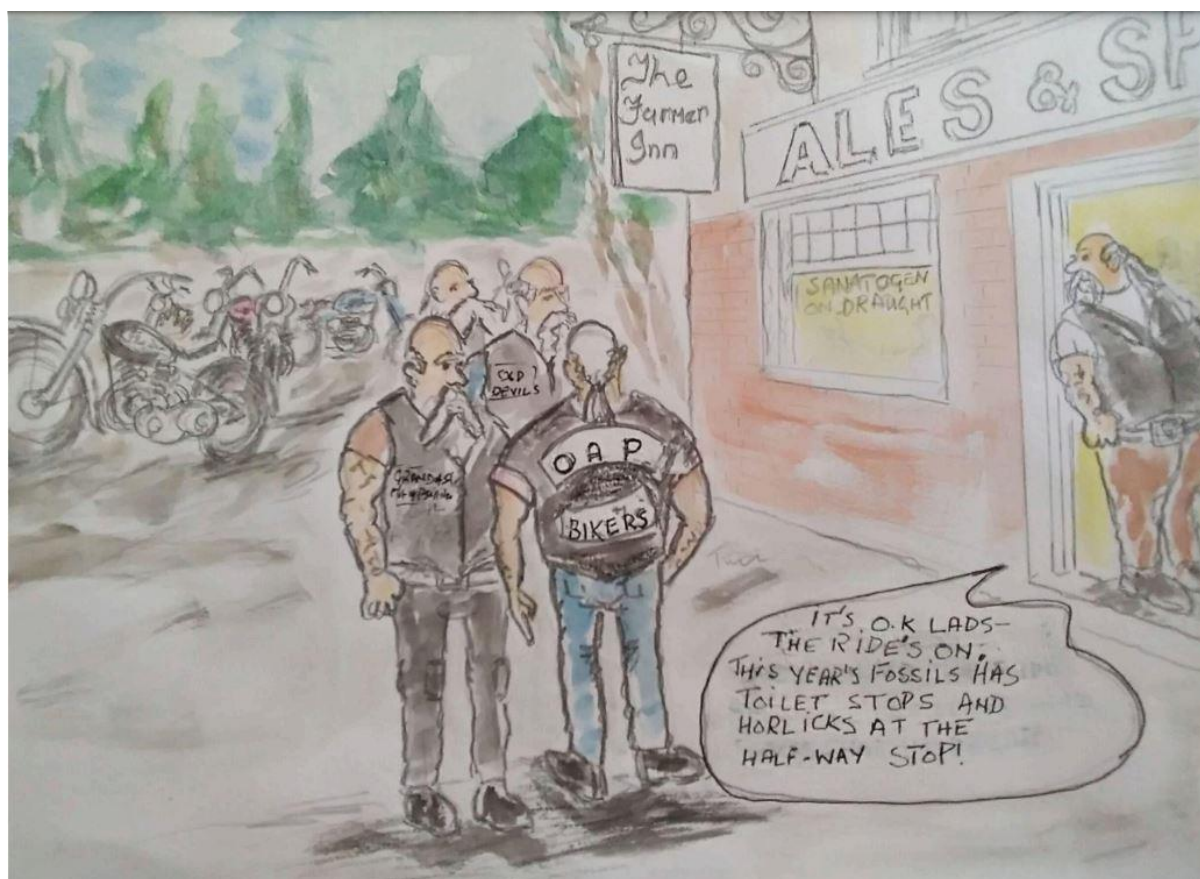


# W.M.C.C. Gazette



August 2024

[wmcc.editor@gmail.com](mailto:wmcc.editor@gmail.com)  
Editorial.

Against all odds weather predictions of everything from rain to a plague of frogs, this year's Fossils Run was, I thought, a great success. It was nice to see new faces, one father and two sons who said they would ride next year. The suggestion, last year that we should include scooters never got off the ground. They just didn't want to join us, and, perhaps not a bad thing. I remember, back in the '60s going to *Verrechia's* Coffee Bar and being friendly to mods on scooters. Then as now-all to no avail. Alan, Mick and I went to the Brighton burn up a few years ago wearing period gear. We were "buzzed by swarms of scooters in a retro "mods and rockers" style. All very tongue in cheek and good natured.

Amongst all of the ton-up road burners at the Fossils, I was entranced by the *G.P.O. Bantam*. My chum, Paul, was the first of us wannabes to get his bike licence, and on one of these. Later in the magazine we will see a replica telegram. It's hard to imagine those far off communications in these days of instant messages. Some people tell me that although they are able to access emails, they prefer to sit down with a cuppa and a paper version. I can empathise with that. Instant music on your phone doesn't compare with old school switching on the *Dansette* record player. A gradual hum, a faint smell of warm leatherette and glue. Slipping an E.P from a picture cover and a crackle as the needle drops. Perhaps I should get out more. Although the Gazette is not yet available on a 78 r.p.m. record, it is now on A4 paper format for the few old-school types.

Happy trails, Editor.



Tea Break(now).

Our motoring chums have been celebrating a birthday. The Caterham seven (surely the closest thing to a bike on four wheels), turned 50 in 2023. A lot of us old 'uns remember the Lotus seven driven by Patrick Mcgoohan. "the prisoner" claimed to have built it in the series, and Caterham cars have the number plate. KAR 120C. The T.V. series was on everyone's watch list at the time. The seven was heavily featured in the series and has a cult following today. "The prisoner" was, of course, also known as number six. Which leads nicely to the next part. Before the Seven, Colin Chapman produced the Lotus Six! A sports car that could be made at home sourcing parts from Fords of the time and in the austere immediate post war period. This tradition endures in our sheds (albeit with fewer wheels...), and who has more sheds than Henry Cole? If you've watched his show, you'll know that he likes a giggle, and writing in the *Sunday Mail*, he said, with his tongue very much in his cheek, that he would like a series called "the despair shop". People bring in old treasures that have broken and he says "sorry mate-I can't fix it!"

Tea Break(then).

From our Gazette in 1931.... It is 2 years and 2 months ago that a small band met at the village inn and formed "the Waterloooville and District Motor Cycle and Light Car Club." Everything must have a beginning and an end except a sausage which has two. I think that 18 members forked out five bob. Since then we have not looked back, at the present moment I can say, without boasting that we have one of the most influential clubs in the South of England with a membership of 105. We are all hoping to meet at the Corner House Portsmouth to eat baked meats and pat ourselves on the back. The Rev. Bruce Cornford M.A. President.

From "The Motorcycle", Dec. 1964.

Waterlooville motorcycle club training scheme starts 14th Jan.1965. W. Costick 26,Cedar Grove Copnor.

"Motor cycling" April 26th Portsmouth m.c.r.c. time trial George inn 1 p.m.

"Motor cycling" Dec. 1958 Scramble Trafalgar farm Portsdown Hill noon-Southern centre.

"The motorcycle" April '57 Scramble Old Idsworth farm Sunday 28th.(I would have been at Idsworth and Trafalgar farm as a Red Cross cadet.age 13-how time flies!)1959,and "Ixion" ,a correspondent in "the motorcycle" recalled that in August 1859. The first oil well drilled in the USA, producing oil and revolutionised transport.

We have our American cousins to thank for the petrol in our tanks today. We also have them to thank for the ethanol-big business in the USA and produced from corn and sugar cane. Sugar cane harvesting, unlike the days when slaves were literally worked to death on plantations in the 19th century."Ain't no more cane on the Brazos" by Lonnie Donegan paints a grim picture of those times. 1959 was, pretty much, the end of the skiffle boom in England and Lonnie is credited as starting it in 1954, when he was part of Chris Barber's band. You could go to "the flicks" for a couple of bob in '59 and watch Marilyn Monroe in "Some Like it Hot" or the iconic scene in "North by North West"where Cary Grant is strafed by a crop duster plane in a corn field. American corn-where have I heard that before?

Tony Curtis, based his Some Like it Hot accent on Cary Grant! The rev. Cornford's reference to sausages in a M/C. magazine left me wondering what his sermons were like!

## French Follies



The "Fossils follies" refer to incidents (best forgotten I'm sure), at this year's Fossils run where a chap who had set out the route markers at 5a.m still managed to get lost on the run itself. Folly2 regarded a back marker who had a puncture en-route and also managed to nod off on the day! The incident captured on this page happened on the club's visit to France featured later in the mag, and, unfortunately, doesn't refer to the Folies Bergere! Chris suffered a breakdown on his Beemer and had to settle for a pillion ride home.

***Steve Cox has arranged a talk by Mike Jackson at H/dean tech.on 19thSept. A fascinating talk is promised Call Steve on 07970088234.(spaces limited!)***

**From Waterlooville to Saumur, Loire Valley, 2nd July 2024**  
**(In my own words)**  
**By Christine Lawrence**

‘Let’s do something different this year,’ Mark said a few months ago.

We had planned to go up to Scotland on the bike this year but I’m used to him changing his mind so I shrugged my shoulders and thought, why not, never being shy of trying out a new adventure.

So, there we were on a wet and chilly June evening riding onto the ferry in Portsmouth after a couple of meetings at Steve’s house with the rest of the gang. Would we find sunshine in France? Only time would tell but for now we were keen to get into our cabins for a few hours of sleep on the night sailing.

The morning soon came and as it was only a few days after the 80th anniversary of D Day, the group decided that we would stop on the way at Ver-Sur-Mer, near Arromanches, where the British Normandy Memorial is. This was, for all of the group, a very moving experience as we strolled along the paths towards the Standing with Giants installation. I especially loved the even larger nurses who were in the centre of the black plaques which overlooked Gold Beach where some of the original landings took place.



The journey to the Loire valley seemed much longer than I’d expected but this was partly due to the clock on Mark’s GS being on UK time. It seemed as though we would never get there. The journey was great, of course, and it’s always amazing to get on the back of the

bike where I can relax and enjoy all the sights of the journey as a pillion. However, after a 5.00 a.m. call I think we were all pleased to arrive in Saumur late that afternoon and we all were grateful to finally sit down to dinner later that evening at a very good Mexican Restaurant in the town.



Our first full day, Saturday, saw the group on their first excursion led by David, off to see a windmill, a brief look at Chinon, and the Fontevraud Abbey where the tombs of Richard the Lionheart and Eleanor are to be found.



Still quite tired from the previous day, Mark and myself stayed in Saumur, spending the morning exploring the town and discovered that it was market day. Who doesn't love a French market? I certainly do and took some colourful photos of the stalls after which we enjoyed coffee and cake outside a cafe and watched people queuing for their vegetables. Mark couldn't resist buying a bunch of fresh radishes whilst he tried out his slightly dodgy French at the same time. Those radishes appeared several times during the next few days, one of his favourite snacks.



We were torn between being off the bike for a day and missing out on the first ride-out of the trip but by the evening I was glad we'd given it a miss as we ate our evening meal in the local restaurant, Le Bouche A Orville, just a few doors away and saw that the others had only just returned from another full day.

Sunday saw some of the group visiting the nearby tank museum, with a few of us walking just around the corner to the Chateau de la Reine de Sicile (the chateau of the Queen of Sicily), a small, fifteenth century chateau that Mark and I had discovered the day before on our wanderings. They were showing an exhibition of the foundation Anako's Ethnographic Collection. There were so many beautiful photographs on show and many tales of how these peoples have been abused in the past by so called civilisations. With what is still going on in the world, we wondered whether we would ever learn our lessons.

Saumur is a beautiful place and I particularly enjoyed the regular walk from the hotel, along the Avenue de General De Gaulle, across the bridge over the Loire and into town.

The first few days we were wearing our warmer clothes which included rain-coats as the weather was still unpredictable with the group members sitting in the bar each night, scanning their phones for the next day's forecast. In the main, we were lucky though and only got wet a couple of times, to dry out again very quickly.





There's nothing nicer than sitting outside a bar of an evening, drinking local wine or beer and there are loads of places in Saumur to do this. Happily, the weather was kind enough for us to do this fairly often.

The morning sunshine of Monday saw us all off on a ride-out to Chinon to check out the town again before the main event on the following Sunday: The Chinon Classic Rally where the main roads around the town are closed off for the demonstration circuits. But today, we parked up and explored the town, took the lift up to the chateau and took photos of the town from up high on the hill. This is an awesome place with fabulous views.



Later in the afternoon, back in Saumur, we made our way to the wine cave, Buvet Ladubay, where again the group split into two, with one group going on the cycle tour whilst a select few of us (myself, Steve and Chris) deciding on the walking tour instead. The walking tour was pretty good, but I think the photos of the cycle tour were more exciting with them being taken into the caves which were in darkness, the only lights those on the bicycles.



On Tuesday, David went out on his own to find some Dolmens and Menhirs and kept us all entertained during the day by posting several photos he'd taken on each stop. Something for another tour perhaps? But whilst he was doing this, a few of us jumped on the town's petit train city tour. We got a few nice photos of the Chateau from the train as we were taken around some of the back streets. We all jumped off at the Chateau and spent a while exploring inside and outside of this beautiful building and reading about its history.



Later that afternoon, Mark went with some of the guys for a ride along the banks of the river Loire whilst I enjoyed my late afternoon nap.

Wednesday and the holiday is already half over. This was a day I loved.

After a couple of false starts, then finding the original place we'd planned to visit was closed due to an 'unforeseen circumstance', with David and the others panicking after the previous years experience, we finally made it to the Musee Troglodytique in the Village of Rochemenier which consists of 250 underground rooms excavated out of the rock and distributed over around 40 farms. The oldest habitation apparently dates from the 13th century. The part we were able to see consisted of two farms which were only abandoned towards the beginning of the twentieth century and even included an underground chapel. A lovely day with a good ride but with some rain and thunderstorms later.

Thursday was much more sobering when a few of us visited The Maison du Souvenir - where a tragedy of World War II took place. This was a village that was subjected to a massacre by the Nazis on the 25th August 1944. There were 124 victims aged between 3 months and 89 years old. It was very moving and left us with lots to think about.



Later a few of the guys went to visit the Museum of Engines, again leaving me to amuse myself in Saumur, something I was very happy to do, whilst the blisters on my feet were still growing.



The evening's dinner found most of us on a small restaurant boat moored to the banks of the Loire just a short walk away from the hotel. Local Saumur wine, I find, is a good way to soothe sore feet. You drink it by the way, not for soaking your feet in.



Friday and more riding for most, although I decided that a day of relative rest would be a good idea as the weekend ahead looked to be full-on. I had thought that the group was going to visit Amboise where Leonardo's House was, and had been sorry to miss it, but due to the changeable weather, this trip was delayed and the others went to the Musée Maurice Dufresne instead - a collection of retro-mechanical 'stuff' (David's word), going on afterwards to the Château D'Islette and then a look at a Roman viaduct that David had discovered a few days before.



After spending a bit of time writing, I ventured down into Saumur square and enjoyed some lunch and 'people-watching'.

The evening brought Saumur's Music Festival to town. Together again with the others we watched some amazingly entertaining bands, ate good food, drank more fine wine and beer and finally made it back to the hotel for a good night's sleep.



Saturday took us to Amboise. This was another highlight for me, with a ride along the river and a walk up the hill, past the Royal Castle of Amboise, the home of Francis I of France, to the Chateau du Clos Luce, the home of Leonardo da Vinci. The house has been renovated to appear as it did in the time of the Renaissance and the visitor experiences the atmosphere of the daily life of the artist who came to end his days in the sunlight and colours of the area, which reminded him of his native Tuscany. It's well worth a visit if you are interested in Renaissance art, botany, civil and military engineering, architecture, or the human body. In fact, he was a good all-round genius, wasn't he? The house and gardens were amazing, although as the temperature rose, the walk around the garden was quite hard going in the end and we had a welcome ice-cream on our walk back down the hill afterwards.



Our last full day, Sunday, and the day the group had been looking forward to, The Chinon Rally. Setting off early to make sure they could find a good parking space and vantage point to watch the demonstration rides and drives, I decided to make the most of a lie-in, late breakfast, and a morning writing beside the banks of the Loire. Sadly then, I'm not able to write an account of the Rally. Things didn't go quite to plan for the group either, as Chris's bike suffered a break-down which would be unrepairable on this trip anyway, so after some delay, and discussion, the main group carried on into Chinon whilst Steve and

Chris waited and tried to sort out what would be the outcome regarding recovery and insurance. Eventually, with everything put in place, Chris hopped onto the back of Steve's bike and the two of them finally arrived into Chinon to make the best of the rest of the day.



I had a relaxing morning writing then wandered down into the town again for a lunch and a beer. Mark joined me as soon as he arrived back from Chinon, to fill me in with the events of the morning. We sat on the square together, drinking beer and relaxing in the French sunshine, whilst hoping that all would turn out well for Chris.

Back at the hotel later that evening, and we had pre-booked a table at the Le Bouche A Orville, where we'd eaten before in the early part of the holiday. After our last evening meal, we strolled into town again for the final time, over the bridge, to have one last look at the awesome view of the Chateau.

We started home early on Monday, leaving the hotel at 8.00 a.m., saying goodbye to David who was continuing his travels further south. Big thanks to David for working so hard on the itinerary which was full to say the least.

Tony (TJ) led us back to the ferry, with a few stops on the way to stretch our legs and grab drinks and lunch and then the tour was over. We were on the boat and a few of us were soon stretched out and snoring for England! No names, sorry.

There was so much to see and so many places to go, this was a holiday I wasn't expecting but really enjoyed. It's always tricky going on a tour with people you've never been away with before. You can never be sure you'll fit in, but this group of bikers were so welcoming, and caring, with never any pressure to do more than you wanted. The ride-outs were great, the destinations were beautiful and interesting, and I think I have made some really good friends.

Thank you all, Christine.

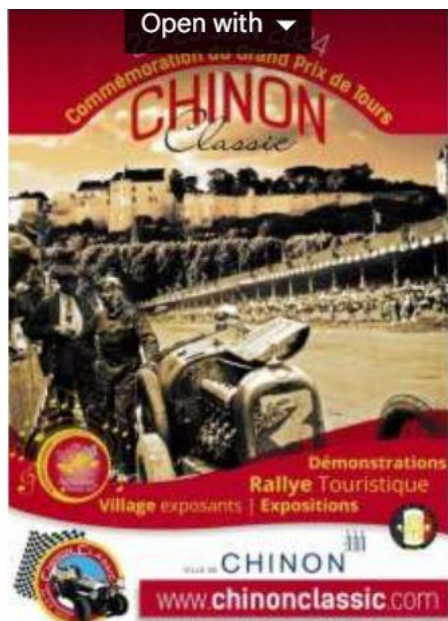
## Waterlooville MCC Summer France trip, 2024 Chinon Classic

So, this year our WMCC holiday saw a group of 9 of us staying in the stunning city of Saumur, located on the river Loire. about an hour's ride west of Chinon.

By one of those lucky set of circumstances that occur from time to time, the last weekend of our France trip coincided with the Chinon Classic car and motorcycle event.

Chinon is a beautiful, medieval French town full of narrow, winding streets full of interesting shops for browsing and cafés for the weary or thirsty. It nestles alongside the Vienne river and boasts a splendid fortress which towers over the town.

The Chinon Classic is one of those typical French events, laid out in a circuit around the lower part of the town, very informal and family orientated and is run each summer over a weekend to replicate, to an extent, the atmosphere and excitement of the 1923 Grand Prix de France which was held in the nearby city of Tours. I think the aim is to lean towards machinery of the inter-war years, but it also has the feel of a 1950s Le Mans, too.



Whilst the event in the town is a 'parade at speed', and not, strictly, a race, for some entrants, once the start flag drops, their competitive nature takes over, which makes for good spectator fun.

The Saturday activities includes a 'Rallye Touristique' which takes mainly the cars on a rally out through French countryside and villages, ending back in Chinon.

Saturday afternoon sees some parading for cars and bikes, but the main parading day is Sunday, when both cars and bikes go out on the circuit (not at the same time!) to either thrash around, or go as stately as they wished. To keep the speed down for the cars a chicane was installed in the fast straight, but there was just enough space for the bikes to rocket through without having to slow! At the end of each event, it was amusing to see the marshalls desperately trying to slow down the drivers or riders, some of whom were clearly determined to get in another lap.....

Our group had paid a couple of `recce` trips to Chinon during the week before. Firstly, just to visit, but also to check out where we could park without getting hemmed in on the Sunday. After a rainy week, Sunday dawned clear and warm and, setting off around 7.00 a.m. from our hotel, we arrived (not all together, see Christine`s excellent account of the whole trip) in Chinon around 8.00, ready for a timely coffee and croissant in one of the town cafés. A great day was had by all, soaking in the atmosphere, checking out the bikes and cars in the paddock and the trade stands, until, around mid-afternoon, we felt we should head back to start packing for the homeward journey the following day.







Steve Cox.

Wilkinson & Millard back on the box in Germany!  
2024 World Sidecar cross Championship Round 8  
Monday July 22, 2024 at 12:30pm



Race day morning at Round 8 of the 2024 FIM World Sidecarcross Championship, which took place at Strassbessenbach in Germany, was noticeably cooler than Saturday, a blessing for just about everyone, especially the teams. There were more clouds around, with a slight possibility of rain later in the day. With six races left before the season closer in Italy, this was a pivotal weekend, and early

in the morning, more fans were arriving. Car parks were filling, and camping was already spilling over into neighbouring fields. This track draws crowds from several large towns in the region, with Frankfurt itself not far away. Added to that, many Belgian and Dutch fans had come to this one in numbers, as well as the hordes of Latvian Lielbardis supporters. The track was in perfect condition for morning warm-up, having been graded and even rolled in parts ahead of the two Grand Prix races. Benny Weiss and Patrick Schneider mirrored their speed of yesterday, getting into the 1.56's, with Davy Sanders and Jens Vincent mixing it with the Prunier brothers next up Race One – The moment everyone had been waiting for had arrived. The tension as the teams rolled through the tunnel on their way to the gate was palpable. It was as if the destiny of the title race lay right here in Germany at Strassbessenbach. For all we knew, that might well be the case.

Thirty teams across two rows set the scene. The revs rose, and the gate dropped with a mighty roar from the mixture of two and four stroke power. Up the hill they charged. It was a frantic first turn, but the entire field came out of it following Tim and Sem Leferink. The eighteen and twenty-year-old brothers took control like seasoned professionals, leading Koen Hermans and Ben van den Bogaart, from Prummer/Lebreton, Brett Wilkinson/Joe Millard and Davy Sanders/Jens Vincent. Stuart Brown/Lewis Gray were upended at the top of the hill and had to try to get back in the game. Neither Marvin Vanluchene/Glenn Janssens or the Lielbardis brothers had a particularly good start, and both those teams had to work for it too. Vanluchene/Janssens made headway faster, with the Prunier boys also needing to make up ground.

At the front though, the Leferink brothers were setting a gigantic pace, with Hermans unable to pass them despite trying several times on the downhill drop. This battle raged in the early stages, but then departed the scene on lap five with a mechanical problem. Marvin was now on the move, with Tim Prummer the target, and several other fast crews homing in on the German/French pairing. Brett Wilkinson gradually slipped back, but still had a very strong finish. Meanwhile, as Leferink's KTM roared away at the front, a phenomenal scrap involving Prummer, Wilkinson, Lielbardis, Prunier, Sanders, Weiss and Stephan Wijers evolved lap after lap. This battle was the high point of the race with too many moves to remember.

Into the closing stages, Leferink's win was no longer in doubt, but the remaining podium place was not finalised until the last lap, with the Prunier brothers holding off a Lielbardis attack, making it through to follow Vanluchene home. This was an even better race than we saw in Iffendic, with an enthusiastic crowd urging the teams on. Sem Leferink the victorious passenger, later collapsed with exhaustion, needing treatment by the medical authorities.

#### **Result 1 –**

1/ Leferink/Leferink, 2/ Vanluchene/Janssens, 3/ Prunier/Prunier, 4/ Lielbardis/Lielbardis, 5/ Weiss/Schneider, 6/ Prummer/Lebreton, 7/ Wilkinson/Millard, 8/ Sanders/Vincent, 9/ Wijers/Van Hal, 10/ Weinmann/Weinmann.

**Race Two –** 1/ A stunning start by Koen Hermans and Ben van den Bogaart took them into a narrow lead over Gert Gordejev and Sten Niitsoo and Brett Wilkinson/Joe Millard. This was an amazing show by the Estonians who really made life difficult for the chasing pack. Vanluchene/Janssens were right with them, and once Brett Wilkinson had dispatched Gordejev, he fell victim to Vanluchene charging through in pursuit of Hermans/van den Bogaart. These two teams opened a big lead in the early stages, with Marvin trying his luck on the downhill drops. But he is still nursing the thumb injury with a torn ligament, so those downhill were excruciating. Hermans was making up for his first race disappointment, and it showed.

The Prunier brothers had a misfire, Tim Prummer had a shocking start getting caught up mid-pack up the hill, and the Lielbardis twins were around fifth initially, finding it hard to overtake. As the race wore on, it became obvious Hermans had superior speed and barring breakdowns, was home and dry. Behind Wilkinson in third, came a freight-train of Lielbardis, Sanders/Vincent, Tim Prummer and

Gert van Werven. The Prunier brothers, at this stage, were not yet in touch, but the Zabel was now running well, and they were on a charge. It looked like Wilkinson would eventually be caught and passed, but he had other ideas this time.

Late in the race, Wilkinson broke away from Lielbardis, who was then in danger of being caught by Davy Sanders. That happened, and the Belgian then had Wilkinson in his sights. Brett held on for a great third, and third place on the overall podium behind the Prunier brothers and Vanluchene/Janssens.

**Race 2 Result** – 1/ Hermans/van den Bogaart, 2/ Vanluchene/Janssens, 3/ Wilkinson/Millard, 4/ Sanders/Vincent, 5/ Lielbardis/Lielbardis, 6/ Prunier/Prunier, 7/ van Werven/de Wiel, 8/ Weiss/Schneider, 9/ Wijers/Van Hal, 10/ Prummer/Lebreton The next and penultimate round is from Rudersberg in Germany over the weekend of 14/15 September. Be sure to join us there or come with us on the live stream from wherever you might be. Words by Barry Nutley – Images courtesy of WSC



Waterlooville Motorcycle Club – Awards Evening 19th July 2024



## Waterlooville Motorcycle Club – Awards Evening 19th July 2024



**David Thorne**

Waterlooville Motorcycle Club – Awards Evening 19th July 2024



**David Brooks**



**Steve Cox**

Waterlooville Motorcycle Club – Awards Evening 19th July 2024



Dave Cox



Chris Jefferies

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Jon Brooks

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Sue Cox & Sarah Hards



Dave Jacobs

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# **Skittles Night - Friday 1st November**

This social event has always been very popular in the past and is again being held at The Barley Mow, Walderton 6.15pm - 10.00pm.

Please note places will be given on a first come first served basis due to limited availability.

The cost is £16 per head which includes skittles for the evening and a finger buffet provided by the pub  
(buffet menu is listed below, please advise me in advance of any dietary requirements)

Anyone wishing to put your name/s down to RESERVE YOUR PLACE/S please email me on [sarahj45@outlook.com](mailto:sarahj45@outlook.com) or text me on 07752 443934.