

The Gazette
of the
Waterlooville
motorcycle
club



THE DREAM OF A
YOUNG BIKER GIRL



A BLAST FROM
THE PAST!



COMING IN 2025!

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!



EDITORIAL

EDITOR'S NOTE. Yo,w.m.c.c. members! The first Gazette of 2025, and a greeting that is far removed from "dear sir and madam". I had been asked to email some chaps about a Christmas reunion and got the reply "Yo Timber". I should explain that I have always been "Timber", as was my dad, John(timber)Wood.

Les, who sent me the mail is ex navy (and ex Fire Service). Sailors of old would use yo-heave-ho! when doing repetitive and strenuous tasks like hauling up the anchor. I don't think Les's service dates back to H.M.S Victory. -So I'll leave it there! The general feeling is that Yo! As a greeting harks back to Italian immigrants in America. Guagliu (a derivative of guaglione) was slang for "guys", and pronounced Wah-Yo. "Hi" is the accepted start of emails these days, and the origins are disputed. The Fire Service

Term 'Shout' came from the time of Horse drawn engines and the crew would shout "HI-Ya-Hi" to clear the way.

I'm sure that most of us would agree that computers have a mind of their own. So when I opened my email, It had decided to feature oldest mails first. Up popped one of the excellent earlier Gazettes produced by Alan Grimaldi. The August 2010 issue reported that the Fossils run attracted 231 riders and 42 on pillion. Lesley and Wendy Theobald provided food for the Saturday dance and packed lunches for the run.

This year of course, is the 20th Fossils run and on the 20th July. Please come up with some exciting ideas to celebrate this milestone. Some bright spark (a Champion, I'm sure) has suggested a 20 on 20 theme.

Publicity before the run would help. Any ideas out there ?

Below a few pictures from the 2010 Fossils(old) run.

Riders/drivers on two, three and four wheels.

.....and a strange marshal standing while Mr.Wood and Mr. Straughan reclined in folding chairs.

The standing man had no use for the packed lunch!







Sunday 23rd
February
2025.wmcc
TLC.

(Tea and lovely cake) Afternoon.

This social afternoon is open, not only to current members and families but to ex-members and families and anyone considering joining wmcc with their families for that matter. WMCC committee are hoping you will come along and enjoy a tea/coffee and/or biscuits/cake(whatever you fancy) and spend a warm afternoon with friends who may or may not want to talk bike.

This will be a great opportunity to meet and chat on what may be a cold ,miserable winter's afternoon. We have weekly social afternoons at The Farmers, but not everyone wants to venture out in the evening, so this is your opportunity to come along and be waited on for the afternoon.

The event will be held at St. Wilfrids hall Cowplain which is a lovely, clean spacious venue with plenty of free parking available.

The event is planned to take place between 2pm-4pm.

For planning purposes, please let us know if you would like to attend by responding to Sarah Hards at wmcc.membership@hotmail.com

By 1st February.

Tea break(now). The scenario on the front page,dreamed up by someone who should definitely get out more,would probably be followed up by “robocops”,tracking our every misdemeanor.

Send in the clowns? Don't worry they're here!

AI cameras are now in force which detect drivers without seatbelts,and issue fines.But what about pre '65 classic cars,not legally requiring seat belts?Owners will have to contest the fine, say police forces.A police media officer says”our stance on this is that not wearing a seat belt is one of the fatal four,so we would always highly recommend that they are fitted.

The Federation of British historic vehicles clubs say you won't be aware of the cameras.

They will,I suppose,film two wheelers galloping by!

The wmcc are proud to support the blood bikes charity from our Fossils run.The Freewheelers EVS blood bikes service in Somerset were shocked when one of their bikes was stolen. It was later discovered with a broken steering lock and panniers forced open.

Their 18 bikes are fitted with trackers,but Freewheelers are considering extra security measures.

Our other charity,HIOWAA helps the helicopters that attend road accidents,and other emergencies.

Sir David Jason,who has a helicopter pilots licence has stopped flying because of bad health.The nation's favourite”wide boy”,tells of being ripped off with his first bike,a B31 with a cracked frame.He graduated to a B.S.A. shooting star-Lovely Jubbly

I recently stumbled across a you tube video of “The Quest”

The clip,copied from a 2002 t.v. special,is about three hapless young motorcyclist's adventures in the '50s. It may ring some bells with older readers.It certainly had some,surprising similarities to my little trio back then.

It is about an hour and a half of nostalgia,and in my humble opinion,wellworth a watch.

TEA BREAK(THEN).Still stuck in 2010,an email from Bernie Moss popped up about how much he enjoyed the Fossils run on his Vincent 1000.



I had told Bernie about my mum's neighbour who had a similar Vincent in the war years. On a fast run along the A3, the machine cut out approaching a fast bend. It restarted immediately and he went round the bend at a much slower rate. A Large tree had fallen across the road, and but for the mysterious stop, he would have hit it at full whack. (divine intervention, he always said). A dockyard shipwright, he travelled on his bike to crashed aircraft and repaired them in-situ. (wooden frames, of course). Bernie was quite interested in the story, but I couldn't remember all of the details. Claud (her neighbour) had passed away by then, a pity as Bernie would have enjoyed a chat with him, and certainly a glass or two of his potent and secret farmer's recipe home brewed ale!

Continuing the aviation and Vincent theme, Bill Hinds, a past chairman of the owners club, had flown Sopwith Camels in w.w.1. On a fast run on his 500 JAP, a lady driver "took off my right leg below the knee", as he put it! He later bought a "C" type Rapide and converted it to special foot controls.

Also continuing the special drinks theme, I worked with an old chap who had worked at a Devon farm in his youth. There was always a barrel of cider being brewed, and they would "tweak" it for more kick. He said they would throw dead rats in to help fermentation-I'll pass on the cider, thanks-make mine a half of bitter!



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The dream of a young (shy) biker girl by Melanie

When I was a mere young shy girl, and for those who know me would not believe that I was shy right up until I reached late 20's, but I was, and I went through many a jumper sleeve chewing my cuff much to the disgust of my Nan who knitted many jumpers for me and hated the way the left cuff became! The story is not about that however, but of my dream to be able to ride my own motorcycle. This seems quite easy in this day and age, but for me at the time, it was a dream I never thought would happen or that I would even ever be able to do, to manage, learn how, let alone owning my own bike!

I was introduced to motorcycling by my Dad, Philip, which I guess you could say probably gave me the taster... most of you would understand that is probably all I need to say... and you could now finish my story with the infamous saying... and the rest is history!

But... that doesn't get an article in the gazette does it? Well a short one perhaps... so anyway, I shall continue my story but I won't mind if you gloss over it for a beer and come back to it another day. My Dad had various bikes over the years, but I remember one memory from an early age, of my Dad putting me on the tank of his bike and me stretching to hold the wide bars with Dad holding his hands over my mine as we rode along the road a bit from Nan's house (his mums). I remember a grin appeared on my face, already feeling the wind in my hair, with my little legs not even reaching past the length of the tank which I believe at the time was a Kawasaki Z1300 a bike at the time I didn't appreciate that had 6 cylinders, two more than any car I've ever owned!

Dad or Nan and Grandad occasionally took my brother and I to Fontwell on the A27, where they had mini motorbikes running around a field made circuit, where we could really have fun and properly ride our own bikes. I'm guessing they were automatic as I certainly don't remember dealing with any gears. I loved riding round on those and knew when I was older that I would love to have that experience again.

I remember Dad lending me his old white open face helmet, (for use for any of his pillions!) – shock horror now I think about it, my brother and I also had a few of Nan's knitted woolly hats to wear underneath to ensure a good fit! Off we went for a short ride, remembering one particular time as I write this, Dad had come round to his mum's knowing we were staying there for the weekend and took my brother out into Bognor Regis by the sea and into the now pedestrian zone, which wasn't pedestrian in those days to stop for some chocolate for a treat. They came back to Felpham to pick me up for the same but forgetting to swap the helmet from my brother's head to mine! It wasn't until we got off the bike that he noticed I wasn't wearing one and I guess I didn't either, my brother was still on the doorstep complete in helmet waiting for us when we got back. I don't even remember if I actually did get my chocolate cos when Dad realised, he was horrified and I'm sure we went straight back! But it was those times that I loved, and when I wondered if I could ever 'be brave enough to ride a motorcycle' it all looked so complicated at the time.

Life with School, sixth form, exams and then my first job, life carries on as you grow up and when I became 17, I started saving for driving lessons as you do, passing my test at 18, and having had all my growing up life watching my Dad at his work which was restoring and refurbishing cars and even some motorbikes - (Autobodies Car Refurbishers Ltd) starting in Bognor Regis, then Selsey, then Tangmere, finally Lavant for many years before my dear Dad passed away at his young age of just turning 63. During his time, he taught me to weld and work on cars, so whilst I was learning to drive, I restored a 1968 VW Beetle I bought off a friend for 325 quid with a smashed cylinder number 2 engine. I got a new engine for it for £50 and took the old one apart just to learn how it all works... I used a mini-spray gun to paint the fan shroud in the Cobalt blue original VW Beetle outer body shell colour which Dad sprayed for me on the bug in two pack paint and I carried on painting various engine parts with heat resistant paint for the block and flywheel etc. Then over Christmas one year, never was fussed on all the hype of Christmas, I spent my time off from work putting it all back together and lifting the body up to insert the engine. My engine was clean and I loved it - such a joy to work on and service my bug. It was also great having a car older than me as I proudly drove it around at the same time saving up for my first flat which I managed at 19 almost 20. Money was very tight once I had moved in to the studio flat, a repossession, and I lived off blue stripe Tesco baked beans (for those who may remember them) as they were only 9p a can then, and that gave me 2 meals in a week on toast or with jacket potato, but I never forgot about being on a bike even if I couldn't afford one. Those days I had no big expenses like phones or TV (license) only my bug to run and my mortgage and bills leaving only £12.50 a week so no going out for me, but I didn't mind I had my flat and I was happy.

Then I met people.... Guys mostly.... I seemed to have gotten on well with guys and they knew I was much like a 'lad' myself so thankfully none of their girlfriends/ wives minded me hanging about with them and we all went round together as a group (love your article Irfan on last Gazette – Rule No.!) So very true. Some of this group also had aircooled VW's and we formed a club to meet up regularly, even better a couple of the lads even had a motorbike - so to me this was the best of both worlds. Dubs and bikes what more could a girl want!

My Dad took me to a bike shop on the back of his X reg Honda Dominator, red and white with a single cylinder engine what a fun bike that was, his other bike was a Harris Magnum but we couldn't go on that as it had only one seat! That was a great bike too, it had a Suzuki GS1000 lump in it. Anyway I digress, My Dad took me to a bike shop I think it was in Bordon, and bought me my first real full face helmet, a black Shoei, we scrapped the now even more ancient white open face helmet and I proudly sported my new helmet all the way home. I felt I could now go safely on the back of my friends' motorbikes. I couldn't wait.

It was only when I started regularly seeing a chap and going pillion on his bike going up to Bury Hill or Whiteways as it's known by Arundel that I got thinking, maybe I could do this, maybe I am clever enough after all to learn, maybe I don't have to be pillion forever, maybe I really, really could do this and do the test to obtain a bike license. I started to get hopeful.

wmcc.editor@gmail.com

By this time, I was now working at John Wiley & Sons Publishers in Chichester and earning a better salary - I must have manifested my wish as I got a bonus from work which I didn't expect, so you know what I am going to say next - I knew what I was going to do! I booked a week off work, did the CBT on the Monday, learnt on a Honda kick start CG125 and took the test on either that Thursday or Friday I can't remember... I was so happy I passed, despite getting lost in Portsmouth City Centre going back to the riding school to return their bike and had to be rescued, bit embarrassing but it was fun cos the rush hour started and the instructor took me for my first filtering experience, something he said he'd never done with a student before. The search then began for my first bike.... A bit of a disaster to be honest as I bought the cheapest thing I could get, a Yamaha XV400, a would be earlier virago... I hated it. it never ran right but I thought I could fix it, the second cylinder worked intermittently and it was just a nightmare, I picked it up on a friend's trailer, pleased it showed fuel in the tank but turns out it was terps, a complete nightmare, needless to say I didn't have it long when my Dad suggested a Honda Bros 400 would be perfect for me. I sourced one, and sadly part-X'd my beloved VW Beetle for it, every year my bug struggled to get through the MOT and every year I was working on it, and every year more rust was appearing, and I just didn't have the time or money anymore. It was a shame at the time of restoring it, I couldn't have done a full restoration body off the chassis job, but since owning the VW beetle almost 10 years the previous owner had spotted it in the John Wiley car park and stuck a photo to the screen with a note saying he was glad it had been restored. Unfortunately, it showed me a time when my bug was stuck in a swamp with water as high as the running boards, oh it did make me cry that.

So, as I parted with my beloved VW Beetle, Vernie bug - tears rolled down my face with the love of growing up with all the times and troubles we had shared together, but I also went home with a smile on my face as I was a proud owner of a grey Honda Bros 400 that worked, rode like a dream and it was great. Bit of a boring colour it was, the first thing I did was get my Dad to tart up the silver/grey wheels. He sprayed the middles purple fading out gradually to silver and I had the seat recovered with purple vinyl from 'Bumwraps' in Bognor, (they've retired now) but it looked grand, different and special. Eventually, I saved up and bought my first new bike, an SV650, Suzuki, Candy Grand Blue colour, it was great, I picked it up and booked in for my first service for 5 days' time knowing that I was going to Somerset to visit a friend and neighbour and I would soon rack up the miles. This V twin like the Bros was such a fun bike to ride and had so much torque and engine breaking.

Two years after owning that bike, I got offered a job at CMW Motorcycles in Chichester, wow, a job working with what I loved, that was good, especially when Richard the Boss/Owner said they need miles put on the demo bikes and did I want to have an array of demo bikes, one every 3 months or so which made it easier to sell after I'd run them in ready for customers to 'joy ride' them, sorry test ride them. I wrote each bike down and took photos of each bike I had in the first year, I gave up after I had counted 27 bikes! I had already done my IAM test (Institute of Advanced Motorcycles) and so I guess he considered me a good safe and careful rider, as I went on to train others to ride defensively and to keep in mind the safety bubble around you to protect us as a biker - so Richard felt I was safe to be let loose, so to speak. We sold my SV in the shop and I had the great pleasure of riding many different motorcycles over the ten years I was there, gaining experience of different models, tyres and of course I had no servicing costs which was grand. I also got invited to ride various circuits to 'test' bikes for Suzuki at Brands Hatch, Thruxton, Donnington and Silverstone. Working in CMW meant I met many folks that even at Bury hill somebody would ask me "Are my boots in yet" or similar which on a non-working day meant I couldn't get away from somebody recognising me, I felt sorry for the 'real' famous people out there that really can't go anywhere!

CMW was where I am thankful for gaining knowledge and experience and getting rid of my shyness. It is also where I met a few club members, one in particular was our Brian Soden, RIP Brian, a long standing member of the club and who often popped in for a chat with me upstairs in the clothing department and he attended the WMC road trip to France most years until his health didn't allow - he would often talk of me joining the club until I eventually did when I left CMW just before my 40th Birthday, when I decided to leave to learn something new, as I couldn't grow or learn anymore sadly at CMW.

I still had the money from the SV in my savings account which had gained interest as I knew I didn't want to be without a bike whenever I did leave for pastures new. This will make you laugh, I was about to buy a black and orange S2R when I had a dream one night... the dream showed me a black bike, chunky looking, sporty and

upright so my style, but it was a Kawasaki. Apparently David said that I had said out loud, but I don't even like Kawasaki, and I didn't, really, I didn't like green! I didn't know that this bike even existed (CMW was not Kawasaki dealers) and so David and I searched on the web and we found the picture in my dream and it was a Z750. A black one. Looked amazing.

We found one for sale at Bexley Heath and David and I rode up one cold February morning to look at it, me pillion on David's bandit with a view to purchase, insure and ride away which we duly did. Putting on my favourite tyres was a must along with new CNS (Chain & Sprockets for those who don't know) my bike was better, safer and fun, and I was so glad My Dad was able to see it before he died and he took it for a spin around the block. He loved Kawasaki. Thinking back to his own one, the Z1300, it was such a beautiful bike and he did a cracking paint job on it, really striking, I used to love the look on my colleague's faces on the odd times Dad used to take me in on it before I could ride myself.

I had this bike the longest amount of the time, the Z750, not bad when I wasn't sure it even existed, being down to what the dream had showed me, but later recent health issues of my own meant this bike was a bit of a heavy struggle for me to manoeuvre and I traded it in not giving up biking but now have a lighter bike, easier to manage, my beloved Ducati Scrambler which most of you will have seen.

It's been such a joy to have ridden around France and Spain amongst the many places we've visited in the UK. When I think back of my biking journey and how many miles I have since racked up (1000-1200) a month during CMW employment, I feel very blessed to have had a Dad that showed me this way of life, the many lessons I have learnt, the friends I have met along the way and the places I have been to with our bike friends and husband and of course this wonderful club who all share the same passion and friendship, members with or without a bike now but of course the common thread that binds us all together as a group. Our love as friends, our bikes and cars and like rule no. 1, 4, 6 and 9 from Irfans Rules shows us in the January Gazette, all looking out for each other, stay safe everyone.

Melanie Thorne I had this bike the longest amount of the time, the Z750, not bad when I wasn't sure it even existed, being down to what the dream had showed me, but later recent health issues of my own meant this bike was a bit of a heavy struggle for me to manoeuvre and I traded it in not giving up biking but now





Melanie with Lois Pryce, Oct. 2008



https://youtu.be/zHG_dcrJ7wg

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From Gazette April 2016

Frozen Carburetor Incident.

In the fun world of the administration of justice, not all the laughs are in the courtroom. Indeed, giggles and guffaws can erupt at almost any time or place. For example, on a bitterly cold winter's day months ago in Northern British Columbia, a RCMP constable on patrol came across a motorcyclist, who was completely swathed in protective clothing and helmet, stalled by the roadside. "What's the matter?" asked the policeman.

"Carburetor's frozen," was the terse reply.

"Piss on it. That'll thaw it out"

"I can't." said the biker.

"OK, watch me closely and I will show you." The constable promptly warmed the carburetor as promised. The bike started and the rider drove off, waving.

A few days later, the detachment officer received a note of thanks from the father of the motorbike rider. It began: "on behalf of my daughter Joanne.....

Keep Smiling.

The Golf Cart

Many years ago, during his married days, John accidentally overturned his golf cart, Elizebeth, a very attractive and keen golfer, who lived in a Villa on the golf course, heard the noise and called out "are you okey, what's your name?" "it's John and I'm okey thanks", he replied as he pulled himself out from the twisted cart, "John" she said (firm loose breasts undulating beneath her white silk robe) "forget your troubles, come to my Villa, and rest a while and I'll help you get the cart up later. "that's mighty nice of you", John answered, " but I don't think my wife would like it", "oh come on now" Elizabeth insisted. She was so very pretty, very very sexy, and very persuasive..... John was weak, "well okey" he finally agreed but thought to himself "my wife won't like it".

After a couple of restorative Scotch and water's John thanked Elezabeth. "I feel a lot better now, but I know my wife is going to be really upset, so I'd best go now".

"Don't be silly" Elizebeth said with a smile, letting her robe fall open slightly, "she won't know anything, by the way where is she?"

Still under the cart, I guess" John said.

Courtesy of Gordon White.

12 I. Bryant	Ringwood M C C	346 O K
35 A. Langley	Portsmouth M C	348 Ariel
17 B. Swales	Portsmouth M C C	499 Badger
18 C. Marshall	Albatross M C C	496 Raleigh
5 S. Hartley	Albatross M C C	173 Cov. Eagle
39 F. A. Morris	Southampton Ace M C C	500 Douglas

1st Man..... Time.....

2nd.....

A short interval to give riders in last heat a rest.

FINAL

1st Man..... Time.....

2nd..... 3rd.....

Class E

Side-car Machines up to 350 c.c.
Cancelled—Lack of Entries.

Class F

Side-car Machines up to 1000 c.c.

34 J. White	Southampton M C C	350 A J S
21 H. Ross	Ringwood M C C	496 New Hudson
33 R. Martin	Winchester M C C	344 Excelsior
6 W. Waring	Albatross M C C	490 Norton

1st Man..... Time.....

2nd.....

A short interval to give riders in last heat a rest.

FINAL

1st Man..... Time.....

2nd..... 3rd.....

Look out for the next Meeting on this Track. Date will be announced in the "Pe-emsee Gazette," obtainable at most of the Local Garages.

INDIVIDUAL and TEAM Championship Meeting

Sunday, Mar. 16th, 1930,
WYMERING PARK, Cosham, Hants.

FIRST RACE 2 p.m.

Admission by Programme only—THREEPENCE.

SPECIAL NOTES.

1.—All races are over three laps of the course = 2.1 miles.
See time-speed table overleaf.

2.—Points towards Club Championship will be scored as follows—

1st in each Heat 2 points	2nd in each Heat 1 point
1st in Final 4 ..	2nd in Final 3 ..
3rd in Final 2 ..	

3.—Teams will be composed as given, except where the captain of the team chooses to put in the reserve. In all cases points can only be scored when the competitor is riding the machine nominated against his name in the team.

Southern Centre A.C.U. Individual Championship

will be won by the rider putting up fastest time of the day in any Heat or any Class.

Individual Champion..... Class..... Heat.....

Time.....

Teams for Club Championship.

(a) Albatross No. 1	490 Norton	(b) Albatross No. 2	498 Raleigh
W. Waring (Capt.)	348 Calthorpe	C. Marshall (Capt.)	348 Calthorpe
G. Lockyer	172 Cov. Eagle	G. Herridge	172 Baker
A. Hartley	346 Calthorpe	R. Payne	348 Calthorpe
Res. D. Henwood		Res. D. Henwood	
(c) Portsmouth No. 1	348 A J S	(d) Portsmouth No. 2	348 Ariel
C. Pearce (Capt.)	348 Velocette	F. Langley	172 Baker
A. Marshall	348 A J S	(Pearce Capt.)	348 Velocette
W. Dick	348 Velocette	R. Deller	348 A J S
Res. A. Leitch		A. Leitch	
(e) Ringwood	344 Royal. En.	Res. W. Dick	
C. S. Barrow (Capt.)	348 O K	(f) Southampton	348 A J S
T. Bryant	348 O K	L. W. Cousins	248 Excelsior
L. Derrick	348 O K	E. Ferulough	248 Ariel
Res. H. Wiseman		J. White	348 Velocette
		Res. J. Jones (Capt.)	348 Velocette
(g) Waterlooville	348 Norton		
A. Simmons (Capt.)	344 O K		
K. Pugh	490 Cov. Eagle		
H. Taylor	499 Rudge		
Res. S. Watkins			

One entrant from Waterloo mcc in this event just two years after the club started.

LAST MINUTE STUFF

Don't forget AGM on the 5th February.

Please send your thoughts about the 20th anniversary of the Fossils or speak to a committee member. A great opportunity to raise our profile.

PLEASE—send some content to

wmcc.editor@gmail.com. Stories, anecdotes, rebuilds, wish lists, articles—in fact, anything!!