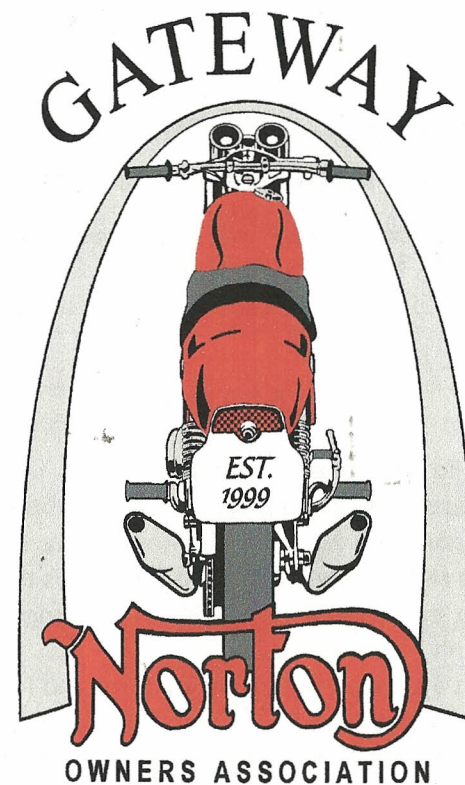
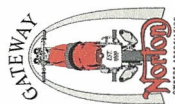


GNOA
518 Winter Park Drive
O'Fallon, MO. 63366

Name
Street Address
City, ST ZIP Code



Newsletter of the Gateway Norton
Owner Association #60

"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"



Mike French, King/President: 636-940-9365 mfrench9365@charter.net

Steve Hurst, Membership: 636-928-3391 shurst01@att.net

Bill Henkel, Newsletter: 636-240-5675 henkelw@centurylink.net

Dues are \$5 per year running July through June. They are prorated to keep bookkeeping simple.

Make check payable to "Steve Hurst" or send cash to Steve at: 966 Weybridge Ct. W. St. Charles, Mo. 63304

King's Korner

Hello to all Loyal Subjects!

Just wanted to pass along a couple items of interest. The winter meeting is soon, (Feb 24) and I sure hope many of you can attend. Being King is rather easy, the main duty I see, is trying to keep the membership enthusiasm up. I feel I have dropped the ball as of late. I really haven't had much to say..

Seems just a short time ago, (July!) Steve and I attended the Norton Rally in Asheville, N.C. Two of our club members also attended...Bob Yancy and Kurt Baue. Boy! was that a fun time. Never have seen so much Norton in one place at one time. We sure had a time of it, aside from 2 1/2 days of rain when we first arrived. and entering dark tunnels on the Blue Ridge Parkway with my 6 volts of headlight. My eyes just couldn't adjust quickly, and my headlamp being quite dim. It was really scary in the long, curved ones. Now I know what is meant by "seeing the light at the end of the tunnel." Hope some of you saw pictures on the internet of it. I won plaques for oldest Norton and best single, we met John Favill in person, and saw alot of old friends from the last rally I attended in 1993. After that, my enthusiasm spiraled downward, I know its a poor excuse, but hope you can see my side of things. Not much to relate as of late.

I Just finished working on a Vincent Black Shadow for one of our members, so that has been rather exciting and challenging to say the least. Its not every day you get to lay spanner upon the holy grail of motorbikes. Some of the technology is quite different, to put it mildly.

King's Korner Cont:

I have never worked on a cyl. head with 2 guides per valve. The valves were quite tricky to grind in my old Sioux valve refacer, so I had to "Wing it" on several occasions, I never could find the frame on the darned thing, but as luck would have it, We got er done. Quite a magnificent motorcycle indeed. It just lumbers along gaining speed like

a freight train, without so much as a small vibration from the engine.

I now see the infatuation, and why the hi-prices are paid for them. Working on one and the test ride were second-best to owning one.

Steve

helped hone one of the cylinders, hence his new added title:

"Vincent
mechanic"

Thanks to all of you, for making this easy and rewarding . Especially to: Steve, Marty, Bill, and Kurt. Perhaps someone wants to step-forward and inject new juice (Castrol) into the club? Its Good to be King...and easy.



Bio from new member Kris Loewe

Norton Club Blurb for Kris Loewe

My ten dollars in Steve's hand he looks up to me with eyes fogged from the castor bean oil haze of Mike French's Maytag Sketer Killer and says: "I need you to write something about yourself for me to submit to the club newsletter."

Me? Write something about myself? (The pinky ring raises to his lips.) The details of my life are inconsequential...oh..very.. well... where to begin?

My road to Norton ownership started with two ends of a rope with the knot taking several years to tie. It involves a trip to Marne, Iowa to buy a Triumph Speed Triple for my girlfriend, Tom Mitchell's crash last Spring, and a chance reunion and conversation with Mike and Steve at the last Schlaffley Bike Nite of 2014. Hell, it started before that when I bought the Norton Owner's Guide in 1993 in a Cincinnati, OH suburb Border's Books...but I digress.

Deb Aerne is my better half nowadays. Not the same girl with me in that Cincinnati book store, not the mother of my child, but a dangerously adventuresome mother of one and shrewd boardroom level business player working for IBM. Our union has married some very expensive and conflicting fair-weather hobbies. She likes boats, vacation properties, little British convertibles, travel, and playing music. I am boring by comparison, but a large part of my life since 1990 has been motorcycling. After I shook my Japanese habit, I became mostly a Triumph man....both Meriden and Hinckley.

In between real jobs 2001-2002, I worked for the now defunct RPM Motorwerkes in Belleville, IL. I ran the repair area while Steve Wiedau theoretically was going to run the sales end. Reality was, we wore all the hats and learned from each other. Factory trained for Triumph, we sold the Hinckley machines, but I ran the back working on mostly older Japanese stuff. The Hinckley bikes weren't old enough to break yet. This part of my life is considered my "Vow of Poverty" where I suffered for my art. I left there to grow a business specializing in used petroleum oil recycling and put my energies into that for 13 years sometimes doing motorcycle work on the side. Financially this was a better move, spiritually not so much.

It was a Hinckley bike that brought us to Baxter Cycle in Marne, IA. Deb had her MSF card and newly printed M endorsed license in hand. We'd motored up in my pickup truck the evening before on a last minute Internet inspired lark. Burning some Choice Hotel points I'd accumulated for work, we had spent a few hours sleeping at a pricey Comfort Inn in Des Moines. It was Saturday and we wanted to be at the dealer early, so we beat it west on I-80 in a pouring rain.

Baxter's was a treat. It really is the only ANYTHING in Marne, IA. In fact Randy Baxter owns several properties there where he has stashed away many British cycles and parts. He pays the bills by theoretically selling new Hinckley bikes, but his vintage parts trade is robust...provided he can get his hands on bikes. Handshakes and a deal made on Deb's '00 Speed Triple, I spent a lot of time inspecting Randy's back room full of vintage machines and some of his parts shelves. Five years previous, I'd sold a 1967 T-120 project to Randy at 5:30am at Walneck's Woodstock, IL swapmeet. I'd heard the legends and experienced Randy's purchasing fervor first hand, but to see it in person was truly a sight. Randy had been a Meriden dealer late in the game. When Meriden finally gave up in 1983, dealers like Randy were in a lousy position. Most took down the signs and sold off the inventories...or worse chucked them in a dumpster. Randy, like our own beloved Carl Donnelson, bought everything he could get his hands on and endured....in the middle of nowhere Western Iowa!

There were two rows of Nortons in his back room. All had little "SOLD" tags on them. Asking prices for decent rider condition machines ranged from \$5500 to \$10,000. After putting my eyeballs back in their sockets, I learned these machines were headed to France in a shipping container the next week. The rows of pre 1971 BSAs and Triumphs had very optimistic prices. Even the front row of crappy OIF bikes had \$3000 and up prices. We loaded our bike in the rain and had a long ride home for my cranial gears to turn and process what I'd just seen. Due to work and a lot of changes in my life, I'd really not paid attention to vintage motorcycling. I own a 2005 Tiger and several modern dirtbikes. EMU meetings were difficult for me to attend (still are) and I'd drifted from some important relationships. My only touchstone in the vintage world had been a Bultaco Sherpa T I'd redone to piddle with the world of AHRMA Trials. Dennis Spencer, Mel Hefron and John Mosir were my mentors in trials, so I'd been in touch with them and fallen off everyone else's radar.

To me a Norton was a \$4500 bike...finished...rider....pretty enough to put in a parade but not the Pebble Beach Concourse. Now it seemed the same amount of scratch got you a basket case project with mismatched numbers. I resolved on the trip home that if I ever wanted one, I'd better get one soon before they were all exported or wound up in Yuppie living rooms as "Industrial Art". Two years later, my son and I had dragged two bikes to Schlaffley's for the EMU display. Deb's Speed Triple and my Bultaco were tarted up for all to see. Two Norton Commandos pulled into the lot and I recognized Mike French as one of the pilots. He introduced me to Steve who had ridden with him. After some small talk I let him know I was in the market for a decent Norton project....which led me to his basement a week later. It was sad to hear of Tom's crash. Having fallen off a bike myself, I know that everything about crashing truly sucks. His bike had ended up in Mike and Steve's care as their winter project. Mike had it rigged to run off a gas bottle and I was invited to kick it through. Fingertips stinking of ethanol gas, I cracked the throttle and it kicked to life settling down into the mechanical chortle that is very pleasing to a well- trained ear.....this was a runner...and I was hooked. I looked past the bent and missing items. I looked past the hole in the fuel tank and shattered controls. I calculated what it would take and started the waltz that has danced me through having over thirty machines grace my bench. When I left Mike's, my checkbook was lighter and the trailer was heavier.....and my face had a grin from ear to ear....my first Norton! And it's a Mark III! Woohoo!

Later in October, I strode through the Barber Vintage Swap Meet with purpose. I bought up several bits and made some valuable reconnections with Walldridge and Baxters. I participated in my trials event and came home with boxes full of new and used parts. The Norton got pushed aside for me to finish a refurb of a 2001 Sprint ST Triumph, then another refurb on a TTR-225 Yamaha. Deb's son, Dane, wanted to learn some black arts motorcycling wrench turning so the TTR was a good choice.

To date I have located the tinwork and had it repainted by Precision Motorcycle Painting in Gary, IN to its original John Player livery. I welded up the broken center stand and the broken steering stem stops. Painting of little bits has happened. The front end is back on the bike awaiting finished clocks from Mike French and my patience at rewiring the vital items on the front end.

. The original Amals have returned from Lund Machine and have been reassembled. The original controls have been ditched in favor of some CNW bits and a Harley Prestolite starter has been located for the four brush conversion. The original airbox got yanked and I'm pondering how to use the new real estate that opened up.

I'd hoped to roll the bike out by now, but other things have intervened including some surgery we're... performing on Deb's 1966 Austin Healey Sprite...or Spridget. Yard work, family obligations, lake house, blah blah blah are the excuses.....plus there's... oh yeah... riding my running bikes and enjoying them too. So maybe she'll get rolled out this Fall. After all I need to start on the 1953 AJS Model 18S I picked up at the Cuba, MO auction.....but maybe that's a story for another newsletter.....

Vintage motorcycling has much to teach us all. The gentleman restorer needs club relationships. Word of mouth is still powerful and gains us access to the shelves and knowledge of enthusiasts. While the internet is valuable, it can be overpriced. I'd much rather buy a bike over a cheap beer and a few stories in an enthusiast's basement rather than click "Buy it Now" on some pinhead's Ebay store. I'd rather share the finished product with a group of rabid peers too. Thanks for having me.

Elderly Norton rider, well dressed, pulled into a pub carpark, walked in, seeing a rather well- dressed elderly lady sitting at the bar, sat down beside her and ordered a beer. Turning to her, he said: "So, do I come here often?"

Minutes of GNOA Meeting February 24, 2016

Marti Dupree – Newsletter Emeritus

Meeting called to order at 7:30pm with sixteen members in attendance. A quick update was given by King Mike saying that the Club membership stands at about 40-45 members. Old Business minutes were waived. New member Chris Tucker-Loewe was welcomed. Steve announced there were still five T-shirts available at \$15 each. The ever-popular coasters are \$2.

Mike asked that the membership give serious consideration for a new leader. He has been at the helm for several years and thinks the Club needs new blood and leadership.

Discussion was had about having the newsletter be distributed electronically instead of printed. Dale Knaus mentioned that the Triumph car club has a two-tiered membership fee, the first tier being for general membership and an extra fee if you wanted a printed newsletter mailed to you.

There was talk about another possible printing of T-shirts. New ideas are being sought for the pocket design, the back will stay the same. Steve requested and was given permission to get more 50/50 tickets.

Upcoming activities were discussed. The full list of them can be found at the Club website: www.gatewaynorton.com. The main event coming up soon is the Spring Kick-Start meeting at Kurt Baue's house, and it has been tentatively scheduled for May 14. More information will be forthcoming. A plea was made for members to host Club rides. Please step forward and contact Mike if you are interested in hosting one.

Eric Miller won \$34 in the 50/50 drawing. Door prizes were offered by Marty Dupree who brought six motorcycle-related coffee table books and Mike who brought some key fobs. The tickets apparently weren't shuffled adequately because three people won the majority of the prizes. No disparaging comments were directed towards Kammie the barmaid who drew the tickets. How could the Norton Club get mad at a girl with the name "Kammie"?

One shirt was sold and bought by Scott Dowler.

Message from Steve:

One more thing I wanted to bring up at the meeting but forgot to was that I feel that it is time to make some new business cards for the club. I know that we have some (plenty) left from the last run but the most important thing our contact info is wrong outdated if you will, that is our E address. So if there is no objection from any of you I am going to try to Vista Print some so we can have them for the spring meeting. By not responding with objection I will take that as a sign of your acceptance. That is all for now, Steve



Nothing like a good breakfast to start the day

GNOA CLUB TRASH PICKUP DAYS

Mark your calendars

Highway 79, Approximately 2 miles north of I-70,
Sunday – 10:00 A.M.

April 24
June 12
August 21
October 22



As some of you know, Peg and I were editors of the EMU newsletter back in the early 90's. There were some stories submitted that I remember after all these years. This one was submitted by Dan Hayes. He was the attorney that did the original legal work to set EMU up as a club. We reprinted it in this newsletter in March, 2003. Since very little has been submitted to editor Bill, I thought I would dig this out of the archives. Sit back and prepare for an amazing journey.

SPOTLIGHT BIKE OF THE MONTH

My name is Dan Hayes and my present EMU type motorcycle is an R90/6 BMW. This bike began life as an endurance racer in Florida until it broke and subsequently digested a valve. It is now powered by an R90S motor.

I would rather write about my first motorcycle and arguably the best touring cycle I have ever owned, a 1961 Norton Dominator 88 500 twin. This motorcycle broke down everywhere - - the Red Sea, Dead Sea, Istanbul, you name it. Everyone remembers the commercial "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." In my experience you meet even nicer people while standing next to a broken down Norton.

I purchased this motorcycle in 1964 as I was beginning my sophomore year in college at the University of Vienna, Austria. Although I had lusted after motorcycles ever since my neighbor's boyfriend gave me a ride around the block when I was 6, I had never actually ridden one. The motorcycle dealer was a former motocross champion. His experience, however, was of little use to me as he spoke no English.

I think it is fair to say that the day I rode my new/used motorcycle away from his store was the most dangerous day in Vienna since the German invasion during World War II. I will never forget the first time I encountered cobblestones and streetcar tracks in the rain.

During the next few months I did manage to hit one pedestrian. In all fairness, even though she was in a crosswalk, she was walking against the light. And then there was this icy bridge over the Danube.

Norton parts were hard to get even then. While poking around the repair shop after the bridge incident, I found something that would really come in handy later on. It was a handmade tube frame rack designed to hold two Gerry cans.

Semester break was at hand and the absence of central heating in Vienna was definitely sending the message "head south." With gas cans attached and a rucksack on the back, a fellow student named Melody and I headed for Greece, Egypt and the Near East.

The roads through Yugoslavia could be impassable in February so as a precaution we took the motorcycle as baggage on the train to northern Greece. The customs official was so shocked when we rolled the motorcycle off the baggage car it took six hours to clear customs. It was then on to Athens on the cycle and then to Alexandria by boat. We traveled deck class, which is exactly what we got.

There were no special provisions for loading motorcycles but the crew agreed that if I could make it up the steep and rather narrow gangplank we could bring it - - and then they all stepped back to place their bets. The Norton scrambled up the slightly stepped surface with relative ease. We lashed the bike to the smoke stack and off to Egypt we went.

Getting down the gangplank was actually harder than going up and the Egyptian port officials were just as amazed to see us as we were to be there. Most of the road to Luxor was hard packed dirt and quite negotiable. Melody thought the way to deal with the camels was to honk at them, though I preferred a more patient approach. Our attempts to continue down to Aswan were thwarted when the hard packed surface turned into drifting sand. It was back to Luxor and over to the Red Sea. The terrain was so barren it was like riding on Mars and the bike immediately shot craps as we reached the Red Sea. It is a lot easier to hitchhike with a motorcycle with a girl as part of the package. We were picked up by a water truck and taken to the nearest town, the site of a Shell Oil refinery. There we were introduced to the local mechanical guru who rebuilt the carburetors while we were entertained by the locals.

. There were two types of gas available in Egypt, bad and worse. The bad gas was sold in sealed 6-gallon tins, the worse was pumped from somewhere underground. Our reserved Gerry cans became invaluable as these gas stations were few and far between. The gas was so nasty it ate a hole in one of the float bowls.

The next day it was on to Alexandria and then by boat to Beirut. Once again it was necessary to do my Evel Knievel impersonation up the gangplank. We made it as far as the Dead Sea (which I think is about as far as you can go on the face of this earth), went for a swim, and headed for Amman, Jordan when the primary chain broke. Once again, it was Melody to the rescue as she talked an Arab with a '53 DeSoto into towing us the 40 kilometers to town. I literally felt that I was at the end of my rope as we sped through the foothills of Jordan with the driver's one hand on the steering wheel and the other grappling for Melody's breasts. Unfortunately for him he was not able to kill me. We arrived in Amman where a tractor repair shop was able to repair the chain and get us on our way.

We made it as far as Tripoli, Lebanon when the bike quit running altogether. We met another bunch of nice people who helped us load it on a train bound for Istanbul. After several failed attempts by Turkish mechanics to breathe new life into the old Dominator 88, we took in the sites, enjoyed the Turkish hospitality, and then headed by train for Vienna. The repair bill read like a who's who of Norton parts, pistons, rings, chains, you name it. The cultural exchanges prompted by my ownership of the Norton was so complete that by the end of the school year the motorcycle dealer could even speak some English. Meeting people, isn't that what touring is all about?

International Norton Owners Association 2015 Rally
by Steve Hurst

Each year the INOA picks a location to hold its annual rally in 2015 they picked Asheville North Carolina. Located in the Smokey Mountains minutes away from some of the best riding roads in the country. The Blue Ridge Parkway was carved into, around and through these scenic mountains. The Asheville East KOA campground(not to be confused with the Asheville West KOA which we also visited briefly) provided us and other Norton lovers with facilities for camping out. Air conditioned showers and on site water and electric was appreciated. The INOA has 36 local chapters in the US and Canada with many of those represented at the rally. Plenty of activities included lectures and talks by invited guests, evening bonfires with music and draft beer provided also helped ease sore muscles. Daytime rides through the parkway and contests occurred frequently with one day trip to Wheels Through Time Museum in Maggie Valley (lunch provided) was a good time even if we had to share the parking lot with a few Harley riders.

When on any trip with our club Prez Mike French you have to know that there will be a lot of fun going down with some danger and excitements all thrown in the pot to boil. I cant go into a lot of details but suffice to say this trip lived up to my expectations of a good time. Hey, I like this kind of shit what can I say. I found a 20 year old Ford conversion van for a good price and bought it for this trip. It had plenty of room for our stuff. Yes we took the famous May Tag flying machine with us, along with a microwave, Mr. Coffee and a refrigerator to keep our whiskey cold. A trailer with my 1975 Norton and Mikes awards winning 1947 ES2 Norton tied on behind. I would like to remind all of you out there that this trip was talked about for months before and everyone was invited to go to the rally only Kirk Baue and Bob Yancey took us up and met us there. After a short but still too long stop in Santa Claus Indiana where Mike had to fire up his May Tag and ES2 for a friend we got back on the road to Asheville. I had hoped we would get there before dark but that didn't happen. I hate setting up camp by flashlight but we managed to get it done. KOA wisely put us at the end of the road and on high ground. Bob and his wife got flooded out later in the rain Our campsite was not appreciated by Mike at first but in the daylight he soon changed his mind and agreed we had the best site

of all. The road ran around us and with the flying machine secured to the picnic table everyone that drove by became Mikes new friend as they asked to see it run and he obliged by blowing two cycle smoke and oil on them as they stood down wind with its unprotected prop spinning wildly. Despite warnings he also managed to grab and rescue a cute woman from certain harm in front of her Marine husband. The husband said he wasn't worried that Mike had man handled his wife. He said she is a New Jersey Highway Patrol person and could have easily protected herself from him if she wanted to. I know she was packing a pistol and told the Prez he was lucky she didn't shoot him. All in all it was a week of Norton motorcycle overload, I saw things I have never seen before and rode roads I hope to ride again and met people I hope to meet again as well. The weather could have been better and it could have been worse but overall experiences were great. The long road back home was just that but with the memories still fresh I didn't care. I hope those of you who have never been get chance to attend a Norton rally someday and I hope I can go again. That's all from here pass me a beer,Steve

Upcoming Events

- 1) March 10/11 – Daytona Bike Week
- 2) First Monday, each month – starting March 7. 6 :00 P.M. – close .Kick It Vintage Bike Night - Schlafly Bottleworks, Maplewood, MO.
- 3) May 14 – GNOA Spring Kickstart Meeting – location to be announced.
- 4) May 29 – Memorial Day – Springfield Mile
- 5) June 5, Sunday – St. Louis European Auto Show, Taubman Prestige Outlet
- 6) July 8-10 - AMA Vintage M/C Days – Mid Ohio
- 7) July 11-16 – INOA National Rally, Quincy, California
- 8) August 14 – Peoria TT
- 9) September 4 – Labor Day - Springfield Mile
- 10) September 16,17 & 18 – GNOA Club Campout
- 11) September 24 – All British Car / MC show – Creve Coeur Park
- 12) October 7-8 & 9- Barber M/S – Birmingham, AL
- 13) October 16, Sunday - King Mike's Wiener Ride