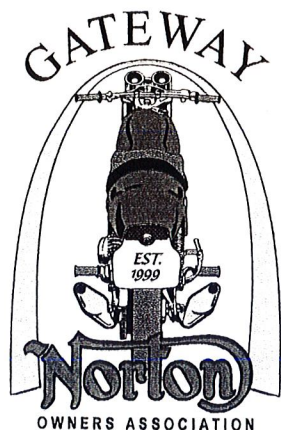


Gateway Norton Owners News #26



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

Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree

November 2005



NEW YEAR'S DAY OFF-ROAD CLUB OUTING

Club member Monty Parson has generously agreed to open up his property near Moscow Mills again for dirt bike riding and general revelry. Monty says to bring out the dirt and trials bikes, the older the better. There are lots of trails to choose, depending on your abilities. In the past years, club president Steve Hurst has provided his world famous deer chili, but everyone should bring their own food, snacks and drinks.

Now for the important information: Sunday, January 1, 2006, 11:30 a.m. Directions: take MO 40/61 west to Moscow Mills, right on Hwy. C, left on Gravens Road, right on Brevador. at Mill Ridge (on left), **take the gravel road to the right**. If you get lost, call Monty 636-734-8822.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

We had another great year with our rides and our rally's. There were no serious mishaps, which suggests we are doing something right. The primitive campout had great weather and great food, thanks Marty, and all who helped to cook the food. There was enough for a small army and those of you who did not show up are the ones to blame for Marty having to eat grilled chicken for the next four days. The Fall Colors Ride was only lacking in the color of the foliage. It was made up for by the colors of all the bikes present. As I stopped to pay for gas at the station next to the Hardee's I was asked what was going on. Was this some kind of an anti-Harley rally? I replied, "Well, there are other bikes besides them, you know." It was great to see people take notice of us. I think I counted something like 20 bikes on that ride. I applaud John W. for having the safety meeting before the ride. The food at the end was one of the reasons to finish the ride. It was great!

As we are approaching the holidays, I know we are all thinking less of our bikes and more of our families, however this is still a good time to get things done on them. It is a good time to get some parts chromed or polished, or repair those broken and neglected pieces. If any of the new members are having any trouble, the winter is the time to get things sorted out. We can help, but you gotta call or show up. I think that after the new year, it would be

great to have a meeting at The Corner Bar in St. Charles to see what all of you are doing to your Norton's and what cool bike stuff you got for gifts. If you agree, I can pick a date and we will e-mail everyone. I think we all agree - so there! It is done!!

Everyone is asking me, "What is going on with your Bobber?" Well, not to bore you, but I have ridden 247 miles on it and it is doing great. It is a gas to ride and I get a lot of looks. I will take some of my own advice and do the cosmetics over the winter. That is all my own advice I will take. Just because it is mine. I will, however, take advice from others as long as it does not differ too much from mine.

Happy holidays everyone.

Steve

E-MAIL UPDATE

If your have not received a GNOA email in the last month it is because I don't have your email address (or new address). Please send it to me so we can make it easier to contact everyone on short notice. Marty

madx2@worldnet.att.net

GNOA Treasury Report

2005

Updated 9-7-05

		<u>Debits</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	<u>Balance</u>
Brought Forward from 2004				\$ 494.14
January	19 th	\$ 15.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 484.14
February	9 th	-----	\$ 10.00	\$ 494.14
	12 th	\$ 150.00	-----	\$ 344.14
March	4 th	\$ 15.00	-----	\$ 329.14
	19 th	-----	\$ 55.00	\$ 384.14
September	7 th	-----	\$ 40.00	\$ 424.14

John's Annual Fall Colors Ride

Submitted by Joe Jump

October 16th was the date of this year's Annual Fall colors Ride, hosted by John Wuebbeling. As in past years it was a fine tour through some of St. Charles and Lincoln counties. We were blessed with great weather and a fine tour.

We assembled at the Hardees workaraunt on highways 79 & 70 for a scheduled departure of 10:00 am, which as usual slipped until about 10:30 to allow for the stragglers to arrive (myself included). Attendees included French Fry, the Pres. And his other brother Daryl, yours truly, Merlin & Sue Libby, Tom Mitchell, Tom & Liza Moors, Ron "Where's your P-11?" Sutton, Robin Swaysland, Ernie Trakas, and of course John. We had a number of guests with us, including a few familiar faces from the EMU, John's nephew, and others. The Norton marque was not as well represented as in past rides with a number of Triumphs, various Japanese machines, a few Hardly Ablesons, and even a Guzzi in attendance.

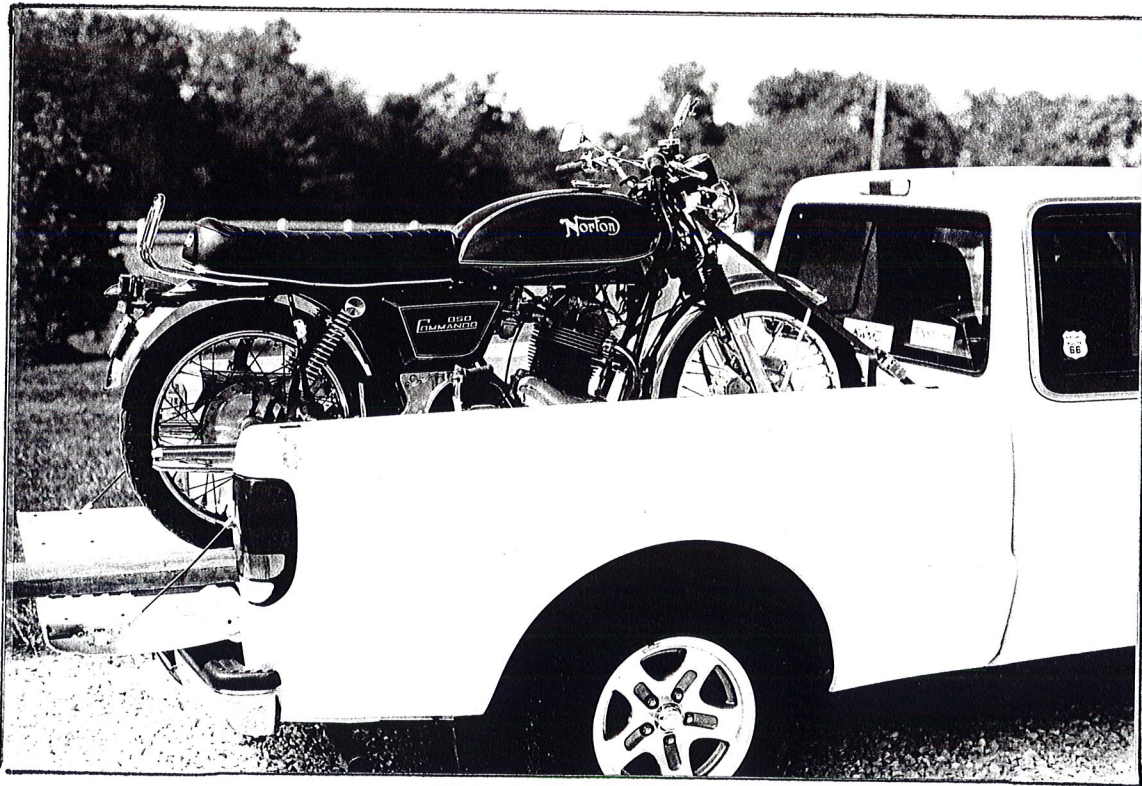
We started our ride heading north on 79 as on past rides, but it was no matter to me since I don't get up this way too often. Soon we turned off to the west onto some roads that were new to the ride, all of which were scenic, smooth, light of traffic, and challenging enough to be interesting. We soon threaded our way back to 79 northbound and after a short blast, stopped at a familiar gas station to allow folks to top off their tanks and lose their coffee. Back on the road, we soon found ourselves in the heart of the ride; a good stretch of lonely, twisty, two-lane blacktop. I was second in line (as usual) chasing John on Big Smoothie with Ernie nipping at my heels on his new T-100. Ernie's enthusiasm was running high as I could hear him behind me shouting Yee-Haw through the corners! A well-timed stop in Eolia allowed us to dismount, stretch our legs, and grab some refreshments at the general store.



We resumed our ride heading south on 79 for a short blast to another of Lincoln County's finest to the west. At this stage I fell back a couple of bikes in the procession, following John's nephew on his breathed-upon FLTPCDWS Harley, which was no slouch when it came to pulling out of the corners. We eventually turned to the south, passing through Silex, Davis, and to the west of Troy. Big Smoothie developed throttle cable hang-up problems, but John continued to lead the ride with skillful usage of the kill button.

As with all good things that must come to an end, we arrived at the Wuebbeling homestead at around 3pm. Bill Reukert & his wife Annette, and Bill Langer with his box of club T-Shirts joined us there. Ruth had been busy preparing for our arrival, and had beverages iced down for our immediate consumption. Soon she had tables full of hot dogs, hamburgers, chips & dips spread out for our enjoyment. It was a great end to another great ride.

A big thank you is in order to John & his bride for hosting another great Fall Colors Ride. I'll be there again next year as all of you should be too!



Bill Langer finally stops his Commando from fouling it's plugs!

GNOA ANNUAL FALL CAMPOUT

Bill Bluemel

Friday, September 30 I trailered my yellow 750 Commando to Council Bluff Recreation Area in the Mark Twain National Forest, located about 30-40 minutes south of Potosi. From St. Louis, take Highway 21 south to Potosi, turn right (east) on Highway 8 about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile left (south) on Highway P, which dead ends into Highway C. Right at C about 200 yards to Highway DD, turn left (south) about 7-1/2 miles later the road widens to accommodate a center left turn lane and a large wooden National Forest sign directs the way in. I left after work about 8:30 p.m. (from the gas station) and found the campsite (easy with the glowing campfire) a little before 10:30. It was a heart-warming sight to find good friends sitting around a campfire. Marty Dupree, Mike French, Gary Creech, and granddaughter Amelia Lucille were already set up and enjoying one of the best campsites I've ever visited. I set up my tent about 11:00 p.m. with/despite Mike's help - all the booze he drank before I got there REALLY helped! Self-inflating air mattresses have really improved in the last few years. The trick is to unroll them and leave them alone for 20-30 minutes which I did before sitting up with Marty listening to bluegrass CD's and watching the campfire. Besides his deluxe pop-up camping trailer, he brought about a $\frac{1}{2}$ cord of split hardwood. Almost as tasty was the old Lyle Lovett he played just before we wandered to our respective bedrolls about 2 or 3 a.m. That air mattress now needed three puffs of air blown in to become 2-1/2" thick and most comfortable.

We were all, except for Mike, up early (6 or 6:30 a.m.) the next morning. Marty re-started the fire while Gary, Amelia and I started to make coffee. Noticing Mike's absence, we called to him causing loud animal-like noises to emanate from his tent. Mike is

a grouch in the morning and we like to tease him gently because, as our local Norton guru, we don't want to make him really mad at us. Soon enough, a rumped "French Fry" appeared and tried to make his own coffee in a new blue pot. About 7 a.m. Jack Geers showed up with two big boxes of freshly made donuts from Old Town Donuts where there is a long line outside most Sunday mornings - very good indeed they were, and almost still warm. A couple hours later, Bill Langer showed up with his green 850 Commando in the back of his pickup. And a few minutes later, John Wuebbeling rolled in. We all enjoyed coffee and donuts until Bill announced he needed a hand getting his bike out of the truck, causing all of us to respond. We had all the bikes on the ground about 30 minutes later.

Upon unloading mine, I noticed the muffler connection point to the rubber buffer had broken out on the left side. Further, the right header pipe was loose and stripped when tightened. All the while I also watched gas drip from the machine. Gary and Mike wired the head pipe nut in place and she started with the first kick sounding great with a little more exhaust noise through the extra hole in the left muffler. The fuel was dripping from the petcocks but stopped before noon. Jack's "Hot Poppy" '64 Atlas also started first kick as did most of the bikes. Bill Langer's bike wanted some new plugs and started after a few more kicks. I think his bike looks better than it runs. My Norton and I hadn't been out together since the week following BBC so I decided to take a ride down to the lake and back before we left. Just as I was pulling out, up rode Mike's neighbor Dave aboard a 1200 Sportster with an old friend of his on a Jap something - both very nice guys. Mike had invited them along for today's ride, they

explained. I figured if I was going to get to the lake and back before everyone left, I better get going. I few gentle curves on a downhill road was just what I needed. The lake is a huge 440 acres. As I rode back to the campsite 15 minutes later, most of the bikes were all lined up ready to go and everyone was getting their helmets, jackets, and gloves on.

A discussion of who would lead started after the bikes had, so we quickly decided to let Mike's neighbor Dave lead. The plan was to make a loop into Bixby where we would stop for lunch. We're off down Highway DD with lots of hills and curves and great scenery in the Mark Twain National Forest. We rode 20 to 30 minutes before Dave pulled over realizing we were going the wrong way. These are absolutely the best motorcycling roads in Missouri, so no one minded. This is great fun and the mistake only extended the ride. We found a gas station a while later and rode a lot more over, did I mention, the best roads I've ever ridden in Missouri before winding up in Bixby about noon. The gas station here is really a general store with groceries on wooden shelves built into the walls and adorned with antiques, a few long tables with benches, and a sandwich counter. We all ordered our favorite sandwiches and Amelia had sherbet after she finished all her lunch. Gary got to hold it while we toured the caboose that is attached to the restaurant. Amelia decided that this was fun and was very glad she came along. Earlier around the campfire, at breakfast, she was considering staying at the campsite all day because she felt the curves in the road were "scary" in Grandpa's van. But we asked her who else in her class would be riding motorcycles with their Grandpa this weekend? These are good memories she will carry with her for a lifetime. Good show, Gary.

After lunch Jack decided to split off and go back to the campsite to help Marty fix dinner. He had volunteered to be in charge of barbequing the chickens. Dave continued to lead the ride after lunch. More beautiful twisty roads led us to his property - a quarter acre in Wesco, Missouri. Here he has a pickup camper on blocks with skirting, well water, and an orange extension cord from an exterior service panel mounted to the phone pole nearby. Dave explained he is the only resident of Wesco who doesn't own a riding lawn mower, so when his neighbor is out mowing he cuts Dave's yard, too. More incredible roads led us back into Potosi for a fuel and refreshment stop. Dave and his friends who have ridden all over together for years and years, split off to head home to St. Louis. Now we had a chance to ride Highways P, C and AA back to the campsite - these same roads I'd driven in the car the night before longing to find a wide spot to unload the bike and leave the car. Now we were really having fun in the sun. As evidence that these are the best motorcycling roads in Missouri, we saw about a hundred other bikes, none British, but most piloted by friendly riders who offered a wave of respect. Did I mention what a wonderful experience it was to ride these beautiful twisty roads with good friends? We finally made it back to the campsite between 4 and 5 without any breakdowns or crashes, absolutely wonderful.

Jack was cutting 7 whole chickens in half and Marty was stoking the campfire, starting charcoal, and another smaller cooking fire. Tom Mitchell, Steve Hurst and his brother Jeff had ridden in while we were out and all offered us warm welcome indeed. Karen, my loving wife, made me leave my "Friends don't let friends ride Jap crap" T-shirt home, so I wasn't able to offer ridicule to Steve and his brother - besides I really didn't feel like it after riding the best roads I've seen since Colorado. Everyone was enlisted to help in

some phase of the food chopping and cooking. A most superb dinner was ready in about an hour: chicken, sautéed peppers, onions and mushrooms, corn on the cob, baked beans, and dinner rolls heated on the grill. It doesn't ever get much better than this - good friends, good riding, beautiful camping and great food shared around a roaring campfire. Actually, most of us ate on the 10-foot long picnic table and moved to the campfire after dinner.

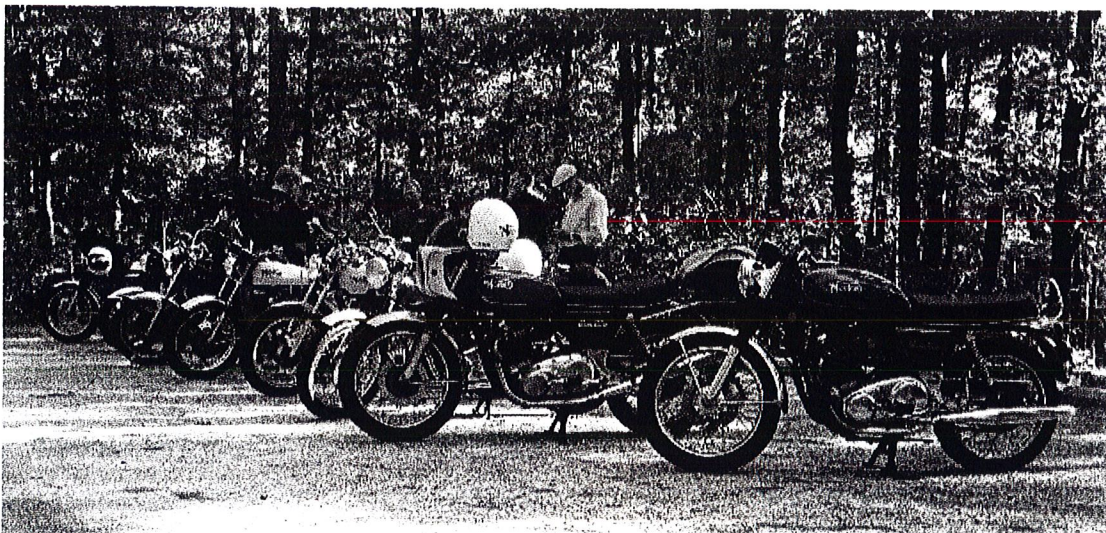
We were all engaged in conversation when Joe Jump rode up on his Moto Guzzi, with saddlebags full of beer. I don't know if he had any of our most delicious dinner, hats off to Marty and Jack - great job! After a couple hours of drinking and telling lies, Joe explained he was riding back to St. Louis that evening. And drank some more beer. He rode in a circle around our rather large group campsite loop three times before finally heading out the right direction. The next morning we joked that he must be pulling into Little Rock about now. This was the first year Joe wasn't present for the whole weekend because he had family obligations. Better luck next year.

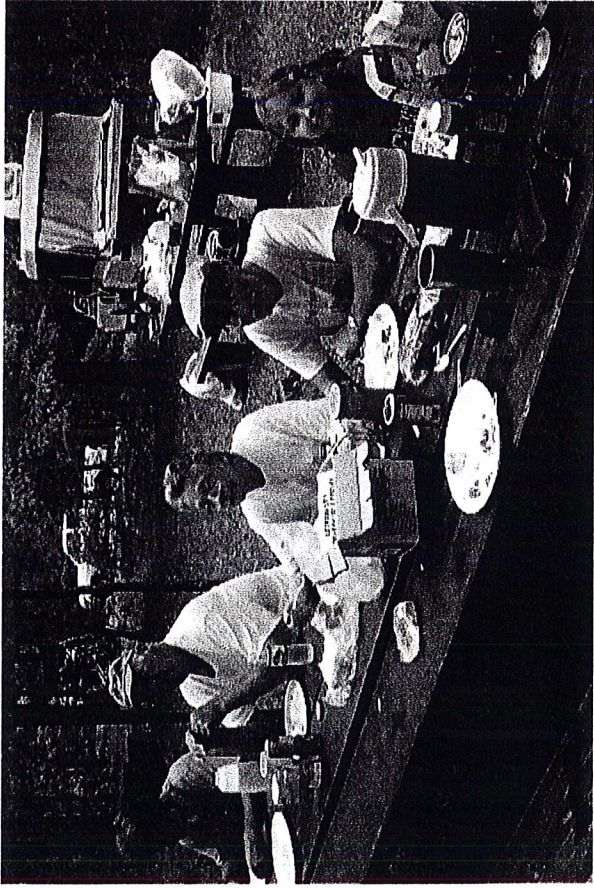
This, positively, is the best and most fun thing our club does each year. This was only

my second year to attend and I missed the Saturday last year - it was a colder weekend. And I heard it rained the year before that. But this year's campout weekend couldn't have been better. Not too cold, not too hot, no rain, lots of sun and fun. We all got up late on Sunday morning. Marty cooked again, this time scrambled eggs with sausage, peppers, onions, cheese, and picante sauce on the side. All this was cooked together in the biggest cast iron skillet I've ever seen. Marty also split all the wood for the fires. [Actually, I got it pre-split from a friend for free. Marty] What a good friend. He played some fine bluegrass music on a portable CD player all weekend, including a bluegrass tribute to AC/DC by the group Hayseed Dixie. It made our smiles even bigger and induced some chuckles.

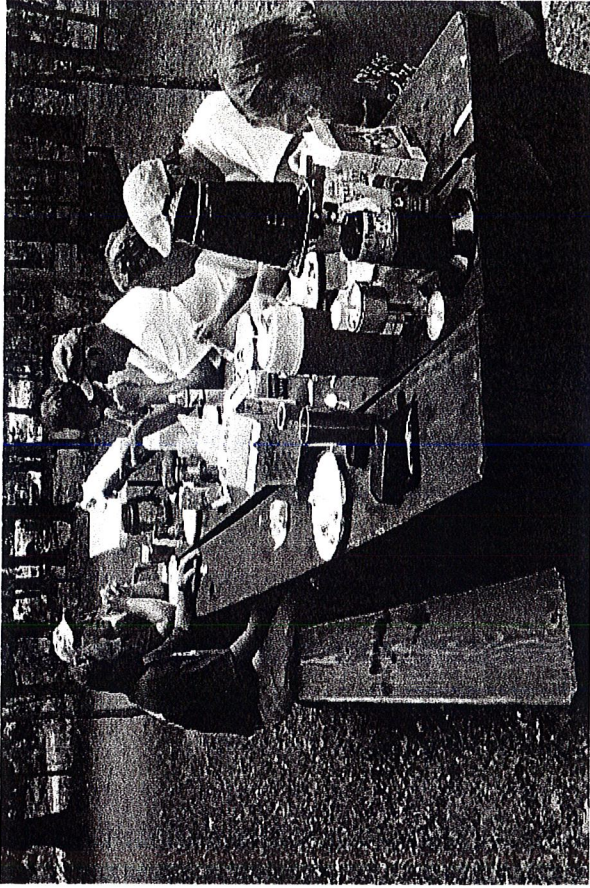
Most of us were packed up and rolling back to St. Louis by 10 or 11. Marty, who was the first to get there, was the last to leave. He just wanted to sit quietly and watch the campfire a little longer. Anyone and everyone should make this event next year. I know I will. Thanks guys!

Love and respect, Bill and Nortons.

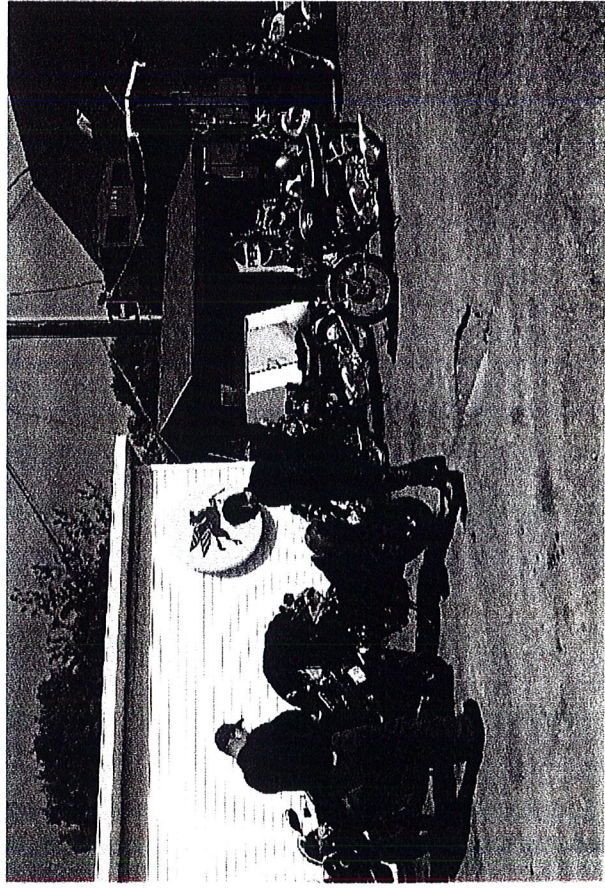




Saturday morning breakfast



Now THAT'S a table!



Stop at Bixby. Note the caboose.



Just enough firewood for two nights.

MY NORTON'S LAST RIDE

Brent Jones

Some of you guys might remember that I actually owned a Norton at one time. It was a black '75 Roadster that I picked up for \$500 when I was in college. An older student that I worked with at the radio station was leaving or graduating or something, and he was dumping stuff off. He knew that I had a motorcycle and asked if I wanted this old Norton. I wasn't real hip to Brit bikes being a kid of the 80's and all. He told me it was sort of like a Triumph, which I had heard of. I had just gotten off of a pretty good summer job and felt like I had some dough to part with and it just seemed too cool to pass up. That was when I was barely 21 years old, back in the fall of '88. As a bonus, he gave me a four-15" speaker cabinet that in itself was worth a couple hundred bucks; and being a bass player, I could use it. So, I swapped the cabinet for a better bass and toted the bike around from college house to college house for a couple of years until I was ready to graduate. There was a grad student that worked at the radio station with me who had a couple of the old Triumph triples that, like a lot of British bikes, he had ridden for a while, then something broke, and they were sitting. But, he had some basic Brit knowledge. I borrowed a truck from one of my housemate's girlfriends and took the Norton over to my friend's house. There I learned about rusty points, locked up Amal slides, and other old bike gremlins. But, it really didn't take much to get the motor running...it was about everything else that needed fixing.

I moved up to St. Louis after graduating, got a job, and started adulthood. I

started working on getting the Norton on the road. The first person from the EMU that I met was Tom Mitchell. I was up at Donelson's talking to Charlie and holding one of the brake calipers in my hand. Tom walked up to the Parts counter and asked me if I had a black '75 Commando or the white one. Pretty specific question considering all he had seen was a brake caliper. He introduced himself and told me about the EMU. From there I met the people who got my Norton on the road. Gary Creech took me under his wing and is probably the main reason the bike ever got on the road. Any time I'd have a problem, he'd have a solution. Whether it was a spare clutch hub or helping me put in a Boyer ignition or having a spare set of mufflers for me. Anyone remember those big Dunstall's I had on there? That was the time when the guys in the club had older bikes and actually rode them. There was nothing like showing up down at the Missouri Bar and Grill and seeing 50 or 60 of the coolest bikes in town all parked at the curb. Anyway, jump ahead a few years to '95 and the story of the last ride I took on it.

By this time, the bike was pretty well sorted out and I had taken it to Ohio, Kansas, Illinois, and to work a whole bunch. It had even spent a summer with a sidecar hanging on it. I had some time off from work that wasn't quite voluntary, but it was time off, so I decided to take it on a road trip. I had a friend that lived out in Tucson who offered me some floor space and maybe some dinner, so I hit the road. It was April 21, 1995, the day after the Oklahoma City bombing. I had left St. Louis on Highway 44 and made it pretty

far past Oklahoma City. Not much chance of getting a room there anyway. The first day's ride was pretty smooth. About the only incident was me getting nervous about that little Roadster tank running dry on me, so I was drafting a semi to try to make it to the next exit. The truck driver didn't care for that, so he slowed way down and pretty much forced me to pass him. I had gotten off the interstate at Oklahoma City and started on the two lanes and tried to find a motel for the night. I did find one with an empty parking lot, but the Hadji's running the place wouldn't rent me a room because I was on a bike. Oh, they said the place was full, but unless there were 50 people in that one pickup truck. . . I had my doubts. Finally got a room in Chickasha, Oklahoma. About a 500 mile day. Left the motel around 8am the next morning and headed south. I got about 50 miles to Comanche and the battery quit batting right outside an auto parts store. The old multimeter was telling me that I had a dead cell. As I was pondering my dilemma, this fellow pulls up and says, "Wow! A Norton! I rode a Triumph back in the 70's." So this guy ran me back to the Duncan WalMart so I could get a new battery. By the time we got back to Comanche it was raining HARD. The water in the street where my bike was parked was up to the primary case. The nice folks that owned the auto parts store let me wheel the bike back into the garage area behind the store to work on the bike. As a bonus, their pretty 19 year old daughter sat out there and talked to me the whole time. (NO, nothing happened, you perverts) Got the battery set up and swapped out and the rain wasn't letting up at all. The guy that gave me the ride to Duncan came back and told me I could crash at a little house he was rehabbing. It had a little shed out back and a heater, but no plumbing. I was

grateful as hell for the offer and I took it. He came by later in the afternoon and he drove me around showing me the houses he'd rehabbed, showing me his place and his collection of neat old stuff. I bought him some dinner. You meet the nicest people when you break down on an old British bike. Shoulda been a sales slogan. That was April 22nd. Not many miles for the day, but had an interesting day. Traveling ain't always moving, I guess.

April 23rd brought a little bit better weather. Cold, but better than wet. Hit the road around 8 am again and headed south and west, ending up on US 82 going thru Lincoln National Park. Unbelievably beautiful. Then there was US 82 going thru White Sands, NM. I just held the throttle wide open and dug my toes on the pavement. It didn't even feel like I was moving. Wide open wasn't quite what, say, Steve Moose's Norton was wide open, because I had a 34 mm single Mikuni on it. Sure was thrifty on the gas, though. I think at one point I was getting something like 75 miles to the gallon. No shit! Anyway, I made it as far as Deming, NM that day. Seven hundred miles. Had some mechanical problems, but nothing major. The wire had come out the blade connection between the Mity Max and alternator, the tach drive was leaking a bunch, the right fork leg seal wasn't sealing, and I had gotten a hold of some bad guacamole back in Texas. Hoo-wee! I was on I-10 headed west when the last one hit with nothing in sight but a whole lot of nothing. Saw a gas station in the distance and damn near threw the bike down in the parking lot trying to get into the bathroom. Keep in mind that this was late April, so I was wearing plenty of clothing to shed. Got up the next morning and headed west towards Tucson. Stopped

for breakfast at some waffle-house-looking place after the first hundred miles or so. Parked the bike out front next to a truck with Harley stickers on it and a Sportster on a trailer behind it, went in and sat down at the counter. The guy who owned the truck was sitting at a booth with his 21-ish looking daughter. I could see that he was pretty tickled seeing an old Norton loaded up and on the road. He asked his daughter, the owner of the Sporty on the trailer, what kind of bike she thought that was. He knew I was in earshot when she answered, "Some piece of Jap crap." And he laughed when I called her a bitch and started in on her. He called me over and we talked bikes for a while and he schooled her a little bit on not messing with British guys, "'Cause they're more hard core than most of the Harley riders could dream of being." He really couldn't believe it when he found out I'd headed out from St. Louis only a couple of days before. If I remember right, he bought my breakfast. Good start to a day.

It had been about 40 degrees since I had left Oklahoma City a couple of days before, but when I rolled into Tucson that day it was around 80 degrees. Nice. Checking my logs there were 46,576 on the bike when I left home and 48,050 when I got there. Not bad for not quite three days of actual riding. I found my friend's house, which was actually a little guest house behind a house, made myself at home, and waited for her to get home from work. Well, I got tired of waiting, and since I'd only put a couple of hundred miles on it that day, I decided I'd go wash the bike and see some sights. What a great town with a lot of neat bikes and cars. Found a British car shop that had a pristine Atlas sitting in the showroom that wasn't for sale. Actually, I saw a few

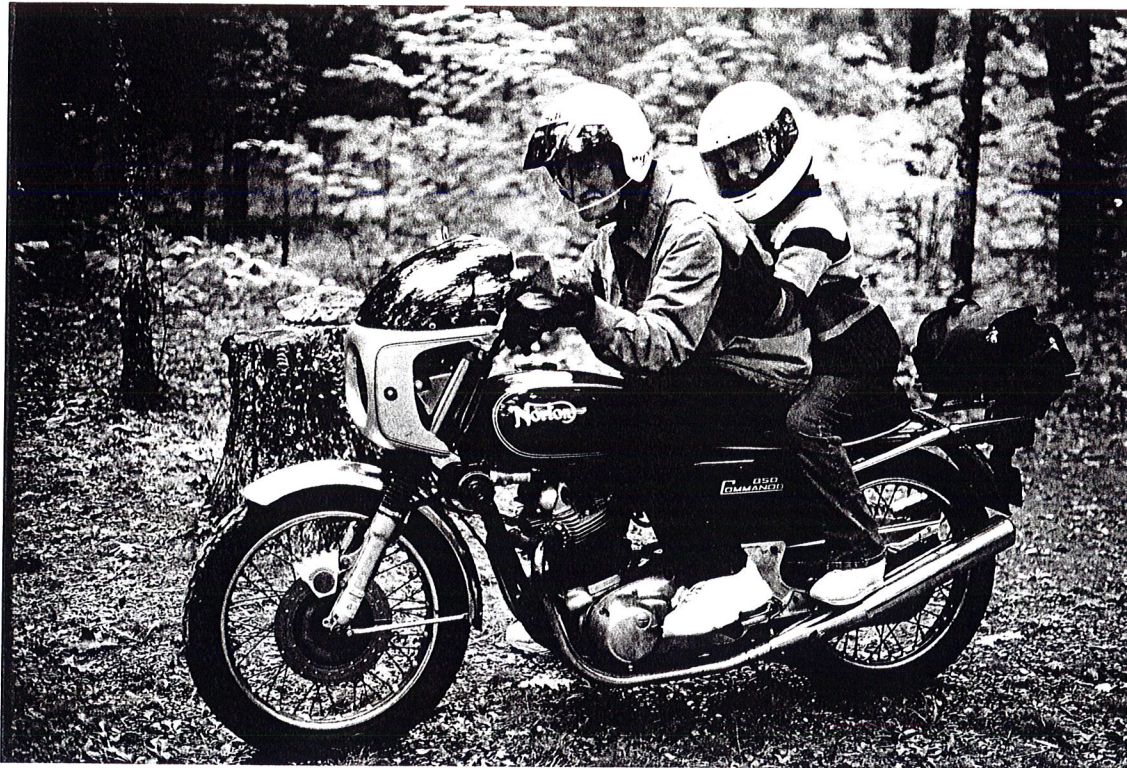
Atlas's riding around town, but no Commando's. Weird. There was also an Italian bike shop with Guzzi's and Ducati's that was pretty snobby, but it had some neat bikes. Looking back through my logs, I noted that I'd wait until I was middle age for an Italian bike. Funny stuff, since I ended up with my first Guzzi four months after this trip.

I made a list of things that the Norton needed and looked up a British bike shop, but it was closed on Mondays, so I had to wait until the next day to go visit AMR. I broke the maps out and started planning my route home. On Tuesday the 25th, I went over to Alternative Motorcycle Repair ("Where your British bike isn't foreign to us.") and set up an appointment for them to fix that fork seal and I bought a tach cable. I changed my oil and took a link out of the chain. On Wednesday, AMR fixed my forks and I hung out with my friend on Thursday. Friday morning I headed north on US 60 towards Globe, Arizona. I made it about 50 miles past there when the bike died. The battery was up and the Mity Max seemed to be holding its charge. I was stumped. If I let it cool for a bit, it would start, run a bit, and then die again. Lucky for me I had the AMA MoTow service. Best money I'd ever spent. An AZDOT dumptruck asked if I needed some help so I had him call the AMA for me. About an hour later a flatbed showed up and took me back to Globe. If nothing else, it was a spectacular view. So, back in Globe, he dropped me off at a Yamaha dealership that was getting ready to close for the day. The owner looked at the Norton and pointed me towards the phone. I called up AMR down in Tucson and they couldn't really help me over the phone, but told me if I could get it back down there, they'd be more than happy to help. I left

the bike there for the night and walked to the closest hotel. Now keep in mind, at this point in my life I was unemployed and had a mortgage, so please forgive this next bit. I asked AMR if they'd buy it from me. They offered me \$1500 dollars, and if any of you remember it, it wasn't real pretty. And, if you remember, I only paid \$500 for it, and put mostly time in to it. Well, that was a couple of house payments and I still had my old Sportster at the house. The owner of the Yamaha shop knew a couple of high school kids with a pickup that wouldn't mind making a

little cash, so I had them take me and the bike back down to Tucson where I sold it to AMR. Thing is, those assholes wouldn't even give a me a ride back to my friend's house or anything. So, I left my saddlebags there, walked to my friend's house, and called the train station for the next train to St. Louis. It wasn't until the next morning, so I crashed there for the night, got up the next morning, walked back to AMR for my saddlebags, then walked to the train station for a somewhat eventful ride home. That's a story I'll only tell in private, though.

Thanks to everyone who submitted something for this newsletter.
Keep the submissions coming.
madx2@worldnet.att.net



Grampy Gary and Amelia "at speed"