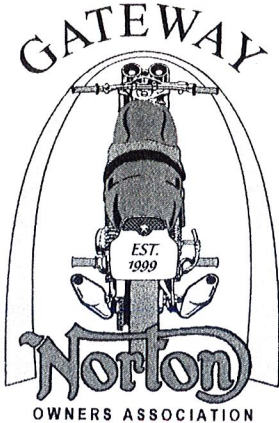


Gateway Norton Owners News #18



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"**
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
November 2003



FROM THE PRES

Things have been poppin' since the last newsletter. If you haven't noticed, you weren't paying attention!

Mel attended the Royal Enfield rally held in Steeleville the weekend after Labor Day. I really would like to make that one 'cause I have a soft place in my heart for those machines, but also 'cause I know Bill Dunkus from way back & I'd like to spend some time with him again. Next year it's a must do!

We had a great Rocky Top trip this year. Even though we had some rain, I think all that attended thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It's hard to beat that area of Missouri for great scenery & challenging roads. Look deeper in this issue for an in-depth report.

Bill Langer showed up at Rocky Top with the new club T Shirts & they turned out great! Bought two for myself-one long sleeved & one short. Thanks a lot Bill-great job! Make sure to contact Bill with your needs [(314)469-4934]. He had a bunch made up but they are selling like hotcakes!

Once again, John Wuebbling hosted his Fall Colors Ride, meandering throughout St Charles, Lincoln, & Pike counties-about 100 miles of excellent riding! We had a good turnout, although not enough Nortons (I'm as guilty as anyone). The ride ended at John's estate where a generous reception with food & drink was presented to all that participated.

We as a club have just finished our fourth year of existence. I have lost some of my zest for the job of Pres, but I don't mind hangin' in there for another year. Recently my schedule does not allow me to put as much effort into the job that it really deserves. Last month I was in Chicago on business. The dates just so happened to correlate with the Chicago Norton Owners Club monthly meeting, so I went. They had about the same turnout as what you would see at an October EMU meeting-about 60 members. Some drove their cars, but I'd say better than half rode all sorts of

bikes; BSAs, BMWs, Harleys, Nortons, Triumphs, even a Vincent. I guess their club is very much like what the EMU used to be - very focused on vintage British bikes. Anyhow, the one thing that really stuck with me is their commitment to having elections. They truly believe that changing club officers makes their club grow & keeps the interest up-I think they're right. Now maybe I'm comparing apples to oranges. The GNOA is different than the EMU if for no other reason than the number of members. That still doesn't mean that we need to be tied to a stagnant agenda & (non)leadership. We will soon be approaching a decision point-do we make this club of ours a viable organization, or do we keep it as a "Good Ol Boys Club", allowing it to linger on until it grinds to a halt. I encourage all of you to seriously consider stepping up to the plate & taking your turn at the helm. Look at it this way - you couldn't do any worse than I did! Seriously, I think a change would do our club good.

I guess this pretty much concludes the agenda for activities we set out to accomplish this year at the planning meeting. I want to extend my sincere thanks to those of you who went the extra mile to make these plans a reality. Next time you see one of these guys (Kurt, Jack, Mike, John, Tom, Bill, Marty, sorry if I'm forgetting others) thank them for their efforts, and ask them if there is anything you can do to help them do it again next year. Or if you feel up to it, strike out on your own & host an activity yourself. If you need some help, please call me & I'll do whatever I can to make your idea a reality.

Thanks for all your patience. If I don't see you between now & then, have a blessed holiday season & I look forward to seeing you in the New Year!

T-Shirt Update

Bill Langer says "The t-shirts are in!" These are the t-shirts you know and love. This year we have available both short sleeve (Beefy T with pocket) and a few long sleeve (three buttons, no front pocket). On both shirts, the GNOA emblem appears on the front pocket area and the club logo (as above but in three colors) is on the back. Sizes and prices are: short sleeve in large and x-large for \$11, 2X for \$12; long sleeve in large and x-large only for \$21. Bill put up his money to get these done for the club, so let's make sure he gets his money back. Contact him on the web at WmHLanger@aol.com or by phone at 314-469-4934. Make it fast - there's a limited number and they're going quickly.

Mel Heffron has the hots for a new bike and needs to sell these to make room for it. Call him at 618-466-5487.

FOR SALE: 1975 NORTON ROADSTER: WITH PROGRESSIVE SUSPENSION, SINGLE MIKUNI, HYDE REAR SETS, BOYER IGNITION, 12 VOLT COIL, GEL BATTERY, NEW SPEEDO DRIVE, 4 BRUSH STARTER, RECENT SEAT AND TIRES. BIKE LOOKS AND RUNS GOOD. \$3,500. Mel

FOR SALE: 1989 HONDA GB-500: WITH PROGRESSIVE SUSPENSION, FULL FAIRING, SUPERTRAPP HEADER WITH NORTON MUFFLER, K+N FILTER AND HEATED GRIPS. THIS BIKE NEEDS NOTHING. \$3,500. Mel

GNOA Treasury Report 2003

updated 10-16-03

		<u>Debits</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	<u>Balance</u>
Brought Forward from 2002				\$ 314.14
March	3-15	-----	\$ 50.00	\$ 364.14
April	4-1	-----	\$ 20.00	\$ 384.14
May	5-9		\$ 20.00	\$ 404.14
July	7-02	-----	\$ 10.00	\$ 414.14
Oct	10-01	-----	\$ 40.00	\$ 454.14
	10-12	-----	\$ 15.00	\$ 469.14

Record of Activities 2003

Jan/Feb		No Activity
Mar	3-15	Received \$20 from G. Holowich to apply towards club dues. Received \$10 from M. Prosser to apply towards club dues. Received \$5 from R. Yount to apply towards club dues. Received \$15 From J. Hughes as payment for club T-shirt.
Apr	1	Received from Mike Poirot \$20 to apply towards club dues.
May	9	Received from Ron Sutton \$20 to apply towards club dues.
July	2	Received from Lyle Perry \$10 to apply towards club dues.
Oct	1	Received from Marty Dupree \$25 - \$5 to sign up Brent Jones & \$20 to apply towards his own club dues. Also received \$15 from Tom Moors to apply towards his club dues.
	12	Received from Dale Knaus \$15 to apply towards club dues.

PLEASE HELP MAKE THIS NEWSLETTER POSSIBLE.

SEND SUBMISSIONS TO:

MARTY DUPREE, 2637 SNEAKWOOD LANE, FORISTELL, MO 63348

E-MAIL: *madx2@worldnet.att.net*

The Second Annual Royal Enfield Family Reunion

Mel Heffron

Last year's rally turned out to be such a good time that I decided to head down to Steeleville, MO again in early September (5th, 6th and 7th to be exact). Since this is a "thumper" event, I let the old Norton have a rest and loaded up my GB 500 with as much stuff as it could stand and road off into sunrise on Saturday morning.

I had breakfast at the Waffle House in St. Charles and headed down Hwy. 94 to Dutzow and then on to St. Clair. I-44 was, of course, pretty crazy, I hate dicing with semi's at 75-80 mph. I was glad to get off of it and headed for Steeleville and Hwy. 8. "Green's Campground and Canoe Rental" is easy to find because there's always a couple of Enfield's parked out front. The campground is a nice laid back place to spend a weekend, especially with lots of single cylinder buffs around. (My GB 500 fit right in.)

There were already quite a few riders there, some just arriving and some leaving on a poker run. I paid my \$20 for camping and barbeque (good deal) and wandered around to kick tires and find out what was going on in the Enfield world. Later on John Moser pulled in with a van, trailer and BSA's. We picked out a shady campsite, set up tents and headed into Steeleville for a late lunch. We decided not to go for a ride after eating because the hard, old tires on his latest A-10 were doing strange things. If you get a chance, check out his "new" BSA - very nice example.

When we got back to the campground the bike show was winding up. There were 20+ machines including an Ariel square 4, BSA's, Guzzi's, a Vincent Rapide, and of course a lot of very nice Enfield's. What really caught my

eye was perfectly restored Enfield twin from Texas. I had forgotten that there were "Enfield Indians", now they're "Indian Enfields".

Shortly after the bike judging was over, someone announced that dinner was being served. John and I were both still stuffed but not wanting to be rude we ate again. Barbeque and all the extras, very good. After dinner they handed out the bike show awards and dessert. I won an Enfield t-shirt, not sure why, but that's OK.

Later on in the evening we all pulled up chairs around the bonfire and told lies and listened to the band. Around midnight John and I decided to crash and I was just about asleep when a group of canoers joined the campfire crowd and it got pretty crazy for a while, but then they all got on a bus and disappeared. They were almost as noisy as a bunch of Norton riders.

I woke up Sunday morning to the smell of bacon cooking and coffee boiling and realized that good ol' John was doing his campout breakfast thing again. Thanks John.

Bill (Slam) Dunkus and his wife (who were instrumental in putting this rally on) also had coffee and donuts for those early riders heading home. These two and all the others who host this rally do a great job and I hope next year the Norton club guys will give it a try. I figure that we all like old bikes even if some of them are "brand new". It's pretty neat to hear those Enfield thump off into the night. How about joining John and I next year?

The "What is Mike Saying?" Caption Contest

I know this is the part of the newsletter that most of you are interested in the most. I received a lot of great responses, all of which are listed below in alphabetical order. I originally was intending to only give one prize, but two submissions jumped out at me. One submission I've heard Mike say at least a hundred times, the other is something I've never heard him say. You be the judge as to which is which. Thanks everybody for making this so much fun.



Lick this booger off my finger!
I can see it's head - one big push and it should be out.
You can't ride that thing with Kurt hanging on the back like that.
Yup, last time I saw a cat get caught up in the chain like that, they had to shoot it.
You know what I like about that . . . nothing!
The chain is one this side, stupid. Buy a Honda!!
Makes sure ta jam dat corking up inda garbage tree wit a screwdriva!
You paid how much for that???
How fast will it go?
Tire needs grease and sushi. Hiya!
Doesn't that go on the front?
Turn that the other way.
You ignoramus! You have the chain on backwards!
Look there. I think I see an oil drop.

Gary Creech
Marty Dupree
Mike French
Charlie Hillyer
Steve Hurst
Brent Jones
Joe Jump
Judy Kirk
Dale Knaust
Lisa Moors
Tom Moors
Sue Libby
Tom Mitchell
John Wuebbling

And the winners are: Gary Creech and Steve Hurst.

Dr. French's Surrealistic Excursion

Tom Mitchell

Attending Mike the Bike's "Rocky Top" outing with John Wuebbling for Saturday only, I was amazed at the old style setting of the camp facilities, the roads, the lack of traffic, etc. When our Nortons were new, this could easily have been the time. Sure, the roads were wet all day but it didn't seem to make any difference. Straighaways, sweepers, up, down; no turns were too tight as I recall. With hardly any traffic we proceeded . . . somewhat timidly at first, gradually increasing confidence and therefore speed. It was fun and almost surrealistic in retrospect. The turnout was quite good for a wet weekend and we covered many miles.

While following Joe on his mount, we somehow missed a turn and wound up riding about 50 miles alone. We therefore missed lunch at The Caboose Place. Oh well. Interestingly, after about 20 miles with Joe, he almost suddenly dramatically increased his speed and left me rather easily. Later at the campsight we rejoined the group.

It was all very fun, though. Although only having been there for one day and on wet roads, I see why our guys like this place and the surroundings. Johnson Shut Ins and Elephant Rocks are spectacular. The Mexican restaurant was great. I see why Mike and the guys consider this an annual "must do".



I'm not a cook, Joe, but I think the flame in the BBQ pit is a little high.

Rocky Top 2003

J.J.

The first lesson from this year's Rocky Top Trip? Always Remain Optimistic! Yes, the nay-sayers were closing ranks, but those who braved the dismal weather forecasts were rewarded with an excellent camping experience and some great riding too!

Frenchy had reserved the group campsite at Silver Mines State Park, which is located about 6 miles west of Fredricktown. Jack Geers had come down earlier in the week with his wife & set up their RV trailer in another campsite, but Mel Hefron & Denis Spencer rode their bikes down earlier in the day & set up at the group site. I left home with the Fatback & all my Luxo-Camping gear in the back of my pick-up at 6:30PM Friday evening. Ninety minutes later I was unloading my gear at the site. Mel & Dennis helped me set up my tent & the dining fly-shortly thereafter Mike arrived. The usual campfire camaraderie ensued with refreshments & tall tales. No rain through the night.

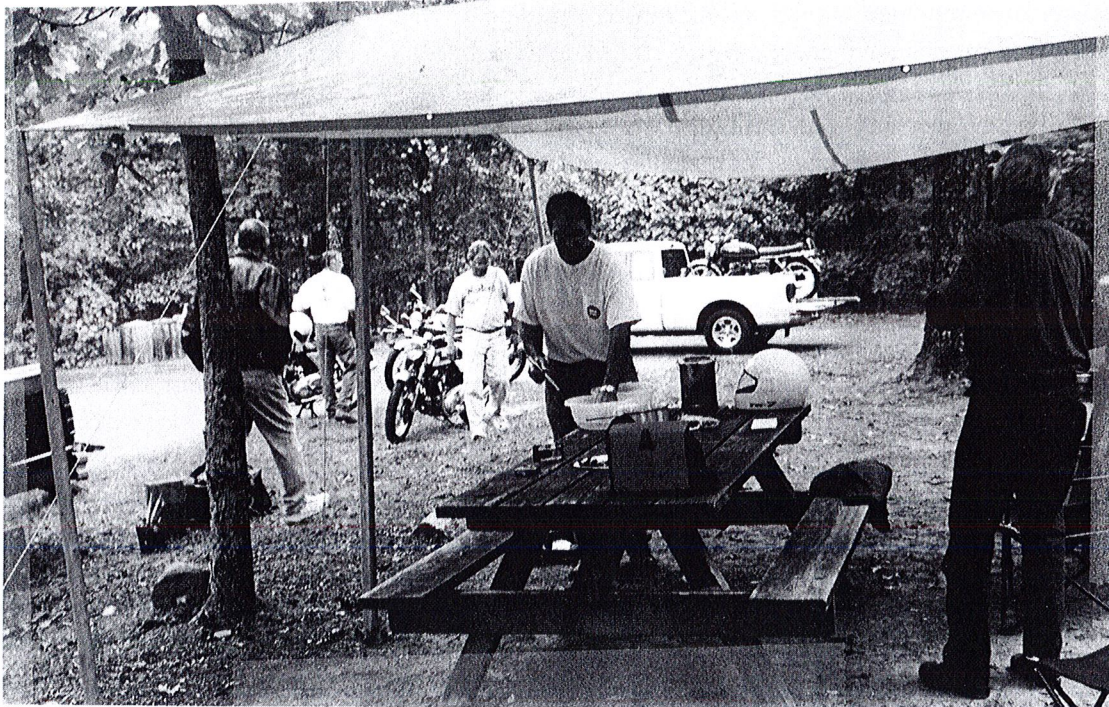
Saturday morning was still dry through most of breakfast-perhaps a spit or two of precipitation. I had enough breakfast supplies to feed the five of us-bacon & eggs & cowboy coffee. Soon Bill Langer showed up followed by John Wuebbling, and Tom Mitchell. A few minutes later, Bob Blumenshine showed up with his '75 Interstate in tow. Eight Nortons & a BMW ; a fine turn-out! The weather began to threaten so we donned our rain gear as a precautionary measure.

We set out Westbound on hwy 72 for the 13-mile trip to Ironton. About 4 miles into the ride the rain started; by 8 miles it was raining pretty hard. We slogged it out until we reached Ironton, where we spent the better part of an hour waiting for the rain to slack off. We then continued south on hwy 21 to CC, which led to the summit of Taum Sauk Mtn. We drove through some clouds to reach the lookout tower on top of the hill-reminded me of traveling through the Smokey Mtns. We continued our ride South on 21 to hwy 49 circling around clockwise through Lesterville to Hwy N, which led us to Johnson's Shut-Ins. I was surprised to learn how many of the guys had never been there before. Needless to say, they walked away with a deeper appreciation of Missouri's natural beauty. Being about 1:15 PM, we opted to take a more direct route than originally planned to Bixby for lunch. We backtracked down N to 49, then continued Northward to the 49/72 split. Up until this point all was fine, but that was soon to change!

Shortly after the split from 72, I was inspired to try my hand at taking photos of the guys on their bikes while riding down the road. So I started to wave them forward to pass me, clicking away as they went by. Finally Tom caught up to me & I got one of him, but in the mean time, John, Mel, Dennis, Frenchy, and Bob had passed & were clear out of site. Tom & I tried catching up but it was no use; I guess they were hungrier than we were. On & on we went, just Tom & me, all alone. I was confident we would soon see the junction sign for hwy 32, then take the short hop West to Bixby where we would meet up with the Go-Fasters. Finally I see a tee ahead, but it ain't 32; it's KK?! Tom pulled up saying we should wait for Jack, so we parked our bikes by the side of the road. Something was wrong with this picture, but I was confident that I'd get it sorted out as soon as Jack showed up; I'd given him my road map that morning in case he got separated. I walked across the road to look at the road signs on KK & discovered we had not been traveling on 49, but rather

hwy J! Then it dawned on me-I missed the turn-off for 49 at Black, MO, and Jack wasn't going to come - with my map!!! I was lost!!! Lesson #2 - Never give away your map unless it's a spare!

I had three choices; backtrack to Black (naw, I hate backtrackin'), go left, or go right on KK. I chose left, which was wrong. We ran about 12 miles through the most deserted part of Missouri I had ever seen. We went past a number of Doe Run mining sites, but there was not one sign giving me a hint where we were. Eventually we emerged from the wilderness back onto 72 at Bunker, Mo, where I enquired at a restaurant "Waydafuckahwee"? Seventeen miles north on 72 would take us to 32, then 14 miles East on 32 to Bixby. Of course, we could backtrack on KK a few miles past J to 32, then West a couple miles to Bixby. We started out North on 72 but saw signs warning of fresh oil & gravel ahead. We pulled into a gas station to top off & asked if the new gravel went all the way to 32-of course, the answer was "Yup". So we decided that backtracking on KK was the better alternative.



Have you ever noticed how much faster the time goes by when you backtrack on a road you had only been down once before? Perhaps the familiarity with the road allowed me to wick it up a bit, and the Fatback did seem to run better on the new slug of fuel. Soon we were passed J and stopping for the 32 junction, where as per the directions I got in the restaurant, we were to turn left.....WRONG!!! Twelve miles West on 32 later we came across the 72 junction! Now I'm getting frustrated; why did I give my map to Jack!!! Luckily, Tom never forgot rule #1 & he reminded me that this was the best riding we had gotten in all year-he was right! We proceeded Eastbound on 32, and 2 miles past where we had turned left off of KK, we finally rolled into Bixby.

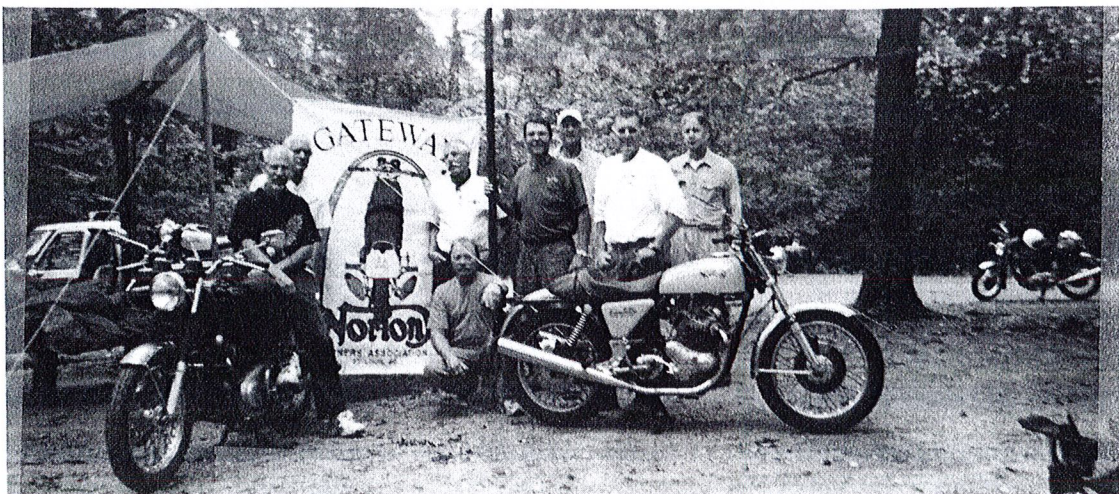
I pulled into the pre-arranged lunch stop, but there was not another Norton in site-no surprise, since I had wasted the better part of the last 1.5 hours leading Tom on a wild goose chase through Mark Twain National Forest. I walked into the restaurant, where a patron who was eating a

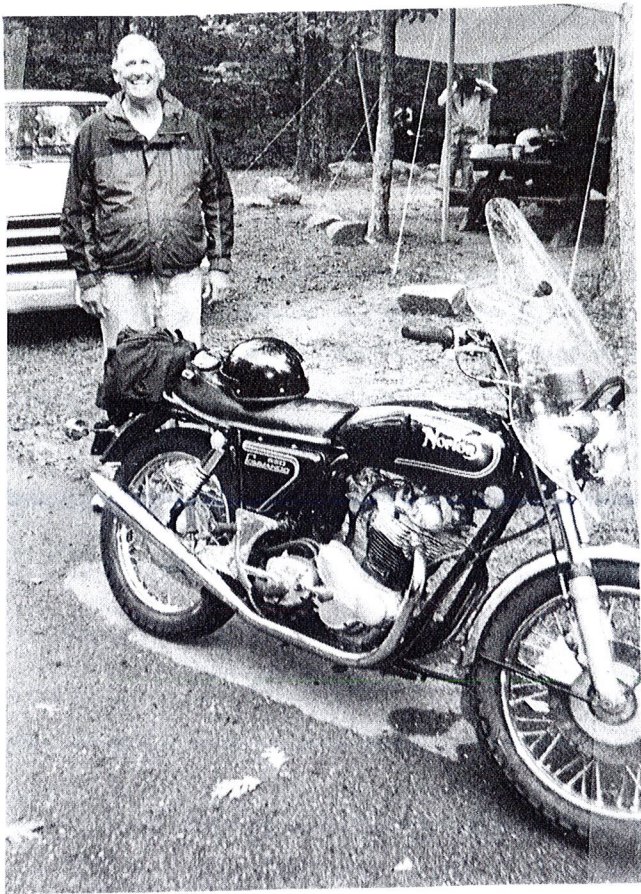
sandwich asked, "Are you the Lost Boys? They left here about 15 minutes ago". The next planned stop was Elephant Rocks; 25 miles East on 32 to Hwy 21 then about 5 miles South. "We'll catch up to them there, Tom!"

I'd been anticipating the ride on 32 East from Bixby since the last Rocky Top Camp-Out. We're talking about constant radius sweepers that go on & on for what seems like 270 degrees, all marked with speed signs between 30 & 45 mph. Given the dampness of the pavement, prudent riding would not allow speeds much above that. But the trail was still warm and I was starting to fall into a groove, not to mention how well the Fatback was running with the premium fuel & the cool, damp weather. After about 18 miles of some of the best roads I'd ever ridden, 32 straightens out for a blast through open pastures for the rest of the ride to 21. After about 3 miles on 21, holding between 5000/5500 rpm, I saw 2 bikes off in the distance - it had to be Jack & Bill! Just as I was about to close in on them, we came up on the entrance for Elephant Rocks. I decided to back off of my assault & turn in to see if the rest of the group had stopped-turned out that they didn't. They must have decided during their lunch stop to slug it out back to camp. So Tom & I turned back out onto 21 Southbound for the last few miles into Pilot Knob & Ironton. Just East of Ironton on 72 I had the tail end of the group in my sights again. I strafed past Bill, Jack, & 2 others on their left (they never saw me coming!), but then was held up by someone in a truck talking on their phone through the twisty section of 72 past Lake Kilarney. After a few miles I was able to get around the rolling phone booth and resume reeling in the last three guys, John, Dennis, & Frenchy (I think). I caught them right at the turn-off for hwy D that leads to Silver Mines & our campsite. By this time I was well into my groove & made it back to camp a few moments prior to the last three I passed.

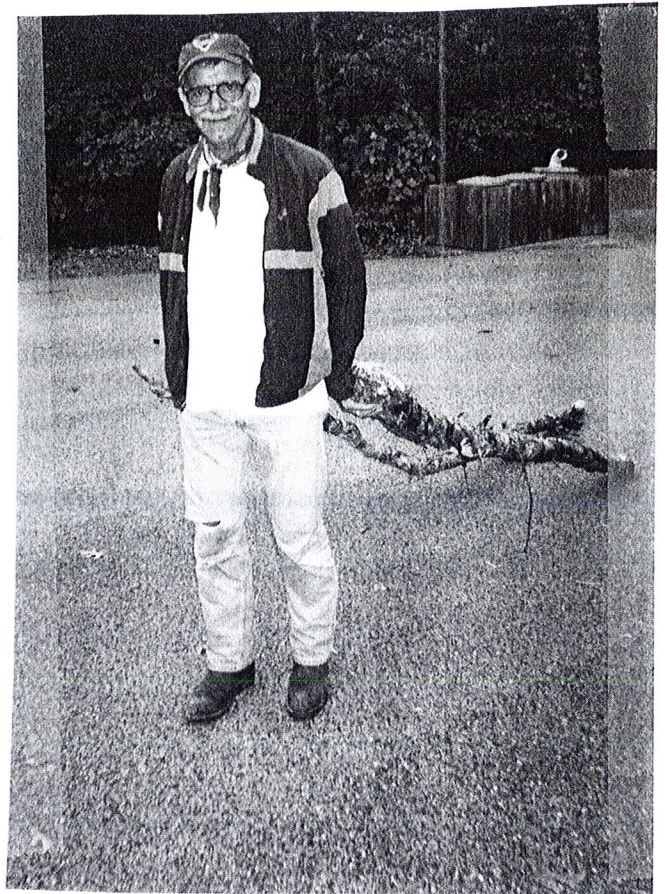
The group was talking about a Mexican dinner in town, but I had planned to BBQ some chicken, which I did while all enjoyed the post ride happy hour. Bill, John, Tom, & I had planned to return home Saturday night so there was a flurry of activity while we all were packing up. Shortly after dusk I loaded up the last of my gear, as most the others departed for dinner in town or to head home. My last few moments in camp ended as my first few the night before-staring into the campfire, sipping on a cold one, talking with Mel & Dennis. I departed at about 8:30PM and was back home shortly after 10.

Once again, a great GNOA outing with plenty of riding, & with no breakdowns or casualties. Thanks again go out to Mike French for hosting the event-we'll have to do it again next year!





"Big Bad" Jack Geers



"Big Wood" Dennis Spencer



Some of those participating in John Wuebbling's ride.