everyone seemed to get along "No trouble here" said black and white. This is a snapshot in time, but you hear so many bad stories, that you forget that most people are just trying to get along.

I made some bad choices in the ruts on the Booligal / Gunbar road, I bottomed out and almost high sided - I lost luggage. I followed Dayn though the rice to Griffith - he is almost a local. Fed and watered, we were on

autopilot home to CBR.

I love this country. This time it was green. There will be fun and games in between, but I am already looking forward to Forrest.

FYI - when home I fired up the Husky went out for a burn - it was spinning like a top.

Dave





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W

elcome to the new members:

-Peter Thomas (Concord)

-Andrea Riviere (Ryde)

-Tom Grabau (Adamstown Heights)

-Steve Ansell (Cambewarra)

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OCR 2016

Warren Buffett

The OCR (Off Centre Rally) is held somewhere in the Outback every two years on the second weekend of August. The criteria for a suitable venue has three elements, these being a minimum of 200k's of dirt to get there, fuel to get back out and beer to quench your thirst while you're there. The 2016 venue had been chosen at the previous OCR and it was Mungerannie Road House on the Birdsville Track. Mungerannie sits about halfway between Maree and Birdsville.

I'd missed the two previous OCR's due to work commitments but I permanently fixed that issue by joining the ranks of retirees. Not long after the 2010 OCR I acquired an R80ST with the intention of modifying it as a rally bike. Like all project bikes it started with an excited purchase and then like most project bikes, after a while it becomes like a hole that you can't stop digging. The modifications and parts swapping extended out over the ensuing years to the point where the bike is now christened as the German Money Pit. I mention this here because it has some relevance further into the trip.

For some months prior, George Scarfe distributed route planning and mapping to a growing list of potential starters. The initial list of interested starters dwindled to four as departure day drew near. I'm not much of a ride planner. All I need is a destination and an arrival time. Everything in between is up for grabs. If you don't have a plan you can't be disappointed with the outcome. Anyway, on Friday 5th August eight of us met up at West Wyalong Caravan Park so departure from there the following day gave us seven days to wander our way out to Mungerannie.

Heavy rain in central Australia a few weeks prior had closed all the roads north and west of Hilston so our initial plan to visit Mungo National Park was already dead. We decided to head south west and the group of eight split in to two groups of four. Night two had us in Hay after a lazy day of wandering and wondering where to go to fill in the week.

We grabbed a couple of cabins in a Hay caravan park and cooked up a BBQ feast in the camp kitchen. Next morning we continued south and west and explored a couple of sandy tracks near Robinvale before settling in to cabins at the Red Cliffs Caravan Park. This place had great facilities and there was a club in walking distance that kept us amused, fed and hydrated for the evening. A check of road conditions on line suggested we might be able to head north the next day and so we planned to head for Pooncarie and Broken Hill.



George Scarfe taking a break

Next morning we had a look around Wentworth where the Darling River joins the Murray and then headed north. When we arrived at the western entrance to Mungo National Park the road was open so in we went happy that our original destination from two days ago was back on the agenda. We stayed in the bunkhouse and shared the tourist compound with a few other visitors. The camp kitchen and the fire pit outside were the social gathering points and the interesting folk staying there included a landscape artist, a female criminal barrister and a female motor mechanic who had to throw spanners at the glass ceiling to break through it. Mungo is a place worthy of a much longer stay and in depth look than we had time for. You can quite clearly see the ancient shorelines of both Lake Mungo and the larger Lake Leaghur but we're a couple million years too late to go fishing.



Like the sign says



Filling in time at Balrnald Skate Park

The next day we headed for Pooncarie for a lunch stop. A look around the river there in its current state had us wondering what it must have been like when it had enough water to run paddle steamers up stream and use it as the main way of trade and travel. According to some fishermen we spoke to, the 'fresh' (floodwaters from up north) was about 30k's upstream and would probably hit Pooncarie the next day.

We thought Pooncarie could use more water but Menindee was much worse. Coming in to town we rode past abandoned orchards and vineyards and found the town itself a collection of boarded up houses and businesses. The evidence of prosperity turned to despair is everywhere. The main lake is a huge dry bowl that is used as a holding reservoir at the call of South Australia when they want more water in the Murray. The local who told us that said that there were now no teenagers living in Menindee and the entire regional full time employment consisted of ten jobs. We bought some supplies for dinner and drinks and rode to the van park at Copi Hollow where we booked cabins by the lake and had tasty cheese and salami jaffles washed down with beers and red wine. This was an unbelievably good feed. The following morning Wayne's DR needed surgery as it was stalling all the time. Scarfey cleaned the carby and found water and a sliver of plastic from the new Safari tank. The bike ran like it was supposed to after the surgery.

We left Menindee to its miserable future and headed for Broken Hill as Rob needed a rear tire for his KLR. The local bike shop was very helpful and did the new tyre and an oil change inside an hour while we lunched on KFC, refueled the other bikes and picked up some additional supplies in case Broken Hill was the last reasonably civilized town we'd be in for a while.

Our next target was Yunta. It is a boring ride along the Barrier Highway. We'd all left big Beemers at home and Rob's KLR was only a 250 that cruised at around 90kph. This speed suited my R80 as it just loped along at a very relaxed pace. Scarfey was on his old Dominator and his brother-in-law Wayne was on a DR. A bit of playing around found that I punched a fairly big hole in the head wind and if Rob got in the slipstream he could coax the little KLR along at 100kph. We stopped at Manner Hill pub for refreshments and the publican was looking forward to the sidecar boys turning up for their rally the weekend after the OCR. We arrived in Yunta to find two servos and a pub. We refueled and then booked rooms at the pub. There were rules posted for just about everything in the pub and the drinks were the most expensive we found on the whole trip. For the sake of peace bikes were not to be left idling in the morning. The place was clean and the food was OK but

I made a mental note not to plan a long stay in Yunta any time soon. To spread the love in town and avoid a few rules we decided to have breakfast at the servo.

Between the servo and the pub was the turn off to Arkaroola, 301 klm's on the new metric sign that stood above the faded imperial one that showed our destination for the day as being 192 miles away. We agreed to stop and boil the Billy at 100k's and did just that after first stopping and checking out the ruins of the Waukaringa Hotel. Rob and Wayne took off after our 100k cuppa and George and I were set to follow except the Dommie wouldn't fire. It coughed once and then showed no sign of wanting to start. No worries, we had lots of tools between us and George had brought a spare ignition module and Hall Effect sensors. I made another cuppa for us while George commenced surgery. Two and a half hours later after swapping out every spare he had and cleaning every electrical contact in the ignition circuit the patient was declared deceased. There was a homestead about two kilometers away so I rode there and found a large compound with four houses, sheds and workshops. There were several vehicles and a truck and dogs in three of the yards but no people. I dumped my gear and rode back to get George's while he started the long push to get the bike to the homestead. There was a fairly bent R1200GS sitting in the yard that we found out later had hit a cow with both the rider and the beast surviving the altercation.



Rob and the baby Kwakka

George settled in to wait for the farmers to come home. There wasn't anything else I could do so we said our goodbyes and I set off for Arkaroola with 201 k's to cover and not enough daylight to do it in. I needed to cover as much ground as possible before the furry grasshoppers decided it was time for dinner so I wicked up the old airhead to about 120/130 and kept it there over gravel, dirt and

sand. I decided to run without a headlight until I couldn't see where I was going and I managed that until about 50k's out. Once I started to run with the headlight on it became a kangaroo and emu freeway. The critters were coming from everywhere and that last 50k's took me well over an hour and my eyeballs were spinning by the time I reached Arkaroola. I found Wayne in the pub and he and Rob had had words about him not checking we were behind them. It wasn't until after 50k's that Rob knew we were missing and by that stage he didn't have enough fuel to double back. I eventually found him bush camping behind the resort so I put the tent up and turned in for the night. Wayne decided to pull out and try and find George on his way home so that left Rob and I to carry on towards Copley.

The ride through this part of the Flinders is spectacular. The colours and rock formations defy description as the road wends its way through gorges. We arrived in Copley late morning and topped up the fuel and enjoyed pies, pasties and good coffee at a bakery. A bloke from Melbourne on a tidy and original early R80G/S joined us for lunch but didn't hang around as he said he was in a bit of a hurry. This was a bit strange as we had about six hours to cover a tad over 300k's. The next time we saw him was Saturday when he was limping around on a busted ankle and his bike wasn't looking as original as the day before.

We arrived in Mungerannie around 4 o'clock to find quite a few bikes already there. We picked a spot in striking distance of the bar and amenities to erect the houses and settle in. Camp BMWTCNSW was about fifty metres from us and the fifteen or so campers there were already well-oiled and firing. We started lubricating our own necks and cooked up some more of our signature cheese and salami jaffles. Meanwhile, the other four musketeers who started in West Wyalong, Paul Evans, Ian Emmett, Bala and Toecutter graced us with their company along with a touring English bloke who spoke lanks language and was riding the world on an XT660. He and Paul had much in common, being probably, the only two blokes on the planet to turn the XT660 chookie into an adventure tourer.

Mungerannie Roadhouse sits inside but is not part of Mungerannie Station. The ceiling of the bar is decorated with hats and clothing pinned up by travelers past. Little bits of history adorn the walls in photographs and memorabilia. The meals and amenities are pretty good and there is a hot bore pool to soak weary bones in.



Opening Soon?



Saturday was spent chatting with acquaintances old and new, checking out bikes and outfits and making repeat visits to the bar. As the bar had become crowded on the Friday, Phil the publican drove a forklift into the bar and picked up the pool table and reinstalled it outside in the dirt. Near where we pitched camp there were three old trucks, an old Chev Blitz, a short wheel base Ford Blitz and another old truck with faded T Kruse Earth Moving sign-

age on the one remaining door. Tom Kruse was the mailman on the Birdsville Track for many years but he also sank dams and bores. Across the back of the rotting tray lay a set of bore drill extensions, a couple of bore drills and the handles to turn them with. These would prove useful the next day.

Sitting on a pole in front of the trucks was a sign proclaiming "McDonalds – Opening Soon" that some wag had dragged a long way just for a laugh. Saturday night saw the bar overflowing on to the hard stand where the fuel bowsers were. The Pudding was auctioned off for the right to carry it to the next OCR and the decision was taken to hold the next rally at Forrest in WA. As the night wore on the bar staff started to run out of gas and the inmates took over the asylum with appropriately accredited visitors responsibly serving the punters. Needless to say there were a few slow moving folk around the place on Sunday morning.

As with most rallies, at first light some folk were ready to leave and the mass exodus began. We had conducted a survey of sorts and reckoned most were heading north to Birdsville where we wanted to go. With no desire to spend the day eating dust we decided a relaxing day at Mungerannie would be the way to go. The day was spent eating, drinking, talking and soaking in the bore. Earlier we had watched Gary Smeed and three mates from Canberra head off for Birdsville but several hours later they were back with a 700GS front wheel with a large flat spot on it. They'd stuffed the tyre full of grass to ride it back and hoped to knock it back into shape with a borrowed lump hammer. That was never going to work so we used one of Mr Kruse's bore drill extensions to provide enough mass to work the rim back to a point where it would hold air. Fitting a tube would have worked but the design gurus put the valve stem half way along a hollow spoke. A great idea for ease of checking tyre pressures but bloody useless in an

adventure scenario.

Among the walking wounded was a bloke from QLD who'd come unstuck on his 950KTM. The bike was OK but he couldn't ride due to sprained or broken wrists. He'd arranged for Mrs KTM to come and get him. She arrived just on dusk and the entire bar emptied on to the hard stand to assist with the loading. The answer to the question of how many drunks does it take to put a bike in a trailer is : Many. The trailer, like the tow vehicle was Queensland registered but it was a Bunnings courtesy trailer. I checked a couple of days later and the nearest Bunnings to Mungerannie in Sth Oz is Mt Isa so I reckon that whatever store the trailer came from would have had a fair que of locals waiting to take their DIY projects home.

Bala decided he would ride with Rob and I and the three of us set off on the Monday for the 300k run to Birdsville. The road was good and the dust had settled from the screaming horde the day before so we were happy with our choice to travel a day behind. Our only fellow travelers on two wheels were Claude on his Matchless and his mate on a Ducati Scrambler. We kept catching up with them in pubs and camp grounds for the next three days. I'd seen



Claude: 'Ride what you've got'

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Claude at many rallies over the years but hadn't spoken at length with him previously. His Matchless is a 1951 350 and he's been rallying it for the last thirty eight years. The bloke deserves a medal.

We arrived in Birdsville and Rob headed off to take a look at Big Red while I went to the community health centre and got some drugs to try and kill a nasty dose of bronchitis that had been getting worse by the day. The service I got was fast and friendly and I was back out the door inside ten minutes. I washed the first pill down with a beer at the Birdsville Hotel with Bala and felt instantly better. Rob returned a while later having conquered Little Red on his KLR. We set up camp then walked back to the pub for dinner.

We contemplated going to Innaminka via Walkers Crossing but it was rumored to be flowing two feet deep and 30 metres wide so we decided it wasn't a risk worth taking. So, next day we headed along the Development Rd to Windorah. Here we ran into a charity bush bash that had filled the pub and booked out the kitchen. The bush basher blokes were all dressed in wigs for some reason. Luckily they hadn't booked out the bar and we managed a few beers before heading back to camp to consume some of the overabundance of food we had with us. The bash folk had booked a reasonably handy one man band who kept up the music until I drifted off to sleep.

Next day we started to head south towards NSW with our next stop being Eromanga. This is an enterprising town that boasts its own oil refinery plus the Natural History Museum that deals in dinosaur fossils. The difference between Eromanga and the likes of Menindee could not be more blatant. Menindee desperately needs to find a dead dinosaur or two so it can rebuild and thumb its nose at those who have stolen their water. We stopped for lunch at the pub and two things happened there. Firstly, I'd just pulled up when the first of the charity bash vehicles started to arrive and a voice behind me said "What are you doing out here"? I turned around to find Jock Wallace, former club secretary and recently rejoined member. He'd been in the pub at Windorah but dressed in drag with his wig I hadn't recognized him. Next we were in the bar ordering lunch when Rob nudged me and pointed down the bar saying, "That blokes got a GMP hat" – remember the German Money Pit... Anyway, I asked the bloke how much it would cost to get him to part with his hat. He was suspicious at first but when I explained the renaming of my bike he laughed and said he had a spare and would be right back. He jumped his Landcruiser truck

and was back inside five minutes with a GMP hat and a matching polo shirt. Turns out he is the local 'roo shooter and his GMP stood for Game Meat Processing. He wouldn't even let me buy him a beer but did consent to a photo of him making the presentation. It was a nice memento to remember the trip and the little BMW that made it so enjoyable.



The German Money Pit hat presentation.

After lingering at Eromanga we decided to try and make another hundred or so kilometers south and then find a place to bush camp so we had a good head start on the run across NSW the next day. We found a perfect spot adjacent to a dry creek bed and set up camp around five o'clock. This camp was so isolated that during the next fourteen hours only one truck, two cars and Claude on the Matchless went past. To enjoy the solitude with a couple of mates and admiring the sunset and sunrise over clear outback sky is quite special. Even the night had a full moon that gave enough light to cast shadows.

Next morning we continued south and entered NSW through the Warri gate crossing in the dingo fence. From there we headed for Tibooburra for fuel and lunch then on to Wanaaring, the site of the 2010 OCR. Both the pub and the general store had changed hands since 2010. The publican was stumped for food because her hubby had gone to Burke earlier that week for supplies and a Doctor's visit. The Doc had kept him in town so until he was released the pub was down to serving frozen chicken wings which is what we had for dinner. Outback health services aren't quite what we take for granted in the big smoke. We camped inside the levy bank. The Paroo had peaked a couple of days earlier and it was reminiscent of the OCR but without the crowd.

Next morning we headed east. Rob was going back to Newcastle and he left us at the Louth turn off and continued east towards Bourke while Bala and I went

south to Louth. The Louth road always has some deep sand stretches and it didn't disappoint us so we needed to stay on the ball but we got through without any mishaps. A rest stop and lunch at the Louth pub saw us heading for Cobar then Tottenham via Nymagee. The dirt road to Nymagee was good fast stuff and the run to Tottenham started off in similar vein but twenty k's in to the ninety odd we had to negotiate it started to rain. We made a decision to make a run for it and see how we went. The rain increased and the bare red patches became shiny slick skid pans so we had to stay off them. Then the dusty sections started to get a wet crust on them that made it impossible to differentiate between the thin solid sections and the deep sand or gravel. By this time we were too far in to turn back so all we could do was keep the speed up to stay on top of the deep stuff and stay off the shiny bits. This was adrenaline fueled riding at its best and we did it for a good fifty kilometres before the rain eased for the last twenty k's into Tottenham. We were lucky. Our decision could easily have gone arse up and seen us stranded and victims of our own stupidity but in keeping with a line from Darrell Summers, You'll never ever know, if you never ever go.



We were pumped when we got to the Tottenham pub. The publican gave us a garage to put the bikes in and a room directly opposite the men's facilities. This pub is without doubt the best original pub I've ever stayed in. The timber work upstairs is pristine and the condition of everything is first class. I highly commended this pub as an overnight stop.

We had a great mixed grill at the café opposite the pub and clued them and the pub up that the club would be in town for the Far Cairn Rally in a month.

The next morning we headed for Bogan Gate where we stopped for lunch and Bala headed for Sydney as he'd run out of some of his medications

and I made for Cowra where the club was celebrating the 100th anniversary of BMW. It was great to catch up with members and those that were also still on their way home from the Off Centre.

The following morning we assembled in front of the disused Cowra Railway Station for a group shot of BMWs under the Anniversary Banner then I headed off on the last leg home through Frogmore, Crookwell and Goulburn. The country side here was stunning after the rain and I'll be riding that way to the Far Cairn on some great curving tar roads that will suit my big GS just fine.

After I got home I rang Rob and we agreed that one of the highlights of the trip home was travelling with Bala. It was eye opening to be caught up in his love of life. Two years or so on from his heart transplant he has an infectious love of life that engages people wherever he goes. It would be so easy to stay wrapped up in cotton wool but he is one of those people that will skid in to his final resting place sideways shouting "Man, what a ride"!



Herding cats at Cowra

Thanks to all those that rode with us, camped and partied with us, shared their travel stories and generally made for a very memorably couple of weeks on the road.

Woz



BMWTCNSW

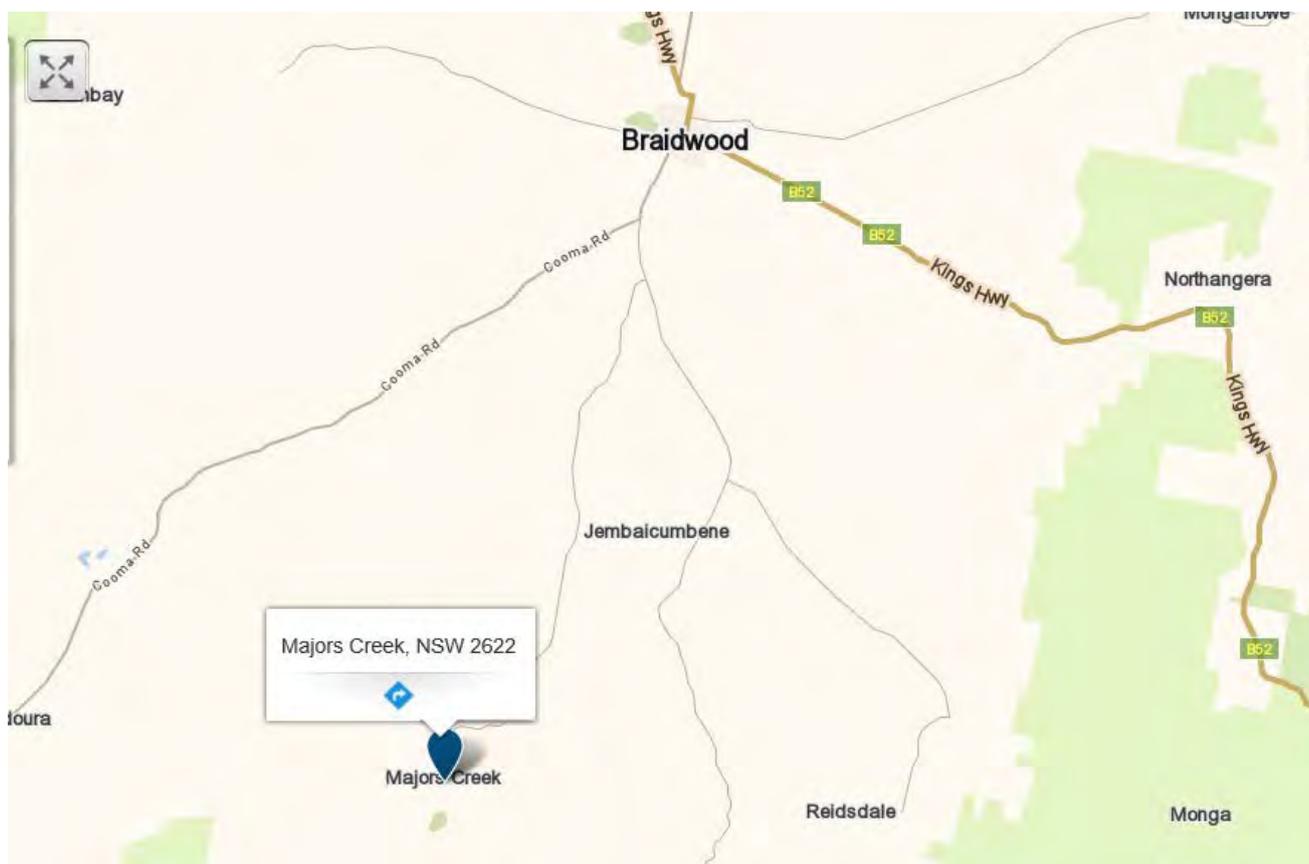
Christmas Party 2016 Invitation

The club Christmas Party for 2016 will be held on the evening of Saturday 10 December at Majors Creek Recreation Hall.

- Catering for dinner will be provided by Capital Roast from Canberra. The club will provide breakfast on Sunday morning. Drinks are BYO.
- For catering purposes your RSVP is required no later than 1st December.
- Members and partners will be funded by the club.
- Should you wish to bring additional guests there will be a \$40-00 charge applicable or they can opt to join the club in lieu.

RSVP to wozzashed@bigpond.com or 0473403205

Woz



Accommodation options:

- There is plenty of camping space adjacent to the hall.
- There are limited beds at the Elrington Hotel Majors Creek
- There are Hotel, Motel & B&B options in Braidwood about 15k's away.
- The options can be found on the accommodation tab here <http://www.visitbraidwood.com.au/majorscreek>

If undeliverable return to :

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Watch out for these upcoming events :

1 st - 3 rd Oct	Cane Toad Rally
8 th - 9 th Oct	Kosciuszko Rally
15 th - 16 th Oct	FarmStay at Glen William
11 th - 14 th Nov	BMW National Motorrad Rally
10 th Dec	Annual Christmas party
31 st Dec	Wee Jasper New Years Gathering