

# W.M.C.C.Gazette.



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## The Editor's Correspondence.

Just three years to a big birthday for the club. I am looking at an invitation to an evening celebrating the club's golden jubilee 1928-1978, so this will be a centennial celebration, this time.

The 20th Fossil run, this year is a major milestone. Not many little local clubs with this sort of heritage or longevity!

"Classic car weekly" magazine reports that president Trump's dreaded 25% tax on classic cars being exported to the U.S.A.

possibility has not materialised and that they will be exempt. I suppose classic motorcycles will also be exempt, so if you're thinking of selling your Vincent Black Lightning to a Mr. R.

Thompson, for instance, in the states, it will be O.K.

The markets editor in the same issue hopes that classic parts will also be exempt, and that a possible way round it, if not, would be a reclassification as "industrial" parts.

Back when I was spraying cars before disappearing into old age oblivion, the rush to use water based paints meant that suppliers couldn't sell cellulose for cars, so they went down the "industrial use" route.

Today's Britain, along with the rest of the world, has become a much more serious place. "the fun Police" at work. Worry about wars, the cost of living Etc. weighs us all down.

Enter good old fashioned clubs! A shared passion, no clash of egos and yes-fun. Look back at photos from the W.M.C.C. backpages.

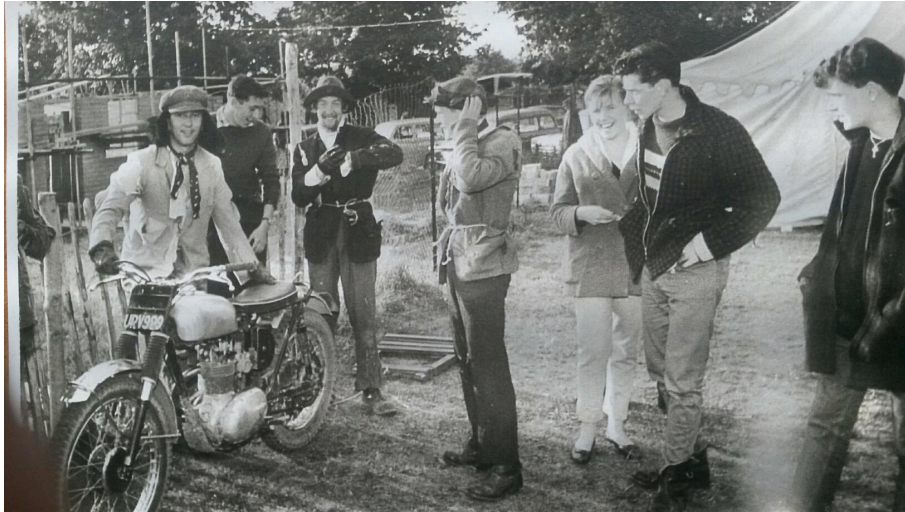
People actually having a good time-outrageous!

Preferably flies in your teeth from a country ride on that old two stroke, but if not just being a club member gives you so much for a tenner a year.

Oh, and did I mention tea and cake!

Happy trails. Editor.





Apologies if  
I've posted  
this before, but  
it sums club  
life  
up. Everything  
mentioned in

the editorial and cash raised for good causes (I think the Police in this instance).



And more flies in the teeth for good causes!





John(Theo)with a project,as usual!

A Potted History of the Theo Clan in the W.M.C.C.

In the late 1950s John Theobald, "Theo" joined the Waterloooville Motorcycle Club. This was followed a year later by myself.

John remained a member until he passed away in 2017. During that time, he rode in scrambles, took part in trials, both as a competitor and organiser. Although an enthusiastic rider, the only race he ever won was a heat in a grass track event. But the love of his sport never left him.

He held a number of posts on the committee, from editor to



chairman and he always included his family in his passion.

Many months saw John, myself and our two daughters, Lesley and Wendy, typing, printing and collating and posting off the mag to all the members. Often writing the articles himself if none of the members submitted anything. As our family grew, John involved the grandchildren with jobs such as filling the marshall's goodie bags at the Ken Hall. Camping at the Ken Hall holds lots of memories, as do other social events over the years. Auxenfans (treasure hunts by car) were a great favourite of ours as well as the pushbike and pedestrian trials. Then there were the fishing and golf competitions as well as the coach trips and dinner and dance awards evenings. All with the real family atmosphere. This feeling of family get togethers happened at the recent tea and cake afternoon, so thanks go to Sarah for arranging that and prompting the happy memories. After more than 60 years, I am honoured to say we are proud to have been part of the club. We made

and still have many good friends, and, who knows maybe John's great granddaughter (aged one) on her first bike is the start of history repeating itself. It is only three years until the club is 100 years old. Let's hope it is going for many more and other families have the fun and memories we have had by being involved.

Many thanks. Margaret Theobald.



The above article submitted by my cousin, Margaret, reminded me of my early memories of those times. I was a schoolboy in the 1950s. Most of my friends, like me, were mad about anything with two wheels and an engine. Margaret and her brother, Michael, were older than me and further down the road with all of those teen rites of passage. We spent most of our school holidays at Cowplain, exploring the woods and they would come down to Stamshaw to spend happy days swimming at the bottom of our road. (Left, the youngest Theo). Margaret was going out with a chap called John, and I remember visiting him at his family home in Sylvester

Road and drooling over his Ariel scrambler. He





had another off road looking road bike and we would exchange a wave en route to school for me and his job at "The News" for him. My parents and "aunt Rene"&"uncle Mick",opened "the Cowplain Fisheries" opposite the Spotted Cow pub,and it turned out to be quite successful.I went there straight from school,and was the spud peeler and chipper.Left,the Cole and Wood clan.



(with a  
Theobald  
lurking at the  
back.)  
Cousin Roger  
from London  
had a 225c.c.

Ambassador,which he sold to Margaret.When I started work at Wadhams,Margaret was in the office and would take me on the pillion to her house for a lunch cooked by aunt Rene.(those were the days-no sarnies and cold pies!).Cousin Michael was a larger than life,Elvis quiff type of guy! He had a Jaguar Mk.8 with an interior like a posh living room.About nine of us packed into the Jag on a stag night.Theo had drunk quite a bit of Brickwood's best,as Michael dropped him off along London Road and zoomed off saying"he'll get home o.k."He was last seen weaving unsteadily towards Sylvester Road.(typical cousin Mick!).



The afore  
men  
tioned  
Mrs  
Theo, 2nd  
from left  
at the



Stamshaw riviera.

And a typical photo of “scrambling” in Cowplain woods on return trips  
John usually joined us and amazed us with some spectacular jumps!

TEA BREAK(now).



## WATERLOOVILLE MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Mary Rose School Easter Eggrun, Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup> March.

On a really nice Saturday lunchtime, 4 members of the WMCC joined many other bikers assembling in Wickham Square, for the 2025 Easter Eggrun to the Mary Rose Academy in Portsmouth.



An estimated 150 to 200 bikers met up in Wickham and started leaving promptly at 12.30 for the run to the School. The route, which was very well marshalled, took us from Wickham, past Southwick to Portsdown hill, over the A3 (M), around on to the A27 for a short way and then down the Eastern Road to the School.

It was a great sight to see so many motorcycles taking part in the run, with lots of waving from people along the way. A few Easter Bunnies were riding, too!



As usual, the School put on teas and coffees, and biscuits and hot cross buns for all riders.



Tables were set up at the back of the hall and were groaning under the weight of all the eggs that were brought. It was smashing to see the children's eyes light up at the sight of all that chocolate!



The Head Teacher gave a short speech to thank everyone for going and their egg contribution. The organiser from, I think, the Southampton MAG then gave his thanks to everyone, too.

Sadly, he said this was his last event for the School and that he had been organising the Easter Egg and Christmas Present run for the last 24 years! It looks like the future organisation is passing over to the Portsmouth MAG. Fingers crossed these runs will carry on for the foreseeable future, they are for such a good cause.



### Scotland blog day 1.

Riding down our road laden up with our luggage at 7.47 this morning, stopped 4 times on route the second stop was a bike shop we found with a lovely right hand bend, and a cafe hut in their car park where we had cupa and egg sarnie and looked around the bike shop wares and was allowed to use their very conveniences 😊. After this stop, the roads were getting better and better and riding through the Derbyshire Dales was just beautiful up and down and round and in valleys with reservoirs either side so beautiful. We stopped at Glossop for cupa tea and stretch of legs before making our final destination to the Robin Hood pub at Peckets Well, near Hebden Bridge, making good time at 16.30 so we can shower, change and relax for the evening with another long ride tomorrow. We have been so lucky with the weather today riding up to 22 degrees.

### Scotland blog day 2.


Lovely breakfast at the Robin Hood and left at 9.23 this morning in a bit of haze but lovely views and the roads were undulating and meandering through the Yorkshire peaks. We stopped for tea at Horton lovely little farmhouse and once on our way over the crest of the hill was the beautiful Ribbleshead viaduct. There were lots of lovely tyres of sheep and cows and even a few goats'. More beautiful curvy twisty roads just lovely on our bike taking in the views and the waterfalls in the Dales. We stopped at Pendragon Castle ruins which was rather nice and relaxing place.

We were very glad of an engine between our legs as some of these climbs were 25% gradient, pedal power just would be too much! Had a bit of motorway just to munch the miles to get to Scotland, and we visited the amazing engineering of the Falkirk wheel and watched it in progress which was great. Amazing engineering, and nice cup tea there before turning into our place for next two nights right next to Stirling Castle, views are amazing and despite tiny bit of drizzle just enough to clean our visors of bugs rather than putting our over trousers on, so been a perfect day really., just about to explore after our lovely shower at this place, Castlecroft B&B. Hope you're all well

### Scotland blog day 3.

Sorry for spelling errors yesterday I had no specs on and rushed out for the 15 min walk to town for dinner along a great pathway passing the castle and an old school. Today has been grand, we had lovely breakfast, poached eggs and mushrooms on toast, cooked by Laura our B&B lady. Such a big choice for breakfast too! A VERY nice place here to stay I would definitely recommend anyone staying here and was glad we having two nights 🌙 here.

We took a stroll to climb the steep hill to the Stirling Castle, not great on my weak knees but enjoyable views all the same. The castle was well worth a visit and we could get in free with our English heritage cards so that was a bonus. There were many sights to see in around the castle with views stunning of the mountains and fields beyond. They had a tea shop in castle too, so that was nice despite being in cardboard cups not China but at least they're compostable.

After the castle we looked around the building of the jail and the Duke of Argyll house, house normally open but was shut which was a shame especially as you can look in there with your castle entry tickets  😊.

It was rather warm although not as warm as you guys in the south but nevertheless we wanted some water and walked down the hill into town again where we spotted a nice oldy worldy pub with seats outside so David had a beer and we rested watching the world go by, as you do! Many buildings of interest around the town as we continued exploring with gorgeous ice cream 🍦 then later dinner in a lovely Italian restaurant before making our way back on a circular route to castle croft, watching the wild rabbits in the garden debating whether we were a threat or not! 🐰🐰🐰

Scotland blog day 4. 💙

Woke up to thick fog with no view this morning, Lovely breakfast again at the castle croft place, sad to leave that place and lovely lady really. As we set off we donned our fluorescent jackets to make it easier for people to see us and each other 😊 luckily it wasn't too far in to the morning when the fog lifted and suddenly became very hot so stopping at a beautiful Loch name of Achray followed by Loch Venachar, we took a layer off under our jackets and hi vis jacket opening all our vents on bikes jacket. We rode up a beautiful mountain pass, called Dukes Pass and through Queen Elizabeth forest, had cupa chocolate at lake Lubnaig in a proper motorcycle bay, thank you very much. Lovely scenery of colourful vegetation purples and greens, riding through the Trossachs was lovely with more views, curvy roads and bringing home how thankful we are on two wheels rather than 4!

We stopped at the famous Green wellies where there is a garage, shop and cafe and a bikers area which was quite packed as you'll see the pictures. We got large bottle of water and drank the lot between us, We spoke to some lovely local bikers that enjoy these roads all the time and today making the most of this beautiful day.


We then rode towards Fort William where we got fuel and saw the staircase of locks called Neptune's steps over the Caledonian canal and up a long narrow with passing places road very pretty and curvy and undulating and crossed the canal on a swing bridge stopping at the commando memorial, picture enclosed. No ice cream van which was a shame, the last leg of the journey was nice but a little tiring as quite barren scenery, and a quick stop at the castle Eilean Donan for a view and carried on waiting for the view of Skye Bridge in the distance we knew we were nearly at our destination and we were getting very hungry not having had lunch of course because we have nice breakfasts. Arriving at Glengarroch at 5.15.

We shortened the route slightly as had incorporated two areas of interest for our friends to see, but sadly they couldn't join us in the end so we didn't do the extra bit visiting the Glenfinnan viaduct as we had been there before. Eating our dinner at the Saucy Mary next door who also own our lodgings next door so breakfast here in the morning too! We are also joined by a car triumph club, gorgeous TR4 my favourite with couple TR6 and a modern Mazda all with their roofs off making most of sunshine. Although we hear tomorrow maybe a completely different story!



Scotland blog day 5. 💙

We woke this morning to rain and dampness but with a view of both Skye Bridges from our bedroom window, the sea looking calm with no white horses so not so bad like the forecast - by the time breakfast was had next door (which was OK but not as tasty and posh as the lovely Laura at Stirling), the rain had stopped. Perfect timing so off on our next adventure making our way back over the Skye Bridge, followed by barren mountains and corrugated roads so bit bumpy but also great roads and mountain passes with lots of twists and curvy sections very high into the clouds ☁️ the wind got up a bit that seemed to take us a little but nothing we couldn't



handle. We rode through Lochcarron we didn't do the extremely steep hairpin one, Applecross in the end though we had planned to, weather permitting, which wasn't, so saw a nice tea shop and we enjoyed watching the sheep  and the world going by, lots of campers, bikes and motor homes actually all day, very few cars and lots cyclists too. 😊

The national park of Ben Eighe was just beautiful and the many waterfalls including one called Victoria falls with many more beautiful lochs we passed, Loch Maree for one, into lovely villages with nice names like Ruskin and Poolewe and then we could see a single track railway line close to edge of rugged sea and we followed that for some time too, at one point David's sat nav said next turn off was 62 miles away, a single track road with passing places for 62 miles!

We eventually got to Ullapool which was lovely having stopped at Charlestown for lovely tea and biscuit at coast coffee cafe by a little inlet of water and nice views. At Ullapool we got fuel and wanted loo stop but unfortunately garage didn't allow public so we were told in town we would find them in car park just 2 minutes away. A very necessary albeit boring thing to have to do but quite amusing as we followed signs to the car park but no loos here we said, we went round the block twice to look for them having now found them pictured on a town map in the car park and in the end a kind man pointed us in direction without us having to turn our bikes round so in a loop round the next block and even waited on the junction to point  where they were! Bless him, just as well as the sign we had obviously missed was facing the other direction not only that but hidden in the tree leaves! You may laugh but by this time I was so desperate I parked up and ran in helmet still on! Other customers must have had a fright . At this stop I also decided to take off my waterproof trousers as was dry here in Ullapool - turned out that was a daft thing to do as riding through the Cromalt hills was drizzling again and I was getting cold so we stopped for me to put them on again for the last hour, miles showing low in distance to Lairg but the type of roads and under these conditions we took a nice safe steady pace still enjoying the purple Heather on the banks and other scenery including the lovely Highland cows oh I do love Highland cows!

We arrived at The Old Dairy self-catering cottage, about 5.45 and already knew there was a fish and chip shop almost directly opposite! Now, we just need to decide which room to sleep in! Will retire early tonight after all that concentration and lovely sea air. Hoping you're all well x



Scotland blog day 6. 

We are over half way now on our trip. Today has been quite leisurely so not much to report but the walk up to the cafe for breakfast was lovely despite being a grey day with intermittent sun, we sat eating breakfast of poached eggs, smashed avocado and Halloumi on granary bread, me anyway, (David had egg and sausage in a roll) with views of the Loch Shin right next to us, very beautiful. Quite tranquil actually, then a load of bikers joined in for breakfast teamed with cyclists and tranquillity was lost to hustle and bustle sounds of Velcro, zips and chatter, bloomin' bikers eh? Ruining our peace 🙄

After that we walked exploring Lairg, up and down the landscape, knees paining but worth it as doing a few geocaches for those who know what they are, and finding a visitors centre that showed text and images of the history of Lairg which was interesting, we enjoyed our walk also seeing a little story on a board about a hoose on an island, yes hoose it's not spelling error - see pic enclosed. We then got back to our temporary home, The Old Dairy for lunch, via shop for supplies, to make pasta dinner for tonight, lunch was tomato soup and granary roll, then David

went off for ride on his own on a big loop down narrow roads to tongue and Ben Hope saying he was high up and in middle of nowhere incorporating fog and rain and bringing it back with him! Still raining now. 🌧️

Glad he arrived back safely and I made our dinner - we'll have a nice relaxing evening looking at maps I expect, which are so fascinating aren't they? Netflix is here too, we don't have that at home so we may watch an old Downton Abbey 😊👍 hope you're all well and happy, love to you all x

Scotland blog day 7. 💙

A wet and drizzly start to the day, so after a tea, juice and pastry we loaded the bikes back up and donned our water proofs on. We left Lairg and headed towards Bonar Bridge we did stop at Loch shin falls but as very wet cloudy & drizzling we decided we didn't want to walk down the steep Zig zag path to see the falls so we carried on along little pretty roads with passing places. After about hour and half we topped up fuel tanks and went in for hot chocolate, the sun made a brief appearance which was nice, we kept our proofs on though as it was still rather grey.

Riding through Alness, and over Cromarty firth the Bridges over the water were a nice sight then over by what they call Black Isle. Over the Moray Firth towards Tomatin but on smaller roads seeing signs for Aviemore, the hills of Cromdale were great and the roads with great views twisty and hair pins and some quite gravelly but all fun. As we rode up with the water to our left, I could see the clouds appearing like smoke levelling at the same height as us, I felt myself dropping in temperature and glanced at bike for a reading and it had gone from 16/17 degrees to 12! I was wondering whether I needed to stop to put a layer on, but carried on hoping adrenalin will warm me up. It didn't help the fact my waterproof trousers leaked in the usual place that they all seem to do, therefore it felt like you had an accident which left your core feeling cold! My jacket works brilliant but I must chuck out these pants 🍑 no good at all.


We rode through Grantown-On-Spey and saw a motorbike parked up just as we were thinking about lunch. Good advert that for cafes because once you see a bike outside, other bikes usually join in and then they did! 5 more bikes decided to stop so we made room for them and then ran in quick to get a seat and loo first. All good there, cafe turned out bigger than we expected and had tweed crafts and artwork for sale. I had hot Halloumi and pepper salad sandwich and David sausage sandwich both with handful of wedges and homemade coleslaw which normally I don't like. This was so tasty and we were glad we stopped here. It was called the High Street Merchants if anybody is passing that way, they showed a large range of homemade cakes too for those who like cake 😊. We made the call to set off without our waterproof pants on also hoping that my bike trousers would dry up a little to make it more comfortable!


An hour into the ride I obviously had too much tea and needed the loo again luckily we were coming up to Her Majesty the Queen's house, we turned in and armed guards were there and kindly allowed us to use the facilities. Thank you Queenie, I expect she was enjoying tea and cake. We enjoyed riding through the Cairngorms National park and past Braemar Castle arriving at our lodgings for the night, Dalmunzie Castle. Bit gravelly here though, I don't do gravel on a motorbike so had to be really careful, trying to oil my chain too was harder on gravel but got to be done! We are booked in for dinner tonight here probably just as well as miles from anywhere and will enjoy our room with tea and posh biscuits, before showering before dinner. 💕💕







## Scotland blog day 8.

Well after a lovely breakfast this morning, smashed avocado and poached eggs, salmon version for David, with views of the surrounding hills out the window, the weather was cloudy but dry with a drop in temperature down to 11 degrees, so glad I decided to put my quilted bike jacket lining in last night. We left the castle gingerly over the gravel and set off for Edinburgh. We carried on riding through the Cairngorms with roads that felt like we were riding on lined up Bactrians and with the last song I heard on someone's radio stuck on repeat in my head meant I had Kate Bush keeping me company in my helmet quite enjoyable, I shall miss these undulating roads and twisty turns with fantastic scenery, but it's always nice to appreciate what we do have.

On route, we thought we might stop at Scone Palace, we rode through the impressive grounds a queue we didn't join being on a motorbike (sorry guys) and when we saw the price of £20 each! Not even as pair of people we took a photo and turned back round again! 

David had put a castle stop into our journey so off we headed for that instead. There was a moment riding through an area of square humps today which I did laugh out loud as I could see David had missed the sign saying humps and poor chap went over it with a bump like a nodding dog rather than riding either side of them. 

We got to Campbell Castle in a place called Dollar and we climbed the hill for photo then down again for entry by the stream but unfortunately it was shut and we couldn't go in! Shame as it was English Heritage too, so free for us. Lovely castle though. After that we fancied a tea stop so we found a pub across the cafe that couldn't fit us in and enjoyed tea and a biscuit, another biker saw us and also thought it was a good idea so joined us on table next to us, we all had a good chat then along came 2 cyclists we'd passed earlier, so all chatted together about where we were all from! The biker  told us about a bikers meeting place and cafe at the bottom of forth bridge which we remembered from seeing last time so off we went to visit as couldn't get into our premier Inn room until 4pm anyway! Gentle ride today as saving ourselves for the next two days. Bikers cafe and meet was good, lots of bikers all milling about, Covid doesn't seem to matter at bike meets its seems despite everywhere else here their mask rule hasn't been lifted yet.

Arrived at outskirts of Edinburgh and found a great undercover bike place for our bikes (doesn't matter our bikes don't have pedals anymore) and then we'll get the tram into the city for explore and dinner. Another great day and thank you for great weather too   

## Scotland blog day 9.

We were on the road by 8.15 and temperature was quite fresh at only 11 degrees, clouds but blue skies with our lovely ball of gas shining but still low in the sky making it difficult to see the road ahead, it clearly was for everybody else too, as the road was chocka all suffering the same sun blindness as we rode round the Edinburgh bypass. We left without breakfast as we thought we would make headway early and our bargain room at only 29 pound a night didn't include breakfast though you could pay extra of course, but we had stayed here before, hence we knew our bikes would be safe and we could get a tram in to town easily for dinner that night.

We rode through some quite straight and boring roads in comparison to recent days, although lovely fresh smells of chopped wood and farmers busy doing their harvesting, a melancholy feeling came over me knowing we were leaving Scotland today, a place I've always felt at home

at, like I've lived here in another life. Although we are coming back in June for our wedding anniversary next year booked 6.5 years ago!

As we rode through Selkirk we found nowhere suitable for breakfast so carried on to Hawick where we saw a Morrison's superstore, and I remembered from a visit in Wales with 2 great biker friends who came with us, we ended up having dinner there once when we couldn't find an open pub for dinner, so we knew the breakfast would be good. Yum it was. Good call that, and warmed us up for the next leg.

After breakfast we rode through some lovely twisty bends and said goodbye to Scotland, hello to England on the border stone following the road to Kilderwater with lovely views, eventually reaching Weardale and Tynedale - by this time my fuel light was on, having not seen a garage for ages I was beginning to worry, I got down to one bar of fuel and knew that as soon as it started flashing I would be in trouble, I asked the angels for a fuel garage, then my fuel light did start flashing just as we got to Bernard's Castle where instinct told me there was a garage on left before turning right into town for our tea stop, oh it was such a relief to be able to fill up again!

Lovely historical town too worth a visit if you're ever over this way, we camped here once and had a good look around then. We had tea and Scone with jam and set off again, still 120 miles to go but roads then became bigger and straighter so soon munched the miles heading on A66 and to A1(M). That last stretch was beginning to get achy for me so was glad when we got off although riding through some busy city outskirts of Sheffield in rush hour wasn't much fun, a slight incident whilst I was waiting at a red traffic light, we won't mention to David No Entry signs perhaps 😊 luckily no harm done, then we went through a place called Eccleshall which reminded me of my Grandads favourite cake, ah bless him. We got out of manic city roads got great again, we entered the Peak District national park and not long before reaching our bed for the night, a lovely Inn called the Miners Arms in a place called Eyam, where thankfully good shower and dinner was waiting for us and we have been blessed with good weather for our day of longest miles to cover today. Tomorrow evening, we arrive home so I'll make this the last day of my blog as you won't want to hear about any boring motorways we go on, but thank you all for joining me and hope you've enjoyed it too in spirit. I am feeling quite proud of myself for doing this as I was originally a little apprehensive being soon after chemo, but I am OK 🍊 I hope you are all well too, love to you all 💕💕