



March Gazette Extra.

Regular readers will know that Gazettes are now quarterly marking the four seasons. So this is the second Extra—a short version. So what's in this short version? A short story, of course! Written by Gordon White, it poses a question—do we judge a book by its cover? Bikers have had a bad press, from the “hooray henry” days of early powered transport, through the American biker gangs to the

“ton up boys” of the ‘60s. I hope I won't be judged for a slip up in the cartoon front page of the February issue! See if you can spot it. Perhaps I'll include a regular “mistake” to keep readers on their toes! Members have sent in enough material to make this more than just a skeleton issue. Steve Cox has suggested that, following last month's article, people could write in with how, and why they started on their motorcycling journey. The club's ride outs have continued thanks to David, Steve and Chris. Chris Jeffries always finds byeways that others didn't know existed. This is under threat according to the V.M.C.C. A government consultation is under way with a view to banning cars and motorcycles from using many green lanes and minor tarmac roads. The Department for Transport has produced a “vision statement” called “gear change” to prioritise cycling and walking on these roads. The V.M.C.C. is monitoring the situation and will ask its members to challenge proposals that affect them. I used to cycle a lot in my teens with my chums, although, unlike today's cyclists, we stopped at junctions and red lights, and never rode on pavements. The old scramble track at Trafalgar farm on Portsdown hill had a particular fascination for us (I can still picture John Theobald riding his 500 c.c. Ariel scrambler at races there).

We hope to feature local businesses in our magazine going forward, and stuff for sale and wanted. A friend of Gordon White wanted a bantam engine and gearbox, but a friend of mine has these very items for sale, so I've shot myself in the foot and missed the first ad. In the Gazette.

There must be someone amongst our readers who wants parts or a complete bike, for sale or wanted. I know of someone who would like a B.S.A. B40 trials machine. The representative of Blood Bikes, picking up the cheque at our A.G.M. gave a short acceptance speech and joked “If any one has an old Bonneville they don't want..... Nice to see a face from the organisation and from H.I.O.A.W.A. as well!

Happy trails Colin



From Melanie Thorne.

The Tuesday Topless breakfast run. Every Tuesday meeting at Morrisons car park, Horndean at 9.30 for 9.50 departure for the run seems to be quite a popular gathering of topless vehicles and sometimes a motorbike or trike. A great excuse to meet up for a breakfast run, fun, food and coffee whatever mode of transport. This last Tuesday, we had the most people we'd seen in a while. 17 of us in total - I forgot to count how many cars. Some of us doubled up in topless automobiles so great to have to have folk to chat with en route. A great run was had through country roads led by Gordon with the final destination already pre-booked by the very organised chap himself who had phoned ahead with numbers for our table, which was grand 'cos we could all sit together and wish T.J. a happy birthday.

The Brick Kiln Nursery in Chichester was our destination which is on the Bognor road and they made us feel very

welcome, as always with breakfast hardly a delay and of course served nice and hot with ample tea and coffee. Some even bought cakes for "ron". Well worth a visit and a browse around their displays and merchandise.

If you've not been on a topless run before, I suggest you put it in your diary for at least once - and don't worry, it's not expected for individuals to go topless nor their vehicles if it is not suitable :) :) :)

A slightly longer run than Pompey to Chichester, Myrek Synek drove from his home in Hampshire to Edinburgh to raise funds for a charity supporting young refugees from various war zones. He made the trip in his classic 1960 Skoda Octavia (a completely different car from today's Skoda Octavia!). Quite a trip, I imagine, my uncle George bought a new Octavia in 1960. The suspension, road holding and suspension left a lot to be desired. After three years, the red paintwork faded to a chalky pink, and wouldn't T. Cut back to original. Luckily, I managed to use a friend's garage and sprayed it back to as new.



When David Thorne's Email arrived to say he was leading a ride to "Serving Thyme" cafe- good behaviour will be required.(for reasons that will become clear),I suspected that the run would probably be to Ford open prison at Arundel.My misspent youth included playing Rock'n'Roll at the 2is coffee bar in Soho at the same time as Cliff Richard and all of the stars of the 1960s,and later playing in a blues band at Portsmouth's *Birdcage*.I see lots of people in the current music scene and knew that inmates had funky,jazzy jams.Obviously,a place very involved in rehabilitation in all of it's forms!
P.S. Illustration courtesy of Cliff Rees.

A Left Turn, Gordon White.

I was out riding in the New Forest back one summer, I have this silly idea that when I get a bit fed up, I will decide to take the next turning that I come across be it left or right just to see where it will take me. Soon a small turning to my left came up, so left I went. The lane took me past heather covered heath land on both sides, up a head was a small clump of trees I decided to stop there for a short brake, or as they call it a call of nature. Sat on a fallen tree just inside the wooded area sat a tramp, as I passed him, I said Hi, he just nodded his head.

On my return I asked him if he was shading from the heat of the sun, he did not answer that question but said "why are you speaking to me, most people just ignore me and pass as if I am not even here. But you are here I said, and it is nice to take a break and have someone to talk too. I asked him if that was a Lancashire accent, no Yorkshire he said I come from a place I doubt you have ever heard of Blubberhouses. I know that place I said, but I thought it was all moors with the A59 running through it, between Skipton and Harrogate, is that right?. He laughed, your right but there are three small villages along that road, I lived at Pace Gate. The fact that I knew of Blubberhouses seemed to get him talking. I wanted to know what had happened in his life to bring him so low but was not sure how to ask him.

He looked me straight in the eyes and said, you want to know about my life, don't you? I did want to know but I got the feeling he wanted to tell me anyway, only if you want to tell me I said.

I was in the army I had a stint in Ireland then in the Falklands. I will say no more about that other than to say after the war they medically discharged me on my return to the UK, physically I was fine, they send you out to fight but, on your return, no one cares about you. I got home only to find both my parents had died in a tragic road accident just days before I got there. I sold up the house and banked the money, then I just walked away there was nothing left for me there and I am still walking. People may think I am wrong in the head, but I am not so sure that it is me who is wrong, you rush around on that noisy bike of yours, but have you ever sat back and thought what you are missing, he smiled. When was the last time you sat and listened to a bird singing, I have found nature or nature has found me, I have been sitting here watching a small mouse dashing about carrying food into that small crack under that tree feeding its young I would have thought, until your noisy bike sent it underground. People call me a tramp unkept and a disgrace to humanity. I prefer my life to theirs they have no idea what they are missing in their mad dash to make money just to survive. I have money but that will never remove the sights I have witnessed, the memories of a friend being blown up right in front of me, laughing one minuet gone the next.

I walk these lanes and tracks through this forest, I stop and sit to watch a spider spinning it's web or to see a lizard sun bathing on a tree stump, I see slow worms grass snakes and the fast moving adder making his way through the grasslands, also deer, fox, hedgehog and badger roaming the forest, or at the water hole drinking before the sun starts to set. In the autumn when the trees start to show their true colours and the acorns start to fall, the farmers let there pigs out to feast on them, the squirrel is busy planting nuts and berries for winter feeding and those that he forgets grow into trees and shrubs to keep further generations in food. The ponies and cattle that roam this land also do there part in keeping this area as nature intended they keep the grasses down and stop the squirrel's excessive planting from taking over the forest also there hoof marks in the soft ground are there for when the grounds get over dry in the hot summers we have, when the rain's eventually come the hoof prints fill with water and soak into the ground and not just flow off into a stream. And what is humanity's contribution to all of this? Well I will tell you, They bring their picnicks to have a nice time at one of the beauty spots, then leave their waste all over the place. The road sides are littered with items thrown from cars as they speed along, do they have any idea what beauty is, do they have any idea what damage they do to the wild life of this forest, no.

And people call me a tramp unkept and a disgrace to humanity,.

WILTSHIRE MOTORCYCLE RALLY

11th - 13th August 2023

Weekend
camping tickets
£25

LIVE MUSIC
CUSTOM SHOW
TRADE STALLS
CAMPING

Day tickets
£10
9AM - 10PM



SALISBURY RUGBY CLUB
SP1 3SA

Family Friendly
Children off site by 10PM



To book, text or WhatsApp Sam on
07783054858

NO ALCOHOL TO BE BROUGHT ON SITE



BIKE NIGHT

Every Wednesday 6pm til 8:30pm

The Rolling Scones Cafe

Great Food
Good company
Loads of bikes
A ton of laughs

*ON YOUR OWN, IN A GROUP, OR PART OF A CLUB?
ALL ARE WELCOME AT GOSPORT MOTORBIKE SOCIAL*

GOSPORT MOTORBIKE SOCIAL

The Rolling Scones Cafe
Rowner Road
Gosport
PO13 9UB

RIDE TO EAT, EAT TO RIDE



HAMPSHIRE SECTION

BIKE JUMBLE

SUNDAY 16TH APRIL 2023

GATES OPEN AT 7.30AM

**NEW
VENUE**

Weyhill Country Market
Nr Andover
SP11 0PP

Just off the A303 on the A342
Weyhill to Ludgershall Rd

**NEW
VENUE**



Gosport Vehicle Rally & Family Day

28th August 2023 Stokes Bay Field, Gosport, Hampshire.

Entry for Cars in judging competition must be paid in advance. £4 On the day £5 car will not be judged.



Classic Cars.



Motorcycles £2 for judging must be booked in advance.
£3 on the day not judged.

Lots of entertainment

Show arena with displays.

Food and drink stalls.

Charity stalls.

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A message from Servwessex. -I thought you might like a few stats to share with your members. In the last 3 years that the w.m.c.c. have been supporting us, we have been called out 8073 times and carried 12368 items ranging from blood samples, h.i.o.w.a.a. Blood and human milk for newborn babies. In carrying these things we covered 566,585 miles. If the N.H.S. put these things in a taxi, we estimate we will have saved them in the region of £962,664.00. So far this year, we've covered 20,600 miles, been out 348 times and carried 500 items.

We are humbled that you all considered supporting us again for a further year. So many times the smaller little known charities get overlooked

We look forward to coming along to the Fossils run again this year and the moto cross.

Thank you all, Tim Barrett.

SERV Wessex

Treasurer and Trustee

I have replied on behalf of you all and thanked them for their invaluable work.





LLOYDS BANK  00-00-00
Date 15th February 2023
Pay to the order of HAJOWAA
One Thousand Five Hundred Pounds £ 1,500.00
Robert J. Smith
WATERLOOVILLE M.C.C.
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