

## Liverpool Chapter, Historian



It is recorded in the stone tablets that the Liverpool Chapter commenced in October 1992. What the tablets don't reveal is that the Chapter actually started some months before. God Warren had decided that a chapter should exist at Liverpool, in association with Sy's Harley shop, so he asked Chriswrinkly to arrange same. Chriswrinkly dispatched Grumpy Bullivant with the orders "*Go West old man - Go West and Multiply*".

Without hesitation Grumpy saddled up his FXR, went west, and did what he was told. With a father like Chriswrinkly, a mother like Grumpy and a Grandfather like God Warren, the new southwestern arm of the mighty HOG empire was doomed to fail from the start. Nobody, however, counted on Grumpy's enormous sperm count and the Chapter flourished to the current 185 members.

The stone tablets also fail to reveal the legends, fools and downright good times the Chapter has created on the road. With apologies to no one, let the stories begin.

The Chapter's very first run was to the National Rally at Cobram, Victoria, over Easter of 1993. All three Liverpool members were there - in fact Kiwi Walker was the Road Captain for the 65 bikes that left the Crossroads that Friday morning. The pace was pretty keen, if you consider 140 kph keen. There were no such things as double lines or 60 kph speed signs, and running old ladies off the road seemed to be part and parcel of the trip. That was until we got to Albury. The local copper caught 25 of us, pulled us all over and was intent on charging all of us with 3 traffic violations each. He had even called the Paddy Wagon and four backup coppers from Albury. Kiwi was more vocal than anyone, arguing that he couldn't possibly be at fault because everyone behind was pushing him. One of the guys on the run was a copper from Mittagong and he talked them out of booking us. Kiwi, however, just kept arguing.

The first official run was in April that same year, to Berrima. A host of NSW guys came with us to fill out the numbers and make up two softball teams so a game could be played at the back of the Pub. We won, Father David Deith lost the ball through the Pub window, and no one was game enough to go and get it. He got three runners home for the victory.

During 1993 runs were a bit scratchy and the Chapter wasn't yet fully into stride. No long runs, for which the Chapter is now famous, had been undertaken. In 1994, however, we started to hit our straps. Memorable runs to Nelson Bay, where we set up a display and sold raffle tickets for a lousy leather hat springs to mind. It was fun, except it was 42 degrees and everyone wore black. That night, however, the tone of the Chapter was set in concrete. Ask Kath how many clothes she kept on as the evening progressed.

About that time planning was underway for the "*Run to the Sun*". It was this run that made the Chapter famous and created some of the legends that remain today. Chainsaw's ability to keep

a 30-acre caravan park awake by snoring has been repeated many times. Two Dicks' one day 1,200 km run from Southport to Mackay remains unrepeated. He phoned when he got there, he was so happy he had done it. Kangaroos troubled him at sunset so he tucked in behind a four-wheel drive at 100 kph for safety. He was doing fine until the four-wheel drive straddled a carcass on the road.

At Bundaberg Pixie set the language limits by not having any. Everyone is fairly warned. Don't ask Pix for a coffee on any morning of a long run unless you want a vocabulary lesson. You still won't get any coffee.

HOG Chapters entertained us all the way to Cairns. Nobody stayed sober for more than three hours at a time. In Roundman's case it was never. What he did to the Blow Up Doll in the sex shop in Cairns is unprintable even here. You can be told that in the end the doll flew out the front door of the shop and knocked a cyclist off his pushbike on the other side of the road, 30 metres away. Talk about Blowjobs!

Cairns was also the first time the Chapter entered a Gymkhana. Winning second place in the Cape York Bush Bash was a surprising result. We would have won, except Chainsaw followed a cute little thing in an even littler bikini in the last foot race. First place wasn't worth passing her.

Having had our first long ride the Chapter agreed the more of them the better. Nearly every year the run-planning calendar consists of at least three weekend runs and one longer, if we can do it.

As a result of an accident the Chapter successfully undertook a Stay Upright Advanced Rider Course. The 25 members all had a real good time, and at the same time learnt something about their riding. This course was also the first introduction the Chapter had to The Loaded Dog Hotel at Tarago. Harry and Ruth really look after us, and so far we have visited there five times. Two more visits and Johnny Briscoe will have enough frequent drinker points to be awarded a morning coffee from Pixie.

Some of the more memorable runs include the entire length of the Snowy Mountains Highway, overnight at a Pub in Cooma. This run is memorable mainly due to Sporty rider, Frog, who ran out of petrol every fourth telegraph pole. Over the 1,200 kilocoldies trip that was a lot of stops. It was also the run that Doc Down fell in love with a silent cop at the intersection outside the Pub. Interesting.

Nelson Bay has had its share of Liverpool Chapter. The lady who invitingly winked all the men up to Room 5, Chainsaw's imitation of line dancing, and Rowdy's recital of the complete works of Banjo Patterson to the barmaid. Speaking of barmaids, nobody ever should ask Jesse James about the missing barmaid at the Loaded Dog.

Since the 1993 National Rally the Chapter has been represented at all State and National Rallies. 1994 at Adelaide, where the eight hour ride across the Hay Plain was only interrupted

by the odd passing telegraph pole, 1995 at Mackay, where Roundman proved beer is the only answer to the tropical heat and where Pixie and Carol were introduced to the services of Rent A Slut.

Stories from the Chapter attendance at Perth are abundant, as the Chapter undertook its longest ride. Sixteen bikes covering 10,000 kiloshorthops is a monument to the members attention to their bikes. No one broke down.

Without doubt, though, the Chapter's crowning glory was at the State Rally in Canberra, October 1995. That trip started the day before it should have with an overnight party at a Hotel in Batemans Bay. And what a party. It didn't stop the Chapter from winning the Gymkhana event. We can all remember every word of Doc's acceptance speech when he was awarded the State Championship Trophy. It was also the best turnout for the Chapter. There were more Burnt Orange Liverpool T-shirts than any other. Sorta made you feel good.

Liverpool Chapter seems to go from strength to strength. On the road we are a much maturer group. Socially we seem to always have a load of fun, and membership just keeps growing. Everyone has at least one very funny memory from a run.

At the time of writing this history the Chapter is gearing up to return to Cairns. As we now have access to a digital camera I'm sure an update of this page will include photos of the members antics up, down and there.

If you see us on the road, we are the ugly ones, and if you want some fun then join in - if you can handle it.

U Turn.

*This information was supplied to the Liverpool Chapter, Australia by Chris Winkley, ex Director, NSW Chapter*