



Triumph Times

The national newsletter of the Triumph Owners' Motor Cycle Club of New Zealand Inc.
Published Quarterly

SEPTEMBER 2010

www.tomcc.co.nz



TOMCC is a member club of WATOC

17th TOMCC National Rally

Open to ALL motorcyclists

**11 – 13
February
2011**

**Entry costs:
\$45 Prepaid
(includes Rally Badge)
Must be prepaid
before 14th January.**

**\$50 At the gate
(No Rally Badge)**

**Accommodation: Cabin/Bunk,
Plenty of tent sites available.
(Cabins allocated to South
Islanders first)**



**Scoutlands,
Lake Wairitoa,
Wanganui**

**Rally Shirt:
Black, Blue or White
Must be prepaid by:
14th January 2011**

**Pre-paid meals,
see application form**

**Bar facilities, Food sales,
Free tea/coffee,**

Pre paid Rally ride lunch available

Live band Friday and Saturday evening.

**Post Registration Form with cheque payable to:
Wanganui TOMCC, PO BOX 5035, WANGANUI**

The New TOMCC Website

I would like to take the opportunity to thank everyone who has given me feedback on the site. Most of the feedback was very positive and some people made some very good suggestions about ways the site could be improved. I thought it would be a good thing to share the thoughts behind what has become our new online home.

When taking on the job of being site administrator my first thought was to build a site that would be appealing. (No offence Blair). It needed to look "Triumph" hence the colours used. It also needed to be relevant, so it has the badge featured showing the Meriden Triumph logo, and also the new logo. I wanted the site to be appealing enough to make other Triumph owners to take us seriously and want to join up, after all, it is our "shop window". Triumph NZ were very supportive when I approached them to ask what I could and couldn't use on the site. The Go Your Own Way logo was the only thing they didn't want used. Fair enough.

The Events page is working well and I have had a lot of good feedback about that.

The main idea was to have all events listed on the one page so that everyone knew what everyone else was doing, thus creating more inclusion, but also so that if you wanted to head off somewhere for the weekend, you didn't have to go from Chapter page to Chapter page to find out what's happening. It also allows for inclusion of events that are not necessarily TOMCC.

The forum is up and running with over 30 members having registered on it so far. I would like to encourage TOMCC members to join the forum as it is a really good way to form friendships and share information, thoughts, experiences etc with others. Personally I have "met" a few people through the forum that are not too far away and I intend to catch up with in the near future. Like all forums, it will only be successful if

people contribute to it to keep the interest going. When you log on to the forum all new posts are marked and it is easy to keep up with what's happening there. One of the great advantages of having a forum is that you can get to know people from other chapters, so when you are away you feel that you can contact people in that area because there is already a connection made.

The whole site has been built with Triumph Owners in mind, to build the national community and bring unity to the club as a whole. To give people the opportunity to meet people from different parts of the country who you may not otherwise meet.

The intention behind the Gallery page is for members to have pictures of themselves and/or bikes as a means of helping to put names to faces and get to know one another, so if you have a pic of you with your bike, send it to me and I will add it to the Gallery page.

Thanks again for all your feedback. It has made this rather large task all worthwhile.

Les Oxnam

**Re-vamped TOMCC
website is now
up and running -
www.tomcc.co.nz**

Otago/southland TOMCC Overnighter to Moeraki

It was hardly a crowd, but rather a keen quartet as we headed north out of Dunedin on a winter jaunt simply for the hell of. We had all grown a little tired of staying at home enduring rather less than perfect riding weather, so we decided to take in a short winter ride with an overnighter somewhere close. Moeraki was the destination. Also we would have Wayne, Nigel and Ants coming down from Christchurch via Omarama.

John and Kevin were already at the north end when I arrived, with Dylan arriving soon after. A couple of other riders had rung earlier wanting to join us just for the day, but as it was they didn't turn up so just the four of us wound our way round the delightful old north road out of Dunedin. One day I will make the effort to stop a few times to just take in the awesome views – on such a winding, twisty road there is not much time for gazing at the scenery, but we could enjoy swinging round the bends.

On the way down to Waitati I was keeping an eye open for Dylan in my rear view mirrors (of course we all look out for





each other) as he was at the tail end – I glanced again and he was gone! I stopped and waited a while, then turned round to look for him, naturally worrying that he might have had a mishap. A fair way up the road and no Dylan. I had passed “Shortcut Road”, so that must have been the way he went. So I turned and carried on back again, eventually catching up with Kevin and John, but still no Dylan. We agreed to continue to Waitati, and after a few moments there was Dylan coming towards us. He continued past, so we stopped, expecting him to turn and re-join us, but again no sign of him. We continued on and then there he was coming towards us yet again! So much for short cuts.

After coming out on the main road north we turned off again taking the scenic route through Seacliff and Karitane and going over what seemed interminable railway crossings and being aware of one or two quite tricky corners which could catch out the unwary, but an enjoyable ride when you know about them.

Coming into Palmerston we spotted a black late model Daytona parked up at the petrol station, and he came over just as we were parking up at the cafe. I recognised the voice and on removing his helmet recognised Steve who had also come up from Dunedin. He had been in touch with Ants, Wayne and Nigel who were on their way down from Christchurch. As they had taken the long way round, he was going to meet up with them at Kurow, but as it was Steve stayed with us as far as Moeraki.

On our way out of Palmerston Kevin led us down the turn off towards the Horse Range and Trotters Gorge. I had never been down this road before and what a hidden little gem it is. The country road gently winds up past Horse Range and then drops into a limestone gorge of strange shaped cliffs and rock outcrops with glimpses of deep caves partially covered by vegetation. The road eventually comes out onto Highway 1 just south of the turn-off to Moeraki.

Riding into Moeraki was a bit of an eye-opener. It looked as though our roading authority had forgotten about the developing community of Moeraki. Potholes and various lumps and bumps in the road could easily catch out anyone riding into the village just a little too quick, particularly at night.

I had tried to memorise the route up to the holiday home we had rented for the night, but still overshot the entrance, ah well, navigation was never my strong point. The house with magnificent views over Moeraki and the coastline north was everything we had hoped for - good beds, hot water, heating, good bike parking and a reasonable sized pool table.

After claiming our beds and sorting out our gear it was off for a gentle stroll down the hill to find the pub whilst Steve took off to join up with Wayne, Nigel and Ants who were still on their way from Canterbury via Omarama.

On our way down what was quite a steep and rather winding road we had discussed how we would manage it on the way back up after a night of indulgence at the pub. But, as it was the proprietor of the pub had a courtesy coach for our use if needed.

Shortly after dark our Canterbury colleagues finally arrived and joined us in the bar where the rest of the evening was spent in a fashion very familiar to us all. Discussions covered previous TOMCC rallies, the latest offerings on TradeMe, the way our club is run (always a favourite topic), bikes or parts we are trying to get hold of, and finally bikes and sex with Nigel proclaiming that riding is comparable to a long drawn-out orgasm – most of us would agree with him.

At closing time the pub owner very kindly squeezed all eight of us into a very small van and ferried us up to our home for the night. As it was about midnight it was still far too early for bed so socialising continued around the pool table where rather haphazard games of pool were attempted with some players not being happy about where the balls were going. So ball placement was aided by tipping the pool table at one end until the balls were in a satisfactory position and with very few complaints from any other players. A good lesson in not taking the playing of ball games too seriously.

Next morning – bright and sunny with superb views up the coast with the tops of the Southern Alps on the horizon. I went round to the various rooms to remind everyone that breakfast at Fleur’s Restaurant was booked for 10am. A good response, everyone was up, (not necessarily bright-eyed after only 3 or 4 hours of sleep) and everyone pitched in to clean the place up and then by about 9.30 we headed up to the memorial overlooking Moeraki for a quick photo shoot.

On arrival at Fleur’s I was greeted by a bit of confusion regarding our booking – they had no record of it! Luckily there was plenty of seating available anyway. Fleur’s does have an international reputation for the quality of it’s food and our breakfast was no exception – it was superb and a delightful way to round off a thoroughly enjoyable weekend.

Ours wasn’t a large group but we all had a really good time. My thanks to you all for joining us on our winter jaunt and my particular thanks to Kevin for organising the very pleasant and interesting route to Moeraki.

Ken

Mouse's Virtual Ride Report

Sparrow farts loudly, and next thing I'm standing there with honey on toast in one hand and a quaff of coffee to wash it down in the other, and another happy day above ground is on, It's great. No no; it really is.

Looking out the window confirms by gazing to the skies that today could yet be a great one for riding the motosickle – apart from a bit of relentless rain!

With head buried into a routine 5 minute catch up on worldly events of importance and lies, as unfolds in today's soggy daily rag, there are zip persons one knows well enough to get a few hours off work that appear featured in the "struck out" column. So it's onto the important cartoons, neat are they not? And then a perve at today's revealing horoscope which is telling me . . .

"Jupiter aligns with Mercury, time spent with close family will give rewarding travel into the near future"

No sport this morning as my daughter's team has a by, too wet anyway, so does that mean I need to love my son some more (the one I never had) today? Well, it's such a beautiful motorbike in my eyes anyway, and so that's all right then.

You probably don't want to hear why it's named Tiger because tigers are ferocious beasts, and should be handled with very much care. I thought not!

To behold of an impossibly wonderful desperate old granddad's axe of a 1979 Triumph Boneville twin with a single carb which makes it a Tiger in Triumph talk specifications. It says so on the side panel badge so plainly that's what it is. Ridden and not hidden, and so, it's owner is deserving of much sympathy and understanding dear reader. Ahhh, that's me.

This old nail disputably was one of the best in it's time, an era where youthful rebelliousness tested the wild side of life. It was guilty of providing rapturous moments and new riding experiences with surprises of both the welcome and unwelcome variety, along with cutting ones teeth on life skills gained on a daily basis.

It did so allow a new freedom of spirit, to travel at will, but then only as far as teenage

poverty that, that kind of skintness allows. It was also an easy escape from parental surprises of the unwelcome variety, did I mention rebel.

Anyhow those past blissful carefree times tended to sink deep into ones psyche and become a part of us that is never forgotten. Lest we forget, and this could explain why one hankers to reminiscence, and in weak moments buy yet another such machine in later life.

Excuses relayed to loved ones are simple, such as: provides a pastime, hobby, avoidance of congestion, frustration, and boredom of travel in a tin top, and I forgot to mention, an easy escape from the spouse and more surprises of the unwelcome variety.

Yes indeed, in life you need at times to chill out. There shall be no need to summon Sherlock here to deduce that, it ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it, there is no better way, than get out your motosickle, and ride away.

So a visit to the secret kingdom of the shed finds standing proudly towering above an oil leak, ones awaiting P and J. It's visual presence never fails to give a satisfying feel of making one's day. Savouring the pleasure of this thoroughbred traditional British twin without even turning the key, one may ask how many motorcycles can do that for it's owner? But then if you need to ask, you will likely never understand.

This bike has provided over years of ownership, enough skills akin to an unofficial mechanical apprenticeship. An accumulation of parts through wear, breaking, or those rattling off before then disappearing as offerings to the secret roadside world of the neverland gods. Then the little gems found in after ride washes that should be, but there they aren't – have all dug deep into one's oil stained soul and pocket to a level of teenage skintness .

But it really doesn't matter what you paid for it, or how much you've spent fixing and restoring it, as impressive and insane as that is likely to be. The real value lies in the countless hours of pleasure out riding alone or with your mates while exploring the

countryside through wind, rain and shine. It's really great. No no; it really is. It's those precious drops of blood spilt during the Battle of the Big End (the bikes that is).

The time spent in your morbid shed, the chums you encounter searching for an elusive part, and the satisfying tinkering you end up doing over the years since banishing the Mecanno set to the dusty depths under the ol fart sack.

It's worth is more than just parts and provenance, it's about what it means to you, whether that's today, or any time in the future years you will spend together – father and son, (then some people call their bikes "girl"). Your choice of steed is priceless would you not agree?

Though this bike as described won't go as fast as any modern steed, not win any records of the speeding kind, despite authoritative warnings of the ticket kind. It possesses a certain mystique (will it start today) and has certain charm about it providing high ratings on the grin factor scale to it's beloved owner, especially when it's running . . . "sweet as".

You get back what you put in, don't you? Enough said.

The sun refuses to break out from behind a deepest southern cloud and relentless rain. Who in their right mind would spend 3 hours out in that crap, oh no, not me! 2 Hours 59 minutes is enough of it at a time. Take a Milburn tablet and the road beckons, no prob.

So while I was wondering, I sprang into action and donned the archaic, trusty, and crusty old leather jacket allowing one to retain a certain demeanour that only one with stout figure, gritty fingernails, perfected scruffiness, and a bit of a limp can portray. There comes an immediate and considerable disdain to those electric start wimps by any owner of the Triumph product sitting astride his beast.

And thank Goodness for Rain Off's yes!

For push button excitement and hair raising, ticket collecting oomph, one should go buy a Suzbox. Dreaming hasn't helped at all here, so I gazed intently at the key, then turned it.

The bike next to a gutter as I come from a family genetically disposed to ground clearance. It's not that we are descended from hobbits, it's just that the shin bone is rather shorter than it could be, and the step down seat and gutter provide the extra leverage needed for prodding kickstarty thingy in a tera firma direction (short arse).

A tickle (only British bike owners will understand) of the bikes carby (only a pre-2000 motorcyclists will understand), and give the motor a kick over to free any sticking clutch plates. A second kick, and the bike roars into life . . . momentarily . . . then stops.

Another tickle . . . yes, and a good hard lunge on the kickstart and the motor rumbles into life. Smoker's cough emits rearward from the shiny cans and then smooths out to indicate that a perfect combination of the electrical trickery labyrinth, fuel mix,



President's Blog

Well it is almost that time again with the preparations for next years rally in Wanganui well underway. Information and rally forms can now be downloaded and paid for by either Internet banking or snail mail by checking out the TOMCC website at <http://tomcc.co.nz/rallys.htm>

I am very impressed with the menu option the Wanganui team have put together. Gone are the days when our rallies consisted of only fatty foods and snacks via by an onsite caravan. These days we seem to be treated like kings and queens with huge menu options available. Granted we do pay extra for the privilege but there is always the cheaper options for members who prefer the old good old pie or chips and bangers.

Election of Officers

In this edition of Triumph Times there are nomination forms for the election of National committee members and also Area Coordinators. If you think you have the time and effort to make a difference to the club please have a nomination forwarded on your behalf with your signature on the form verifying your interest in the job. I myself as President will be stepping down after serving three Years at the helm and thank members for giving me the privilege of serving the last three Years. While I have probably pissed

the odd member off when making tough decisions I have always acted with the best interest of TOMCC as a whole.

We would also like any members putting themselves forward for election to please supply a photo of yourself along with a short bio stating a bit about yourself and your involvement in the club so members can get bit of an understanding who you are and what you are about when placing their votes. Members seeking election will have their bio's put into the next Triumph Times due out before the AGM.

AGM

If any members have anything they would like to put up for a remit for voting purposes at the AGM please forward it to Ken Spall the newsletter editor ASAP so we can include it in the next edition of Triumph Times due out before the AGM.

We will also have minutes of the last AGM in 2010 available at the 2011 AGM so members can refresh themselves with what happened last AGM. The 2010 AGM minutes are also available onsite at <http://tomcc.co.nz/rallys.htm> if anyone wishes to view them prior to the AGM.

I look forward to catching up with everyone next February. Till then ride safe and be well.

Regards, Blair Corkran

Mouse's Virtual Ride Report – continued

mechanical wizzbangs, and a bit of luck from within it's morbid soul, that all is well, and we may yet run today.

This routine ritual (not bad for no choke) without fail, tends to kick it in the guts enough Trev in readiness for some decent handfuls of stick. I may not be able to start wars, but I can at least start a Brit twin. (provide the battery is good, carbs tuned, motor hasn't rattled out, etc, etc, etc)

So one asks in anticipation, where are we heading today? Well the cunning plan was to go and play a game of golf. I told you that!. Golf is a shortened phrase that means Gentlemen Only Ladies Forbidden, but in these days of PC, it really should be altered to POOF. That is short for Players Only Others Forbidden.

Well, hmmm, . . . (white lie) I don't really do golf . . . at all, nor indeed possess anything with a handle (as that only means work) that may even be remotely useful enough to snort a stupid little white ball about a holy paddock. But, I do do motorcycling, so how about a ride to a golf course, on my motorcycle, and what better excuse for a ride is there?

Onward goes the Triumph, 'cause it says so on the tank, we can't all be experts, and head Eastward my friends into the wide blue yonder ahead.

The seriously good fun arrives when one revs the tachometer needle past the 2500 mark, the motor warms, and from there on a generous torque plods all the way up to 5

grand and approaching speeds of 100 MPH, wahooo!

The balanced crankshaft manages to expel the vibe gremlins from innards within, and so the pleasure is all mine, for those non believers, but one does need to hang on some.

After some considerable riding, a vision of wonder appears from the tarmac smooth and hard as I settle and absorb the unrelenting, incomparable, impossibly wonderful, and breathtaking picturesque scenery that only the deepest south of Middle Earth can provide (even through a foggy rain-dropped visor).

Ahead eyes drift and gaze to the far horizon where more loyal thoughts of respect and devotion about my chosen steed, to the point of boredom abound for you readers. You probably don't want to hear about below the beauty blue tank, the sheer presence and addictive wail of the silencers, the motor, running sweet as either, I thought not. A light morning breeze brushes the face – such a rewarding obsession.

The star of the inner mind comes into play, we are all bikers and secondly rock stars, go on admit it. Tunes run through our heads, and moments of self expression let go, as no-one else can hear you singing beneath the skid lid of choice.

But one has to to pinch oneself, good grief charlie brown, it is easy to drift off and miss a turn off. The sound of gravel

We need your stories!

To make our newsletter worth the cost and effort that goes into it we really do need more material from you, the members.

Please consider sending in your trip reports, photos, technical comments and articles, something about yourself and why you ride Triumphs (or maybe some other make) or whatever you think would be of interest to other members.

Don't worry if you are not confident in writing something, let me have what you've got and I'd be happy to re-write it or edit if necessary. We have about 550 current members, so I'm sure there is heaps of interesting stuff you could pass on to our readers.

Ken

Triumph Times Editor: Ken Spall

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7 Glasgow Street, Mosgiel, Otago,
9024, New Zealand

The deadline for the next issue of Triumph Times is 11 December 2010

underneath reminds ones vulnerability to the land ahead, and yes more concentration was indeed in need of order.

Now that's right, one was looking for a golf course to visit . . . here's one right here, looks a little deserted today, what a little rain off putting then?

Well now that's out of the way, there comes that dreadful time in ones life when sadly the bike must be turned around to head homeward. Well if you didn't, you would never get to go out again . . . go figure. So there, not is all doom and gloom as there is always an alternative route as every experienced rider knows, the long way back, that secret path you never did tell the spouse about, oh yeah. So without further scratching of parts of the anatomy we were off again.

Shalt we never cease to stop this exploration, to get away to somewhere interesting, and getting lost occasionally on the way. And when we are done exploring, arriving to where we started with a freshened view of the place, like for the first time. It's good to get to a place called home, and find some dry socks – it is always good to leave for a while too.

That's what the creator almighty invented motorcycles for.

No doubt about it folks, riding is best – Amen.

Mouse

Rally Stuff



Rally T shirts are available for purchase at the same time as you make your booking and must be prepaid by 14 January 2011.

The T shirts are available in blue, black or white and in sizes SM, M, L, XL and XXL. Cost is \$28 if paid for by 21 November or \$32 if paid for after 21 November.

Ferry Goup Discount

For South Islanders attending the event we still get good discounts via Interislander ferries by saying you are a TOMCC member and quoting:

Group Booking Reference Number:
F5366

The below rates are based on return travel, inclusive of GST and subject to availability.

Off Peak Fares: Each Way

Adult	\$39.00
Child	\$24.00
Motor Cycle	\$37.00
Car/Van/Ute/Trailer up to 5.5 metres	\$122.00 each
Each half metre over 5.5 metres	\$17.00

Off Peak Dates:

1 February – 20 April 2011

Each reservation must be made direct with Interislander – by Phone 0800 878-898 quote Group Booking Reference Number: **F5366**

Group Desk Hours:

Monday-Friday 0830-1730.
Saturday 0800-noon

MENU 2011 RALLY, WANGANUI

Friday Dinner: \$20 Per Person. Served 6-8pm.

Seafood Mornay (Soup)
Steak, Onion & gravy casserole
Chicken Drumsticks with creamy sauce
Crumbed Fish
Cheese Topped mashed potatoes
Honey glazed carrots Minted peas
Silver beet Coleslaw
Potato Salad Beetroot
Lettuce Salad Served with dinner rolls

Dessert: Cheesecake, Trifle, Pavlova, Fruit Salad.

Saturday Dinner: \$20 Per Person. Served 6-8pm

Seafood Mornay (Soup)
Roast Pork with apple sauce
Roast Mutton and gravy
Crumbed Fish
Roasted potato, pumpkin & kumara
Baby beans and carrots
Cauliflower & Broccoli in cheese sauce
Coleslaw Potato Salad
Lettuce Salad Beetroot
Served with dinner rolls.

Dessert: Cheesecake, Trifle, Pavlova, Fruit Salad.

Saturday & Sunday Breakfast: \$12.50 Per Person Served between 7-9

2 Rashers Bacon 2 Sausages
2 Hash Browns Spaghetti/ Baked Beans
Eggs Toast
Cornflakes or Weetbix and Peaches.

Saturday Rally Ride BBQ Lunch

The rally ride will be stopping at the Avoca Hotel, State Highway 4, Upokongaro around lunchtime where a BBQ lunch will be available for a cost of \$15.00.

The BBQ will consist of:

1x Pattie (Angel Bay)
1x Steak Scotch Fillet
1x Sausage
Salad
Hot Gourmet Potatoes
Rolls

Saturday Lunch At Rally Site:

Hamburgers \$4.00
Meat Patties & Onions in Bread \$2.50
Hot Chips (by demand) \$2.50

Friday and Saturday Late night food available between 11pm-1am.

Pies \$4.00
Sausage rolls \$2.50
Hot Chips (by demand) \$2.50

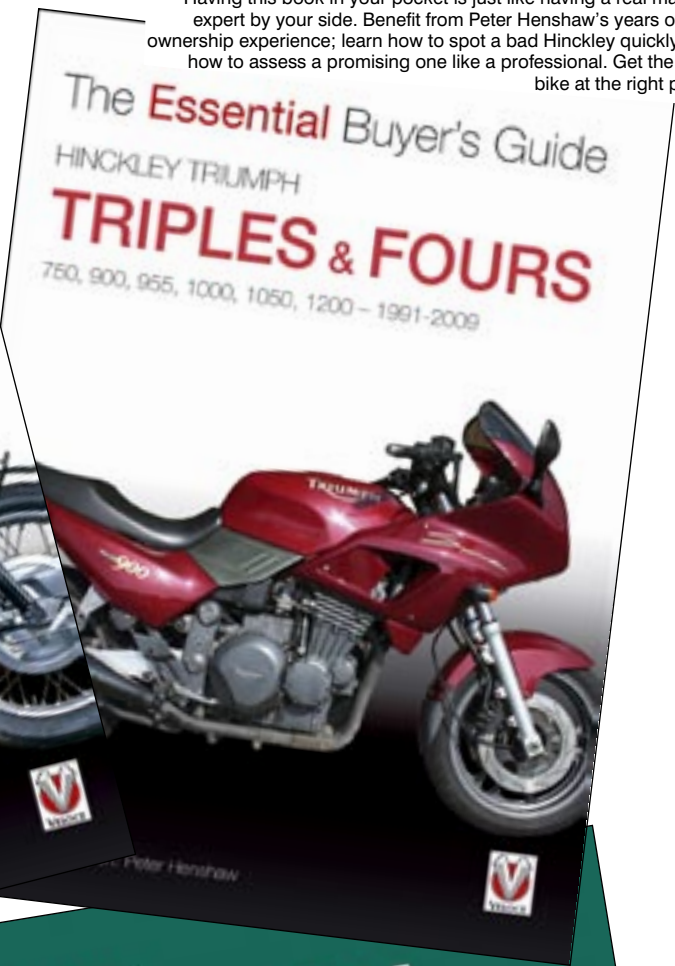
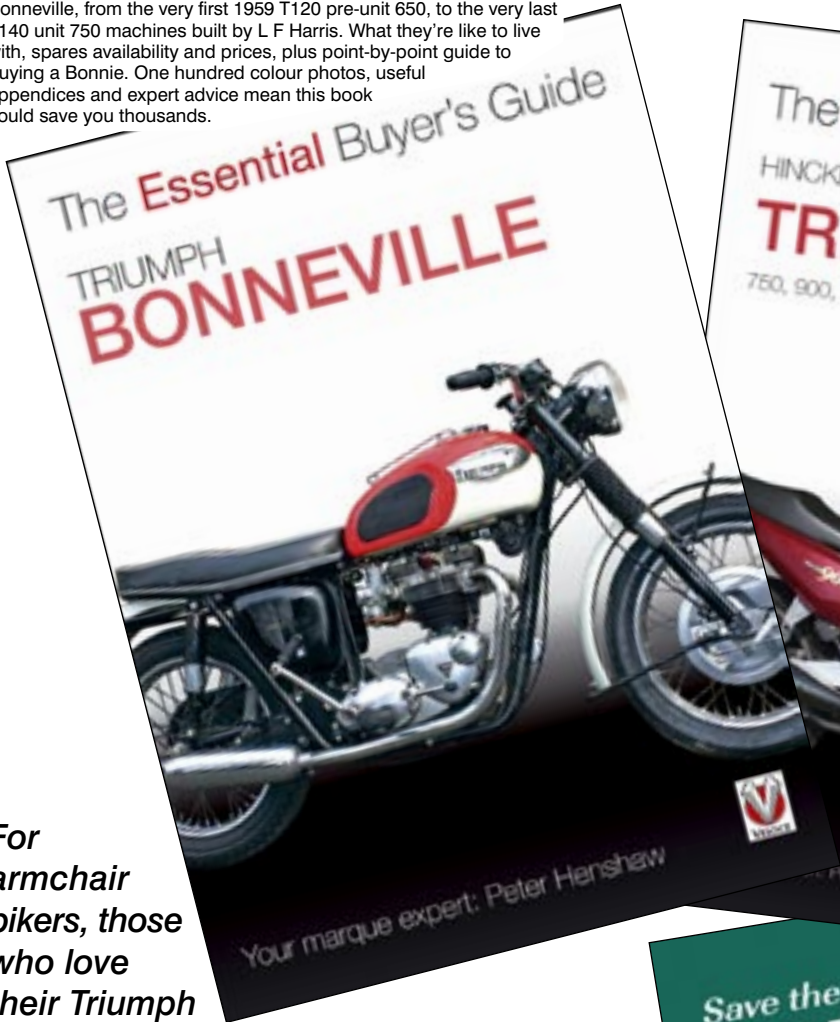
Also Available Throughout The Rally To Purchase:

Snack bars, chippies, fresh fruit.
Tea and Coffee self serve-available throughout the rally.

Meals prepared by "Me 4 You Catering".

A practical, straightforward guide to buying a secondhand Triumph Bonneville, from the very first 1959 T120 pre-unit 650, to the very last T140 unit 750 machines built by L F Harris. What they're like to live with, spares availability and prices, plus point-by-point guide to buying a Bonnie. One hundred colour photos, useful appendices and expert advice mean this book could save you thousands.

Stop! Don't buy a Hinckley Triumph without buying this book first! Having this book in your pocket is just like having a real marque expert by your side. Benefit from Peter Henshaw's years of real ownership experience; learn how to spot a bad Hinckley quickly and how to assess a promising one like a professional. Get the right bike at the right price!



For armchair bikers, those who love their Triumph history, or those who just want to know a bit more about the bike they are riding, **Veloce Publishing UK** have a superb range of books to satisfy your needs.

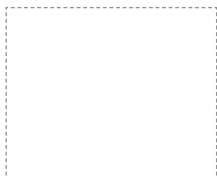
For more information and orders go to: www.veloce.co.uk or the New Zealand agent: **Techbooks, Auckland**, ph 09 524 0132.



The Café Racer is one of the most enduring styles of motorcycle ever created, capturing the rebellious spirit of the '50s. This is a look back at the glory days of the Café Racer, from Friday night dices on the North Circular, through the street specials craze of the Seventies, to the modern day revival.

Written by the ex-Chairman of the workers' board of directors of the famous Meriden co-op, this is the real story of the last bastion of British motorcycle production following the collapse of the industry. It's also the story of a workforce's refusal to let the Triumph Bonneville die ...

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



Were you at Gaydon for the Bonneville Celebration?

Were you not able to be there to celebrate with us?

If the answer to either of these questions is YES, you are in luck! The long awaited official DVD is here.

A two DVD presentation box set of the celebration, produced by TOMCC is available to buy.

The DVD features; Edward Turner jnr opening the celebration, interviews with people on the day, awards ceremony, Bonneville history, Bonneville's and more!

The main feature is the Bonneville TT lecture by American design guru **CRAIG VETTER.**

To get your copy, go to www.tomcc.org or write to Garry Perkins, 20 Yarborough Road, Wroxall, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. PO38 3EA.

At £12 + post and packing it's a give away!!!!

Bonnie 50th Celebration DVD

Very few of us were fortunate enough to be able to go to the Bonneville 50th Celebrations in Britain last year, but we can get a little bit of the flavour of the event through a DVD recently released by the organisers.

Of particular interest is the talk given by Craig Vetter, designer not only of the Hurricane, but also the Bonneville TT which unfortunately was not really carried forward into production in the form that Vetter had visualised.

The DVD does also cover a brief history of the Bonnie right up to the release of the Hinckley Bonneville SE, interviews with some of the visitors to the event and of course a look at lots of Bonnies.

A delightful addition to any Bonnie enthusiasts library.