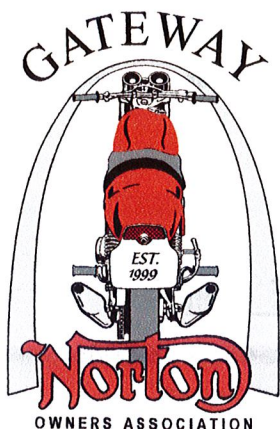


Gateway Norton Owners News #48



**"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"**
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
July 2011



KING'S COLUMN

Just a short bunch of BS, ramble/drivel this time. The hot weather has beat me down. I can't report anything important to say, but I can sure lie! Ever been lied to by the President? Seems just two months ago I couldn't wait for some warm weather so I could ride my motorbikes. And guess what? It got too hot, too quick!

Years ago a statement I heard had a profound affect on me. Let me relate it to you. "If you want to go fast, add lightness." Simple enough, just doesn't apply to a Norton - or does it? No matter how much lightness I pile on my Commando, it just won't go over the magic 166.36 mph. Mind you, the lightness I added has made some real enjoyable moments (like the run down the River Road at 165.21 mph)

I have put three primary belt drives on Commandos in the last few years and it's one of the most worthwhile mods available, if you want to spend some of your wife's cash. I wish I had the true details of the weight savings (I should have weighed the difference between the belt and the chain assembly. Sorry I dropped that ball). Aside from the pure weight savings, there is less gyroscopic effect, less vibration, less noise, and you get to run a dry clutch just like the cool Ducati Guys. The belt absorbs some of the snatch associated with a chain. You all know what snatch is? There is no more oil to leak out the primary, and you can pitch the heavy, slipping bronze discs, that need cleaning every so often. They are replaced with lighter, Surflex discs, and are the "cat's ass." A small seal around the clutch pushrod stops tranny oil from migrating out and contaminating the discs. You can also ventilate the primary cover, hence cooler running, too! All the road racers can't be wrong - the strength, reliability and all the above reasons are to be believed.

My next article/lies involve lacing aluminum rims on the Commando. The weight savings and "flickability" (you all know what flickability is?) are worth at least another 1.26 mph. Besides, they look great and they, too, are the "cat's ass." (You know what a cat's ass is, don't you?)

I asked Steve for a Treasurer's Report and it arrived as follows.....

Treasurer's Report

Ok here's a news flash for ya - we still got no money cause we still got members who ordered club shirts who haven't come forward to claim and pay for them. Print that in your Treasurer's report column.
Steve

- SO -

THE T SHIRTS ARE IN!!! THE T SHIRTS ARE IN!!!!

If you ordered a T-shirt, please contact King Mike and claim it as soon as possible: 636-288-5088.
If you would like a T-shirt but didn't pre-order one, call Mike because "you snooze, you lose."

MINUTES and OBSERVATIONS from APRIL "KICK-START" MEETING

Meeting started at 2:27pm at Kurt's on April 30 with 22 members attending, with one new man joining us. Welcome Bill Grimes!

Old business consisted of Steve giving out pins supplied by MoDOT to the people who cleaned the highway. Steve reported that the hubcaps he found were sold and paid for the drinks he supplied. T-shirts are in, so pick them up. There were no nominations for Club officers, so your current overlords, ooops! I mean officers, will stand for one more year.

New business: Steve gave a membership update, Marty was reimbursed for newsletter expenses, there was discussion about our web page and it was decided that Mike will take it over and make it something for us to be proud of. Upcoming events were discussed but they have all passed as of this newsletter except for the INOA rally.

Meeting was adjourned and food, drink and frivolity ensued.

Oh those Harley guys . . .

A young woman goes to her doctor's office, afraid of the strange development on her thighs . . . a green spot on the inside of each. She tells him, "They won't wash off, they won't scrape off, and they seem to be getting worse." The doctor assures her he'll get to the bottom of the problem and tells her not to worry until the tests come back.

A few days later, the woman's phone rings. Much to her relief, it's the doctor. She immediately begs to know what's causing the spots. The doctor says, "You're perfectly healthy. There's no problem. But, I'm wondering, is your boyfriend a Harley guy?"

The woman stammers, "Why yes, but why do you ask?"

"Tell him his earrings aren't real gold."

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24th Annual St. Louis European Auto & Motorcycle Show

by Steve Hurst

On Sunday June 5, at 10:00am. I met Mike French at his house and we rode our bikes over to Plaza Frontenac for the E.A.U. show. We had preregistered our bikes and hoped we would not have to wait in line long when we got there. Mike was riding his ES2 Norton and I was on my Commando. I must say they were looking really shiny. It was a good ride over to the show lasting about 40 min. or so.

This year they had two lines for registering so entry went really fast. We parked our bikes with the others on display and saw G.N.O.A. Club member Mark Bosworth. He had already arrived and had his 650 B.S.A. in the show. The number of bikes on display was the most I have ever seen for this event. Well over 20 something close to 30. It looked like this was going to be a good show. As it turned out it was the largest show for the E.A.U. people with 230 registered vehicles with approximately 60 additional ones from show sponsors. They also had the James Bond Jaguar XKE from the movie Live to Die Another Day complete with rocket launchers and Gatling gun. This is great because the show benefits the Shriners Hospital for Children St. Louis.

If you are a participant in the show you get to vote on the entries that you like the best so Mark, Mike and me went off to see which of the cars we liked the best. After looking at all of the exciting exotic vehicles and voting we went back and hung out with our bikes. This is where I had my first Cicada experience of the year. They are not so bad in

my neighborhood but in Frontenac you could really hear and see them ALOT. I had one from Australia land on my back. I know he was from Australia because every time Mike picked him off me and threw him in the air, it circled around and came back to land on my back. It was a Boomerang Cicada.

Now I must say that after all of this we were getting pretty hungry so we went off to look for something to eat. As far as show food goes you really should not expect too much but I was very impressed with the food at this show. Mark and I had found that Fleming's Steak House on the South side of the parking lot was serving grilled fillet Mignon burgers on a big roll with a huge fried onion ring and sauce for \$5.00. We both ordered rare ones and were delighted. Yum. I would do this again next year if offered for sure. While setting in the shade and eating, we saw G.N.O.A. member Martin Blanchard walk by and talked to him. Afterward we went back to the bikes and saw G.N.O.A. member Ernie Trakas and his daughter and my brother Jeff. We were glad he showed up because he brought us some much needed refreshments. Thank you Jeff. At about 3:00 the awards were handed out. The bike trophy was won by an older B.M.W. with a side car. Once that was finished we all started to leave with farewells to all our old and new friends. If you get the chance to join us next year try and do so. The show is always on the first Sunday in June. Hope to see you there.

Steve

"Tales of the Gambalunga"

by Mel Heffron



I know, I know it's not a Norton, but you've got to admit that it's kinda cool.

What happened was . . . about 10 years ago I came across an article in a British bike magazine about a Moto Guzzi "Gambalunga" road racer from the early 50's. I knew that I had to have one until I realized that £55,000 might be a little out of my price range. Well, maybe I could build a look-alike from an old HD Sprint.

At a vintage trials in Cuba, MO three years ago, I mentioned the idea to Mike Hyslop and he said that he had an old roller frame in his junk pile that I could have if I could drag it out. Scott Dowler hauled it to his house and I picked it up. Now I had to actually do something.

I got an "Alabama" title, had the frame sand blasted, cut away the ugly "crashbar" front

frame, and the project began. I priced building wheels and nixed that idea fairly quickly. I happened to have an old CX500 Honda parts bike and kinda liked the Comstar wheels, so with a little machining I grafted the entire front end on. Next came the rear wheel which is half CS and half Aermacchi. This was a little more complicated, but Gary Highfill and I worked it out. It sure is nice to have a good friend that has a complete machine shop in his basement. "Thanks, Gary!" We both worked for 40+ years as machinists, tool makers and jig builders, so we sorta know how to make stuff.

As the bike progressed, whatever I needed was lying around the shop or was donated by interested friends. The gas tank is from a Benelli, rear fender is a cut down Harley item, rear seat hump is made from the CS tank, etc. So far, there are parts from 8 different bikes, including a boat trailer tail light.

I really got lucky and found a 1973 Sprint with only 692 miles on it from a retired Harley dealer in our area. I got it running and after altering the front down tubes on the project bike, painted the frame and installed the engine.

Another friend of mine said that he would paint it for me if I did all the filling, sanding and etc. I hate to sand and would rather have

had a root canal done. After a very long time, he blessed my work and sprayed it. It sure is nice to have good friends that like old motorcycles.

I then wired up what I could and turned it over to "King Mike." He knows a lot more about ohms and amps than I do and did a great job. "Thanks, Mike!"



I have been taking ever increasingly larger circles on it and now feel that it's pretty trustworthy. With the current gearing it cruises down the road about 60 mph . . . about like a Royal Enfield but with not as much "thump." The bike does draw a lot of attention whenever I park it, and I love to tell

people that it is an Aermacchi Gambalunga . . . the only one in captivity. By the way, "Gambalunga" means long-legged in Italian.

I'm currently between Nortons but have something weird in mind, so stay tuned for a "Tales of the Junior Norbsa."

Moke's Birthday Party Ride

By Steve Hurst

If you have lived in St. Charles for 20 years or so you may or may not have gone into one of Moke's bars. This is because he has owned 10 or so over the years. I first met him in the one he called "Moke's" on Central School Rd. and Hwy 94 S. Years later after he had sold that one, I went to one called The Bar Double M Saloon it was a little north of there on Hwy 94. The other M is for "Murphy" and that is his significant other. My Sister graduated with her from Pattonville High School a year after I did and they still remember each other. That's something to be said if you know the times of the decade I'm referring to!

Moke now owns a bar in Lincoln County called "Moke's and Murphy's Lincoln Country Hideaway" in Olney, Missouri. I think he probably moved because of the same reasons we all move for at some time or another. When my Mom saw Moke at some store or other out where she lives in Foristell, he gave her a business card and told her he was having a birthday party at his Bar on Sunday, June 12th and to come on up and see him and to tell her sons to come as well. As soon as I heard this first from my Mom and then my Bro, I knew I had to go. After all I think there was a mention of some BBQ involved with beer and a band. I talked with Brother Jeff and he thought we should ride our bikes up for some fun and check it out. Unfortunately my Mom had something else to do or I know she would have been there, too. I called Mike French to see if he wanted to go, but he said something about having a headache and just putting on a new dress and panty hose and he

didn't want to get a run in them or something or other, I don't know which cause he lost me at headache.

I met Jeff in Foristell on Hwy 70 at the gas station on the exit at 12.30pm. I was on my 1975 850 Commando, which was still pretty shiny from the show a week before, and Jeff was riding his Vulcan 1500. After filling up and sayin' "hi", we rode west on 70 to Warrenton. We exited and headed north on 47 towards Hawkpoint, Mo. Nice ride but you gotta keep a good eye out for the Smokies cause they is thick in them woods there. Once you get through Hawk Point there ain't much to worry about and you can stretch your pistons a little more.

You will know when you get to Olney because there will be a Bar mixed in with all the silos. I knew it would be a metal building and a gravel parking lot so I knew what to look for, so as not to pass it up. It's not like there were any of those that we passed along the way! When we got to the place it was clear that there was a party going on. In the lot was about 30 or so Harleys and 15 cars. There was all a mix of restored classics from the '30s, '40s, '50s, and some were made into Rat Rods. The bikes were the same way...some really nice and some looking very unsafe in a Rat kinda way. Here I was parked in the middle of all this. Kind of like a petunia in an onion patch if you know what I mean. I got a lot of attention, or rather the Norton did. I even had some pretty girl ask if she could take a picture of my Commando...not me, just the bike. Figures.



Picture courtesy of arearides.com

We were at the party for a couple of hours when I asked Jeff to count the bikes that had showed up. He counted 78, I counted 81 and they were still rolling in. There must have been over a hundred at some point. I didn't feel alone as there was finally a lone guy on a Triumph American that pulled in. I'm thinking he was probably lay passing a long line of Harley guys and got stuck in the middle and was forced to turn in.

The Rat Rods are what really got my attention!! I dig it. I love rust. There I said it. If I can sell my '78 650 Yamaha XS for \$1500.00, I want to start getting parts to build one of those. The band played country music and was good. The long necks

were \$2.50 and cold. The people were young and old. We stayed till 4:30 and then headed for home. Had a great ride back and bumped fists with Jeff at his exit and rode back to my house. I think if any club members want to go to this next year, let me know. I'm going back and will lead the way.

One last thing. A few days later my daughter e-mails me to ask if this picture (the picture above) is of my bike? Well, it's the picture that the girl asked to take. It turned up on a web site called arearides.com that my son-in-law looks at. He didn't think it was me cause of all the Harleys parked around it. That Petunia thing again. Nortons Forever, Steve

Winter Rebuild

By Bob Yancey

Last winter was a bit of a first for me, as it was the first time I ever pulled the crankcase out of the engine cradle. For the last few years I've been trying to figure out what this high-pitched, ringing-pinging noise was coming from my engine. Shortly before last years Rocky Top, a new noise joined in. This noise was kind of a slapping sound that commenced with acceleration and died off when the engine was no longer pulling hard. At the fall campout Mike said the slapping sound was bad rod bearings. So at the end of the season I started in on disassembly.

I had a monumental struggle removing the top bolt from the front isolastics. The fight went on intermittently for days. At first, neither a three foot breaker bar or electric impact would budge it. Once I was able to get the nut off I had to try and push the bolt out with a long drift. By the time I got it to start backing out I had the end of the bolt so mushroomed that it would no longer pass through the engine cases. I had to push the bolt back in and cut the end of it off in place so I could resume driving it out the rest of the way. Happily, the other four bolts were no problem, and the crankcase came right out.

Taking the crankcase to Mike's revealed that one of the rod bearings was shot and the crankshaft needed grinding. I brought along my cylinder barrel and head for Mike to inspect. Mike pulled the lifters out of my barrel and two of them were badly worn with deep gouges running the length of them. I had just found the source of my long time high-pitched, ringing-pinging noise. Mike

fitted four used lifters that were in much better condition than mine. My lifter tunnels need boring with new .00020 over lifters fitted.

The next unpleasant discovery was when I asked Mike if he would grind my valves for me. Both my exhaust valves were frozen to the guides. Mike had to whale on them really hard with a big hammer to dislodge them. He said he'd never seen anything like that before. The bike ran fine last year. The valves froze sometime after I put her up for the winter. Mike had put new guides in two years ago and the valves fit back then. Luckily, Mike had a box of good "pre-owned" valves. He had to go through his entire supply to find two that would fit into the guides. I have no idea why tolerances would lessen with use. Either the valve stem got bigger or the guide opening got smaller. Once again I am mystified by the universe.

I put it back together with new rings. I bought the isolastic upgrade for the front unit from RGM and I had a time with that. The two big outer rubbers were way too big to be compressed into the iso-tube. I finally had to machine the rubbers with a dremel tool to be able to push them into place. I installed new fork tubes, seals, and gaiters for the front end. My wife put vinyl pinstripes on my tank and it looks ok considering it was her first time. The effort was a success. I am rid of both engine noises and leaky forks and she's ready for the International Rally in New York in July.

Spring Kick Off 2011

By Kurt Baue

I'd like to thank the 20+ people that came April 30 because I really enjoyed their company and would like to extend a special welcome to our newest member Bill Grimes. Tom Mitchell, Gary Creech, Mike French and others worked on my Norton 850 while I cooked hot dogs, made coffee and drank beer.

I got a chance to ride a few bikes: first I rode Mel Heffron's 350 Harley Special. [Get it right Kurt! It's a Aermacchi Gambalunga! Marty] Real cool looking bike, ran real well with its 9.61 compression hemihead, 25 BHP @ 7000 rpm's, 308 pounds, top speed 92.5 mph. One of these set a record at Bonneville in 1965.

Next, I rode Mike French's 1947 ES2 Norton. E=Extra cost, S=Sports, 2=for second version

of the 79 mm x 100 mm 490 cc engine. It produces 21 BHP at 5000 rpm's with a top speed of 78 mph. The fact that Norton manufactured ES2's for 29 years is no surprise. It had very good power and excellent handling.

Then I rode Gary Highfill's W650 Kawasaki. The motor has a bevel gear shaft drive overhead cam with 4 valves per cylinder. An 8.61 compression ratio with a counter-balance shaft makes 44.7 BHP at 7050 rpm's. It weighs in at 460 pounds with a top speed of 101 mph. This motorcycle has the broadest power band of any motorcycle I have ridden and I suggest you never turn down an opportunity to ride one of these.



"Proud Papa" Gary and his baby.

An Indian AJS rider, a Jewish Matchless rider and an American '47 ES2 Norton rider were lost in fog. A farmer agreed to let them stop over for the night but they'd have to sleep in the barn with a cow, a pig and a sheep.

About 2 a.m. the Indian AJS rider knocked on the farmhouse door and asked if he could sleep in the house as he felt uneasy about sleeping with a cow. The farmer let him in.

An hour later the Jewish Matchless rider knocked on the farmer's door and asked to sleep indoors as he couldn't sleep in the barn with a pig. The farmer let him in.

A bit later the sheep knocked on the farmer's door. "What the devil do you want, sheep? he grumbled.

"Sorry to be a nuisance", said the sheep, "But could I have a word with you about that Norton owner?"

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@centurytel.net

Dues are \$5 per year running July thru June. They are non-prorated to keep bookkeeping simple. Make check payable to "Steve Hurst" or send cash to Steve at: 966 Weybridge Ct. W. St. Charles, MO 63304.

"Translations" recently spotted on Craig's list....

Fresh paint = wrecked
Needs paint = wrecked and I'm lazy
Won't start = should be priced as junk
Classic! = old junk
Barn find = dusty Classic!
No title = likely stolen
Missing key = likely stolen
Rebuilt title = deep, deep rabbit hole
New breaks = I can't spell
\$600 invested = I want to add this cost to the market value
All it needs is (fill in the blank) = if that's all it needed, why doesn't the SELLER fix it?!
Lady owned = oil never changed
Too fast for me = I'm wanted by the police
Needs carb work = mystery meat
No lowball offers = I don't want that guy from Maineville calling me