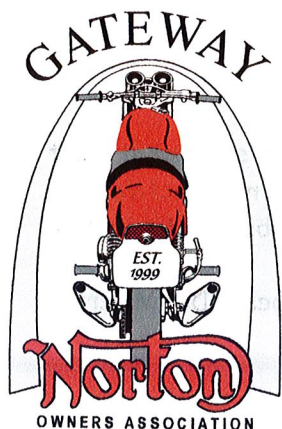


Gateway Norton Owners News #45



"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
October 2010



KING'S COLUMN

"Can we dance wif yo dates?"

Remember this line from *Animal House*? (Kinda like asking someone to ride their bike at the campout last month.) I got to ride quite a few that weekend, and the essence of this editorial is definitely not to criticize any bikes or members in attendance. I just want to help some members with problems. I did get a kick out of everyone's name they had for their Nortons. Here's the list:

John Wuebbeling:	Big Smoothie (big, smooth)
Bill Henkel:	British Humour (not funny)
Bob Yancey:	Black Bitch (he's had his troubles)
Steve Hurst:	The Clipper (get it?) [he's a hair stylist]
Gary Creech:	The Gary Express (self explanatory)
George Croissant:	Powder Head (seeing is believing)
Chad Stretz:	Second Mortgage (again, not funny)
Your King:	Patriot (red, white and blue)

Even before we left, John Wuebbeling broke a clutch cable and we spent a good hour fixing it in my driveway before we got it on the trailer. (Black and Gold) Two of the bikes I rode, the left mirrors came loose. I guess it was due to both of them being black with gold pinstripes. John's bike has always pulled like a freight train, but seems as though his front rotor has gone a bit warped, again due to the color! Yancey's Interstate has been making a little noise in the upper end. Sounds like a small end or cam chain. Guess what? You guessed it - black with gold. Henkel's "British Humour" soots up the right plug more than the left, again, due to the black/gold color scheme. George Croissant's "Powder Head" was a little "twitchy" to ride, again due to that awful color. I suggested a steering dampener and a paint job to put it right. Steve (The Clipper) Hurst broke a tacho cable on the way down to the campout and just today I helped him with an electrical problem in the L/H handlebar switch that went south due to that awful color combination.

I hope you folks have learned a little something about Nortons in this newsletter's column. Color has everything to do with it all. Thanks for letting me ramble on.

Letter to Treasurer Steve and Editor Marty

August 2, 2010

Steve:

Very effective. I got to "Dues are Due," stopped reading and wrote a check. That's not what I got the newsletter out for, but effective nonetheless. I'd like to think I could be more active soon (have even moved my bikes around in the basement as I was building shelves), but that could be wishful thinking. Anyway, here's my dues . . . keep 'em coming.

All the best, Dan Woerner

Well that worked so well last time, let's do it again! See below.

Dues are DUE!!!

Look at your envelope RIGHT NOW!!! The yellow highlighted numbers are when your dues expire. If it says (7-10) you need to renew THIS VERY MINUTE! Stop reading and write a check to Steve Hurst NOW!!! His address is in the middle of page 8.

Now back to your regularly scheduled newsletter.

The Bridge

A man on his Norton was riding along a California beach when suddenly the sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, GOD said, "because you have tried to be faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you one wish."

The biker pulled over and said, "Build a bridge to Hawaii so I can ride over any time I want."

GOD replied, "Your request is materialistic; think of the enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking; the supports required reaching the bottom of the Pacific and the concrete and steel it would take! I can do it, but is hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of something that could possibly help mankind."

The biker thought about it for a long time. Finally, he said, "God, I wish that I, and all men, could understand women; I want to know how she feels inside, what's she's thinking when she gives me the silent treatment, why she cries, what she means when she says nothing's wrong, why she snaps and complains when I try to help, and how I can make a woman truly happy."

GOD replied: "Your want two lanes or four on that bridge?"

Road Clean-up

A small detail of 6 members cleaned "our" 1 mile section of Hwy 79 on Sept. 26th. Most of the debris was of the usual bottle and can variety but Jeff Hurst found a piston ring. He swore it was a genuine Harley Davidson item.

After competing last year, Kurt's quest for speed continues...

BONNEVILLE 2010
Triumph Trophy 250cc
Kurt Baue

Tom Moors and Carl Donelson said my motor needed a longer intake manifold. For a longer intake manifold I needed to change my frame and oil tank, plus weld up steering stops and fairing mounts . . not easy on chrome moly. With everything else I had to do, that would be a lot of work.

After completing that, I went to assembly on the motor. Tom Moors ported my head and put in 650cc valves, which are shorter than 250cc valves. My motor has eccentric valve adjustment and the shorter valves made the geometry all wrong. Putting caps on my valve stems and shims under the caps solved that problem. Now I had to deal with coil bound valve springs by decking my spring bases. The larger valves and high compression ratio meant I had to cut different valve pockets in my piston crown. Next I reamed my intake to 32mm to match my carb. I finally had a motor. Again, a lot of work. Then Mike French built me a 32mm carb so I installed that and my fairing.

At this point I barely had time to pack and didn't even have time to start my bike. The paint was still drying on the way out of town. The four of us left at 9pm Wednesday: Scott Dowler, Kevin Dowler (Scott's son), Ralph Grote (a retired mechanic service writer) and me. We took Scott's one ton 2005 Ford van pulling a four wheeled enclosed trailer. Inside were four bikes: my 250 Triumph trophy racer, Scott's 750 Combat Norton racer (that used to be Mike French's), and for pit bikes Scott's 600 ATK and my 50cc Honda.

We drove straight out with a short detour to Arches National Park near Moab, Utah, a beautiful place you definitely want to see. One humorous incident relieved the monotony of the long drive. We were in the mountains of Colorado, going higher and higher late at night. Just as we were about to enter the Eisenhower Tunnel, (elevation 11,013 feet!) we heard a loud explosion. "What was that?" I said. "A blown out tire?" "No." "Threw a rod?" "No." "Hit by a falling rock?" "No." Then somebody in the back said, "Hey, this bag of Doritos blew up?" Must have been the change in atmospheric pressure. We laughed and ate the Doritos, thankful that it was nothing serious.

We arrived at the track about 3am Friday. There was a tremendous meteor shower that night. When the track opened at 6am we set up our pit then went to the technical inspections. Tech is a big deal. Some of the technical guidelines are: no clear gas lines, no plastic fuel filters, screw type clamps required on gas lines, and axle nuts must be safety wired. I made it through all right except I had to get a new logbook because I changed my frame. Scott had troubles with his leathers. They had some breathable, stretchable panels. The problem with that is in a fire situation they would melt and offer no protection. They therefore needed to be covered with leather.

The crew then went back to Salt Lake City to get the motor home we rented. Mike Halsop from Cape Girardeau had arrived and assisted me by towing my bike for gas and finish setting up the pits. When we got to the campground, I slept while the rest stayed up late working on Scott's leathers.

We had to go to Rookie School even though we had both raced there before. Then we made our Rookie runs. I had Mike French put in a 210 main jet. I knew it would be rich, but at least I would get to make a minimum of one successful run. One guy from Sweden didn't even get to do that. Then back to the campground for a relaxing evening to get set to do it the next day.

On the Rookie Run I knew I was geared too tall so I geared down and changed my main jet to 190. I have 20 overall top gears, but for some strange reason (probably last minute packing), I only brought 10 with me . . . turned out it was the wrong 10. I kept lowering my gearing with little effect.

We decided to race on the Combo Course because of the shorter staging lines. On the Combo Course, which is 100 feet wide, you get 2 miles to build up speed. As you pass mile marker 1 for the first measured mile they start timing you. Then comes measured mile marker 2, and you pull off after mile marker 3. On my next to last run, my bike was pulling strong in third gear past the 2 mile marker which is actually 3 miles down the track. I saw the needle on my tach twist off and then thought it prudent to shift. I wish I'd stayed in it because shifting to 4th made me go slower.

Some magazine people wanted to take my picture in a racing pose, so I went back to the pits to prepare. Things went from bad to worse there. In the pits, my battery was dead, and while checking for spark, I got 110 octane leaded gas in my eyes causing blurred vision. With tall first gearing, I had to "paddle" off the starting line and get into a full race tuck within 75 feet for the photographer. This caused me to pull a muscle in my back, while just then my motor blew a gasket and sprayed hot oil on my right leg. At this point I was done, and my bike was done until next season. Yes, next season. I'll definitely be back again next year at Bonneville.

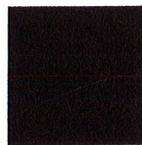
Some technical specifications of Kurt's bike are: compression ratio 14.5:1, cam lift 400, duration 282, lobe center 108, weight 250 pounds wet, and a 32mm Amal carburetor.

Track conditions that day were: elevation 4214 ft., barometer in Hg 25.44, dry bulb 65° F, relative humidity 24%, vapor pressure in Hg .149, fuel temperature 60° F.

Altimeter: density altitude 4844', air correction factor 83.7, horsepower correction factor 1.204, fuel flow 16.3%, gas cost for 110 octane - 1.6 gal. \$12.70.

SCRATCH and SNIFF

Our local print shop offered this latest technological advance, so I thought I would spend the extra money to do it. Scratch the box below and you should be able to smell Castrol R bean oil!!



You didn't really try that, did you?

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SCOTT DOWLER'S THOUGHTS ON THE EXPERIENCE

[Edited so as not to be too repetitive with Kurt's article]

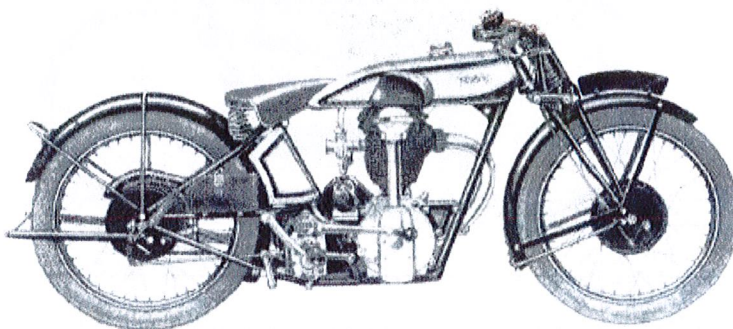
We headed out Wednesday at 9pm with a good traveling crew. Good because there was not much snoring. We arrived at "The Salt" 3am Friday. There were no lights, no moon, no clouds, but the best meteor shower one could imagine. We hit Tech first thing Friday morning. They always have something for you to do . . . things to tighten, safety-wire, tape, etc. The bikes go through fine, but my leathers didn't. They have perforated material in the elbows and knees, and no way will they let this pass.

It was getting late, so I had to get to Salt Lake City to pick up the camper. Six hours later I finally returned to the campground. It turns out hand-sewing the leather inserts is harder than I expected. My solution was to purchase all kinds of glue and glue the patches on the suit. I persuaded Tech that this was a top-notch job, and finally got the leathers approved. Now we get to run! When it was getting close to time for me to stage, I put on my leathers. It turns out my "top-notch" gluing job left much to be desired - my arms and legs were glued together!

I did several thousand dollars worth of modifications since last year. These included: valves, springs, Mega Cycle cam, 520 chain, etc. Even with all this expense and effort, I was only good for 117 mph. I had 40 lbs. of air in the tires, good fuel (110 octane), the timing set way early at 34 degrees before TDC. I even tried a couple of different cam timings. Ultimately, I think I figured it out...it was wheel spin that kept my speed down.

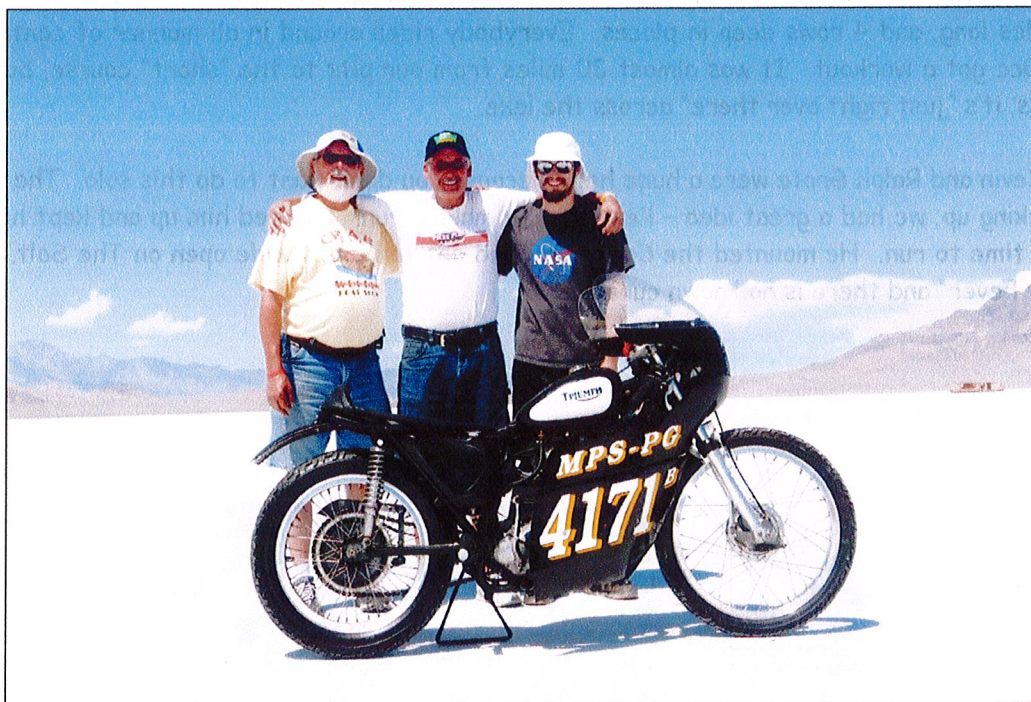
If you like things loud, you owe it to yourself to go to Bonneville. Among the things we experienced were the sights, the sounds, the smells, 400+ mph, and spinouts 4 miles down the track. The pits are 5 miles long, and 4 rows deep in places. Everybody rides around in all manner of contraptions. Kurt's 50cc got a workout. It was almost 20 miles from our pits to the "short" course, but as the crow flies, it's "just right over there" across the lake.

My son Kevin and Ralph Grote were a huge help, because you don't want to do this solo. The night we were packing up, we had a great idea - Kevin should make a run! I suited him up and kept him in the van until time to run. He mounted the Commando and got to hold it wide open on The Salt. He now has "Salt Fever" and there is no known cure.

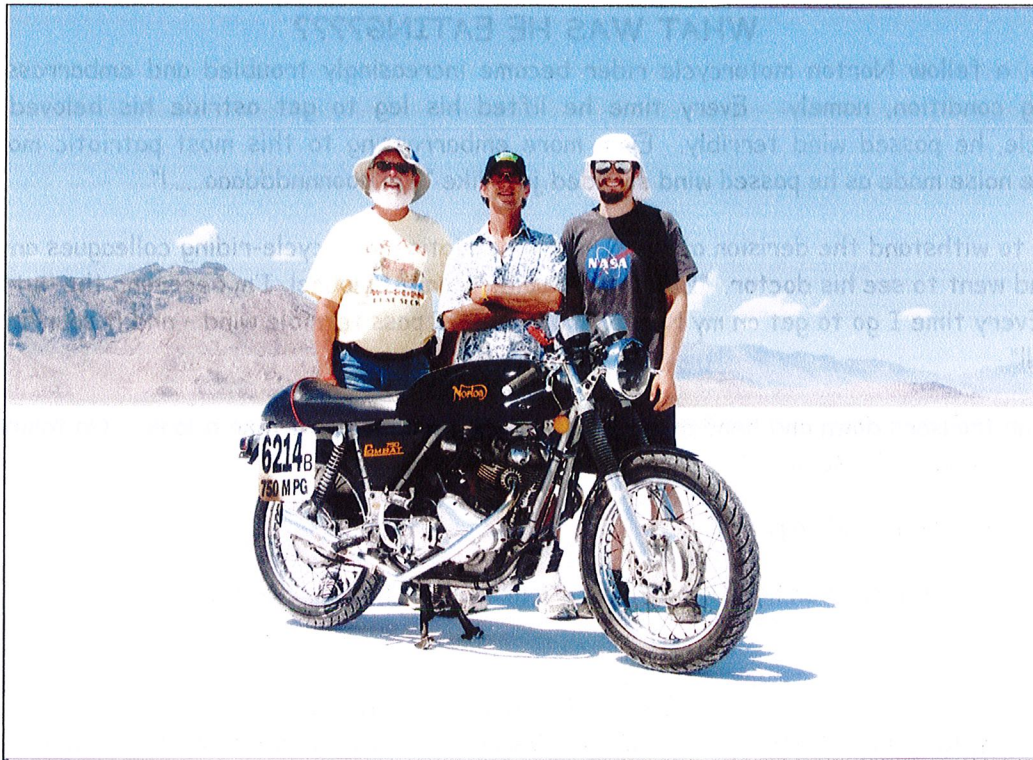




Kurt's back-pain-inducing racing crouch
(photo by Tom Schiltz)



Kurt gives Ralph Grote and Kevin Dowler a "bro' hug"



Ralph Grote, Scott and Kevin Dowler looking quite pleased with themselves



**Scott ready to launch
Don't let Kurt try to tell you he left all those black marks!**

WHAT WAS HE EATING????

Long ago, a fellow Norton motorcycle rider became increasingly troubled and embarrassed by a worsening condition, namely: Every time he lifted his leg to get astride his beloved Norton motorcycle, he passed wind terribly. Even more embarrassing to this most patriotic motorcycle rider, the noise made as he passed wind sounded just like "Hhhooonnndddaaa.....!"

Not able to withstand the derision of his similarly patriotic motorcycle-riding colleagues any longer, our friend went to see his doctor. "Doctor," he said, "please help me! I'm becoming the butt(!) of all jokes!! Every time I go to get on my Norton motorbike, I pass terrible wind - and it sounds just like HONDA!!!"

"Take your trousers down and bend over," said the doctor, "and we'll take a look." On taking a look, the doctor exclaimed, "Aahhh! I've found your problem - you have an abscess!"

"An abscess!?" our friend enquired...

"Yes!" said the doctor. "Didn't you know? Abscess makes the fart go Honda..."

Contact Information:

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Marty Dupree, Newsletter:	636-398-4049	madx2@centurytel.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.

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Thanks to Scott and Kurt for their articles and pictures from Bonneville. It looks like they had a great time. I wish I could have printed their pictures in color because the sky was so blue with the stark contrast of the pure white salt.

I didn't have many submissions, so I am using campout pictures to make up the 10 pages for the newsletter. The campout was attended by 12 hardy souls. The weather was absolutely beautiful Friday and Saturday at the campground. Saturday night we could see lightning far to the north, but we had no rain at the campground. Chad Stretz, who rode from Columbia, MO, reported only having wet roads but no rain on his trip home. We had a terrific meal Saturday night of BBQ'd chicken (thanks, Steve, for being the chef), salad, corn, baked beans, and a cake for dessert. All of that was great, but the camaraderie we shared was the best part of the weekend. If you haven't been on the Club campout yet, you really should try to come, at least for a day.

I still owe the Club one newsletter this year, and we plan to get it out early in December. Please send me some submissions as soon as possible so we don't get squeezed for time by the holidays.

Marty and Peggy

PICTURES FROM "ROCKY TOP" 2010



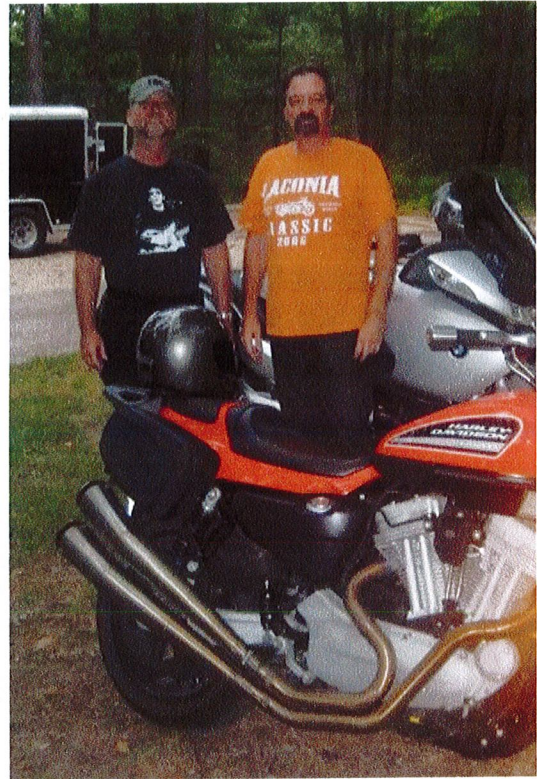
Mark Bosworth, John Wuebbeling, Mike French,
Bill Henkel (in his Superman pose), Gary Creech, Jeff Hurst



Bob appears to say, "Saddle up, guys . . . the Black Bitch wants to roll!"



Honest Officer,
I didn't know the flames would go
7 feet high!



Long distance riders
Ron Lannan from Indianapolis
and Zoli Horvath from Carbondale, IL



Fueled by alcohol, Steve and Jeff appear to be under the
mistaken belief that the bus stopped here.