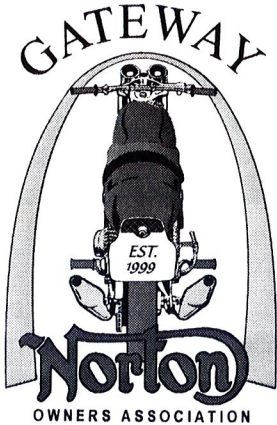


Gateway Norton Owners News #39



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



KING'S KOLUMN

Ahhh... Springtime can you smell it? I would like to thank everyone that showed up for the Corner Bar meeting last month. We met some of the new members and hopefully we got some of our 20w50 "Juices" flowing again. I hope everyone had a great time, I sure did. It was nice to get off the couch and have a Grog with me Blokes. Things are a little slow for me right now. I have not worked since early Jan. (Norton goin' on). I have worked on a couple members' bikes lately, when able. (Funny you should ask!) I've repaired 3 cracked oil tanks on Electric Start Commando's in a row! What are the odds on that? They all cracked around the bottom mount, due to intense "Electric Start Vibration" syndrome. I am glad my Commando doesn't vibrate, but I sure wish mine was "push button here" about now. Well, that's all the lies and drivel I have for now. Maybe I'll write something worth reading in the next Newsletter. Have a safe and happy Easter and hope to see you all and some "Iron" @ Wowie Baue's spring meeting next month. Remember... "Support your President!" and last but not least, "It's Good to be King"

Mike

Winter Meeting at the Corner Bar

We had a terrific turnout with 27 people in attendance. New members joining that night included: Eric Miller, Dennis Spencer, Harlan Hock, and Mark Worrell. Dues were collected from several members. This moved them from "deadbeat" status to members in good standing. The 50/50 drawing won by Robbie Pesek netted him \$26. No coasters were sold but Steve gave one to the barmaid for putting up with us.

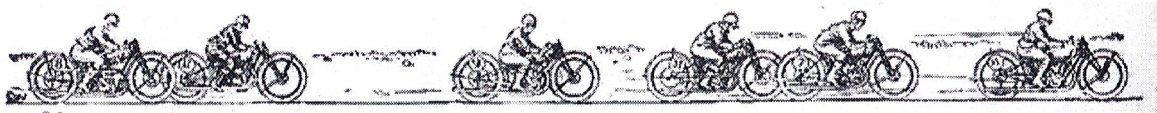
The "meeting" really didn't start until 7:45 and just a little club business was formally discussed. Some of these were: the Spring Kick-Off Meeting that Mike customarily hosts. He won't be able to this time so Kurt Baue offered his place. Tom Mitchell offered to host a Club ride in May. **See the calendar of events on page 2 for dates and times.** Mike said that he is having 10 Club T-shirts made. They will run \$10-12. Contact him if you want one. 636-940-9365. Ernie Trakas gave an update on the status of AHRMA. I made my perennial plea for newsletter submissions. The meeting was never officially adjourned but quit giving the appearance of one at about 8:30.

Meet Our Newest Member Eric Miller

I grew up on a small farm near Tipton, MO. Granddad, dad, my uncle are all hot rodders and motorcyclists. Always wrenching on something hot rod, tractor, chopper..... I don't think any one in my family has ever sold a vehicle. Always storing them for future projects. When I turned 17 signed up for the Navy to peruse my interest in military aircraft. Spent 4 years on board USS Kitty Hawk CV-63 as an aircraft handler, fire fighter, and turbine mechanic. Got out of the navy on 01 and started working on my degree in Aviation Maintenance Management at CMSU.

In 03 I bought my first motorcycle. A slightly abused 95 Kawasaki EX500 Ninja. Fixed it up and rode the hell out of it. This was also the first bike I ever took to Sturgis. Next bike I fixed up was a 97 Suzuki Katana that I found in a hog barn. I traded in my Suzuki and sold my Kawasaki on eBay to pay for 02 Honda CBR F4i. The Honda is my current rider. Somewhere in there I also picked up a wrecked 2000 Suzuki TL1000S. Rebuilt it and sold it to finance my lathe.

After I sold the TL I was I needed a new project. Decided I wanted to build a cafe bike. Went looking for an Atlas or a Commando. Stumbled upon my Matchless G15 on eBay listed as a Norton Atlas. Wasn't completely sure what it was when I bought it but the price was right. I figured it was either a rare bike or a home grown custom. To my surprise it turned out to be a rare Matchless. The AJS Matchless Owners Group England was very helpful in helping me identify the bike and provide the background information. They also manufacture many of the parts for my bike from original factory prints. Hoping to have the bike done by next spring. Then on to my next project. Maybe Granddad's old Puch.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- April 25: Spring Kick-Off Meeting at Kurt "Wowie" Baue's, starts at 1pm. 528 N. Benton, St. Charles, 636-947-3895. **Bring a couple of lawn chairs if you're not riding.**
- May 10: Club ride hosted by Tom Mitchell. Meet at Quik Trip at S. 5th Street just off Hwy. 70 in St. Charles. Arrive 10am, leave at 10:45. 636-946-0717.
- July 20-24: 2009 INOA Rally near Manchos, Colorado. For more info, e-mail www.nortoncolorado.org/rally.html

Meet Another New Member Martin Blanchard

I fell in love with all things motorcycle around 1969 while living in Roswell, New Mexico, my mother's hometown of sorts. My older cousin Debbie was dating a hippie looking guy (everyone who wasn't my dad looked like a hippie to me at 5 years old) who rode what I now think was a Honda CB350. That was my first ride and I was hooked.

We moved to Missouri in 1972 and two neighbor kids had dirt bikes - the passion grew. We were too poor to afford motorcycles so I spent a lot of time pining over those little minibikes in the Sears catalog that used Briggs & Stratton engines. Never did get one. But, in 1975, my dad said he would buy me a motorcycle if I made the "B" honor roll. To his (and my) surprise, I made the "B" honor roll that semester and we went out and bought a used Suzuki 50cc bike. I rode that bike until it almost collapsed from all the wrecks I had on it. I sold it to a buddy, rode my brother's Suzuki 100 for years, and didn't get my next bike until I was 19 and in the Air Force - a new 1984 Honda Shadow. That ridiculous little cruiser was my sole source of transportation until 1988 when I sold it in college to pay tuition. Thus began the "dark years" of no motorcycle ownership that lasted until 2006, when I purchased a 2004 Honda RC51, a throaty, torquey v-twin sportbike that was obsolete when I bought it but has given me hours of riding pleasure.

During those dark years of only 4-wheel ownership, I became quite good at securing rides on any motorcycle I could get my hands on while I went through law school, married my college sweetheart, built my practice, and raised 5 kids. However, I never forgot that old Commando an Air Force buddy had in 1984 and which was parked next to my timid little Honda 700 on base every day. We didn't make a lot of money then, so his Norton didn't run all the time, but I couldn't help but notice how raw and muscular it looked compared to my "modern" Japanese bike, and how good those British pipes sounded when he fired it up.

Twenty-five years later, I am the proud owner of a 1974 Commando Roadster that I recently purchased from an owner in Denver, Colorado. I elicited the help of the members of Norton Colorado to check the bike out for me and the President of the Club, Gary Bolduc, is doing some minor mods to it for me before I have it shipped back here in March. I can't wait to ride it to my first GNOA club meeting and meet all of you in person. Thank you to Steve Hurst and Mike French for all your help and advice on my search for just the right Commando.

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.

Meet Yet Another New Club Member Gary Doherty

I was raised on a dairy farm in Michigan so I was always around machines. As I got older I thought I needed a motorcycle, so with \$700 gone, a 175 CL Honda was my first bike. Some 12,000 miles later (used mainly during my summer jobs when not going to college) I felt it was time to do a wheelie. The bike only had 20 horsepower and at 300 pounds I dropped the throttle and jerked the front end airborne. The front wheel left the ground but at touchdown not being straight was an end to my bike ride. As I picked the bike up with my non-dislocated shoulder I realized I needed something else.

I had been constantly reading any motorcycle magazine I could get my hands on and I knew what I wanted. Being single I needed a sexy looking bike with power, handling and light weight. Norton was the answer. As the bike of the year, the 1972 Norton Commando Roadster with the Combat engine at 65 horsepower and weighing in at 435 pounds wet, it was what I had to have.

Chariot Cycle Sales in Canada had my bike for \$1495 so with the exchange of money all I had to do was wait for customs to call me. To Port Huron I go with my dad's Ford pickup to meet with customs to bring it to the States. Peering through the wooden crate I could see the bronze metal flake on the fiberglass tank and side covers. Boy was I proud as we loaded the crate and I got the clearance to bring her home.

The next day I carefully opened the crate and started to read all the documentation that came with the bike; directions to put together, maintenance and operation. God, what a beautiful machine as it came together. However at 135 pounds could I even start the bike? It had 745 cc and 10 to 1 compression ratio. I had heard stories of being thrown over the handlebars on a backfire. So I put the bike on its center stand (far easier than the Honda) to get the maximum force on the kick-start. I practiced for 3 days (when I wasn't just staring at it). That weekend my brother-in-law who was a Harley rider came over. I will never forget the conversation. Sure I had to show him my British piece of engineering/art. "Have you started it yet?" he asked. No, I said. "If I had a new bike I would want to know if it would run or not". I was happy just staring at it, but I knew he was right. However starting it in front of an audience was not in my plans.

So, I mounted the bike, set her up for compression stroke and ticked the two 32 mm Amal carburetors. I jumped in the air and with enough force to be felt in Australia, kicked downward with my finest Shorin-ryu karate kick. As the bike started on the first $\frac{1}{4}$ of the downward thrust I continued down to the point of almost tipping over the bike. God, what a wonderful sound. That vibration between my legs sure was not a Honda.

Now that it was started I might as well ride it, spectator and all. All I could think of as I increased the throttle and eased out the clutch was don't stall. Not a problem as I shot across our open yard. This is great!

I believe on the third day of owning the Norton I flashed back to a Triumph Bonneville that I watched in awe who popped a wheelie as he downshifted into 2nd when he approach a light. I needed to do that. Remember you don't have to be smart to own a bike, which I was about to prove. On a straight away coming up to a corner I shifted the bike to second, twisted the throttle and dropped the clutch. The bike was now into it 4000 to 7000 RPM power band and the bike lurked forward as my left hand

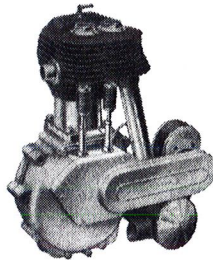
came off the handlebar when I slid rearward. Damn near fell off the bike! I was lucky two ways. One I didn't fall off, two I gained a needed respect for the bike.

Well, I got 7000 miles on that bike before any real engine work was needed. Yes, as mentioned in an earlier email it was down for the count. After rebuild and another 8000 miles a Roadrunner (the car not the bird) on an August night decided to turn left in front of me. That modified the bike, me and the car (I heard it dog tracked after that as I hit him broadside just behind the rear wheel).

After 6 months (and I was now healthy) or so I decided I needed another Norton. I found two new 1974 blue Commando 850s at Bennett Cycle Sales in Nebraska. My older brother was so impressed by my first bike he bought the other one. We still have them both. Mine hasn't been started in 4 years (has only 3700 miles) as I have rust in the gas tank. I have done all the prep work but I am nervous to use the muric acid and POR15 on the original painted tank. Also, I miss the 72 (the engine/gearbox assembly I still have) as the 850 vibrates more with the larger piston and doesn't have quite the power.

So that is my story. My wife Karen of 30 years in June and the 3 boys, youngest is 12 keeps me busy and that's one of the reasons I am slow in everything I do. Hobbies include: Boy Scouts with my son Lucas, RC airplanes, shooting, cars engine swaps, computer repair/surfing, and golf. None of which I am very good at.

Gary Doherty Life is great, just better on a Norton.



Before it starts

An unnamed GNOA member came home after an afternoon trip away with his buddies to the bar. He sat down in his favorite chair, turned on the TV, and said to his wife, "Quick, bring me a beer before it starts."

She looked a little confused, but brought him a beer. When he finished it, he said, "Quick, bring me another beer. It's gonna start."

This time she looked a little cheesed off, but brought him a beer. When it was gone, he said, "Quick, another beer, it's gonna start any second."

"That's it!" She blew her top, "You cheeky b*****! You waltzed in here, flopped your fat butt down, didn't even say hello to me and then you expect me to run around like your slave. Don't you realize that I cook and clean and wash and iron all day long?"

The biker sighed. "Oh s***, it's started."

The First Ride

Chad Stretz

About 8 1/2 years ago, I was a route salesman for a bottled water company here in Columbia. One of the benefits of the job was the ability to constantly comb the Columbia and surrounding area for mechanical treasures that might be lying around. I managed to find a Triumph TR6 (the car) this way, a couple MG's, and an old rust-free Datsun truck that had been left for dead. My family nicknamed me Fred Sanford because of the volume of vehicles and other junk that would come and go. One day, I was driving through the back of an old apartment complex when I noticed what appeared to be an old motorcycle chained to a big staircase, surrounded by several old bicycles and years of leaves and other debris. To my surprise it was a MKIII Commando. Most sane people would have just left it there and moved on, but I felt some sort of weird connection with the rusty pile of crap, and I had to save it. I checked to see that no one was looking, and climbed over the junk around it to try to kick it over. The engine was free, amazingly, for God knows how long it had been out there. I was hooked.

Normally, finding the owner of a particular "treasure" is not that difficult. Most things I have found were parked in a driveway, or in back of someone's house, and knocking on the door would usually reveal the story. "Oh that thing? Yeah, I bought that years ago, and had planned to fix it up, but my wife ran off with the mailman after my dog bit him, and I got stuck paying for his medical bills, so as soon as I make a bunch of money selling my collection of Cabbage Patch Kids, I'm gonna restore it. Why, do you want it?" This one would not be so easy. The apartment complex was pretty big, and the only people I could catch there either didn't know who owned it, or I didn't speak Korean so it didn't matter anyway. I decided to take another approach. After a call to the County recorders office, I found the landlord. He was a nice man of about 92 who didn't hear particularly well. "What? You want to know what? Oh, the Norton! The guys name is Mike, and it's been out there a long time, but he doesn't want to sell it." Thinking this might be my ticket, I continued, "Can you tell me which apartment he's in, or how to contact him?" "What?" "What's his last name?" "I don't remember, but he still lives there." "Can you tell me which apartment?" I asked. "What?" At least I knew it wasn't abandoned, and the guy must still be around.

About a week later, and after pretty much ruling out all but one of the apartments in the building where the Norton was chained, I finally got someone to answer the last door. It was in fact the owner, and I was excited. I told him that I had been around motorcycles all my life, and have had a number of British cars, but I've always wanted to restore a Brit bike, and his was a fine candidate. He told me that he had purchased it new, and after riding it for years, he ran out of money to keep up with the repairs and insurance, so he just parked it. The time came for the magic question. "So, have you thought about selling it? And if so, do you have any idea what you'd want?" He paused for a minute and said, "Yeah, I'd take 4000 bucks for it." I was crushed. 8-9 years ago, \$4000 would buy a Commando you might be able to ride across the county on, much less one that was rotting into the ground. "Seriously?" I asked. "Yeah, I'm gonna get around to restoring it one day." I left his place disappointed, but I didn't want to give up. About every month or two, I would drive through the complex to check, and there it always sat, chained to the stairs like some old neglected dog. I found him again about a year later, and still the same story, "No, I don't want to sell it for less than 4 grand." I asked him again the next year, "no" again.

Sometime in 2004, a buddy at work told me about an old bike that was parked in a garage at a customer's house, and even though it didn't have any markings on it, it looked awfully English. He wasn't able to pursue it at the time, so I thought I'd have a try. It turned out to be a 66 Matchless G12 CSR,

and I was lucky enough to take it home. I did a mostly cosmetic restoration, and had a lot of fun with it, but it wasn't quite what I wanted. One Sunday in May, 2006, I was tooling around town on it, and found myself close to the apartment complex where the Norton was imprisoned. "What the hell" I thought, "Let's see what the guy has to say after all this time." I parked the Matchless in the sun where he could see it easily from his front door, and after staring at the poor old Commando for a moment, I went up to see if he was home. He was, and he seemed pleasantly surprised to see me. I pointed at the shiny old Brit sitting in the parking lot, and starting asking again. I told him that I bought the Matchless to restore after he wouldn't sell me the Norton, and now that I'm done, I really wanted to save a Commando. "Your bike has been chained up down there for at least 7 years that I know of, maybe longer. Have you given ANY thought to bringing it back to life? Because if not, I really want to, and someone has to save it." I was fairly passionate in my statement, not because I was trying to be an ass, but because I really wanted it, and it really did bother me that it might end up lost forever. He seemed more open to he idea this time and said, "You know, I was having a beer with a friend the other night, and we got to talking about it. I think I've come to the conclusion that I'm not going to have the time, money, or place to restore it properly, so yes, I think I'd be willing to let it go." He told me a price that was considerably less than before, even fair I thought, so before the conversation was really finished I was off to get some cash and a trailer.

The next day my friend met me at the site with bolt cutters (the owner had lost the key to the chain lock some years earlier) and we set about releasing the beast from its entrapment. The steering lock had seized, as had the rear brake. The tires were flat, and the trailer was far enough away that it was going to be a workout. Drag, shove, drag, shove, rest. "Hold it, don't let it fall over!" Drag, shove, heave... Up on the trailer it finally went. I strapped it down and hauled it home like I was pulling a concourse Vincent. Even in its neglected rusty state, someone at a stoplight looked at it and gave me a thumbs up. As with any new project, I couldn't keep from tinkering with it, so I changed the oil, cleaned the carbs, installed a new battery, and sprayed most of a can of WD-40 in the spark plug holes. I decided to kick it over to get the cylinders cleaned up, and when I did, WD-40 shot out of the engine in beautiful 8 foot arches all over my wife's car on one side, and all over the wall on the other. "She's got compression!" I put the spark plugs back in, poured some gas in the tank, tickled the carbs, and turned on the ignition. I jumped up on the kick-start and came down on it with all my weight and boom! It was alive! She smoked like a pig, and there was a horrible clatter coming from the primary, but it actually ran! And on the first kick!

I promised the previous owner that I would bring it back to show him when I was finished, and that the restoration would probably take a year, but of course I underestimated that. After 18 months, and every nut and bolt removed, the frame powder coated, the engine and gearbox rebuilt, new wheels and tires, and a list of receipts that I haven't brought myself to total, I was now ready to ride it for the first time. I watched the clouds from my office last Monday morning, and finally decided to go home around 11:30 to get her. I took minute to check the fluids again, and polish off some fingerprints, and I roared off to the gas station. A couple gallons of premium later and I was free. I haven't ridden my own machine for almost two years, and to ride this one at speed is incredibly exhilarating. She tracks well, shifts smoothly, and even though I'm being careful until the piston rings seat well, she's lively too. Granted I've only covered about seven miles, but it was the best seven miles I've ridden.

Many thanks the GNOA, especially to King Mike, Steve Hurst, Dale, and Doc for the advice and technical support during this process. I look forward to riding with you all soon.

SONG CONTEST

I told Mike I envied these British guys you see, arm in arm, a mug of beer in their hands, singing a song that they all knew. I told Mike, "We can drink. . .some of us can sing. . .we need a Club song." As a kid, I always enjoyed Mad Magazine when they would put new lyrics to a familiar song. Since 2009 is the 10-year anniversary of the establishment of the Club, I said in the last newsletter that this could be a fun project to mark this milestone.

There were only 3 songs submitted by two budding songwriters in the Club. It's obvious that the last song had more thought put into it, but I think the first two will be easier to remember and sing while drunk.

Here's Mike French's submissions:

1. Sung to the tune "I Was Strolling Through the Park One Day."

I was rolling down the road one day
When my Norton clutch just went away.
I was taken by surprise
when a tow truck and two guys
Took us home and said my bike wasn't gay.

2. Sung in the round to Row, Row, Row your boat

Ride, ride, ride your bike
Briskly down the street.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Nortons are a treat.

And Steve Hurst's submissions, sung to the tune "Casey Jones" by the Grateful Dead:

Chorus: Nortons ahead, Nortons behind
Don't you know you better watch your speed.
Nortons ahead, Nortons behind
We love to ride our Nortons all of the time.

Verse 1 This old engine starts every time
First a little hesitation, then it's running just fine.
Hits one cylinder, then it fires on two.
Turn off the choke and it's ready for you.

Repeat Chorus

Verse 2 Trouble ahead, oh, lights flashing red.
One more speeding ticket - I'd be better off dead.
The man with radar gun dressed in blue
He's standing in the road and he's pointing at you.

Repeat Chorus.

Verse 3 The trouble with you is the trouble with me
We like old Brit bikes and we can't leave 'em be
We come around the bend and we know it's the end
The front end starts a-shakin' and the engine just seized.

Chorus: Nortons ahead, Nortons behind.
Don't you know we better watch our speed.
Nortons ahead, Nortons behind.
Don't you know GNOA riders have just lost our minds.
Gateway Nortons Owners have just lost their minds.

I've decided to award the winner, Steve Hurst, a two-year membership and Mike an "Honorable Mention" one-year membership.

Bob Yancey's Book Review

(If we ever go to a Trivia Night and there's a Norton category, we're all set!)

I got the book "NORTON The Complete Illustrated History" by Mick Woollett for Christmas. It's loaded with what I would call "fun facts". Here are some of them:

- #1 John Lansdowne Norton born 1869.
- #2 The Norton Manufacturing Company started in 1898 and they made chains.
- #3 1902 first Norton motorcycle, named the Energette was made. It was advertised as "the Ideal Doctors bike". It had a 160cc Clement engine with a 2 speed gearbox.
- #4 1906, 7 models to choose from. A 200cc to a 985cc model. 6 were Peugeot engines, 1 was a Clement.
- #5 1908 First true Norton was produced. It was 3 1/2 HP single cylinder designed by J L Norton. #6 1908 the first time the phrase "unapproachable Norton" was coined. It appeared in the June issue of, "The Motorcycle" magazine. A racer named Rem Fowler is believed to have said regarding to his TT successes that "My success is due to my unapproachable Norton".
- #7 the Nortonette model was introduced.
- #8 1910 Norton produces a 154cc 2-stroke engine that did not require oil mixed with fuel. He transfers the name "Nortonette" to this bike.
- #9 1914 Norton produces the "big four". A 636cc single cylinder with a whopping 4 horsepower.
- #10 John Norton and his daughter Ethel sit at the dining room table and sketch the Norton logo that we have today. It first appeared on 1915 motorcycles.
- #11 1917 Norton produces motorcycles for the Russian army. It is believed that none were ever shipped because Russia collapsed just as they were preparing to ship.
- #12 In 1917 John Norton is arrested in his own office for touching a Russian general on the arm, saying "I'll thank you for that", as he caught the general attempting to steal some of Norton's designs.

- #13 In 1922 Norton officially launched its first O H V engine at the Paris show. Model 18, a 490cc single with OHV.
- #14 1924 Norton designs a chain driven overhead cam engine that closes valves mechanically as well as opening them, eliminating valve springs. The design was called "DESMODROMIQUE". There was no mention if any were ever produced.
- #15 April 21 1925, John Lansdowne Norton dies of cancer at 56 years of age.
- #16 1928 the first time the book made mention of an option you could purchase on the model 18. "Electric lighting sets with a Lucas dynamo". The book did not say specify that this was the first electric light on a Norton. I would bet on it, but not sure.
- #17 1929 Norton quits making old style "flat" gas tanks and replaces them with modern "saddle" tanks.
- #18 1932 the Norton International makes its debut. It came in 2 models. A model 30 with 490cc, and a model 40 with 348cc
- #19 1933 A new extra was a large tank top instrument panel with speedo and ammeter.
- #20 1935 A new gearbox design is incorporated that will run to until the Amc gearbox is adopted in the late 50's.
- #21 1935 On some models rockers are fully enclosed in a rocker-box, eliminating external valve gear.
- #22 Norton offers a gear driven S.O.H.C. engine.
- #23 1935 The first mention that I found of Norton's fitted with Amal carburetors.
- #24 Norton starts offering electric horns on some models.
- #25 From 1931 on for the next 7 seasons, Norton won 78 of 100 important 350+500cc races. Of the 22 races they didn't win, 8 they didn't enter.
- #26 The finned exhaust nuts used on Norton's can be traced back photographically in the book to 1923.
- #27 1938 Telescopic forks make their debut.
- #28 Norton's gas tank mounting set up is almost unaltered from 1929 to end.
- #29 1939 Electric lights and horn are standard equipment on some models.
- #30 November 1948, Norton follows the lead of Triumph, BSA, Ariel, Royal Enfield, AJS/Matchless, and plans to build a vertical twin. The 497cc Model 7 "Dominator."
- #31 1958 Norton launches the Jubilee.
- #32 November 1960 the Norton Navigator is introduced.
- #33 1964 the largest capacity vertical twin in the world is produced. The Norton Atlas.
- #34 1964 Norton drops single cylinder engines from its line.

Well that's it. The end was sad and confusing. I don't know but, I don't think the members want to hear of a long list of mergers and take-overs. I don't know what kind of reliability the rotary had but it sounded nice. High speed, vibration free, with (I think) only one moving part. Boy that would pretty much make diagnosing mechanical maladies a no-brainer.

Editor's Closing Comments: Thanks to everyone who submitted something for this newsletter. It sure had a lot of information and some chuckles in it. I had hoped to do a Caption Contest and some pictures of last fall's Club campout, but just ran out of room. Suffice it to say the Club Campout last year was a great time with about 10 members showing up with their Nortons. The weather was great, the food was filling, and the camaraderie was second to none. Oh, one more thing: all of the motorcycle stamps that I bought two years ago for newsletter envelope postage are finally gone. Nearly 400 of them. It was fun while it lasted.