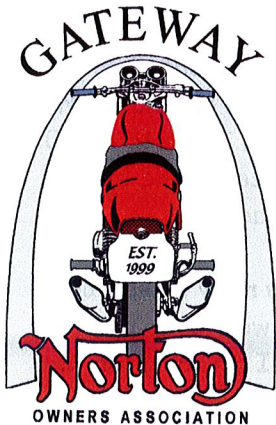


Gateway Norton Owners News #30



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"**
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
November 2006



PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Hello all! The hot, humid summer has given way to the cooler days of fall and soon it will be the cold days of winter. Now is the time to get those last rides in before it gets too cold. It is also a good time to make that list of winter things that you want to do to your bike. While doing so, reflect on the rides and good times you had this summer on your bike. It was fun, wasn't it?

I had a great time at the campout this year and got to ride a different bike home (ask Mike). Speaking of that, the club was up for yet another award. Yes...the Norton Camping Safety Award of the Year, and now we have to forfeit it to another club. It seems that one of our members got injured at the campout and is still in recovery at his house where he is reportedly gaining weight and feeling sorry for himself because he can't ride and is getting fat. Never mind that you cost us the award, Mike. Oh, I wasn't going to mention any names. Darn it anyway.

The Fall Colors Ride put on by John Wuebbeling this year was chilly and wet, but I had a great time with great people. I enjoyed the change of route this time that took us into Illinois. I love looking at the Mississippi River. The food after keeps getting better and better thanks to John's wife Ruth and daughter Renee. Good bonfire, too!

This will be the last newsletter of the year, so all of you have happy holidays with a good Christmas and a happy new year. I am hoping my son Aaron will be back from Iraq to share it with us. I am planning on holding a meeting in January at The Corner Bar with more info to follow, so stay tuned. Maybe Monty will host his January 1st "Fun in the Dirt" ride again. If so, I will look for you there. Till then... watch those blind spots and remember, stupid hurts. Steve the Prez

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.

MEET OUR NEWEST MEMBER - Robbie Pesek

I have been riding since I was 8 years old. My first bike was a Honda XL70. I then went on to motocross and Yamaha YZ's. My family owned MPC in Florissant for almost 30 years and then got out of the business. My dad and two uncles are all motorcycle fanatics. It must be in our blood. My first real ride on a street bike was when I snuck my dad's brand new 1975 Norton Interstate 850 Commando out for a test ride at 16 years old. I still remember the sound and feel of the bike to this day. I have recently bought a '74 Interstate that I am getting back on the road.

I am 37 and have had dirt and street bikes all of my life. I sometimes forget how many bikes I own, but I think it's around 40 plus. I do own a lot of vintage Suzuki's and Ducati's as well. I do most all of my own work, custom welding of any kind, motors and frame mock-ups as well. I am going for two land speed records next September at Bonneville on two of my vintage Suzuki's.

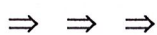
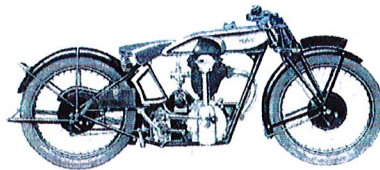
Other than the motorcycles, I have a few farms here in Missouri and spend a lot of time there as well. I also enjoy traveling out west to hunt and do a lot of Indian cave exploring. My only other hobby is fly rod fishing.

I am looking forward to meeting everyone and learning from your experience.

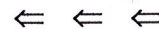
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

December 23: Donelson's Customer Appreciation Day. Rock Road location.

Late January: GNOA winter meeting, watch your e-mail for time and place.



CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLUB!



In the last newsletter it was reported that our club was awarded "Newsletter of the Year 2006." Here is the statement that was sent to the INOA.

The members of the Gateway Norton Owners Association in St. Louis, Missouri, wish to send you a big "thank you" for awarding our club with the Newsletter of the Year award. We all appreciated the trophy. It was displayed at our last gathering and caught several people's attention. The success of the newsletter is directly related to our editor Marty Dupree and his wife and co-editor Peg. Without their help and sacrifice it would be done in pencil if at all. It is great to be a small part of the big part of the INOA. Thanks once again, hope to see you all at the next rally. Steve Hurst, President, GNOA

CAPTION CONTEST FROM THE LAST NEWSLETTER



The Entries:

- * Yup! I sure wood like ta ride it and naw, I won't park it by the campfire. *Mike French*
- * And so I've reached the conclusion, gentlemen, that the Harley Davidson Company is riddled with incompetence. *Steve Hurst*

And the winning submission:

- * Don't ride this to Rocky Top. Someone might use it for firewood and jump over it. *Bill Reuckert*

Contact Information:

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Marty Dupree, Newsletter:	636-398-4049	madx2@worldnet.att.net

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.

MY FIRST BIKE

Mike French

I had an old Schwinn that a neighbor welded on a piece of 2" angle iron for me. To that I bolted a \$5 Briggs and Stratton engine by only two bolts! It used a 72" fan belt with a Wizzer drive hoop bolted to the rear spokes. Direct drive, push start, throttle with right hand, hang on with left. It really went too fast for the coaster brakes of the day. I sure wish I had a picture of it.

I've owned dozens of old mini-bikes and Honda 50's too. I went fishing with a friend, 1966 (2 up), on my Honda 50 and caught a 20 pound carp. We sat on the fish, ten miles or so, back home and his mom cooked it for supper. Mmm, mmm good. Wish I had a picture of that, too.

THE BLACK RHINO

Joe Jump

Some of you may have over heard me musing recently about my desire to get an 850 Interstate - well, it happened! I closed the deal last Saturday! The bike is a 1975 E-Start, 12k on the clock. The machine started life as a Roadster, but the original unit was swapped out with a steel Interstate tank sometime in the '70s. There are some other non-standard items on it, including rear sets, low handlebars, exhaust, and an oil cooler. The bike has been owned by one person since new, whom I've known since the mid-70s. It has been sitting in dry storage for at least 10 years. The story with this bike is a long one - hope you find it interesting.

Back in 1975, a small group of fellas here in St Louis organized the Mid-West Café Racing Association (MCRA), which by the way is still in existence. The club's purpose was to promote & host amateur road racing events held out at Mid America Raceway in Wentzville. Word got around fast within the small group of people interested in such things and I joined the group at their second monthly meeting, which at that time were held in the basement of the Ground Round restaurant, located near the corner of Clayton & Big Bend Roads. The club had a wide variety of professionals, students, & Blue Collar types (me being the latter), all whom were interested making a go if it. We were actually pretty well organized, and hosted 2 races the first year and 7 in the second year. Racers coming from all over the mid-west, including Chicago and Dallas, populated the grids. One of the members of the MCRA owned a bar in the U-City Loop at the corner of Delmar & Eastgate, which soon turned into the club hangout. On Friday & Saturday nights, the sidewalk in front of Marko's Imbibery was heavily populated with all sorts

of cool bikes including Nortons, BMWs, Guzzis, Laverdas, Triumphs, Rickmans, and a few tricked-out Hondas & RD-350s thrown in for good measure. I made many friends back then, some of whom I still see on occasion - we had lots of fun!

On September 30th I hooked up with some of my old MCRA buds for a ride down to the Royal Enfield Family Reunion, held in Steeleville, MO. One of the guys, Bob Marquardt, was admiring my Guzzi and mentioned that he had Nancy Beck's '76 Guzzi 850 LeMans and the '75 Roadster-cum-Interstate in storage in his garage. Nancy was also in the MCRA, but she had moved to Florida in 1984, leaving the bikes behind in Bob's custody. He mentioned that he sure would like to get them both out of his garage, since he had no interest in working on them. When he said that, I said "Give 'em to me!" Later that day he asked me if I was serious about wanting the bikes (sure!) and told me to work out a deal with Nancy. I got her contact information & wrote her a letter. She called me on Halloween night & said she would sell them, so I made arrangements with Bob for a viewing. After looking them over, I called Nancy and we made a deal - for boeff uv em!

Back in the day, I had a pal with a silver '75 Interstate that we fondly referred to as "The Silver Rhino". Vince had modified his Interstate (to fit in the crowd) by mounting clip-ons, velocity stacks, Wassel Decibel Silencers (read as LOUD), and rear sets. Nancy's bike reminds me of Vince's Silver Rhino with the rear sets and the Quasi-Dunstall exhaust, hence the name Black Rhino. Look for on-going updates to the story in following issues of the GNOA News.

JOHN WUEBBELING'S FALL COLORS RIDE

This is the little article President Steve submitted to The Biking Life magazine. Look for it at various motorcycle shops in the area.

Hello Jim, on Sunday October 15 we had our club Fall Colors ride. We all met at the Hardee's on Hwy. 79 and Hwy. 70 at 9:30 a.m. We don't always meet that early but we were going to cover a lot of miles that day, about 125. That's a lot for us. The weather was in the low 40's and cloudy with rain in the forecast. Great, typical Brit weather, the bikes should run fine, just hard on the riders. We had about 20 riders show up. Not everyone was riding their Norton's, though I was. Most of our members own other vintage machines and, as you know, you can't ride one bike all the time or the others will get jealous.

We left on time, heading north on 79 to Winfield, took the ferry across the Mississippi River to Illinois and rode The Great River Road, Hwy. 96 North. We rode through Batch Town, Hamburg and Pleasant Hill till we hit Hwy. 54. Then crossing over the bridge to Louisiana, Missouri. We stopped for fuel and snacks, then up to the River Overlook there in town. Boy what a great view! After warming a bit we rode 79 south to Hwy. W that has some good turns on that road. Then down to KK which leads to Cuivre River State Park. Through the Park and back to Hwy. 61 to Foristell where one of our members hosted a barbeque. All in all, a great ride.



The lineup of some of the bikes as they arrived.
More pictures of the ride will be posted on our Yahoo Group site
once I learn how to do it.

SPOTLIGHT BIKE

Mike French

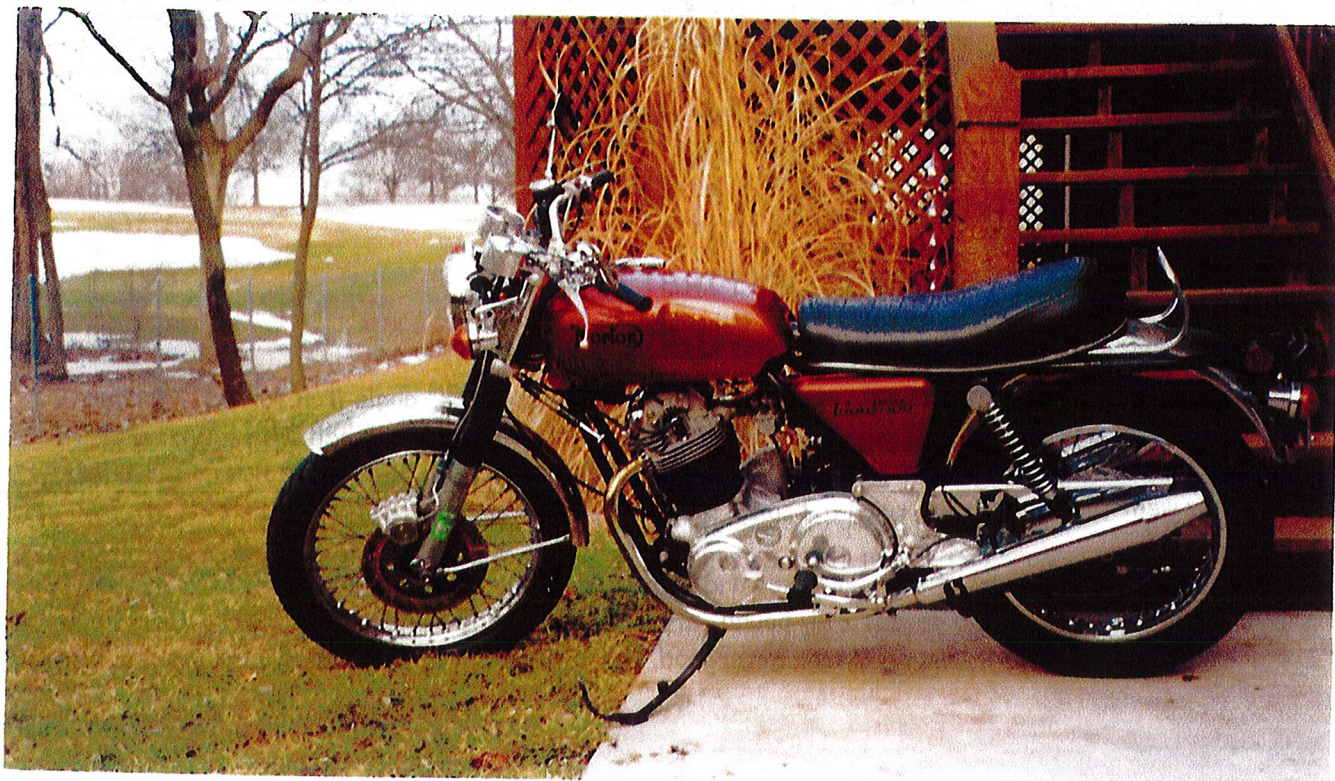
I got my Norton (1973 Interstate Combat) in 1984 after Kurt (Wowie) Baue let me ride his. I found it in the St. Charles Journal for \$400. It was a real hand grenade and to pull the pin, you only had to kick it. I drove it home in a light rain with the main jets laying in the bottom of the fuel bowls. The isolastic mounts had disintegrated years ago, but lucky for me, the 16" chopper rear wheel and Volkswagen tire gave me the stability to "get her home."

I won't bore anyone with what I've done to it in the past 22 years 'cause it would make for a really thick newsletter. To sum up, the best improvements are as follows: Changed: tank, seat, 16" wheel to Roadster trim. Installed a low mileage 850 engine. Installed Boyer ignition, single Mikuni carb, Surflex clutch, belt drive, 18" Kawasaki rear rim and steering dampener, quartz halogen headlight and 13mm master cylinder and drilled rotor.

It goes and stops real well and half the fun of riding it is knowing that I've improved, updated and repaired every component on this old friend of mine. Anyone can go out and buy a new bike, even yours truly, but there's nothing quite like the proud Norton ownership and camaraderie of the club members. It's just "all good."

I've been fishing on the Norton several times but haven't caught anything big enough to sit on. This is commonly referred to as a "Commando Fishin' Mission." What could be more fun that's legal? I don't put very many miles on my bike, but as they say, it's quality not quantity. My favorite place to ride is: out of my subdivision and meet up with the GNOA members. Just take me anywhere.

I want to thank Marty, Steve, Tom and all that helped me at the Rocky Top campout. I had a great time for about 13 hours.



JACK GEERS UPDATE

I recently e-mailed Jack and asked him how things were going for him and what the motorcycle scene was like in the Raleigh-Durham, NC area. Here was his reply. Marty

Hi Marty. I haven't been to the Wheels Through Time Museum in Maggie Valley yet, but it is on the "to do" list. I did take a 620 mile ride on the V-star. I rode over to the coast and down the outer island south to Willington. I took three days and rode alone and it was great fun. I attended the Ton-Up Club Bike Show in Raleigh in August, lots of Triumphs and a couple of Nortons. I rode the Atlas down and, of course, most of the guys had never seen one. They also have a get-together on Sunday morning at 9-10:00 just south of Chapel Hill. Usually about 300-400 bikers show up, have a little breakfast, and kick tires. Other than that, I ride with my son-in-law (he bought a new 1200cc Harley Sportster) because all the local riding is 2 minutes from my house . . . great roads with rolling hills and 50mph curves.

All is well, but haven't sold my Florissant home yet. The market is sh**. I talked to Mike yesterday and he told me of doing the ancient Indian Fire Dance (now called the Whiskey Hop) followed by the Hospital Run . . . funny, but very sad. Later! Jack

Send submissions to:

Marty Dupree, 2637 Sneakwood Lane, Foristell, MO 63348
e-mail: madx2@worldnet.att.net Phone: 636-398-4049

GNOA ANNUAL FALL CAMP/RIDE 2006

(commonly referred to as Rocky Top)

Bill Bluemel

Early Friday morning on September 22, Joe, John Wuebbeling and Mike left Chesterfield on a sunny day, headed south out of town with fully packed motorcycles. About 2-1/2 hours later they reached our favorite campsite, Council Bluffs between Potosi and Bixby on DD near 32. Mike's neighbor Dave had already arrived in his truck/camper with his Harley in tow, and Marty was there with a truckload of split hardwood and his pop-up camper. The sun was still shining.

The weatherman had predicted strong storms and rain for the weekend, but no one would listen to the idea of a rain date - the excitement was running much too high. It must have been the new moon or the eve of the fall equinox. Soon after base camp was established, it began to rain. Mike's "waterproof" tent/condom leaked. Must've been a 'ole in it, mate! Marty got a fire started after the initial rain, which gave Mike

a chance to dry out his gear. By now the afternoon was nearly over and a cool wind began to blow in some scary looking dark clouds.

I got off work as this phenomenon started to develop. I loaded my Norton on the trailer the night before, after no one would consider a rain date, and drug it to work with me on Friday. Over an early dinner, Karen and I watched weather alerts following tornadoes roaring down I-44. I left in a light rain shortly after 6 - I waited for 5:00 traffic to thin a bit. Smooth sailing until Hillsboro where heavy rain slowed progress to 25mph with the wipers on really fast. Others had pulled off the road, but I was on a mission, places to go, and people to meet. As I neared the campsite, a slow drizzle faded. On the trip down I was treated to a pipe and drum CD lent to me by Marty - the bagpipe solo is one of the most beautiful and moving pieces of music I've ever heard. As the drizzle faded, I put the windows down and cranked up the stereo, "treating" everyone else to my newfound treasure. It was about 8:30 and quite dark, but the campsite was easy to find thanks to a large fire courtesy of Marty. The ground was wet from the day's rain and I was feeling anxious about where to put my tent. I knew wherever I put it it would be right in the water runoff when it began to rain again. Sensing my dilemma, Mike's kind neighbor Dave offered me a place to sleep in his camper. Quite deluxe and very dry when it rained several more times later that night. It had been a long day for Dave and I and also for Gary Creech, his daughter, and her two daughters (three generations of the Creech family). So we all retired early, about 10pm. Mike, Marty, John and Joe all stayed up to watch the fire and enjoy each other's company.

After a while, Mike got the wild idea he gets every year when he's had enough liquid courage/stupidity to jump the fire. He stood

up and jumped. He almost made it. Unfortunately, his right foot hit the iron ring at an odd angle, breaking his ankle, causing him to fall backwards into the fire. John quickly pulled him to safety before any more harm could occur. Marty assessed the situation and volunteered to drive him back to St. Louis. They arrived about 12:30am having interrupted DeDe's moment alone in the tub, via cell phone. She agreed to meet them near St. Anthony's Hospital (Highway 21 and 270). She then took Mike to a medical center in St. Charles while Marty drove another 2-1/2 hours south back to our campsite. I bet that warm dry bed in his pop-up camper felt good. Where I slept was so comfortable that I slept completely thru this episode and didn't hear about it until the next morning.

Dave is an early riser which is fine by me. After coffee in Dave's camper we ventured out into the morning drizzle. We were glad for the drizzle because it was raining hard with lightning the previous night. Gary's granddaughters were up trying to restart the fire with the idea of oatmeal in mind. Marty pitched in and in no time we had water boiling on a camp stove and another pot of coffee. Warm oatmeal with fruit cocktail (Grampy likes it) was just what we needed. Thanks girls! Marty was also preparing "Ziplock Omeletes" for everyone. To make them, all you do is boil a large pail of water, then each person marks their own baggie and adds two eggs, prechopped tomatoes, onion, green pepper and cheese. It was ready in less than 20 minutes and delicious.

Feeling fortified, Joe donned his long underwear and rain suit and prepared for a wet morning ride behind his extra large (barn door) windshield. Only on a Moto Guzzi. He was a man on a mission and set off by himself. The rest of us waited around the campsite for a couple more hours hoping the rain would stop. How much more could it rain! Shortly

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after noon, it was dry enough that we decided to ride to Bixby for lunch at the gas station/post office/restaurant. Leaving the campsite my throttle cable was sticking. Must have gotten wet on the ride down through torrential rains. Very exciting on wet roads with gravel washes. This really increases the "pucker" factor. By the time we turned right onto Highway 32 it was behaving properly and we had a nice ride into Bixby. While we were ordering sandwiches, in walks Joe - like he was supposed to be there. Over lunch he described his morning ride past nearby tornado and storm damaged towns.

After lunch we rode to a nearby mill that dates back to the 1920's. Wouldn't you know, Saturday is the one day of no tours. But it was a beautiful sight and we enjoyed walking around in a little afternoon sunshine near the river. The next stop was a small town complete with another gas station/post office/restaurant where we stopped for root beer. The proprietor is a motorcycle enthusiast who invited us to park our Nortons in the handicapped space. Only later did I see this as humorous. Joe and Dave wanted to ride a little further to check out a nearby campground. I opted to start back for the campsite at Council Bluffs. I retraced my steps and stopped for gas in Bixby. All day long I had trouble starting my bike and Gary would come over, "out of the way young 'un" and would start it with one kick. Either he has a magic foot, or my motorcycle likes him better than me. To this end, I left it running

when I got fuel in Bixby. I rode slowly back towards the campsite wondering why the group hadn't caught up to me. They took an alternate route back. Gary went looking for me and found a couple of locals who were sitting in a pickup truck drinking beer in the parking lot of the Bixby restaurant. "Yeah, we saw him. He left it runnin' at the pump." By the time I got back to camp, everyone else was already there, the fire stoked and dinner started. Having dinner later that night, after an afternoon of riding the best roads in Missouri, was comforting. . . a real blessing. Thanks Marty.

Mike sent Tom Mitchell, prez Steve and Steve's brother Jeff to retrieve his stuff. They were lucky enough to join us for farewell dinner. Always a high spot. After a few hours enjoying each other's company around the campfire and 'smores courtesy of Gary's granddaughters, we retired early and slept well. Early the next morning found us coffee in hand and loading motorcycles. Steve had the enviable chore of riding Mike's bike home on a warm sunny Sunday.

Now, what would drive normally sane and responsible men to ride valuable vintage motorcycles out into rain storms and tornadoes? It's passion. Passion for the Norton motorcycle and passion for the freedom found while riding. Thanks to everyone for making this happen. See you next year. I'll be there for sure.



HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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First riders arrive on Friday.
Gary, JJ, Mike and John



Closeup of JJ's rolling cooler.



Saturday: Gary's hands go spastic
as they warm up by the fire.



JJ supervises the unloading of the bikes



Bench racing it its best.



Saturday night's dessert:
the Mike French
"Wish You Were"
Commemorative Cake.