

## TF – Tales

### Beauty in the eyes of the beholder

#### The story of two 1980 Suzuki TF125s that came into my life...

All bikes are beautiful. Just give me anything with two wheels, an engine, a tank of fuel, and I'll be happy. The TF 125s — a much maligned agricultural single-cylinder two stroke of the early 1980s (probably rightfully so) — didn't have a lot going for them.

But two came into my life recently, and here is the story of TF one and TF two.

#### TF125 No.1

December 2003, and can you believe it, someone dumped a motorbike in our street — our street of all streets. Considering the carburetor problems the TF 125's had, it's no wonder it was dumped. What a dog!



For those who know me, however, I only saw the beauty of two wheels, an engine and a fuel tank (even with its stale fuel). I promptly pushed it home and contacted Moorabbin Police. Following up with an advertisement in the 'found' section of our local paper, a sign on the gate, word of mouth, and a Vic Roads check, all ensured it was indeed dumped. Oh, what joy!

Well, after capitalising around \$30, and after a few attempts at the carbie, the bike, whilst still a dog, is more than rideable and lives down at the farm. She still gives great pleasure each time I take her out for a spin.

### TF125 No. 2

August 2006, and this TF 125 was a flutter on EBay, purchased for just \$107 (again not going). After capitalising another \$30, and resoldering a few wires, she roared to life. It doesn't stop there, though. The guy also sold me an IT175 frame and an IT175 rolling chassis, all for the princely sum of \$140, delivered to my door.



The frame was on-sold via EBay for \$20, while the rolling chassis became a gift to a mate for his 40<sup>th</sup>, only to be converted into another 'rocker-bike', by mounting it on car coil springs cemented into the ground.

This is another story in itself, but I'll answer your questions with a picture: the kiddie attraction cemented into our backyard. Am I consumed by motorcycling? You're my friends; you'll tell me wont you, wont you?

Now back to TF two. After a tidy up, the Pastor at my local playgroup had mentioned how his son would like a bike, and that they were moving to Kyabram (in rural Victoria). This got me thinking, and I offered it to them as a gift (again for those who know me, bikes have a special place in my heart — this was like giving up an index finger). I well remember what a 13 year-old boy thinks of motorbikes, and even this ugly duckling would be seen as an item of beauty (all in the eyes of the beholder, remember). Well, the Pastor informed me that when the bike arrived, his son was rapt, so much so that he sat on it all afternoon, ringing his mates, who all came round to sit on it, too.



So there you have it: the story of two TF125s.

All bikes are beautiful; remember that.

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