



Thunderbird Times

OCTOBER 2010

Newsletter of the Mighty South London branch of the **TRIUMPH** Owners Motor Cycle Club

Run to The pub With No Name

This is a quick one – it didn't happen, due to rather inclement weather. Four of us turned up at Tolworth, including Dean who had come all the way from Hemel Hempstead, to be told by a member of the Surrey branch, John Steer, that it was off. MSL communication breakdown again.

August 2010 Trip to Europe - Brian P, Paul C, Mac, Fred, Jim, Graham

We all met at Clacketts Lane Service Station in time to reach Dover for the 8.15am ferry to Calais. We arrived in time but Fred, being Fred, managed to miss the ferry. However, we were unaware of this for some time until Paul, using modern technology, 'phoned him on his mobile and was told by Fred that he was waving us off on the dock – he had been unable to start his bike!! We decided not to wait for him at the Ferry terminal, we preferred to sit in comfort at St Omar, sampling the French life. Jim decided that he wanted a *crispy?* burger; surprisingly the French waitress did not understand. Happily, we were reunited with Fred and continued on our way.

Next stop, gay Parea. We went straight to the hotel on the outskirts of Paris. Mac and Fred, Graham and Jim, Paul and I paired up for the rooms. The surroundings were not the best we have seen, building site all around so we decided to go into the town for dinner. The next day we left the bikes and went into Paris by Metro which was quite a feat – Fred and Paul trying to get the tickets out of a machine that was in a foreign language. We decided to get cultured; we went inside the Notre Dame cathedral. The stained glass windows were fantastic; Mac and I lit a candle. By then Mac had had enough culture and made his way back to the hotel whilst we carried on to the Louvre (after Graham had tried to relieve himself in the toilets outside the cathedral. He was not impressed – not quite to the standard we British expect). When we arrived there we decided not to go inside the Louvre because of the length of the queues. Debs is, however, on a promise as Paul says he will take her there for a romantic break!! We had lunch in a restaurant on the banks of the Seine. On route back to the hotel we visited the Champs Elysee and the Arc de Triomphe. We met Mac at the hotel and we all went back down to the town for our evening meal.



Next morning we started on our 200 miles run to Metz with Paul leading. We had a pleasant and uneventful ride. Paul had booked us into a pleasant hotel by the river. We walked into Metz centre where we indulged in a Chinese meal. The next day we took a leisurely ride of 120 miles to Cochem on the Mosel in Germany. Paul and I had sat navs programmed – Paul leading with me a tail end

charley. On one of the towns on route Mac, Fred and I got caught at traffic lights and became separated from the others. I took the lead and about two hours later we stopped for lunch and were amazed to see the others pull up at the same cafe at which we were seated. How about that for a coincidence. Paul had booked us into a smashing hotel in the centre of Cochem overlooking the river. The people of Cochem were celebrating the harvesting of the wine with a festival; we all went down to the town square to help them celebrate and boy, did some of the group celebrate! Plenty of wine flowing and music being played by local bands. Some of us were dancing and Graham got uppity when the others would not share the women with him, though he did manage to pull in the end. Mac went back to the hotel after a couple of hours; when the bands finished playing the rest of us (except for Jim who was missing – drinking and dancing somewhere) went back to the hotel. When we arrived at the hotel the front door was locked. We walked round and found an entrance at the back which our keys fitted. We realised that Jim would not be able to find the back door – the state he was in he would not be able to find the front – so I decided to look for him. Paul was well worse for wear and insisted in helping me but I think it was just a ruse to get another drink. Looked everywhere but could not find Jim. We started back to the hotel but Paul disappeared into a bar and that was the last I saw of him. At 3.30am my mobile rang and a very slurry Jim informed me that the door was locked and he and Paul could not get in so I had to get out of my comfortable, quiet bed and let them in. Next day we went for a trip on a boat down the Mosel and had lunch in a lovely restaurant with an Oompah band playing outside. In the evening, although it was raining, we sat on the balcony of the hotel to watch a fantastic display of fireworks which rounded off the festival.

It was very wet next day throughout the journey of 250 miles to Bruges. Due to Fred's inexperience – unlike the rest of us intrepid travellers – he failed to top up with petrol and before he reached Bruges he indicated to me that he needed to stop. We found a station and I stayed with him and lost the rest who got to the hotel easily. Fred and I had great difficulty as my sat nav kept taking us into a car park inside Bruges. Those of you who have been there will appreciate how difficult it can be getting to where you want to be with all the one-ways and canals. That evening we walked around Bruges and finished with a pleasant meal. The only down on the holiday was when Mac lost his balance in the shower that evening and he was in some pain on the trip home. We later learned that Mac had to be admitted to hospital with cracked ribs but he is fine now.

All in all, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and each other's company and thanks from the rest of us to Paul for his excellent organization skills.

Brian Peters

Bikes for Sale?

Frances and I took a 4 day break to Padstow in Cornwall. While we were sitting around in the hotel I mentioned to her that there was this chap on the internet who had a few British bikes for sale. I had the address already written down, so on Tuesday we plugged in the sat-nav and headed off to Bodmin. After driving through the town we were heading along the main road, then the sat-nav told us we had reached our destination. We had stopped on the main road by an old muddy farm track. So off we went up the track. At the top of the track there was this old boy, about 70, cap and wellies. I said we have come to look at some bikes, to which he said OK, follow me. He lead us into an old rusty barn and inside there were about 20 bikes. They were mostly Jap, but I noticed there were 3 Triumphs, 2 BSA,s and a Norton. I had gone there to see a 1979 T140D Special. There were several things wrong with it, the tank was the wrong colour also the side panels were from an earlier Bonnie, the exhausts were conical and not two into one.

He tried to start it but it was dead, his mate put a power-pack on it and it started second kick, and I have to say it sounded pretty good too. He said the 9000 miles he believed to be genuine yeah right!. It had 9 previous owners. I asked how much- £4000. He said the price was negotiable!. With that we left. Upon returning home I realised my MOT had expired on my T-Bird. I gave it a quick look over, went to Lamba in Carshalton left it there, After a while they rang and told me it had failed on two points. The horn was not working and too much travel on the front brake lever. I said to the tester it failed last year on the front brake lever, and I replaced the brake hoses, brake fluid and pads at a cost of £135 from Rosners. How could it fail again on the same thing? He said there is probably dirt

stopping the brake pistons fully retracting, therefore the fluid is not fully returning to the reservoir. I went home, took the pads out, cleaned the dirt from around the top of the pistons, checked the horn terminals, cleaned them up, tried the horn and it worked. I went back to Lambas, the tester tried the brake lever, he said there is still some travel on the lever, the horn only seems to work when the engine is running but because I made the effort to repair the bike he passed it . He also gave me an advisory on the exhausts, a bit noisy but not illegal, the debate goes on and on and on !!!.

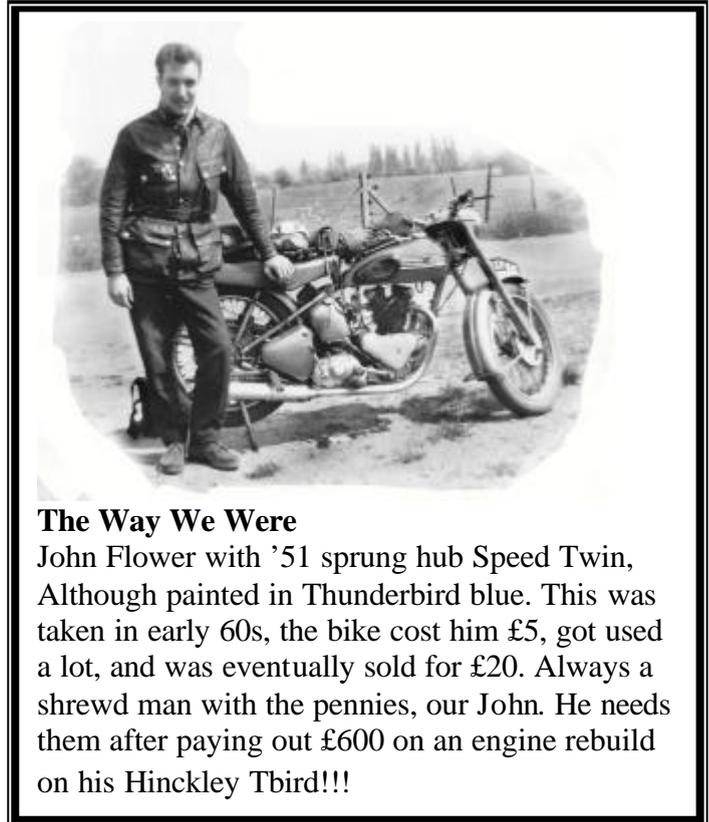
Bob S.

EVENTS:

Nov 27th – Dec 5th NEC Birmingham
 Dec 4th Kempton Park Autojumble
 Dec 12th Tadworth Hospital
Dec 14th **Quiz Night**
 Dec 26th Boxing Day run –
 Skimmington Castle
 Jan 1st New Years Day run –
 William IVth, Little London
 Jan 8th Post-Xmas bash at the POW

THE CLUB:

Meets at the Prince of Wales,
98 Morden Road, London SW19 3BP
 (020 8542 0573) every Tuesday from 8.30 pm
 Runs leave the pub at 8.00pm sharp,
 4th Tuesday of the month, April to Sept.
 Please ensure you have a full
 tank of petrol.



The Way We Were

John Flower with '51 sprung hub Speed Twin, Although painted in Thunderbird blue. This was taken in early 60s, the bike cost him £5, got used a lot, and was eventually sold for £20. Always a shrewd man with the pennies, our John. He needs them after paying out £600 on an engine rebuild on his Hinckley Tbird!!!

CLUB CONTACTS:

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