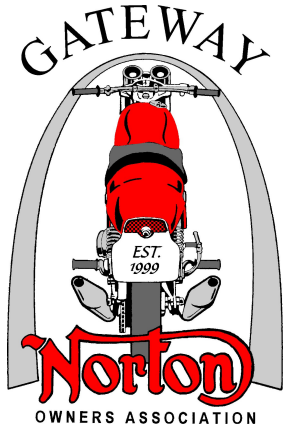


Gateway Norton Owners News #52



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
December 2012**



DOUBLE ISSUE!!

KING'S KOLUMN

The subject of this bunch 'o lies is . . . Twanny Tawk. I suppose most of us are dealing with Commando transmissions, but alas and alack! The older ones were essentially the same, too. If you happen to own a pre-Commando/Matchless/A.J.S./Panther/Ariel/Vincent, then this bunch of lies applies to you, too.

How is this possible? Because they were unchanged for the last century or two. I installed a Commando layshaft (countershaft) (circa 1975), directly into my ES2 (circa 1947) with no modifications whatsoever! A.M.C. had all the right stuff and answers, right? WRONG! These transmissions were built to accommodate around 28 horsepower. The ultra modern Norton Commando 828cc engine develops around a million or so h.p. with thousands of pound/feet of torque plus that awful . . . uh . . . awesome sound.

These old trannies were not designed to deal with this amount of power. But you ask, "Why did this break and why does it leak?" Simple! It is old technology! The engines are the cutting edge but the transmission seals are old stock, the gaskets are old, the gear oil you put in it last decade is old. But, the design is forever. You cannot change it! But, you can buy 30 year old seals to fix it with, along with shrunken gaskets and Taiwanese junk/shit parts and 90 wt gear oils (without zinc additives) to put it back together. Good luck! My advice is as follows: check the fluid level and top it off. If it works, don't try to fix it. Shift it with delicate foot and wrist work. If it leaks, check the screws around the outer cover. If that doesn't help, you may need another shrunken Taiwanese outer cover gasket. If it still leaks, add 90 wt oil every decade or so, it is cheap.

There are only 9 places for this tranny to leak, and chances are you will only have to fix 10 of them . . . with a complete overhaul, i.e.: new seals/gaskets/bearings/gears/J.B.Weld and a lot of luck. We need that last item - luck!
Cheers! French

NOTICE: Most of this newsletter was submitted in the Spring of 2012. I held off on publishing them because the last issue was devoted to Kurt Baue's Run for the Wall article and pictures. So, here goes! Thanks! Marty

New Member Bio by John McClure

I have attached a couple pics of my 72 Commando Combat. My wife bought it for me last year as a Christmas present. (She must have had a moment of temporary insanity ☹). I found it in New York on Craigslist in need of attention. The previous owner had the tank coated with Kreem, which was dissolving and clogging up the fuel system. I had the tank completely stripped and boiled in acid to remove the sealer. Then repainted in the custom paint scheme by a local guy here in St. Louis. All the logos are painted -not decals.. The old Amals were completely shot so I replaced them with Dual Keihins for performance and reliability. The stock brakes were inadequate and unsafe so I replaced the Master Cylinder with a Brembo unit and braided steel brake lines. She stops very well now. Lots of other upgrades. I transformed it to a Café Racer style...very fun to ride.



I'm originally from St. Charles. Happily married to Sarah, with a new baby boy, Wes. I am a Cordon Bleu (Paris) trained chef and have lived all over the world -- finally landing back in St. Charles this year. I am a relative novice when it comes to motorcycle mechanics, but owning a Norton is essentially a crash course. I have been enjoying the motorcycle hobby since the age of 8 when I got my first bike, a Honda Z50R. I currently also own a 2003 Triumph Bonneville T100.

My other passion is brewing. I love to brew my own lagers and ales at my home. I look forward to sharing brews with you guys at our next meeting! John

Ozark Mountain Rat Raid Bob Yancey

The Rat Raid is a Triumph only event held annually around the end of April. It is in the vicinity of Harrison Arkansas, which is about a half hour south of Branson. There is a motorcycle orientated resort called The Hub that hosts the event. Along with a motel, they have a restaurant and a good sized meeting hall where they have a banquet and awards ceremony. It was my first time and I only casually knew a couple of attendees that belonged to the EMU.

The main feature was of course the wonderful winding Ozark Mountain roads. It was lots of fun and the people who attended were just like us and the EMU guys, "a likeable bunch of old farts". I went on rides that took me along the beautiful Buffalo National River. Besides, any time your around a river in the Ozarks there's bound to be lots of twisty's and hills. In fact the river looked

so good, (don't hate me) I got off my bike and rented a canoe for four hours.

We had a few chaps crash. In fact, I heard that the same ambulance picked up two guys from two different crashes and brought them to the hospital at the same time. I don't know if that's true or not but it makes for a nice story. I did see two guys who rode like complete maniacs. How they survived to their fifties I'll never know.

I think the cost was something like thirty dollars and it was worth it. You got a nice rally shirt and banquet. They had more door prizes than I have ever seen. Many people came out of there with nice things. Every time I was around the headquarters there was a large well iced cooler loaded with free beer and soda. It looked like it was going to rain all the time but it never did. I'm looking forward to next year.

FOR SALE ITEMS

For Sale: I will be listing both of these on E Bay after Christmas and thought I would give Club members first pick. **First**, 1978 Yamaha 650 XS needs carbs cleaned as it hasn't been started in a year, original exhaust pipes and headers, great shape, maybe recovered seat but orig. pan, blue in color, title in my name new tire, won three trophies at Mc Nair Park Bike show if you were there you saw the bike, if not I can send you a pic. I am starting bids on line at \$2000.00 but will offer to anyone in club for \$1800.00.

Next up: I have a size 8 Wedding Dress from David's Bridal Shop never worn, never had any alterations done on it, ivory color with bead work and full slip and tiara with beads and stones. Tags are still on, everything is there. This was over \$900.00. I bought it on sale for over \$400.00 I am going to let anyone in the club have it for \$150.00. I also have pics and for a little extra money I will send you a pic with Mike French wearing it! No, just kidding, or was I? He is not a size 8! Contact me online. shurst01@att.net Steve

**Fork Seals
and
How One Thing Can Lead to Another
by Steve Hurst**

For about two years now, I have been noticing fork oil on my fork tubes. Mostly I have been just wiping it off when I get around to it. It tends to pick up dirt and such from riding and eventually this caused my chrome to wear off of my tubes which caused my seals to fail leading to more oil to leave the tubes through the seals. This of course was not equal for both tubes, so I had one tube with more oil than the other. This produced some weird handling when riding over bumpy roads and all the roads in my life lately seem to be that way.

I finally decided I had enough and ordered new seals and fork tubes and while I was at it some of those Euro gaiters like I was seeing on the earlier Nortons. Got it all in the mail about a week later and thought it would make for a great newsletter article. I want to keep on Marty's good side and I thought a Tec article would be nice with how to do pictures and information.

Off to the garage I go with my voice activated recorder and camera. I set aside a full day for this. I know the job would not take that long but I also know from past experiences to allow plenty of time for Norton repairs. Is it me or do some of you also have a hard time putting parts back together that are dirty? So some cleaning time was figured in, too.

Getting started was easy... turn on some music, glass of ice water and start taking some pics. OK, so far so good the pics look fine but wait, the recorder wants to record my music too and not just me. I'll just write

about it. Oh, no! Now my hands are greasy and it's getting on my wife's camera (you didn't think I would use mine did you?). This is not good either. OK, so no pics. Just get the job done. I mean what the heck if you want to know how to replace your fork seals and tubes just buy a friggin' shop manual. Who am I trying to kid? You all probably have one anyway and if not you're gonna call Mike the Bike and have him do it for you. Well, now about four hours later after cleaning and reassembly, I got her done.

Ah, time to go for a ride and experience the fruits of my labor. Nothing like the feeling of satisfaction of working on your own bike and knowing everything is going to be better than before you started. I knew my bike would start up fine because I just replaced my old battery with one of those new glass mat ones I got from Mike a few weeks back. They are a little bit larger but I shoe horned it in the battery tray and got it hooked up. I have a "loop" that I take when I want to go for a short ride to check things out. It's about 3 miles and takes me through some nice turns and along a road that runs parallel to the Missouri River. It then goes up through more turns and back to my house. The Norton fires up on the second kick (I still have not got the electric start fixed yet but, I have the sprag and seal) and away I go. Wow, can I ever tell a difference! This is great! I forgot how nice it is when both tubes go up and down together at the same time. Even the bumps feel less like jolts.

As I'm heading back to my house, they have been doing some road work and I see some

patched road ready for resurfacing, a real test for the new seals. I hit them hard and can hardly feel the bumps. This is great! As I top the hill I start to notice something wrong. My bike is misfiring and I can barely keep her running. Oh, no! What is wrong? I have plenty of gas, what the heck? About two blocks away I see a puff a smoke come from under the bike. Maybe I blew off my carb *[hey, keep your kinky sexual proclivities to yourself...the Editor]* or intake manifold. I limp back into my garage and shut it off. What happened? I start looking at the carb-it's OK. Then I notice a smell of burnt insulation. Crap! Off with the seat and side cover I pull on the tie down strap (which lost its elasticity about ten years ago) and out with the battery. I find that the battery has shorted out against the oil tank and fried all my red wires. I mean they are just cooked--not just cooked but melted together with all the brown and blue and every other color there is. I killed my Norton.

Standing there looking at my new front forks did not make me feel any better

knowing I won't be able to ride anywhere. I need a drink now. After a beer I call Mike the Bike to tell him what I did. He asks if I hooked the battery up wrong. I said, "no, been on rides since then of over a hundred miles." " Well, you are in luck." "How can I be in luck? I just fried all my ground wires in my bike." "Because I have a mark III wiring harness I was going to put on e-bay today and I got too busy to do it, that's why." I asked what he wanted for it and he said, "we'll work something out". (I think I will be cutting his hair for the rest of his life for free). "Can you put it on for me I have never done anything like that before?" "No," he says, "I'm too busy you will have to learn and do it yourself." Damn! OK, I can do this. And I did!

Now all is right with the world and me and my Norton are back riding life's bumpy roads. Well boys and girls, the moral to this story is, don't ever leave the house and go riding if the elastic in your underwear or your tie down strap is wore out or your pants might fall down and your wires might short out.

ARE YOU THE MAN OF YOUR HOUSE?

A husband had just finished reading a new book entitled; You Can Be the Man of Your House.

Finding new courage that he never knew he had, he stormed into the kitchen and announced to his wife, "From now on, you need to know that I am the man of this house and my word is the 'Law.' You will prepare me a gourmet meal tonight, bring it to me, and when I am done eating my meal, you will clear the dishes and serve me a scrumptious dessert. After dinner, you are going to go upstairs with me and we will make love the way I want!

Afterwards, you are going to draw me a bath so I can relax. You will put on soothing music, wash my back and towel me dry and bring me my robe. You will massage my feet and hands to relieve any last bit of tension so that I can sleep like a baby. Then tomorrow, guess who's going to dress me and comb my hair?"

The wife replied, "The funeral director would be my first guess, unless I have your ass cremated."

Law of Mechanical Repair - After your hands become coated with grease, your nose will begin to itch and you'll have to pee.



"TWO RARE RIDES" Pictured are my 1969 Norton Mercury 650 and a WW2 P51D Mustang. The Mustang has a V12 cylinder 1650 c.i., 1695 hp engine designed by Rolls-Royce and built by Packard. The Mercury has the 650 SS motor with 50 hp. The colors of the Mercury are Atlantic Blue and Quicksilver which closely match the blue and silver colors of the Mustang. There are about 100 restored and flying Mustangs in North America with a value of 1.5 to 2 million dollars. The number of original, un-restored 1969 Mercury's?? Value?? Bill Rueckert



Ride To Olney Mo. by Steve Hurst

On June 10, Mike ,Kurt Baue, my brother Jeff and I rode to Olney, Mo. to a bar called The Lincoln County Hide Away. We went there to help celebrate the owner's birthday. His name is Moke. I wrote about this last year as my Bro Jeff and I went and had a great time. This year I talked Mike into going and he said Kurt wanted to tag along, so OK. They came over on their Nortons and I on mine left my house around 12:30. We met my brother at the Foristell exit on Hwy 70, topped off our tanks and split for Olney. Before we got too far down the entrance ramp and on to 70, Kurt started to unexpectedly slow down. Mike, who was following him had to head for the shoulder as there was a semi coming up on him fast. It seems someone forgot to turn on their gas petcock.

We then made it to the Warrenton exit without any further excitement. At the exit, we went north on 47 to Olney. About 30 min later we were at the bar. Last year the rat rods were better and I think there were more old cars, too. Still the bikes were many with 99% being Harleys. Guess that makes us 1% ers. Don't it make you want a tattoo or something? Speaking of which, Mike didn't care for the crowd and the band and the heat and this and that and after about an hour he said he had had enough and he and Kurt were splitting for home. This was shortly after my sister and my 83 year old mom got there. Did I mention the food was free? Anyway, you

can't keep mumsy from a free lunch or my sis from a free anything. So there we were: mumsy and her three kids, one big happy family just cutting it up with the Harley guys and their skanky gals. I look over and mom has her camera out and taking pictures of people. I said, "What are you doing?" She said she wanted to show all her girls at the Red Hat Club where she was on Sunday and who she was partying with. I said, " Mom, you don't want to do this. Some of these people don't want their photos taken. They may have warrants or be wanted for crimes and such". "Well, I just wanted to get a picture of that guy with the shaved head wearing the T shirt that says Support Your Local White Boys with all his tattoos." I have never been able to argue with mom to much success so I just let her go. I know some of the bikers were wondering if she was undercover from the FBI or Task force, but what the heck, my sis was there and you don't want to mess with her.

After awhile mom's SIM card got full and she and my sis said they had had enough and were leaving. OK, BYE! That left Jeff and I to enjoy what was left of the day and our half pints. We did and then we split, too. Had a great ride home-the Norton ran fine. My Bro cut off 70 at the Foristell exit and I road solo back to Harvester. See ya next year
Moke

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Dues are \$5 per year running July thru June. They are non-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.

Mike's 2nd Annual "Weenie Ride"

Reported by Steve Hurst

This ride shall be referred to from now on as Mike's Windy Wet Weenier Ride by me and those who rode it. Well, me for sure. On Sunday October 14, me and seven other GNOA club members met at Mike's house at 11:00 am for a putt putt to Klondike Park in St. Charles Co. The goal was to ride to the park, roast sausages and beans, eat said food while washing it down with liquid refreshment and make it back home. So, that said it was a successful ride.

They asked me to lead the group from Mike's. Really, somebody did! I know the back way to hwy 94 from there. They said I ran a red light on a left turn. I still say it was yellow and they are too slow to keep up. It's a good thing others in the group know the way. I rode slow {for me} so they could catch up but there was always a car or truck that would get in between. That's what they said. We stopped for fuel and chips and ice. Since Dave was riding his Sporty with bags we let him carry the ice. Because Jeff was on his Vulcan with bags and knew where the park was we let him carry the 12 pack. I guess you know where this is going but try not to get ahead of me. I don't like to think I ride fast but I try not to daudle along either.

The club caught up with me at the entrance to the park and followed me to the picnic area, mostly. I felt bad. Dave was lost on his Harley. I guess he couldn't keep up with the Nortons but that's why we gave him the ice and not the "important stuff." "Ice? We don't need no stinkin' ice!". Anyway, I offered to go look for him and anybody else who didn't know where the party was. So, I rode around the park. I think I spotted him in a parking lot on his cell but I could not turn around (one way road) and by the time I rode around the park again he wasn't there. I went back to the party thinking the charcoal had had a good

start and they did. Dave finally got cell service and we directed him in. Sausages on the barbie with cans o' beans on the side. Mike was doing a fine job as the King Grillmeister. We were kicking tyres and kicking back. We had just about finished eating when Scott Dowler and his lovely wife Patti showed up on his new Triumph. It's got bags, too. Must be some new trend starting up or sumpin'. Anyways, they had a bunch of pickled stuff they grew and put up for the winter and shared jars with the group. Yum, yum.

Now its getting to be about 3 in the afternoon and since the wind had been a blowin' since the start, now it looked like it was fixin' to get wet. Dave left first, (its ok, his headlight is smaller than the rest of ours). Then Dale Knaus and Jeff took off because they had a longer way to go. The rest of us cleaned up the site. Mike, Gary Creech, Tom, Kurt and I headed towards St. Charles and Kirkwood while Scott and Patti peeled off for their farm. The rain started as soon as my Norton did and I did not feel like getting back off and putting on the rain gear. I thought, "the faster I ride the less time I will spend in wet jeans". I was doing about 80 mph and looked back and Kurt had the same idea. I don't know about the rest of 'em but 5 miles later, Kurt past me doing 85mph. Boy, those old Nortons like the wet, cool weather. Must remind 'em of England. I followed Kurt until my exit came up. I made it home being mindful of the wet leaves on the street and parked my bike. What started off as a shiny black Commando came home as a dirty black Commando. That's what Simple Green and a hose is for the next day. And that's what I call fun. I hope we can do this again next year and I hope you that went will go again and you that didn't will. That's all from here. Pass me a beer.

Steve

Antique Aeroplane Fly In and Motorcycle Ride In Show at Columbia Ill. Airfield by Steve Hurst

It was Sunday Oct .21, I woke up late and didn't get around to checking my emails until 10:45 am. What? There's one from the King, there is a ride today and I totally forgot he said something about it earlier in the week. He wants to leave his house at 11. I gave Mike a call and he said they would wait for me so I put on my boots and grabbed my jacket and out the door I went. My Commando was freshly cleaned from last weeks "Weenie Wet Ride" so all I needed was fuel. I knew they did too, so in 15 minutes I was in the Kings driveway. Dave Kaufman, Tom Mitchell, Mike and John Murray were there. John had his one-off 750 Commando that he built showing off the latest new fabrication he added. Unfortunately, he could not make the ride with us but it was still good to see him. OK, so it was three Nortons and a Harley. Dave rode

his other sporty this time. He probably didn't have time to clean his other from last weeks rain ride. I think that's why he has two of them. He has a government job and they keep him real busy, so he says.

After getting gassed up, Mike took the lead with the rest of us following. We headed for the land of Lincoln. I don't know why they didn't want me to lead again, but they didn't. We put Dave in the middle so he would not get lost. It was all highway and a sunny day with lots of people out and about so we kept it under the ton. When we got to the field we saw more members of the GNOA club. Some of them live over on that side of the river. Mark Bosworth lives on our side was there too. Boy, the weather sure was warming up so everyone was taking off the leathers.



We started looking at all the cool, old bikes and then moved on to the planes. I feel a connection with the minimalist way some of the experimental aircraft and stripped down motorcycles have in common. Basics, engine and frame, nothing you don't need. Well, on a bike, maybe some brakes sometimes, like Mike says "they only slow ya down". Around about 3 or so we had had enough and headed for the

Show Me State. Mike had the lead for a short bit but found something was trying to blow off his bike so he stopped to retie it. After that we let him lead again for good measure cause he is the King and all. If you haven't been to Columbia Ill. for this event I suggest you try to make it next year as it's a gas and you will like it. I guarantee it! That's all from here...pass me another beer. Steve

31st Annual St. Louis All British Car and Cycle Show by Doc Coogan

Saturday September 15, 2012. It was a beautiful day, not too hot. There were a total of 6 bikes entered. There were 5 Triumphs and 1 Norton. Three bikes were vintage. Mark Bosworth brought his 1970 Norton Commando "S". There was a 1965 Triumph Tiger with very dry- rotted tires. The other vintage bike was a 1969 Triumph Bonneville, I believe? The three newer bikes included a 2010 Triumph American, a 2012 Triumph Bonneville and my 2010 Triumph Thunderbird. Lots of folks stopped by to check out the bikes. One bearded, gruffy looking guy came by early during the show and pissed me off. He looked very quickly at the bikes and says, barely audible, "if they aren't Harleys, they are not real motorcycles". I responded with, "My, that was brilliant. How long have you been a sheep?" He didn't get it.

Judging was done like every year before. If you had an entry, you could cast a vote for each car category and the one motorcycle category. Basically what this meant was that the bikes were being judged by British car owners. Mark's Norton was getting most of the crowd attention. I truly felt the Norton would take first. Since the bikes were class EE, we were one of the last to be announced. The 2010 Triumph American with Union Jack painted on the tank finished third. My 2010 Thunderbird took second. First place was claimed by the 2012 Triumph Bonneville. I was truly stunned that the Norton did not place. Shows you what British car owners know. Steve and Jeff Hurst showed up toward the end of the show. A good time was had by all except one idiot Harley rider! Ok, if you own a Norton and a Harley you're not a complete idiot! LOL

Club Member Gary Doherty's Christmas Wish

For Christmas I would like a stronger right leg for kicking over my tired 850 Norton Commando circa 1974, and the ability to hold the throttle open while putting on my helmet should the bike start so I can let it warm up while I ride. And yes Santa, I have been good.

Law of Gravity - Any tool, nut, bolt, screw, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible place in the garage.

Get Your Kicks on Route 66 by Doc Coogan

You know how the song goes, "Well if you ever plan to motor west. Just take my way, that highway's the best. Get your kicks on Route 66. Well it winds from Chicago to LA. More than 2000 miles all the way. Get your kicks on Route 66." Do you know who first sang this song? Was it Chuck Berry? Wrong. Was it the Stones? Wrong. It was composed by American songwriter Bobby Trout and recorded by Nat King Cole in 1946. Thank you Wikipedia.

Other names for Route 66 include, The Will Rogers Highway, Main Street of America and the Mother Road. Do you remember the Route 66 television show? Now I'm really feeling old.

Oh shit, that's right, this article is supposed to be about the Southern California Norton Owners Route 66 ride from St. Louis to Santa Monica. These guys really had this ride well planned. September 8th thru the 16th. 27 vintage motorcycles were freighted from Pasadena, CA to St. Louis at cost of around \$300 per bike. Some other riders provided their own bike transportation to St. Louis. A total of 39 bikes left St. Louis, 38 vintage bikes and one 2010 Triumph Thunderbird. I promised that I would peel off around St. Clair, MO. Their plan was to average about 250 miles per day, with one full day of rest/maintenance in the middle. I'm sure both riders and bikes desperately needed that day of rest. Guaranteed rates with motel chains were prearranged.



Semi being loaded in California

Total cumulative miles for all the bikes was around 70,000 miles, about 2300 miles per bike. The ride covered 7 states. Perhaps the

most interesting bike was a 1967 Norton P-11, which showed up museum fresh with no miles on it. The P-11 was designed in the late 60's

for desert racing. Unfortunately, this was not an ideal break-in ride for the P-11. The bike broke down after 2 ½ days.

Another interesting bike was perhaps the last pre-superblend 1972 Combat Commando's. It hadn't been ridden in several years. It had pre-superblend soft bearings. What this meant was the bike had a history of seizures. This bike only made it to Lebanon, MO. The president of the club, Bob Bibbiani (Bib) had two Norton's shipped from California. His spare Norton was being cannibalized in St. Louis by other club members. The owner of the bike that broke down in Lebanon had to trailer his bike back to California. He was gracious enough to take Bibb's spare Norton back to California, early, to stop the cannibalization.

Unbelievably, there were no accidents, no tickets. Only one flat tire near Pasadena.

The club's first aid kit gave up one band-aide. Most bike related breakdowns were electrical problems. (Now there's a big surprise!!) They had 33 bikes make it all the way. Finishers included 19 Norton's, 6 Triumph's, 3 BSA's, 2 BMW's, a Vincent Rapide (Huh?), a Hillman/Enfield/Norton "Special" and one Honda.

Perhaps the nicest stretch of the ride was in Missouri. They hit St. James right in the middle of their annual Wine Festival and parade. In Kansas they actually hit a several mile stretch of dirt road. There were long stretches of abandoned 1930-1940 era four-lane across Oklahoma. Part of this had grass growing up out of the road! Parts of Route 66 in Oklahoma is broken up with dead-ends. The Oklahoma folks were very helpful pointing the California boys back in the right direction.



St. James, Mo wine fest parade.

Interesting stops along the way included the U Drop Inn in Shamrock, TX. Originally built in 1936, it was considered the swankiest of swanky restaurants! The U Drop Inn's unique design and architecture was the inspiration for the body shop owned by the character Ramone in the animated film "Cars". (More worthless information from Wikipedia)

Another great stopping off place was Winslow, AZ. "Well I'm standing on a corner

in Winslow, AZ and such a fine sight to see. There's a girl, my Lord, in a flatbed Ford slowing down to take a look at me." (Didn't you always think this song was written about you?) Winslow is well known for its famous street corner. The city suffered economic loss when Route 66 was supplanted by Interstate 40. It was the popularity of the famous 'Eagles' song "Take It Easy", that led to its renewed attention and a commercial renaissance.



Famous corner in Winslow, AZ



Movie set used in the movie "Cars"

Of course let's not forget one of the group's first stops at the Elbow Inn located in St. Robert's MO. If you ever stop at the Elbow Inn, make sure to see the ladies bathroom (you might want to knock first). It has a loveseat covered with purple velvet on a zebra print. I'm told it's worth a look see!

Last but not least, I need to mention their stop at the Boot Hill Saloon and Grill in Vega, TX. They have the best steaks in the panhandle. Of course the theme is the old west. Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday (I'm your huckleberry) were nowhere to be found.

All kidding aside, this was one hell of a ride. I'm truly jealous of these Southern

California bikers. I would like to thank Bob Bibbiani, president of the club. He was very informative and loved talking about this unbelievable ride. I suggest that everyone go

to www.facebook.com/pages/SoCal-norton-club/197253286955897 and scroll down to the Social Norton Club. There are hundreds of pictures of this incredible ride!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Below is a picture taken on Thanksgiving Day 2012 of 9 of our 10 grandchildren (missing is a 4 month old boy). Peg and I have been doing the newsletter since February 2002. When we started, we only had three grandchildren. As they grow older, they participate in more and more things that we want to be part of. One of the main reasons the newsletter has been getting harder and harder for us to get out on time is our "grandparent benefits" that we don't want to miss. So I would like to make the announcement that we will do two more newsletters and give up our editorship in July 2013. Someone will need to step forward and take over this duty. The newsletter is the only thing that everyone in the Club experiences. It is a vital part of the club. Please consider giving something back to the Club by becoming the new editor.

Thank you, Marty and Peggy Dupree



L to R: Wyatt, Jamie, Sophie, Paige, Mitch, Austin, Nate, Lily, Kiersten. Sleeping was baby Ian.