Triumph Times

The national newsletter of the Triumph Owners' Motor Cycle Club of New Zealand Inc.
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Thunderbike – The End of an Era

Many have you may have already heard or read that one of the longest serving Triumph (Hinckley) dealers in New Zealand, will no longer be a Triumph Dealer, but you may not know the full story of the bike shop in Nelson, I will try to put that right.

Before I start I have to admit I am biased, if it hadn't been for Thunderbike and the sister company Go-TourNZ, Chris and myself would not be living in New Zealand, something we will always be grateful for.

Thunderbike, the bike shop was started back in 1984 by John and Shelley Fitzwater, with Ian Fitzwater buying into the the business later. Back then it was known as Thunderbike Engineering Ltd, and leant heavily on the engineering skills of John & Ian's father, John Fitzwater Snr, who had years of experience as a scientific instrument maker.

For the first 10 years they concentrated on importing used British nad American bike from the US, and then in the early 90's became a Harrris Triumph dealer. With the later demise of Harris, and the subsequent rebirth under Bloor, they quickly realized the potential of the new Triumphs when Hinckley started up and was one of the first authorized dealerships in NZ.

Through John's technical background and contacts with performance specialists, he soon realized that there was more power in the engines than Hinckley were letting their customers have, and so developed a range of performance products to enhance the range, and also filled a gap in the market with luggage accessories before the factory developed their range. The range of accessories has now been developed to cover all bikes in the range from 675 Daytona to Rocket 3.

John Fitz developed a great relationship with Triumph owners the world over through various Biker forums on the net, offering technical advice; sometimes not exactly toeing the factory line, and so broaden their customer base far outside the shores of NZ. In 1997 they decided now was the time to expand their business and introduced GoTourNZ.com a touring company specifically aimed at the European/USA tourist market. From first hand experience I can say the level of service they offer is well above any 5 stars, and naturally they used Triumph's for the majority of their fleet, due to their proven reliability and performance.

So you may ask what led to the current state of affairs…. Well Ian Fitz met up with a new girl and decided they wanted to settle down, only problem was she is French, so Ian made arrangements to sell his share of the business over to John and off he went to live in France.

So John now has two businesses to run on his own and is starting to feel the strain, making the tough choice of what to keep and what to sell, he decided to put Thunderbike

on the market and concentrate on the tour business. Eventually a buyer was found and agreements were made with Triumph and KTM, to transfer the dealerships over, and everything was fine and close to going unconditional, when Triumph (NZ) suddenly announced the dealership would not transfer to the potential new owners, and in fact would be taken off Thunderbike and given to a Yamaha dealer, dropping the value of the business dramatically. Unsurprisingly the buyers pulled out.

John decided that this was the perfect time and reason to radically restructure Thunderbike. John decided to totally get out selling new bikes, resigning as a KTM dealer also. Thunderbike have now officially ceased to be Triumph and KTM dealers, but still offer full workshop facilities to Triumph, BMW , KTM and classic bike owners for servicing and repair work . (John still rides his main ride of over 30 years, his trusty Norton Commando 850, but we all make mistakes John !)

John will also continue to develop the Thunderbike Performance Products range (I guess after that kick in the teeth you will see this expand considerably). John has a few other things in the pipeline of interest to Triumph owners new and old. And off course they will continue to sponsor on-road and off-road competition in NZ.

I personally was quite upset when I heard the way Triumph (NZ) have treated Thunderbike, particularly as they have done so much to promote the brand and create a good reputation for Hinckley Triumphs here in NZ. John has done a statement available on their website http://www.thunderbike.co.nz

(Please note I have no business connection with Thunderbike whatsoever)

Geoff Walton, Canterbury TOMCC

Nominations for TOMCC National Committee Positions 2011

The following people have been nominated for the positions indicated. Please vote for one choice for each position. ***Voting forms are on page 19 or can be downloaded off our club website, www.tomcc.co.nz***

President
Glenn Mills (Auckland)
Terry Williams (Wanganui)

Vice President
Wayne Benny (Wanganui)

Treasurer
John Milligan (Canterbury)

Membership Secretary
Sharon Rowan (Wanganui)

Newsletter Editor
Ken Spall (Otago & Southland)

Regalia Officer
Kerry Godinet (Canterbury)
Chris Smith (Auckland)

Website Editor
Les Oxnam (Wellington)

Area Co-ordinators:
Northland - Bill Spice
Wanganui - Terry Williams
Canterbury - Peter Free
Otago & Southland - John Witherington

Personal profiles of some of these nominees may be viewed on page 4.

4 Thunderbirds and a Speed Twin go south!

"Dave, Dave, Ken, Ken, Danny, Tracey, Ray & Trev"

This year's Pre Unit Rally seemed to be one that was really being looked forward to – even Doc was calling everyone weeks before we were due to leave – all fired up and ready to get going.

This trip was also very important for two reasons as it was both Mr. Ted's (Trev's '38 replica Speed Twin) and Ken's ('Gold '58 Thunderbird, is that colour right?) first outing at a Pre Unit rally.

Below is exchange of emails and texts between Ray and Trev which had been going on for the previous 72 hours as they counted down to the 2010 Triumph Pre-Unit rally at Renwick.

'One more sleep to go', 'Two hours to go 'One hour to go', '30 minutes to go', '10 minutes to go', 'Desk is cleared I'm on my way', 'At Cambridge', 'At Tirau', 'In your car park'

With that last one Trev killed his computer said a quick "see you in a week" to those who cared and joined Ray in the van.

Thirty minutes later and we are through Tokoroa and texting Doc (Dave Keogh) and No1 (Ken McGeady) trying to find out how far behind us they were as the loose plan was to meet up around Taihape for a hamburger. However the reply was "still in Hamilton, don't expect to get away until around 4.30". Unless we had a major stoppage there wasn't going to be any meeting in Taihape so we continued at warp speed south in the van.

We stopped at Ohingatai for the traditional beer on the way past and had word that a large group from Orkland had already passed through some hours earlier. We continued to Fielding then out into the country side to find Dave and Linley's rural property (arriving there about 9:00pm).

The shed was open and the lights were on and after an exchange of greetings Dave took us on the guided tour of his prize possessions. Classic & vintage cars, vans, motorcycles and race cars everywhere, what a sight and the size of the shed would make anyone proud. Dave even had a vehicle lift in the shed, how impressive is that!

We loaded Dave's '58 Gold T-Bird into the van with his gear and went inside for a coffee and a chat.

By now its getting a little late and we have received little word from No1 and Doc, you guessed it they are lost! Doc claimed that despite the Google map he printed out being the size of a postage stamp he could read it but he had forgotten to allow for dark and no reading glasses but at least they were in the Manawatu somewhere so that was a good start.

A rescue party was duly dispatched to find them which soon saw everybody now united and eagerly talking bull dust about the trip down and what lay ahead.

Next morning as we still had about a 2 hour drive for a 9.30am check-in at the Wellington ferry terminal we were all up early. The predicted Wellington 'rush hour'

traffic never materialized and by 9.00am we were parked up at the ferry terminal unloading the bikes and changing into our riding gear with much excitement and anticipation.

Ken from Wellington on a '54 Trophy 500 was waiting on his lonesome at the bike marshalling area so it didn't take long for him to agree to tag along with us.

Three and bit hours later and we are disembarking in the South Island with a big yeee haaa from Trev on Mr Ted.

Danny was waiting patiently at the terminal on his '50/'51 T Bird so after a quick stop to gas up and led by Danny we hit the Queen Charlotte Sound road. Despite a bit of over exuberance from Trev going into the 2nd corner (he forgot he had no brakes) the group soon settled into a good rhythm which soon saw us at Havelock for fuel and a long awaited feed of mussels.

The first casualty of the trip occurred here as No1 placed his back pack on he tore one of the straps right off, out with a bike tie down from the crossing and the pack was then strapped to the pillion seat, which looked far more comfortable. An hour later and we are back on the road heading for the nights accommodation at the Trout Hotel, Canvastown.

Couple of quick beers to wash the dust out of the throat and then unpack the bikes and lock them up for the night.

A bottle of Captain Morgan's finest is produced and downed in record time then into the Trout for some more of the amber liquid and Whitebait Sammie's for dinner.

Great hilarity was had as our group with 2 Kens, 2 Dave's, 1 Ray, 1 Trev, 1 Danny and 1 Tracey (Danny's wife) led to everybody's name being called as a prerequisite to starting a sentence. The locals must have thought we were mad – maybe we were but I blame the bottle of spiced rum.

Saturday dawned fine and cold with a nice frost on the ground, and waking to the news of a devastating 'quake in Christchurch. No breakfast at the pub so after a group photo in front of the Canvastown centennial memorial its back on the road to Havelock and Bacon & Eggs.

Breakfast done and time to head to the rally venue, the Woody Tavern in Renwick but not before No1 is forced into making a plug change as his bike was backfiring that much the armed defenders squad was in danger of being called out. About 10k short of Renwick and Dave No2's Gold Thunderbird develops a problem; it stopped and didn't want to go.

A few well aimed prods and lots of advice and it's decided to tow it into Renwick and work on it in the hotel car park rather than on the edge of a busy highway.

Ken No2 volunteer's to act as the tow bike and a tie down is soon produced, pressure of holding onto the rope soon had it slipping from Dave No2's grip so Ken No2 as quick as a flick of the switch slows down, pulls in behind and pushed Dave No2 the rest of the way with his size10 boots on Dave No2's saddle bag.

We are soon in the car park at the Woody and while we checked in Dave No2 started to strip the bike, gas tank, rocker boxes etc all coming off. This was when he discovered that the previous owner who had given the bike a 'nut & bolt restoration' had forgotten to put any inner valve springs in. Danny who has a reasonably equipped workshop suggested that they trailer the bike to his place so repairs can be affected.

Seemed a good plan and as they didn't require another 10 pairs of hands the rest of the group decided to visit Peter Jackson Aeronautical Heritage Museum. Absolutely magnificent with many of the displays, thanks to the talents of Weta Workshop set up as they would have appeared in the 1914 – 18 war.

Hour and a bit later and led by Ken No2 we head out of the Heritage display car park to find Hawkesbury Road race circuit. A slow lap and then we line up; good lot of revs while slipping the clutch sees Trev first into corner one. The old Speed Twin lived up to its name holding out the more powerful T-birds through the tighter section then it's

onto the two long back straights. Trev hits a bump and the combination of the sprung saddle and girders causes him to start wallowing like a sailing ship. This allows first Ray who is almost climbing off the seat to pass in the corner and then Doc doing a Rolly Free impression (lying flat along the seat) to roar past (hmm, did that happen or was it a dream?).

By now its 4 o'clock somewhere in the world so back to the Woody for a beer and catch up with some of the other rally participants, we meet & greet the late arrivals from Nelson, Blenheim, Otaki, Auckland, Wellington and even Christchurch. Seems despite the devastation and main arterial bridges all being closed prior to an engineer's inspection some Cantabrian's had ridden straight out.

An hour later and Dave No2 rides his bike in which has now been repaired.

Seems that not long after we left they were rescued by a Pre-Unit Club member who lived on the same road as the Woody and has a well equipped workshop complete with hoist and lathe. With the bike soon delivered and up on a hoist the valves are out and Danny turns down the stems while Dave polishes the seats. No inner springs unfortunately but with the extra work on polishing and turning of the valve stems and seats the bike gave no more trouble over the next 4 days.

Saturday night's rally dinner of roast pork and all the trimmings followed by pavlova saw most of us suffering from buffet fever and unable to move so for most it was early to bed. This was of course nothing to do with excess alcohol from the night before and beer drinking since 4:00pm that afternoon.

Sunday despite the crud forecast dawned fine so marshalled by Ray who managed to get most of the bikes lined up for voting and the obligatory photos it was time for the AGM and presentation of the Trophy. The voting criteria is simple, 'vote for the bike you would most like to see in your shed'.

This leads to some interesting debates between the pristine nut and bolt restoration guys and the old original dunger followers. The winner was Orklander Roy's Triton which was also out on its maiden voyage but the biggest laugh was the '62 pristine Bonnie that some wag had poured a large pool of oil under while the AGM was on.

2 minutes later (yes the Triumph Pre-unit AGM's are that short) back out to say our last goodbyes to those who were heading home or elsewhere. We had decided to stay for an extra night and explore some of the local roads so after gassing up we head west on SH6 then a quick right into Tuamarina Road which sees us on flat swamp roads very similar to parts of the Hauraki plains.

After crossing SH1 at Tuamarina we head to Rarangi and are soon into the coast road and metal. Around 30k plus of very tight winding metal hill roads with magnificent views of Cloudy Bay and Port Underwood and a distant North Island.

The tour leader through this section of road was Ken No2 and his '54 trophy with its 21 inch front wheel made light work of the gravel roads with the rest of us pushed to keep up. What a great bit of NZ and this is one area that we are certain to revisit.

Congratulations to No1 who didn't flinch risking stones chips on his 'colors not quite right' Gold '58 Thunderbird. Despite the rough road the only casualty was Mr. Ted who shook rattled and rolled that much Trev didn't even notice he had lost the bottom star and friction washers on his steering damper. Fortunately Ray saw most of it fly off so stopped and managed to find everything bar the nut and star washer.

A good lunch and couple of pints are downed in Picton while we swap stories about the ride then on the road and back to our digs at the Woody in Renwick.

Very quite night with us still suffering from yesterday evenings over-indulgence and today's hair raising ride around the Rarangi – Port Underwood road.

Monday and the first signs that we will be riding in rain. Don the wet weather gear and follow Ken No2 out towards the Picton bypass road, say our goodbyes as he is heading home and we then head to Havelock for breakfast.

Had been decided last night that we would breakfast at Havelock then head to Portage for the night where we had booked rooms in the backpackers.

After breakfast before leaving Havelock Ray spotted a muffler nut missing off Dave No2's bike and once a suitable replacement was sourced we're once again off to the Portage turnoff at Linkwater. We had been assured by the local cop in Havelock we would be able to fill up here but on arrival "Sorry pumps not working" was the response we got from the unhelpful pump attendant at the servo. Much swearing while we once again donned the wet weather gear as it has finally started to rain and we debated returning to Havelock.

To our surprise the local Rural Delivery guy who was at the station when we arrived had returned and told us about 2k up the road the farm on the right the farmer was waiting for us at the gate and he was prepared to sell us some gas. Bizarre and only in the rural south island would somebody go out of their way like that without being asked.

Nice guy and restoring a early 60's pillarless Chevy Impala, wish him luck as looking at the body rot he had a huge task in front of him.

Now gassed up and we are once again on the road this time heading for Portage. 30 – 40k of good sealed road, no traffic and more corners than a Chinese maze, great road and an even greater ride.

Book in at the Portage, dump the gear and we decide to explore the roads further out towards Titirangi (yes I kid you not!). Seal soon gives way to metal, well mostly clay and it becomes a bit of a race on the good clay surface. Stop for a photo opportunity at Punga Lodge and the vote is made to turn back with No1 and Doc heading back to the bar in the Portage and Trev, Ray and Dave No2 swinging west to Waitairia Bay.

Yet another great road with minimal metal over a clay base and sweeping views on every corner up and down Kenepuru Sound. Brief stop for photos on the wharf at Waitaria Bay and then we head back to the Portage for a bit of maintenance and a cold beer. It was at Waitaria Bay that Trev slipped out the name of 'Goldielocks' for Dave 2's Pre unit and this name has now been shortened to Goldie (quiet appropriate considering Dave also owns a number of BSA's)

Nuts and bolts tightened, oil topped up and to the bar then on to dinner with most opting for the Fish n chips which tonight featured a nice bit of blue Cod. The Portage Resort was more or less empty and it was an odd feeling having the run of the place, what a beautiful outlook from the bar (yip spent some time in there as well) looking out into the sounds and that evening just before dinner No1 took some awesome pictures of the sun setting, it was just breath taking.

Once dinner is out of the way Doc brought a 10 pack of coke cans ($3 a can! Nearly the price of the rum) and Trev cons a bag of ice from the barmaid and we retire to the backpacker's kitchen to find out what's at the bottom of another bottle of rum, you would think we learnt the perils of this on day one but no!

Great hilarity was had with Trev tap, tap tapping the table it seemed every three or four minutes to signal his glass required filling and Ken sculling this stuff like its water so between the two of them the bottle was soon dry.

Dawn arrived far too quickly for some and the effects of the previous nights drinking seemed to have taken a toll, or perhaps it was

something that they stood in on the way to bed? With the resident Bellbirds singing in the trees the bikes are packed and we head down to the wharf for a team photo before we point the bikes towards Linkwater, Picton and then on to the ferry.

The group pauses at Linkwater waiting for Trev who's 500 doesn't quite have the legs of the 650's (yeh right we know old Grumpy had to make another call on the great white telephone).

It was an uneventful ride around the Queen Charlotte Sound drive and we arrive in Picton to just see the last of the trucks being loaded on the ferry.

"If you hurry" said the check in clerk ", I can get you on but your bikes will be out in the open".

"Not good enough" said Goldie, "I will go over to Bluebridge".

Seems the girl had seen more than her fair share of his type as she proceeded to dress him down in a good natured way before fleecing him of $120, $47 more than our tickets, and who said competition keeps prices down?

Not willing to risk the bikes out on the open deck we decided to wait for the 1.30pm sailing so being a nice sunny day we headed into town for breakfast then lazed around down by the marina. As we returned and lined up at the terminal the crew from Orkland appeared following their little adventure around the Nelson area so we had a good catch up with them.

Despite our earlier fears about a rough sailing and resultant salt spray on the bikes the crossing turned out to be pretty calm. Into Wellington and 30 seconds before we disembark Trev blows a fuse on Mr. Ted so has to suffer the indignity of pushing his bike off the ferry to the car park and waiting van.

Couple of hours later and we are in Fielding buying a huge meal of Chinese to take home to Goldie's for dinner. With dinner out of the way the last 4 days of late nights catch up with us so we turn in for the night.

Next morning we say our goodbyes with Goldie heading to work in Palmerston North, No1 and Doc straight home to Hamilton and Ray and Trev to Pahiatua to check out Masters Hall, the venue for the 2011 Triumph pre-unit rally.

We had to give the van a good warm up before leaving as to avoid the 'sustained loss of traction' on Goldie's nice concrete driveway.

Doc rightly pointed out to us that his bike ('56 T-Bird) was the only one that did not need a spanner put to it on this tour, real testament to your pre tour machine preparation there Doc (well done).

Thanks Goldie and Linley for your hospitality for the 2 nights that was greatly appreciated, it was another great Pre Unit trip.

Trev & Ray
TOMCC Waikato &
Triumph Pre-Unit club

Nominees for Committee positions

TERRY WILLIAMS (Wanganui)

Currently Wanganui Area Co-ordinator.
Standing for National President

I have been a member of TOMCC since 2002, beginning with the Manawatu chapter. In 2003 the Wanganui chapter was formed with 7 members. 7 years on we have a very successful chapter, with about 70 members.

I believe sound structures need to be in place with people involved who will work with the best interests of the members in mind.

I believe clear lines of communication involving as many members as possible is important. A willingness to take on board and implement well thought out ideas is also an important factor in the continuing growth of TOMCC. I'm interested in establishing new chapters with the National body providing guidance to achieve this.

Politically, we have ACC taking a portion of our registration fee to be put into a fund dedicated to making roads safer for motorcyclists. Two large motorcycle organisations already have a place at the table and have been involved in formulating policy on our behalf. I feel that it is very important that we, i.e. TOMCC, gets involved in these discussions so that the concerns of TOMCC members are heard. We don't want initiatives thrust upon us that we disagree with.

I have owned motorcyles since 1974 and I have a passion for the Triumph motorcycle, both Meridan and the Hinckley models, and I also have a passion for the Triumph Owners Motorcycle Club, and if elected to the position of President, I undertake to give my best and to serve the members of the club to the best of my abilities.

KEN SPALL (Otago & Southland)

Current Newsletter Editor.
Standing for a ninth term.

I joined TOMCC NZ in 1998. At different times I have held the positons of secretary and newsletter editor for Canterbury TOMCC whilst I was living in Christchurch. On moving down to Dunedin I established the Otago & Southland Chapter of TOMCC NZ and have held the position of Area Co-ordinator. I have also been National Newsletter Editor since August 2003 and I am happy to continue with this task unless someone else would like to take it over. I am also the TOMCC NZ representative for the World Association of Triumph Owners' Clubs. We have tremendous enthusiasm within our club and its my aim to keep that going. I firmly believe in the principle that you will get the most out of being a member of TOMCC by being actively involved with the club and its members.

GLEN MILLS (Auckland)

Currently Auckland Area Co-ordinator.
Standing for National President

I joined TOMCC in August 1993, and I've been a Triumph owner since 1989 (as per photo) and over the years have owned various british and Italian motorcycles and have picked up the skills to maintain them, through trial and error and a lot of help from the automobile association. I commute daily on my bike and get away at lease twice a year on overnighters or rallies. If I get elected in I hope to bring the club closer together as a national club, and to promote as much as possible the fact that we have being a club coming up 20 years.

JOHN MILLIGAN (Christchurch)

Current National Treasurer.
Standing for a second term.

I joined TOMCC in February 1994 and have held the positons of Membership Secretary and Newsletter Editor (both for 1 year) on the National Committee.

I am currently on the TOMCC Canterbury Committee and have served on a number of different committees including National Rally and Triumph Bike Show. I have been a Triumph rep on all the Christchurch British Bike Shows (held every 2 years) since the original show in 1999. Along with Ken Spall I am also putting together a TOMCC NZ club history. I am totally committed to the TOMCC NZ Inc and its future.

Driving Miss Hisako – A Christmas Tale

It was not quite Christmas but if you listened hard you could hear the distant ringing of cash registers in the shopping malls and smell the greed coming from the Television adverts. Not quite Christmas but close enough.

Come December, I don't like going out much in the weekend. The roads up our way fill with stressed parents beetling from Mall to Mall all madly looking for that special something at a price they can live with that will either massage away their guilt or buy them some peace.

Christmas is a good idea but somehow it's got a bit wonky so I like to hunker down and hide out at our little piece of paradise. The gardens usually sorted by December or so hopeless its not worth worrying about so I relax but sometimes I get phone calls. Annoyingly they are never from the lotteries commission wondering where I want my millions either. This time it was from a guy I know from a gym I used to belong to. We hook up for a coffee sometimes and fortunately he has yet to click that I really am a grumpy old git so he is still friendly and apparently daft enough to ask me for a favor. Well – its Christmas I think – why not…

Turns out that his latest lady love is Japanese and this is a story about her friend, Hisako who is also Japanese, but has lived here in NZ for 16 years.

Its fair to say that life is not always kind, in fact sometimes it can play decidedly rough and sometimes, nice people get dealt a shitty hand. Fair or not, the good people of the world just get up, dust themselves down and plod on much like Miss Hisako has had to do. For the point of this tale, lets just say Miss Hisako has not, through no fault of her own, had a good year, its private, truly tragic and not relevant except to explain the back story which has her leaving NZ for Japan on Monday and I was hearing this on Saturday.

While Miss Hisako was living here in NZ she noticed all the people on motorcycles out having fun and being an adventurous sort, Miss Hisako decided to get her learners motorcycle license in case she and her Kiwi husband decided to get into bikes. I did think, 5 minutes after meeting the effusive and disarmingly enthusiastic Miss Hisako that I really didn't fancy his chances of not getting into anything Hisako fancied but I only met her today so most likely that's unfair. Anyway, my contact had heard at the leaving affair, that to ride over the Rimutakas on a motorcycle was one of her unrealized dreams…

When I asked him why he didn't oblige with his motorcycle, it turned out that he was unfortunately pre-booked on a course in underwater Zen tofu basket weaving all weekend (he is very spiritual) so it fell to me, the person least likely to get a speeding ticket and add further woe to the gentle Hisako that got the call… 'This may sound odd but could you....'

It being Saturday and her leaving Monday didn't really leave much choice of dates or allow for ideal conditions – the time was now and there was no plan B. Still, being a engineer type and interested in all things of a metrological nature, I checked the weather report and soon rather wished I hadn't. Its not often the weather report is frightening but this one would have put Harry Potter into a trance and sent Bruce Willis to the bathroom for a week but we were committed and there looked to be a respite Sunday afternoon so details and greetings were exchanged, arrangements were made and I picked her up from Paraparaumu Railway Station at 10:30. We had to scurry about for a Helmet as Vickis was a DNF but David "It just a flesh wound" Croft up the road had a spare. Hisako had the choice of the 1970 Triumph 650cc TR6C or the Mighty 1980 Moto Guzzi LeMans – as always with the ladies, its form before function and the svelte and gorgeous Triumph won by a landslide vote.

A very quick, hold on here, hop off if it stops (no electric start) and whack me if you wanna stop and we were off. Warm up through the back street down to the gas station, a tank full of gas and Paekakareki Hill here we come…

The wind was bellowing under leaden skies, grey clouds scudding across the tops but it quartered from astern and unsettled us not a jot as we crested the brow of the hill, it pushed us along at a goodly rate and a quick stop at Pauatahanui to check my

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precious cargo and it was 'oh Mr Paul my cheeks are hurting from smiling so much this is wonderful' (that's funny I thought, my cheeks are hurting from the rock hard seat) but on we ran, Howards Hill, Upper Hutt and through the gathering storm and rain to the top of the Rimutakas where frankly it was hideous. I've never seen such a happy face on such a shitty day for a ride, it was rather infectious and by now I was really quite enjoying myself.

Heedless of the wet, slippery conditions in the summit car park we wheeled the dear old Trophy about and headed home. Down the rain soaked hill, gravity hurling us into the battering winds, the bike leaping and lunging like a half tamed stallion in the gale with me with eyes like saucers wondering which way we would get shoved next and Hisako oblivious to it all – smiling fit to burst.

Down we plunged, careless of flesh and paint, past the mental cases in battered old Audis (Out of my way, I've got a European car dahlink) and back up through the good side of the Paekakareki Hill where the Trophy is more appropriate and in scale. Here we were more sheltered from the wind we had some bendy 'fun' but not too much as Hisako was new to all this and the surface was getting treacherous now. Mr rear wheel made a couple of attempts at rebellion under the more spirited use. I guess it sucks being a rear wheel and just for a bit, it decided it would like to do its own 'thing' and stop following the front one. Fortunately I cracked down pretty hard on the wayward behaviour and it was a very short rebellion. We trump trumped down the drive, greeted by the smell of a fresh spinach and feta quiche (spinach from our vege plot picked as we left and local feta from the market) for a spot of lunch.

Too soon the happy chatter was silenced by the awareness that within 24 hours Miss Hisako had to be on a plane to Japan and it was time to get her back to the city. I offered to drive her but she jumped at the chance to get back into soggy bike gear for a rort on the Mighty Moto Guzzi.

It's a different beast to the slender Triumph and I think she was smitten by its brutish charms. Again we had the wind in our sails and the extra power made short work of the mundane highway traffic. There was nothing truly remarkable about such a trip down SHW1 in such conditions but again I could feel the heat of a 1000KW smile lighting up the pillion area. Emboldened we took a few small risks with the traffic and soon we were slicing through the traffic like mounted cavaliers and Hisako was delivered to her door in good time.

The Guzzis engine clattered to a halt at the front door with a finality that uttered 'last experience in New Zealand'. Hisako was a bit overwhelmed I think but effusive in her thanks and I even got a polite hug. Truth is, Vicki and I really took to her. She seems a 'good' person and really that's what its all about. We like to think we are all good folks but sometimes we don't stop and celebrate it enough. Once we stop, the bad folks win another round.

If on her last day here in Gods Own country and at the end of a painful and traumatic time in her life we helped make life a little lighter and ticked one more thing off her bucket list then it was one of the VERY best days. More than that, it was a great day's motorcycling because rather than Vicki and I giving Hisako a gift, the gift came our way.

She helped me see through fresh eyes what I take for granted and gave me back the sheer joy of being on the road on a willing bike and damn the weather. I'll admit I sat and looked at the two bikes, once gleaming and now mud besplattered and regretted not a second of the cleaning effort to come because I once again realized just how blessed we were to be able to enjoy them.

Thank you Miss Hisako – and Merry Christmas.

Paul

AGM Remits

1. National Committee meetings. Currently, as far as I am aware there is no written requirement in the club rules for any National Committee meetings between AGM's. I suggest that there be a minimum of two meetings, one 3 months after the AGM and one 3 months before the next AGM. This could be done without anyone leaving home as there are quite a few types of software available such as Skype or Netmeeting which allow meetings to be held over the internet for a number of people with both voice and video facilities available, or it is easy to set up a conference call using the Telecom system. In the present club year the NC have been asked to assess the Area boundaries for presentation to the membership at the next AGM, wouldn't this be much easier if everyone could discuss it at the same time just as an example. Currently it is my understanding that discussions between Committee members are done over the phone which means only two members talk at a time, I believe we need a proper meetings.

My Proposal is therefore:

That National Committee should hold two meetings per year, approximately 3 months after the AGM, and 3 months prior to the next AGM. If necessary there could be a National Committee meeting held at the National Rally prior to the AGM. For the meetings the committee can either meet physically in one location, or can use internet software such as "Netmeeting" or "Skype", or set up a Conference call on the national Telecom system. Minutes of these meetings should be available to all members for information.

Proposed by Geoff Walton – Canterbury Area
Seconded by John Milligan – Canterbury Area

2. Changes to the methods of voting for financial members. I believe current arrangements are unfair as they differentiate between members who live in an area covered by an area coordinator and members who fall outside these areas. All members who fall outside a recognised area are allowed a postal vote currently coordinated by a returning officer, whereas members who fall under an Area Coordinator must attend a set meeting in order to lodge their vote. There are 1001 reasons why people cannot attend area meetings, family, work, distance, to name but a few; but that is not a reason to deny them the right to vote.

My proposal is therefore:

Voting procedures: That all members of the club have the right to vote for the officers of the club and may exercise that right in the following ways.

Members covered by an Area Coordinator would be allowed to vote by one of three methods:

1. Physically at a meeting of the Area.
2. By a postal vote sent to the area coordinator containing the Members number and renewal date.
3. By e-mail to the area coordinator again including the members number and renewal date.

Members not covered by an Area Coordinator will be allowed to vote by post to the Returning Officer selected by the president including the member's number and renewal date; or by e-mail to the Returning officer again including the members number and renewal date.

Proposed by Geoff Walton – Canterbury Area
Seconded by John Milligan – Canterbury Area

Three further Remits proposed by John Milligan

1. Members are to belong to the area in which they live. This is to prevent an area hijacking voting and is in line with electoral procedures.

2. Any new National Committee positions have to be approved by the current committee/at the AGM.

3. That the club needs a National secretary.

Bulldozer's Trike Trouble after Treble T

I hope you all made it home ok and before you did anything like house work, that you had a sleep LOL. This is the story of the events I had riding my trike home from the Northland Rider's Treble – T, 2010 Cape Christening.

Well, I had a small problem on the way home. Turning the corner at the Mangamuka pub, heading to the ferry to go home through the Waipoua Forest and home to Dargaville, I hit the brakes at the turn off and the right side locked up. I didn't get to push the clutch in on time when I should have and had a small lock up with the gears.

I stopped and backed off the brake adjuster, freed that up, and then the flipping thing wouldn't go into gear. Something wrong there – as I start talking to myself. I pushed the pedal, nay still wouldn't work.

So I turned it off put it in top and turned the key again and travelled a short distance on the power of the key. As you might know, it goes through your head "Don't kill the battery or burn out the starter", and this can happen and you start to think about the cost.

Going along the road it started and off I trotted. Well, there was no way I was getting on that ferry so I went through to Kaikohe. What a flipping trip that was – top gear and hoping like hell that no one got in front of me and that I would have the right of way on single lane bridges (more of this later in the ride).

Well bugger me I had a quick turn off towards Kaikohe and sat behind a tractor of all things. Try that slowly in top gear. Let me tell you I was not happy with that prick, but I got past him.

As I went into the turn-off into Kaikohe my eyes were stretched to the limit looking for cars coming from town so I didn't have to stop and by Christ I was lucky. No cars, so a quick right turn and to the Shell fuel dept on the corner.

When I left there I pointed the Trike down towards the valley and cranked her up until I came across some cows. Managed to get through them until I got to a one lane bridge with a car coming over the bridge. I threw the bitch out of gear and had to turn it off to stop. Lucky it was on a bit of a downhill grade so a run start and away I went again.

Coming out at Tangowhine was another iffy bit. My eyes were once again stretched to the max towards Dargaville looking to see if anything was going towards Whangarei but all was clear and out I went.

Yahoo, almost home now – until I got stuck behind another car turning right at a fast food outlet near my place. Man, that was flipping tricky turning that corner. Then around by the sale yards and no traffic, not even when I turned into my street. Just as I was about to turn into my driveway I threw it out of gear, turned the key off and coasted down to my shed.

Holy cow it felt great to be home. I must admit it was a hell of a experience that I never want to do again. The main thing is I am home and I know it wasn't the safest thing to do riding with no clutch. It is now sitting in it's shed ready to get operated on tomorrow. I think it will be the thrust bearing, well I hope that's all it is.

Gee I hope you blokes had a better trip, but still, it was a great weekend I am still rockin, loved it, and I have no hard feelings towards Bill Ponsonby as he is Scottish and can't understand English very well, LOL.

Late in the evening I had asked him if he could get me a Light Ice Beer as he was going to the Bar to get himself one. He asked what would I like to drink I said "A Light Ice Beer please"

He came back with his beer and for me he had an Export Gold. I said "what the f—k is this? I said Light Ice Beer" he looked at me very strangely and said "A what". I said "Light Ice beer". He goes "Ah, I thought you said a NICE beer so I got you a NICE beer".

Some of you out there know Billy from the north so you know what I am talking about, don't you? I drank his nice beer very slowly. Thanks Billy you're a good mate.

Cheers, Bulldozer, BillyBoy
(Northland Area Co-ordinator)

2010 Mods + **Rockers** Run, Christchurch

Ken Forsyth, Wayne Woodward and myself were still busy unloading our club trailer as Rockers started arriving at the back of Street & Sport Motorcycles (Triumph dealers for Canterbury and Westland).

With help from other TOMCC Canterbury members the trailer was soon unloaded, and Ken and I had the barbecue fired up with the smell of sausages and onions drifting through the air. There were plenty of Rockers in attendance, mainly on Triumphs, but only a few Mods had arrived as the first of the sausages came off the barbie.

Just over an hour later everything was cleaned up and put away as bikes were fired up for the 80km ride featuring some steep climbs and plenty of twisty roads. A few more Mods (and plenty of Rockers) had arrived by now but they were heavily outnumbered by about 4 to 1.

Over 50 bikes and scooters headed off to the Tai Tapu Hotel for the first refreshment stop. Several machines had pillions, and may riders were wearing period gear. As the run passed through Motukarara the flat road was soon to run out as Gebbies Pass beckoned and the steep hills tested the less powerful scooters.

Certificates were presented by Phil from Street & Sport at the Wheatsheaf Hotel in Teddington where many took advantage of the food and refreshments available.

There was plenty of rivalry and jibes as the Rockers took on the Mods in a tug-of-war contest. Even with several ring-ins teh Mods were defeated 2-0 in a best of 3 contest that had even numbers on both sides. As a result the trophy takes pride of place at the Street & Sport shop in Manchester Street.

There were still plenty of hilly and winding roads to negotiate as the ride continued around the bays to Lyttelton , over Evans Pass and down into Sumner. After a photo shoot in New Brighton and post-ride discussions the riders headed off each in their own direction home.

Organised by Street & Sport with assistance from TOMCC Cantebury, the event was deemed a success. A great day, good company, excellent roads and wonderful scenery; with the back-up trailer called into service only the once for a scooter.

Keep an eye out for this event next year as Street & Sport have some exciting ideas to make the 2011 Mods + Rockers Run even better.

John Milligan, TOMCC Canterbury

TOMCC member Rob Smith (Spee Triple Owner). Winner of one of the fashion prizes. Rob was so keen to participate, he turned up on a scooter.

Some of the participants at the photo shoot, New Brighton.

Canterbury Area Rally Raffle

The prize was for paid entry to the 2011 TOMCC rally in Wanganui, paid ferry crossings and $70 value of petrol vochers.This was a nonprofit Raffle, designed to generate interest in the rally and hopefully encourage the winner, who may not otherwise attend, to go to the rally. There were 192 available tickets,with 136 sold. The Raffle was drawn at the Richmond Working Mens Club,on 9/12/10, using their computerised raffle draw system. Under the supervision of, and by a Workingmen's club committee member (Peter Sarginson). The draw was witnessed by Ken Forsyth and Wayne Woodward. The winning number was 64, Wayne Woodward.

February 2007 *Triumph Times* wanted by editor

Does anyone have a copy of the February 2007 Triumph Times available for me to borrow for a short while? I promise that I will send it back to you undamaged. I do not have a copy of this issue in my archive, so I need to scan an existing copy to complete the archive. If you have a copy and you're willing to trust me with it please send it to:

Ken Spall, Editor Triumph Times,
7 Glasgow Street, Mosgiel, Otago 9024

"Boulevard cruiser" my arse!

It all started in 2001 when we attended the international B.S.A. rally in OZ. "You know where the rally is in 2010 don't you?" someone said, "no" I replied. "New Zealand" came the answer and so this story begins.

Fermenting in our heads for a number of years was the second big trip abroad. "5 years to go, you still up for it?" "Count me in" was my automatic reply. Next thing I know it was just under 2 years till the off. It was put up or shut up time. Sadly my father passed away and I lost my job, (taking pallets for the Halloween bash bonfire during working hours) so it was doubtful if I would make it. But lady luck shone down on me and I managed to sell my late father's house and pay for the trip accordingly.

Neil (former chairman of the TR3OC and organiser of BEEZUMPH for many years) once again got stuck right into it and organised the container for the bikes and it all went really well and our pride and joys were waiting for us when we arrived in N.Z. at the begining of February.

We unleashed them from their metal skids, got the warrant of fitness (M.O.T.) done and were on our way. When I say we, I mean me on my Hurricane and Ian on his TR6C (spud tyres 'n all) the same bikes we took to OZ all them years ago.

This was the start of what turned out to be a 4 week, 4,300 mile tour of both islands.

We'd heard a lot about the Kiwis, how friendly, laid back and hospitable they were, and they didn't disappoint. In fact we were put up on the very first night in Dargeville, some 100 miles north of Auckland by fellow bikers after we appeared to look lost!

They were members of a "side patch" club and we were taken to their club house, forced to drink ice cold beer while they had their club meeting and then more beer till the early hours at Dean and Michelle's house.

After cruising through some more spectacular scenery on the twistiest road we had encountered so far, and we were only on the 2nd day with yet more sunshine and huge grins on our faces, we were put up again by Deans brother Greg. That evening the barbie was fired up and the beer and stories flowed, once again into the early hours. What lovely, lovely people and a perfect start to this holiday of a lifetime.

Day 3 saw us heading Southeastwards to get to the Coramandel peninsula, once again the sun and roads had us grinning from ear to ear. The start of the "loop" as the locals call it was at sea level and then all hell broke loose! This has to be one of the best roads I have ever ridden, it had the lot. Mountains on one side the rugged coastline on the other, climbing steeply up the incredibly twisty hills (including 15kmh bends) and then plummeting down the other side back to sea level. This went on for some 150 miles, it was bloody AWESOME. We nearly turned around and did it again such was the quality of the ride!

We stayed at Whitianga (2/3 of the way round the loop) which was run by a biker couple. Needless to say we were treated very well indeed. Reduced rate on the cabin, bikes locked up in their garage!

Day 4(friday) we finished off the loop and arrived at Pukekohe for the classic bike racing weekend, greeted again by yet more friendly Kiwis and sunshine. The two bikes attracted some visitors and word soon got around that there were a couple of poms touring NZ on beautiful classic bikes which attracted even more visitors to the camp, along with such comments as "fair play to you" "you must be mad" "how many times have you run out of fuel" and "man them bikes are really nice, you don't see many of them on the road round here" "make sure you lock them up".

We took in some of the practice session and the obligatory tour of the pits and saw some marvellous exotica on display, the Britten, Rob North Commando and trident plus loads more. The car park was just as interesting! Then Andy and Toni Bowen turned up as well and we did a big shop and enjoyed an alfresco evening with lots of beer and wine, We even took on a few mossie bites!

Day 5 and the bike practice couldn't start till after the racehorse training was completed at 11:30. So we went for the all you could eat buffet brekkie for $15. It was the worst breakfast I have ever had!

The session started, then after an hour it stopped again for a 90 min lunch break. Then some bloke told us that it would finish for the day at half 4/5ish. As we had to leave on Sunday morning anyway to get down to Wellington for the ferry on Tuesday morning we decided to pack up and get on our way.

Once again blessed with sun and glorious roads we wormed our way down through the marvellous countryside to the bottom of Lake Taupo where we stayed on a campsite right beside the lake surrounded by yet more towering volcanic mountains. Not a smart move in retrospect as the lakeside wildlife feasted on our blood for most of the night!

Toward the end of the ride there was a strange noise emitting from my primary chaincase and upon inspection we discovered that the long chain tensioner bolt was broken. There was nothing we could do to fix it there but we knew of "British Spares" near Wellington.

Sunday morning and when we awoke the site manager informed us that we'd slept through a small earthquake! "Didn't feel a thing" we replied (must of been something to do with the wine).

After a brief discussion it was decided that the safest thing to do for the bikes sake was to stay on SH1 all the way to Wellington, which we duly did. Not the most interesting ride of the holiday but still spectacular in a lot of places.

On arrival, the Top 10 holiday camp was recommended and as we were there for 2 nights a bunk cabin was booked for $10 more than camping, (BARGAIN).

Went into town and got an Indian takeaway after first having one of Archie the chef's special cakes which we were given that first night by Dean. (shame you can't get this in the shops).

Monday, day 7 and I was on the phone to British Spares "Yes we have those in stock" came the reply, music to my ears, I can tell you! "And yes you can use our workshop facilities to fix it".

Not a moment wasted and we were there just 30km back up the road with the bike on the ramp being fixed. Adjusting rod and gasket (£6) and the dearest pint of oil I've had to buy (£8). A few hours later and it was back on the road without the noises, smiles all round. For the rest of the day we just took in the local scenery and roads and got ourselves ready for the ferry crossing the next day.

Tuesday morning saw us at the ferry queue at 8:45 am where we met up with fellow triplers the Lyttleton brothers, Dave Rogers, and their mates who's names escape me (sorry). 10 o clock sharp and we were

South Island bound and just for a change the sun was out! 3 hours later and passing through some of the best views my eyes had ever witnessed and we arrived in Picton on the south island.

Straight away we fuelled up and were en route to Christchurch to meet up and stay with Geoff and Chris Walton (TR3OC Members). 350Kms later through yet more stunning scenery saw us knocking on their front door and no sooner had we got there and the barbie was fired up, steaks thrown on and the cold beers flowed. These 2 lovely people really did us proud, putting us up for 3 nights, fed and watered us like we were family.

Wednesday, day 9 and the 3 of us ventured into Christchurch to have a look at all the bike shops, do lunch then back to Geoff's to service the bikes. That night Geoff had organised a run out with some of the locals but sadly it was drizzling. It was our first sight of the wet stuff but spirits were still high. in all I seem to remember about 25 bikes being there, T160s, T150s Rocket 3s, Hinkleys, 2 hurricanes and Scree's TR6C. A lovely hilly, twisty road that offered it all saw us arrive at a "bikers" pub where the food, beer, and stories all began flowing. A very good night was had by all.

Next day after another fried brekkie and me and Scree were heading off to Arthur's Pass. "Make sure you fill up at Arthurs Pass " Geoff said "otherwise you'll be pushing it." "OK" I said and we were off.

Just when you think you've seen it all this amazing country throws even better things at you every time you go round a bend. When we got to Arthur's Pass village itself (after stopping several times for photo's and just to take in the extremeness of the surroundings) there was no sign of a garage anywhere so we carried on. Going, about 10 miles up the road we saw a sign for a lakeside tour and it had a petrol pump sign on it so we turned off in search of it.

15 minutes later in the middle of nowhere 2 cyclists appeared so I flagged them down. "Any petrol around here" "Bout 30 kms" came the reply. Shit I thought! We just carried on and I got to 94 miles on my tripometer and the Hurricane tank was empty so Scree left me in a layby and carried on. ¼ hour later he returned (by which time 3 others had stopped to see if I was ok) with a 5 litre can full of wonder juice. The garage was just 4 miles up the road! So I rode up, filled up and the we did the return trip to Geoff's place. all in all a 275 mile ride out. Once again bloody awesome.

Friday 12th saw me, Scree and Geoff heading off to Dunedin for the TOMCC Annual Rally. Geoff's wife Chris had taken all our stuff in the car along with food and beer so we had a luggage free ride. Once again that old sun was beating down and we had to stop to quench our thirst.

Back on the bikes after stopping to get fresh fish for the barbie that night and mine started popping and banging like hell. Tried to clear it for half a mile or so but to no avail so we pulled in by the Moeraki Boulders where the 3 of us deduced that one of my coils had packed up. Geoff got on the blower and organised for someone from the rally to

come and get me with a trailer. while waiting for that to happen he went to his mate's place 15 miles away to see if he had a spare one.

Some time later he returned with one but it was off a Land Rover and was enormous, so we wired it up and the bike fired up immediately but there was no way of securing it safely. Just then Wayne and John (two of the rally organisers) turned up so we put the bike on the trailer and continued on our way.

It wasn't the best entrance to a rally I had ever made but it did get everybody's attention! Once again these people wouldn't take anything for there trouble. In fact on the final drive to the rally site Wayne was making phone calls and managed to sort out another coil for me.

Once unpacked and fed with the barbied fish etc etc it was time to mingle, drink more beer and exchange stories with great like-minded people. needless to say I was automatically drawn to the campfire where there were some very familiar odours floating about and about 20 minutes later I was floating about too!

The Lyttleton and Rogers clan had also turned up and so had Andy and Toni Bowen, bloody marvellous.

The rally was in a gorgeous setting, a scout camp about 6 miles from Dunedin surrounded by huge tree covered hills and a stream as well.

Saturday, day 12 started off a bit miserable, low cloud and drizzle, which was a bit of a shame really as it was the rally ride out day. My bike wasn't fixed yet as "Woody" the bloke who was getting me a coil said he would pick it up on the ride out as it went right passed his house. So there was nothing left for me to do but mingle, eat and drink with the other folks who didn't fancy a ride in the rain.

Upon his return Woody produced a brand new coil still in the box, "try that one," so I did and hey presto the old girl was back in action. "Cheers woody, what do I owe ya"? "Nothing mate" he replied "as long as it gets you going again is all that matters". I even had to force feed him some beers, such was his reluctance to take owt for it!

Later on after the LIONS CLUB had fed us all again (they really did do a grand job) and the main hall was full, Wayne grabbed hold of the mike and announced that it was prize giving time.

To say us brits cleared up is pretty accurate, as Scree got a pot for President's choice, Andy Bowen got Best Bike and I won the "hard luck" trophy! So it was time for more beer and mingling and yapping with the band playing and the fire burning.

It really was an excellent and well organised rally and we didn't want for anything. We met loads of brilliant, interesting people, young and old who just wanted to party and ride their bikes just like us. Offers of places to stay if we were passing kept getting thrown our way, it was just brilliant from start to finish!

Sunday 14th saw us bidding farewell to our new friends, packing up and heading off for Invercargill, and Scree informed me that we'd been offered to stay at Greg's place that night, (Greg had an immaculate Guzzi, and also had won a pot). This was the windiest and hardest part of the trip so far and quite cold as well, on the way we stopped off at Curio Bay to see the petrified trees on the beach (you've seen 1 stone tree, you've seen them all really).

So we struggled on and got into Invercargill about 5ish, went down to "Bluff" (NZ's land's end) for the photo opportunity, then went and found Greg's house which was just outside the city. This was the fist time I had met greg and what a lovely bloke he was. He took us out for a meal at his mates huge restaurant where we munched on steaks with all the trimmings washed down with some Speights' old dark beer, marvellous!

Once again we were not allowed to pay our way no matter what we said. Hospitality at its best! So then it was back to the house talking for hours and hours about bikes etc etc. Turns out that Greg had 3 immaculate Guzzi's, a 750 S, an 850 GT and one like they used in the TV series "Chips". Smashing bloke.

Monday and Greg took the day off work to show us around. "What you fancy doing then"? "We want to see Burt Munro's land speed record breaking bike" (which is kept in a hardware store) "and do the truck museum" we replied, and so we did. The hardware store was just amazing, the original Austin 7 delivery van was in the front window and the further you went the more stuff became visible. 4 Ariel square fours, Bonnevilles a Triumph chop, motorised pushbike, all in all about 35 bikes all scattered about the shop, oh, and the longest wall of tools in NZ (100 metres) a truly fascinating place.

Once again we bumped into the Lyttleton and Rogers gang (are these people following us or what?) Then onto the truck museum, baby, this was an incredible collection of trucks and associated memorabilia which took us about 3 hours to get through. Certainly worth a visit if your in that neck of the woods. After all that it was time to get on our way and head off towards TE ANAU.

Greg took us out of town and onto the coast road via RIVERTON where his brother in law lives, he actually owns the 5th oldest house in NZ! It was there that we said goodbye and got on our way proper.

Yet again stunning scenery and clear blue skies. Along this stretch of road we only encountered other vehicles about every 20/25 minutes! It was unreal, rather chilly too I seem to remember. I ran out of gas again right outside the campsite! We got ourselves a cabin for 2 nights right beside the lake and got provisions (yes and more beer) need I say any more.

Tuesday 16th, this was one of the highlights of the holiday because we were off to do MILFORD SOUND in FIORDLAND. We fuelled up the bikes and my petrol can as it was a 150 mile round trip with no garages. Just when you think you've seen it all this stunning country throws another big handfull of unbelievable roads and views that smacks you hard in the face! We kept looking at each other in utter disbelief, it was fantastic.

After about 60 miles we were confronted by a very dark, single track tunnel, it had no lights and was 1km long! But we were lucky enough to be following a car through as you really struggled to see the road especially after the bright sunshine. Once out the other end the road descended down a twisty viewtastic valley for a staggering 11 miles, SUPERB!

At the other end we decided to do the grockle bit and go on one of the many cruises, BLOODY AWESOME. Beautiful blue water, towering sheer cliffs up to 2750 metres, cascading waterfalls, it's got the lot! Back on dry land it was back on the bikes for the return ride and we couldn't wait, this place really is a bikers paradise.

That night we hit the town for some nosh and decided on a mixed grill, (well that's what they called it) "call that a mixed grill" we said in unison, it only took us 3 minutes to eat it, and it had mash with it!

Straight into the shop for a few snacks and some wine and a night of star gazing by the lake, brilliant.

Day 16 and we were off again, this time heading for Wanaka, via Queenstown. Twas a cloudy day but the ride was still brilliant as were the views etc etc. All of a sudden we saw a police car coming towards us, as it passed and I looked in my compulsory r/hand mirror I saw it's flashing lights go on and the car do a U turn! Here we go I thought. Couple of miles later and we're pulled over in a lay-by being asked "why are your lights were not on, as this is now law," "because our bikes are exempt 'coz of their age" I replied. Not happy with that answer she rang another officer to check. "Turns out your correct and I've learnt something" she admitted. Just as this was happening the Lyttleton & Rogers gang came past, bang on the speed limit with their lights on! Giving us a grin and a wave.

Back on our way and we arrived at Queenstown and filled up, (you don't mind doing it at 80p a litre). The L and R gang were there as well having a bit of a laugh at our expense.

We had intended to stop and have a look round here but it was so busy we headed straight on to Wanaka, got on this twisty climbing road (like the one in the Italian Job) and stopped at the viewpoint at the top for a few pics – FANTASTIC.

Once more back in the saddle and we started the descent when I noticed a sign displaying "Slow lorries downhill next 42KM." that can't be right I thought, but sure enough we went downhill for the next 25 miles and what a superb road it was. We got into Wanaka about 3 ish and booked into the Top 10.

We had to camp as all cabins were booked, Andy and Toni were there as well, so we went into town for grub and met up with the L and R boys and had a right old laugh.

Thursday 18th and we woke up to RAIN so we messed about 'til it cleared up at lunch time, then decided to ride up to Mount Aspiring. 25 miles of yet more great roads and scenery and sun (yawn yawn yawn) and the tarmac ended. Tried for a couple of miles on the unsealed surface but the Hurricane wasn't having any of it (neither was I). We were all over the place, so discretion being the better part of valour we turned around and headed back to camp. By now a fierce wind had picked up and the tents looked like they were gonna blow away, so we moved to a sheltered spot.

For the last 7 or 8 days the loose spot of the drive chain had been hitting and clanking against the chain guard and driving me nuts. Upon closer inspection it had split the top of the guard and was peeling back like a sardine tin, so out came the tools and the offending item was removed and thrown in the bin! (peace at last). During this the Bowens had packed up and were off to get their bike sorted (I'll let him tell you about that) so me and Scree got a curry and some beer and had a relaxed night.

Friday and we're on our way to Haast, which is the start of the West Coast road. We were told by numerous people that "the sand flies will take you away". Well we were very lucky then, coz we didn't even see one, let alone get bitten by one.

About 20 miles into the coastal ride and we just had to stop and take in some rays for a couple of hours such was the heat, we had the beach to ourselves.

Hour and a half later and we're walking up to see the Fox Glacier, talk about one extreme to the other! Went as far as we could and did the photo thing then got as far as Franz Joseph (the site of the other glacier) where we once again got a cabin on a Top10 site, was a brand new one too, lovely. For a change we had wine with our tea tonight!

Sat 20th, all the gear back on the bikes and away we went to see the Franz Joseph glacier, which was a lot bigger and better

than Fox. Once again did the photo thing (seen one glacier you've seen them all really).

It was then onward all the way up to Westport, some 180 miles of (you know what I'm gonna say) lovely roads, sun, not many people about, blah blah blah. Only stopping for refreshments, petrol and lunch. Once there we bumped into a crowd of bikers who had been at the Triumph rally in Dunedin and were also at the camp site that night.

We met them in the town at a pub where the carvery was a fiver and really nice too. The campsite was at a place called Cape Foulwind! Which was right on the coast and yes it was bloody windy! Finished off with one of the best sunsets of the trip too.

Sunday and we were packed up and ready for the off by 10.30. We got to Karamea which is as far as you can go on tarmac up the west coast, and only just made it in time to fill up at the only petrol station which shuts at 12. Yapping to the locals whilst having a pie and a pot of tea for lunch, (them Kiwis love their pies) we were told to carry on up to Kohaihai, it was 15 miles of unsealed road but well worth it, when you arrive there's a sign saying "welcome to paradise" a very accurate description indeed.

This really is as far as you can go by road up the west coast, so after taking in the beach, mountains, river and some more rays it was back to Westport via the simply amazing road, the only one there is.

At Westport there was a grungeing noise emitting from the primary again! We both agreed that it sounded like the cush drive rubbers (despite me checking them prior to the holiday). There was nothing we could do here so got on SH6 towards Nelson. This road followed the river through the most fantastic gorge for about 40 miles, sweeping bend after sweeping bend, just incredible, and we found ourselves grinning at each other again and again.

The plan was to get to Nelson so that the next day we could go as far as poss up the east coast, but it was not to be as the grungeing noise was getting more frequent. When we got to the fork in the road it was decided to head for Picton for the sake of my bike. We ended up staying at Blenheim after a 300 plus mile ride, and boy didn't we know it! The last 50 miles of which was all vinyards.

Monday 22nd, At the ferry terminal I managed to swap tickets for a day earlier crossing for us. While we're sat there about 70 Harleys turn up after their annual rally.

So once again the chat starts "where you guys from, where you going, had any problems"? Well I reply "as a matter of fact I think my cush drive rubbers have disintergrated" "I think I might have a set at home replied" Steve who I'd met 2 minutes ago! "You're more than welcome to come to mine and fix it." Couldn't believe my luck, I can tell you.

On the ferry and Steve's on the phone to British Spares ordering the rubbers and gaskets for me. "Right that's sorted, but you'll have to pick the stuff up as we're too late to get it couriered down to the house." "No probs mate" said I. Turns out a lot of these Harley blokes have got shedfulls of triples too!

Once back on dry land we scooted up to British Spares (again) and got there just as they were about to shut (phew). Paid for the bits and then back to Steve's house to sort it out, during that time he'd cleared enough space for me to drive straight into the garage and onto his hydraulic ramp!

We couldn't help but notice that he had Tridents all over the place! 3 T160's up and running a T150v another t160 being restored and a T160 drag bike hanging from the rafters!

Anyway, with the bike on the ramp and the primary case off we took off the chainwheel cover to expose the knackered rubbers only to find them all intact with no wear! A bit of head scratching later we carried on stripping the primary drive as we thought it could be a worn clutch hub, this is when we came across the problem. The crank nut had backed off about 2mm! So we went down as far as the clutch hub (just to be sure) but all was well.

We were then fed and watered by Maureen, then back to rebuild the bike,(all done and dusted by 11pm. Our hosts had already gone to bed by the time we finished as they were both working first thing, so we hit the sack ourselves.

Tuesday A.M. and we took in the full glory of the incredible view from Steve and Maureen's house (which has to be one of the highest houses in Wellington) whilst having brekkie. It really was a beautiful house with panoramic windows to 3 sides and full of original features, I could live there any day!

Steve popped back from work to bid us farewell and by 11am we were on our way to Wanganui. Isn't it funny how the days seem to go quicker and quicker towards the end of a holiday!

This was a pretty ordinary ride really, compared to what we had been used to seeing! But that old sun was still relentlessly beating down on us for the whole day right up till dusk where we were sat by our Top 10 cabin beside the river having one of the biggest Chinese takeaways ever! Washed down with beer obviously! We even had to scrounge some plates and cutlery off some welsh bloke in a campervan (boy he could talk too).

Wed 24th, and up at 8:30 where we shared our brekkie with 25 ducks! (right old racket). Bungied the stuff back on the bikes and were on the road heading for the "Forgotten World Highway".

We'd heard a lot about this from a lot of people throughout the trip and were really looking forward to it and we eventually got there after first riding right the way round Mount Egmont the extinct volcano. This as it happens turned out to be one of the most boring rides we'd done, on the map we had it looked like it hugged the coast but in reality we were 5 miles inland!

Anyway we got to Stratford where we rode up the volcano which was also a complete waste of time as it was shrouded in cloud and mist and bloody cold! Back into town we fuelled up the bikes and cans as there ain't no garages on the FWH and its some 190KM long.

So off we set and less than 20 minutes into it and we were staring at one another in utter disbelief again, this road was FREAKIN AWESOME and will remain embedded in my memory for ever! More twists and turns and hills and sharp bends and saddles than we'd come accross before.

About half way we came to the pub we'd been told about called The Whangamomona Hotel (straight out the 1800's). Pulled up and the first thing we saw was 2 blokes getting served through the window from the tables they were sat at on the pavement (brilliant). Went inside and had a beer and found out ther was a campsite 400yds down the road that had some cabins. Well I say cabins, more of a rickety one window shed with bunkbeds in it. Still what do you want for $20, bargain. and the site manager? was as a handcart!

Anyway back at the pub for what turned out to be one of the best nights of the trip. We're sat outside getting served through the window with the locals when the old site manager turns up on his HORSE, dismounts and ties it to the post and drinks with us till closing time which was early A.M. o clock. A wobbly walk home under the starlit sky back to the cabin.

Thursday and we awoke to torrential rain! Baby it was coming down hard! So we sat and sat and waited for it to blow over which luckily it did by lunchtime. Packed up again and it took me about 40 or so kicks to get the very sodden Hurricane started.Back to the pub for a photo then on that excellent road again.

10 miles up the road and we stopped at Kerry's for lunch (invited last night). He had ridden his Guzzi home too! Lovely bloke, lovely missus who comes from Devon and a cracking plot of land with various outbuildings. He loves old junk. You know, tin signs, lawn mowers bits of cars, old bottles etc. He has a blues festival every year and numerous other events on his 250 acre plot, all to which we were invited.

Left them to it and got on our way to finish this incredible road including a 15 mile stretch of "unsealed" with a couple of gorges and a single track tunnel all thrown in for good measure.

All in all a 190km road and the longest straight is 300 metres! As predicted I needed my spare can of petrol about 10 miles before Taumarunui the end of the FWH where we filled up again and pressed on heading for Raglan (a surfer hot spot on the east coast). On the way there we managed to stray off the main road and went on a 45 mile dead end ride, but baby, what a superb road and ride it was. Got to the end where there was absolutely nothing, turned around and did it all again, bloody marvelous!

Got back to where we went wrong, filled up again and reset on our way. It was about 7pm now and the sun had gone and it was getting quite chilly so we increased the pace and got to Raglan at half 8, then we had to pitch the tents coz all the bunk rooms had gone! That done and we hit the town for a well deserved steak and some beers, then it was time to crash.

Friday 26th, we hit the town again for brekkie and a bit of a mooch around then went back to pack up, whilst doing this some old rooster (about 60) pulled up in a pick-up and said to me "hope you didn't mind mate, but I took some pictures of your bike as I ain't seen one of these on the road for years" "not at all" I replied. He then offered us over to his static caravan for a cup of tea, we duly accepted and spent the next 2 ½ hours drinking tea and yapping about bikes.

It turned out that he was one of the founder members of the "45" MC of Auckland who's "back patch" emblem was that of a triple engine! lovely bloke with loads and loads of pics of his bikes from the past and present, one of which showed 2 Hurricanes sat on top of 10 feet high poles in the gang's clubhouse!

Anyway, time was getting on and we weren't so we said our farewells and got on our way again. Our destination this time was Pukekohe as this was close enough to Auckland as we wanted to be, ready for our flight home on Sunday. We booked into a motor lodge (which was the best accommodation we had all holiday) for our last two nights in this wonderful Country.

We hit the town again, stocked up on enough beer, wine and provisions to last us the last 2 days and grabbed the biggest and

best Chinese takeaway of the trip as well, BLINDING!

Saturday 27th Feb 2010, and it was happy 50th birthday to me, and I couldn't have been in a better place to celebrate it ! The sun was out and we spent all day lounging about in it and drinking copious amounts of ice cold beer (just for a change).

Scree turned into "the incredible glowing lobster man" by about 4pm, which I found very amusing indeed! Later on we managed to make it into town and feasted on another steak and scallops and loads of side dishes which were all bloody delicious (or were we just drunk?).

Back to the motel to finish of the last of the beers we had then I just crashed out. Earlier on in the day before the beer effect set in I had rung the bloke where the bikes had to go to get loaded back onto their skids by us, and agreed to meet his main man Pat there at 10 am and set the alarm whilst still sober.

Sunday, and it was our last day in NZ (or so we thought)! We got to the "shippers" bang on 10am and met Pat who was on the forklift getting the skids ready for the bikes to go on.

Now then, for all of the holiday I was convinced and saying that our return flight time was 8pm Sunday night, so with this firmly set in my mind we sat around chatting with Pat and drinking coffee and in no particular rush, when I thought I'd just check the itinerary. Whilst doing so, my jaw hit the ground, my heart came out through my T shirt and my face turned white! "What is it now" asked Scree "the f—g flight's at 11am" I said in utter disbelief. "What's the time now Pat" I asked "half past" came the reply! BOLLOCKS we said together.

We scrambled the rest of our stuff together and rushed to the airport to find out what would happen next. But being a Sunday no offices were open and the emergency phone number I was given cost us about $40 to find out that we would be booked onto the next available flight which would not be until 05:30 Monday.

So we had 17 hours sat in the airport, and when we did book in we had to pay another $100 each to get on it. The plane was delayed for an hour but at least we were on our way home.

Our first stop off was in Brunei when things took another turn for the worse! As we found out that we had to endure a 9 hour stop off here as well! The only good thing about it was that they did take us on a free 2 hour tour of the city including a short stop at a local market where we feasted on freshly cooked king prawns and other scrumptious delights, some of which they wouldn't even take money for.

So all in all it took us bloody ages to get back to Blighty after our holiday of a lifetime, but hey, it does make an interesting story eh.

SUMMARY. Incredible place, incredible people, incredible roads, and for us, incredible weather. If you ever get the chance to go, TAKE IT, or regret it for the rest of your life!

Special thanks must go to all of the people who put us up and helped us out and entertained us during our stay, you know who you are!

Joe Selley

Ferry Goup Discount

TOMCC members will 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 half metre over 5.5 metres			$17.00

Off Peak Dates: 1 February – 20 April 2011

Phone Interislander direct, **0800 878-898**, quote Group Booking Reference Number: **F5366**

Group Desk Hours:
Monday-Friday 0830-1730. Saturday 0800-noon

Globtrotter Challenge

This year's Globetrotter Challenge was well attended by an enthusiastic number of TOMCC members, 6 from Canterbury and 2 from Otago.

Organised by BRONZ Timaru, the Globetrotter Challenge encourages a more active approach to the riding rather than just turning up at the rally venue.

With between 30 and 40 riders assembling at Caroline Bay early on Saturday morning, we were all given route directions and set off to an unknown destination at one minute intervals. The idea of the ride is to simply maintain as close as possible a predetermined average riding time over a given distance. In beautiful spring sunshine the prescribed route took us over some of the lesser known and delightful back roads of South Canterbury, through Raincliff, Cave, the Pareora Gorge and finally ending up at the community hall in Woodbury.

At the end of the ride everybody's riding times were worked out and a score awarded with the closest to the required average being the winner. And it was our own Wayne Woodward from Canterbury TOMCC who came in second, which was a brilliant achievement, as last year he had come in last. And to top if off TOMCC Canterbury also came away with the team prize.

The event was, as usual, very well organised by BRONZ Timaru with the entry fee of $35 including an evening meal, light breakfast and use of the Woodbury Community Hall facilities. Most of us chose to camp in the hall grounds but I did notice that some had come well prepared with camp beds and slept in the hall itself.

Once everybody had arrived following the rigours of navigating strange roads and had set up our accommodation for the night, games were organised. The helmet tossing drew much interest with an appreciative crowd giving advice on how to make the blood bucket soar the furthest. The straight line ride also drew a large number of participants. Riders had to ride straight between two parallel lines about 200mm apart for a distance of about 15metres. It seemed that the trick was to ride quicker rather than slower and interestingly it was the women riders who achieved it most successfully.

During the evening teams were called together to take part in the indoor-3-man-skiing event. Requiring good team co-ordination, two teams of three people to walk the length of the hall and back together, on two ski-length pieces of 4 × 2. After much stumbling, laughter, cursing and swearing, and clonking up and down the hall with fierce competition between the teams, the TOMCC team was narrowly defeated in the finals by BRONZ Otago.

Skiing was followed by dip-the-brush – played by a couple. One person held a bucket between their legs, the other person held a toilet brush between their legs. They then walked up the hall and the brush holder had to place the brush in the bucket and the bucket holder had to walk back without dropping the bucket or brush. Sounds simple, but harder than it looks – all this to be done without hands. Some tried backing up to each other, some tried front on, all with predictable hilarious results.

After so much unexpected physical activity most of our weary participants were happy to sit back into the late night relaxing to the soothing tones of the brave souls who chose to put their vocal reputations on the line by taking part in the Karaoke that was also on offer.

Our thanks to BRONZ Timaru for once more putting on a very rewarding and enjoyable event. The Globetrotter is a well organised and very under-rated rally – well worth attending next year.

Ken, TOMCC, Otago and Southland

Modifying Triumph Twin Electrics

Mr LUCAS

The two most maligned aspects of the classic Triumph line of motorcycles are the AMAL carburettor and the Lucas electrical system. The AMAL will feature in a later article but guess what! The Lucas electrical system is, in my opinion actually a very well thought out, quality-built selection of components, designed to be compact, efficient, and adequate for the service for which they were intended.

Joseph Lucas (1834 – 1902) was a jobless father of six who sold parafin oil from a barrow cart around the streets of Hockley. The company was then founded in 1860 with his son Harry, joining his father around 1872, aged 17. By the 60's the company was listed on the London Stock Exchange and employed 92,000 people. Joseph Lucas himself could never have dreamed that his name would be associated the British Motor industry for so long. Indeed when he passed away in 1902 electric lighting for vehicles was simply a futuristic dream along with the vehicles themselves.

Sparks for almost all British motorcycles were at one time supplied by elegant little high-tension magnetos, build by Lucas, which were incredibly reliable even when rudely mistreated. From the late 40's on, low volts was generally provided by a full-on DC generator, with a floating-points mechanical voltage regulator varying field voltage according to sensed output requirements. It was an elegant system, but subject to vibration problems, (the regulator, mostly) and judging by the quality of the construction, was very expensive to build and also to replace. The mechanical voltage regulators had a bad habit of taking the generator with them when they went, and during the days that these bikes were available in the 2 to 300 dollar range, a fresh generator and regulator often cost more than the motorcycle was worth to replace. There was a lot of riding without lights when I first started riding British bikes! And lots of cheap Britbikes with, unfortunately, no lights.

In 1954, Triumph introduced the Speed Twin with a "new" electrical system involving a crankshaft-mounted alternator, and coil ignition, using points, coil, condenser, and thus requiring no expensive magneto. Best of all, the system had no mechanical floating points regulator, and was much less susceptible to vibration and burning itself up. The extra reliability inherent in this system quickly found acceptance by the average rider although 'sporting' versions stayed with the magneto until unit construction forced a change.

The biggest downfall of these early AC systems was adjusting the output to the load. This was done by the Lucas rotary light / ignition switch. Here the number of output coils on the alternator is switched in and out as the load is varied (lights etc are turned on). It's not a great system as the wiring is much more complex and the switch falls to bits eventually and is expensive. When I started it was also impossible to replace so again, there was a lot of riding with total loss electrics. The advent of the much maligned zener diode evolved the system into something close to what we enjoy today – erm – yesterday. But no matter what the jokes say it was a great leap forward in automotive electrical engineering.

In short, all these system were, in their day almost state of the art and best of all, modern technology has addressed most of the 'no stock' or reliability issues so if you are having trouble with your 'classic' electrical system, it will usually be found to be fairly easily and cheaply fixable.

More than that, if you just can't get the juice you need, you can usually make some changes, to components newer, stronger, or both. But in most cases, troubles with insufficient output can be fixed a little more easily than this. For the purposes of this article we will concentrate on AC systems used from 54 onwards as I suspect these are by far the most common amongst members.

FIRST THING – IS IT BROKEN?

"If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Whoever said this was one of the wisest yet most neglected men of out time. As obvious as it seems, there are many owners of Triumphs, like everything else, who can't keep their fingers out of the works, whether or not it's required. So let's be sure you're having troubles before you fix anything. If you're not, then treat this little piece as interesting reading only. We'll look at the major components of your electrical system:

The main components are:

Alternator	Produces AC (alternating current) for the electrical system
Rectifier	Converts AC into DC (direct current)
Regulator	Limits the DC voltage in the system to a preset figure.
Battery	Stores electrical power for use when the generation side can't provide demand and can be used as a filter to smooth out the current.
Load	Ignition, lights, horn, coffee warmer…

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THE CHARGING SYSTEM

The charging system is there to keep your battery up. Since your battery is the primary source of power to everything on your bike that uses it, the charging system must be able to keep up with the demand. But keep in mind, this is on the long-term basis. Short-term demand on the battery can be greater than the alternator can supply, the remainder being supplied by the battery itself. This is why the battery was often called an "accumulator." It gives us a bit of cushion in cases of high demand on the system. This cushion may, in cases of extremely low system ability, extend to running the lights to get you home at night – but bear in mind that in marginal cases, you will eventually run out of juice when running with full lights. At these times, the stuttering and stammering of the motor will tell you it's time to make up your mind between lights and ignition – ignition generally wins.

If you ever find yourself in this position, however, you know you've got something to fix. Let's look at how.

First, check your charging system voltage. Before starting the bike, check your battery voltage with a voltmeter. Set the meter to DC on a suitable scale and attach across the battery terminals. Take a note of the voltage then, start the bike up, and check it again, with the engine running at about 1500 rpm, and the lights off. This is the charging voltage, and it should be higher than the basic battery voltage. 13.8 would be nice, but in the real world, even 12.8 is acceptable. Any less than that, and you know your battery's never going to get a decent charge. Now, turn the lights on, and check it again. If the voltage drops below 12.6 or so, you know that your battery's going to be in a state of net discharge when you're running with lights.

Another consideration here is "Just how good is your battery"? Since we don't use our battery for starting, it can be in pretty bad shape without giving any indication. The poor old

Note from the Author

Originally I was very reluctant to do this item as there is no surer way to get your head blown off when its sticking above the parapet, than by having an opinion on a technical matter.

I'm certainly interested in constructive criticism and corrections where I've gone wrong but please be polite. I have a little knowledge but cheerfully acknowledge that many, many others have a great deal more. I can only encourage these people to come forward.

I've written this simply as a gauge to see if there is any interest in technical items in the newsletter. Its not in any real depth nor is it completely my work as I started with an old article by Pete Snidal and tweaked it a bit (well, a lot actually).

I've also pasted a few other bits in where appropriate. If this is favourably received I'm happy to try and cobble together other items of a similar vein, if not I will cease and desist.

Paul Nuttridge

battery is usually the cheapest unit we can find and soldiers away, neglected in a far from ideal environment (hot, dirty and vibratory). Check the connections, and the fluid level. Top up with distilled water if necessary, and allow it to stand awhile before charging. Put a small trickle charger on it overnight, and then the next day, connect a taillight to it and see how long it takes to run it down. Since the original Brit specs called for keeping parking lights on overnight, you can expect a good battery to keep the light burning for 10 or 12 hours. NOTE – don't run it right down as you WILL damage it, but if on checking after only a couple of hours, you find it's no longer burning, hike off to your local bike shop and get you a fresh one – then let's continue with checking the charging system. Again, a bit of basic info on lead acid batteries might be a good subject for later on.

IMPROVING THE CHARGING VOLTAGE

If full lights is pulling you down below charging voltage, and you have no other option, you might consider installing a lower-draw "running light" for daytime use. This way, you know that you are getting a net charge into the battery during daytime running, so when you need that high beam halogen at night, you are starting with a full bank account. Personally I've never found this necessary or desirable but it is certainly an option.

The first job is simply cleaning and tightening all your connections in the charging system. Locate the connectors from the alternator wires as they leave the primary chaincase. Clean all the road crud off them, pull these apart and inspect them for shiny. Clean them as lightly as possible, since they're cadmium plated and you don't want to take off the plating if you can help it. Don't forget also to clean the insides of the tubular coupling. Then do the same for the spade connectors to the rectifier. Be sure also to clean the rectifier's mount to ground. In fact, it's a good idea running a second red ground wire between your major components – from the rectifier mounting bolt to the battery positive terminal, instead of relying on the chassis to carry the current. Copper is always a better conductor than steel, anyway. To this end, I have made up a small alloy earth bar from scrap alloy angle stock to mount relays and terminate earth cables. It sits just behind my battery holder.

If charging is a problem for your bike, you may want (as a first step) to replace your 40 plus year old dried out selenium rectifier with a modern 'equivalent' replacement. You can get a modern silicon replacement from all the usual suppliers complete with wiring instructions very reasonably. Be sure to mount it so that it can bleed the heat it produces into an aluminium plate which you cleverly built (see above) as a mount. Once you're done, you'll likely find that this little improvement makes quite a difference as these modern rectifiers are much more efficient than what Mr Lucas and co had to work with in the 50's and 60's. Being more efficient there are less internal losses and thus less heat generated and more current for you to play with. That allows you to mount it almost anywhere but a heatsink is still recommended.

If your system voltage is still low after all this, you may want to try disconnecting your Zener diode. The purpose of this baby is . . . wait for it . . . to dispose of excess voltage, so that your charging system won't overcharge your battery, burn out your lights, etc. Although hilariously funny to those who find themselves without the juice to get home on dark nights, this is actually a truth for some. I've had batteries boil with the Zener disconnected, even with the lights full on, so be sure to check your charging voltage after you've replaced the diode, and find out if you need to disconnect the Zener. Theoretically, it shouldn't draw any current at all below it's "knee voltage" of 13.8 or so. The more savvy may want to put an ammeter in the circuit to the Zener, and see if there's any current draw below this voltage.

Personally I still use my zener and have had a good run with it BUT you could consider a modern replacement and its more likely to give you another slight improvement. These are usually a solid-state device called a Tympanium voltage regulator. It's actually a regulator/rectifier replacement, modern electronics, and is an excellent thing to use if the simpler process described above runs into snags or if you need a new Zener.

Just a quick note on Zeners. These devices are named after Charles Melvin Zener PhD (1905 – 1993) who was an American physicist who first described the electrical properties exploited by the diode. Early on in their use on british motorcycles it was found that they failed if tucked away under the sidecover with the battery. They eventually found that they were many times more reliable if mounted in the airstream on some kind of heatsink. Norton Dominators usually mounted them on an alloy plate under the tank but Triumph / BSA decided to make them a styling feature rather than hiding them away.

The finned zener mounting at the front of the late 60's triumphs is a style icon. When fitting a new one make sure that you use a compound to increase thermal conductivity between the two items and run a separate earth cable back to the earth bar from the mounting.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

If you still can't get enough volts up to keep your battery charging, it may be time to replace your stator and/or rotor. The magnetism can go in the rotor, and small shorts can cut out some of the windings in the stator. It's also worth checking the mechanical integrity of the rotor from time to time as the magnets and the steel boss in the middle (that mounts on the crank) can start to come loose from the cast part that holds it all together. These things can in extreme cases fly apart with terrible consequences to delicate alloy castings or may just produce a weird knocking noise at idle.

If you price these things up you will see that this is not a decision to be taken lightly, and you should exhaust the easier possibilities before going here. However, there is a possibility of upgrading to a more potent alternator than originally supplied. Ask your supplier for information but upgrading to a 3 phase unit will require a suitable rectifier as well (modern units usually handle single and 3 phase).

A little word on Alternators. The original 6 and 12 V alternator stators (open windings type) were prone to problems with vibration shaking the windings loose. The remedy for this was to encapsulate the windings in resin, all new stators are of this type. By the 1960s LUCAS had standardised the sizes of the alternators and by the mid 1960s the alternators were being produced in 12v form (LUCAS RM21).

The introduction of the three phase stator pushed the alternator output up from 120 to 180 Watts whilst still retaining the same magnetic rotor but with Three Phase windings. Basically, Lucas alternators fall into 3 main groups.

6 VOLT	3 wire 120 Watt Single phase.
12 VOLT	2 wire 120 Watts Single phase.
12 VOLT	3 wire 180 Watt Three phase.

Now, let's look at the other places to fiddle – the ignition system.

IGNITION

Unlike the situation with the selenium rectifier described above, there is nothing particularly old-tech about the coil-and-points ignition system supplied as stock until well up into the '70's. Many people seem to think that the standard system, having in most cases worked completely satisfactorily for many years, all of a sudden has to be replaced with an aftermarket alternative, just because it's solid state. In the case of the Boyer, it's also plastic. It may or may not have electo-automatic advance to replace the centrifugal advance of the standard system, and it has a few disadvantages as well. Such as the designer having taken the shortcut of making it fire both cylinders at once – one because it needs to, the other because, what the hell, it's on the exhaust stroke anyway, so who'd care? (Anybody with a little leak in a pipe who doesn't like pop-pop-bang-bloof noises on deceleration, that's who)!

The standard Lucas components are very nicely made and with a minimum of maintenance, will give good service for the life of the motorcycle.

Having said that – I myself run a Boyer because it's a set and forget device and I'm already time poor so anything that results

in one less job to attend to helps me out. All I'm saying is that there is very little wrong with points and you shouldn't let fashion alone sway your decision.

LIGHTING

This section has definitely got the potential to get tricky. Perhaps because it is the one visible (and after ignition), useful output of your electrical system, the lighting system can't be ignored. In recent years lighting systems have advanced a lot and happily much of the newer ideas and technologies can be applied to older bikes. Like everything else in the system the work is around improving efficiency and reducing losses.

From the 1950's up to the early 80's the power ratings of motorcycles increased considerably. Unfortunately the performance of the lighting system didn't always keep pace and I found that much like my 1970 TR6C, my 1980 Moto Guzzi LeMans was positively dangerous to ride at night. In the best 'classic' traditions the yellow beam fell from the lamp, struggled along the front guard and fell in a useless puddle a metre or two in front of the bike. Night time trips were 'exciting' to say the least. After a few simple mods both of these bikes are now safe at highway speeds on the darkest nights. Quite an improvement considering the C uses a small 6" lamp from a Triumph 2000 and the Guzzi a small square unit from a Fiat 127. Lets look at how this was done.

Lamps aint always lamps. In the 60's you had no real choice other than using an ordinary old globe. Usually a 40W or similar fed through a tortured wiring system and a handlebar dip switch mounted out in the elements and prone to carbon build up. The first halogen headlamp was officially unveiled in 1962 in Europe and became mandatory in several countries except the United States that used non-halogen sealed lamps until 1978. However, thanks to their capability of producing more light than traditional lamps using almost the same amount of power made halogen headlights the most popular around the world, with most automakers still using them on their latest models.

A couple of car manufacturer, however, slowly migrated to high-intensity discharge systems, also known as xenon headlights, which are said to provide even more light than halogen units. The first model to implement such a system was the 1991 BMW 7 Series. Last-generation models incorporate even a more advanced system compared to HID, this time based on LEDs.

What can we do? Personally I like standard H4 lamps because I can get them at any Repco or Supercheap and most garages usually in the 55W range. Having a good lamp is not much chop unless you have a good reflector and I've never been able to clean an old one very well so I just bite the bullet and buy a semi sealed unit in the appropriate size. Tail lights are in the 5W range and can be replaced by LED versions if you can find them and every amp is precious so why not?

Now we have a great light but whats feeding it? This is where you can really get some great gains but first, do you need to? The simple test is to hook up a fused hot lead to the power side of your battery. Place it someplace safe (where it wont touch the frame etc and remove your headlamp leaving the wiring intact. Turn on the lights and select either high or low beam. Identify the power input to the light and touch the hot lead onto this point thus providing full battery voltage to the light. If it brightens noticeably you have a problem.

That 'problem' is the way the power is fed to the system, though the ignition switch to the light switch and then to the dip switch. Too much wire, too many 40 year old switches = too many losses in the system. The best way is to install relays and use the existing power feed to activate the appropriate relay which has a direct (fused) lead from the battery through the relay. In fact if you have room add an extra relay for the ignition box as well.

I've been running this system along with a few of the improvements above in my Triumph TR6C (1970) for 10 years and the difference is astonishing. I can ride with lights on all day without an issue. I can ride at night happily even with the tiny headlamp and during the day, other road users actually notice me.

Keep on riding . . . *Paul*

Biketober, Christchurch, October 2010

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

17th TOMCC National Rally

Open to ALL motorcyclists

11 – 13 February 2011

Scoutlands, Lake Wiritoa, Wanganui

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)

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 last word

Welcome to our largest edition of Triumph Times. My plea for more material to put in the newsletter has certainly shown results. We have 20 pages of some great articles for your enjoyment over the Christmas break. Thank you to all of those who have contributed to this edition, it really does make my job worthwhile. The only down side is the cost of producing a larger newsletter, hence no colour this time.

Our next edition will come out as soon as I can manage it after our National Rally in Wanganui. An event which should provide some inspiration for further contributions from you, the members.

In the meantime, I wish you all an enjoyable and peaceful Christmas and may your New Year be filled with many miles of enthusiastic riding over the wonderful roads we have in our country. Take care and stay upright.

Ken, Editor