

FOREVER YOUNG

CLASSIC RIDERS CLUB OF GOULBURN INC.

Our Magazine



December 2017 Edition

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EDITOR'S NOTE

There's a lot to share in this issue. My first thought when I took on the magazine task, was that we might manage a few pages to begin with and gradually increase in size. Instead, issue one was very healthy and issue two, even without the weight of the Annual Ride which was a stand-alone publication, promises to be a bumper issue.

I've had a great time this month, collecting for our member profile – this will be a regular feature. I'm so grateful to Bruce, for the time he gave to 'tell' his amazing story and his willingness to chat. For me, the unexpected bonus was to meet Bruce's gorgeous wife Jan. How wonderful it is, that life continues to bring us new friendships and if there was ever a reason required for 'club' life then it would be to collect friends so we are all the better as a result.

Enjoy what you read - travel safe wherever you go and however you get there.

Dale

OUR CLUB

Classic Riders Club Goulburn (CRCG) was born from the idea to form a Motorcycle Club which catered for restorers and riders of old and classic motorcycles. Nurtured by Neil MacDonald and Richard Corbet, this idea very soon blossomed into 'our club'. Neil's under house area became the unofficial workshop for this enterprise and the official launch was on 13 August 1991, with the inaugural meeting held at Goulburn's RSL Club. CRCG commenced 'life' with 23 potential members, and today we have over 130 members and 116 motor cycles on Club Plates. We meet on the second Tuesday of each month at Goulburn Workers' Club, commencing 7.30pm.

New members are always welcome and more information is available on our Club Website :

www.classicridersclubgoulburn.com.au

COMMITTEE

President	Gary Suddull
Vice President	Bruce Tinsley
Secretary	Ross Gilchrist
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Treasurer	Charles Hillier
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Club Captain	Leon Williamson
Publicity Officer	Wayne Adams
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Equipment Officer	Wayne Adams
Monument Warden	Mark James
Swap Meet Coordinators	Colin Jewell Leon Williamson Charles Hillier
Rally Director 2018	Dale Towell
Machine Examiners & Registration Officers	Richard Corbett Chris Parlett Wayne Price Jeff Blyss (Yass) John French (Moss Vale) Craig Southwell (Gunning)
Club Patron	Jack Glisson
Life Members	John Morris Wayne Adams Richard Corbet Howard Kneebone Jack Glisson Keith Speer Marjorie Speer Ross Gilchrist
Website Manager	Ross Gilchrist
Magazine Editor	Dale Towell

Full details and contact numbers on website

MEMBER STORY : BRUCE TINSLEY

Bruce was born on 18 October 1952 at Crown Street Women's Hospital Sydney. He left school at the age of 15 to take on an apprenticeship in carpentry, and after 16 months and no start, he moved on to the trade of molder. It was at this point in his working life that another apprentice offered him a ride home on a road bike, and although he had ridden paddock bikes since the age of 12 or 13, it was the 'road' factor that injected a combination of trepidation and intrigue within. It didn't take many of these trips home for the weight of intrigue to nullify any fear Bruce may have had, and when he was asked if he wanted to buy the bike, Bruce couldn't think of any reason to say no. It was \$100 which equated to a week's wages – it was his first motorcycle, a YL1 Yamaha 100 twin.



Bruce had by this time decided that he liked bikes and the 'need' for a bigger machine was natural progress.



He traded the Yamaha for a Suzuki Savage 250 and within less than a year, decided he needed something bigger.

What he wanted, was a Triumph, so in December 1970, in the company of two other mates, he went off in search

of his next motorcycle. Finding their way to Kevin Fraser in Wollongong, they discovered BSA Lightnings for sale – the last of the dry frame models – so they bought one each.



Bruce says he still has those helicopter glasses – but not the long hair and in keeping with the ever evolving story of Bruce, it was soon time for another bike. On the day to trade in at Woonona, running late for work and scooting along at 60mph, Bruce and the BSA hit the gutter, Bruce fell off and then hit a wall. It was the 'voice of assistance' however, that helped Bruce determine very quickly whether he was OK – a night soil dunny carter was standing over him saying '*you alright?*' and the choice of getting back on his bike or hitching a ride in the night cart brought about a miraculous recovery for both man and motorcycle.

Riding home, busted head light and bent crash bar, Bruce presented the bike to his Dad for judgement. '*There's a FB Holden headlight in the shed that works, just don't turn the light on*' – and - '*take the crash bar off, no one will know it was ever on there.*' Bruce traded the bike in later that afternoon.

He decided to buy a car. Bikes were cold and wet, and you could only fit one girl on the back.

It took a very short time for Bruce to realise that cars weren't for him. He embarked on a project BSA C11 and in 1972 traded the 'car' for a 1968 Mk4 Spitfire. Two bikes – life was good.

The Spitfire seized though, when the barrels split and his Dad as always, came to the rescue and did the repairs. '*Don't bring any more bikes back, I'm sick of fixing them*' his Dad said, but Bruce was undeterred.



He traded the Spitfire for a Kawasaki 650 modelled on the old BSA Road Rocket W2 1972 model, then bought a Honda 4, 500 contained in two boxes.



Then it happened. Bruce got a call from a friend in Grenfell – '*I have a Triumph Trophy, want to swap?*'

Catching up, Bruce said '*You want to swap two boxes of bits and pieces with a Triumph?*'

The answer was 'yes' and he did – the Triumph drove into the shed, it had a stumpy car muffler, Honda 450 carburetor and modified inlet manifolds, ram tubes on the back and growled all the way up Bulli Pass.



It was at this time that family would move the necessity for motorcycles in Bruce's life, to one side. With his wife Jan and their two daughters Amanda and Belinda, his time was thoroughly occupied, but in 1992 when Bruce turned 40, he made a bid for another bike. This was rewarded with a dress leather jacket and a die cast Harley Davidson. It seemed there was some work to be done, but the ever optimistic Bruce decided to march on with his plan and intensify his 'expressions of need' in regard to another motorcycle.

There was a brief encounter with a Russian Ural, which had a car battery tied on the back seat to get it going and a saucepan lid reshaped into a cover for the air filter.

But in 1995, through a long time friend, Bruce acquired a Firebird, and it happened as simply as Jan mentioning that Bruce wanted a bike. 'What does he want' replied their friend. 'A 69 BSA Firebird.'

.... and after knowing this friend for something like 30 years, Bruce and Jan discovered there were about six motorcycles in his shed, and one of them was a 69 BSA Firebird. 'You can have it for \$7,000', he told Bruce and after considerable plotting, Bruce handed over \$5,000 with the promise of the rest, soon.

Then the sweetest thing happened – Bruce's daughter Belinda, had just started working and offered to lend him \$2,000 so he could have the Firebird without waiting a minute longer. This Bruce/BSA combination went three times to Philip Island, and although not without drama, it provided a chance introduction to Wayne Gardner, despite the fact that this introduction was a little less than inspiring. The story goes something like – 'See this idiot?' - pointing to Bruce alongside his A69. 'He's ridden it here three times!'

The fact remained, he actually made it there and back, in itself remarkable, but Bruce wanted something more comfortable and so began another bid for his next motorcycle. He brought home a brochure and happened to be reading it at the table, drawing the girls' attention to it at every opportunity.

... after 'wearing them down', he went with his Dad for a test ride. 'Not a bad looking bike Mick', said his Dad, and when the time came for 'Dad' to ride it, Bruce said 'take it easy, it's still not run in'. Into the distance went Dad and the Thunderbird, Dad who used to race outfits at Sydney Showground, Dad, who had revived many a bike for Bruce and who had guided him in so many ways, into the motorcycle world. Bruce could hear the two as they journeyed past the hospital, along a flat stretch and towards the approach to a steep hill – taking it 'easy'. Then the roar as they (Dad and the 900) opened up to tackle the hill...and Bruce smiles in response to this memory of the man who called him 'Mick'.

It's no surprise that the blood running from father to son included motor oil and that the craving for thump and rumble of a classic engine was impossible to shake.

The journey from a paddock bike riding 12 year old, a country kid who did all the country things, to our 'today Bruce', has been a very logical set of steps. From the local space at Bulli where Bruce grew up, through early adventures around town, the local tip where he would 'shop' for supplies – he recalls the time he needed wheels for a billy cart and went off to the tip to scrounge. To his delight, he found an old pram with just the wheels he needed, but when he got to the pram, he discovered there was a baby inside. Two brothers were in the distance hunting for their own project material and had left their little sister in the pram and on another visit to the tip, when Bruce found a bike and took it home. His Dad said 'that has to belong to someone, you have to take it to the Police station'. So they did, and discovered the owner to be Mr Pearce who lived four doors from Bruce's family. Mr Pearce was a War Veteran suffering shell shock and had requested police assistance to find his bike. Much delighted at having it returned, he gave Bruce five bob. So, despite the fact that Bruce had effectively stolen the bike, he was paid for his efforts.

Each moment in Bruce's life, each new bike and bike adventure, has thankfully for us, brought him step by step to Classic Riders Club.

Bruce, is a biker in every good sense of the word. Early after the turn of the century, he and two mates worked for a time at NRMA, one week on and one week off. During the 'weeks off' this trio held conference in the shed. During these shed nights they solved the world's problems and added, as Bruce says, considerable content to the existing load of hot BS. One night in 2002, Smithy produced an entry form for a club in Goulburn and the threesome that year, became part of the Classic Riders family.

It was Smithy, the year before he died, whose bike broke down on an Annual Ride. The ever inspired Bruce, produced a pint glass, sand blasted with 'first on trailer' and presented it to Smithy. 'The best trophy I've ever owned' declared Smithy, and so was launched, the annual award at our yearly ride and Bruce's life time commitment to organising our Annual Ride trophies.

I can hear Bruce saying – 'life time commitment??' – answer, 'yes' Bruce, in return for the wonderful job you do, no fuss, no grumbles and a dash of mischief – perfect recipe for ongoing voluntary employment.

It should be mentioned here also, that CRCG isn't Bruce's only Club tie. He was riding one day around Robertson when his 'gang' was pulled over by police. The Policeman said 'what club do you all belong to, the Blackheads?' Evidently, when you leave home with friends, all wearing the same coloured helmets, this is what happens and so it was decided, the Blackheads were born. Now they have T-shirts to match which read –

The Blackheads :
the last thing you want in your face

Today, the BSA Firebird and the Triumph Thunderbird both keep Bruce company on the various stretches of road which reach out from Yanderra. He's not shy to take either of them any distance and his easy demeanour is apparent as he rides. One arm on the hip and a swagger that truly announces the road space held by man and bike.

'I do have a another bike' said Bruce, 'It's a G80 Matchless which I keep at Wayne Adams' place.'



BSA Firebird
&
Triumph Thunderbird.





Photo taken at the 2010 National Rally, Maitland.

ODE TO THE BEEZA BOY

It started gnawing bit by bit we sensed its sure advance,
The dream of sitting on a bike would land him in a trance,
He'd leave Jan talking to herself and see it forge ahead
And then he'd slowly stir himself and say 'What's that you said?'

He talked and talked like one possessed as on the madness ran,
The bug had bit and gripped the mind as only big bugs can.
'Ignition' this, 'Combustion' that, you never heard the likes,
You'd think the world was turning on the works of motor – bikes,

Dream-time now is over – how he'd longed to see this day,
We saw Bruce driving down the road – in tow - his B S A
It looked a beauty sitting there, all glistening in the sun,
We raced across with 'oohs' and 'aahs', and then begun the fun.

We all pitched in to help unload, fearing some destruction,
But got it safely round the back by heeding his instruction.
He jacked the wheel and kicked it with spectacular disdain,
It gave a sort of wheezy cough, and so he kicked again.

Still no result, but undeterred, he played his second card,
He pushed it off the stand, no less, and wheeled it round the yard,
He wheeled it up, he wheeled it down until he near expired
But even after taking turns, the beast still hadn't fired.

We offered many useful tips, he told us to be gone,
And when he'd chased us all inside, he turned the petrol on.
He gave it one almighty kick and swung into the seat,
So now our Hero Motor-Man goes shooting down the street.

Out along the freeway, he got it into top,
But further on, to his dismay, he found it wouldn't stop.
The tank was full of juice it seems, he rode for all this worth,
Then realised the wretched thing could carry him to Perth.

He spun around and headed home – he'd had a nasty shock,
If tour he must, it was wise, thought he, to tour around the block.
So round and round and round he went, the eyes fixed straight ahead,
And every time round Harley Street, the neighbours quickly spread.

Each time he came past our place, we'd wave then close the door,
But no sooner would we get inside when round he'd tour once more.
Hooray! At last he found the brake, much to our delight,
We had visions of him touring still, well into the night.

Now Belinda's lost her cubby and Amanda's lost her space,
To have a quiet D and M, it's hard to find a place,
But D and M's have changed their course, their topic now is springs
And levers and gears and horsepower and sparkling plugs and things.

Some things in life are soon forgot, but now and then you find
Rare days like this, you don't forget, they live on in the mind.
How he rides it with aplomb, and it's great to see the joy
That's added new dimension to our friend, the Bikie-Boy.

(a poem written by Bruce's neighbour)





And so completes the story of Bruce, pictured here with his beautiful wife Jan, who embraces his love of 'the motorcycle' as together, they embrace family.

RIDE WASH UP

A very quick 'tag' to the Ride Rag published last month and a presentation worth noting, but which wasn't part of the official Annual Ride schedule.

For the first time ever, one of our motorcycle entrants was overtaken by a push bike, and trophy organiser Bruce, wanted to honour this occasion in a special way. Not expecting that this would ever happen again, it would be a one off award and presented at the meeting which followed our October ride.

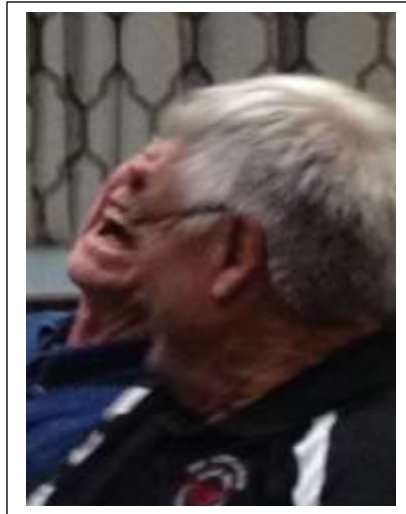
I should say, that as Bruce announced the award, he had the entire meeting very nervous about how one of our members could have 'disgraced' our club to such a degree. But to best show how the award description unraveled into reality, here are the photos which take us from gasp to giggles.

The unsuspecting subject was John Towell, who had for some reason decided to mention that he was out run by a bicycle on the Saturday ride to Gunning. Pictured below, a very 'unaware' John waits for the trouble maker to be revealed.



.... most people would be likely to keep such detail to themselves, but just in case there were witnesses, John decided he should come clean and admit to the incident before anyone else mentioned what had happened.

Then Paul Fitzgibbon's reaction as everyone began to realise where Bruce was 'going' with his tale.



.... and the deed was done, here's John receiving his award, and a very satisfied Bruce.



John's first club award –

Go Hard or Go Home
Award of Incompetence and
Shame,
for being overtaken by a
bicycle on the
26th Annual Ride 2017.

ARIEL RIDE, CLARE VALLEY, SA

17 - 20 March 2017

Starting on Tuesday 14 March, Alan and Mischelle Lees together with Keith and Marj Speer, left Goulburn. They collected Charles Hillier at Gunning, stopped for morning tea at Wagga, stopped again for lunch at Hay, and arrived first night at Balranald.

Next day they enjoyed the best scones ever at Mildura's Holden Museum and stopped for night two at Blanchetown's Caravan Park.

On Day 3, they headed towards the Barossa Valley, through Tunanda and arrived around 2.00pm in Clare. Their accommodation for the duration was at the Discovery Holiday Park.

The Ride commenced on the Friday afternoon, first to Mintaro Magpie Hotel, from there to Jesuit Winery and a welcome BBQ hosted by Apex.

The main run on Saturday was to Burra Historic Copper Mining Town – flagged off by the Mayor, riders all set off to Burra and old mining sites, stopping at Burra Creek Park for lunch and judging, then returning back to Clare for dinner and presentations.

Sunday coincided with the Clare swap meet which was set up across from the caravan park. A quick look at the swap was followed by a 9.30am start to Snowtown for morning tea, lunch at the Barbed Wire Hotel – which offered a bonus run down on barbed wire, evidently there are 500 examples in the world – and back to Clare for a farewell BBQ and wine tasting hosted by various local wineries.

Heading home on Monday, first stop was Petersborough Train Museum – where Alan got steamed up? Or was that caught up in steam? How did you manage that exactly Alan?

Broken Hill next stop and a brief glance at an old Austin Truck with a BSA Bantam and Jawa in the tray. Just 'something' you couldn't drive passed without stopping for a closer look.

After a walk around Broken Hill and indulging in some of the local 'produce', a few encounters with goats wandering along the roadside –

fortunately, goats with road sense, so no accidents – a visit to mine sites, a moment to admire Broken Hill's Palace Hotel murals, it was time to check out.

Leaving Broken Hill drew the group to Cobar for a local pub lunch, but not before a drive by and opportunity to wave to local aboriginals who flanked the roadside.

This part of the journey offered the challenge of Emus on the road, running amuck at the sound of the bike horns. After a dowsing of rain around Orange and a necessary 45 minute stop, the group were running late and decided to stop at Blayney for their last night.

On the tenth day, an 8.30am start, via Trunky Creek then Crookwell, the group returned home. All happy and safe, having thoroughly enjoyed their ride to Clare Valley. *(Keith Speer)*



ALL HISTORIC - RACE DAY : WAKEFIELD PARK

23 - 24 September 2017

This was Wakefield Park's second annual all-historic race meeting featuring a combination of pre-1961 cars and motorcycles.

Car events consisted of three racing groups (divided according to expected lap times) and two regularity groups (pre-war and post war).

The oldest car entered for the event was Keyvn Brown's 102-year-old Model T Ford!

Also represented, were Bugatti, MG, Riley, Dodge, Chevrolet and Armstrong, while post-war vehicles included Austin, Lotus, Cooper, Elfin, Photon and Nota.

The array of motorcycles encompassed 125cc, 250cc, 350cc, 500cc and over 500cc machines, along with sidecars.

Harley Davidson, Indian, Matchless and Norton were some of the iconic motorcycle brands on the entry list for the race meeting.

Sunday's action featured handicap races, in which the slower vehicles received a head start.

There was something of interest to everyone, and the talent evident in the preparation of each entry was to be congratulated.

CRCG was well represented and offered a static display. It was a wonderful day, thank you to the organisers and for our Club's invitation to join in such a terrific exhibit of precious machinery.

The smell of burning oil, the noise of racing engines and passionate 'machine lovers' all willing to share their interest - does it really get any better?

See if you can spot the Club members photographed here





TARALGA TRACTOR FESTIVAL

18-19 October 2017

Another wonderful day and as always, the results of much hard work and dedicated organisation.

This November event, hosted by the Southern Tablelands Vintage Farm Machinery Club, showcases local and beyond, vintage farm machinery, cars, bikes, tractors and steam engines.

Activities include vintage tractor pull, tractor trek, threshing display, hand loaded baling, heritage games for the young and young at heart and live entertainment.

Rob Temple grabbed much interest for this fabulous display of a Cliff and Bunting No. 31 hay baler. Originally owned by Bill Temple, Rob's grandfather, and restored in 2008. Pictured here with his working baler, Rob was quick to attribute this achievement to the hard work of his two boys Angus and Jack. Angus and Jack are fourth generation to operate the Cliff and Bunting and do so with much pride in the fact that it was once owned by their great grandfather.

Added to this were their Lindy and Sarah projects, Rob seen here below right, taking 'Sarah Ferguson' around the Grand Parade circuit and Angus and Jack on the right, in 'Lindy Chamberlain'.



CAN ASSIST CAR AND MOTORCYCLE SHOW

25 November 2017

There's no apparent end to the energy held within the Goulburn Can Assist Group. This non profit charity dedicated to supporting local people and their families affected by cancer, is a strong force in and around the Goulburn region. Some examples of the assistance they provide are in the giving of fuel and food vouchers, utility bills, medications and the list goes on.

For this occasion, all trophies were donated by local businesses, there was a jumping castle and face painting for the kids and many of our Club members could be seen alongside their cars and motorcycles.

Frank Millward won Best European Trophy.



Mark James won Best Japanese Trophy.



Charles Hillier's Ariel was spotted in this line up. ... and Ron Barton's Ford Zepher - below.

Chris Parlett's motorcycles were spotted - pictured right and below - or at least I think these belong to Chris.





Here's Mick McCarthy. Mick's Dad used to own a Ford ute and sold it, leaving Mick to hanker for one the same, so here's a dream which became reality and a partnership between man and ute which is linked with very special memories.

Murray Quigg was sighted with his Dodge Ute at the show and Geoff Bland won best British for his BSA. Here's Geoff, also pictured with Wayne Adams.



To all our club members who patronised this event, whether as an entry or a spectator, a big thank you from Ian McMurdo of Can Assist.

Total raised for the day was \$5,000.

Hope to see you all around the same time next year for the 2018 Can Assist Show.



CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Gilmour Inn, Lake
Bathurst
10 December 2017

It was a happy group of 28 who gathered at Lake Bathurst for our Club Christmas Party. There was an abundance of 'ho ho ho.. ing', a fabulous serving of traditional roast and Christmas desserts, and happy faces all over the place.

Lake Bathurst's Gilmour Inn, opened in 1980 and is set on a 9,000 acre working sheep station. It offers accommodation of 13 rooms (9 with en-suites), delicious meals and amazing hospitality.

Here are a few photos just to prove we were there.

Thank you Lois Jewell for organising all of us into a Christmas crowd. It's not an easy task getting us into the one place on the one day.



First stop for riders (above) was the Tarago Loaded Dog Hotel for a little refreshment and a lot of talking, before riding on to Gilmour Inn (below) – where there was more refreshment to be enjoyed and a lot more talking.



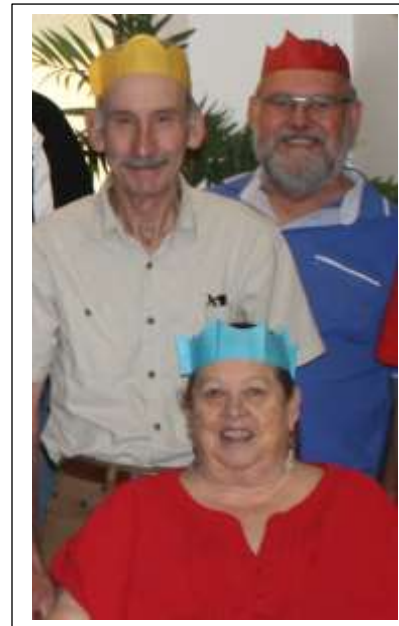
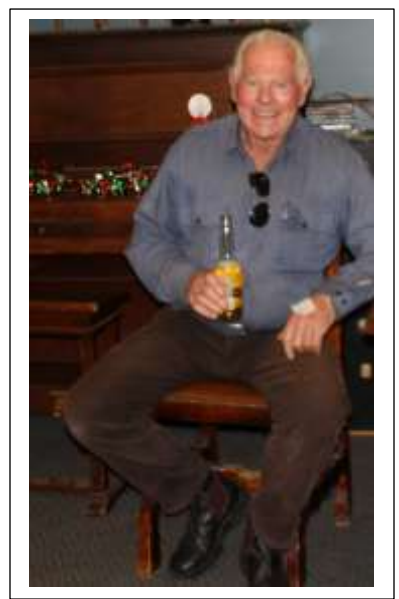


Lois & Colin
Our Christmas lunch
organisers - delicious
lunch, wonderful venue
and terrific company.
Thank you



It's a CRG Merry Christmas







To all our club members and families, have a wonderful Christmas / New Year, and safe travel wherever you go during the holidays. We look forward to another year of motorcycle adventures in 2018 and many more moments together with our club friends. May whatever you wish for, be in your Christmas stocking - or - parked in the driveway.



A little bit about the village of Lake Bathurst - situated along Braidwood Road, 222kms south-west of Sydney and 32kms south of Goulburn.

The lake here is the reason for the town's name and beautiful trees line the street - a feature of this town which lends much to the appeal.

The lake, a wetland haven for wading birds, can be seen by taking the turn at Glenovel Road at the far end of the village (the turn to Gilmour Inn Farm stay) and following the dirt road for a couple of kilometres. Although some distance from the road, the lake is clearly visible on the right hand side.

The Lake is puzzling, no rivers flow into it, but it is fed by drainage through the soils of the surrounding area. It is therefore dependent on rainfall for inflow and fluctuates in size from a few to up to 10 square kilometres in area. When at best height, this lake is an abundance of bird life. At other times it becomes little more than a shallow pond and sometimes dries up completely.

In 1818, an investigative party consisting of Hamilton Hume and James Meehan, were the first Europeans to sight the Lake as they travelled through the district. Hume named it after Earl Bathurst who, at the time, was the Secretary of State of War and the Colonies. In 1820 the lakeside was the site of the first church service in the area. This service was conducted by Reverend Robert Cartwright, who was accompanying Governor Macquarie's expedition.

Records of first local settlements date back as far as 1826. Originally known as Tarago, this town once had a school, post office, railway station, inn and general store. St John's Anglican Church built in 1860, is still operating.

Lake Bathurst was given this name in 1884 and Sherwin's Flat became Tarago.

The railway from Goulburn to Queanbeyan also reached Lake Bathurst in 1884 and brought about a change in the district's fortunes.

Sand and gravel on the shores of the lake were so suitable for ballast on the new tracks that a spur line was built to

extract it and used until the railway reached Bombala in 1921.

This coincided with years when the lake was full and steam trains brought day trippers from Goulburn and Sydney in such numbers to picnic, that special trains ran to a new station built on the spur line by the lake (the remains still to be seen today).

The lake was also an attraction for rowing and sailing, some 3000 people attending a regatta in 1885.

This influx of tourists lasted until about 1897, by which time the lake was presumably receding again. But there seems no evidence that the village itself profited by this (in terms of local business growth).

A hidden, and somewhat secret aspect of Lake Bathurst's history was its role in World War II. A secret storage facility was built just south of the village to hold 658,000 gallons of fuel, in 1942.

From 1943 to 1945 these were guarded in a lonely vigil by troops.

Goulburn's number 16 Inland Fuel Depot, located near Lake Bathurst, was one of 32 dispersed around the country.

These tanks were designed to ensure sufficient fuel was available should the country's supply lines be cut off by the invading Japanese during WWII. They were top secret, partly funded by the US government.

The remnants of four such tanks, their bunker and turrets can still be seen today. After the war, various uses were attempted for them - all unsuccessful, and today they remain as ghostly sentinels to our past history.

Aviation historian Bob Piper said the tanks were deliberately sited in remote areas and close to railway lines - 'so large quantities of fuel could be brought by train and distributed to them in road tankers'.

Constructed in concrete, covered in soil, just brown painted vents and pipes exposed, they blended into the hillside - remnants of camouflage paint can be seen on the cement-roofed bunker house, once used by air force guards.

There is also a flat natural aerodrome nearby that could be used for emergency landings and refueling.

The 3.64 hectare Lake Bathurst site had total storage of 3,023,640 litres, built at a cost of 50,000 pounds. Disposal of the site was recorded by Commonwealth Gazette number 94 on June 17, 1948.

Lake Bathurst also held intrigue after Hamilton Hume sighted what he described as a Hippopotamus - in 1821. The first bunyip report was made in November 1821, when Edward Hall claimed he had seen an 'extraordinary creature' in the lake. Months later, Hall reported that it was 100 yards away and resembled a bull dog's head, but black and measured about 5 feet (1.5 metres) long. It was shot but managed to escape.

In the 1950s the Lake was in full flood - a mecca for waterskiers and motor boat enthusiasts, with regular regattas held, attracting up to as many as 3,000 people.

Sadly, Lake Bathurst went into decline in the years following 1960. Mechanisation replaced manual labour on farms and town people moved away to find work - most of their dwellings have now disappeared. A new school built in 1881 and which closed in 1969, is now a private residence. The village store has long since gone. The railway remains on the Goulburn-Canberra line, but the once important goods shed and water tank are gone.

There is a museum in the old church hall and another near the railway station in the old railway waiting room. Tours for groups of six or more can be arranged to areas otherwise inaccessible - such as the spur line and platform at the edge of the lake, WWII fuel stores, colonial buildings, and the land rehabilitation project at the old Woodlawn Mine. Pictured below is the old school house (1881).



Extract provided by Phil Collins, adding to the tale of the Lake Bathurst Bunyip.

‘One fine morning in November 1982, I was walking by the side of a marsh which runs in Lake Bathurst when my attention was attracted by a creature casting up the water and making a noise in sound resembling a porpoise, but shorter and louder.

At the distance I stood (about 100 yards) it had the appearance of a bull dog’s head but perfectly black; the head floated about as though the animal were recreating itself; it cast up the water behind, but the quantity thrown up evinced neither strength nor bulk; it remained about five minutes and then disappeared.’

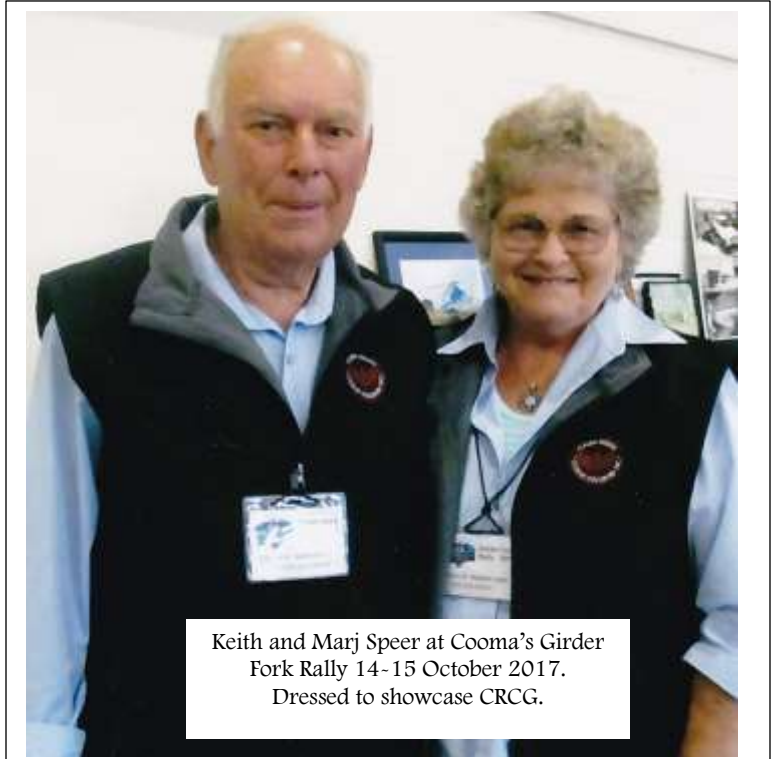
E S Hall letter to the Editor Sydney Gazette, 27 March 1823

Mr Hall saw the monster again later that day and his overseer made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot the creature. On another occasion, he sighted the creature from the eastern end of the lake after he had been bathing with Mr Forbes; but this time its head appeared slightly different.

Mr Hall’s letter concludes : ‘The natives of the Lake and its neighbourhood can never be prevailed upon to go near the marsh and describe the creature as having formerly taken their children into the Lake. They call it in our tongue ‘Devil – Devil!’

[Maybe we could do a club tour to examine first hand.](#)

OUT AND ABOUT



Keith and Marj Speer at Cooma’s Girder Fork Rally 14-15 October 2017.
Dressed to showcase CRCG.

STORY OF INTEREST : A Collection of Vincent Motorcycles north of Perth

There’s a treasure chest north of Perth, owned by Ian Boyd. Twenty nine years ago, Ian - a cray fisherman - was looking for something to keep him busy in retirement. He didn’t have any grand ambitions when he decided to start a motorcycle collection, nor did he consciously decide to focus on Vincent motorcycles, but starting with one Vincent and then another, and another, here is what resulted.



Photo and detail compliments of The Bike Shed Times

www.bikeshedtimes.com

Ian owns 46 Vincent motorcycles in total, at least one of every model with the exception of the ultra rare White Shadow.

Ian also has other motorcycle makes/models and an E-type Jag – there are more on the way. Ian’s house was built to accommodate his collection of bikes and cars and his show room can be seen from the living area. the centerpiece on Ian’s kitchen bench is a motorcycle engine.

FOR SALE

BMW R80/7

(US model)

67,368 genuine miles

Extras include

- Original bikini fairing
- Krauser panniers
- Sundry spares and documentation
- BMW hand pump
- Original toolbox
- Boyer Branson electronic ignition



First registered in Olivette Missouri in 1978. Imported to Australia by Peter Tutureski in 1998 - 32,000 miles on the clock.

Purchased by present owner from importer in October 1998

Comes with full documentation, import papers etc.

This motorcycle is in excellent original condition, and has hardly had a spanner on it except for regular service and routine maintenance. Has excellent provenance (including original handbook, US rego stickers etc.)

An opportunity to own a rare example of this remarkably reliable classic.

\$7,500 ono

Call Leon 0412 060 655

TWO HONDA CT110 EX POSTIE BIKES

Registered until August 2018

\$2,000 each ono

Approximately 45,000kms clocked on each.
Excellent running order, all maintenance receipts available



Call Pat 0419 631 743

email : woodsy17@bigpond.com.au

WHAT'S ON

GOULBURN CHRISTMAS MOTORCYCLE TOY RUN

MEETING 9AM AT TRAPPERS BAKERY Goulburn

DEPARTING 10AM

PLEASE BRING A GIFT FOR A CHILD IN NEED

17 DECEMBER 2017

ALL WELCOME

CALL BOB: 0429 198 056 | RUSSEL: 0411 709 581

THE GREAT SOUTHERN
**MOTORCYCLE
ONLY
SWAP MEET**

at
Goulburn Showground – Gate 6

First swap of the year

Sunday 21st January, 2018

Gates open 6:00am

External Sites only – \$20.00 Covered Sites \$25.00

Lookers – \$5.00

Breakfast and drinks available.



Enquiries, Classic Riders Club of Goulburn

Colin 0418 482 630 Leon 0412 060 655

Charles 0417 289 471

STALL HOLDERS SET UP FROM 12 NOON SATURDAY

Remember Just Motorbikes

**NO TRASH OR TREASURE
STRICTLY NO DOGS ALLOWED**

Remember our Supporters for the Annual Ride 2017

Goulburn Workers' Club

Goulburn Tourist Centre

Can Assist

Gunning Public School

Rotary of Goulburn

Laggan Community Hall Committee

Tony Nixon, Southern Highlands Trophies

Steve Ruddell and Corby Leah

Goulburn Embroidery

Cake Wizard

Goulburn Police

David Schweers – Shannons

Old Bike Australasia Magazine

Lucerne on Fernberg B&B in Brisbane

and our SPONSORS

Peter Scott Stihl Shop

Goulburn Engineering

South Goulburn Caravan Park

Goulburn Produce

Jewell Builders

Goulburn Power Centre

eMillie

BCF Fishing Shop

Goulburn Electrical Wholesalers

Auto One

Worklocker

Goulburn Super Cheap Auto

BUSINESS REGISTER

*A listing of business contacts within our Club
Please give your details to Dale if you would like your business added*

MJM Custom Motorbike Seats

Mick McCarthy

02 4821 6166

Motorbike seats/upholstery

Can Assist Goulburn & District

Ian McMurdo

0419 147 099

Cancer Assistance Network

Wombermere B&B Goulburn

Leon Williamson & Sasithorn Prasert

0412 060 655

Short Term Accommodation



Jewell Builders

Colin Jewell

0418 482 630

(02) 4821 1459

Green Smart Professional Licensed Builder

Celebrant Services

Dale Towell

0422 367 011

Weddings, Baby Namings, All Occasions

Space available 'here' for more business notices

The Editor invites club members to contribute to our Magazine.

Please send articles/information of interest to Dale via her email address
doey8@bigpond.com

and include **Magazine Article** in the subject line.

Events and Outings

Projects

New purchases and the story of a new motorcycle
arrival

Rebuilds and Restoration – step by step progress

Photographs

Details also welcome for our Business Register to which all members can refer.

We have an immense collection of skills and talent within our club - please
share your business name and your preferred contact with Dale and we can
include the detail in our next and each future issue. Have a wonderful
Christmas and New Year everyone!!

