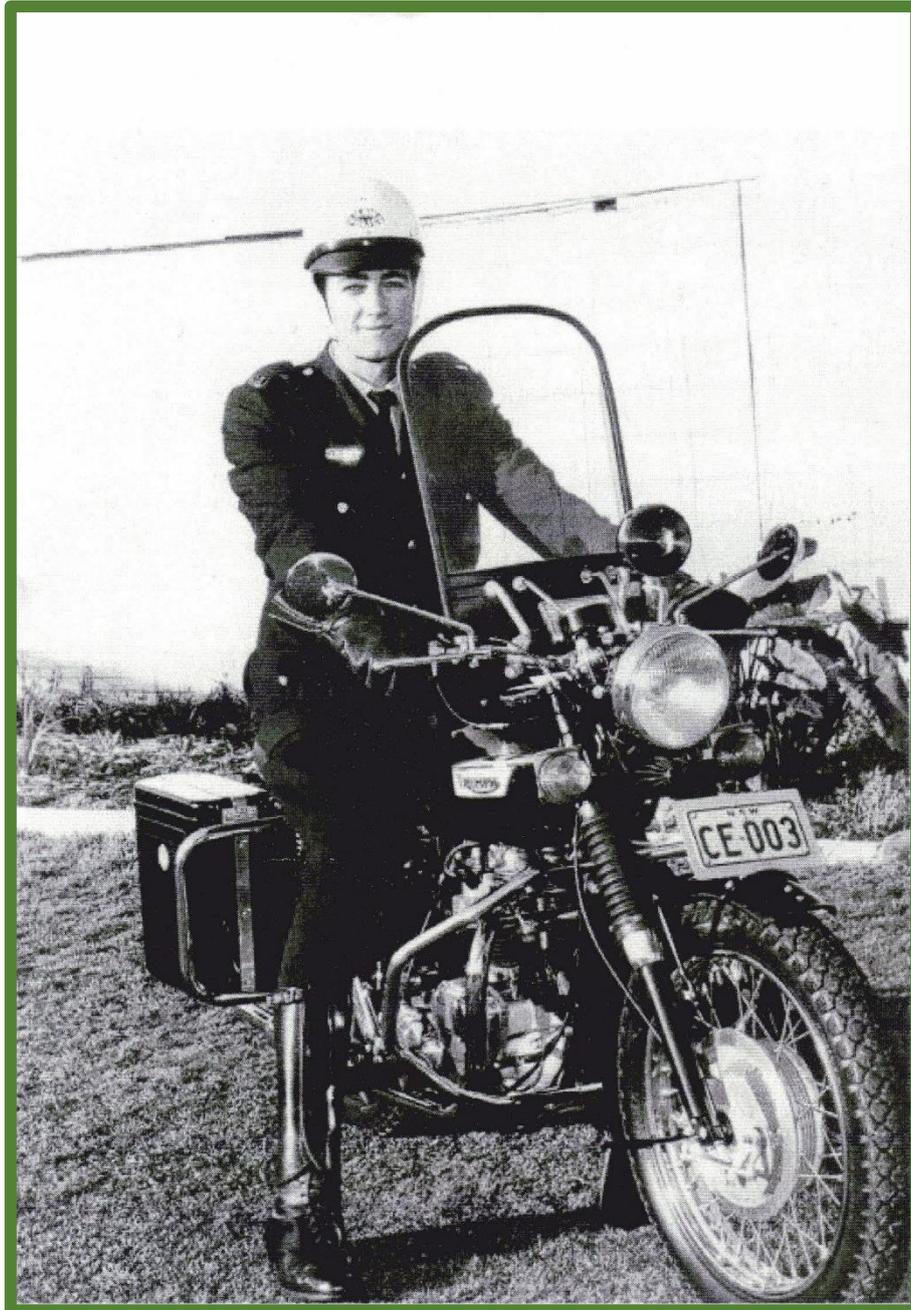


# *The Flywheel*

Issue No. 188 - July 2020  
Central Coast Classic Motor Cycle Club Inc.

**CELEBRATING 32 YEARS AS A CLUB: 1988 – 2020**



*Triumph 1970 TR6P 650cc Saint – NSW Police*

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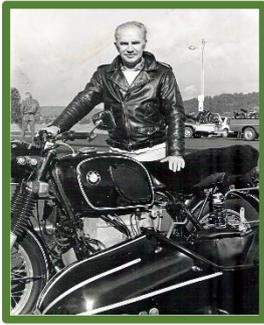
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**Magazine email:**

**Magazine Distribution:** Steve Cooper

**MEETINGS:** Held on the **4<sup>th</sup> Tuesday** each month (except December) at Ourimbah-Lisarow RSL Club, Pacific Highway, Ourimbah commencing at 7:30 p.m. Visitors welcome.

**MEMBERSHIP:** Open to persons with an active interest in the preservation, restoration and use of Veteran, Vintage and Classic motorcycles.



## President's Report

Greetings everyone. What a strange year the Wuhan Virus pandemic has created. Our usual events, (meetings, hub-runs etc.) have been cancelled until

such times as restrictions allow. Just when we thought that things were easing off, bang goes the whole thing in Melbourne and then spread quickly to NSW.

You will notice that this is quite a different edition of *The Flywheel*. Our long-serving Editor, Clint Williams, has decided to call it a day and Steve Sai-Louis has stepped up to take the reins. Steve has yet to settle in to his new role, so I've cobbled this lot together to fill in.

Clint has edited no less than 44 issues of the newsletter. A Stirling effort and one that has had praise from many readers. Thank you, Clint, for your dedication.

So, why is there a photo of a Police Triumph on the cover? And what is the connexion with the BMW and sidecar above?

Back in 1975 I bought a 2<sup>nd</sup> - hand (maybe 3<sup>rd</sup> - hand) TR6P from a car yard in Donnison Street, Gosford for the princely sum of \$450. It had obviously had another owner probably after it went up at the Police auctions. Well, it may seem princely now, but, back then, I had to get an extension on my Bankcard (you remember them, don't you?) I had to go to the bank and explain why I wanted the extension. The chap who interviewed me didn't seem convinced that it was a worthy reason – but I got the extension anyway.

The previous owner had decided to paint the tank and guards green which I didn't like. So, I repainted them maroon, got it registered and was a very happy puppy with my very first Trumpy. Once I even managed to hit the "Ton" on the Pacific Highway near Telegraph Point.

Roll on a few years... There was a chap in Hamilton, *Bolt-On Sidecars*, who was advertising an Indian-made Continental Steib look alike sidecar. I thought "That's for me" and ordered one. When I picked up the combination from Dirk's place I headed out to his front gate and stopped prior to entering the highway. I could hear laughter behind me and, when I

turned around, he called out "You don't have to put your foot down when you stop". It was an interesting trip back home.

In 1984 I was heading for the Wombat Rally in Southern NSW. A neighbour, Bob Jackson, was passenger in the chair. We were on the Hume Highway nearing the Campbelltown turn-off when, suddenly, the motor packed up. I'll leave out what happened after that, suffice to say that when I got it back home, Bob convinced me to strip it right down and do it up properly. So, it was stripped down to the last nut and bolt and has sat languishing in boxes ever since.

A couple of feeble attempts have been made to get it back together and, finally, some sort of progress is being made. Money is being spent and parts are slowly coming together.

As I now needed another two-wheel machine, I bought a BMW R60/5 with an R90/6 motor from Tom Byrne in Wentworth Avenue. The sidecar was eventually married to the BMW and we were once again on three wheels.

There were many adventures but two noteworthy ones. A trip to a BMW Rally in the Snowy Mountains with son Peter in the chair. We took out two prizes, Longest Distance Travelled and Oldest Bike & Rider. On the way home we had stopped at the lights at Bold Street & Parramatta Road in Granville. When the lights turned green, I opened the throttle and "TWANG", the bike and sidecar collapsed into each other. The chair was fitted with DJP mountings which, for the uninitiated, are a ball and socket arrangement. There were three of these and a rigid, adjustable mounting on the bottom. That was the one that broke!

Lucky for us, being Sunday night, there was not much traffic about and I managed to steer into the driveway of a business on the other side of the road. A phone call to another club mate, Keith Sandell, in Carlingford (this was long before mobile phones came on the scene) resulted in a trailer and a trip back to Keith's place before returning home solo.

On another occasion, our branch (Central Coast Branch of the *Classic & Enthusiasts MCC of NSW*) were going down to the Illawarra for a club do. Our VP, Nev Stewart, had a mantra for any trips away from the Coast... "4.30 a.m. at the Boys Home". So, there I was, traveling along the Highway at West Gosford, nearing the old Pizza Hut bend and traveling at a good pace (Sunday morning you know, and bugged all traffic) when, all of a sudden, the

chair wheel was airborne and, a moment later, there we were, completely upside down in the ditch!

You don't really know what fear is until you're upside down with petrol running onto your jacket and the engine still running! A little voice inside said "Take your hand off the throttle fool!"

After that, it was time for the sidecar to go. Never the less, a lot of better memories.

In the meantime, I trust everyone continues to avoid COVID-19, stays well and ready to meet up again, as soon as conditions permit.

*Mark Gattenhof*

President

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## Committee Report

During these strange times your committee has continued to keep in touch, first by email and in June and July we have had face-to-face meetings.

Matters discussed have included new member applications, club events - particularly the *Pelican Rally* – and the overall effect on the club and its members.

*New Member Applications:* Quite a number of inquiries have been received from people wanting to join the club, mainly to access Conditional Registration. Initially they were advised to wait until we were back to operating normally, but, as time went on, that didn't seem to be possible. The committee then decided to accept new applications. The application form we had been using since our formation in 1988 required a new applicant to be nominated and seconded by two existing members known to the applicant. This would be a problem with new applications coming mainly via email following contact via our web site.

A few years ago, the Constitution for Incorporated Associations was changed and a check of the current Constitution revealed that the nomination requirement no longer applies so we changed to Application form to fit the current legislation.

*Club Events:* As most of you would be aware, our usual events have all been cancelled. This includes meetings, hub-runs and gatherings at Jerry's. Members with email addresses were notified of this in March and again last month. Members with bikes on Conditional Registration were also advised that if they wanted to use

those bikes on public roads then they would need to fill in their log book to do so.

*Pelican Rally:* After much discussion it has been regretfully decided that this year's Pelican Rally will not be held. Many other clubs and organisations have been faced with similar cancellations.

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## New Members

A warm welcome to the following new members:

Peter Gaunt & Wendy Parker (Killarney Vale)  
Randy & Alison Buckley (Berkeley Vale)  
Dudley Lister (Charmhaven)  
John Turvey (Laguna)  
Greg Waters (Wyong)  
Simon Bennett (Point Frederick)  
Vicki Griffiths & Matthew Medcalf (Hamlyn Terrace)  
Norman Branda (Cooranbong)  
Dean Carter (Kulnura)

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## A Snake in the Grass

(‘Believe it or not’, this is a true story)

I guess we started off late in the trail riding game, not owning a registered trail bike until I bought a new Suzuki DRZ400 for my 43<sup>th</sup> birthday present. I've ridden bikes all my life but not so much in the bush. I've made up for that now by spending any spare weekend riding, my wife hates it. I have two mates that have done the same thing, both mid 40's and both bought new large capacity trail bikes, Keith @ 126 kg owns a Yamaha TTR600 and Col @ 108kg has a Honda XR650, me, well I weigh in @ 69kg and consequently with the power to weight ratio means I can roost my mates any time I want, "ain't gravity a bitch".

We have the use of a 280-acre property near Gloucester which we use for a base to ride the "Barrington Tops" and the surrounding area. We have now clocked up more than 2500 kilometres in that great area, this is a story of just one of our many outings of trail riding adventures.

January 2000, we usually spend a week at our 'base camp', nothing changed except the weather was exceptionally hot, 35+ temperatures and the dust that comes with drought. We planned a route to take in a couple of rivers for relief during the ride, the top end of the Karuah River sounded great. We headed

off about 9am with the temp starting to climb, we took it in turns to 'sweep ride' chewing on each other's dust which hung in the air for ages. It was my turn to eat the forest trails grain by dusty grain so I stayed a little behind and let the other two get a bit ahead. I came around a corner and found the other two in the middle of the track, I thought having a break. At least the temp had dropped a few degrees as we were at about 800metres high and in the rain forest.

Keith and Col were pointing to a rather healthy looking 'Red Belly Black' snake on the track ahead. The 'track' was a twin wheel track with grass growing up in the middle with steep banks and dense bush either side. Oh well, what could the snake do if we just rode past??

So, we all took off, Col on the right side of the track, Keith on the other track but slightly behind Col and I followed Keith. They both gunned off pretty fast and caught me by surprise so I also gave it a hand full to catch up.

Well Col, being slightly in front, scared the snake onto Keith's side of the track, just as Keith was trying to wheel stand the bike passed the wiggly stick. Now Keith still had the stock standard Pirelli tyres on the TTR and only managed to spin the wheel on the rocky ground, losing traction roosting me in the process. The snake managed to flee straight under Keith's bike, so not only did I have to contend with rocks and sticks but now a flying snake. I watched this all unfold in slow motion, thinking poor snake hope it's alright, what a shame etc... until the bloody thing lands smack in my lap. Did I shit myself? not a lot, was I calm? not a lot, did I scream? not a lot. I attempted to just grab the scaly critter and toss it off but I didn't realise it had sunk its fangs into my chest right above my right nipple. I looked down into its black soulless eyes and I thought, "oh Christ I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm gunna die, shit I'm dead." Hanging onto the middle of the snake with my left hand I've hit the kill switch trying to come to a stop. The snake has now wrapped its self around my arm while I'm trying to pull it off me. Oh, geezus I'm in deep shit here...

The bike has slowed down enough for me to just step off it and get all my attention on the snake, so I grabbed the back of the head with my right hand. I was calming down a little bit and almost stopped running around in circles. I have never had a near death experience before

so I was kind of wondering why when you are bitten in the chest by a snake it actually doesn't hurt.

It is here that I would like to thank Graeme Boyd from Newcastle Suzuki for talking me into buying a set of body armour, you know the kind that fits under your jersey, has all the armour and pads and allows you to wear fish net stocking close to your body and your mates don't think your queer or anything?...

Well the poor snake in its attempt to send me to dirt bike heaven has its teeth caught in the vent slots of the armour chest plate, I forgot I had it on. (it was a Christmas present to myself). Any way I had things all under control, I had the snake right where I wanted it ... tail in left hand, head in right hand and trying to ease the poor creatures' fangs out of my chest, no problems? ... when out of the corner of my eye I sight two hulking figures coming at me through the dust holding onto what looked like baseball bats, raised and ready to strike ... talk about 'gorilla's in the mist'... I've held out my snake enclosed arm, and yelled "stop, stop", however both of them, with panic in their eyes, swear blind I've said "get-it-off", "get-it-off".

With Keith swinging blows at my left arm and Col swinging at my right hand. I started to run around in circles again in the vain attempt to dodge them and to stop them from really driving the snake's fangs into my chest. After a couple more attempts to hit me again I get them to calm down enough to see I'm OK. I get the snake free of the armour and uncoiled from my arm and manage to toss it into the bush basically unharmed. Me, well that's another matter, I have no snake bike, but after 30k trip to Gloucester Hospital tied to Keith's back, by my jersey, they confirmed a crack in both bones of my left forearm and a fracture in my right wrist.

I couldn't stop laughing even as they were putting me under to set the breaks.

Oh yeah, the biked was even still stashed in the bush when we went back to pick it up. Bonus!

Cheers,  
Anonymous club member

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## For Sale



### **Triumph TR6P ex NSW Police bike. Asking \$6500 (negotiable ...)**

NON matching numbers, 1966 frame with 1968 motor both TR6P prefix. Has 1973 Triumph front end.

Bike is in general good condition but not perfect, price reflects this.

Bike was currently registered on club plates but not transferable so selling unregistered.

Has Boyer electronic ignition.

Will need some small work i.e., tail light works but rear stop light and horn doesn't currently work. Wiring is in good condition.

Has new; K70 tyres, front and back, new fork seals and 'o' rings, new master cylinder kit, new brake pads and caliper seals, new battery, new handlebars.

Engine number TR6P DU75\*\*\* which indicates a 1968 build. The cases are matching. Frame No; TR6P DU34\*\*\* indicates 1966 Build

I can be contacted on 0455 253 552

Cheers

Bill Brooks