

BMW TOURING CLUB OF NSW



BMW Touring Club
of New South Wales



Member of the International Council of BMW Clubs

March 2015
NEWSLETTER

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(members mailing list - voluntary):
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www.bmwclubs.asn.au
www.bmw-clubs-international.com

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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	PORT MACQUARIE BREAKFAST Last Saturday of the month, 8:30 at The Sandbar Café, Camden Haven, The after "breakfast ride" determined over breakfast. SOCIAL SIP Second Sunday 4.30pm Quay Lime Café and Bar, Port Marina, 18 Park St., Port Macquarie.

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

President's Report

G'day again everybody, it's hard to believe that yet another month has gone by and 2015 is well under way.

The Karuah River Rally has been and gone, rather successfully. The 38th KRR was a ripper weekend, thanks everyone who came along. I don't know if Rob has sold his soul to get such good weather in recent years but surely the success of the event comes from his meticulous organisation. More thanks to all those who helped the event run smoothly especially Mal, Marianne, Cheryl, Jamie, Bruce, Wato and all the other putter-upperers, taker-downers, cooks, garbos, regsitrars, salesmen, gophers and emu paraders. Everybody who thanked me for the weekend I told that you guys and gals made it happen as a huge team effort. Well done BMWTCNSW.



Rob will fill us in on the details later when each and every bean is accounted for but all indicators are the best turn out for many years and a healthy top-up to the Club's account. Thanks to our raffle prize sponsors BMW Clubs Australia, Bikebiz and Selleys for helping make this possible.

Brianna took out youngest rider award at just 18. Luckily all bikies aren't big, round and hairy. It was good to see the youngest rider award actually contested down to the month of birth.

While at the rally we had a short memorial for Ian Horsburgh. In my usual style I got emotional and choked up a bit and forgot to say one of the important things I had meant to say. Being that I would like to thank the other clubs attending the BMW Motorrad Rally for their support and kind words that weekend and their cards which I forwarded to Chrissy Horsburgh afterward

While up at Dungog, Shirley and I took a stroll through one of the local antique shops. To my surprise a small basket of badges yielded this little gem. There were more in the basket from later years, but I bought this one to donate to the Club's collection. Once back at the hall I'll look into what others we need and get back in touch with the shop owner. She said she trots them out every year but no-one ever buys them (strange hey seeing as you have to go to a rally to earn one...especially back in the 70s). Apparently she had acquired them as a lot from a deceased estate in South Australia. Hmmmm seems like a story worth tracking down.



The big birthday cake at Karuah. To celebrate the start of our 50th year I ordered a cake to be shared with the punters at Karuah. This isn't the end of it, more mirth and celebration is to come later in the year.

Thanks to John Visser for use of his photos.

Ride safe everyone,
Al Peters

26 January 2015

Chairperson – Al Peters

Meeting Opened – 7.54 PM

Apologies – Kenny, John Visser, Shirley Naylor

Visitors – Nil

New Members – Nil

Previous Minutes –

- Acc- Al Pennykid
- Sec- Andrew Watson

Correspondence –

- Magazines from BMW Club: UK for Dec & Jan, VIC for Jan & Feb, QLD and NZ.
- Westpac statements x 2.
- New member applications x 3.

President's Report –

- Thanks to Roger Martyn for organising a successful Christmas Pay at Lue.
- The President suggested that the Editor's Award be henceforth be named the Ian Horsburgh Award.
- The organisation of the KRR is going well thanks to Rob Lovett.
- The remaining FCR badges have been mailed out.
- Looking at possible venues for the Club 50th Anniversary celebration, suggestions welcome.

Vice President's Report –

- No report.
- Potential movie night planned.

Secretary's Report –

- See minutes in the Newsletter.
- Public liability insurance paid for 2015.

Treasurer's Report –

- Club accounts reconciled to end Dec 2014.
- Treasurer reported \$7,495.22 in the Club cheque account, and \$30,974.25 in the reserve account.
- Club laptop has been returned to the Club by Chrissy Horsburgh.
- PayPal almost ready to use for membership subscription payments. The transaction cost will be approx. \$3. To be advertised in the newsletter.

Membership Secretary –

- 3 new members this month, and 1 more expected.

Editor –

- No report.

Regalia –

- Marie has hats and stubbie holders.
- Mick Furchet brought a bag of regalia to the Recon Run and it is currently stored at the Bank Hotel Dungog.

- Marianne has bags made from tea towels.

Assets & Archives –

- New fold up tables, barbeque scrapers, toilet rolls and 4 new corner ropes for the Club trailer.
- Rob Edgar donated 2 gas bottles.

Clubs Australia –

- Organising display day in October with BMW Car Club. (In the week before the MotoGP).
- BMW supplying jacket, neck warmers and pens for prizes at KRR.

Webmaster –

- No report.

MCC –

- Minutes of last MCC Meeting tabled.
- Bruce Campbell elected Vice President of MCC. Congratulations Bruce.
- Victoria Police booking riders for non-complying helmets and visors.
- Forum to discuss the problem of current helmet laws in Australia is being planned.

Past Events –

- Christmas Party. Congratulation to Roger Martyn on a great job of organising the party. Some comments received regarding the sanitation problems at the venue.
- NYE rally at Micalong Creek. About 20 members attended. Good time had by all.
- KRR Recon Run dinner attended by 11 members.
- Trout Rally attendees included Rob Lovett, Bruce Campbell and Gary Peters.
- Day ride to Spencer.

Coming Events –

- Karuah River Rally. AP suggested Club takes names and phone numbers of each entrant.
- Five Ferries Ride 22 February. Meet at Berowra at 9 am.
- Tallangatta Rally 27 February.
- Cold Flame Rally 7 March.

General Business –

- A motion for the Club to purchase a data projector, screen and speakers for use at Club movie nights and meetings. Proposed by Warren Buffet Seconded by John Rayner. Motion carried unanimously. Al Pennykid to obtain 3 quotes for 3 options and put to the committee to decide.
- Warren Buffet asked for Club laptop to be checked for any material suitable for archiving.
- Bruce Campbell tabled information regarding Sydney TAFE course on motorcycle engine servicing and the Motorcycle Cert III Course 2015.
- MARI meeting @ Paul Evans house two weeks ago attended by MARI Volunteers. Detailed discussion followed regarding how MARI would work and how it could be funded. No resolution. Further discussion needed.

Meeting Closed: 10.02 PM

Ride Calendar

MARCH			
Sat 7 th - Sun 8 th	Cold Flame Rally. On the Barry Way south of Jindabyne at the junction of the Snowy and Pinch Rivers, BYO everything. Take your swimmers.		10
Sun 8 th	Coffee and day ride meeting 22 Patterson Road, Bolwarra. 9.00 Am for coffee. Possible ride afterwards to be decided on the day.	Cheryl 0408074214	2
	Monthly "Social Sip" . Meet at 4.30pm at the Quay Lime Café and Bar, Port Marina, 18 Park st., Port Macquarie. (Second Sunday of the month)	Lin van Copenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Fri 13 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
Sun 15 th	Wollombi Pub Run. Meet at Macquarie Park, Windsor, leave at 8:30	Wato	6
Sat 21 st -Sun 22 nd	Capital Rally, back on the Goodradigbee River in the Brindabella Valley. email catbert@hotmail.net.au on behalf of MRA ACT		10
	Coolah Camping Weekend. Coolah Tops National Park	Rob Tiedeman 0425 777 461	10
Wed 25 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 26 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 0427 777 461	2
Sat 28 th	Breakfast at 8.30 Sandbar café, North Haven. The "after breakfast ride" to be determined over breakfast	Lin van Copenhagen 0417 098 255	2
APRIL			
Fri 10 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
Sun 12 th	Monthly "Social Sip" . Meet at 4.30pm at the Quay Lime Café and Bar, Port Marina, 18 Park st., Port Macquarie. (Second Sunday of the month)	Lin van Copenhagen 0417 098 255	2
	Coffee and day ride meeting 22 Patterson Road, Bolwarra. 9.00 Am for coffee. Possible ride afterwards to be decided on the day.	Cheryl 0408 074 214	2
Sat 18 th – Sun 19 th	Club Movie Night. Under the stars at Spencer caravan park. Camping or bunkhouse at the caravan park as usual. Malaluka Caravan Park 4377 1405. More info to come	Marie Pennykid 0428 393 093	
	Inaugural 250cc Tiddlers Rally. The Inaugural Tiddler Rally at Windeyer, NSW, (near Kandos), some food and grog available but byo everything (there may be catering available as the date gets closer), accom/camping at Bushlands Tourist park in Windeyer, pub next door. There is a big camp kitchen at the camping grounds (see their website), so you can do all your own catering. All bikes welcome but a "tiddler" is 250cc and under, drag it out and use it!	Damien O'Toole (DOT) 0419 296 939	10
Sat 25 th	Breakfast at 8.30 Sandbar café, North Haven. The "after breakfast ride" to be determined over breakfast	Lin van Copenhagen 0417 098 255	2
Sat 25 th – Sun 26 th	Autumn Leaf Rally. Tumoramma Hall. Tumut Valley Riders		10
Wed 29 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 30 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 0427 777 461	2

Karuah River Rally 2015

To me this rally is the pinnacle of the rally calendar. Just getting there presents either a deluge or a prayer for rain to escape the unbearable heat. Long straight roads are offset with superb mountain curves of numerous degrees. One moment you're cranked over in a shallow 75km bend and next you're on the brakes approaching a 15km corner. Having a pair of overloaded panniers makes some interesting cornering moves.

I always look forward to once again transverse the route, this sees me becoming quite excited. So much so that I only managed to get a two hour nap.

Just on 5am on a rather cold summer's morning I wheeled out my K1100RS and with Peter aboard his K100RS following headed north to once again attend this rally.

After the last set of red traffic lights we settled down back into touring/rallying mode; another adventure laid ahead. The plan was to cover just on 920km with only a mere 304km the following day. This is an ideal layover because in the morning we'll be quite refreshed to tackle the enjoyable 169km long Putty Rd. This is the road where every cornering radius is found.

I said this before, there's something magical riding out in the early morning light. At that time we had the road to ourselves, making good time. Another highlight was the sweetness of the crisp air. We joined the Hume Highway at Benalla, which was not only boring but the emerging sun was now directly in our eyes. Having a few clouds to cover the glare would have helped; alas it was a crystal clear dazzling blue sky.

The first fuel top up was in Albury before changing directions onto the Olympic way.



Small country town, actually more the size of a whistle stop are soon seen in the rear view mirrors, the only memory are the rusting farm implements or worn out vehicles residing alongside rusted barbed wire fences.

Although we covered distance in close to record time, we lost it

again just from the sheer number of road works. On one occasion the delay was so long that we both switched off the bikes and walk around. The occupants of the car behind me even removed their seat belts and opened the doors. The worse hold up were Cowra and Singleton, the main road was completely blocked without any notice. I followed a stream of cars hoping that they were going the right way. Thankfully they did.

Bathurst is always a welcoming sight as the long straight roads were behind us and only a short run to Lithgow. A quick lap round the famous Mt Panorama racing circuit is a must.

Lithgow is a gem of a town, in actual fact it is living history and a week spent here is an education. The zig-zag railway is a must see. It is also the ascent to the higher sandstone plain where the Bell's Line of Road is; and that's a motorcyclist dream. After the long boring straights and sweeping bends of the plains a mountain road is most welcomed. The descend to the other side meant that we had finally arrived in Windsor, the place where in the seventies we stayed in a caravan park on the banks of the Hawkesbury River on Saturday nights before going to watch the Castrol 6 hour race held at Amaroo Park.

Saturday once again was perfect riding weather. A few kilometers outside the town of Windsor we were at the start of the Old Putty Road; 169km of motorcycling heaven. The bends and corners come in all shape and sizes. Sweepers taken at the speed limit were enjoyable; those signposted at 15kph were definitely taken at a far slower rate.

Close to the halfway point, the Grey Gum café welcomes all riders to hot and cold food. Concrete strips are there for bikes side stands. It is a very popular stop. One can spend hours observing the array of bikes coming and going.



At the end of the Putty Road lies the town of Singleton, a town I lived in when I was stationed at the army barracks in the early 70's. From here on till the last town before the rally the road deteriorates. It is the worse I have ever experienced. No amount of suspension can take the punishment dished out by the condition of the road. It was here that my left front fork oil seal started to weep.

How bad is it? When crossing the street it is always best to look both ways, here you look down to make sure you do not step into a hole or trip over the multitude of road surface patches, one on top of another. The road surface doesn't reach to the gutter; there are a couple of steps of dirt in between. Believe it or not, there are sections where grass I snow growing in between the gutter and the road surface. If you think this is bad you have to see it to experience it.

You know that you have arrived at the last town before the rally; bikes surround the corner hotel. After a few ales and meeting old friends we headed straight to the rally site. Tent city is only 14km of dirt road away.



Under a dazzling clear blue sky the hours were spent talking mostly about bikes. At the trophy presentation a cake was brought out to celebrate the club 50th anniversary. Congratulations. It's was very nicely decorated, although not as good as the forthcoming Victorian 40th anniversary one. Come night time and warm summer breeze kept riders awake merrily telling tall stories around unlit camp fires.

Sunday, thankfully, dawned fine. The last thing one wants now is rain. Those 14km of dirt road will turn into a very slippery clay base track.

It was going to be another perfect day for bike riding. It was quite early when Peter and I pulled the tents down and packed up. We said our goodbyes with a wave and a blast of horns, final stop for the day was home, 1224km away. It was time for some hard riding. We could stop half way but we're going to use the bikes for what they were originally designed for-----long distance touring.

This time it was mountain riding first followed by long straights, the perfect time to make up time.

Numerous bikes passed us going the opposite way yet the only person to signal police ahead were car drivers. Whatever happened to fellow riders warning us, as a matter of fact there was a noticeable drop in the simple 'G'day' wave.

(See attached article----- [The Wave](#))

Once again the ride through the Old Putty Road and the beautiful Bell's Line of Road was undertaken in perfect weather but once we descended down to the lower plain the air was noticeably warmer. Lunch was at Bathurst and as we left the building the temperature was already in the low-thirties.

Traffic without doubt always dwindled down to a trickle once we passed Cowra. This is where we start to gain time as we're not being held up by slower traffic. The next 4 hours was traversed with the temperature increasing. I'm sure sitting in a creek would be just the thing to do but every creek passed was bone dry. There was not one green blade of grass to be seen. The countryside was tinder dry.



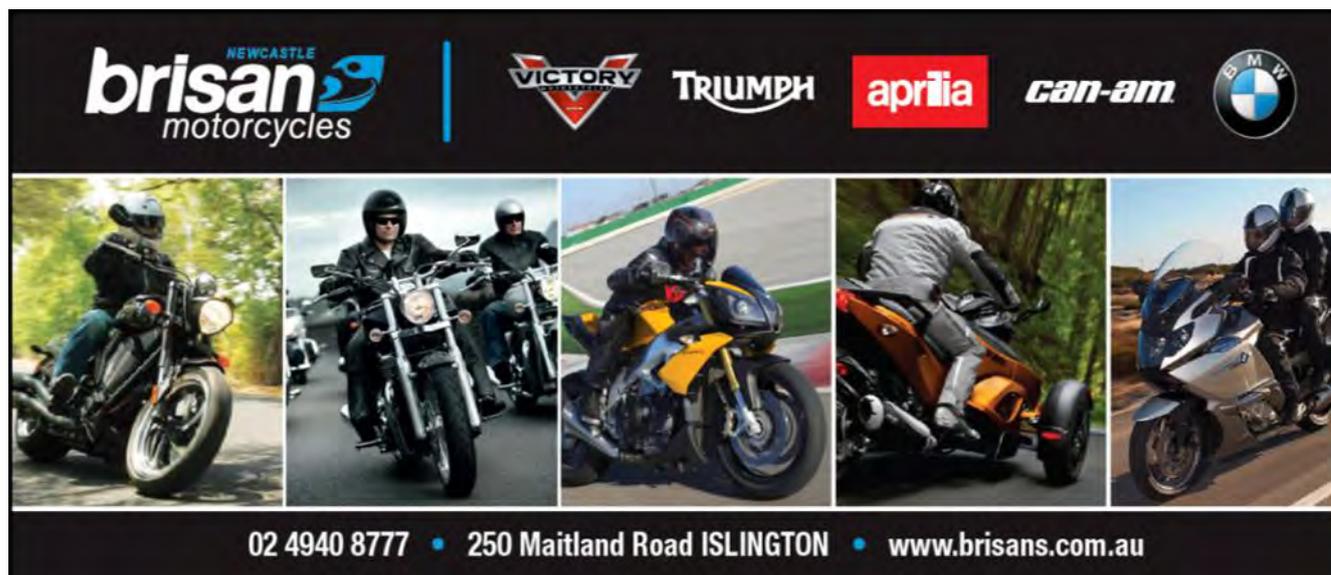
The run to Albury was undertaken in much better condition as there was some improvement in both of our and the weather conditions. By the time we passed Albury the sun had lost its sting and wasn't directly in our eyes. The final fuel stop was in Glen Rowan. By now it was dark, quite pleasant to ride, the run on high beam to suburbia the back way more so.

And just like last year we stopped at Yea as it turned a bit chilly, yep warmer clothing required.

Just on 15 hours after leaving the rally site and 1224klm away I rolled up my driveway.

And so the 38th Karuah River Rally passed into history.

Frank Cachia



The advertisement features a black header with the following logos from left to right: 'brisan' with 'NEWCASTLE' above it and 'motorcycles' below it; 'VICTORY' in a red and white shield; 'TRIUMPH' in white on a black background; 'aprilia' in white on a red background; 'can-am' in white on a black background; and the BMW logo. Below the logos is a row of five photographs showing various motorcycles in motion. At the bottom of the advertisement, the contact information is displayed: '02 4940 8777 • 250 Maitland Road ISLINGTON • www.brisans.com.au'.

Apology

Hello Gang, I wish to apologise, due to unforeseen circumstances, Highway To the Danger Zone has run out of fuel for a month or two. I will finish it I promise. I am heartened by the comments on how you are enjoying the little tale of Evan and I's ride to South Australia. I would like to offer you some really good excuse of why it's not finished..... But there was Christmas There was New Year. There is Nurse Gail's travel bug that has popped up again, once again she is dragging me around the World to all these exotic places, while I whine about how heavy her bags are and how small aircraft seats are, kicking and screaming, spraying caviar and Bollinger all over the aircraft seat in front of me. The main excuse really has to be blamed on the lounge. While on the way past the computer room, I spy the cats draped all over the lounge in glorious positions of repose. So I hound the cats off and get myself comfortable for an afternoon nap that has lasted nearly two months. The cats then find a comfortable position on top of me to continue their afternoon nap, so they can be ready for their tea time nap and well I can't really disturb them twice now can I. As Arnold says so well "I'll be Bark!"

Mick Furchert



Part 2.



hazardous, plus the multitude of unattended/unowned dogs which added to the stimulation. After we settled in we walked through the markets and Mara, as usual, couldn't resist herself and bought a pair of shoes – Imelda like.



Pushed onto Desaguadero on the Peru/Bolivia border which is really a dump, reminded me of a 'frontier' town but populated by South American natives. In Spanish, 'agua' is water, and Des-agua-dero loosely translates as waste-water! It's on the rivulet which drains Lake Titicaca. The main drag was full of market stalls which made riding through them quite

stimulating. Dinner was supposed to be at the best Chinese restaurant in Desaguadero, but as luck would have it, it was closed and we ended up in a chicken restaurant, which was quite reasonable. Before we ate everyone bought some liquid

refreshments, the wine I got was the worst I have ever drunk, swapped it for some beer which was comparable and ended up drinking some of Mikes and Peter's rum and coke. Then an early night to bed.

I might add it was bitterly cold and I had left my beanie at Arequipa and that with my hairstyle left me reasonably uncomfortable around the ears area.

Wed 08/10/2014

As there were no breakfast facilities at the luxurious, and I use that term lightly, Posada/Panamerica Hotel in Desaguadero we had it in town, not real splendid. When we got back to the hotel Mara realised that she had left her bag with everything in it at the restaurant which necessitated a flying trip back to it, luckily it was still there.

Then the hassles started getting the bikes across the border, and we proceeded to dance a merry little bureaucratic boogie, which in all took well over five hours getting harassed by both the Peruvian and Bolivian border officials before we could finally get through.

Then into Bolivia, what a nightmare, bad roads, animals and heaps of traffic especially trucks. This wasn't too bad until we hit the outskirts of La Paz then the fascinating things really started, one of the riders got lost and it took some time for him to rejoin the group, but in the end everything turned out well. The traffic around La Paz was chaotic and we found the only way to beat it was to ride as the locals did, that is flat out and damn the consequences. We had trouble getting fuel as they were reluctant to sell it to foreigners (gringos) though after some perseverance we did get some in the end.

As we rode south across the *altiplano* to Urmiri, we noticed a huge difference between relatively prosperous Peru and desperately impoverished Bolivia, the most depressed economy in South America. When a war with Chile in the 1880's cost Bolivia its coastal port of Antofagasta and access to the sea (as well as 300k of coastline), it became a land-locked state and trade suffered enormously. With the mineral wealth lurking just below the surface, the country should be hugely rich, but of course it was plundered by foreign interests.

After by-passing the centre of La Paz we eventually left the main road and turned off onto a dirt road which proceeded to our destination, Urmiri, a pleasant little spa resort town in the hills, great scenery but pretty rough. Wound down about 2000 M's to a virtual oasis, the resort hotel had a thermal hot pool, which we all enjoyed and after a pretty good meal everyone opted for an early night.



Thurs 09/10/2014

After a good night's sleep and early breakfast which enabled everyone to leave early, ha ha! I got an early start and thought I'd do pretty well as Mara opted to go in the car for the first section, probably mainly to please me, and was really traveling well, got about 8 Ks up the track and stopped to adjust the



GoPro when Mike advised me I still had the key in my possession. Damn, but what a blast I had going in reverse and then back again, the F650GS really goes well solo. Further on the way out ran into Mike and Eduardo who were fixing a flat on Matt's bike. I continued on to the intersection to advise the others - they decided to push on to find a place to wait and have some lunch.

I chose to go back and pick up Mara and we pushed on as did Mike and Eduardo, I let Mike go ahead as he was solo. We had gone a fair distance and came across Mike who'd had another flat tyre and told us to tell the others to push onto Cochabamba, which we did where we eventually caught them. Might I again note the conditions of the Brazilian roads and traffic – pretty horrendous! Stopped for lunch and an enforced petrol stop as some were quite low, again tribulations getting fuel, as being gringos we had to pay twice the marked value at the pump as it is highly subsidised for the locals. Anyway, once topped up we pushed on, mainly with Stew, Ye & Peter and constantly battling heavy traffic and up and down immense mountain ranges, got as high as 4100 M's. In reality we continued further south across the *altiplano* and then east, deeper inland, losing altitude until we came to Cochabamba. The *Cochabambinos* modestly believe they have the most perfect climate in the world, with warm clear sunny days and cool dry nights; they have a local saying that claims even the birds don't bother migrating from here!

Needless to say, we eventually got caught in horrific traffic entanglement for 20 or so K' s before getting to Cochabamba where eventually we all met up, then hassled around trying to find our hotel with ultimate success, I might add they had misplaced our bookings, but it all worked out in the end - great restaurant, for dinner and everyone managed to get a good night's sleep - EXCEPT ME!

Fri 10/10/2014

After some mucking around left the hotel at about 8.30am, the quickest and easiest way to get out of town was to follow Eduardo. I hadn't mentioned it, but Eduardo was the driver of the back-up vehicle and Mr Fixit, in all ways – great guy, who really continually earned his keep!

The roads out of Cochabamba were unbelievably great, though still some sections had to be approached with caution.



After morning tea we turned onto what appeared to be an acceptable road until it turned into cobble stones, punctuated with potholes and bulldust, this went on for 100Ks. Luckily we were able to have a tolerable lunch stop as after that the road turned to dirt. We had gone a moderate way when it suddenly deteriorated into loose sand and gravel exacerbated by high sandy gravelly ridges, probably caused by heavy vehicles. The front wheel contacted one of these ridges which caused it to 'wash' out and down we went. We were OK just shaken up a bit, but both our helmets were now decidedly second hand and the

bracket holding the GoPro was now non-existent. The bike didn't fare too badly, some additional scratches, a crack in the beak and LH mirror - some minor adjustments and it was ready to go. Mara opted to travel the rest of the way in the car as my visor was ruined and had to use just sunglasses. I might add we were travelling into the setting sun at the time.

You wouldn't believe it, a kilometre down the road we came across Ross & Sandra, really the worse for wear, apparently Sandra came down in some deep bulldust and Ross collected her bike, both were pretty well knocked around. Ross's bike was a no goer, but he managed to ride Sandra's to our

next destination; Sucre. Sandra ended up keeping Mara company in the car. My headlight wasn't working, so I had to run on high beam, with no visor, all the way to Sucre, this was alright until it got dark then it became very interesting, coupled with rain which stayed with us nearly to the Hotel.

Luckily with about 10Ks to go Ross caught up with me and I gladly used his lights to get to the rendezvous where I was able to get some clearer lens from Mike.

Finally got to the Hotel at about 8.00pm - parked the bikes had a bath/shower and ready for an early night.

Might add Mike & Eduardo took Ross & Sandra to a Clinic, Ross had a bad burn on his leg and some broken ribs, Sandra had hurt her leg/foot, probably very badly sprained and she couldn't use it for some time.

Sucre, which the locals claim is actually still the political capital of the country, despite most of the government power now being based in La Paz. Sucre is much smaller, with a population of around 100,000 and remains a cultural and educational centre, with its university enjoying a reputation for promoting liberal and progressive thoughts and ideals. Sucre is fiercely proud of its colonial heritage, and has decreed that every building in the city centre must be white.



Sat 11/10/2014

Why does Bolivia have such shitty roads and such good ones? - the road we did today from Sucre to Uyuni was probably one of the best you could image, great well marked corners of all varieties, interspersed with some incredible straights, all at between 3500 and 4200 Ms - plus phenomenal scenery and heaps of llamas to keep you on your toes.

Though I'm getting ahead of myself as it started pretty ordinarily with trying to get out of Sucre and trying to find a petrol station willing to sell to gringos. We, for the first time, got to Hotel

Tonito with plenty of time, this was supposed to be a one night stand, but because of elections in Bolivia everything was closed, including all major roads. They were policed by the military and any vehicle caught was confiscated and only recoverable on payment of a huge fine. This meant our trip to 'Salar de Uyuni', the largest salt pan on our earth was postponed for a day and resulted in a free day at Uyuni, the only consolation being that the hotel had plenty of atmosphere, was full of other travelers and we were able to do our laundry.





KARUAH 2015 and A SPECIAL BIRTHDAY

It's funny how time gets away from you. It only feels like yesterday, that on 9 February 2014, we were packing and cleaning up the Frying Pan Creek campground after one of the largest Karuah Rallies since 2007 with 253 entrants (pretty good)! But 2015, was even bigger thanks to nice clear weather and 265 people with an urge to ride and do the rally.

And ride we certainly did with one member bringing in 'The Largest Bike of the Rally' a Honda Goldwing (Chris Huddy), and another (Breanna Corradini), a 250 Honda (a 1550cc difference) – not bad at all. The attraction of Karuah is underscored by those who tackle lots of distance to get there, with entrants from Stanthorpe, the Gold Coast and Ocean View in Queensland, Ulverstone Tasmania, and Kiewa and Mitcham in Victoria. And one of our more prominent Victorians (Frank Cachia), made his 38th Karuah Rally and spent 15 hours and 1224k getting back home (ouch)! Maugan Redden did 1200k to get there too, and Marg Barlow 442k, while Trish Bayley sat it out in Beetle' sidecar for 1099k (Beetle's sidecar would give a heavy Panzer a fright in terms of size and fittings). From Canberra, we had Dave Ramsay (650 Husqvarna), George Scarfe on his Honda Dominator, Denis Hogan on his Cape York-conquering KTM and Garry Smee on his beautiful R1200ST (there are no ugly ones – I don't think)? There was a K1600 there too, proving these 6 cylinder giants are not simply a creature of sealed roads. A certain journalist (named after an Australian marsupial) represented one of Australia's best motorcycling magazines, so hopefully, the rally will soon be even more famous. And of course, there were lots of riders from everywhere else and a few drivers to help support the rally.

The oldest combined bike and rider is becoming one of the most hotly contested awards with Trevor Lever shredding the opposition with 123 years (composition is classified information). Once again, our Queensland supporters overwhelmed us all with a combined club mileage in excess of 8,000k.

This year's rally was an especially poignant one for Evan Furchert. On his way, he wrote off his Honda CBR 1100 after a low speed connection between his pannier and a pole, then hitting a tree and putting the footrest through his engine casing. Despite some nasty injuries, Evan didn't give up and finally got to the rally on a Harley Sportster donated by a (very) generous mate. The best we could do for him was the Hard Luck Award and a can of baked beans (not fair at all). Based on sound technical advice from Dave Ramsay, the Best BMW of the Rally was awarded to a very tidy R100RS (awarded to its owner anyway – but I'm sure the bike was pretty happy as well). At the moment, I'm aware of several that have been bought for restoration and this one was a particularly handsome machine in its two-tone silver and blue colour-scheme.

This year is special in a few ways. It was our 38th Karuah River Rally making it the second longest running rally of its type (the Alpine Rally is oldest), but more importantly, the BMW TC NSW turns 50 this year. I wonder whether its founders think they were creating something that would last well into the following century? To celebrate this momentous event, we created the biggest version of the Karuah Rally badge ever thanks to Exclusive Die Sinking in Revesby – maybe it'll become a

collector's item one day? Speaking of badges, Al Peters was foraging through one of Dungog's antique shops and found a 1978 Karuah badge. This was the first ever badge for the rally (it was the Australia Day Rally before then) and the normal badge reflects that Australia Day heritage. Inspired at the prospect of finding this treasure, our President had a flash of inspired genius and ordered a large (very large) cake to celebrate our 50th anniversary. It was big enough to allow all who wanted a piece to get one and it looked so good it was a pity to cut it up.

The Pudding's presence was another nice touch with Dave Ramsay auctioning the sacred object and Rob Edgar giving a talk on its history and taking the lead in a 'Hail the Pudding' ceremony (or was it a chant)?

Our President also called for a brief silence in memory of Ian Horsburgh whose tragic loss to his wife and family, and his BMWTC NSW Club friends, remains an incomprehensible and painful reality.

On the day, the rally looks and feels like a very cruisy and relaxed experience (and it is). But in the lead-up, a fairly sizeable body of work is involved in getting it underway. We are indebted to Mal and Marianne Cattermole for checking, packing and towing the Club trailer from Sydney and back again (and incurring several nights' accommodation in Dungog). In addition, Warren Buffett and Bruce Campbell performed a Mandrake-like miracle in creating the rally awards from nothing, while Jamie Burke gave up riding to tow the rubbish trailer in and out. Tony Schmidt and Cheryl Ison coordinated catering preparation and cooking with the assistance of lots of helpers including Andrew Watson junior (he wanted straight lines on Sunday morning and kind of got them). Cheryl Ison gave up riding from Nowra to help load and transport supplies at and from Dungog, and Bala helped with financial management, including paying lots of bills for things he knew nothing about. Rob Edgar and Trevor Dean arranged some great raffle prizes (and Rob fixed the cooking gas). Joe Hughes kept an eye on our barriers and had to set them back up several times.

We are also indebted to Club members who helped set up and operate reception and registration included Marie Pennykid, John Rayner (also helped with insurance aspects), Stephen Pauline, David Barlow, Marg Barlow and Al Peters. Catering preparation and cooking was invaluablely assisted by Tony Wilton, Steve Treloar, Andrew Watson, and George Scarfe. There were many others that assisted with cooking and other tasks. In this regard, apologies - my photographic memory is failing on recollection of all who helped (so please contact me and I'll make a further acknowledgement in the next issue). And also, John Visser did a great job of photographing the rally and getting these onto our website.

The rally is not possible without the help of the Forestry Corporation of NSW and members of the Dungog community including Bruce Clarke at the Bank Hotel for his generous donations and his genius for making things happen. We look forward to seeing you there in 2016 – and don't forget the Far Cairn in September. **Rob Lovett**



Here's our fine clean-up team



All of our Karuah Club birthday cake went – including the HP2 Sports in the top corner



You don't need a trailbike



Lots turned up



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The Wave

Whatever happened to it? I'm not referring to the wave that constantly crashes onto the shore but the one that USED to be performed by any motorcycle rider when approached by another rider coming from the opposite direction.

When my R90S was new, with the exception of one rider, every rider I saw would religiously wave as he passed by.

In the 70's I use to come across a rider as I rode off to work. I would be heading towards Doncaster while he was going the opposite way towards Blackburn. Our schedule saw us pass each other just before 7am. I would wave to him but he never returned the wave. He wore an open face helmet, always tilted back completely exposing his forehead and showed the world his receding hairline. Eye protection consisted of a pair of rather thick prescription lenses, no gloves and irrespective whether it was 10 or 40 degrees always, without fail, wore a Driza-Bone full length water proof riding coat.

Looking very much like a comic book cape crusader, with his coat flapping, anyone could see him coming. If they happen to be looking the other way the holed muffler on his silver Honda SL250 trail bike announced his presence, especially when he shut throttle. On the over run it sounded like something out of Star Wars.

As we approached each other I would duly wave to him and in return he would, without fail, blankly look at me as if I'm something out of Star Wars. I was always slightly apprehensive when he came close enough wondering what would I do, what action should I take if his coat 'tails' would come close enough to engage with either the chain or rear sprocket. He would easily execute a wheelie that even Evel Knievel would be impressed with.

The other mystery that caused me to wonder why he never waved was his seating position. Every day he sat so close to the petrol tank that it actually looked like he was sitting on the tank. Unless he was a masochist, to the extreme, I have never seen anyone that came so close to either damage or perhaps even destroy his family jewels.

Without fail, for years, I wave to him but all I got was a blank stare.

Back to the 70's: at the time, the American President Richard Nixon, San Francisco hippy movement and the American in Vietnam all showed the two finger peace symbol sign. Apart from the reversed sign, it was the only other symbol that everyone recognised. It could be seen everywhere from an earring to haphazardly painted on any surface that could accept it. Wherever you looked it was there.

The movie "Easy Rider" even had Peter Fonda making his 'peace sign' as he crossed America Midland Highways on his chopped Harley. One Melbourne hippy even rotated his tachometer so when he was cruising at the highway speed limit, it showed both speedo and tacho needles in the V sign.

Children would squeal in delight if they get a response after they correctly raised two fingers to any passing motorcyclist.

But the wave was exclusive reserved to the motorcyclist. Mind you a head nod was acceptable when the rider in question is approaching a set of red traffic lights and he's busy breaking while madly stomping on the gear lever with the back wheel merrily bouncing over the rippled surface.

The only rider who flatly refused to return said wave was the Harley-Davidson rider. There was a belief that this behaviour was because he pictured himself emulating his American hero and as such doesn't need to acknowledge you. Further studies showed that he simply was afraid to let go off the handlebars because the extended front forks would flex thus induce a massive tank slap guaranteed to either cause him to lose bodily fluid or throw him off the bike. The final research paper showed that due to alcohol and drug abuse he was living in a different time zone parallel to ours.

As the Honda 'Four' started to pass into history, Japanese motorcycle manufacturers started to diversify their models aimed for different market applications. This saw riders starting to wave to only those of their 'own kind'. This in turn saw quite a reduction in "The Wave"

I first noticed it in metropolitan Sydney followed by metropolitan Adelaide. By the mid 80's Brisbane riders stopped waving altogether. They're the exception as their beliefs, behaviour and all over mentally were recognised as living about 20 years behind everyone else.

Out on country or interstate runs the wave was still very much alive. Courtesy, even concern was alive and well. Stopping by the side of the road for whatever reason soon saw other riders stopping offering assistance.

The nineties brought about a further drop, this time in country South Australia and even New South Wales. By the turn of the century, Victorian riders followed suit. Clearly a tradition was slowly dying.

The new century brought a new aid to the motorcyclist----everyone was issued with a mobile phone. The motorcyclist now didn't bother waving or stopping as one good turn deserves another, because help was only a phone call away.

In the middle of the new decade I took a sabbatical and for a few years practiced walking on crutches. After daily agonising whether I'll be able to throw a leg over any of my bikes I finally did just that.

That first ride saw me once again look through a new helmet and was quite exhausted after only covering 6klm. I only saw one rider and I madly wave to him. He reminded me of the Honda SL 250 rider so many moons ago; he just looked at me without lifting either his hand or nods his head. Surely riding a BMW R26 can't possibly be mistaken from a Star Wars extra.

The second run on my R90S saw me cover 66klm and that's where I saw the wave practically fade into history. On a sunny Sunday with numerous bikes travelling to and fro, mostly in convoy, not one rider acknowledged the wave. And from that day onwards it hasn't changed.

On one occasion I stopped to what I presumed was a rider in need. His Honda VFR800 was rather haphazardly parked in a corner apex. He looked at me in completely surprise stating that I must belong to the 'old' generation as no one today stops to help. He pointed out that if the bike had broken down he'll just call roadside assist. He has no plans to repair it as he hasn't got the foggiest idea of what to do. His level of maintenance is to kick the tyres before taking it out for a fang. We enjoyed a chat looking at both bikes, his 4yo V4 Honda and my 58yo BMW. Two vastly completely different bikes, yet their owners, strangers, talking bikes: truly a proud brotherhood.

Twenty minutes later we went our separate ways. Facing downhill I got back on the bike, switched on the ignition, select second gear, free roll a couple of metres, drop the clutch, the engine once again burst into life and I continued on my way.

As I gained more speed, I pondered the question -- whatever happened to the "wave."

Frank Cachia

Paraprosdokians (Winston Churchill loved them) are figures of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected.

1. Where there's a will, I want to be in it.
2. The last thing I want to do is hurt you. But it's still on my list.
3. Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
4. If I agreed with you, we'd both be wrong.
5. We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.
6. War does not determine who is right - only who is left.

7. Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit . . . Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.
8. To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.
9. I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.
10. In filling out an application, where it says, 'In case of emergency, Notify:' I put 'DOCTOR'.
11. Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut, and still think they are sexy .
12. You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.
13. I used to be indecisive. Now I'm not so sure.
14. To be sure of hitting the target, shoot first and call whatever you hit the target.
15. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.
16. You're never too old to learn something stupid.
17. I'm supposed to respect my elders, but it's getting harder and harder for me to find one now.

BMW Classic live magazine

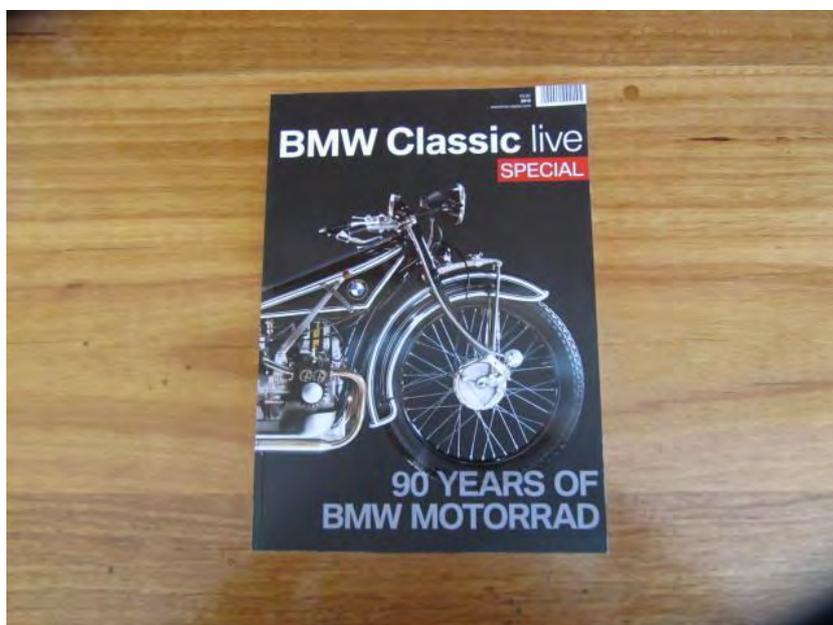
I have received a shipment of BMW Classic live magazine 90 Years of Motorrad special edition. It is a history of BMW Motorrad from 1923-2013.

BMW Classic is responsible for the history of the BMW marque. It is moving to a new building in 2016 which will house a workshop where full restorations of historic BMWs are undertaken, Classic spare parts, historic motor sport, BMW Clubs International office and BMW archives.

The magazine will be posted with a upcoming copy of the club magazine.

If you would like to receive a copy, send an email with your name, BMWTCNSW membership number and BMW Classic live request to: membership@bmwtcnsw.org.au

Trevor Dean



New Members

Adam and Sandra Stansfield

Gary Powrie

Ernst Steinmann

Chris Dunn

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Watch out for:

7th – 8th March

Cold Flame Rally

15th March

Wollombi Pub Run

21st – 22nd March

Capital Rally

21st – 22nd March

Coolah Camping Weekend

18th – 19th April

Inaugural 250cc Tiddlers Rally

25th – 26th April

Autumn Leaf Rally