

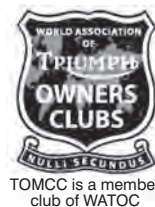


Triumph Times

The national newsletter of the Triumph Owners' Motor Cycle Club of New Zealand Inc.
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www.tomcc.co.nz



Omarama Overnighter - Trip Report, April 2011

Eight rather damp riders assembled midday at Mackers on Great King Street, Dunedin – seven TOMCC members and a guest, Evan, on a rather tasty red Ducati. All damp, certainly, but eager to head off to Omarama for our overnigher.

Bikers do tend to be overly (and understandably) concerned about weather conditions, but I have always found that whatever the gods have chosen to chuck at us we invariably return home happy to have done the trip, rain, hail or shine. This weekend was to be no exception, apart from a few brief spells it was wet more or less for the whole weekend.

Steve suggested that for a change we should try the coast road from Waianakarua and then turn off at Kakanui heading to the Maheno pub which was to be our first stop where we were due to meet up with Wayne from Christchurch and Ants from Timaru.

As we were all well spread out it did not bother me too much to begin with when I found I had been travelling on my own for a few k's, but then an increasing feeling of "oh, bugger, I think I've missed a turn-off" and yes, I soon realised that I should have turned off at Kakanui. My excuse is that it's my first time on this stretch of road and I was concentrating on really enjoying this delightful piece of coastal highway.

It was not long before a turn-off heading inland presented itself with a nice long, dead straight piece of tarseal. This was going to be the long way round to the Maheno pub, so it was time to stoke the boilers and go for it. Coming out just south of Oamaru, I eventually made it back to the Maheno pub just as the others were ordering their drinks.

A very convivial time was enjoyed by all during which time Wayne and Ants arrived, wet but in high spirits.

It was a tight knit bunch of 10 who wound our soggy way along the back roads through Five Forks and Tokarahi. The road diving down through small vales and cutting past impressive limestone bluffs and cliffs before coming out at Duntroon. A brief stop to re-group and we all agreed to push on to Kurow for a break and to re-fuel. Heading off down the traffic-free long straights along the Waitaki River proved to be too much of a temptation and the ride turned into

a bit of a race – I was happy to see just over a ton on the Bonnie's speedo. That was enough for me.

It was raining steadily by the time we pulled into Kurow, so after fuelling up some of us sought the warmth of the local bar while others enjoyed the quirky atmosphere of what appeared to be the only shop open in Kurow – a secondhand bookshop, but with a difference. The shop was totally packed with thousands of books of all kinds randomly stacked shoulder high with a very narrow winding walkway between the book stacks. The shopkeeper, equally quirky, regaled us with tales of an early Triumph Speed Twin he had owned as a youngster.

Leaving the others still enjoying their pints and hot pies in the pub some of us headed off eager to get to Omarama for a bit of a warm up. Approaching the Waitaki Dam I slowed down for a quick glimpse and once more admired the old structure. What wonderful things can be created with concrete. At about this time John was catching up, so on reaching the Aviemore Dam a little further up the road, we both headed across and stopped for a quick perve at yet another magnificent concrete creation.

Coming off the dam the road winds its leisurely way along the northern shore of Lake Aviemore so John and I proceeded in an equally appropriate fashion. And such a delight it was, no traffic, the rain was easing off and the narrow road wound its gentle way through avenues of gorgeous autumn clad trees – wet and shiny, oranges, yellows and reds. Just quietly cruising along at about 70 or 80kmh, an excellent ride.

Coming out onto the top of the Benmore Dam required us to stop for an appreciative look at this beautiful piece of civil engineering. It did of course give us a chance to make sure that the lake level was at its required height, and yes, with a bit of help from the weekends rain it was just about right.

Coming down off the Benmore dam and trundling through the hills it was only a short ride to Omarama and finally the welcome opportunity to dry out and relax. Our cabins were soon festooned with wet riding gear hanging off any available chair or bunk corner and with heaters turned up hopefully it would be dry enough for the next days return home.

A roaring fire greeted us at the pub, where, predictably enough we spent the rest of the evening enjoying each other's company over a few beers and tequilas. The pub restaurant meals were basic but well cooked – except for the curry – according to Pat, a bitter disappointment.

At closing time it was a casual stroll back to the motor camp, but not before having mounted the large sheep sculpture dominating the village centre. One can only wonder how the locals would have regarded a couple of ageing bikers doing unspeakable things to their stone sheep!

Sunday morning dawned thankfully dry and after a hearty fried breakfast at a local eatery it was down to discussing our return route home. Our Canterbury guests were heading north up through the lakes while some of us would go back via the Lindis Pass. John suggested that we go back with Pat, Liz and Dylan

Continued on next page



who wanted to call in to visit a friend in Tokarahi and then head over Dansey Pass towards home.

By the time we had got back to Kurow the rain had set in again and after a quick re-fuel we found our soggy way back to Tokarahi where we were treated to a hearty hot vege stew for lunch, courtesy of Pat's friend Dave. The welcome warmth and great company was getting rather too comfortable and besides, John still had to make his way all the way back to Invercargill.

So reluctantly John and I took our leave and headed off in continuing rain to find our way to the beginning of the Dansey Pass road. As we started riding up into the hills the rain stopped and didn't start again until we descended into Naseby after about 60km of narrow, winding gravel road. It was the first time either of us had negotiated this mountain road and it really is worth the trip. Even in overcast weather some of the views across the steep hills and deep valleys were stunning.

About 15km in from the start of the Dansey Pass road we stopped off at the Dansey Pass Lavendar Farm, seemingly in the middle of nowhere with a bright purple gateway looking attractive but a little out of place against all the high country colours and textures, but it was an ideal spot for getting a couple of small gifts for my dear wife.

After negotiating a seemingly endless series of rock strewn, tight bends with steep drops off to the side the road suddenly seemed to become a driveway up to someone's house ending up alongside the Dansey Pass Hotel – as good an excuse as any for a break and a welcome cuppa. But next time I won't bother. Apart from a cost of \$10 for a pot of tea for two, the negative attitude of the lady who served us did nothing to make us feel welcome. In future I'll just take a flask of tea with me and sit outside.

Shortly before dropping down into Naseby the road reverted back to tar seal and at the same time the rain started up again and before long John and I had arrived back on the main road, Highway 85. After a brief chat John headed off home via Alexandra while I took the Ranfurly direction and then turned off at Kyeburn, at which point the rain was replaced by very high winds making it an uncomfortable ride back home to Mosgiel, but so what, it had been thoroughly enjoyable weekend.

I would like to thank all of you who were able to come to Omarama – its the good company that really makes the weekend memorable.

Ken, Otago & Southland TOMCC



WATOC cloth patches

After having sold out of the WATOC cloth badges I have had a number of enquiries from members who had missed out on being able to purchase one. So for those of you who are still interested, I am expecting another delivery sometime over the next few weeks.

As previously, they will be available for sale at \$10 each including postage (NZ only). The badges are white on black and about 85 x 70mm in size.

Please let me have your order by email or phone: ph 03 489 1740 or e-mail: spall@callsouth.net.nz



TOMCC HISTORY – contributions wanted

To mark our twentieth anniversary in 2013, John Milligan and I are compiling a history of the club in the form of an A4 sized book of about 32 pages in length. Some of our members may remember that a preliminary draft of this was tabled at our last AGM in Wanganui this year.

The history is well underway with already a large number of contributions both written and photographic from the various chapters around the country. This publication has already been five years in the making and of course as time goes on it needs to be kept up to date. In this instance what we now need is recent information, written or photos, that you as a member or as a chapter would like to see included in this history. If you have something you'd like to contribute please get in touch with either John Milligan (Canterbury TOMCC) or myself.

Also there are a number of chapters for which we have no historical information at all, recent or otherwise. These are Northland, Franklin, Taranaki and Manawatu. I'm sure members in these chapters would like to be included in the history of TOMCC. So if you have something to contribute, even if its only a few photos and a couple of paragraphs of text, please get in touch with either John or myself. If you're having difficulty putting something together, please let us know, we may be able to help.

Contact:

John Milligan, ph 03 339 6430 or
Ken Spall 03 489 1740,
email spall@callsouth.net.nz

The Hairy Bikers' Great Sausage Casserole

The Hairy Bikers' take on sausage and beans makes a wonderfully warming and filling dish, and it freezes brilliantly.

Ingredients

1–2 tbsp sunflower oil	2 tbsp tomato purée
12 good quality pork sausages	1 tbsp Worcestershire sauce
6 rashers rindless streaky bacon, cut into 2.5cm lengths	1 tbsp dark brown muscovado sugar
2 medium onions, thinly sliced	1 tsp dried mixed herbs
2 garlic cloves, crushed	2 bay leaves
1/2–1 tsp hot chilli powder or smoked paprika	3–4 sprigs of fresh thyme
1 x 400g can chopped tomatoes	100ml red or white wine (optional)
300ml chicken stock	1 x 400g can butter beans or mixed beans
	salt and freshly ground black pepper

Preparation method

Heat a tablespoon of the oil in a large non-stick frying pan and fry the sausages gently for 10 minutes, turning every now and then until nicely browned all over. Transfer to a large saucepan or a flameproof casserole dish and set aside.

Fry the bacon pieces in the frying pan until they begin to brown and crisp then add to the sausages.

Place the onions in the frying pan and fry over a medium heat for five minutes until they start to soften, stirring often. You should have enough fat in the pan, but if not, add a little more oil.

Add the garlic and cook for 2–3 minutes more until the onions turn pale golden-brown, stirring frequently.

Sprinkle over the chilli powder or smoked paprika and cook together for a few seconds longer.

Stir in the tomatoes, chicken stock, tomato purée, Worcestershire sauce, brown sugar and herbs.

Pour over the wine, or some water if you're not using wine, and bring to a simmer.

Tip carefully into the pan with the sausages and bacon and return to a simmer, then reduce the heat, cover the pan loosely with a lid and leave to simmer very gently for 20 minutes, stirring from time to time.

Drain the beans and rinse them in a sieve under cold running water. Stir the beans into the casserole, and continue to cook for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the sauce is thick.

Season to taste with salt and freshly ground black pepper and serve with rice or slices of rustic bread.

Ken and Pat recently
"Thunderbirding"
through the Catlins.



New Plymouth Overnighter 2011 (1)

An interesting overnight trip to New Plymouth was enjoyed by all. Thanks to Abbo, Ralph and the club committee members for their organisation.

Present on the trip, were Abbo and Dayle, Ralph, Brendon and Kath, Westy and Robyn, Hoss, Mo and Adie, Bob, Todd, Sharon, Scott and Karen, Cos. Mo and Adie lead the ride to New Plymouth.

The group departed from outside the Wanganui club rooms at about 8.30am on Saturday morning in wet weather. The first stop was at Hawera for hot coffee and a break. Then the group headed for the Belt Road Holiday Park in New Plymouth. The accommodation was excellent - great value for money with great sea views to sit back and look at.

We all walked along the water front to be greeted by Chaddy from Chaddy's Charters an ex - Wanganui man who used to train in the boxing ring with Abbo and Ralph in their younger days. Those guys all go back along way together. We all climbed aboard Chaddy's charter boat which is powered by twin diesel engines. The boat is named Rescue 3" and it used to be a rescue boat in Liverpool, imported to New Zealand as tourist venture many years ago.

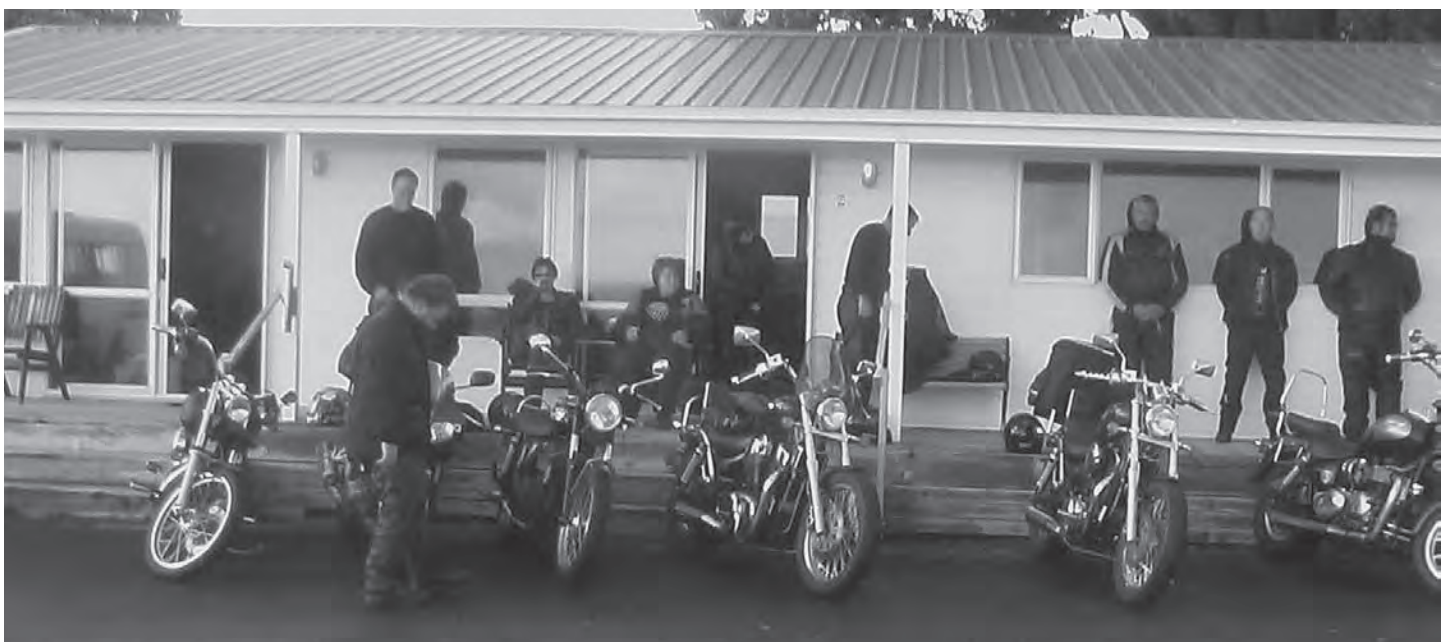
We all cruised around in the boat for about an hour in the not so calm sea, looking at all the sights and watching the seals lying around on the warm rocks and of course listening to Chaddy talk about the history of Port Taranaki. Thanks to the T.O.M.C.C of Wanganui for funding the boat excursion.

After the excursion we all returned to the holiday park for a social drink or three with Chaddy, to listen to a few more humorous jokes and laughter about his fishing days with Ralph Tasker.

Di and Al and their friends from the New Plymouth Triumph club chapter met up with our group for dinner and a few more drinks on the Saturday night at the New Plymouth Fishing and Under Water Club. A very nice club and well worth the visit. Abbo the Acrobat was able to show us a short cut walking back to the holiday park in the dark later that night. Cos came to his rescue, good man Cos.

On Sunday morning the crew decided to head for home, riding down the Taranaki Opunake Scenic Coast Highway stopping for breakfast at Oakura. The last stop for the weekend was at the Kai-iwi Tavern for a well over due refreshment stop.

Hoss, Wanganui TOMCC



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The deadline for the next issue of Triumph Times is 9 September 2011

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New Plymouth Overnighter 2011 (2)

Saturday 7th May, 8am and it's raining, but that didn't stop 15 Wanganui TOMCC members from gathering at the clubrooms for the first overnight trip of the year to New Plymouth. I always look forward to these weekends away so wasn't going to let a bit of rain dampen [excuse the pun] my enthusiasm.

With Mo given the honour of leading, the plan was to make Hawera the first stop where we'd indulge in some of what the local bakery had to offer before heading to New Plymouth.

With clearing skies and still fairly dry we arrived in Hawera, quick stop at the bakery and off again. Arriving in New Plymouth after a heavy downpour to clear skies and a calm sea we checked into our rooms at the Belt Road Camp Ground, sorted our gear and headed down to the waterfront where Abbo had organized a boat trip with Chaddy's Charters around the islands outside the port.

After an enjoyable but somewhat choppy jaunt on the high seas it was back to the camp ground where I copped some stick for washing my bike. Had sort of planned to do that before anyone got back but wasn't quick enough.

Still early in the afternoon, the decision was made to find the local bottle store and stock up for an afternoon session – it's got to be 5oclock somewhere in the world so that's good enough for me.

Highly recommend Belt Road Camp Ground, sitting there on the veranda, in good company with a few beers, looking out at that view was pretty cool. A short time later we were joined by Todd who rode up after work, lots of laughs and a few more beers later and it's time to head back down to the waterfront where we met Al and Di and Ian and Sharon from Taranaki TOMCC for tea at the Sport fishing club.

It's always good to catch up with the Taranaki guys. Again, a very enjoyable few hours were spent there, good to see Karen throwing caution to the wind and trying Scallops for a change, but as always, the events of the day start to take their toll and it's time to head back to our rooms. Amazing how one person starts yawning and sets everyone else off.

As predicted, the wind is starting to get up as we walk back to our units but it's easy enough, apart from the grass walkway back up to the campground which has a fairly steep bank next to it. I would imagine if you went down there you'd almost roll right to the bottom, I wouldn't be surprised if that's been done before today.

Sunday morning and we're greeted with a reasonably fine day after a night of howling gales and driving rain. I found myself getting up at various times through the night to check that none of the bikes had blown over, I half expected it with wind being as strong as it was.

With the bikes packed up and a group

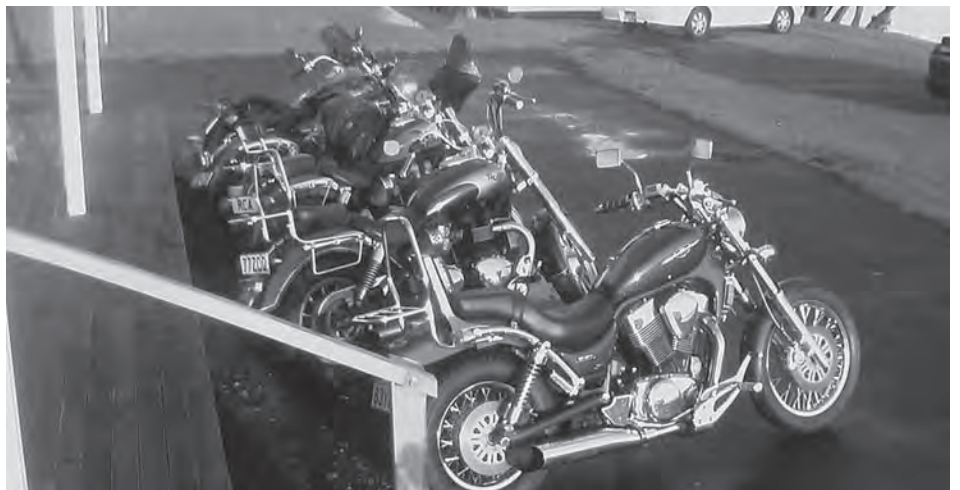
photo taken of us on the veranda of our units, it was time to go. Oakura was about 15ks down the road with a gas station and a cafe where we could get breakfast so that was the plan. Gassed up and ready to eat we converged on the cafe, not a bad place to stop if you're heading through that way, prices weren't bad either.

With breakfast over and Mo doing lead duties again we were off, with a smoke stop in Hawera, Kai-iwi Pub for a pint, then home.

It was nice to have everyone ride as a group, both there and back. The offer was made coming home for those who want to go on ahead can do so, but everyone was just happy to cruise along. Nicely led ride Mo, awesome.

Thanks to Abbo for organizing, thanks to those who came away – brilliant weekend. Hopefully we can get more members away on the next one, which as far as I understand is not too far away.

Scott, Wanganui TOMCC



Slow Trip with a Speed King

I Shared A Ferry With Marty Dickerson

. . . in 1987 or thereabouts. It's one of those memories that make me wish I could grab time and stop its passage, in case something else comes along, the significance of which I fail to appreciate. The problem with youth is that time has no concept, it's all ahead of you judged only by what little is behind you.

I had not witnessed real change. But I can never work out why I failed to recognise that when some things are gone. I regret never going to Meriden before they knocked it down. Or visiting the old MG factory at Abingdon. Only by chance did I witness the penultimate flight of the Mosquito. My father tells me I've met Dennis (Jenks) Jenkinson, Stirling Moss's co pilot in the 1955 Mille Miglia, as he emerged through the mist at Elvington airfield, but I don't remember.

There are some things and people you imagine to be permanent. War heroes at Remembrance Sunday, home, Stonehenge, foxhunting and parallel twins. They'd always been there.

In the 20 years that have passed war heroes have gone from the old men in hairdresser's waiting rooms goading the hairdresser to take my hair an inch shorter, to the few frail reflective beings who've seen it all. In the '80's they were more numerous, certainly on car ferries to France and the endless memorials along the coastline. Their view of young motorcyclists was bound to be less than charitable.

Even amongst the motorcycle scene, gentlemen Vincent riders would feel the side had been let down by a hairy Triumph rider. Thus when 2 Vincents rolled up alongside me at the port of Dover, I expected little and wasn't disappointed.

They're called "endless summers", and they certainly lasted a lot longer than they do today. My only concern as I sat on the Triumph with the map laid out across the tank bag was whether to head East to the Alps or just South.

Out of the corner of my eye four people alighted off well-laden, well used Vincents. The plump couple nearly caught my eye but the younger scary looking woman played out her well rehearsed ignorance like someone who's just taken delivery of a new Harley.

And the sun shone, as it always does when you're young. The Triumph between my legs, my worldly possessions slung fore and aft as I too effected a well rehearsed posture, which I've happily grown out of.

So what was the big deal with 'scary', the Vincent or the miserable old boy who hobbled around like someone who'd lost his horse?

With a wave we rumble into the bowels of the ferry, all anticipation and tappet rattles. Not so the 'jap' rider with the 'Bucks Fizz' haircut, who revs in behind. Well worn

I am sure those of you who appreciate our motorcycling history here in New Zealand will enjoy this article by Nigel Winter.

Nigel, a Triumph enthusiast, has also written a book, *Travels With Mr Turner*, just published and hot off the press. It's about Edward Turner, and his "Gaffer's Gallop" from Lands End to John O' Groats in 1953 on a 150cc Triumph Terrier. Nigel retraces his route on a modern day Triumph Thunderbird 900. Written in a unique style, Nigel tells the story of the ride and also the madcap post-war history of Triumph in its glory days. Witty, perceptive and a great read. I have bought a copy of the book myself and I can certainly recommend it as being a worthwhile addition to your Triumph library.

Further information (and a 20% discount to TOMCC members) is available from www.panther-publishing.com Just enter TOMCC in the Voucher box when ordering online or say you are a TOMCC member, (or member of an international Triumph club) if phoning or writing.

leathers and a collapsible walking stick strapped to the bike, we were all unlikely travelling companions.

Motorcyclists or not, we still weren't talking as we made our way up the stairs. The short old boy looking like he could drop at any minute, only his heavy moustache hiding his frown. Vincents, so what?

In the coffee lounge I fell into conversation with 'Bucks Fizz'. And a typical conversation of solo male motorcyclists it was. There was more to France than sun and wine for 'Bucks' and he intended to pack it all in before meeting his wife and daughter in the South, 2 days later.

There was something about that ferry as a middle-aged Frenchman wafted by with his slinky girlfriend in tow who was young enough to be his daughter. How we knew she wasn't . . . well, we were both world weary men of the open road as we constantly told each other.

Then our attention turned to 'Scary', her scorpion tattoo, tatty leathers an' all. A young man's fancy, you'd have thought, but the self importance was overpowering as grumpy sat waist height to his cappuccino, his moustache soaked in froth, still frowning.

The first sight of France stimulates excitement. The white breakers crash on the miles of sandy shoreline. I was then, as now, a nervous traveller. Calais a seedy looking place, has all the atmosphere of an occupied town. Sun, litter, Galoise, sagging Citroens, old women and poodles. I want me mum!

As if by magic the plump Vincent riders and I are in conversation. I'm not sure how it began or who started it. Perhaps it was the French effect.

They turned out to be publicans from Manchester. Father and daughter who only permitted jazz to be played in their pub, which only served real ale. Some years were to pass before I could mix beer and jazz or indeed anything and jazz.

Slowly but surely Calais loomed large. as we found our way back down to our pride and joys. Even 'Scary' is talking to me, albeit, without a smile. Well you can ask too much.

She hid any trace of surprise that I was travelling alone on my beloved Triumph 650 by informing me that at the Vincent rally, to which she was heading, ". . . they would even let you in on that..." – Ouch. My stock value, which was never high was about to plummet.

I felt her take hold of the conversation and steer it I knew not where. We ended up at a crossroads, the only way out of which was for 'Scary' to confirm her travelling companion.

"That's Marty Dickerson".

"Who's Marty Dickerson?" – Touché.

Then it occurred to me. Grumpy (or Marty to his pals) wasn't so much grumpy as really very old. Whatever temptation I was presented with by the security of a weekend spent in the company of like minded souls was now banished by the scorpions sting. I started up and joined the queue to get off the ferry.

We all sat there under a clear French sky, engines throbbing. All except 'Bucks Fizz' who's engine buzzed. But things were looking promising for his 48 hours of freedom, as the publicans daughter could hardly take her eyes off him. Hope he liked real ale and Louis Armstrong.

And we were off. Marty (as I now called him) being as rock solid on the bike as he was unstable on his feet.

Out in the empty silence of the French countryside. A patchwork of fields under a burning sky, the skylark and heat haze interrupted by the sight and rumble of two mighty Vincents. I watched them in their demonic black livery, rumble down a straight empty road, feeling almost sorry at going our separate ways – and I never saw them again.

Long after my return, I basked before an impromptu audience of the venerable Newcastle Polytechnic Motorcycle Club. Yes I had been abroad on an old Triumph. No problem. Nervous, hell no. And there was an old copy of a bike magazine.

On the cover twas he indeed – Marty who as he'd been briefly known. Now on every magazine shelf pictured along side a full fairing Vincent at the Bonneville salt flats – "you mean you don't know who he is?" I exclaimed "tsk, call yourself a biker".

Continued on next page

And thereafter for the next 20 years I never gave Marty a second thought. Happy days.

Twenty years on. Things have changed. Same bike, same jacket, but I don't fit into the same trousers (damn it). Triumph have gone and come back. Classic bikes include Japs and Ted Simon has gone around the world for a second time.

Graduation was expected to bring endless wealth enabling me to retire at 40. The rest of my life would be spent saving the rain forest interspersed with endless trips abroad that give you that kind of karma that only motorcycling on a classic bike on empty foreign roads can bring. And that's just what happened . . . like hell!

Excitement – well that's paying the mortgage. The bonus is the *Motorcycle Diaries*. A double bonus came with the movie *The Worlds Fastest Indian*, which came to town for 2 full days. On the big screen another old boy – Burt Munro – tops 200 mph on an old Indian Scout.

Bonneville salt flats in the 60's was the place to be for good ole boys who liked building crazy things in sheds and giving them an audible airing.

One Rollie Free turns up in the film (he who took a Vincent down the salt whilst lying flat out in nothing more than a pair of swimming togs). On seeing Burt's bike he exclaims, "hell that motysickle is about as stable as my second wife". Rollie, with a young man who stars with him, is nothing



Burt Munro (left), Marty's wife and Marty Dickerson.

if not a sportsman. Both work to bend the rules to make sure that Burt, who's came all the way from Invercargill, New Zealand, gets a ride "down the salt".

And the other rule bending sportsman is a young Marty Dickerson long before a certain lady with a scorpion tattoo was even born.

I recall following Marty and "Bucks" across the boat to our bikes. The other old people in air conditioned coaches probably thought it was a poor advert for motorcycling. "Bucks" injuries caused him

to roll to the right whilst walking and Marty stooped forward, short and bow legged.

But I disagree for the only damned good reason I need. When you're 85 would you rather take a bus to France in a cardigan, or ride a 1000cc motorcycle with a tattooed woman half your age ?

Nigel C Winter.

Triumph in top gear thanks to celebrity riders

Triumph, the British motorcycle manufacturer, is forecasting that profits will double this year on the strength of unofficial celebrity endorsements from the likes of Prince William and the Hollywood actor Tom Cruise.

Tue Mantoni, its commercial director, said profit before interest and tax would jump from £1.5m to more than £3m, on turnover up 44pc to £180m, in the year to June 30. Triumph's fortunes are looking up since it lost £4.6m in 2002-03 after a factory fire.

Mr Mantoni said motorcycle fans were flocking back to the famous marque, because it was seen as a credible alternative to America's Harley-Davidson. He said: "We want to grow the business by 20pc per year for the next three years." Reports that Triumph was in the red in 2004 were inaccurate because the figures did not include retail sales, he added.

A number of famous customers were creating a "halo effect". Prince William had been spotted riding a £7,000 Triumph Daytona 650, while the Formula One driver Michael Schumacher was another Triumph owner. Mr Mantoni said: "It definitely helps sales. Michael Schumacher has chosen to ride a Speed Triple. It's fantastic."

Among Triumph's 11 models, a big success is the £11,000 Rocket III, which has a 2.3-litre engine and a top speed "limited" by law to 150mph. Tom Cruise has bought one.

Reproduced with thanks and acknowledgement to *The Daily Telegraph*, UK.

We want our bike back

When the Northland Chapter first got going we had a wonderful guy, Alan Beardsall, who helped us get started. Even though he never got to be a member he was always there to help with BBQ's, tidy up and even helped us start our bank account. Without his help we wouldn't be where we are today, but unfortunately he passed away after suffering with a fatal brain tumour. He is missed by us all. Most of you wouldn't have got to know him, but if you had, you would know what I mean as to what a great chap he was.

Anyway he had a rare early 1000cc triumph in his shed and when his widow went down to the shed one day some low life had stolen the bike.

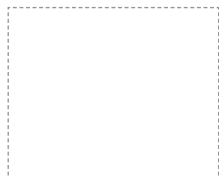
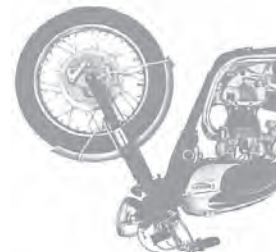
Bulldozer, Northland TOMCC



Plate No: 33SOO Cert No: 126980310/00
Make: Triumph Model: Daytona
CC Rating: 1000 Vin / Chassis: SMTTC343ADNOO2437
Engine No: 2437 Registered in Otahuhu 14th August 1992



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



Come ride the southern roads with us...

Southern Rider Escapade 2011

By successfully touring the "Escapade" Route laid out on your "Escapade sheet" and returning your completed sheet to the organisers, you will receive your 2011 Southern Rider Escapade Badge. **No badge if you don't complete the questions in the set time.**

Having received your entry form and fee, we will send you your Escapade Sheet in the week after entries close. You then have until the **30th November 2011** to return your completed Escapade questions to the organisers.

The "Escapade" can be traveled at any time after you receive your Escapade Sheet until the closing date. This allows you to journey in your own time and at your own pace, or to join with others to travel together and make a holiday of it.

We anticipate that the actual Escapade will be a distance between 1000 - 1200km, but you need to add any distance required to get to and from the Escapade route.

**When: From 1st September 2011
until 30th November 2011**
Where: South Island New Zealand



Prepaid Entries Only

2011 Southern Rider Escapade Entry Form

Please send all entries to: Southern Rider, 420 South Road, Caversham, Dunedin, 9012 by 21 August 2011

My entry fee

\$ 20

All moneys raised goes towards running of the website and server and Southern Rider Events.
Any leftovers will go into a savings account until enough is raised for a charitable donation.

Internet Banking
PSIS - DK Forsyth
02-1242-0004236-031

If using internet banking please put your full name in the particulars and references.

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Cheque

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Internet Banking

Payment to be made by bank or personal cheque made out to: DK Forsyth - NO CASH BY MAIL please

INDEMNITY: In signing this form, I hereby agree to abide by the rules and regulations governing this event, and to hold free from any liability the Southern Rider organising committee or any officer or member thereof for any injury or accidental damage or loss whatsoever including injury or damage or loss which may occur whilst traveling to, traveling on, or traveling from the "Southern Rider Escapade".

Please print clearly so I can read your writing

Have you done the Escapade before?

☐

Yes

☐

No

Surname: _____ First Name: _____

Postal Address: _____ Post Code: _____

Email: _____ Bike: _____

Signed: _____ Bike type and size, there may be spot prizes involved this year.
ie: Smallest bike attempting the Escapade.

NOTE: Only one entry per entry form. Please feel free to photocopy and distribute amongst your friends or obtain one from:

for more info

www.southernrider.co.nz

SOUTHERN RIDER ESCAPADE 2011

The Escapade is a bike road rally with a slight difference. You are given a route to take, and along this route you must answer questions that are given on a question sheet. You then return the question sheet with your answers. Then your badge is sent out to you after the close off date for completing the Escapade.

The dates are not set in stone for a weekend that you do it on. You have from 1 September 2011 till 30th November 2011, a period of 3 months to complete. You can do it in your own time, by yourself or with a group. You can do it in one go or a couple of days and make it a holiday away. You can do it in any order you like as long as you get all the questions.

URGENTLY NEEDED

More contributions from you, the members of TOMCC.

Trip reports, photos, technical articles, controversial opinions, member profiles, stories, letters, bike tests and anything of interest to bikers

We want them all to make this an interesting and worthwhile newsletter.