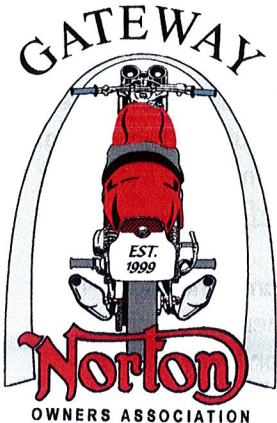


Gateway Norton Owners News #31



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"**
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
March 2007



PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Greetings and high salutations to all. I hope that this first newsletter of 2007 finds you well and warm. It is by far the worst winter we have had in a long time. What with the ice storms and power outages, snow, wind, rain and downed trees, I've sure been busy and I know you have, too. That will make those first Norton rides this spring more special. I can't wait. I put my battery on the trickle charger in anticipation of a ride soon. I can't decide whether to buy oil now or wait 'til the price goes up! Gotta get new blood in all the bikes this spring.

As the club goes, we have not let the crappy weather keep us from getting together. On January 1st I was at Monty's "Go For the Fun in the Dirt" day. There was a small turnout, the day was cold but the deer chili was hot and I had fun. You don't have to stay home because you don't have a dirt bike. I brought my 1976 250 Honda Elsinore, anyone who wanted to have a go, rode it. Next was the get-together at John Eiler's in his garage with Matt Rambow from Colorado Norton Works. What a blast that was, great pulled pork and sides of beans. I hope that someone who was there that day writes about it. Then there was our meeting at The Corner Bar in St. Charles on February 7, I think there were 15-18 guys that came out that night for conversation and libations. I forgot to ask if anyone would write about it, so I will have to do it myself. When hosting a ride or get-together like this, if you don't ask someone to say a few things on paper for Marty then you gotta take matters into your own hands.

Thanks for all the members who hosted rides and sponsored events last year. You guys really made 2006 a great year. With all of the fun we had last year, I don't see why we can't carry it on through 2007. Not everyone is able to go to all of the rides and events all the time. I know I missed a few last year and some of you did, too. I hope that I can make them all this year. I also hope that all of those same members that hosted rides last year will do so again so that those of us that missed them can have a second chance.

We had a really safe year last year, with no one getting hurt or injured (while riding - sorry Mike), so let's keep up the good work in 2007. Nortons forever! Steve H

Everyone's dues are due on July 1.

Please look at your newsletter envelope for YOUR expiration date. It is the number after your name, i.e.(7-06). If it doesn't read at least 7-07, you are in arrears. Please send Joe Jump a check made out to him, or cash, for your past dues @ \$5 per year. Thank you very much.

St Louis International Motorcycle Festival

JJ

St. Louis has a new motorcycle museum, known as the Moto Museum. Actually it hasn't opened yet, but is scheduled to have it's grand opening during an event called the St Louis International Motorcycle Festival, which is being held April 26-29. For more info on the museum & the MotoFest check out their web page <http://www.themotomuseum.com/> & <http://www.themotofest.com/>.

Through much chicanery, I have secured a booth for our club at the event. We plan on having 3-4 of our members' bikes on static display in the booth and hope to have a couple club members manning the booth at all times during the event. More details will be available at Mike's April meeting, but please be thinking about how you can help us out in this effort. It should be a really good time! We're hoping it may yield a few more new club members & perhaps some Barn Fresh Nortons!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- April 14: Spring Kickoff meeting at Mike French's to begin at 10am. Mike has moved it later in the spring for possible better riding weather. There will be a lot to discuss, a new President to elect and lots to eat and drink. If you need directions, call Mike: 636-940-9365.
- April 26/29: St. Louis International Motorcycle Festival. See story above.
- June 9/10: Campout at Dave Kaufman's "country estate." See article on page 5.
- July 1: Time for payment of dues! Your meager dues of \$5 per year pays the costs of producing these newsletters during the year (no, the editor and his wife DO NOT receive a salary) and for incidentals incurred during club events.

Corner Bar Meeting and Minutes

Howdy! This is Steve with the minutes for the third annual meeting at The Corner Bar on February 7. Most of the members arrived at 7:15 and after some minutes of hello's and how's your bike, mine is fine too, I called the meeting to disorder. There were about 17 of us that showed up and we were all talking at once. No roll call. After my welcome words we discussed the bike show at The Family Arena on February 10/11. Next I said it was almost time for newsletter submissions to Marty. Number 3 on my list to talk about was the spring kickoff and planning of events meeting at Mike French's. Mike volunteered Saturday, April 14. We will be electing a new President so this will be one you don't want to miss. Finally, I introduced Joe Jump and he gave a presentation about the upcoming Moto Museum event called The St. Louis International Motorcycle Festival. This is going to be huge and will be discussed at Mike's. We have a booth! After a while, I adjourned as no one was listening to me and "me mug was empty."

John Eiler's Get Together

Bill Langer

It was mid-December and although the weather was not too cold it was great to get an e-mail from JJ talking about a tech session at Gary Hollowich's in O'Fallon, IL. The date chosen was January 13. That sounded like a great idea to break the mid winter doldrums. A little later that day we received an e-mail forwarded from Roger Yount who does the advertising for Colorado Norton Works stating that Matt Rambow will be in town. Roger suggested that the group might like to have Matt talk about Norton stuff. Who better?!

Matt Rambow is the principal at Colorado Norton Works. We would learn later that Matt was going to be in town to deliver a new bike to Roger. Matt is the man who does all the work on the Nortons. He is one of the best all 'round Norton mechanics and a nicer guy you will never meet.

After some back and forth on the dates, and a place to meet, John volunteered his place. John lives off Grand Avenue near Tower Grove Park and the date chosen was January 13. As January 13 came closer who would have thought that a few days before would be one of the worst ice storms St. Louis has ever had!!! Many members were without power and then the roads.

On that Saturday, January 13, I was scheduled to fly to Los Angeles but that night all the airlines cancelled their flights due to weather. All flights in and out of St. Louis

were cancelled for a minimum of two days. Great. This allowed me the chance to see everyone and to meet Matt Rambow.



John Wuebbeling karate-chops Matt with Mike and Roger not lifting a finger to protect him.

I made my way to John's house and everyone met in his heated garage. It was a small group of about 10-15 people but what a great time we had talking about Nortons and meeting Matt. John supplied some chili and chips as well as some liquid refreshments. We visited for a number of hours and talked Norton. Matt answered questions and gave us his views on certain upgrades. He was also kind enough to bring a few give-aways that he raffled to our members. Joe Jump brought in the new brake upgrade he purchased from Clubman Racing in New York. We discussed the upgrade and some of the issues Joe was experiencing doing the work. I'm sorry that many of you were not able to attend.

GNOA Treasury Report 2007

Updated 01-02-07

	<u>Debits</u>	<u>Deposits</u>	<u>Balance</u>
Brought Forward from 2006			\$ 489.14
<u>Record of Activities 2007</u> (none to report at this time)			

Our Bonneville Experience

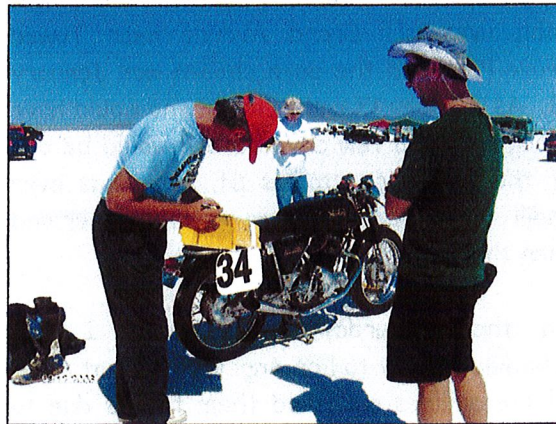
(compiled from submissions by Kurt "Total Loss" Baue
and Scott "Top Dollar" Dowler... mostly Scott)

Hey Kurt! Did you see "The World's Fastest Indian?" Let's do Bonneville! OK, what do we need to do to the bikes? My bike is the one I bought from Mike French, the ill-fated fishin' mission 750 Combat dubbed The Bride of Frankenstein. Tires can't be more than six years old. Wouldn't you know it. They were going to be expired by three weeks. I need new tires. One Mikuni carb is not going to do it, so I put the dual 32mm Amals with velocity stacks back on along with some super LOUD megaphone exhausts. While degreasing the cam I found the left side intake was ramping up 12 degrees late. I need a new cam now. After replacing the cam and timing chain I think the chain was the only problem. Things went together well and I took it straight to the dyno. It was great! Went from 42 rear wheel horsepower with 230 mains to 53 rear horsepower with 200 mains. Timing was set at 33 degrees BTDC. I took the Norton home to clean it up and put it back together with a lot of Lock Tite.

Kurt's project was to take his Triumph 250 trials bike and make it go 1000 miles per hour. Big piston, big cam, big carb, clipons, full fairing and lots of fabrication. When we turned the motor over it went THUNK. Piston hitting the valves. After taking the piston out, oh 15 or 30 times, Kurt can now take his motor apart in less than 5 minutes.

Tech and registration was no easy task. We showed up with two digit numbers on our bikes. There aren't even any three digit numbers left. That sucks when you already have a nice number 47 on your fairing. Now 4171 is the Triumph's number. And she needs a chain guard. John, aka Seldom Seen Slim, the tech inspector said we will have to go to Salt Lake City (1-1/2 hours one way) to find

someone who could make one. Kurt jumped on the ATK, ran into Wendover and found an unknown fabrication shop. A fireman by the name of Kip whipped up a fine chain guard and we were back at tech in two hours. Slim couldn't believe it. He was so impressed he let Kurt's leather disco pants go right through tech when Alpine Star racing leathers would not. On the first day Miss Patty (Scott's wife) and Icing (Kurt's girlfriend Mary Jane) got busy setting up the pits while Kurt and I got our stuff together and went straight to staging. Lots of exotic hardware. The sights and sounds are just like you would imagine. There was a 125 two-stroke motorcycle about 18" tall that went 160 mph. A V-8 powered torpedo that was navigated by laying flat on your back and looking straight up through a periscope. I don't care how fast it went, that is just wrong. Supercharged flathead street rod-looking things and top fuel dragsters that laid black marks well past 3 miles.



It took about an hour and a half to get to the starting line. I don't know what it is, but right before a race I gotta go pee every single time. When it's all clear, the flagman points you down the course. You take off, get it in high gear, hold it wide open, put your head down and follow the black marks. Pull the

knees in, head goes up. Put the head down, knees go out. I got to work on that. Combining the effects of the altitude and wheel spin, they say you lose 20% top end speed. First time out, 111 mph. That's better than I expected. Looked at the spark plugs and then went leaner. The leaner I went, the faster it went. I went down to 170s at 115 mph. That's lean enough. We ran for two days. There was a chance of rain on Thursday

night. Luckily we pulled the pits up that night because the next day there was 12" of water as far as the eye could see. People who left their pits out that night had to drive 5 miles in the water to the pits to collect their stuff and pull up tarps. We were done. With the 2 extra days we grabbed the girls and took the scenic route home. What a fantastic trip! Everyone should try it at least once.

"TEAM OVER THE HILL" at it's finest.

A Testimonial

David Kaufman

Hi. My name is David Kaufman, Mike French's across-the-street neighbor. Two reason I thought I would write in the newsletter, first I am a new member and second, I am planning a camping outing the weekend of June 9/10. But back to the first reason. One story I think we all love to hear is what brought us to motorcycling in the first place.

The year was 1965/66. I was working at Steak 'n Shake as a curb hop in Pine Lawn when a fellow hop offered me a ride on a 650 Bonneville. Man! I felt like I was on a rocket ship. I wish I could go on to tell you that was my first bike, but my dreams and money weren't that big. A friend in the neighborhood was selling a 1964 Honda S90 (they were a lot bigger back then). I worked and saved my money and by March of 1967 I bought my first motorcycle, a Honda S90. I turned 16 April 1st and by summer quit my job. For a fun day in the sun on the 90 I would find a friend with some money and we would ride and eat all day for a buck or two. If we ran low on gas we would find a closed gas station and empty the hoses in the bike. I had that 90 for about two years and it gave

me some of my best summers. Later after high school, I got married, raised three great kids, had some other motorcycles, but I will never forget the simple pleasures on the 90. She will always be my first love. I now ride a '92 Sportster, am a little older but still love the simple pleasures of motorcycling.

Mike French has been a blessing to have for a neighbor and he invited me about a year ago to join the club. I enjoy the fellowship, the rides, campout and Marty's cookout. This year I am planning a camping outing down at my country estate is Wesco, MO, about 12 miles southwest of Steeleville. My son Matt plays in a country music group called "The Roundups" and I am trying to get his group there that weekend. So for camping, riding, and maybe live music, keep the weekend of June 9/10 open. Call me if this is of interest to you, but remember this outing will depend on the weather. I will have maps with directions at Mike's meeting and Marty will also put them in the next newsletter, so please RSVP. Home number 636-940-1139, cell 314-302-9978.



Never one to learn the lessons from life's experiences,
Mike prepares to jump the fire at Monty's on New Year's Day

The Black Rhino Chapter 2:

The Horror!

Joe Jump

Norton restoration is a funny thing. You start out with great excitement, visualizing yourself doing a little polishing, spinning a couple wrenches for a few enjoyable evenings, all the time dreaming about zipping down the road on a perfectly running machine on a gorgeous sunny day. You visualize at every stop great crowds assemble around you and your machine with admiration in their eyes, slapping you on

the back & congratulating you on a job well done. Then as you approach the task of resurrecting one of these old dinosaurs from a long slumber, the reality slowly sinks in. Surprisingly that slap on the back turns into a slap in the face, as you realize that you are about to experience a pain similar to that of sticking your finger into an electric pencil sharpener. The reality sets in; now I

remember what this is really all about. Oh, The Horror! Last issue I wrote about the background behind my newly acquired '75 E-Start; this chapter is the first in a series of the trials and tribulations I've experienced trying to get this beast road worth again.

I had made a quick overall assessment of the bike prior to purchase. It was pretty much all there, with the exception of the side stand & the grab rail. Some Café-type accessories had been substituted; rear sets, Dunstall-style swept back exhaust, an oil cooler, and a K & N air filter. Included with the bike was a box of spare parts, which included the original foot peg brackets, air filter, two grab rails, along with various & sundry bits & pieces. An added bonus in the spares box was the factory MK III workshop manual, and the original owners manual. The engine was not stuck and seemed to have very good compression. The clutch, although extremely stiff, disengaged & the gearbox shifted through all the gears. Both front & rear master cylinders were dry & stuck, and the calipers looked to be in about the same condition. The throttle operated the slides; no choke lever present. A little chrome polish revealed that most of the plating was in reasonably good shape, but the alloy was well oxidized (oh, what fun!). I gave it a quick bath so my clothes wouldn't get trashed whenever I walked past it, then I put it up on the work stand in my garage.

The first task I approached was the brakes. I was lucky in that I was able to get the rusty pistons out of the calipers. First snag came with the bleeders on the calipers; both snapped off clean. I actually was successful in drilling out one bleeder & salvaging the original threads; Gary Creech helped me out on the second caliper with a spare he had. While cleaning up some of the other parts I noticed that one of the flexible rubber hoses had delaminated internally causing a blockage. I started a list of parts to purchase,

beginning with caliper pistons & seals, and a rear brake hose. Standard plated pistons are available, but for a few dollars more I opted for stainless steel units. The master cylinders were another story.

The Norton front disc brake is known for its lack luster performance. I've heard it said it was designed that way on purpose because back in the day when these machines were new, the people at Norton didn't think the masses could handle the transition from poorly performing drums to discs - thanks Norton! One of the common fixes is to install a sleeve kit available from RGM which brings the master cylinder (M/C) bore down from 15mm to 13mm. Originally the kit used a sleeve that was epoxied into the bore, but recently the design was changed so that the sleeve is now screwed into threads that have to be cut into the top of the M/C bore. I was able to install the sleeve and reassemble everything, but after a day or two it developed a leak, which I haven't looked into yet. There goes my pretty paint job on the M/C!

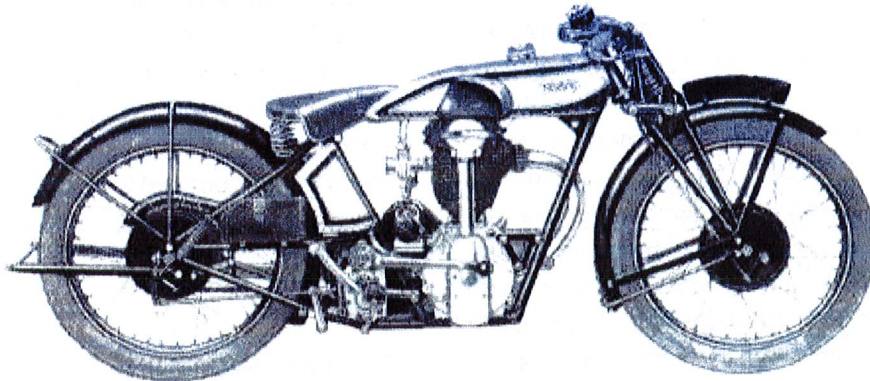
The rear M/C wasn't quite so difficult. I've been told that there is plenty of pressure available to the rear disc, so there is no need to do any mods - OEM is good enough. But the rear M/C uses a steel body, and the moisture that accumulates in hydraulic brake systems will rust the bore. Sometimes if the rust isn't too bad the pits can be honed out of the bore, but most the time they are too deep, and play havoc with the piston seals. My rear M/C had a deep rusted area between the primary and secondary piston seals. Mike French suggested that maybe we could fill the pits with solder & polish it smooth. We gave it a try & I think it's going to be all right.

Norton brake rotors are hard-chrome plated cast iron. Cast iron is a better braking surface than chrome but they will rust in a

matter of minutes if they get wet. Normal usage wipes off the rust with no ill effects, yet many manufacturers plated their rotors rather than face criticism from the customer. But the chrome surface is not long-lived on Norton rotors, which yields a stripe of bare iron to rust. The rotors on the Rhino were no exception. Club member and machine shop owner Gary Hollowich provides a rotor reconditioning service to Norton owners across the country. He uses a Blanchard grinder to remove the chrome plating and true the braking surfaces along with the mounting flange to ensure smooth, pulse-free braking.

In addition, he can drill them up to improve wet weather operation & reduce unsprung weight, along with giving them a more modern look. I gave him both of my discs to resurface and he's drilling my front one.

I'll end this chapter here. There is much more to this story, and breaking it up into chapters will hopefully make it easier to digest and provide Marty with much needed fodder for future newsletters. There are many small details I have left out of this story. If you would like more of the details please feel free to contact me.



Send submissions to:

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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 "Joe Jump" or send cash to Joe at: 435 West Argonne Dr., Kirkwood, MO 63122.

The following was stolen by JJ off the BevelHeads List (Ducati). It originally aired on BBC TV back in the 70s. Ronnie Barker could say all this without a snigger. The irony is that they received not one complaint. The speed of delivery must have been too much for the whining herds. Try getting through it without converting the spoonerisms as you read.

This is the Story of Rindercella and Her Sugly Isters.

Rindercella and her sugly isters lived in a marge lansion. Rindercella worked very hard frubbing scloors, emptying poss pits, and shivelling shot. At the end of the day, she was knucking frackered. The sugly isters were right bugly astards. One was called Mary Hinge, and the other was called Betty Swallocks. They were really forrible huckers; they had fetty sweet and fetty swannies.

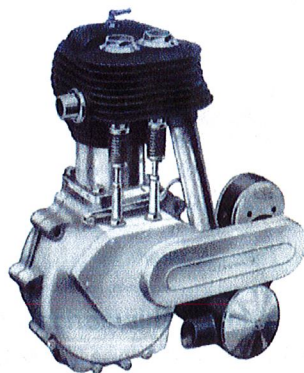
The sugly isters had tickets to go to the ball, but the cotton runts would not let Rindercella go.

Suddenly there was a bucking fang, and her gairy fodmother appeared. Her name was Shairy Hithole and she was a light rucking fesbian. She turned a pumpkin and six mite wice into a hucking cuge farriage with six dandy ronkeys who had buge hollocks and dig bicks. The gairy fodmother told Rindercella to be back by dimlight otherwise, there would be a cucking falamity.

At the ball, Rindercella was dancing with the prandsome hince when suddenly the clock struck twelve. "Mist all chucking frighty!!!" said Rindercella, and she ran out tripping barse over ollocks, so dropping slass glipper.

The very next day the prandsome hince knocked on Rindercella's door and the sugly isters let him in. Suddenly, Betty Swallocks lifted her leg and let off a fig bart. "Who's fust jarted??" asked the prandsome hince. "Blame that fugly ucker over there!" said Mary Hinge. When the stinking brown cloud had lifted, he tried the slass glipper on both the sugly isters without success and their feet stucking funk. Betty Swallocks was ducking fisgusted and gave the prandsome hince a knack in the kickers. This was not difficult as he had bucking fuge halls and a hig bard on.

He tried the slass glipper on Rindercella and it fitted pucking perfectly. Rindercella and the prandsome hince were married. The pransome hince lived his life in lucking fuxury, and Rindercella lived hers with a follen swanny.



Miss Patty holds the umbrella like all race team girls do for Top Dollar.



Jack Geers' grandson with his first motorcycle. Already he's several steps up from a Honda S90.

Thanks to everyone who contributed to make this action-packed newsletter. Keep sending those great submissions and we hope to see everyone at Mike's on April 14th. We have a lot to talk about.