



Issue 10
Volume 2

October 2010

The Official Newsletter of Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc

The Steel Horse

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It's our first birthday !



And our first AGM is on Tuesday, so come along

Deadline
2nd Tuesday of every
month

Who's who

Management Committee

GM—Sarge

Mobile: 0417 636 425

Email: sarge44@bigpond.net.au

President—Ynot

Mobile: 0417 758 792

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Treasurer—Drastic

Mobile: 0438 785 662

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Secretary—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

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Coordinator—Sugar

Mobile: 0417 636 158

Email: sarge44@bigpond.net.au

Riders' Delegate—Rowdy

Mobile: 0423 196 380

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Club objectives

The objects of the club are to encourage members to regularly meet, ride, and join together for social enjoyment

Membership

Membership is open to Riders and Pillions of Cruiser and Tourer motorcycles, as well as Social Members.

Currently, the annual membership subscription is \$36 for Riders, \$24 for Pillions, and \$12 for Social Members. This is applied monthly pro-rata for new members.

For new members there is also a once only joining fee on top of the annual membership fee. This covers the cost of Patch, Insignia, and other Club costs.

Currently, the joining fee is \$30 for Riders and Pillions, and either \$20 or \$30 for Social Members depending on whether they elect to wear a Badge or a Vest.

Members can purchase a booklet of the Rules and By-laws at cost. Contact the Secretary to do so.

Monthly Meetings

Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc meets every 3rd Tuesday at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane, Brisbane at 7.30 pm. Lord Stanley Hotel is at the intersection of Didsbury St, and Stanley St East, East Brisbane.

Postal address

The Secretary

PO Box 319

Mt Gravatt Plaza, Qld, 4122

Club Merchandise

Please contact the **Merchandiser** (see **Other Roles** to the left) if you are interested in **Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc.** merchandise. See the last page for NEW merchandise.

Other roles

Merchandiser—Loges

Mobile: 0434 405 385

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Editor—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

Proof Reader—Jenny

Ride Captain (South) - Yogi

See Event Calendar for details

Ride Captain (Central) - Sarge

See Event Calendar for details

Ride Captain (West) -

Sam / Cosmo

See Event Calendar for details

Webmaster—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

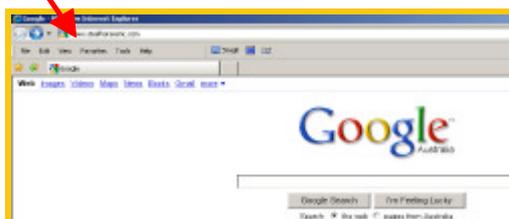
Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

Internet presence

THE CLUB WEBSITE IS:

steelhorsesinc.com

(steel horses inc dot com)



Disclaimer

The opinions expressed in this newsletter are personal opinions and are not necessarily those held by SHCMSC Inc.

GM's October 2010 Report

A year has passed and we are about to have our first AGM!

As I get older time seems to go faster but I still cannot believe that it has been a full 12 months since we formed this Club.

We have had lots of rides that have been well attended. Every meeting has been full participation and we have had some lively discussions.

When this Club was first discussed I could not have imagined how successful this first year was going to be and to say that I am delighted would be an understatement.

Very few of the originals have moved on and all are actively supporting the Club in your own way as we mature.

My personal thanks to every member, Rider, Pillion and Social, for your participation in all rides and social events over the last year.

We are actively involved in the Brisbane motorcycling communities through participation with the Qld Motorcycle Social Clubs organization and thanks to Rowdy and Boots for giving up their free time every month to represent us in this forum.

The Committee led by Ynot has done a marvellous job in running the events and battling through constant suggested changes to Rules and By-Laws. I know almost everyone is tired of the constant discussions so we will make every effort to minimize these in the future. But the debate and outcomes have been necessary to tweak what we started with and make it better.

The weather has caused some concern with our recent rides but as soon as Blue Skies appear I am sure that we will have lots of old and new rides to enjoy together.

For those of you that have heard the rumours it is true I have purchased a Hyabusa Sports Bike and I will occasionally turn up for a ride with you on this machine. However this will not happen very often and my main ride will continue to be my cruiser. I only bought the other bike because Sugar told me I could not! Never let a challenge go by I reckon.

Springwood Suzuki recently contacted us with a partnership proposal that included them sponsoring membership with our Club for every person that purchases a new Boulevard Cruiser. We have agreed to this proposal and as long as the individuals nominated by Springwood Suzuki meet our membership criteria they will support that person's membership fees. This is a great deal and they are also offering discounts for our current members on parts, services and new Bikes. Springwood Suzuki will develop some local advertising to promote this to their customers.

It has been a very exciting year and I look forward to the next 12 months of Steel Horses CMSC fun with each of you.

See Ya on the next one.

Sarge

Ynot's Blurb—October 2010

Hi all,

The club is still progressing steadily, with a good variety of rides and events being planned. Unfortunately the weather has not been kind to the motorcyclist. Dodging showers and putting wet weather gear on and off lessens the enjoyment of a day's ride. As one member recently quoted, "I'm a Steel Horse, not a f.....ing fish!". Then again another member has prominently displayed on his vest a patch declaring, "If you don't ride in the rain you don't ride". Another member consistently turns up at the meeting point to ride in the rain, and wants to know where everybody is. I must admit that I once participated in a two-day ride when it rained heavily for the whole two days, and I thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience. Maybe it was the sense of relief at having survived the whole ordeal, or maybe I was satisfying my latent masochistic needs, who cares, it's all a part of riding a motorcycle. It's that freedom of choice we all enjoy.

The next monthly meeting will be our AGM. I intend to keep formalities down to the necessities to satisfy the Office of Fair Trading requirements. There will be no elections for committee positions, because the first committee is appointed for two years. Future AGMs will include election and appointment of committee members. As Drastic and Sugar have also informed us, there will be a special raffle prize donated by Drastic that should appeal to all the

speed merchants of the club. Such a prize would be wasted on me, but if I were lucky enough to win it, I would be open to all offers from interested parties.

As you are all aware, Debbil incurred a serious shoulder injury on the Mild Hogs ride. He will be back in hospital on 11/10/10 for his operation on 12/10/10. I would like to wish him all the best in the operation and a speedy recovery. Debbil, we look forward to seeing you up and mobile once again in the very near future. As an indication of Debbil's dedication, I asked him if he needed assistance to perform the Secretary's duties. His response was, "No thanks mate, its my left shoulder that is broken, I've still got a usable right hand." Besides, Jenny needs some respite from constantly attending to him.

Sarge mentioned in his report that Springwood Suzuki will sponsor membership to Steel Horses for every customer who purchases a cruiser. This should prove to be a valuable source of new members for our club, and an attractive place for existing members to shop for parts, services and motorcycles. Thank you to Sarge, Sugar and Rowdy for making this possible.

Now, some interesting statistics: Since the club was formed we have conducted 47 day rides, 3 overnight rides ranging from 1 night to 4 nights, and held 12 social events. Net membership has increased from 24 to 34.

Thank you to all members for your participation and contribution.

Safe Riding.

Ynot

Coordinator's report—October 2010

Hi All

Well one year is already up for the Steel Horses, and what a great year. I hope that there is more to come like the Central ride on the 9th of October that started with a breakfast at Springwood Suzuki. What a great turnout - 17 people. Thank you everyone.

Our first Birthday is coming up this Tuesday - 19th October so please try and make the meeting. Anyone getting to the meeting early can join me for dinner.

The raffle this month: the raffle being donated by Drastic is a fantastic prize of laps in a genuine V8 racecar. You have to be in it to win it so come to the meeting with cash for this raffle!

The Central ride on Sunday 31st October is a Pillion's choice so if you are a Pillion member please think about a ride you would like and let Sarge know.

Please add to your calendar Steel Horse CMSC CHRISTMAS PARTY on 4th December at Carina Leagues Club. Don't miss this one.

Regards.

Sugar

Member's Birthdays

Happy birthday to all members who celebrate their birthday this month. Members include Scouse..

VIP dates

- ◆ 4/12/2010— X'mas Party
- ◆ 25/12/2010—Xmas Day

Event Calendar

Where it says "**Rider's Choice**" or "**Pillion's Choice**" or "**Member's Choice**"

We would like you to volunteer to lead a ride along your favourite roads.

If you want to take a Riders Choice, email the relevant Ride Captain at least two weeks before to let him/her know the meeting point (you decide), the route, the distance, and approximate ride duration.

If everything is OK, the Ride Captain will approve it and let you know ASAP.

When the Ride Captain lets you know, you MUST then email all members to give them advanced notice of the ride details.

(if you can't do that, ask the Secretary to do it ASAP).

YOU must then lead the ride.

If nobody volunteers, the relevant Ride Captain will take the ride as usual.

You must phone the relevant Ride Captain by 7.30 pm the night before a ride to confirm you wish to do that ride.

Meeting Points & Ride Captains

South	M1, Exit 38, Yatala (BP Service Centre)	Yogi — 11yogi11@gmail.com Mob: 0418 692 277
West	McDonalds, 2 William St, Goodna	Sam—samhobden@hotmail.com Mob: 0419 174 201 Cosmo—cutidea@bigpond.com.au (contact Sam)
Central	McDonalds, Logan Rd & Norton St, Upper Mt Gravatt	Sarge—sarge44@bigpond.net.au Mob: 0417 636 425

October 2010

Sun 3	Central	9.00 am	South but Central start —going north: Caloundra, Mooloolaba, Noosa, Home	?
Sat 9	Central	9.00 am	Esk, Yarraman, Nanango, Kingaroy, Kumbia, Bunya Mountains, Bensenville, Maidenwell, Blackbutt, Esk—Springwood Suzuki START	550 km
Sun 17	West	9.00 am	Peak Crossing, Boonah, Queen Mary Falls, Killarney, Yangan, Clintonvale, Aratula, Ipswich	295 km
Tues 19	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane *** AGM ***	
Sun 24	South	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?
Sun 31	Central	9.00 am	Pillion's Choice	?

November 2010

Sat 6	West	9.00 am	Fernvale, Wivenhoe Dam, Esk, Lowood	123 km
Sun 14	South	9.00 am	Yatala, Beaudesert, Kyogle, Lismore, Bangalow, Coomera	350 km
Tues 16	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sat 20	Central	9.00 am	Landsborough, Nambour, Cooroy, Noosa, Caloundra, Burpengary	295 km
Sun 28	West	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?

December 2010

Sat 4	All	6-6.30 pm	Christmas Party !!!!! Carina Leagues Club.	
Sun 5	South	9.00 am	Mudgeeraba, Neranwood, Springbrook, Ingleside, Tallebudgera, Dungay, Murwillumbah, Tumbulgum, Coomera	204 km
Sun 12	Central	9.00 am	Mt Nebo, Glorious, Somerset, Kilcoy, Toogoolawah, Esk, Hampton, Toowoomba, Murphys Creek	400 km
Sat 18	West	6.00 pm	Christmas Lights ride and Dinner	
Tues 21	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 25			Christmas Day	Prezzies
Sun 26	South	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?

January 2011				
Sat 1	West	9.00 am	New Year's Day: Redbank Plains, Greenbank, North Maclean, Jimbour, Mundoolin, Canungra	Hangover ?
Sun 9	South	9.00 am	Advancetown, Natural Bridge, Byron Bay, Home	?
Sat 16	Central	9.00 am	Samford, Dayboro, Mt Mee, Maleny, Burpengary, Home	210 km 5 hours
Tue 18	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 23	South	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?
Wed 26			Australia Day	
Sat 29	West		Rosewood, Gatton, Murphys Creek, Hampton, Esk, Fernvale	?

Ride Report—Mild Hogs Ride—27-29 September 2010



It started out just like any other ride really. We met for breakfast and coffee at *Maccas Goodna*. **YNOT** was perhaps a little more testy than usual. The reason we soon discovered was that the Air Hawk cushion on his bike seat was suffering with an erection problem (it kept going down). Also the music at the restaurant was too loud, there were too many screaming kids and he believed he had been ripped off with his latest domestic gas bill. I thought I detected a slight glow of green in the irises of his eyes as he related to us his recent encounter with the Gas company representative. His pulse was racing and the veins on his neck where standing out like cords. **Sarge** and I gave each other a raised eyebrow look which loosely interpreted meant, "Don't do anything to get **YNOT** angry today".

Debbil arrived on time fully prepared as usual. *The Man from Barcardine* had our three day ride totally nailed. He had provided maps and a list of towns we would visit and estimated travel times. This sort of certainty gets more important as you grow older. We also needed to know that frequent comfort stops had been built in, especially on these chilly mornings after copious cups of hot coffee or tea. The weather was doubtful, it was hard to know what to wear, we were contemplating the long ride ahead and **YNOT** was already grouchy so it was just a spontaneous question that popped out of **Sarge's** mouth... "Why do we do it?" he asked, the question directed at no one in particular. "Do what?" snapped **YNOT**.

I knew exactly what **Sarge** was thinking... Why do we put ourselves through all this discomfort, exposure to the elements, risk and downright physical pain? I decided this would be an interesting question to muse over on the long and winding road deep into New South Wales.

Despite **Debbil's** obvious preparation, the rest of the cats he was herding that day all managed to go in different directions as we left the restaurant, some of us doing a few extra circuits of the car park trying to find the exit. We were off to a flying start I thought.

Soon we were out playing in the morning traffic on Ipswich Road heading west. An assortment of heavy vehicles muscled their way in between our bikes and separated us all again. I was coughing from all the exhaust fumes as I was being totally monster'd on all sides by busy denizens going off to work - but still I felt a perverse sense of pleasure. Heading off on a mid week three day bike ride with my pack strapped to the sissy bar has its rewards, especially when everyone around you is facing the prospect of just another day of drudgery at the office, or sitting in the cab of truck, or doing what ever the hell else these poor souls have to do in order to keep the wolf from their doors.

So I mentally ticked off my first reason for 'why we do it'... *Riding bikes is not an ordinary activity.* People in cars stared back at us with dull bored expressions tinged with a hint of envy. Why can't I be riding free like these "Yeah Who's" instead of having to deliver my presentation to that stuffed-shirt bunch in the management team this morning? Yes, there's nothing quite like the smell of fumes mingled with envy in the morning.

We were soon out of the traffic throng, racing along on a ribbon of bitumen between Laidley and Gatton. The Toowoomba Range was just a grey blue smudge on the horizon, clumps of dark edged clouds floated above us interspersed with patches of blue sky. The recent rains had turned the countryside green. Purple and yellow wild flowers defined the edges of the bitumen strip. Farmers were out in the weak morning sunshine harvesting their crops. The air was cool and moist as it pushed past us, roaring and whistling in our helmets. There was the indescribably good smell of recent rain on the road surface that no car driver has ever experienced. *On a bike you are out in the world, not sealed in an air-conditioned capsule.*

After only a short ride we stopped for our first stretch and conversation in the sunshine. A rest area was nearby. After the engine clatter and slipstream roar, the silence and lack of motion was very soothing. Can you imagine anyone stopping for a chat if they were travelling in a car? The stereo would be blaring, the mobile phones going off, the kids spilling drinks on the back seat (if you are still at that stage in your life - fortunately I'm not) the wife getting in your face... and stress building by the minute. *Biking gets another tick.* The only vexation was that just as we were starting to relax some lady came along towing a pie cart and insisted we move our bikes so she could set up her stand right where we had parked our bikes. We all had to help **YNOT** calm down as he grumped and growled... "and she didn't even offer us a free pie..." His grey moustache was bristling with indignation. It is not good to allow **YNOT's** blood pressure to rise by more than a few points or bad things can happen. Green sparks were already flickering in his eyes.

After Gatton we headed through Ma Ma Creek then on to Clifton. First refuelling stop was at Leyburn then on down the Cunningham Highway to a roadhouse at Gore for lunch. A few drops of moisture fell on us as we saddling up to leave but we concluded it was not rain... probably just a flock of birds flying over.

Shortly after passing Oman Ama we turned off the Cunningham Highway and headed south down Greenup road through the Yelarbon State Forest. Evidence of recent protracted rain was everywhere. Green shoots were sprouting and big tracts of water lay in the valleys. We knew these were not lakes because live trees were jutting out of these expanses of water. Drenched cattle stood in despondent little groups as we went by. Road signs warned of roads being cut by flood waters. We water-skied through frequent Floodways where water up to one hundred millimetres deep still lay across the roadway in the dips. Our front wheels sent it flying into the air in white plumes. *This was of course great fun and we all played in all the waterholes like small boys.*

Debbil and I then noticed that **YNOT** and **Sarge** were no longer behind us, so **Debbil** went back to find them. I pulled into a shady spot and waited. Some time later three bike headlights came wobbling towards me through the afternoon shadows. The three bikes went by me with *The Man From Barcardine* in the lead, looking as inscrutable as ever. It wasn't till our next stop that **Sarge**, who looked a little shaken, provided me with this eye witness account of what had happened back there on the track. He had been riding close behind **YNOT** and saw his bike hit a huge water filled pothole the size of Lake Eyre.

I have faithfully recorded what **Sarge** described and put it into the following slow motion action replay... (*Well, perhaps I embellished it just a little...*)

As **YNOT's** bike dropped into the pothole its forward momentum was dramatically arrested. The jolt came back up the bike frame failing to be dampened by the now fully deflated Air Hawk cushion. Consequently the full force was then transmitted up **YNOT's** ample buttocks and into his spine. His equally ample belly was now continuing to travel forward until it ricocheted off the fuel tank and like a balloon full of water bounces onto the windshield before its forward momentum was finally checked. Then Newton's Third Law of Motion took over and an equal and opposite reaction caused it to travel back towards its owner, almost unseating him. This had the effect of causing a loud grunt to be emitted from between **YNOT's** clenched teeth. (*This is where the account gets really scary*). **Sarge** swears that at that point **YNOT's** eyes turn bright green. As his belly recoiled, the raw hide lacing of his vest reached its elastic limits as his belly now imploded in on itself, distorting his physical proportions. This rapid expansion of girth snapped the vest lacing which then unravelled and flew past **Sarge**, followed by part of the leather vest itself, flapping like a bat out of Hell as it went by. **Sarge** then realised that **YNOT** was not only losing items of clothing but was now also morphing into this grotesque green caricature of himself - he had become **The Incredible 'Bulk'**.

We don't talk about this incident any more. **Debbil** of course was closed lipped about what he saw when he returned up the track in search of his missing riders. **Sarge** just kept repeating to me quietly while keeping a watch on **YNOT** out of the corner of his eye... "What ever you do, don't get him angry..." Later **YNOT** tried to tell me it was just a simple wardrobe malfunction that had occurred and he had repaired his vest by lacing it up with some string he kept in his saddle bags for just such an emergency... but I wasn't fooled by that. Sure, it looked a bit like string – but it was GREEN.

This motley band of riders continued on to Texas (population 900). We were all rather subdued after the pothole incident, except for **YNOT** himself who seemed strangely energised by it (now that he had morphed back into human form again). His non melodic rendition of "Deep in the heart of Texas", delivered in a loud voice as we rode south, bounced off the cliffs and cuttings and caused such consternation that crows fell dead on the roadway up ahead adding to the day's road kill.

At Texas **YNOT** bought a bicycle tyre repair kit so that he could mend the leak in his Air Hawk. A leaden sky was threatening rain as we headed on to our destination that evening at Inverell. We had just wheeled into the parking lot at our motel and unloaded our bikes when the rain came down in buckets. This of course was further testament to the meticulous planning of **Debbil** who had everything timed to the second. A Chinese restaurant within walking distance from our motel was our final destination for dinner that evening.

I heard later that evening at the motel **YNOT** completely flooded his bathroom while searching for the leak in the air cushion by immersing it in bath water.

Day two dawned cold and bleak... time to break out all the extreme weather gear. After a hearty breakfast delivered to our rooms we headed out towards Bundarra and Uralla. It was a lumpy stretch of road delivering the occasional wallop to our butts just to keep us alert.

YNOT was chuffed that he had been able to make some running repairs to his air cushion and therefore the pain in his nether regions would at least be minimised. A highlight of today's ride would be a visit to the *Powerhouse Motorcycle Museum* at Tamworth.

By now our steel horses had 'snuffed' the clear mountain air and sensed that we were heading back into Captain Thunderbolt territory. **Sarge** in particular was having trouble controlling his spirited black steed. He explained to me later that it had a mind of its own. It required a conscious effort to constantly roll back the throttle as otherwise the speed just crept up and up. Even though he was trailing behind in 'Tail End Charlie' position I could hear the occasional high octane blip as this nasty black beast chomped at the bit and snorted in spirited protest at being reined back to the speed limit. I knew it would only be a matter of time till it broke off the leash. We were all expecting a sudden explosion of raw earth-shaking power and the usual after shocks and bow wave as **Sarge** went by us, but instead when it came it was gentle and almost apologetic in its nature. He held a finger to his pursed lips as he burbled by **YNOT** with the throttle barely open, so as not to raise the blood pressure levels. (Let's face it, none of us wanted another **YNOT** 'incident' to occur today). It was not till **Sarge** was several hundred metres in front of our ride leader that he finally let the horses free and soon vanished over the next ridge.

Sarge was now way out ahead somewhere on that lonely stretch of road with the ghost of Captain Thunderbolt riding a grey horse at full stretch on his right flank. I remembered something **Sarge** told me about why he rides bikes. Apart from the obvious adrenalin rush it delivers, it also gives him *solitude*. Riding bikes can be a very social activity but it still affords you plenty of time on your own. Ultimately it's just you and the road and the machine under you and full concentration on the next corner coming up. Nothing clears the mind like a little fear and the personal satisfaction of pushing the envelope.

I was also pleased to be heading back into this land of rocky outcrops, Poplars and Willow trees. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of tranquil billabongs surrounded by green Lilly patches and white feathered water birds wading in the shallows. While I still like to break out myself now and again, these days I would rather control that urge and be able to take in more of the scenery I am riding through. *On a bike you see it, you hear it and you smell it. Yes, that's definitely another reason why we do this thing we do I reckon.*

We all joined up again a bit further down the road and then pulled in at Uralla for morning coffee. It was great to sit in the sun sipping a hot drink and watching the casual way of life of that little country town unfolding in front of us. Riding bikes on a cold morning certainly provides more opportunities to do things like this and coffee always tastes better when you have to warm your hands on the mug first.

Some of the locals always feel compelled to saunter up to us and share their experiences on bikes. It seems this love affair with bikes that I have been trying to get my head around on this journey lingers on, even with those who have long since hung up their spurs (metaphorically speaking). To watch these old timers describe their favourite bikes or relive their experiences is to watch a special excitement and vitality creep briefly back into tired old eyes and twisted gnarled bodies. It lies there dormant just waiting for the spark to re-ignite that fleeting feeling of exuberance that comes rushing back to them. For that reason we always listen politely and attentively. One day it will be us trying to catch the ear of some leather clad stranger and revive our riding memories for a brief moment.

From Uralla we blasted on down the New England Highway to Tamworth, via Bendemeer and Moonbi. The weather was being kind to us and we were feeling good when we hit town. Everything was coming together nicely on this ride. How quickly things can change.

At the entrance to the Powerhouse Motorcycle Museum **Debbil** led us all up the sharp driveway off the highway and he turned right into the parking area. I followed him and the other two riders decided to go left and park on the flatter ground on the other side. Meanwhile **Debbil** and I had pulled up but realised we were now facing up a really steep bitumen incline. We looked around for the other two and realised they must have parked on the other side of the building. It was difficult for the bikes to rest securely on their side stands given the slope of the land so we mutually agreed that we should shift our bikes back to the other side of the museum where the other two had parked.

I was beginning to roll gently backwards dragging my feet on the ground and using my front brake to control my descent while reversing down the slope. That's when I noticed that **Debbil** had decided he was instead going to ride out by going forward up the slope while turning to the left prior to steering back down the slope.

It all happened so fast. I watched in a kind of fascinated horror as **Debbil** accelerated his bike forward going up and across the bitumen slope. Then his bike appeared to lose forward momentum at the top of the turning arc and it caused a stall type high-sider. By that I mean the bike started to fall sideways down the slope. Because of the incline, the rider in those circumstances cannot immediately put his foot to the ground on the high side of the bike to stabilise it. By the time his foot can touch the ground, the bike has fallen well past the point of recovery and gravity and mass are going to win.

Fortunately **Debbil** had the presence of mind to throw himself clear of the falling motorcycle and thus saved having one or both of his legs broken by the heavy machine as it came crashing down. However because he was now falling horizontally down the slope at great speed he hit the bitumen very hard on his left shoulder and just lay there about a metre below where his bike had finally come to rest on its side. It took me what seemed like an eternity (but was probably only about 10 seconds) to find some firm ground where I could safely lean my bike against its side stand, jump off and run over to him. It was obvious he was in considerable pain and his left arm was paralysed except for some movement in his fingers. I hit the kill switch on his bike, as the motor was still running. Then as I was helping him to a sitting position a four wheel drive vehicle pulled up along side us. A Good Samaritan who had apparently witnessed the whole event while driving by on the nearby road leapt out of the driver's side and came to our aid. Two of us were easily able to get **Debbil** back up on his feet but it was clear he was badly shaken and also badly injured in the shoulder region. Without hesitation this young man who had come out of nowhere said to **Debbil**, "Get in, I'll take you to the local hospital right now." He had his young wife and kids in the four wheel drive with him and they helped him into the vehicle. By this time **Sarge** had decided to come looking for us and he appeared just as this drama was playing out.

To cut a long story short I followed the four wheel drive to the Tamworth Hospital on my bike and waited with **Debbil** at the Emergency Department while the Triage nurse was assessing the extend of his injuries. The young couple in the four wheel drive left after exchanging telephone numbers. Undoubtedly this couple were the heroes of the day. **Debbil** was at the hospital being treated no more than twenty minutes after it all happened. If we had had to call an ambulance then **Debbil** would have had to endure a much longer wait for medical assistance while in considerable pain.

I remember something this Good Samaritan's wife said to me when I was thanking them both for their help. She said her husband rode bikes himself and therefore had a special feeling for any biker he saw in trouble. That's something else that is great about riding bikes. *There is a whole support network out there of bikers that represent a special brotherhood on the road.* You see it even when bikers wave to one another as they pass each other on the highway.

Sarge organised the safe storage of **Debbil's** bike pending resolution as to how it was to be returned to Brisbane and generally took over the recovery operation from that point. Meanwhile **Debbil** was undergoing some tests and scans and learned that he had a rather nasty bone fracture up near the shoulder joint and would probably require some surgery. It was clear that he was likely to spend several days in hospital while they put Humpty back together again.

The rest of us stayed in Tamworth that night at a motel. While *The Mild Hog Ride* was now over for all of us we still had to get back to Brisbane ourselves and that meant a long ride of nearly 600 kilometres the next day. We left after saying our farewells to **Debbil** who was by this time an inmate in the Orthopaedic ward at Tamworth Hospital. His wife Jenny was due in on a flight from Brisbane that morning. When we left he was all trussed up like a turkey, swathed in bandages and doped up to the eyeballs with morphine. However he was still able to give us precise instructions on the best route home and how many kilometres it was and how long it would take. That right there sets the benchmark for a first rate ride leader.

Sarge led the ride home and we blasted on back straight up the main highways. It still took us till late afternoon to get home with only short stops along the way.

Postscript:

This is not the way any of us would ever want a ride story to end. We still managed to have some fun along the way and rib each other good naturedly but I'm not going to try and put a comic spin on how it finished up. I would however like to coin a new phrase for members to remember. "Do a Debbil" is the phrase and the advice is – DON"T. By that I mean, if you find yourself stationary and facing up a slope on your bike, it's not a good idea to accelerate forward while also executing a tight turn. Many experienced bikers have come to grief doing this so there is no shame in it... just a lot of pain afterwards.

Finally to **Debbil**, I hope your recovery is swift mate...

Baz



**If lawyers are disbarred and clergy-
men defrocked, doesn't it follow
that electricians can be delighted,
musicians denoted, cowboys de-
ranged, models deposed, tree sur-
geons debarked and drycleaners
depressed?**

Merchandising—contact Loges—see p. 2 for details



Steel Horses Caps \$17.00



Chopper sunglasses \$15

LADIES
Jeni B
3/4 Sleeve
Black



LADIES
Jeni B
3/4 Sleeve
White



Tee-shirts \$36

The club does not stock these but will put your name on a wait-list.

MENS
Johnny Bobbin
Long Sleeve
Black



MENS
Johnny Bobbin
Long Sleeve
White



When the Merchandiser decides there are enough for a bulk order, you will then pay for your order.

How to wear your Patch and Insignia

