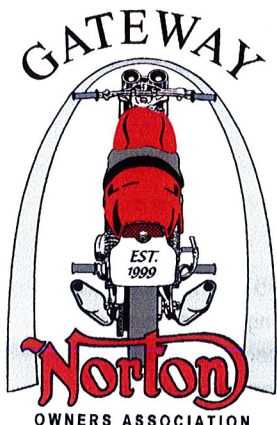


# Gateway Norton Owners News #29



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



## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Hello all! Welcome to the dog days of summer! It is so hot I hear some people have been getting cabin fever from staying indoors. I know the heat gives a few chaps a short temper and that can lead to road rage out there on the tarmac. I get the finger so regularly I wouldn't know! It just seems that maybe I've slowed down and I'm getting in peoples way or everyone else has speeded up and I can't keep up.

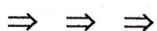
The bike show at McNair Park int. Charles in July was good to me and my Bobber. If you had been there I would have shown you my 1st place trophy. The day wasn't too hot and the crowd wasn't too big. I'm sure you all remember my 650 Yamaha bobber project? I\*#\*\*\*%\*\* thought so.

Now then, I would like to say a few words about focus. It is good to focus when riding. It is good to focus when deciding on your future. It is good to focus when your wife is talking to you. (I'm not saying that I can, and do, only that it is good) It is not good to focus on the obstacles, whether the obstacles are on the or in your life. What happens when you focus on something is that you are drawn to it. This is all right if it is a good thing, but if what you are focusing on is an obstacle it is bad. So, what you need to do when you see an obstacle in front of you is not focus on it but look to the side of it, where there will be a clear path and you can pass safely by.

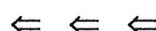
I'm sorry that I didn't get to go to Mid Ohio this year. All was not lost in the way of riding though. I stretched the legs on my Commando and rode with my brother to the Lake of the Ozarks. We took the slab (Highways 70 and 54) down and Hwy 94 from Jefferson City home. It was a hot weekend! If you are going to ride in the heat you must stay hydrated. It is important. My Norton ran great. I got 67 MPG on the highway, no breakdowns and all I did before I left was oil the chain.

I hope to see all of you in Sept at the All Brit Show or for sure in Oct at the campout. Till then....watch those blind spots.

Steve



## **CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLUB!**



Gary (Pa Norton) Creech attended the INOA Rally in Michigan and came home with good news. He accepted our Club's award for "Newsletter of the Year". A big pat on the back to everyone who has submitted material for our award-winning newsletter and most definitely, my wife Peg for doing all the computer work. Keep up the good work, and if you haven't submitted something in the past, please do. We'd love to hear from you.

### *Everyone's dues are due on July 1.*

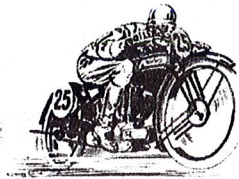
Please look at your newsletter envelope for YOUR expiration date. It is the number after your name, i.e.(7-06). If it doesn't read at least 7-07, you are in arrears. Please send Joe Jump a check made out to him, or cash, for your past dues @ \$5 per year. Thank you very much.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

**AUGUST 19:** SOS (Support Our Soldiers) Motorcycle Ride. UAW Hall, 1395 E. Pearce Blvd., Wentzville MO. Doors open at 8am, registration 8:30 to 10:30, Opening Ceremonies at 11. Ride begins 11:30. \$10 per rider, \$15 per couple. All money raised goes to support deployed troops by sending care packages and supporting two Soldier Support not-for-profit organizations: [www.anysoldier.com](http://www.anysoldier.com) and [www.asoldierswishlist.org](http://www.asoldierswishlist.org). For more information call Della 636-639-2150 or 636-456-8454 or call Mike 636-327-2505.

**SEPTEMBER 17:** All British Car Show at Creve Coeur Lake. See Bill Rueckert's article on page 3 for more information.

**LATE SEPT/  
EARLY OCT:** Club Campout affectionately known as Rocky Top. The date has not been decided as of this writing but a mailing or phone call will be forthcoming as soon as details are finalized. The campout will be at the Council Bluff Recreation Area (same as last year), just south of Potosi MO. A great place with great roads, and last year we had the campground practically to ourselves. Try to make it - everyone had a great time last year.



*Here is Monty's thumbnail review of Mid Ohio. Be sure and read JJ's account elsewhere in the newsletter.*

## MID OHIO VINTAGE DAY 2006

What a scene!! Seems like they need to make it Vintage Week. MVAgusta was the marquee, neat machines. Vintage racing at its best, road racing, a brand new professional motocross track, races and vintage trials all while having the country's largest swap meet. The Heritage Museum Auction was great too. It doesn't get any better than this.

One of the memorable times at VMD 2006 was the opportunity to get Dick Mann's autograph. Wow! At age 72 he still builds around nine bikes a year and is a true legend. Read about him at <http://home.ama-cycle.org/forms/museum/hofbiopage.asp?id=75>  
Monty Parsons



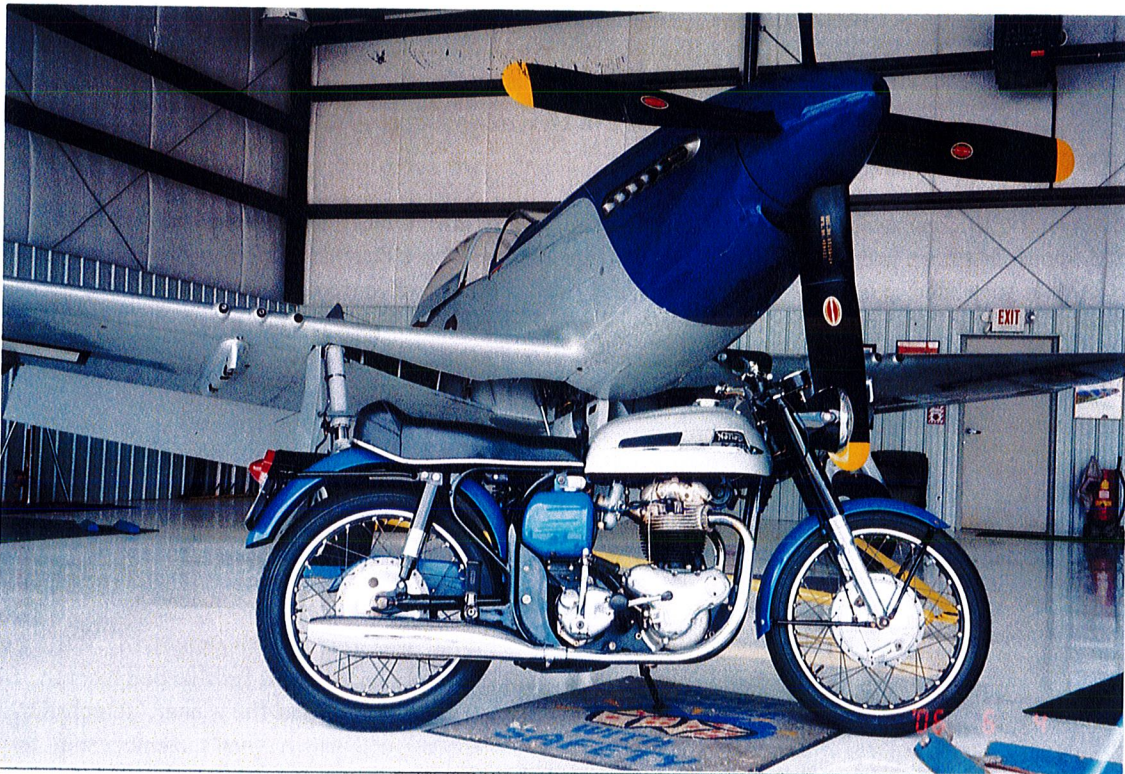
## VINTAGE DAY- September 17, 2006

Bill Rueckert

Classic cars + classic bikes + classic aircraft = ALL Vintage Day. The British Car Show at Creve Coeur Lake Park will be held on September 17, 2006. Bill Rueckert will host our club members at his house after the afternoon activities.

The itinerary will be something like this: Meet at the Creve Coeur Lake British Car Show 11am to noon. After visiting and viewing the iron, we will proceed to Creve Coeur Airport. About 1pm we will tour the Vintage Aircraft Museum, admission is \$10. After this tour we can walk around the hangars to view some of the privately owned classic planes and war birds. From the Airport there will be a short ride to Bill's house for relaxation and refreshment.

For more info call Bill at 636-928-8799.



**IN GOOD COMPANY! Can you identify these two classics?**

### NORTON GOIN' ON

Mike French

News Flash: New member Bob Yancey has finally gotten his Norton running. Three head gaskets, a cylinder head mill, and a lot of misfortune has finally fixed the problem. I have never seen this situation before but his cylinder studs had penetrated into the push rod tunnels, making it look like a head gasket failure. As we all know, what looks like a common problem may turn out to be something totally different. I have to admire his perseverance and my patience, but happy motoring to him finally. These days a "thank you" letter goes a long way with us old farts and his was very nice. I was glad to help.



## CLUB MEMBER TIES THE KNOT

Everyone who knows Brent Jones knows to expect the unexpected. His e-mail on a Tuesday saying he was getting married that Friday fit his profile. About three weeks earlier at JJ's club ride, Brent on his Guzzi with sidecar and girlfriend Jac (Sportster-mounted) showed up, but nothing was said about an upcoming marriage.

In Brent's e-mail, he laid out the wedding plans - which piqued my curiosity - so my son and I decided to attend. Brent plays in a Bluegrass-sort-of band *Red Ass Jones and the Gold Bondsmen*, and that night the gig was at Magee's Bar behind "Big" Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. Also playing that night was the girl group *Maid-Rite* who were the official bridesmaids. I guess I should also mention that Jac is a member of the Archrivals, St. Louis' Roller Derby team. She was given support by at least 15 members of the team.

After the *Gold Bondsmen's* first set, the ceremony took place, taking about 15 seconds. The bearded man in the bib overalls who officiated said, "This couple is proud to share this evening with you. Brent, do you take Jac to be your wife?" Brent said "Yes." "Jac, do you take Brent to be your husband?" Jac said "Yes." "Then you're married!"

After the toast and frivolity, the *Maid-Rite's* took the stage. In the audience I saw people dressed from bibs to fancy dresses, but most were in t-shirts. There was a classic tie-dyed *Grateful Dead*, one with a Harley engine and the caption "Can You Hear Me Now?", a guy wearing one that said "Would you tell your boobs to please quit staring at my eyes?", and my favorite, "Dip me in honey and feed me to the lesbians." I don't know if this person's wish came true, because we left when the night was still young.

Congratulations to the happy couple, and thanks for the fun evening.



A big, wet juicy one.



*Maid-Rite* and yes, they are made right!

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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 W. Argonne, Kirkwood, MO 63122.**



## VMD @ Mid-Ohio; July 28-30, 2006

Joe Jump

Planning started early for this year's pilgrimage to Lexington, Ohio since I missed last year's event and have been harassed about it ever since. In previous years I trailered my bike to IndyDiamond's place, and the two of us rode up on Indiana & Ohio back roads. I decided to take my '71 Guzzi Loopframe Bitza (aka Junkyard) again this year since Indy would be on Dreamsicle and my pal Steve from Pax River, Maryland would bring his Eldo too. In previous years the three of us would have a few occasions to match up the performance of our machines, and Steve's 850 LAPD Eldo always seemed to have a slight edge - that wasn't going to happen again this year!

Back in January I did some looking around and purchased a 1000cc engine taken from a '76 Guzzi Convert, which utilize cast iron bores, a "lawn mower cam", and 30mm square slide carbs. With some horse-trading and inquiries on the Guzzi Tech bulletin board, I was able to get a set of 36mm Dellorto PHF pumpers and a LeMans B-10 cam. Without even pulling the heads I was able to replace the cam & lifters, and soon I was plugging the "big" engine into my old Ambo chassis. After a few test rides and a tuning session on Widman's Dynojet dyno, I had old Junkyard running pretty strong, recording 54 max hp with a flat 50 ft lbs torque from 2500rpm up to 6500. There is more power left to be had, but I was pretty confident that Ol' Steve was going down with that.

Bill Blumel & I made arrangements to drive/trailer out together using Mike's trailer (thanks Mike!). Originally we planned to leave early Thursday morning, but as the time drew near the excitement was too much for me to handle. I called Bill Wednesday night and we decided to drive to Indy's place that evening. We loaded up & got on the road shortly before 8pm, arriving at Indy's around 2am eastern. We ended up talking and drinking a few beers until almost 4am, which basically blew the idea of an early start. We did manage to hit the road Thursday morning by about 11:00, departing into threatening skies and some light rain.

Bill continued on in his car with bike in tow via the interstate, while Indy & I headed east on US 36

through the endless fields of yellow corn. It didn't take long for me to prove Junkyard's advantage over Indy's Dream Cycle. I thought he was lying back, but later he admitted to no contest - "You just walked away" were his words. One down, one to go! As the miles clicked off the skies got more & more threatening, and then they opened up. Along with the heavy rain, there was a strong cross wind out of the south, which made passing slower vehicles difficult. The spray (kicked up by the slow semis) blowing across the left lane blinded us from seeing any on-coming traffic - pretty dicey there for a while. As the day wore on the rain slowly retreated, and by the time we were turning north above Columbus, the sun came out. We found ourselves pulling into Bucks Bar & Grill at about 4:30 - 5 pm to have celebratory refreshment. Once again, two middle-aged crazys battled the elements on 35-year-old Italian motorcycles without incident - we figured that was reason enough to celebrate.

While relaxing at Buck's we called Bill, who had arrived at camp hours earlier. He informed us that all was well at Honey Creek & even offered to set up our tents while he waited for us to arrive - what a pal! Another call went out to the Pax contingent (Steve, Tom, and DJ) and they were just finishing up their trek. While finishing our beverages we spied some familiar faces from past years - Ron Thompson from the Norton Corral & a couple other contributors to BritBike.com. They informed us of a British Bike show BritBike was sponsoring in the track camping area that was scheduled for Saturday Night. The mention of free food & drinks naturally put that event on my schedule. Soon we were back on the road to Honey Creek where we met up with Bill & the Pax crew. More celebrations and a late night slammed the door on any thoughts of arriving early at the track Friday morning - so what else is new?

As expected, the rows & rows of "Junque" at the swap meet seemed more numerous than ever. It is a fool's folly to venture forward into that melee without a firm sense of purpose and a list of items you are looking for. But if you are well organized, whatever it is you need I'm confident it can be



found. Friday was sunny & hot, making my patience a little lacking - not that I was tired or anything like that. One abbreviated pass was about all I could take of the swap meet this year. We wandered back over to the Norton Corral & spent some time talking to the guys. A few more trips out into the infield, checking out the auction tent, seeing what the vendors had, looking over the other club tents, watching some racing, checking out the MV Agusta museum tent, etc, and it was about time to call it a day. The plan was to head back to camp, rest up a bit, then head out to Ashland for the short track races. When we got back to camp Mel Hefron & Dennis Spencer greeted us with tales of adventure from their trip over and other past rides. Soon it became obvious that Ashland was not on our horizon, so we settled for some dinner in town and an easy night back at camp.

In an effort to get to the track a bit earlier, Indy & I bypassed breakfast in Bellville Saturday morning. The track was much more crowded Saturday, and the place was buzzin' with activity. Shortly after parking at the Corral we headed over to the auction tent, which still seemed a bit vacant as compared to previous years. Then a voice over the PA announced that Ago was about to take a few laps on a GP MV 500 Triple - what a sound! We then walked over to the pits, and visited with old friends & new acquaintances. Indy was telling me about a neighbor of his who was racing there that had some old British iron - we just had to find him and eventually we did. Turned out he was riding a 1934 Rudge single, 350 I believe, with a brass head & a radial 4-valve combustion chamber - probably the oldest Brit Iron racing that weekend...too cool!

We spent more time watching races, having refreshments, talking to folks about our bikes & their bikes, and generally having a great time. We went to the Guzzi Loopframe get-together (which was poorly attended), and then made our way over to the BritBike bike show & BBQ.

The BritBike.com guys were well prepared, with numerous dining flies set up with chairs & tables, a free dinner (brats & such), and a huge turn-out of bikes for their show; mostly the lesser marques, but some fine examples of Gold Stars & the like. One of the rules for entry into their show was No Trailer Queens. Met lots of nice folk there & had a great time. But all good things must come to an end, so after an hour or two we saddled up again to make our way into Buck's for another tasty dinner and ride back to camp.

Sundays at VMD are always a drag - get up & start breaking down camp, which seems to take most of the morning. Mel & Dennis went to the track to see the sidecar races, but Bill & I hung back to help out wherever we could. Soon we were shaking hands and going our separate ways. It took about 9 hrs to get home via interstate; not a bad drive but a bit long after a busy weekend.

Will I be going back again next year? Well, I'm not sure. We started talking about taking a ride through the Smokies/Blue Ridge next year to get in more riding. I guess that sort of a trip will take a week or so, but might be a welcomed change. We'll see what develops. But if you have never gone to VMD, I'd highly recommend going at least once - it is definitely an event no vintage motorcyclist should miss.

## GETTING INTO HEAVEN

A man appeared before St. Peter at the pearly gates. "Have you ever done anything of particular merit?" St. Peter asked.

"Well, I can think of one thing" the man offered.

"Once, on a trip to the Black Hills out in South Dakota, I came upon a gang of high-testosterone bikers who were threatening a young woman. I directed them to leave her alone, but they wouldn't listen. So I approached the largest and most heavily-tattooed biker and smacked him on the head, kicked his bike over, ripped out his nose ring and threw it on the ground. I yelled, 'Now, back off, biker boy, or you'll answer to me!'"

St. Peter was impressed. "When did this happen?"

"Just a couple of minutes ago."