CBX FILES

Special edition commemorating

Dave Hutchinson

8 November 2026

David Hutchinson. RIP. You ride forever in our hearts
We will always remember you. Your CBX Family



Vale David Hutchinson. Friend, Good fellow, Leader

I write this on what would have been Dave's 80th birthday. We have decided to honour and remember him with this special tribute edition of CBX Files. We have all been shattered by the tragic, needless loss of David due to someone else's careless driving. I cannot call it simply an "accident", as though no blame were involved. We have lost a dear friend and a genuine good bloke. I am immensely grateful to Dave's daughter Lauren for sending such lovely pictures capturing all aspects of his life: his love for his children and grandkids, and his passion for his bikes. She also gave me permission to reproduce the family's tributes from his celebration of life service. The recording of that lovely service, "In loving memory of David John Hutchinson", offers another way to remember him. You ride forever in our hearts, Dave—at every rally and every get-together of your Club.

Here is the link to the recording of that lovely service…..

In loving memory of David John Hutchinson | Vivid Stream
https://share.google/N7EmsoEET2QOJeW39

Nigel Bryan

.....

Remembering Dave. By Ron Jarmyn

Dave was a competent and confident rider. This incident had nothing to do with his abilities. It was pure bad luck and bad timing (not his). He complained of hip soreness on this trip and frequently stood on the foot pegs going through slower town speed limits. He commented that getting up on the pegs hurt just as much as sitting down, but he continued on. He always had a happy smile when involved with motorcycles.

He was frustrated after his fall at the Bright CBX Club Rally, because he didn't know why it happened. Equal frustration followed when authorities made it difficult for him to get back on the road! Like many of us, Dave didn't like the idea of old age and health issues slowing him down and intruding on his enjoyment of life and the passion for motorcycles.

Colin Hopkins was travelling by car at the tail of our group of four bikes (Dave, myself, Colin Frost and Ivan Frost) and witnessed the horrific aftermath of the collision. This was after Dave, Col H and I had shared a motel room in Mallacoota the previous night and shared many laughs. As we so often did.

As shown by the many messages posted since his passing, Dave was a very well liked and respected member of our motorcycling community. His outgoing personality and love of a Guinness were well known!

Dave's daughter Lauren told me that he always returned from a ride with a specific wide and stupid grin. He also told her that he would rather go in the saddle than a box.
Job done mate! ***Ron***

Dave's sister Anne (one of the triplets)

One early recollection from our childhood, when mum would take us for a walk in our big pram, was David, pulling his sisters hats off. He was always in the middle and I don't think he liked the hats.

David started school at St. Mary's, Hampton. When we moved to Moorabin, he went to St Pauls Bentliegh, and then in Grade 4, he joined Allan and Frank at CBC, East St Kilda.

When David was about 8 or 9, we had a lady who taught the piano in a room beside our house. He had a few lessons on the piano with Mrs. Peterson, but that only went on for a short while as he never practiced.

David and his brothers rode their pushbikes to school in East St Kilda and sometimes went on the train or tram if it was too wet.
David had a puncture one day on his way to school, but turned around and walked home, which took all day as he didn't want to get home before the usual time, as mum would go crook.

Also there was another day he decided not to go to school – Unbeknown to Mum – and rode his new bike up to Aunty Tess's in Maryknoll, from Moorabin. Aunty Tess rang mum on the neighbours phone to let her know that David was there, much to mum's surprise.

We had a few adventures also, one was playing cowboys and Indians in our backyard. David must have been an Indian as he let an arrow go, and it hit Gerard on the forehead which needed 12 stitches.

Another day, we dug a tunnel under the house in between the stumps. We could crawl through it a little way, but were told to stop when mum and dad found out.

When Frank, David and Gerard were in their teens, they were all interested in motorbikes, as their father had one in the past.

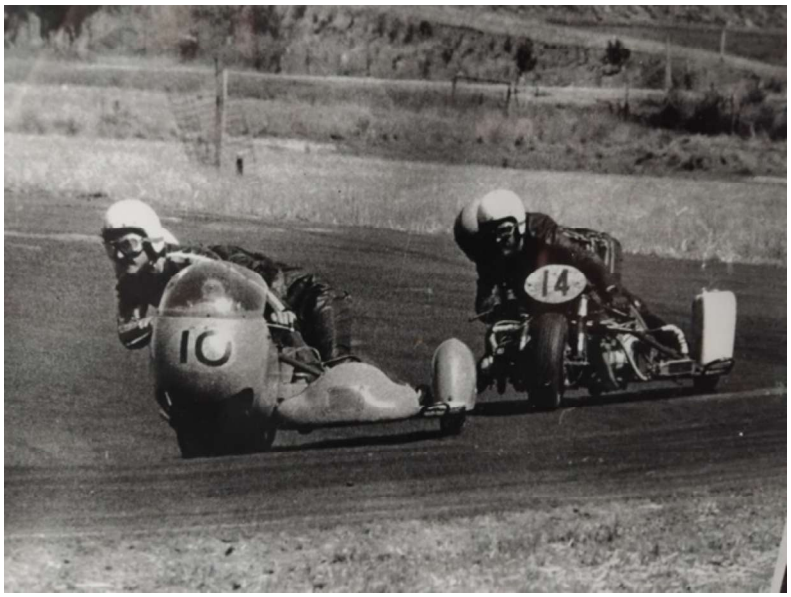


Dave leaning on the bike on right.

They took over the music room when Mrs. Peterson retired. They would be up all hours in the night and

Dave's sister Anne, continued

early hours of the morning. Mum always had a problem with David, getting him out of bed.



David had a sidecar outfit with a VW engine, Frank also had a sidecar outfit and David was the anchor-man, or sometimes they would swap.
We would take our families to Philip Island and watch them race. Their Nieces and nephews loved it. What a thrill we all got.

David met Paulette in their mid-teens, I think, at St Agnes Younger Set Social Club.

Another time, David had a slingshot which he made out of a piece of tree and bike tube. He had ball bearings as his ammo. He was in the backyard and he fired one that travelled into the next street and smashed through a front window of Mr. McKay, who happened to be the local police sergeant, who also worked out where it came from (none other than the Hutchinson residence!) The number one suspect being David, who was sternly spoken to.

Years later, down the track, he taught his nephews how to make these slingshots, much to the disapproval of his two sisters!

When David left school to become a linesman with PMG, he only stayed a while as he was offered a position with Paulette's Uncle in a White goods business. He stayed with them till he started his own business and had Michael join him as apprentice in washing machines and air conditioning.

Even through he was the rebel of the family, David had a heart of Gold, and would help anyone who needed it.

David, Thank you for being our loving Triplet brother, we had nearly 80 years together with Allan, Frank and Gerard. What an adventure it has been. So many memories that will stay with us forever.

Gone, but never forgotten. Love you always. Rest in Peace David.

Dave's sister Charlotte (the other triplet)

My beautiful triplet brother I miss you so much, a part of my heart is missing.

You were a lovable soul and made Anne and me whole. Lovable but a bit of a larrikin.

Many a time when photos were being taken as the male of the trio you were always between Anne and I. Oh, dear you had very pointy elbows and we often had sore arms.

You spent many a long night burning the midnight oil working on your cars or bikes. Getting the bike ready for racing at Phillip Island or Bathurst. Mum, bless her, in the morning would be in the kitchen raising her voice to say, *"David get up, you will be late for work, David, get up you will, be late for work"* and off you would go, no hair done, no breakfast, no lunch.

You were a man of many talents. Besides your mechanical mind you had a green thumb. Your garden was a joy and how sad you missed the magnificent wisteria in all its glory.

You even propagated native plants, which is an achievement in itself. Ron and I have a couple which are just beginning to thrive along with the Jacobean bulbs which flowered for the first time a couple of weeks ago.



You married Paulette,

Dave and Paulette on honeymoon, left

welcomed Pete, Michael and Lauren into your life gave them a

Dave's sister Charlotte, continued



splendid upbringing and then in these later years put Paulette first and foremost, caring for her in the most admirable way.

Peter, Michael and Lauren are a credit to you and Paulette and follow your lead in caring for their mum at home.

God bless you Dave, say hi to Mum and Dad, Theresa and Mikalya, and your cousin John who passed away last week.

Love and miss you forever.

Dave’s brother, Frank

David Hutchinson

Born on 8th November 1946 with Anne and Charlotte in East Melbourne. Mother and triplets featured with photo and words in the Sun newspaper. We lived in Hampton. David running away from home or was that Gerard? Got as far as the front hedge!

When about 14 yrs David obtained a new racing bicycle with all the works. As we had moved to Nepean Hwy, Moorabbin, David decided to ride all the way to Point Nepean and back with Frank alongside on Dad’s old bike. We got to Portsea but the gates of the government facility stopped us from going all the way. So turned around and rode all the way back by dinner time. Dave was good enough to let me ride his bike most of the way backl



Push bikes gave way to motor bikes when he was 16 or 17 yrs. His first ride was an Indian Scout (ex military). This was used as a paddock bike over in Cheltenham. Having no licence or rego he claimed to push it there, I doubt it.
He sold the Indian to buy a Harley Davidson WLA, another military bike, and a heap of spare parts. He worked night and day to get it ready for the road. He stripped all the military accessories including the mudguards and built what we now call a bobber. He rode it everywhere. Later on he admitted to me that, when pulled over by the police, he gave his name as Frank with Frank's date of birth. It worked.

Around this time he had met Paulette, probably at the West Highett youth club dances.

David's first car was a '38 Oldsmobile. Thought he would restore it but changed mind and made a beach buggy out of it! Then came a six cylinder Vauxhall, followed by a '57 Chevrolet. ??? Out came the old 6 cylinder motor

Dave’s brother, Frank, continued

and in went a 340hp Pontiac V8. David did all this work himself in the backyard.



Then we went road racing sidecars. David did almost all of the finishing of my Urquhart outfit and built his own from the ground up, an extraordinary achievement. We raced at circuits such as Calder, Philip Island and Sandown Park, as well as interstate at Bathurst *(Left: brothers Hutchy at Bathurst, Forrest Elbow, 1971, number 5, following number 56)*, Oran and Amaroo Parks in NSW and Mt Gambier and Adelaide.

David then settled down to raising a family with Paulette and going into business with Bill.

Sometime later he got the bug for classic Japanese motorcycles of the 70's and 80's and joined the Vintage Japanese M/cycle Club and later the CBX-6 Owners Club. His first interest was Suzuki Katanas of which he collected 7 or 8 different models. He restored all of these to first class condition.

Then came the Honda CBX 1000 six cylinder and the Kawasaki 1300 six cylinder models. The Honda became David's go to ride for Club events all over Victoria as well as NSW, Queensland and Sth. Australia.

David loved these trips on the Honda.



Dave's son, Pete

Well Dad, I've made several attempts at putting this together. To be honest I've found the task extremely overwhelming and near on impossible, as its highly likely several award winning novels could be published on the subject.

In an effort to summarise your life, I can only draw on my personal experience with you, based on amazing memories, as each individual that has been blessed with your presence in their lives can do the same. In a sense, a tailored Dave for anyone who knew you. A series of different Dave's as remembered by each person. You hold a strong, fond and happy place in all of our hearts.

Upon you leaving this world an extremely large, important and irreplaceable piece of the puzzle of my life has been lost, never to be found again.

As for my personal version of yourself, of course you were my Dad.

My dad Dave.
I love you Dad….
And I'll see you soon enough and wherever that maybe.



Dave's son, Mick

My memories of Dad when I was little are a little vague. I remember him coming home in the dark, wearing his blue permanent-press uniform with the NHA badge embroidered on it. Little did I know that some ten years later, I would be wearing that very same uniform myself.

Working with Dad was an experience, to say the least. He was good at his job, and nothing he taught me could be found in a textbook. He had learned everything through experience. His way of teaching was simple: if you joined two wires together, turned the power on, there were no sparks and the fuse didn't blow, then you were in front!

Dad never liked listening to music, and we were never allowed to have the radio on in the car. I think it was because he was always listening for something that might go wrong with Mum's old HQ.



Dad's love of motorcycles was reignited when Pete brought home a 1981 Suzuki GSX1100 Katana. Before long, Dad had acquired his motorcycle L-plates and bought himself a Kawasaki KLR250. He was back on two wheels again!

Over the years, his motorcycle collection grew to around ten bikes, and the rumpus room gradually became Dad's workshop. Whenever we came over to visit, the house would often smell of exhaust fumes and petrol. Dad would walk up the stairs with a big grin on his face, clearly happy doing what he loved.

I think the bike he liked the most was his CBX. He could cruise around all day sitting upright and comfortably, without getting sore. It was a bike that suited him perfectly (*see next page*).

But perhaps Dad's biggest grin came when the grandkids arrived. He loved being involved in whatever they were doing and always wanted to be part

Dave’s son, Mick, continued



Dave cruising on his favourite CBX

of their lives. Seeing him with the grandchildren brought out another side of him, one filled with pride, happiness and love.

When I look back, I realise that Dad taught me more than just how to do a job. He passed on knowledge gained through experience, a love of working with your hands, and the importance of doing what makes you happy.



These memories may be a little vague in places, but the moments that stand out tell their own story. They remind me of the man Dad was, the things he loved, and the memories we will carry with us.

Rest easy, Dad.

You’ll always be remembered and never forgotten.

Dave’s daughter, Lauren

Sugar Honey Iced Tea Dad!
Thanks for making me - according to Ancestry 51% Hutchy and 49% Johnno....

That extra 1% is pretty important... specially now.

Thank you for giving me the complete and utter joy that is gardening.

Thank you for your obsessiveness when it comes to hobbies, yours for your bikes and mine with my Hoya's... Your encouragement on anything and everything that I wanted to do, as long as I was happy.

Thank you for giving me your sense of the "everyday curiosities" and for all the photos we sent to each other of insects, flowers, animals, people and our competition of "Crap bird photography"

Thank you for giving me your sense of humour, and your "appreciation of the opposite sex"…



Thank you for teaching me to drive, and for letting me drive you around for 6 months, even though you grumbled the whole time, I really enjoyed the "daddy-daughter" time…. And thanks for taking me, pillion, up to Khancoban (left).

Thank you for allowing me to make my own mistakes and never saying “I told you so”, but “I did try to warn you...” and for always having my back.

Thank you for being you Dad, I love you and I miss you madly.

CBX Owners Club



President

Dear Lauren and family,

We are all poorer for the loss of Dave. He was a kind, funny and a wonderful man. We will miss him. You will always be a part of our CBX family, Lauren, and if you need anything you only have to call. Our love, prayers and thoughts are with you always.

Garry and Sandra May.

CBX Owners Club of Australia

Membership Secretary

So sorry to hear of this loss. Dave was a treasured member of our CBX community and we always loved catching up with him at events.

He will be missed.

Our thoughts are with you today.

Frank and Marj Nespeca



TRIBUTES FROM VJMC MEMBERS

VJMC - Melbourne Metro Region
Ian Mac · 22 Sep ·
Admin

Remembering Dave Hutchinson 🙏

Devastating news for our club family. Yesterday (Monday 21 September) at around 2:00 pm, our fellow member and mate Dave Hutchinson lost his life in a motorcycle accident while travelling to Batemans Bay for the CBX6 Rally.

Dave was doing what he loved, but it is an absolute tragedy to lose him so suddenly. He was an integral part of the Vintage Japanese Motorcycle Club community, and his warmth, friendship, and passion for classic bikes leave a massive void.

Our thoughts, prayers, and support go out to Dave's family. For those currently down at the rally or out on the roads, please look after one another.

We will update everyone with funeral details once they come to hand. Rest in peace, mate.

Richard Morrison · 1w
So sorry to hear this news, RIP.
Reply 1

Andrew Hall · 1w
That's awful news to hear. A true gentleman and great guy to have a chat and laugh with. R.I.P. Dave 😢

Ivan Eeles · 1w
That is so sad, Dave was a top bloke and so easy to get along with. Condolences to Dave's family.

Jeff Eeles · 1w · Admin
That's such sad news. Dave was a very long-term attendee at our Melbourne Metro social gatherings, a great Club member, and one of the nicest, easiest to get along with guys you'd ever meet.
My thoughts are with his family and friends.
RIP Dave 😔
Reply 7

Jeff Eeles · 1w · by author
Dave at the August VJMC social evening...



Steve Newton · 1w
Very sorry to hear this RIP Dave.
Reply 1

David Collins · 1w
Devastating news, such a great bloke who loved life. RIP

TRIBUTES FROM VJMC MEMBERS



Barb Fahey Moriss · 1w

This is terrible news, condolences to Dave's family, a lovely man... good fun to chat to, he will be sadly missed at club events. Take care everyone love Barb and Jim Moriss xxx

Reply 1



Alan Jansen · 1w

Very sad news. RIP Dave.

Reply 1



James Sepsakos · 1w

Dave was everyone's friend ,making time and good conversation with everyone along with a big smile and lots of laughter. I know we are all very saddened by this loss to all of us . He was one of the first members I met and was so welcoming and warm . Thankyou Dave and rest it peace brother.



Greg Newton · 1w

That is truly sad. Sincere condolences to family and friends. Take care everyone.

Reply 1



Ian Royall · 1w

So sorry to hear this. Thinking of his family and friends.



Brian Gainsford · 1w

Terrible news. R.I.P. Dave

Reply 1



Sean Kilday · 1w

Awful news R.I.P Dave



John McNair · 1w

Devastating news. Although I didn't know him I'm sure I have met him at one of our VJMC events. Having been President of the VJMC for so many years the club felt like a big family and it's always sad to hear we have lost one. RIP Dave. May you continue to ride that highway in the sky. Condolences to his family and friends.

Reply 2



Ian Polhill · 1w

Sad news. RIP Dave,

Reply 1



Colin Kingham · 1w

Deepest condolences to Dave's family. Dave was a true gentleman. He will be sadly missed by all.



Graeme Whitty · 1w

So sorry to hear of Dave's passing

Reply 2



Brian Cutler · 1w

What a loss, Dave's smiley face will be missed..

Reply 2



Fergus O'luanaigh · 1w

RIP

Dave enjoying riding his favourite CBX







Dave enjoying riding his favourite CBX





Dave enjoying riding his favourite CBX











Dave enjoying riding his favourite CBX





Cheers Dave... xxx

💜

