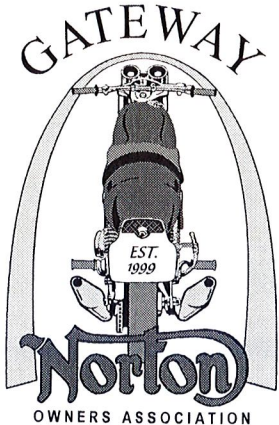


Gateway Norton Owners News #42



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"**
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
December 2009



WINTER MEETING

Shortly after receiving this newsletter, it will be time for our winter meeting. Traditionally it has been held at The Corner Bar in St. Charles. The back room where we hold the meeting was quite crowded last time. Club member Mark Bosworth mentioned to me that there is a new restaurant/bar on the corner of Jefferson and Winnebago near the InBev (it will always be Anheuser-Busch to me) facility. Mark says the second floor has an area for meetings, and he knows of another motorcycle group that has had meetings there. I brought this up to see where likely attendees would like to gather. Please voice your opinion online to Mike, Steve or Marty and we will send it around to the membership. E-mail addresses can be found in the Contact Information box on page 7.

KING'S COLUMN

Nort much happening lately, so I thought I would just list a bunch of technical failures found on our beloved motorcycles. Here they are starting with the most common, ending with the more bizarre. Most of these will be dealing with the Commando, and most are found in the Tech Digest.

1. Points lead-look at where the points lead exits the engine. And watch it sometime while it is idling (if it will). These engines shake quite a bit. If this wire exits the timing cover area and immediately gets tie-wrapped to the frame it will eventually break. In this most important area of failure, curl the wire around your finger shape it - sort of like a pigs tail - to absorb the movement. Give er some slack.

2. Points lead again, only under the cover that keep dirt and oil in. Many of us have Boyer Electronic Ignition situated under this small cover. The Boyer kit comes with 2 connectors: 2-male and 2- female. Don't use these. They add up to too much weight bouncing around holding these vital, skinny wires together. Solder these wires directly together, blk/yel and blk/wht. to the points lead. If you must take it apart someday, just cut them, and re-solder on re-assembly. A little extra trouble, but now is a good time to avoid problems that arise when its warm and we are having a great ride. You tight-wads with points are on your own, Take a good look at them, make sure the gap is

set, lube the rub-block slightly, and tidy-up the wires to each set of points. Check for loose connections @ the posts for each set.

3. Kill button. All the power that makes Commandos Purr, goes through this innocent looking button, way-up on your handlebar, out in the rain and snow. (another sealed unit that keeps dirt and water in). I have seen quite a few failures especially on the Elect/assist/start models. Its not really rocket science to clean these, on either model, but if you don't feel comfortable doing it, a well placed shot of contact cleaner in the switch surely wont hurt.

4. Ignition Switch. Another sore spot that is like command central for your bike. A little tricky to take apart and clean. If you decide to take the plunge, mark the wires and put a reference dot on for re-assembly, they can be put back together back-asswards, I know all too well, you can waste a lot of time doing things in-correctly or trying to repair something diagnosed wrong.

5. Lucas Connectors. The Brunt of a lot of criticism and many jokes made through the years about these little devils. Trouble is, they are all over your motorcycle! In the headlight, under the tank, under the tail light, and just like electricity, you can't see the problem! You can only experience the result. If Electricity were visible, most of us would not have as much trouble diagnosing and repairing faults. A small can of contact cleaner really does wonders. Next time your tank is off, gently pull apart these little bullet connectors and give 'em a shot. When you re-connect them, a small dab of white lithium grease is just what they need to stop future corrosion.

6. 90% of all carburetor problems are electrical. Gary Creech (Pa Norton) says it is so. You better believe it! Next Newsletter I may talk about Oil Leaks. You ask...What Oil Leaks?

YOU GOTTA LOVE A GOOD NURSE

A motorcycle patrolman was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. The doctors operated and advised him that all was well. However, the patrolman kept feeling something pulling at the hairs in his crotch. Worried that it might be a second surgery and the doctors hadn't told him about it, he finally got enough energy to pull his hospital gown down enough so he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable . . . taped firmly across his pubic hair and private parts were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the kind that doesn't come off easily if at all . . . written in large black letters was the sentence "get well soon . . . from the nurse in the Jeep you pulled over last week."

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

January 2/3: Ice Racing at the Independence Hockey Ring (KC area). Corner of exit 291 & I-70.
For more info: www.xiir.com

February 7: Santa Fe Trail Motorcycle Club antique bike show and swap meet in Lawrence, KS.
Featuring American, Asian & European bikes 25 years and older. Info at motojo346@yahoo.com

Before Spring: Winter meeting. See page 1 and let us know where you would like to meet.

BEST DRUNK STORY OF THE MONTH

A drunken man walks into a biker bar, sits down at the bar and orders a drink. Looking around he sees three men sitting at a corner table. He gets up, staggers to the table, leans over, looks at the biggest, meanest biker in the face and says: "I went by your grandma's house today and saw her in the hallway buck naked. Man, she is one fine looking woman!"

The biker looks at him and doesn't say a word. His buddies are confused because he is one bad biker and would fight at the drop of a hat.

The drunk leans on the table again and says: "I got it on with your grandma, and she is good, the best I ever had!"

The biker's buddies are starting to get really mad, but the biker still says nothing.

The drunk leans on the table one more time and says: "I'll tell you something else, boy - your grandma liked it!"

At this point the biker stand up, takes the drunk by the shoulders, looks him square in the eyes and says . . . "Grandpa, go home! You're drunk."

OUT WEST MOTO ADVENTURES

John Wuebbeling

(check out the websites mentioned for more insight to the tales. marty)

During the past year while working in Phoenix . I did my best to stay out of trouble by occupying most of my spare time by hiking the surrounding mountain trails and checking out the vintage motorcycle and car scene. As you might guess with the dry climate there were a lot of classic car sightings and modern bikes, except during mid summer when even the dry heat is too much.. I was able to run across some events that if anyone is in any of these areas they may want to check them out.

The obvious one is the Barrett Jackson Auction in Scottsdale it is sure worth the price of admission.

Close by at 101 and Indian Bend Rd is a car / motorcycle cruise that is held every Saturday night all year long. They claim it is the largest or oldest in the country. The variety of cars and bikes that show up is amazing. The vintage clubs have a good turnout (average 250 cars and 200 bikes) but during B J auction week there may be 500 + cars. The largest annual vintage event is put on by the Antique Motorcycle Club show and swap [maybe 50

bikes] at the Shrine Auditorium near the airport. I talked with a couple of the Norton guys there and they claim they do not do much riding, not too sure why that is.

During one of many road trips with my brother in-law this one on the Apache trail then north towards Payson. He said we had to drive thru Rye, AZ where there was something I had to see...Ron Adlers ALL BIKES. This place is unbelievable! There is mostly junk but he has some cool stuff crammed right along with it. Ron is a strange fellow, but he will let you wander around a bit. I stopped by again this spring, but nothing much changed. I'm not sure if he sells anything. A couple of things I asked him about were priced too high for me. <http://theselvedgeyard.wordpress.com/2009/02/23/all-bikes-a-rye-sense-of-humor/>

Another stop worth the effort was Buddy Stubbs Motorcycle Museum in Phoenix. Awesome collection of many vintage bikes except no Asian stuff. This guy has 7 Vincent's and many European race bikes

Buddy a former stunt rider owns the local H-D franchise and he hosts the tour most Friday evenings.

<http://buddystubbshd.com/custompage2.asp?pg=museum&sid=04802362X11K30K2005J10I52I31JPMQ1384R0>

During my last trip home, Ruth and I drove the scenic route though Arizona, Utah, Colorado stopping many places along the way. They sure have a lot of beautiful roads to ride and I'm looking forward to riding out there someday.

Southbound on 135 out of Salina heading for Tulsa I spotted a sign, Kansas Motorcycle Museum at Marquette KS exit 78, another side trip well worth the effort. Although the riding may not be very good in the middle of Kansas, this destination would be worth it. This little town, with a population of 680, has two motorcycle museums and an old gas station with a lot of memorabilia. The first

one you come to is home to Five time National Champion 'Stan the Man' Engdahl's personal collection of bikes, 600 trophies and memorabilia and many other bikes. His racing career spanned six decades when most of us would be doing good to live that long. Stan passed away in 2007. His wife Lavona is curator and greets visitors and likes to share stories of Stan's love of motorcycles and his many years as the Town's Fire Chief. I mentioned the ball player "Stan the Man" from where I grew up, she thought he was pretty good too.

<http://ksmotorcyclemuseum.org/>

While visiting the Kansas Museum website see Steve's British Museum which is just down the street. I was not able to check it out as no one was there that day. Good reason for a return trip to the little town that is big on motorcycle history.

Happy trails,
John W.

CLUB CAMPOUT (September 25-27)

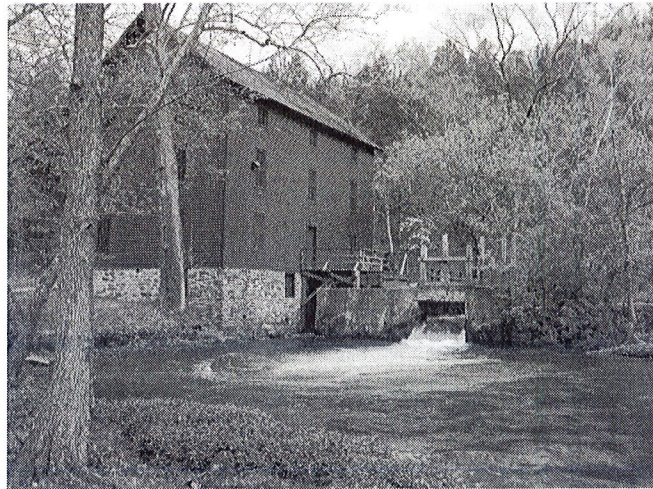
In Search of Alley Mill

By George Croissant

Since this was the 10th anniversary of the GNOA, it seems appropriate that the Saturday ride would set some records. I have only attended the last two campouts, so I'm going to assume a few things, here goes: I assume that this was the first year that Mike ("the King") French did not ride his trusty steed as he had not fully recovered from the Norton vs. Brembo standoff (Brembo-1, Mike's Norton-0). Next, I also assume that this was the first year that a 9 year old young lady would attend the campout as well as the ride (I know, I know, Gary Creech had his daughter

and granddaughters along in 2006, but I don't know their ages so I'm sticking with my assumption). What a pleasure it was to have her along. Thanks to Rob Pesek for bringing his daughter Emily with him. My third assumption is that this was the longest ride (mile-wise) in the history of annual campouts. I looked back through some old newsletters and found a previous ride of about 125 miles, and last year's ride was also 125 miles. This year's ride, however, topped out at around 180 miles. That is an additional hour of Norton riding, what could be better than that?

The Ride



Alley Spring Mill
(photo taken off the web)

Our Saturday ride began at Council Bluff Recreation Area. Our destination was Alley Spring. The weather was on the cool side and the forecast was for spotty rain. Knowing that the storm system was just barely north of us and moving to the northeast, I was hoping that our route (which was generally southwest and the opposite in direction of the storm system) would keep us clear of the rain and more importantly, dry. I felt even more hopeful as we pulled out of the campground with blue skies prevailing. Dave Kaufmann, Bob Yancey, Mark Bosworth, Rob Pesek (with daughter Emily in tow), Bill Henkel and myself filled out the group. Seven in all set out on the milestone event. Dave Kaufmann led the first leg of the journey since Mike was on the DL. Double D Road led us southwest to Hwy. 32, then more westerly to Bixby where we were to feed the two-legged beasts with less-than-premium nourishment as high octane was not available. Mark decided to head back to camp as he had not fully recovered from a bike accident the week before. As I perused the group, I noticed that Rob was wearing only a t-shirt and Emily only a sweatshirt. Surely they were getting cold as I was already glad to have decided to wear the liner in my

leather jacket. Back on Hwy. 32 we left the station, headed for KK Road.

Hwy. KK was being re-paved and the man with the octagonal sign was not kind to us. He may have been angry for having to do two jobs at once. Not only did he control the sign that made us stop, he also had to place the reflectors in the newly resurfaced half-road. The sign was on wheels with a tray that held the reflectors. We inched along as he pulled the sign and methodically placed the reflectors in the soft asphalt. Finally, we were free. Freedom can be a strange thing, free in one way and enslaved in another. Not long after we were freed from the bonds of the highwayman, we encountered some very ominous looking dark clouds straight ahead that sought to bind us once again from our free-wheeling ways. The thought of finding shelter as quickly as possible seemed like the best idea. As we continued, the clouds passed as we rode through the aftermath of what looked like a torrential downpour only moments before. This was not to be our only encounter with the wetness.

Still on the KK we made our way to Bunker where the road changed to Hwy. A and I believe it was somewhere around here that another leader (Bob Yancey) emerged from the pack to dethrone Dave Kaufmann for the second leg of our trip. This dethroning of the interim king was, of course, a planned event. A short stint on Hwy. 19 North then west again on KK to Rector brought us close to Aker's Ferry. As we approached Aker's Ferry, we again rode through rain-drenched streets where seemingly only moments before a deluge had occurred. It seemed that our luck was with us. For \$4 each we crossed the Current River and continued on Hwy. K to Summersville. At this point, we had traveled some 85 miles in around 2 hours and the thought of lunch loomed large since it was already about 1:30 p.m. Summersville had a restaurant. After lunch, we lost Dave Kaufmann at C as he decided to head for home earlier than expected. With just 5 remaining, we headed down 106 to Alley Mill.

The majestic Alley Mill (pictures of which have been featured on many calendars) was constructed in 1894 and provided a place for farmers to take their grain to be ground into flour for the local community's use. It is also believed that the Indians camped and hunted near the spring that feeds the Mill some 10,000 years ago. After a brief brush with the past, our Nortons beckoned. We heeded the call and began the final leg of our journey.

Continuing on Hwy. 106 we headed toward Eminence where we would pick up Hwy. 19 and head north. Ever the adventurers, we decided to take a different route back to the campground. So instead of turning east on Hwy. A we continued north on 19 to Salem where we stopped for a bit to gather the

troops and warm up as the temperature was beginning to drop. I didn't check the time, but it was starting to get dark. It must have been around 5:00. I decided to check my phone and sure enough I had received a call. I returned the call only to find that the troops remaining at the campground were becoming concerned and wondered if we needed assistance. I think they were disappointed when I told them everything was fine, they would have liked nothing better than to have been able to help a fellow member out of a jam. What a group!

As we prepared to leave Salem on Hwy. 32 east, Rob and Emily were visibly cold and would get even colder as the sun set and the temperature dropped further. Between the two of them (the t-shirted Rob and Emily, that is) I believe that Emily had the best seat on that old Norton as Rob (not a small man) provided a substantial wind-break for her. With another 37 miles to go, Rob and Emily braved the cold and completed the trip. Chilled to the bone, they (and the rest of us as well) welcomed the campfire that was kept burning during our absence.

I started this article with three assumptions, they may all be wrong, but they brought some cohesiveness to the story. We missed King Mike (of course) on the ride, but I for one thoroughly enjoyed having Emily along for the trip. Thanks to Rob for being a great dad and including his daughter in his activities. She seemed to have a great time riding with her dad and maybe in the future we will have another GNOA member. She may even become Queen! The ride was a long one at 180 miles, it may or may not be a record but even if it is, there is really no need to try to break it. Happy 10th GNOA!

A BAD DAY

A guy is sitting at the bar, just starting at his drink for half an hour when this big trouble-making biker steps next to him, grabs his drink, gulps it down in one swig, and then turns to the guy with a menacing stare as if to say, "what'cha gonna do about it?"

The poor little guy starts crying.

"Come on, man, I was just giving you a hard time," the biker says. "I didn't think you'd CRY. I can't stand to see a man crying."

"This is the worst day of my life," says the little guy between sobs. "I can't do anything right. I overslept and was late to an important meeting, so my boss fired me. When I went to the parking lot, I found my car was stolen and I don't have any insurance. I left my wallet in the cab I took home. I found my wife in bed with the gardener and my dog bit me. So I came to this bar trying to work up the courage to put an end to my life, and then you show up and drink the damn poison."

CLASSIFIEDS

From Floyd Hoffman: My brother is selling his 1970 BSA A65. If any of you Brit bike guys are interested or know of anyone else who is please contact Dwyte at DNHOFFMAN@QUIXNET.NET

The following from Ernie Trakas:

- 1967 Ducati 250 GP race bike. Fully developed, very fast and ready to race - needs nothing. Over \$13,000.00 invested in development. \$5,500.00
- 1973 Norton 850 Commando. Mk 2-A completely gone through by King Mike in 2007. Belt primary drive, Super Blend bearings, new Isolastics, new exhaust, etc. & on & on. \$6,500.00
- 1977 BMW R100S. Excellent cond., Factory oil cooler, deep oil pan, Krauser bags & mounts, Cibi driving lights, Koni shocks, etc. & on & on. A solid 8.5 out of 10. \$5,500.00
- Contents of race shop - too many spares (Ducati, Norton, BMW) to list here; heavy duty work/engine bench, etc. Tools, manuals and shelving NOT included. \$1000.00

ALL PRICES ROCK SOLID FIRM!

Only seriously interested parties should contact me at etrakas@mickesgoldman.com

Contact Information:

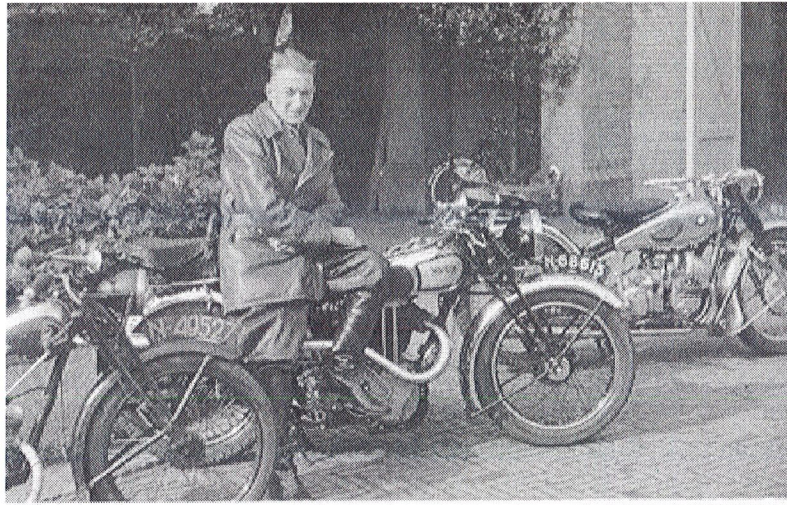
| | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|--|
| Mike French, King/President: | 636-940-9365 | mfrench9365@charter.net |
| Steve Hurst, Membership: | 636-928-3391 | shurst01@att.net |
| Marty Dupree, Newsletter: | 636-398-4049 | madx2@att.net |

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.

". . . although not in the first bloom of youth, I am never better than when riding . . . after a run I almost invariably sleep well, and can certainly recommend motor-cycling as beneficial to one's general health."

James Lansdowne Norton

I found this old postcard and couldn't identify the Norton pictured. I sent the scan to Mr. John De Kruif who has the blogsite "rapid.hare.@hotmail.co.uk," a font of knowledge of all things pre-WWII Norton. Here is the posting from his site dated November 23. Check out his great site for a larger image of this postcard.



Martin from the USA sent me this postcard. The photo must have been made in Holland, suggested by the Dutch licence plates, the bicycles in the background and even the man's haircut. On the back of the unused postcard it reads: *Reportage, A v Beurden, Hof fotograaf, Tilburg*. Tilburg is a town in the south of The Netherlands and mr van Beurden must have been a professional photographer by approval of the Queen herself.

The bike on the left is a DKW RT, a 98cc two-stroke. Many were built, for the only reason that they were very cheap to buy and run I guess. The bike on the right is a 600cc side valve BMW; strikingly, it seems to be almost completely covered in chrome. The BMW is a type R6 or R61, depending on whether it has rear suspension or not, which is not clear from the picture. Both BMW types were produced after 1937.

The Norton is a brand new Model 20. The M20 has the 500cc engine from the M18 but with a twin port head fitted. It's a trials version. In the 1930s, any model could be ordered in trials trim for a few pounds extra. These extra's included things like more ground clearance, a sump plate, high level exhausts, wider front mudguard, foldable kickstart and competition tyres. A very luxurious bike, with the tank panel and all that chrome.

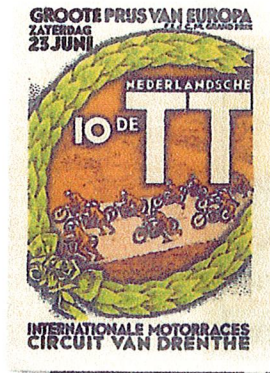
The pushrod tubes still run parallel to each other and the headlight is the 8" Lucas. All of this suggests a 1935-1938 model to me. (*Thanks Martin and Chris!*)

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Thanks to everyone who submitted stuff for this newsletter. I'm sorry it was so late, but I hope the jokes made up for it's tardiness. Be sure and voice your opinion about a possible change of venue for the winter meeting. It will be upon us before we know it, and the venue must be booked early.

POSTER STAMPS

Poster stamps are basically just what the name implies - miniature posters printed stamp size. They were not used as postage but were meant to advertise or commemorate products or events. The four in the top row are for Grand Prix races in Switzerland. The bottom two rows are for The Netherlands Grand Prix held at the track in Assen. Note that these stamps run consecutively from 1929 to 1936. I love the sense of speed that can be depicted in such a small picture.



MATCHBOX LABELS

Here is a small sample of some of my labels. The top row are Nortons from Holland. Rows two and three are from Czechoslovakia. Row three translates as (left) "What frequently happens when you overlook the sign." and (right) "How he ends with the adventurous ride." Bottom row are Enfield Bullets from India.

