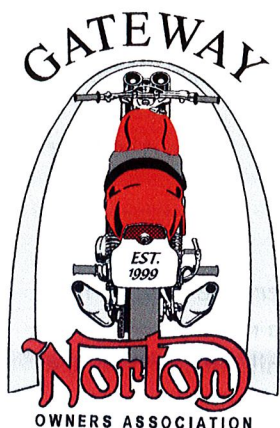


Gateway Norton Owners News #35



"To Promote the Use and Pride of Norton Motorcycle Ownership"

Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree

April 2008



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SPRING MEETING AT MIKE'S - APRIL 19th
SEE PAGE 2 FOR DETAILS

WORDS FROM THE PREZ

Steve Hurst

Hello everybody in Norton Land. How are you doing? I hope this newsletter finds all of you well and in good spirits. I know it's been a long, cold and wet winter for us all. I was glad to see all of you that came to The Corner Bar for the winter get together and meeting in February. We had a few new members in attendance and I hope we didn't scare any of you too badly. We can even be more fun when we get together with our bikes to ride, so look out!

There has been some concern about the future of the GNOA. Well rest assured there are going to be some changes in some leadership roles. But the Club is going forward and I believe will be stronger than ever. As they say, "change is good." If you want to witness these changes first hand and perhaps be a part of them, then I suggest you come to the spring planning and kick-off meeting at Mike French's this month.

Spring Fever. I, like most of you, have gotten a case or two of it. The only cure I know of is to get outdoors and do something. But what if it is raining or worse, then what? Well, TV shows about doing the things that we want to do outside but can't are a short term fix. Books and magazines are another. Certainly, a few of us hardy types will put on some warmer clothes and venture forth to the shed or garage, where we will begin to make repairs and dewinterize our bikes. You did winterize, right? In my case, I winterized my bike but I forgot to winterize my body. Oh if it was only that simple. Yes, I feel like I have gotten soft over the winter, and I probably have. And a little fatter, too (that will just make it easier to kick-start the old Commando). But, like my Norton, after a few tanks of gas and a few rides, I hope we will both be back where we left off last fall. What does this have to do with you, you ask? Well, I want all of you to take it easy out there on your first rides of the season. Just like the dewinterizing of your machines, our bodies and minds have to go through some thawing and mental defrosting. Remember that it takes time for your skills to return to their previous condition. Practice can help speed the process, but until then,

remind yourself that you are not at your best and adjust your expectations to make sure you don't ride over your head.

I will hope to see all of you old and new members at the next meeting. Remember, this is your club too, so come out and take part in it. 'Til then, Norton's forever!

Steve, the Prez

SPRING MEETING LOW-DOWN

Saturday, April 19th at Mike French's. Starts at 12:30. This is the meeting where we elect a new President and set the activities for the upcoming year. If you would like to host a ride or some kind of get-together, this is the time to mention it. Mike will make a big pot of chili, and if you are coming on four wheels, please bring a couple of folding chairs.

Mike really doesn't have a tech session planned, but he's willing to give a little talk on carburetors and dialing them in for that perfect idle and crisp throttle response if there is any interest.

Mike's address is 861 Chestnut Oak Drive in St. Charles, MO. MapQuest for directions, or call him at 636-940-9365.

LET'S MEET TWO OF OUR NEWEST MEMBERS

Dave Hamm

Hello. I believe I am the newest member of the Norton Club and am introducing myself. My name is Dave Hamm and I live with Tanya, my wife of 30 years, and our two sons. I am 52 now and have had at least one motorcycle around since I was 13. My son and I still dirt ride on our Bultaco's. Up until a year or so ago I had never had a British bike. The early years were all Japanese stuff, street and dirt. Then for the past 15 years or so it was Harley's. Then a friend offered a trade for a vintage Husky I had. He had a 1970 BSA Lightning and we agreed to trade and that was it - I had the English bug. I was impressed with it's handling, and vintage look and feel. I find that I am liking the older bikes more and more. The 60's and 70's were a great time in motorcycle history. I was not really looking for a Norton, but I was visiting that same friend at his shop and there it was: For Sale - a 1974 Commando Roadster 850. really clean, ran good, price was right. I got it and have been riding it a bit. Must say that everything I had thought about Commando's were, is true: super torque, handles great, and smooth (above 3000 rpm), plus vintage looks and British craftsmanship. I was riding it recently during that warm spell and found out about the cush drive in the rear hub, the rubber blocks disintegrated, guess you can't expect more than 34 years out of rubber parts. That's vintage bikes! Anyway, Donelson's had them in stock and I'm on the road again. I look forward to meeting and riding with you all in the future. Thanks.

Robert Lee Pesek

Hello all. A little background about me. I am retired after working 35 years for TWA and American Airlines. I have owned 45 motorcycles and each one has been very special. In my younger days, I used to ride in Enduro's in Illinois and Missouri. My son Robbie is a member of your Club. I am looking forward to being a member of your Club and hope to meet many new friends.

MINUTES FROM THE WINTER MEETING AT THE CORNER BAR

After visiting with each other for nearly an hour, the meeting was finally called in session at 8pm. It was quite a crowded room because there were 25 members present. Some people had gained so much weight over the winter that it felt more like 28 members present. Some of the things talked about were: Steve showed the "Club Participation" trophy we won at the McNair Park Bike Show last year; business cards were passed out; Club coasters were sold; the Spring Meeting at Mike's was finalized as April 19; it was announced that there would be no MotoFest this year. Steve also passed out some "Route 66" shop towels from Doc's Harley Davidson. When asked where he got them, he claimed they fell off the back of a truck. Meeting slowly disintegrated to an end around 9:30pm.

BLIND MAN IN A BIKER BAR

A blind man wanders into an all-girls biker bar by mistake. He finds his way to a barstool and orders some coffee. After sitting there for a while, he yells to the waiter, "Hey, do you want to hear a blonde joke?"

The bar immediately falls absolutely silent. In a very deep, husky voice, the woman next to him says, "Before you tell that joke, sir, I think it is only fair - given that you are blind - that you should know five things:

1. The bartender is a blonde girl with a baseball bat.
2. The bouncer is a blonde girl.
3. I am a 6 foot tall, 225 pound blonde woman with a black belt in karate.
4. The woman sitting next to me is a blonde and a professional weightlifter.
5. The woman to your right is blonde and a professional wrestler.

Now, think about it seriously, Mister. So you still want to tell that joke?"

The blind man thinks for a second, shakes his head, and mutters, "No. . . not if I'm gonna have to explain it five times."

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

April 18 Benefit Dance - see page 7
April 19 Spring meeting at Mike French's. 12:30 until ? Contact Mike at 636-940-9365
 or MapQuest for directions to 861 Chestnut Oak in St. Charles, MO

Contact Information:

Steve Hurst, President:	636-928-3391	shurst01@mail.win.org
Steve Hurst, Membership:	636-928-3391	shurst01@mail.win.org
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.

A VERY COLD NEW YEAR'S DAY AT MONTY'S, 2008



Gary Creech, Mike French, Jeff Hurst, John Wuebeling
doing their Easter Island statue impersonation



The Prez's better side. It was so cold
you can see John's breath



See, I told you the other picture showed his better side.



Mike doing a slow motion re-enactment of his infamous campfire
jump? No, he's just trying to warm his feet.

I must apologize publicly to Ernie for not getting this in the last newsletter. I found it nearly a month after he sent it in an e-mail mailbox that I didn't even know I had. I'm sure everyone will still enjoy the experience that he writes about.

BARBERIANS AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN ©

by E.G. Trakas

The sun has just broken above the trees to begin its climb into a cloudless azure sky. Frost covered fairways surround hallows shrouded in fog crawling from the lakes and ponds spread throughout the course. The crisp autumn air is so unseasonably cool plumes of vapor follow each breath and spoken word as we make our way onto one of the wide grassy promenades. Despite the hour, traffic into the course is heavy and a large number of fans are already milling about anxious for the day's activities to begin.

Just four years old, the course is truly one of a kind, and worthy of its reputation. Impeccably manicured landscaping, footbridges and azalea echo of the epic struggles between Hogan & Snead, Palmer & Nicklaus, and Woods & Mickelson. Rarely has a new course been treated to such lavish development. Indeed, only Robert Trent Jones's and Peter Hay's masterpieces at Augusta and Pebble Beach dare claim prominence over George Barber's creation in Birmingham, Alabama.

Barber Motorsports Park, fashioned by acclaimed designer Alan Wilson, opened in 2003 and instantly assumed the mantle of North America's preeminent motorcycle road racing venue. Nestled on 740 wooded acres, the track covers 2.38 miles, over 16 turns with 80 feet of elevation changes. For once the t-shirt adage "Rider's Dream" is true. The complex is the vision turned reality of Birmingham businessman George Barber. So intense did Barber's passion for this project burn that it became the largest philanthropic

effort in Alabama history, raising more than \$54 million in private contributions. Barber was determined to bring motorcycle road racing in its purest form to North America. "We built this track to the highest absolute standards. Our principal focus was for the track layout to be safe for the competitors, but at the same time offer them a challenging and aggressive circuit. In addition, the circuit had to be spectator friendly and welcoming to families. We have accomplished that," said Barber. And, then some!

It is enough that BMP is without question the most beautifully appointed motorsports facility in North America. Envision Augusta National with an expertly designed 45-foot wide asphalt ribbon wound perfectly throughout the golf course and you might be halfway to appreciating just how grand BMP is. Consider that the Barber Motorsports Museum is within the park, as well, and it is too overwhelming to comprehend.

Comfortably nestled between tall pine trees, rolling hills and the exit of turn 7, the Motorsports Museum houses the greatest single collection of classic and vintage motorcycles in the world. Completed shortly before the track, the five-story building sports four floors of barrier free exhibits, allowing enthusiasts the chance to come face to face with machines previously viewable only in the mind's eye, some book or magazine. Imagine pressing your nose up to a Matchless Porcupine, its clutch assembly as much art as component part, a 1970 Linto, or a 1956 Parilla Corso with a Dustbin fairing. Perhaps

the Cagiva Mito 125 will get your motor running. Or, maybe it will be the 1962 Honda CR 110. At the Barber Museum you no longer have to imagine Honda's diminutive 134 lb. racer with its 13,000 + redline, 8 hp and 85 mph top end. It's right there within reach! The museum also maintains one of the largest, publicly accessible research libraries devoted to vintage cars and motorcycles. Last, but not least, if there's a part that is no longer available for your restoration project, no need to worry. The folks at the Museum will fabricate one for you.

Not that any of this was enough for Mr. Barber. No, he's made sure that while you're touring the museum you won't miss a minute of vintage racing action. Looming over a quarter of the racetrack, the Museum's floor-to-ceiling windows provide a commanding view of turn 7 and the back straightaway. The boom of vintage iron at full song routinely distracts exhibit goers ogling industrial art to savor the sight and sound of race bikes blasting out of turn 7. It is rumored that Barber insisted that just the right number of decibels penetrate the glass so as to enhance the museum patrons' experience. This weekend BMP is host to the 3rd Annual Barber Vintage Festival. With the museum as the centerpiece, the event includes an ever-expanding swap meet devoted to all things vintage, air shows, and a full compliment of American Historic Racing Motorcycle Association competition.

The swap meet alone is a feast of hard to find parts and machines. There's no telling what you'll find winding through row after row of vintage treasure. Take Oklahoman Greg Busch's "Narly," for example. A 1953 HD KK mill cradled in 1955 Norton Model 88 Featherbed frame! Add the four leading shoe Yamaha Works front brake, and Busch's one-off creation might just be the smartest piece motoring around the meet. All the while

buyers and sellers are serenaded by AHRMA racing, underway just over the hill.

AHRMA's slate includes motorcross, hare scrambles and observed trials, but the Works Performance Historic Cup Road Racing Series season finale is the crown jewel of the Festival's race program. The road course's reputation allows the Festival, in only its third year, to rival Daytona and Mid-Ohio's Vintage Motorcycle Days for numbers, elite riders, and rarity of competition machines. Period Manx's become almost mundane amidst factory MVs. The weather cooperates as competitors and spectators alike are treated to sunny days, cloudless skies and white-hot racing. Large grids, hotly contested races and throngs of spectators combine to create a Grand Prix atmosphere as the last race of the weekend, 500 premier, prepares to take the green flag.

500 Premier has long been AHRMA's elite class. GP kitted machines replicate, to the minutest detail, the factory GP machines of motorcycling's golden era. Of course, a few of the genuine articles grace the grid this day. One is the ex Cal Rayborn HD/Aermacchi CRTT owned and ridden by none other than Dave Roper, the only American to ever win an Isle of Mann TT. With the sun now low in the western sky, the green flag drops, and the last - best race of the weekend is underway. Tim Joyce aboard a '62 Manx is first into turn one followed by Pat Mooney also on a Manx, John Cronshaw aboard his trademark '68 BSA, and Roper on the Aermacchi. Joyce and Mooney, undoubtedly due to more horsepower, quickly break free of Cronshaw and Roper. Mooney gives Joyce all he can handle through half of the race, but fades with clutch problems. Soon he is overtaken, first by Cronshaw, and then Roper. Joyce, the track now all to himself extends a lead he will not relinquish. But, the real race within the race is between Cronshaw and

Roper for second place. With half the race to go Cronshaw has what, to the uninitiated, appears to be enough track between himself and Roper to lock up second. Ah, but this is Roper, and if there is a way, he will find it. Slowly, the crowd begins to perceive what is happening. With each lap Roper closes the gap between himself and Cronshaw - 15 bike lengths, then 10, now 5. By the time the white flag, signifying the final lap is unfurled, Roper is on the BSA's wheel. Everyone is on their feet cheering, waving and smiling, knowing full well they are witnessing something special. It is clear that Roper is in command, and knows exactly where he will pass. Cronshaw rings the Beeza's neck desperately trying to hold off the Aermacchi. Nose to tail the two slide out of the long sweeper heading to the 90-degree left-hander that spills out onto the final straightaway and the finish line. It is here, in the short straight before the final turn that Roper makes his move. Leaving the

BSA's draft, he motors past on the inside just in time to take the line into the last turn. Cronshaw tries in vain to catch him, but this day belongs to Roper and the Aermacchi. The race for second place was so spectacular that Joyce and his winning Manx are all but forgotten as a throng crowds Roper in the pits.

The show now complete, the crowd begins its exodus. Each facet of the Vintage Festival has done its best to out due the others. So much so, that it is impossible to determine a clear winner, except, of course, everyone in attendance. Barber Motorsports Park is truly a special place. A shrine to motorcycling's golden age, and Nirvana to vintage bike enthusiasts. Passing through the gates for the last time, an overheard musing of a museum patron comes to mind, "I know there's a heaven, I've been there."



BENEFIT DANCE FOR A GOOD CAUSE

Club member Brent Jones said, "My friend Roland Hausmann was killed in a car accident last summer. We worked together on the Page Bridge back in 2001 when I was going through my first divorce and he took care of me a bunch of times, so the least I can do for him and his family is to push this a bit and give mine and the band's time." Here's the particulars:

Hausmann Family Benefit Dance

April 18, 2008 - 8pm to Midnight

Loyal Order of Moose Lodge, 2705 Veteran's Memorial Parkway, St. Charles

\$25 per ticket, available in advance or at the door.

Raffle, beer, setups, music by Red Ass Jones and the Goldbondsmen

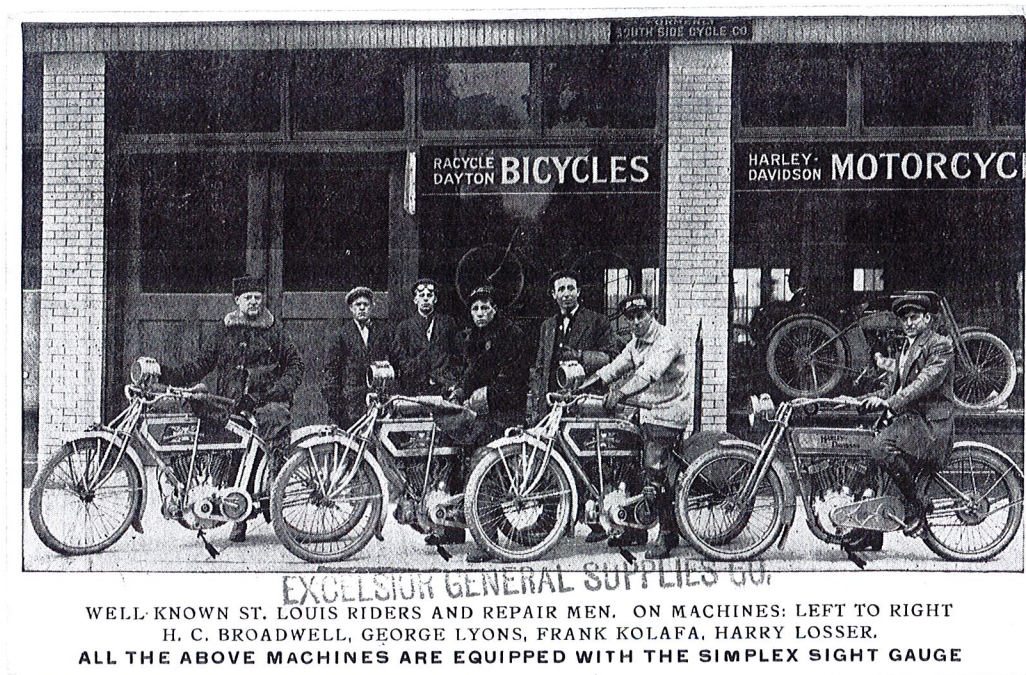
Call Brent if you have questions or want to make a donation. His number is 314-220-5355.



INTERESTING POST CARD

Marty Dupree

As most of you know, I collect motorcycle memorabilia, stamps depicting motorcycles, and other ephemera. I bought this postcard a couple of years ago and got curious about the men on the motorcycles. Wondering how "well known" the St. Louis riders were, I googled each of their names in the hopes of finding something to do with motorcycles.



Ultimately, when I typed in "Frank Kolafa" I got a hit to a Frank Kolafa, a realtor in California. I contacted Frank, telling him that I purchased this postcard, postmarked 1913, and asked if this could be one of his distant relatives. Frank responded, "My grandfather's name was Frank Kolafa and was living in Milwaukee in 1913 and would have been in his 20's at the time. About the same time my grandfather came to the US, he had some cousins who emigrated from Czechoslovakia and I believe one of his cousins may also have been named Frank."

The plot thickened when I told him that on the back was a message written in Czech. It was mailed to a family living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In Frank's last e-mail, he said, "I wish I had more information for you, but all I can tell you to date is that my mother is pretty sure the Frank in the picture is my grandfather. I never met my grandfather and did not know he rode motorcycles but, maybe not by coincidence, my father was a motorcyclist and even rode a Harley Davidson on the California Highway Patrol in the 1940's." I sent him a scan of the postcard and he assured me he'd get back in touch if he discovers more information.

It's funny how a 95 year old post card can span the years and stir memories long forgotten.

Somebody sent me this a long time ago, and I don't know who to thank

Why Your Wrench Doesn't Fit

By Professor Charles Falco

In the 19th Century every British factory which needed to bolt something to something else devised their own fasteners to do it. Clearly, this caused all sorts of compatibility problems. So, along came Sir Joseph Whitworth who invented a standardized system of coarse threads (with 55 degree thread angle and rounded roots and crests). This standardization was a Good Thing. Along with his threads came heads for the bolts that were based on the length along the side of one flat, rather than across the flats. Hence, there is no simple fractional number for the length across the flats, which is why your American wrenches don't fit. The fractional number on your English wrenches refers to the diameter of the bolt (which is 1/4", 3/8" etc. just like in the U.S.); not to the distance across the flats (which ends up being various weird dimensions).

Some years later the Brits decided they needed a finer pitch for some applications, so another thread series was introduced (same 55 degrees). They also decided that the heads were too big for the bolts, so for most applications they switched to using the next size smaller heads. Because of this, and to add one more bit of confusion to life, one manufacturer will mark a particular wrench (spanner) BS 3/8, while a different manufacturer will mark the same sized wrench W 7/16. They fit the same diameter bolt. The first thing any fledgling Brit biker learns is that his motorcycle has "Whitworth bolts." They think this is interesting, buy a set of Whitworth wrenches, discover these wrenches fit their bolts, and believe they now know everything they need to know about British fasteners. Unfortunately, at this point they know only enough to make themselves dangerous. Instead, what they should have said to themselves is, Ohmygod, what other weird and incomprehensible things have the Brits done to the fasteners on my machine? The answer to this question is:

<u>British</u>	<u>Standard</u>	<u>Whitworth</u>	<u>(BSW)</u>
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Sir Joseph Whitworth proposed this thread in 1841.

If....

p = pitch of the thread

d = depth of the thread

r = radius at the top and bottom of the threads

then:

$d = 0.640327 p$

$r = 0.137329 p$

These are the original, 19th Century, coarse-threaded industrial bolts designed to hold locomotives together. Because of their coarse pitch, they are more prone to vibrating loose, so are little used on motorcycles. Except for threading into Aluminum (e.g. crankcase studs), where a coarse thread is less prone to stripping than a fine one. It turns out that, except for 1/2" (where the Brits use 12 tpi, and the Americans 13 tpi) the thread pitches are the same as for American Unified Coarse (UNC). However, the thread form is different; Whitworth = 55 degrees; UNC = 60 degrees. In spite

British Standard Fine (BSF)

A finer pitch series, analogous to the American Unified Fine (UNF), although (unlike the case of BSW/UNC) with none of the pitches in common with UNF. Many motorcycle manufacturers commonly used a lot of BSF threads.

CEI (Cycle Engineers' Institute) or BSC (British Standard Cycle)

These are different names commonly used for the same threads. 60 degree thread angle, rather than the 55 degree of BSW and BSF. For sizes from 1/4" through 1/2" by far the most common are 26 tpi, although 24 tpi appear as well. Most but by no means all, fasteners on post-War BSA's (through the late '60's, when it got more complicated) were CEI. Although the thread form and pitch is different, the head sizes on CEI-threaded fasteners use the same wrenches as BSW/BSF.

British Association (BA)

47-1/2 degree thread angle. This is a metric thread system devised by the British for small screws used in components like speedos. Not metric like you might expect, but with diameters determined by a factor proportional to a power of the logarithm to the base 10 of the thread pitch in millimeters. I couldn't possibly be making this up. Ah, the English. You'll find lots of BA threads on any British bike, but only for fasteners smaller than 1/4". BA fasteners have their own set of wrench sizes. Typically, a set of Whitworth sockets will include a 0 (zero) BA and maybe a 2BA (bigger number = smaller size) socket.

British Standard Pipe (BSP)

A tapered, self-sealing thread system used to seal fluids (interestingly, the US and the metric world standardized on the BSP system for threading all their pipes).

UNF and UNC

In the late 1960's, when even the U.S. was thinking of going metric, the giant BSA corporation decided it was finally time to scrap that old 19th Century Whitworth-based system, and switch to....yes, you guessed it, American. Since they had lots of money invested in tooling, the switch wasn't made suddenly (or completely), so bikes from the late '60's and later had a mix of all sorts of thread forms. Typically, engine internals (e.g. the thread on the end of a camshaft) stayed with whatever form it used to have, while simple fasteners (e.g. holding the fenders on) switched to UNF.

None of the Above

While the above systems account for well over 95% of all threads you'll ever run across on a British bike, some manufacturers --again BSA springs to mind, but others were guilty as well--couldn't restrain themselves from inventing a few oddball pitches of their own. This is why, when dealing with British bikes, you should assume nothing. You must have a pitch gauge and calipers.