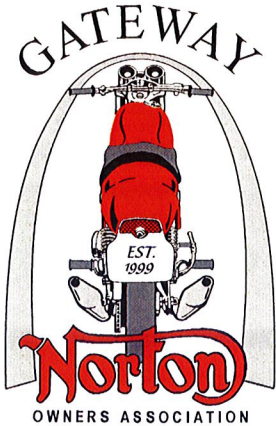


Gateway Norton Owners News #36



"To Promote the
Use and Pride of
Norton Motorcycle Ownership"
Compiled by Marty and Peggy Dupree
June 2008



KING'S COLUMN

Boy, don't that sound better than that "Presidential" word? You sick of that too? Me being a literary challenged guy, you will have to put up with my sporadic, spontaneous, unorganized ramblings for the next year or two. You will see that I am not a writer, rather a mechanic of sorts. I have worked on quite a few Nortons in the past, and have owned one or two for 25 years or so.

Article one. I get a lot of requests to "Just patch it up". Friends, this is a blatant mistake to make, no matter who does the repairs. Very few instances arise where this logic will work. Don't we always read about a bloke that goes to adjust his valves and winds up with a total restoration that takes two years? Do you know why this is commonplace? If you know what you are looking at when you remove the rocker covers, you will sometimes see a real need to go much deeper, especially when it involves worn-out Norton's. I have been in the repair business for 35 years and it is rare to successfully put a band-aid on a part of a worn motor vehicle. You can't stack new parts on top of old worn out ones, just as you can't slip a band-aid under a new set of cylinders and pistons. I have seen it, I have done it, and the results are mostly short-lived successes or failures.

Years ago a very wise old-timer mechanic told me these nuggets of wisdom, and I now gladly share them with you. *"A good mechanic knows just what he can get away with."* If you aren't positive that you can re-use some parts, you shouldn't take the chance! He also said, *"There's never time to do it right, but always time to do it twice."* Take your time, spend the extra money, You are riding on your expertise and quality of the parts you purchase. Your well-being and perhaps life depends on it. *Do not shortcut anything.* This is IMPORTANT. Don't we all know the Credo of Norton? "Anyone (Idiot) can go out and buy a new motorcycle. It is a special person that owns a Norton, keeps it running, and gets him back home safely".

That is the allure, that is the enigma, along with the sound of "pea-shooters in the breeze" along side one of your riding buddies with a different final ratio. AHHH! Suh-weet music. Great friends, great motorcycles, great rides (see article two)

Article two: Steve (remember him? Didn't we impeach the bastard?) and I are planning a late summer short ride to Klondike Park. 3-4 miles past Defiance MO. Hot dogs, chips, refreshments,

cool breeze atop a mountain, nice view, nice restroom, good friends, nice ride on the finest of motorbikes, and a nice place to stop for a bite and cool-off. You will like it or you will miss it! Cheers!

King Frenchy

SPRING MEETING MINUTES

April 21, 2008

Spring kickoff meeting at Mike's began officially at 1:55 p.m. with 22 members present. Minutes from last meeting were read and approved.

Old Business:

A list of last year's club activities was read. Good times were remembered.

Treasurer's Report included outgoing funds of \$225 to Marty for newsletter expenses, and a \$75 final payment out of the coaster fund to Marty for funds he advanced for printing of coasters, \$29 to Steve for printing of meeting agendas and purchase of 50/50 tickets. Club balance stands at \$508.14.

Mike has volunteered to get club T-shirts printed. It was decided there would be 10-20 white short sleeve shirts. One change to the new shirts will be on the front pocket: the old ones said "GNOA," the new ones will say "Gateway Norton Owners Association."

New Business:

New members were welcomed. The included Doc Coogan, Chad Stretz (who drove from Columbia, MO for the meeting), Bill Henkel, Dave Hamm, and our newest member Gary Highfill who joined at the meeting.

Upcoming events were discussed and are in the Calendar of Events section of this newsletter, Pg. 6.

New officers, by voice acclamation, are - Mike French: King/President, Steve Hurst: Membership/Treasurer, and Marty and Peggy Dupree remain Newsletter Editors.

Meeting was adjourned and the eating began. Marty printed GNOA Bingo/scavenger hunt cards for everyone to play as entertainment. Completed cards were thrown in a hat for a drawing. The winner of a year's paid membership was Bill Bluemel. Congratulations! The 50/50 drawing was won by Bill Rueckert (\$18). Mike French also had many door prize items for those in attendance.

Thanks to DeDe and Mike for hosting this great Club function.

It's Dues Time!

Look at your envelope - if the date in () after your name reads 7-08, it means this is your last newsletter. Please send \$5 to Steve Hurst - see instructions on page 6 "Contact Information"

Saddling up at the rest stop in Dutzow, MO during Tom Mitchell's spring club ride.

Ron Sutton photo



HER AND HIS DIARIES

HER DIARY:

Tonight, I thought my husband was acting weird. We had made plans to meet at a bar to have a drink. I was shopping with my friends all day long, so I thought he was upset at the fact that I was a bit late, but he made no comment on it. Conversation wasn't flowing, so I suggested that we go somewhere quiet so we could talk. He agreed, but he didn't say much. I asked him what was wrong; he said, 'Nothing.' I asked him if it was my fault that he was upset. He said he wasn't upset, that it had nothing to do with me, and not to worry about it. On the way home, I told him that I loved him. He smiled slightly, and kept driving. I can't explain his behavior. I don't know why he didn't say, 'I love you, too.' When we got home, I felt as if I had lost him completely, as if he wanted nothing to do with me anymore. He just sat there quietly, and watched T V. He continued to seem distant and absent. Finally, with silence all around us, I decided to go to bed. About 15 minutes later, he came to bed. To my surprise, he responded to my caress, and we made love. But I still felt that he was distracted, and his thoughts were somewhere else. He fell asleep - I cried. I don't know what to do. I'm almost sure that his thoughts are with someone else. My life is a disaster.

HIS DIARY:

Norton wouldn't start today, but at least I got laid.

My Great Big Headache

Bob Yancey
Sorento, IL

I purchased my '74 Interstate new from Donaldson on July 3, 1976. Shortly after the warranty expired, I noticed a few drops of oil clinging to the front fins on my cylinder head. Soon the entire front of the engine was oily. Unfortunately, it wasn't coming from the rocker covers or the oil line banjo bolts. The diagnosis was a blown head gasket. I changed the gasket but not the situation. That's #1.

A buddy told me "yeah sometimes aluminum will warp if it gets too hot," but we can fix this. So I bought a case of beer and a bunch of wet/dry fine sand paper. One of us held WD40-impregnated sand paper on a glass tabletop while the other moved the head around on it. I reinstalled the head, but it didn't change a thing. That's #2.

I didn't know what to do, so I lived with cleaning it regularly. My original exhaust pipes cracked. Soon the replacement 850 pipes cracked. I got smart and bought 750 pipes. After a while I couldn't keep them tight because the exhaust port threads were shot. So the head came off for exhaust port repair. That's #3.

My Norton went through two periods of inactivity, each for three or four years at a time. I built a house and garage, and put two kids through college. Three years ago I decided to get her going again. I don't know why I bothered, but I changed the head gasket, as if time would have magically changed something. That's #4. No change, of course.

I took the head to a bike shop in Caseyville, and the man said it looked flat to him. I talked to Carl Donaldson, and he said to try a copper gasket. He told me to anneal it with a

blowtorch, wipe off the soot and spray it twice with copper coat, and it will never leak again. I did and it didn't help. That's #5.

When I re-joined the INOA, they told me that there had been a St. Louis chapter for some time. I joined immediately. Things were looking up, though I didn't know it yet. I was telling Mike about my head when he referred to an article in the tech digest. The article told of oil being forced up the threads of those two 5/16 studs that are in the front of the cylinder barrel. It spoke of removing the studs and reinstalling them with thread sealant. In the process of unscrewing the first stud, I saw and heard a small piece of the casting break away and fall into the pushrod bore. The hole was big enough to push a rag into. Examining the other revealed a hairline U-shaped crack in it, too. I was so happy! I finally found out what was wrong with my bike after all those years. I patched those holes with JB Weld; I put the studs back in with high-temp sealant. I thought I had fixed it ... 'til I ran it over 70mph. That was #6. It was still leaking.

Next I tried a machine shop. I removed the head and took it out to Buttons in Wentzville. The man said they took off .003 to clean it up. I reinstalled it. That's #7. No good! I was telling Mike that I didn't know what to do. I felt like shooting myself. He said, "You fixed the studs. You know the base is flat. It has to be porosity." I ask, "What are you talking about?"

Mike said the push-rod tunnels are right there in the front and most of the oil returns to the lower end through them. Norton made some junk heads that were so porous that they were honeycombed with cracks and open pores that enabled the oil to get pushed

through the head into the outside world. Mike said, "Why don't you put diesel in it and see what happens." I placed the head upside down in a pan with the valve covers on and plugs in place of the banjo bolts. I kept topping off the push-rod tunnels with red-dyed diesel. It took a day, but it finally started coming through and formed droplets on the edge of one of the fins. Mike said that I needed to apply some kind of coating to it and it might be all right. He offered to sell me a head. I bought it just to be safe.

I called Alan Goldwater; he's the V.P. of the INOA and writes Alan's Wrench in the Norton News. I ask him about porosity and he said, "Oh yes, it happened to me." Alan said that in the last years of Norton, they were in the red. To save money, they contracted head production to Italy, and some of these Italian heads were porous. He said to get some good high-temp linseed oil-based paint, coat it and bake it three times, or to get high-temp aluminum paint with little flakes of aluminum in it. I couldn't find either anywhere. I spent a day Googling and the only stuff I found that sounded like it might work came in 55-gallon drums. I thought of POR-15. I called them, and they assured me it was oil resistant up to 600 degrees. Alan told me that a Norton head gets a little over 500 degrees around the exhaust ports if you let it sit and idle for a while. So I got a test piece of aluminum and I gave it three separate coats of POR-15. I boiled it in used 50-WT and took the temperature close to 600 degrees, then let it cool. I repeated this process three times. My test piece was unchanged. I thought, "This stuff works well!" So I sanded and totally cleaned the pushrod tunnels, applied three coats of POR-15 and refit the head. That's #8.

At first I thought I had fixed it, until I sped it up a bit. Then I got a few drops. I was super disappointed, but willing to quit as I did have it 90% fixed. A few drops aren't so bad. So I rode it 800 miles throughout the summer. But then two days before the Fall Colors Ride, it cut loose with a vengeance. Forty minutes of riding was enough to spot shoes, legs, and front of engine and exhaust system all the way to the mufflers. Even the leading edges of the side covers were oily. Luckily I had bought Mike's head. Mike installed new guides, transferred my valves and spindles, and returned my head at the February Corner Bar meeting. I have over 1,000 miles on it now and it hasn't leaked a drop! I believe that my barrel broke from years of being over tightened. The head may have to come off one more time. The exhaust port on the left side has worn threads. Right now I have three small pieces of .003-brass shim stock between the exhaust nut and port. I can't imagine that I could be so lucky as to fix it that easy. Even if I do have to take my head off to get the port fixed, that isn't the worst. Thank goodness I've finally got that horrible leak fixed. I owe it all to Mike. I had never heard of such a thing as porosity.

An interesting side note for everyone. I was online looking at a Triumph timeline - not the one on the Triumph web site - and it said in 1982 they were swimming in red ink. As a cost-cutting measure, they outsourced cylinder head and crank case castings. They were very porous. It was the last nail in their coffin, and they closed the doors shortly thereafter.

My apologies for the length of this article.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- July 18-20: BBC Rally, Blue River, WI, www.britishbike.net, 262-514-2073
- July 20: ****Bike and Car Show. Mc Nair Park, St. Charles, Mo. Vehicles start showing up early!!**
- July 21-25: Norton Owners National Rally, Wellsborough, PA. Check the INOA site for details.
- July 25-27: AMA Vintage Days, Lexington, OH. 1-800-AMA-JOIN
- August 8-10: Ohio Valley BSA Owners Club Swap & Motorcycle Show. 740-543-4272, www.geocities.com/ovbsa
- August 28-30: Fall National Meet, AMCA, Davenport, IA, www.chiefblackhawk.org
- Late Summer: Club ride to Klondike Park, St. Charles County, MO. See King's Kolumn.
- September 3-6: All Vintage Jap Rally, Arkansas, www.vjmc.org, 260-839-5203
- October 17-19: Barber Vintage Festival, Birmingham, AL, www.barbermuseum.org

FOR SALE: 1967 Atlas with Joe Hunt magneto. Complete bike but in need of refurbishing or restoration. Could easily become a reliable daily rider for no more than \$1000-\$2000. A full restoration would be quite a bit more. \$2200. Ernie Trakas (314) 894-6959 Cell (314) 608-8350

FOR SALE: BSA M21 basket. about 1957, no title but clean numbers. straight frame in primer, motor complete and assembled with new piston set and ground valves. Magneto is hot and transmission was inspected and in good condition. Have triple tree and forks and front wheel assembly. \$750. Located about 1 hour south of Kansas City. For more info or pics, contact motojo346@yahoo.com.

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.

ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB RIDE

Steve Hurst

On May 4 I attended a ride with the Antique Motorcycle Club of Missouri. I was there with other club members Mike French, Tom Mitchell and John Wuebbeling.

I met Mike at Dirt Cheap Gas and Beer on Highway 94. A couple of days before the ride we were talking about how some of the best rides we had were the ones where someone had broken down on the ride (you know, the challenge of fixing 30+ year old bikes when using them for what they were intended . . . riding and then getting on with it). Well, I didn't get but two miles down 94 when I had to pull over to the side of the road. I thought that my throttle cable had broken as I had way too much slack on the grip and no motor response. It turns out that my cable had come undone in the carb. I told Mike to go on without me as we were late for the meeting place, but "No" he said - he would stick with me on the side of the road and help me fix it. Now that's a true friend and drinking, I mean biking, buddy. We fixed the bike in short order and tried to make the ride in a hurry. When we got to the house of the ride's sponsor, they were about 3 minutes from leaving to ride some of the nicest roads in St. Charles County.

My Norton is a 1975 and I had one of their club members ask me, "Well, what does it feel like to have the newest bike on a ride?" How do you answer something like that? I mean, that blew me away. There were Indian fours and twins from the '40s and '50s, knucklehead Harleys, shovelhead Harleys, panhead Harleys, a 1947 AJS, and two Nortons older than mine. There were about 20 bikes in all.

The wildest thing of all was that the sponsor of the ride rode an Indian four with a sidecar. In the sidecar rode his dog, a Rottweiler with a pair of sunglasses on. I kid you not! We rode some and then stopped at the Dutzow Deli. We took some time getting there, too. These guys aren't in a hurry to go anywhere. I know my bike is geared a little tall because I do some highway riding, but I never got out of third gear following these bikers. Not to say it wasn't fun - I just got to look at more of the country than I'm used to. We did about 50 miles or so on that fine day.

After the stop at Dutzow, we went back to where we started (the long way) and we were treated to a BBQ of brats and dogs with all the sides and trimmin's, including dessert. Wow, what a nice treat that was! Mike, the host, also had a wonderful collection of old bikes and cars.



Ride host Mike S, his 4 cyl. Indian, and companion.



Mike S's garage - how cool is this!



Steve with a massive case of "bobber envy"

Around 3pm Mike F. and I decided to head for home. Normally this is where the story would end, but such was not our fate for this day. We left the BBQ after a bloke named Jack on a '40-something Indian and another guy on a '40-something Harley. They both have jockey shifts and suicide clutches. Great period bikes. Mike and I caught up to them before they got 4 miles down the road. We followed them on Highway 94 heading north towards Highway 64. About 5 miles before Highway 64 I noticed another bike behind Mike F. (who was riding in the last position).

This new rider was on a sport bike and was in a much greater hurry than we were. He kept looking to pass but couldn't because of the double yellow line and oncoming traffic. As we approached the 94/64 intersection, Highway 94 opens up to three lanes wide. That was when I looked in my right side mirror and saw the sport bike swing to the right and roll heavy on the throttle and pass Mike F. As he came to pass me at about 70 mph I saw the lead bike (Jack on the Indian) raise his left hand to signal for a right hand turn on to eastbound 64. "Shit" I thought, they are going to collide. And just like a bad dream, that's what happened. "Sport Bike Guy" tried to stop and was doing a "stoppy" with his front brake locked and his back wheel off the ground. He hit Jack's Indian right at the back of his seat. As soon as he hit the Indian, he let go of the Suzuki. His bike mated with the Indian and they turned into a pretzel of

bikes and man. I saw all of this unfolding at the 1 o'clock position in my vision as I went past. I slowed down to stop and go back and I knew this was not going to be pretty. I only hoped nobody was killed. As I ran by Mike F. I yelled to call 911. Later I found out that Mike had no phone service at that location but a truck waiting to access Hwy. 64 east had OnStar and they made the connecting call for help.

I reached the accident first and saw Jack spread-eagle on the highway alive, but not moving. Sport Bike Guy was crawling to the median. I told him to stay still but he would have none of that. He had to sit up and take his helmet off. His Nike shoe was about 75 feet away, torn off on impact but he insisted he was OK. Well good for you, I thought. You haven't had any good judgment in the last 10 minutes, why start now? I went back to Jack and asked where it hurt the worst. He wanted his leg straightened out. I asked if he could lift it and he said no. I knew he had suffered some back injuries. I told the girl in a truck that had stopped to help that we couldn't take his helmet off but we could make him as comfortable as possible until the EMS arrived. We removed his gloves and opened his jacket to check for bleeding and told him to hold on, help was on the way.

By now there were four more people on the site and someone said, "I smell gas." I thought it was from the sport bike tank because it had come off

the bike on impact and slid to disintegration with no explosion, just a big splat. "No," he said, "That big bike is leaking." I looked over at the Indian and it was pouring gas out the carb onto the ground, 5 feet from where Jack was laying. We couldn't move him so we had to move the bike. The only thing - the sport bike was on the Indian. I asked one of the men to help me get the Suzuki up and off the Indian when Sport Bike Guy said, "I wish you wouldn't touch my bike, man." I looked at him and said, "Why not? I don't think you'll be riding it for a while." He said he wanted the police to see which way the tires were facing. I told him to tell them they are facing down. "We have to move your bike because of the leaking gas and we can't move Jack and we're not going to let him burn." He said, "Oh." When we picked the Suzuki up it was broken in two, literally. There were some wires holding together, but the frame was in two pieces. We got the Indian up and on the side stand somehow and the gas stopped leaking.

You would not believe who the first responder on the accident was. It was the Road Assist guy in a pickup truck. Yes, the guy that rides around the highways with more gas. We didn't need any! He did have some orange cones. Once he saw Jack, he

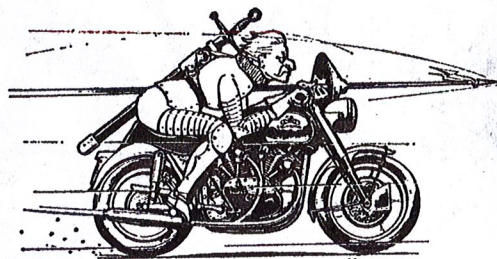
put the cones around him for safety. A short while later, the Fire Department showed up. They wouldn't touch Jack because they didn't have a rigid board. We had to wait for the EMS. They did wash the gas off the road and block off more lanes. Soon after that the EMS showed up and cut Jack's clothes off him. As they got down to his boots and got them off I could see that his leg was broken. After giving my statement to the Highway Patrol as to what I saw happen, Mike F. and I went back to my house and had to park our Nortons for a while.

To be so close to bad fate and walk away makes you wonder what would have happened if just one person would have left a few minutes sooner or a few minutes later, or if someone would have gone slower or Stuff like this will drive me crazy and I know it will be on Frenchy's mind for a long time, too. Oh, the kid on the sport bike called his dad and after talking to the cops, dad took him home. Jack ended up in the hospital with a broken collarbone, four fractured vertebrae and two broken bones in his lower leg.

Nortons forever.

Steve

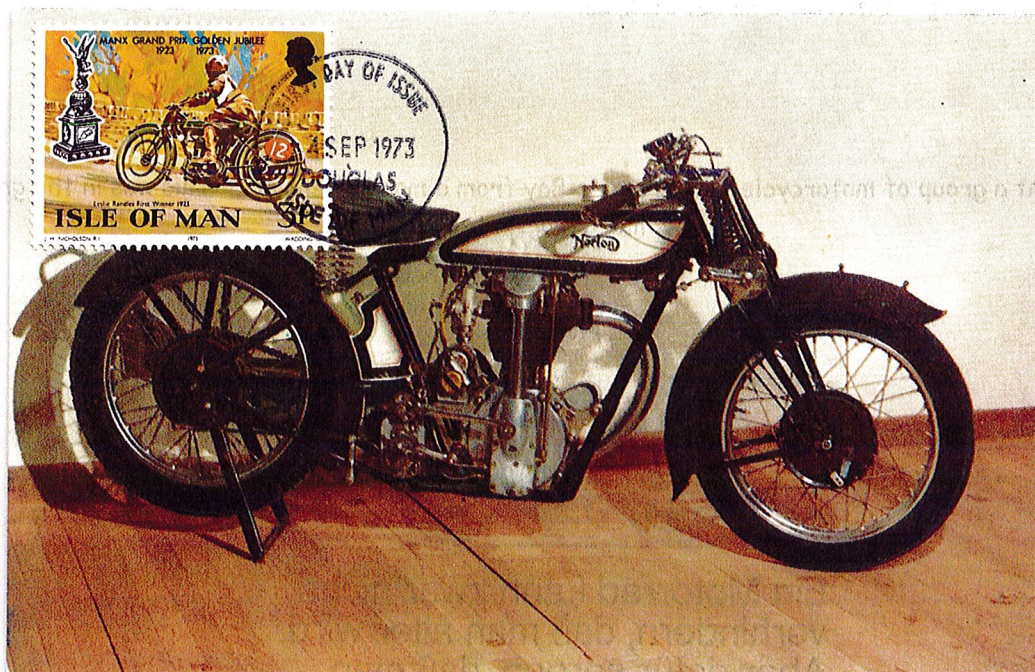
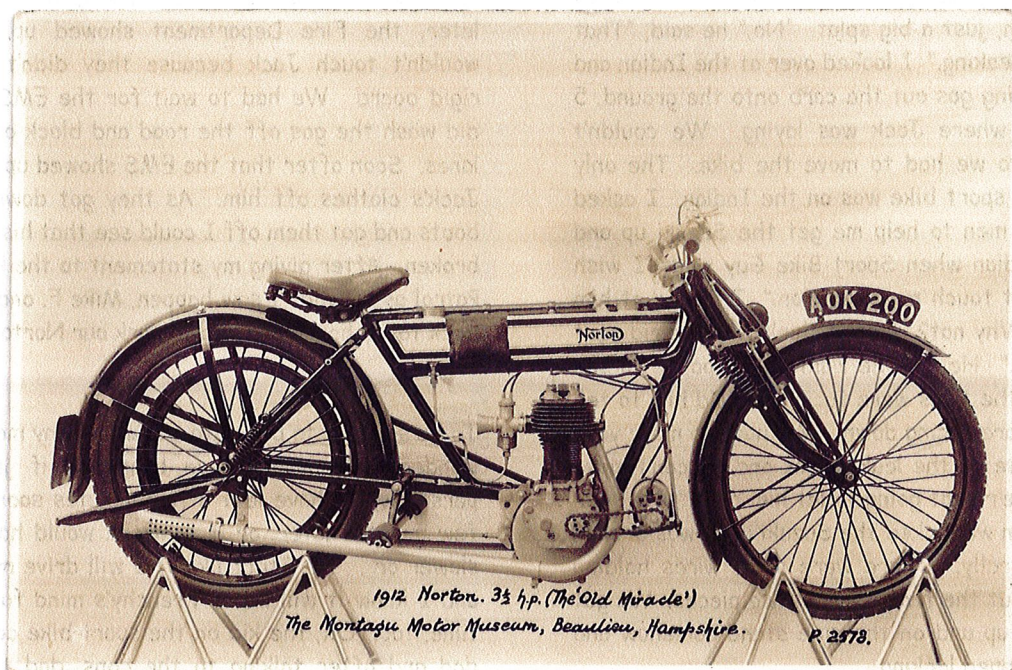
I bought a group of motorcycle stickers on e-Bay from a man in Denmark. This was in the group.
It looks like a Norvin to me. Marty



Ein Motorrad kann zwar nicht
verhindern, daß man älter wird.
Aber dafür sorgen, daß man
länger jung bleibt.

Translation:

A motorcycle cannot prevent the fact that one gets older. However, it does allow one to remain younger longer.



Murray's Motor Cycle Museum, Isle of Man:
1929 Norton C.S.1 490cc