



Triumph Times

The national newsletter of the Triumph Owners' Motor Cycle Club of New Zealand Inc.
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TOMCC NZ Inc, 20th Anniversary celebration Christchurch 12 July, 2013

Sitting down in my big softy for a well earned rest after the National Rally in February I finally had a chance to read *The First Twenty Years of TOMCC*. A copy of which had been given issued to each current member of TOMCC NZ Inc.

Still buzzing from the Rally I started reading and wouldn't you know it on page 1, a copy of the club "Certificate of Incorporation" dated the 12th day of July 1993. Well there must still have been a bit of bourbon floating around in the old grey matter. So the party light kicked straight back to life trying to convince the more sensible side of my brain that this date 20 years on cannot pass without being recognised. Yep you guessed it, I am a Gemini.

I jotted down a few ideas and duly presented them at our next committee meeting. Woody claimed he had one major problem with my idea and that was he hadn't thought of it first! Phew, the biggest hurdle out of the way and his seal of approval all in one hit.

Phone calls to Sonya at the Sideline Bar, Caron at Street & Sports, book the hall, a juke box, Ken Spall for the poster and it was all go.

Before we knew it, Friday 12th July 2013 had arrived and we were on our way to the Meet & Greet at the Sideline Bar. I thought I would do the right thing and take a bus but I almost never made it. As I was walking over the pedestrian crossing outside the bar a car ran into the back of the car that had stopped for me, shunting it over the crossing. I thank my rider awareness for seeing what was about to happen and taking a step back. Imported car, imported driver and probably an imported licence, need I say any more.

Anyway on with the show. A great turnout of South Island members including many original members, as well as Paul Nuttridge from Wellington, Shaz from Wanganui and Geoff Walton who had come from China for the weekend - fantastic to see you Geoff

Around 6.30pm Glenn Mills and Adam Palmer arrived on their bikes after riding directly from Auckland through what would have been the worst weather so far this winter. That's dedication, but little did they know the weather gods hadn't finished with them yet. They still had to get home but that's another story.

Saturday dawned drizzly and not particularly pleasant for our ride. Glenn phoned me and he was going, so I sure as hell wasn't going to get out of it, so on with the winter woollies, and a ride into Street



& Sports (the local Triumph agents). The TOMCC barbecue was in full swing providing hot sausages, while the shop was abuzz with Triumph enthusiasts and visitors.

Then all of a sudden something we hadn't seen for quite sometime, yes blue sky, and then even dry patches on the road, there was a god after all. Woody would tell you there was a mad scramble of car people going home to get their bikes.

As time was limited we rode out through New Brighton, then on to the Valley Inn at Heathcote. By this time it was full sunshine, no wind and even quite balmy. We had 24 bikes, all Triumphs, lined up outside the Inn providing a very impressive sight indeed. After a couple of quiet ones, we moved on through our city ruins to a bar called Smash Palace, where the ride finished, just before the wind and rain returned.

At 7.00pm our guests started arriving at our venue for the social at the Ouruhia Hall located on the northern outskirts of Christchurch. To keep it simple we had gone with a byo & bring a plate format, and to be honest I had no idea how many people would turn up.

It soon became apparent that we had struck the right formula with many past and present members and even a few prospective members, as well as wives and partners arriving for the celebrations. It was particularly satisfying to see the original and past members rekindling friendships with their old mates.

Our National President Glenn Mills and Club Founder Darryl Payne jointly cut our very large birthday cake. Once Darryl had managed to blow out all 20 candles, happy birthday was sung by all in honour of 20 years

of our club. The juke box was then cranked up but failed to drown out the laughter at the many stories being told around the hall.

Overall a very successful weekend made possible by you the members, whether you helped out or simply made an effort to turn up.

The foundation of our club was laid by Darryl and the original members 20 years ago. Members have come and gone but the club has continued to grow and evolve to be in my opinion the best motorcycle club in NZ with some of the best people one could ever wish to meet.

Times change but with members' support and participation TOMCC NZ will move forward to be the envy of other clubs and if our 20th year celebrations are anything to go by we have a very bright future.

Next celebration – 2018 for the TOMCC Silver Jubilee – doesn't that have a nice ring to it.

*Chris Reid
TOMCC NZ Canterbury*

PS. A text I received from Adam Palmer after he and Glenn returned to Auckland:

Morning. Well we made it back to Auckland at midnight yesterday and was the hell trip home thru National Park. Almost died 3 times, wagon lost control on black ice in front of us, wildlife crossing road in front of us and damn cold. Was epic road trip not to mention the ferry crossing, lost my breaky lol. Thanks for the weekend and memories. RTWR, TOMCC Adam

More pictures on pages 9 and 15

JOFA Tour – “Just Outside F**king Auckland Tour” *Mad Farmers ride 2013*



13th Mad Farmers Tour and history is about to be made with a couple of Aucklanders being volunteered as this year's organisers. A bit of a worry, as like most real people from south of the Bombay's we had no desire to head north to the city of Queens, oop's. I mean Queen City.

A month out and instructions finally arrive from Tea Pot Mike & Nurse Judi (organisers). The plans have been set and Thunderbirds are go.

As Judi in the last 12 months had relocated to the Bay of Plenty most were now a little more at ease with plans for The Farmers tour, albeit we knew nothing as they had decided to keep all routes and destination a mystery until the last day.

Saturday morning and by 10.30am, with the exception of the Farmer, we are at the designated assembly point of 2Whatas, fuelled up and ready for the “mount up” instructions.

The older machines are not well represented this year. Trev on his 5T, Pete & Sue on his 6T, Claire on her T140D, Ray & Maxine on the Commando and Shadz on his 650 Bonnie was it. The Farmer would be on his T150 and Pete W (Northland) would also turn up late that day on his T150. Also on their moderns were Bryan & Sue on the T-bird, Frank on his new Moto Guzzi, Al Snr on a Harley (yes I hear you readers!), Jocelyn on the T-bird, The teacher (Tracy) and the Nurse (Judi) both on T100's, John W (Southland) on his T100, Kerry & Brenda on his T100, Tea Pot (Mike G) on his 595, Eric on his 675, Geoff & Jo on the Sprint, Rob & Selina on the Rocket and Robin on his Trophy with Paul and Cheryl in the ute providing back up support. Yep it's a pretty big group this year.

35 past the hour and with the first day's ride now known Trev and Pete decide to head off with the expectation that they will be travelling slower than the main group so therefore all should arrive at the first assembly point together.

Just after Judi announces the 5 minute call the group heard the Mad Farmers Trident coming down the Pirongia road, it looks like he will actually make this year's ride after all.

Trev & Pete are just about to pull out of

2Whata's and a guy rides past very sedately on a very noisy Honda cruiser style bike, “Bet you can't catch up to him” Ray yells to Trev – yep Ted's off! Quickish ride (well as quick as you can on a couple of old bangers) up the deviation towards Raglan, over the summit and sure enough 3 corners in front is the Jappa with the guy tentatively steering his bike through the corners like he had a bamboo rod up his backside.

By the 6th corner Trev & Pete had caught up with him. Short straight into a sharp left-hander with a 35km sign and Trev drops into 2nd and passes the guy on the outside. Debatable as to who got the biggest fright, the guy riding the Jappa or Pete who was watching from behind.

Soon we came up to the first turn-off at Te Uku which takes you out to Waingaro. Little bit of precipitation but not enough to warrant stopping to put the wets on (See these old bikes carry wet spare tyres!).

15 minutes and 20km later, Trev & Pete stop briefly at the intersection with SH22 and despite a steady drizzle it looked bright looking up towards Tuakau so decide to keep going. Get to the designated assembly point and the main group has not caught up with them.

It is here that Pete who had struggled with blurred vision all the way from the start point at Whatawhata discovered that he was not wearing his glasses and in fact had put them on top of his saddle bag when putting his helmet on. Pete was very surprised to discover they were still in the same place – lucky man.

Over the next 10 minutes the group arrives in dribs and dabs, excitable and talking about the slippery road behind us, as it turned out Frank was the only one to succumb to the conditions, lying the Guzzi down in the wet grass beside the road.

The group dropped by the Tuakau hotel for the first pint of the trip whilst Robin bolted to Drury to buy a couple of new tyres.

The next section was a ride through to Waiuku where we stopped for lunch at The Kentish Hotel. A big thank you to the owner of this fine establishment as he put on hot meat rolls, gravy and chips free of charge to

the group of 27. We all stayed for an additional pint here to thank him, we would point out this is a great place to visit. It even with its own steam train.

Following that we headed out to the south head on the entrance to the Manukau harbor to look at the lighthouse. Well worth the winding road with great scenery and views from the lighthouse.

Old Ted had a bit of trouble on this leg and was losing power on the hills, not all is well with Ted so Trev made the decision to skip the lighthouse and make a direct run to Big Bay, the nights' accommodation.

Following the photographic evidence that we made the lighthouse we all headed to Big Bay but on arrival there's no Trev or back-up vehicle. Five minutes later the back-up vehicle arrives with no Ted.

Judi sorts the sleeping arrangements whilst Mike tries to find Trev, and Al Snr heads out to re-check the route he would have taken. For the next 30 minutes there's calls and text messages going in all directions but eventually they are found and Trev limped his way to Big Bay.

The camp has a barbecue area near our accommodation with an outdoor fireplace, a word of warning don't let Frank near the fire! (Was he a fireman once?)

With Big Pete's arrival from Northland our party is now complete at 28 heads, with a round of introductions so everybody now knows who everyone is. A thank-you to our organiser's and it was time for dinner via the Top 10 holiday parks takeaway kitchen.

Pleasing to see more wives and partners making it this year with a lot of them riding rather than pillion'ing.

Once again a huge night with everybody socially excited and with the house brought down when Trev told a yarn using the names of some of the ride participants:

Tea Pot Mike was getting to a stage in life where he needed a little more care so he called in to the local old folk's home. Nurse Judi was showing him round when they walked into Brian's room to find him sitting on the end of the bed making believe he was driving a car, complete with hand signals, motor noises and gear changes – even beeped the horn.

“Hello Brian”, said Nurse Judi, “Where are you off to?”

“I’m driving to Melbourne” replies Brian.

Nurse Judi and Mike take a look in the next room to find Ray sitting on the end of the bed in the nude polishing his Policeman’s Helmet.

“Hello Ray, what are you doing” asks Nurse Judi?

“With a starry look in his eye Ray replies, “Shagging Brian’s wife while he drives to Melbourne nurse”

For those couples who thought there was no need to cart sleeping bags all the way as linen was supplied, were in for a shocking surprise, hmm not so but we did manage to borrow a summer duvet off mein host so the couple (Ray & Maxine) who shall remain nameless did at least have some bedding. Others were rumored to have 2 duvets. It was a fresh night that sees most electing to sleep with their cloths and beanies on.

Soon enough dawn breaks and we devour a great fried breakfast that more than makes up for the previous nights lack of bedding.

The diagnosis with Ted is not good so he is rolled up onto the Ute and Trev pillioned with Eric who had swapped his 675 with Teacher’s T100.

Now gassed up we head to the Southern Motorway for a short burst before taking the newly opened South Western that takes us out past the Airport over the Manukau harbor and exit at Richmond Road followed by enough left and right turns to fill a snakes and ladders board.

Soon we skirt around Blockhouse Bay and find ourselves riding through Titarangi where the pavements are chocked with make believe people sipping lattés.

Once through Titirangi the traffic drops away and the roads narrows up with lots of twist and turns that everyone is enjoying. All too soon we pull into our next stop – the visitors centre half way up the Waitakere’s.

Tremendous views to the south looking across Laingholm and the Manukau to last night’s stop at Big Bay on the southern Manukau peninsula. Most whilst stopped here took the opportunity to purchase ice-creams from a couple of hilarious guys at the booth who were pleased to see us.

Turn around and the view across the Waitemata to Auckland with the Sky Tower, Coromandel, and Rangitoto etc is like a picture postcard.

All too soon we are given the five minute call and instructions on the next stop at Elevation Café for lunch. Great lunch enjoyed on the outdoor deck with possibly the views better than we had enjoyed back up the road at the visitors centre.

An hour later with the five minute call given we don our jackets and helmets to continue on our journey, loads of turn-offs are expected on this leg so everyone was encouraged to keep close.

For all you non JAFFA’s reading this, the Scenic Drive through the Waitakere’s is one hell of a road and I for one will be returning to do it in one go with no stops, outstanding motorcycling road and less than 40 minutes from downtown Auckland.

Once down off the Waitakere’s we hit some rolling farmland studded with wineries and more criss-crossing via secondary roads soon



sees us at Muriwai beech. Jam packed with day tripping JAFFA’s scoffing ice creams and drinking bloody lattés (they love dem latté’s)

A short stop on top of the cliffs to watch the surfer’s then time to keep heading North West to the evening’s accommodation at the Grand Hotel in Helensville. Aptly named, a huge 2 storey hotel on a prominent corner – in short a ‘Grand old lady’.

Bikes are soon pushed into the woodshed and yard at the back of the hotel and locked up for the night then the mad rush inside to claim our sleeping space while the Mad Farmer and Pete bolted into Helensville to visit an old mate. On arrival there it appeared he had sold the house and moved on and the new owners were concerned (to say the least) to see a couple of old bikers turn up on noisy old motorbikes looking like a drug deal gone wrong.

With the accommodation for the night sorted the rest of us head downstairs to a huge public bar where we noted they were selling large bottles of Waikato (yep it is going to be one of those nights). With Waikato in hand we head outdoors to chat with the ever increasing group drinking. Here’s a warning, watch Frank there is an outdoor fire going!

The ladies spotted two neat looking little cats apparently they were MANX, beats me I thought that was a rodent but they kept the ladies amused whilst the men folk talked the usual motorcycle talk and the roads we had travelled today. Unfortunately some of the group got lost today so there was a bit of explaining to do (remember in a large group it is your responsibility to ensure the bike behind you follows you around the corner, this helps reduce the potential for missing turn-offs).

Dinner was bar meals inside which were awesome, great cooks those people. The group got split into those inside by the fire and those outside half freezing to death by the fire.

As the alcohol took hold the group inside hardened up and moved outdoors, a small mercy it has not rained since day one so the next few hours were spent huddled around the small brazier trying to keep warm.

The next morning despite the late night and more than one sore head everybody is up early, scrubbed and with bags packed the bikes are rolled out to the front of the hotel for the evidential photo. It’s at this point that Ray notices he has a flat tyre, hmmm, strange, all

was good last night so with nothing obvious stuck in the tyre he rolls the bike across the road to the servo and puts some air into it.

We are just about to head off when Ray also notices the header pipe on the Norton was cracked. With everybody now standing around with helmets and gloves on he decides to run with it as is and try a temporary fix when we get to Tea Pot Mikes place at Huapai which is only about 10km up the road.

Breakfast is planned for Mikes where his long suffering wife Cath and daughter Tania have agreed to put on coffee, tea and toast for 20 plus hungry bikers.

We say our goodbyes to Big Pete who’s heading back home to Northland, the Farmer is heading back to his cows at Te Kuiti, John to the ferry in Wellington and on to Invercargill, Frank back to Hamilton with his bruised Guzzi and Claire who has decided to accompany Farmer and John part of the way.

Fifteen minutes later and we pull into Mike’s drive where sure enough toast, jam etc is waiting. Bit of a queue so while some are waiting Mike rolls out the real reason for the stop at his place, a 1961 fully restored Pre-Unit Bonnie, welcome to the Goat F**kers Society Mike.

Despite the bike looking a million dollars he is worried about a strange knock and wants the pre unit riders to give him a second opinion. With the bike started all seems well so he takes it up the road and back to report that “yes the knock is there”.

First Ray takes it up the road, then Rob and finally Trev. All reported the same knock and although they all gave differing explanations they are unanimous that it is not engine but cycle parts. That bike is 110% grin factor and has more pull than a bus load of schoolboys. We’re looking forward to seeing it and Mike at the next pre-unit rally over father’s day weekend in Golden Bay.

All too soon it is time to don the helmets and gloves for the last squirt to our final destination, Muddy Waters Irish bar at Mercer. A sedate run into Auckland on the north western then south on the Southern soon sees us at the Muddy for a last pint and big lunch. Just as we pull in, Claire returns from riding part way home with the Mad Farmer, perfect timing.

It is from here that what’s left of the group says their goodbyes and head to their respective destinations. Ray & Maxine, 2Whatas; Rob & Selina, Ngaruawahia; Eric, Otorohaunga; Shadz, Joc, Tracy & nurse Judi to Papamoa and Trev who is a passenger in the Paul’s Ute back to Hamilton with Ted on the back.

Uneventful ride to our respective destinations with the exception of Eric who was last seen on the side of the road at Meremere talking with the Bill, rumor has it that cost him \$120 plus 8 demerit points....ouch but thanks for distracting the copper whilst the group went by.

Bryan and Sue have volunteered to organise next year’s Farmers run. Once again no doubt it will be a good one. See you all then. Wonder if Brian is still driving to Melbourne?).

*Ray & Trev
TOMCC Waikato BOF*

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Why the Triumph Twenty One ?

As most members are aware the Waikato/BOP Chapter of our club is hosting the 2014 National Rally.

In keeping with our tradition of theming the rally badge around the good name of Triumph or model design this year we have chosen the Triumph 21 logo.

This rally logo is special for one very obvious reason: it is the 21st year of the Triumph Owners club in New Zealand and interestingly enough Triumph named the Twenty One to celebrate the twenty first birthday of Triumph Engineering and coincidentally at 350cc the engine falls into the 21-cubic-inch class in the USA.

I thought that since we were using this very special model insignia that I would bring our members up to speed on the history behind the Twenty One.

The model first announced in early 1957 as the T21 and later rebadged as the 3TA was the first Meriden twin unit engine (engine and gear box of unit or combined construction).

Production machines finished in shell blue (as this one is) with black frame, this colour scheme continued to 1963.

Claimed to have a very respectable top speed of 80mph (128k), which on a fragile frame and poor brakes would have been an experience only for the brave.

Along with the 5TA (Speed Twin) and 6T (Thunderbird) the Twenty One was dropped from Triumph's line up at the end of the 1966 model year.

In 1966 the Twenty One was also turned in a Military Model being the 3TAWD and production of the war department model continued into 1967 with 1104 models being built for the Dutch Army.

In total Triumph produced 21334 Triumph model Twenty One motor cycles in either road trim T21 or 3TA, 3TAP (Police) or

3TAWD (Army models). Where have they all gone?

The sporting version known as the Tiger 90 or T90 evolved from the 3TA was produced 1962 - 1968

This particular bike is owned by a Waikato Classic club member who has kindly allowed us to photograph it and to also put it on display at our National Rally.

He has owned it since the 70's and the bike currently has over 30,000 kms on the clock.

An older restoration but still a very tidy example of the Twenty One model.

The bikes spec's for those that are keen to review these things.

Bore	58.25mm
Stroke	65.5mm
Capacity	349cc
Compression ratio	7:5
Wheelbase	52.75 inches
Ground clearance	28.5 inches
Length	81 inches
Dry weight	340 lb
Power	18.5 bhp @6500 rpm

Special thanks to Rolly for the use of his very nice Triumph Twenty One.

Twenty one



Get there, or bust



So the panniers were packed (not near enough room) and the oil/filters changed, hot grips installed, tyres inflated and tank topped off... Miss Vicki was snug in a new jacket and pants plus 2 piece rain suit while I have some new bargain priced boots and a startling 1 piece rain suit to cover my still warm but barely water resistant gear.

We were all ready for the ride to Christchurch to the TOMCC 20th anniversary weekend (and to catch up with family). I was an early member so I thought I should make the effort.

The weather report looked suitably beyond dire but what's the point of a life of comfort without adventure? Adventures will always require some adversity or else they would not be adventures. (Oh how I was to regret this.)

Anyway – we were all packed up on the Tuesday night and I clicked the Givi bags onto the frames about 9pm just as the skies opened and it literally poured rain onto Kapiti (where we live). We waited out the worst of it (so we thought) but Mother Nature did not look kindly on this trip from the moment we left until the moment we got back. Either that or God really does ride a Moto Guzzi and is punishing me for recently selling the Mk2. I may have to start wearing an Albatross or maybe a flogged out universal joint around my neck.

Snug inside our rainsuits and with the handgrips set to nuclear fallout (steam coming off the gloves) we headed out onto the motorway south. The rain was quite amazing and the spray coming from the front tyre was like a hose onto my boots with water streaming off the fairing and rear-view mirrors like some kind of jet trail.

To get that much rain in the first 50km should have told us what was in store and frankly we should have taken the car! But no said Vicki – we needed an adventure. It was the kind of night that inspired Noah's adventure!

After the well worn 50km trek into the city we arrived as instructed at the Wellington 'Bluebridge' terminal at 10pm. No we couldn't board and grab a cabin as planned as the boat wasn't even there yet. Hmm, the lady on the phone definitely told me we could board between 10 and 11 but really the office opens at 10 and we boarded more like 11:30 – Drat!

Of course you have to lash your own bike down and it pays to carry your own ties-downs but as the loadmaster was walking past he mentioned, "I'd put an extra rope on that tonight. Oh hell – looks like a rough crossing. We used an Oxford sports bike handlebar tie-down which functioned very well). Anyway, eventually we snuggled down for a sleep on the well-priced (\$40) and comfortable en-suite cabin but it didn't last long.

After a smooth start in the inner Wellington Harbour the poor old boat crashed out through the heads and into the wild, and getting wilder, Cook Strait. We lay awake listening to the boom as the ship crashed through the swells but stayed in bed and dozed fitfully as the anticyclone wound up outside. What a time for Jim the weather guy to be dead accurate! At around 5am we dashed down for a quick coffee and bacon and eggs to set us up for what was planned as a quick dash to Christchurch.

The ramp on these boats is usually a bit scary on a motorcycle (steep and wet) but this time the scary bit was at the bottom of the ramp. The weather had 'deteriorated' a tad... Sigh... Now as well as streaming rain we had a pretty brisk gale (read raging cyclone).

Picton to Blenheim was 'tense'. The ST does not have the greatest headlights in the world despite having lots of them and it was darker

than dark outside, raining and windy. The trucks never stop though and the dazzle on my visor combined with the dirty highway markers and indifferent lights made things interesting to say the very least!

Scary as it was from Picton, from Blenheim on it got worse and became more than a bit dodgy as we pressed on. We were now getting gale force winds gusting on the front three quarter angle and it was plain nasty. The trucks coming towards us provided a wind enhanced bow wave of almost solid water that smacked us so hard it hurt. On 3 occasions we caught it on right hand bends and were actually pushed a meter or so across the road which was beyond scary and heading into downright dangerous. At times we were down to 50kph or less but found around 80kph (when we could see) was the optimal speed offering some stability with enough time to react appropriately.

It was some of the hardest riding we have ever done. After a particularly violent truck slam we pulled off the road just past Lake Grassmere to consider our options but frankly there weren't many. We couldn't stay where we were as it was hard to keep the bike upright and we didn't want to go on – yet we couldn't go back. With a mental map of the anticyclone in my head (thanks to Jim Hicky the weather man) we realised that we would be better off getting to the coast asap so we boxed on into a late coming dawn. The increasing light helped as we could actually see where we were going through our visors which lifted our morale if nothing else.

Once we got clear of the Wither Hills and near the coast – the wind lessened and was more constant without the violent gusting in the valleys, ridges and cuttings on the hills and the fear of instant death diminished, yet we were still moving at less than 100kph most of the time and it was getting colder. Into the strong head wind the bike was drinking fuel at an alarming rate. \$36 to cover the same distance as \$21 on the way back – an indication of how strong the wind was! We finally made Kaikoura for coffee and a second breakfast but we were already exhausted and had a way's to go yet.

Kaikoura to Christchurch was pretty ordinary winter riding or would have been if we weren't sleep deprived and shattered by our Picton to Kaikoura leg. It was still very windy and increasingly cold but not too bad. The only tricky bit was the downhill U bends into the Huderlees as they were thick with grit from the recent snow and very slick. Still we managed without too much drama.

It stopped raining around Amberley somewhere and got quite nice in a slightly sub antarctic tundra kind of fashion. We stopped at a cafe in Amberley for another coffee and lunch only to find no power at the Cafe. We thought, 'someone's having a laugh'. However the staff at the Nor'Wester Cafe were GREAT and rustled up some tea from the water in the hot water 'zip heater', put candles out and found some food. It was definitely a bit odd to be enjoying a candle lit morning tea.

That done and feeling refreshed - we cranked up the ST and zombie fashion rode the short distance to Christchurch. I don't think I have ever been so glad to step off a bike as I was when we arrived at Vicki's sister's place and her shower was like heaven.

Christchurch was great. The weather was OK if a bit chilly at times. We got lost a hundred times and wondered how the hell the locals put up with the super intelligent 'detours' that usually detour you into another detour or a no exit street. It's really a prize PIA and the suspension on the poor old ST was found out a few times by sudden pot holes and the motorcross tracks some suburbs call roads.

Friday night was a meet-and-greet at the Sideline Sports Bar. I rode over as it was a bike thing and a few others did the same. I needed to get away smartly though to catch up with yet another family member and I noticed that it was only when I put my helmet on leaving that yes – it started raining again. The dirty streets were now slimy dirty streets – sigh. After a quick backing off of the suspension to pillion / no luggage / motocross we went riding a bit most days despite having a car to use. We were seeing the attractions of a Tiger quite frankly!

Saturday lunchtime we went to the dealers for open house and an organised ride. It was a sunny day so rather than wait for the official ride we decided to bugger off (sorry) for a tour of downtown Christchurch, old haunts and to visit my Dad in his resthome.

However before that we decided to buy Vicki some better gloves as her's had been found wanting on the trip south. Now we specifically told them about our trip and the possibility of more crap on the way home and after inspecting the gloves I was ASSURED twice that these were in fact fine waterproof winter riding gloves.

They did fit Vicki's small hands nicely, were triumph branded and looked swish BUT they proved to be the most non-waterproof, all-weather gloves we have ever seen. They were branded 'all weather' but I suspect there was some small writing that stated 'all the weather you expect in death valley in summer'. However – we could not fault both the service in store and the after sales service from Triumph NZ

and Street n Sport in rectifying the situation. Very disappointed in the gloves – very impressed with the efforts to rectify the situation.

Saturday evening was the 20th birthday party and a great chance to reconnect with people I have not seen for a very long time. We had fun but left early as from the weather report it was now obvious the ride home was going to be even more interesting than the ride down. We needed to be at Picton by 1pm and suspected it would be another slow trip.

After discussions with some braver souls from Auckland (good job lads) we realised that it was likely the ferry would be cancelled (the Interislander was) but as we had not heard from Bluebridge we decided to make a run for Picton as planned on Sunday. This turned out to be yet another bad decision! The weather seemed definitely out to get us.

As I mentioned – we left the Saturday night party early so that we could get a decent night's sleep. It was almost a re-run of our trip south because while we went to bed with the promise of clear weather and stars twinkling in a wintery sky, during the night the wind and rain fired in and woke us up with a solid bang as the front hit. Sigh...

However – we are made of sterner stuff and had jobs to go to, so another early start and after trying not to rouse the house we actually managed to be on the bike and ready to rock at 7:30am to make the 1pm ferry check-in. It was already windy and raining and very brisk outdoors but armed with steely resolve and Vicki's new gloves (haha) we set out. We turned out to be well under gunned for the conditions.

The trip on the northern motorway was one of weary resignation to the elements. It was nice to have the wind behind for a change but if anything it seemed stronger than on the trip down. We splashed past Amberley and Cheviot without much drama but it was getting colder and colder as we climbed into the hills. Well into the Hunderlees we noticed a small car stopped in a layby. As we approached some alarm bells went off and I slowed down.

Sure enough, without warning it just pulled out right in front of us. I hauled the poor overlaid ST up as hard as I dared in the conditions until our copious headlamps were at eye level with the driver and no more than a few metres away. Despite this they never turned or gave any indication they had seen us. Said car then proceeded up the narrowest and bendiest bit of SH1 at a heady 25 to 30kph – now that was scary.

The next bit was the same up-hill heavily gritted bends we worried over on the trip south and I was praying this idiot wouldn't actually stop on them as I'd have no chance of holding the bike on the hill like that. Thankfully we got past OK without too much drama but it had some real potential to get ugly.

Kaikoura again and the same café / same parking spot. Weather was much worse. Now it was actually hailing and then it snowed a bit before settling back into wet gales and tipping rain. Needless to say it was very, very cold.

Coffee never tasted soooo sweet. But time was running out and the weather was worsening so after checking Vicki was OK to continue and her getting into her least wet pair of gloves with merino underneath, we tightened up our trousers and carried on. It was a stupid decision – a motel would have been a better one.

The straights from Kaikoura to the coast were horrible. The wind was so strong we were canted over at an alarming angle while the spray from our progress was blowing away to the right and ahead of us! I've never been overtaken by my own spray before and the exhaust note of the bike sounded just plain weird! At least the wash from the oncoming trucks was now just spray on the other side and not the wind slamming as on the trip south.

Some of the bends around the coastal bluffs were super scary and we let a lot of bigger traffic pass us as we were down to the lower gears a few times. Looking at the ocean off the coast even that far south told us not to expect any ferries to be running but we had not heard from Bluebridge so we plugged on. Talk about target fixation!

Again – the worst part was the Wither Hills between the coast and Blenheim. On one ridge an incredible gust caught the rear of the bike and shoved us onto the other side of the road. Luckily I had enough clear vision ahead and no one was coming so I could let the bike do its thing and then slowly ease the ST back into line without much drama on the slippery roads. We were down to 80kph max now and leaves and small branches (twigs really) were actually overtaking us in places. (no I'm not exaggerating). Things had gone from scary to utterly terrifying again – no place to stop that was not at least as dangerous so we kept rolling.

When we finally hit the down hill into the plains around Blenheim we were mightily relieved as we knew we would get a little shelter and

finally the rain was spluttering out. It was now just unpleasant and the danger had passed.

Blenheim to Picton was relatively relaxed but we were shattered and no time to be heroic. The clock on the ST told us we had timed it about right so took it easy and eventually rolled into the Bluebridge terminal spot on 1pm.

Of course the ferry was cancelled. The lady was apologetic but we cared not a jot. The last thing we needed was to be out there in 10m swells. So, we booked into the Jasmine Court motel with a HUGE multi jet shower and turned up the heat. The lady at the motel was a sweetheart. She let us put the bike in the garage, found extra heating and plied us with free DVD's.

We took a stroll, looked at the aquarium, and contacted our employers to tell them we wouldn't be in on Monday, went to the supermarket and stocked up. That night was another early one but we scoffed a welcome dinner and a bottle of wine while a tree next door thrashed itself to death on the fence.

By 4am the tree stopped thrashing and the world was a brighter place. Big breakfast and yes – ferry is running at 1pm so away we go. The usual hour or so waiting while the ferry gets sorted and up the scary ramp to tie the bike again with 50 million lashings. The trip on the boat was LONG (hour and a half longer than usual due to rough weather) and lumpy as you would expect but there were still more dramas.

I nearly dropped the bike going down the ramp as the idiot at the bottom stopped the last car at the bottom of the ramp just as we headed down it. Thank god we slowed down enough to avoid a full stop and managed with little dignity intact to exit the ship. Naturally it was raining outside and still dark and windy.

The ride up the motorway to home would normally be unremarkable but after the ride we had had so far we were very gun shy and flinching at every gust of wind. Vicki started singing away on the back 'Take me Home Country Roads' which is a sure sign she has had enough adventures and wants home. We finally rolled down the drive at 7.30pm and I was very pleased to get off the bike.

OK – what worked? My Dryrider one piece rain suit was brilliant as was Vicki's 2 piece RST one. The heated grips were a godsend and made the trip doable. My Caberg Rhyno helmet was 'acceptable' but let water into the inside of the visor. The Oxford pillion grip belt I was using really added to Vicki's comfort. The Givi bags leaked a tiny amount (understandable) and the Oxford strap-on 18litre tank bag worked a treat.

My cheapo AXO waterproof boots were semi-waterproof but actually held up pretty good for the \$\$\$. I doubt they are going to be a long time item though. The Sprint ST1050 was a brick. It got slammed and drenched and never missed a beat. Very proud of it really. The suspension is pants (will fix that soon) but very happy really. As usual, Vicki was a star. Never complained or moaned once – you couldn't wish for a better pillion or travelling companion.

What didn't work? The all weather gloves were an epic failure. My anti-fog visor didn't. Our decision making was terrible – we were far too destination focussed and we should have bailed earlier and allowed time either side for weather. Classic destination blindness. The new blood sugar meters us diabetics are now forced to use (type 1) was rubbish and really dangerous. Most of the time it just refused to work when it was cold. That really worried me.

All in all – we said we wanted an adventure and that's what we got. NEVER to be repeated. Just to finish this off. The little 'storm' caused 33 million dollars worth of damage to Wellington alone! Wellington is known as the windiest place in NZ and the infrastructure is built to take it! This was exceptional with gusts recorded on Mt Kaukau of 210kph. No where near that where we were but definitely in the 120kph plus group.

Vicki and I headed out again last Sunday with the Wellington Classic Club for a ride to Lake Ferry Hotel for lunch. We decided to leave the TR6C behind and take the ST just to experience the bike on a nice day! All the way along the coast and out to Kaitoke we were sitting on the bike bricking ourselves and holding on for dear life. Pathetic really.

Once we hit the Rimutakas we were starting to relax a bit and actually enjoying ourselves again. On the way back there were the usual very gusty wind conditions over the hill and you know that the bike hardly shifted a millimetre in them. It certainly renewed our confidence a little in the great grey beast and presumably in ourselves as well. By the time we arrived home we were getting back into the groove and zinging. But it does show just how bad the blasted storm was.

Paul Nuttridge
Wellington TOMCC

The Southern Moose Safari is on again . . . as we did in 2011



**Otago / Southland Chapter of TOMCC NZ is
holding a two-night overnigher at Te Anau**

Fri 11th to Sun 13th October 2013

This is to enable a ride into Milford Sound on Saturday 12th October.

Accommodation at Te Anau is up to you to arrange. Top 10 Holiday Park has a range to suit everyone if you are interested. Contact details 03 249 7462 or 0800 249 746.

Meals and drinks are available at the various restaurants, cafes and hotels in Te Anau.

The ride to Milford will start around 10.30 am on Saturday. This is to enable some people to arrive on Sat and allow us to get back and meet anyone coming just for an overnigher on Sat. As with last time some from further away may arrive Friday night.

Now the ride . . . this is an all weather ride. Come prepared it may be wet and cold. Bring spare fuel for those using older or small tanked bikes – approx 250 kms return from Te Anau to Milford.

If you want to join us on this southern adventure please contact John with numbers

Ph 03 216 9928 or email john.witherington@xtra.co.nz

Maybe this time we'll catch the moose, if not, well, at least it's a great ride.

TRIUMPH OWNERS MCC NZ INC 20TH ANNIVERSARY

Words and Photos: Swannie

The founding of the TOMCC follows a fairly well-worn path. One individual comes up with a good idea, he/she talks it through with a few like-minded mates and bob's your uncle. The key player with respect to the TOMCC was Darryl Payne. Darryl (who owned a '72 Bonneville at the time) gathered together five other Triumph owners and the decision was reached to test the waters in terms of interest by placing an advertisement in a local Christchurch newspaper early in 1993. 'There was no Triumph club at the time, the response from that advertisement was amazing I had about 80 phone calls, mostly from people in Christchurch and all very supportive! We were keen to link with the equivalent British club, but they wanted us to sign up for membership of the UK group and that we figured would make things more complicated and expensive for Kiwis wanting to simply be with locals who were interested in Triumphs, especially older models. TOMCC NZ Inc was officially registered on 12th July 1993.

The first run was an 'informal' Port Hills ride involving five bikes and the first rally was in February '95 in Waikanae (centrally located between Christchurch and Auckland). Soon there were about 120 members, the majority being owners of Meriden Triumphs with the first Hinckley appearing on the register in 1995.



The committee also decided early on to cast a wider net in the sense that the club would also organise more 'public' runs which were open to owners of other British marques.

In many respects, the appearance of modern models from the Hinckley factory was a blessing. Older members of the club are first to acknowledge riding Meriden's gets harder as the body gets older and the new Triumphs appeal to both young and older riders. One thing which has contributed to TOMCC's success is the willingness of older club members to mentor/help younger members.

In the early days, Friday night runs would have up to 20 bikes and regular raffles and other forms of fundraising meant the club was able to set up a registered office in Bexley, sadly this was another building sacrificed to the god of earthquakes in 2010-11. The Canterbury branch has its own marquee and back-up/storage trailer and TOMCC members



are regulars at rallies all over New Zealand. Canterbury's annual 'overnighters' at Whitecliffs are always well attended, members gathering around the camp fire having a drink with their mates, and enjoying a wide variety of food.

The 20th Anniversary Rally saw about 120 bikes assemble in the spacious and well-appointed facilities at Blue Skies in Kaiapoi, just north of Christchurch. After a ride in brilliant conditions to North Canterbury, and time to pick favorite bikes in a number of classes in the bike show (and true to form other marques were included) formalities began. Phil Garrett of Flying Kiwi fame acted as MC and entertained the troops as he jajoled people to form into teams and participate. All given impetus by a table load of prizes. Generous sponsors included: Bike Rider Magazine, Hellers Meats, Jim Beam, Lyttelton Bakery, Street & Sport Motorcycles, and Underground Brown. In many respects, the fact that the TOMCC is in such good health is reason to celebrate, during the 20 years it has been in existence, numerous other equivalent organisations have fallen by the wayside. On this basis alone, it is evident that they have the formula right, all that needs to be said is *congratulations* and keep on doing what you do!



20th Anniversary Celebration, Christchurch, July 2013



**TRIUMPH OWNERS M.C.C. NZ INC.
NOMINATION FORM**

This form is to be used for the purpose of nominating financial members of the Triumph Owners Motor Cycle Club NZ Inc, for the position of an officer of the club. Nominating and voting will be carried out in accordance with Rule 7 of the Registered Constitution of the Club.

**ALL FORMS MUST BE SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE BY THE NOMINEE,
ALONGSIDE THE TITLE BEING NOMINATED FOR, OR WILL BE INVALID.**

PLEASE NOTE: The Nominee Signature is the signature of the person who you want to put forward for office, so they will need to see this form to enable them to sign it.

I,NOMINATE For **PRESIDENT**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

I,NOMINATE For **VICE-
PRESIDENT**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

I,NOMINATE For **MEMBERSHIP
SECRETARY**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

I,NOMINATE For **TREASURER**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

I,NOMINATE For **REGALIA
OFFICER**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

I,NOMINATE For **NEWSLETTER
EDITOR**
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

AREA CO-ORDINATOR

I,NOMINATE For AREA

.....
NOMINEE SIGNATURE

MEMBER NOMINATING:

SIGNATURE, MEMBERSHIP NUMBER.....

**RETURN COMPLETED FORM TO: NOMINATIONS, T.O.M.C.C.
P.O. BOX 5035, WANGANUI 4542
By 1 December 2013**

Tales of Triumph Motorcycles & The Meriden Factory

by Hughie Hancox

The was the first book written by the late Hughie Hancox, one of the worlds leading authorities on Meriden Triumphs and sadly missed by the motorcycling fraternity.

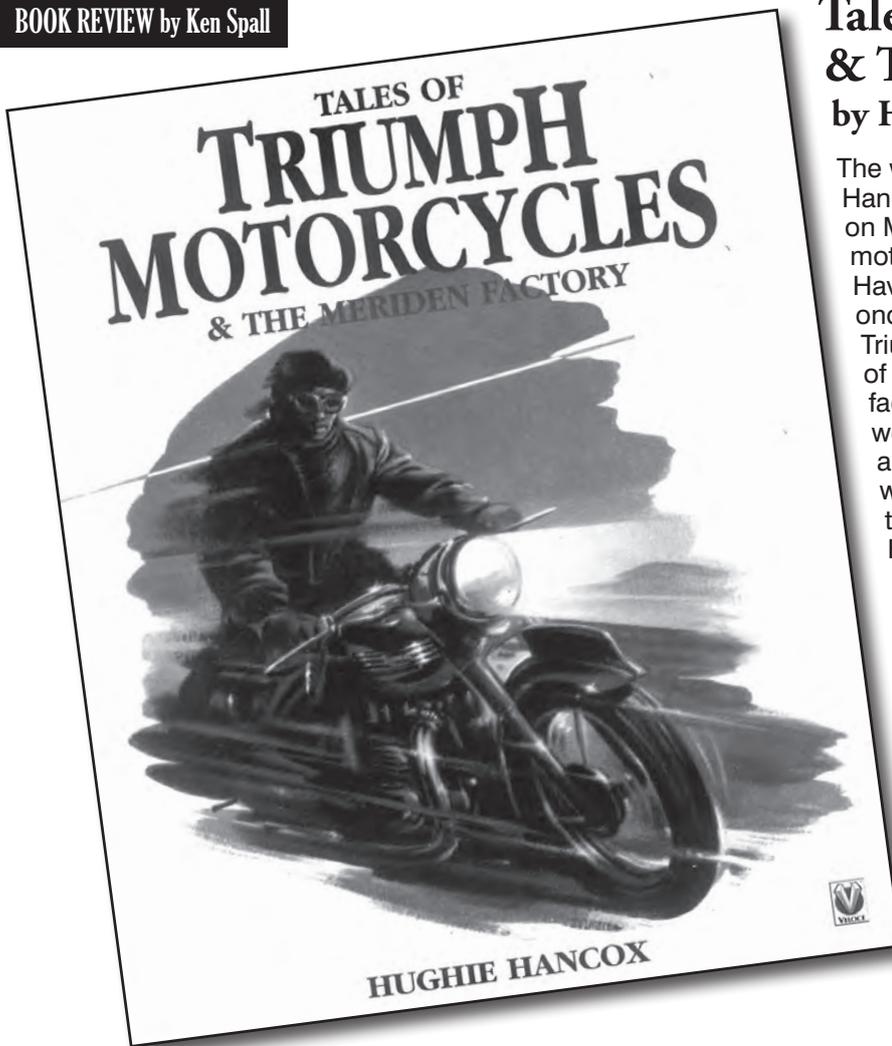
Having been out of print for a while and now once more available, Hughie recalls some of Triumph's historic moments as well as many of the humorous antics and stories from the factory floor during Triumph's heyday when he worked there as a motorcycle engineer. It was an age when British motorcycle manufacturing was more hands-on and an owner could just turn up at the factory to get his bike fixed.

Hughie also spent his National Service serving with the Royal Signals as a member of the White Helmets Motorcycle Display Team and he further recalls his time with this prestigious and highly skilled group of riders.

The book is written in an easy to read style and features many interesting photos from what now seems a rather more care-free period of motorcycling. This is a must-have for any true Triumph enthusiast.

Tales of Triumph Motorcycles & The Meriden Factory
by Hughie Hancox

Published by Veloce UK
www.veloce.co.uk
ISBN 978-1-901295-67-2
Price £24.99UK, plus p&p.





Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers

Lobster Run

12th October 2013

Live band and supper included

All profits made are returned to the community

Changes have been made to this year's ride.

All Bikes and Trikes Welcome

No Patches / Attitudes

Cost: \$35.00

- Pre register as numbers are limited to social evening.
- Entry includes live entertainment and a true Kaikoura Supper
- Registrations open 12th July and close 4th of October. Late entries MAY be available on Thursday the 12th of October if numbers are not met. Late entries will only be accepted on this day by contacting Anita on 027 200 3313. Contact Anita: 027 200 3313 or Suzanne: 0210325244 for more info or email kkcoastalcruisers@yahoo.co.nz.
- Check Facebook (facebook: Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers) for updated info.
- Sign in from 8.30am to 10.00am at the Paua Barn, just north of Kaikoura on State Highway 1.
- Start Time: 10.30am




Proudly sponsored by the Lobster Inn and the Paua Barn

Discounted accommodation available at the Lobster Inn, Alpine Pacific Holiday Park, Norfolk Pine Motels, Lyell Creek Lodge

Note: new committee so new contact details

Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers Entry Form 2013

NAME..... Phone Mobile.....

Pillion..... Email.....

Address..... Bike/Rego.....

INDEMNITY: Upon signing this form, I agree to abide by the rules and regulations governing this event and hereby release the Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers from any liability, for any loss, damage or injury while attending and assume full responsibility for any property damage while participating in this event.

Signed..... Date.....

Payment Enclosed \$..... Cheque/ Internet Banking/ Cash (Please Circle)

Internet banking details: Kiwi Bank, Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers 38-9008-0233280-01 (MUST use name as reference)

Tickets will be posted or emailed on receipt of payment.

Please send filled out registration forms to: Kaikoura Coastal Cruisers, P O Box 10, Kaikoura 7340 or Email: kkcoastalcruisers@yahoo.co.nz.




**20th Anniversary Celebration,
Christchurch, July 2013**



Benefiting charity ASA&N

AMPUTEE SOCIETY OF AUCKLAND
& NORTHLAND(INC.)

TOMCC
Auckland Area

17th Annual

\$25
includes badge

Poker run

19TH OCTOBER 2013

REGO FROM 9AM AT VILLAGE AND VALLEY BAR, 12 OTEHA VALLEY ROAD EXTENSION, ALBANY.
DEPART 10:30 SHARP



Open to all motorcyclists,
riding about 200km

Lots of prizes and give
aways
\$12 lunch at Mangawhai

Come and pre-register on the 12th October at Swashbucklers (23 Westhaven Drive,
Auckland central) from 4pm-6pm and go into the draw for
\$200

Please support our sponsors

PUHOI PUB &
HOTEL



Any questions contact Glenn 021 0329920



2014 TOMCC National Rally Registration form

Celebrating 21 years of TOMCC

Twenty one

7th, 8th & 9th February 2014

OPEN TO ALL MOTORCYCLISTS

The Horahora rally site will be open from 2:00pm on Friday 7th February 2014.

(One form per person)

First name:		Post code:	
Last name:		Email:	
Street:		Mobile:	
Suburb/City:		Phone:	

Bike details

Make:		Model:		Rego:	
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Accommodation

Type Tent Bunk (Bring your own pillow and sleeping bag)
 No. of nights Friday only Saturday only Both Friday & Saturday

Meals (please tick meal preference)	Cost	Please select main meal option	
<input type="checkbox"/> Friday evening	\$22:50	<input type="checkbox"/> cold Ham	<input type="checkbox"/> Beef curry
<input type="checkbox"/> Saturday breakfast	\$12:50	<input type="checkbox"/> Cooked	
<input type="checkbox"/> Saturday breakfast	\$7:00	<input type="checkbox"/> Cereal	
<input type="checkbox"/> Saturday evening	\$22:50	<input type="checkbox"/> Chicken Casserole	<input type="checkbox"/> cold Corned beef
<input type="checkbox"/> Sunday breakfast	\$12:50	<input type="checkbox"/> Cooked	
<input type="checkbox"/> Sunday breakfast	\$7:00	<input type="checkbox"/> Cereal	
TOTAL MEAL COST	\$		

Rally T shirt \$25:00 each.

Size S M L XL XXL
 Colour Black Black or Black

Total Cost: Please complete with your selected options to calculate how much to pay:

Registration fee	\$ 40:00	Payment option: Internet banking. ANZ. TOMCC Waikato Account no: 01 0370 0019518 46 Please include following details on your payment: <i>Surname and bike registration number in the reference section.</i>
Rally T shirt	\$	
Meals	\$	
TOTAL	\$	

Payment option: Cheque. (do not mail cash!)

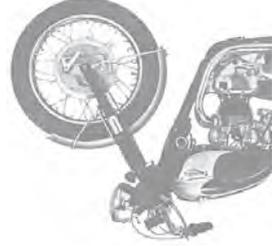
Post the registration form and cheque to: **TOMCC National Rally entry**
P.O. Box 21091, Rototuna, HAMILTON 3256
Pre ordered T-Shirt & meal orders must be received prior to 20th December.
 A rally receipt will be mailed back to you.

Disclaimer: In signing this form I/we agree to abide by all the rules of the rally and will hold blameless all organisers and/or officials connected with the rally for any injury, loss or damage at the rally or travelling to or from the rally. R.O.A.R., No patches, No dogs, No glass, No BYO and No attitudes.

Name: _____ Signed: _____ Date: _____



The Triumph Owners Motor Cycle Club of New Zealand Inc.
If undelivered, please return to 7 Glasgow St, Mosgiel, Otago, New Zealand.



Our Vice-President John Witherington has some requests for members to consider.

1. Break Down List. If you are willing to help another member who's broken down in your area or is having problems with their bike, or if you're willing to provide such things as accommodation or temporary garaging, or for that matter anything else you can offer a member who is in need of urgent assistance, please get in touch with John. He is compiling a list which will eventually be circulated to all current TOMCC NZ members. This offer of help is on a voluntary basis, in the spirit of one club member helping another.

2. Business Services List. If you, or a family member, or a friend, have a business or trade service that can be offered to TOMCC members, likewise, let John know and he will add the name and details to a list to be circulated to members and also to be placed on our website. Don't forget to mention any discounts that can be offered to club members.

3. Meriden and earlier Triumphs. John would like to put together some statistics on how many of the older Triumphs are in the club. Owner and bike details will not be published, just how many and what models of older bikes that we as a club have. John is interested in ALL older Triumphs, running, being restored or just quietly resting as well as the basket cases waiting for their day in the sun.

If you can help with any of the above please contact:
John Witherington, phone: 03 216 9928 or 027 247 2853,
email: john.witherington@xtra.co.nz

**WANTED TO BUY
Triumph 1982 Bonneville Electro
Tidy and original
pref north island
Phone or text 0210634597**

triumph@VGCspares.co.nz
09 576 1424

Workshop facilities

Used Parts

**New-if-not-Used
in stock of the following**

- Cables & Levers
- Pegs & Hangers
- Gaskets & Seals
- Handlebar Switches
- Indicators & Mirrors
- Coils & Electrical Gear
- Gear & Brake pedals
- Twist grips & Bar ends



triumph@VGCspares.co.nz
Original parts for all models from 1991-on

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Triumph Times Editor: Ken Spall
Phone 03 489-1740 email: spall@callsouth.net.nz
7 Glasgow Street, Mosgiel Otago, 9024, New Zealand
The deadline for the next issue of Triumph Times is 7 December 2013