



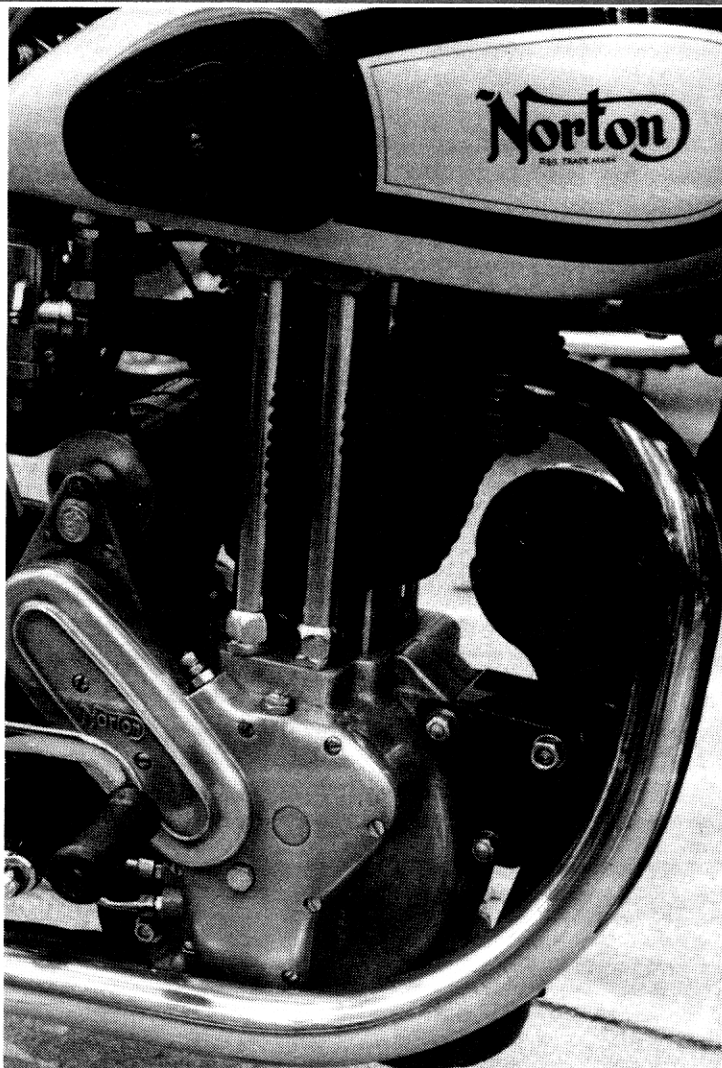
Norton Notice



The Newsletter of the Norton Owners Club

No. 162

October, 1991





is published by the Northern California Branch of the Norton Owners Club. Its purpose is to inform and entertain members regarding all aspects of the Norton motorcycle, including history, technical advice, and preservation of the marque.

NORTON NOTICE is a reflection of the readership, who are encouraged to submit any article, technical tip, photograph (original or otherwise) as long as it is in good taste, so that other Norton enthusiasts may enjoy it. For Branch members who cannot attend club meetings or club rides, the NORTON NOTICE affords an opportunity to share experiences and information with the membership of the Branch and to bring the Branch members closer together.

The deadline for items to be submitted for publication is the 20th of each month.

Membership in the Northern California Branch of the Norton Owners Club is available for \$15.00 per year. Membership dues are payable to the Branch Secretary/Treasurer.

Renewal dues are payable at the end of the individual's membership year, that month being designated by the last number of the individual's membership number as listed on the mailing label of the NORTON NOTICE and the membership card. For example, 745/2 denoted member 745 with dues expiring on the 1st of February.

All changes of address should go to the Branch Secretary/Treasurer, not the NOTICE editor.

The Northern California Branch of the Norton Owners Club is affiliated with both the Norton Owners Club of England and the International Norton Owners Association. Interested persons can join these two organizations per the terms described on the Branch membership application form.

CLUB OFFICERS

PRESIDENT: Lynne Miller, 639 Mangels Ave., San Francisco, CA 94127. (415) 334-2042;

VICE PRESIDENT: Marick Payton, 301 W. O'Connor, Menlo Park, CA 94025. (415) 321-5083

SECRETARY/TREASURER: Stan Beneveds, 36646 Darvon Ct., Newark, CA 94560. (510) 793-0704

RECORDING SECRETARY: Brad Green, 37028 Lassen St., Fremont, CA 94536 (510) 792-0501

NOTICE PUBLISHER: Andy McKerral, 28 Iris Lane, Menlo Park, CA 94025 (415) 322-4054

RIDE COORDINATOR: Mike Burnham, 2401A Bush Street, San Francisco, CA (415) 346-1224

PARAPHERNALIA: Leo Christiansen, 464 Alcatraz, Oakland, CA 94609 (510) 655-5083

PUBLIC RELATIONS: John Covell, 1183 Alemany, San Francisco, CA 94112 (415) 334-1183

**NORTON OWNERS
CLUB**

IMPORTANT (Please take note of the following fine print):
The object of the Northern California Branch of the Norton Owners Club is to promote, encourage and develop motorcycling activities. The Club's members are owners of Norton motorcycles and they often submit for publication in the NORTON NOTICE technical tips pertaining to motorcycles of the Norton marque. Technical tips so published have been reviewed for technical content and are believed to be both acceptable and workable, but no guarantee is made or implied that they will work correctly, nor is any liability assumed by either the Norton Owners Club or the members for any problems resulting from use of these technical tips. The club also assumes no responsibility for the acts or omissions of its members in connection with Club activities. NORTON NOTICE articles or other materials express the authors' views only and not necessarily the official policy of the Norton owners Club or its Northern California Branch. The editor reserves the right to accept, reject or alter all editorial and advertising material submitted for publication. Advertising published does not imply endorsement of products, goods or services. Now you know.

Upcoming Events

Club Rides Schedule

October 20th: Lodi Vintage TT short track and swap meet. Call Mike Burnham for further details.

November 3rd: The All-British Ride/The Don Danmeier second annual 50th birthday ride.

December... the Christmas sleigh enduro race, starting at Alices and finishing in Nome, Alaska. BE SURE TO GO ON THIS ONE. The Ride leader will be Susan Bucher. In honor of the event, she has renamed all of her dogs "Norton" (...better check with Mike Burnham on this one...)

Events Calendar

October 12 (Saturday)- Sacramento Mile, Cal Expo Fairgrounds, Sacramento

October 13 (Sunday)- Vintage TT, Lodi Cycle Bowl (916) 989-4938 or (209) 463-8882

October 20 (Sunday)- Vintage TT, short track, show and swap meet, Lodi Cycle Bowl

October 27 (Sunday)- AHRMA Vintage Motocross- Hollister, Ca. (415) 234-6556

November 3 (Sunday)- The Northern California All-British Ride and (the second annual Don Danmeier 50th birthday) Party

December 7 (Saturday)- BSAOC Off-Road Playday, in conjunction with the PITS "Geratol Trial", December

Meeting Schedule

The Club meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 7:30 P.M. (don't take the time seriously, folks- we always start a half-hour late.) Meeting locations rotate between the Peninsula, the South Bay, the East Bay, and San Francisco.

November 14th: East Bay
Brew Pub On The Green
3350 Stevenson Blvd., Fremont
(510) 651-5510 Please note that this is a trial venue change. Try to arrive early in case you're unfamiliar with this area.

December 12th: San Francisco
Tonto's Mexican Restaurant
3155 Vicente Ave., San Francisco
(Sunset District- cross street is 43rd)
-generous portions of food at great prices, and the margaritas are killer!

January 14, 1991: Peninsula
The Prince of Wales Pub
25th Avenue, San Mateo
A private meeting room, a great selection of beers, and dart boards!



Over the Bars... . . . by Lynne Miller, President

October is here- and those fine crisp days of Fall are just around the next bend. This Summer has been a particularly foggy one, and I'm looking forward to some good local riding weather. This damp, cold coastal stuff is getting into my bones, and I need some warm air.

Speaking of Damp Coastal Stuff, the Old Timer's Ride was a roaring (but somewhat smokey) success. This year, three ES-2s, a Model 18, a Dominator, a Norton/Indian, a Panther with a side hack, two Vincents, an aged and decrepit BSA, a P-11, and several Commandos made the ride.

I am pleased to announce that the overall winner lacked only four points to achieve a perfect one hundred score. This point system consists of the sum of the age of the rider and his/her machine, and is limited to bonafide members of the Norton Owner's Club. The scores are kept in a flower pot at the accounting firm of Dilly, Dally, and Fail. The Trophy for this Event will be awarded at the annual Christmas Party. The winner this year- without any close competition at all- is Phil Radford, and his ES-2. (Ed.'s Note: This award is made possible by the Advanced Petrochemical Research and Development Group of Octane Boost, Incorporated- who managed to figure out how to chemically combine nitrotoluene and methyl ethyl lead with Geratol...)

It must be pointed out that we had a guest from England riding a Vincent and his score would have beat Phil's by five points. Alf Lloyd, by the way, is 65 years of age... here from Leicester, U.K. for the International Vincent Rally, Alf has put

over ten thousand miles on his motorcycle.

Next year, the Old Timer's Ride should be a bigger event, with the requirement that bikes are ridden for the entire event. It has lots of potential.

There is another event in the early planning stages which should make wives and girlfriends happy. The idea is a couples-only ride to an English tea house in El Granada. If all the details fall into place, you will read the details in the next issue of the Notice. I think it's a great way to extend our club scope and include some important people in our Club activities.

Art Sirota and Tim Coburn have been doing some extensive research on potential sites for our upcoming Christmas Party, and have found a place in Redwood City which sounds perfect. It's called "Gus's" and it is reported to have the potential of becoming a great alternative to Harry's Hoffbrau for monthly meetings. All details are under exploration, and will be discussed in the upcoming meeting.

Don't forget to attend the Annual Club Picnic at Art Sirota's home/museum in Menlo Park, on October 13th. Remember that it's for dues-paying members and their families only, and that you must ride your Norton to the event. Of course, if you aren't a member of the Club, you can pay up after filling out a membership application... and then you can dig into the bangers, and knock down some Watney's...

That's it for this chat *over the bars...*



Minutes of September Meeting

Welcome back to the Prince of Wales Pub in San Mateo, California. Fifteen Nortons parked in front of the place, and yet there were 33 NOC'ers in attendance?!

After consuming some quality brew, we shifted upstairs for commencement of the meeting at 8:37 PM.

President Lynne Miller opened with the customary introductions all around, and we welcomed John Follett, our newsletter's printer to his first meeting with us.

Lynne inquired as to impressions of the August trial meeting place at Tonto's in San Francisco. The concensus was we can try it again with the possibility of a somewhat different arrangement.

On November 14th, we'll be trying out a new East Bay Venue called Brew Pub On The Green. The location is 3350 Stevenson Boulevard (east of 880) in Fremont. The number is (510) 651-5510.

Discussions turned to our annual Christmas meeting. A committee was formed of Brad Green, Lucky Grover, and Joe Edwards to ferret out a new location.

Treasury reports \$3000+ after bills. The motion was carried to pay back the INOA \$400 for raffle bike parts.

Leo Christiansen reported on new tee shirts and plenty of pins left over from the rally in Lake Tahoe. He also mentioned a letter from Brent Rosenfeld, a NOC member from Australia, proposing a pin trade between clubs. (Ed.'s Note: This sounds like a really neat idea- you reckon someone out there would like

to volunteer to coordinate the effort?)

Mike Burnham reminded us of the upcoming Old Timer's Ride on September 2nd. Departure from Alices at 10 AM; beware of smokies...

Art Sirota made mention of his annual party on October 13th at 2:00 PM. Paid NOC members should prepare to show up on their Nortons. There will be membership applications available. In order to preserve our gentry image, "Grey Poupon" will be served. Donations would be appreciated.

Mean Marshall will be holding a swap meet on September 15th at 8 AM at his new location.

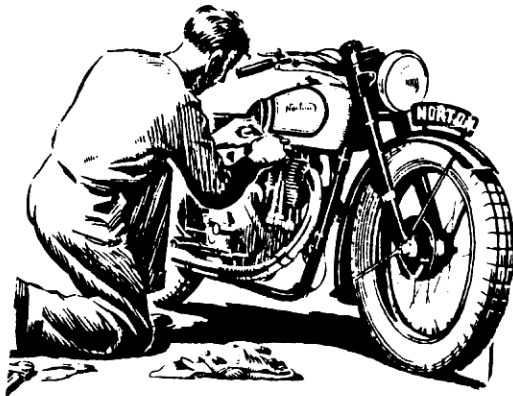
The possibility of a mini-rally in Lake Tahoe next year, with field events, was discussed. The INOA Rally in New Hampshire in 1992 was also mentioned.

Mike Burnham volunteered to be in charge of the new raffle bike project for next year's BSA All-British Clubman's Event. Mike is also organizing a club ride in October to Lodi for the Vintage TT.

It was discussed, voted upon, and the motion was carried to expand the Norton Notice to 20 pages. Additional help in formatting and data entry was solicited by Andy McKerral. The motion was also carried to include an "All Clubs" event calendar in each issue of the Norton Notice.

The meeting adjourned at 9:45 PM.

...Brad Green, Club Scribe



Side Trips...

by *Andy McKerral, Editor*

Maybe it's my imagination... but the weather sure has been fecal in nature lately; one block of days reminds me of Thanksgiving, and the very next block of days resembles a furnace! (Zeus even decided to try blowing up the tower at San Jose airport!) Maybe, because my standard mode of transportation - the "good ol' Buick" - finally took a dump on me, and I've been shagging service calls on the Mark 3. It's kinda neat to put 130 miles a day on the bike fixing business machines, with tools and parts in the backpack, the necktie fluttering in the breeze, and all those Silicon Valley hotshots giving me thumbs-up at every light on Montague Expressway... one gal driving a Jag at the intersection of Lawrence and Central, pulling out of National Semiconductor, rolled down her window at the light and blew me a kiss! It's hard on the buttocks at the end of the day, but great for the ego...

I got the post-Rally blues in a major way!... all those terrific pictures really bring home how much good, clean *fun* there was to be had. Again, thanks to all the contributors who made putting the Commemorative Issue together a less-onerous task. (Maybe there's a song in the making out of this from Art Sirota...)

Speaking of the "serious collecta-" rumour has it that Art is "at it again"... this time with an even rarer bike than a Manx - jeezus, this guy is gonna wind up leaving a legacy of being the Leland Stanford of British motorcycles for Northern California. (Hint: the tank I caught a sneak preview of was silver and gold, and the bike has dual fairings... late 60s vintage, and *not* a Norton...)

"The ass you save might be someone

else's" department... Alan was headed out of my garage door after a visit yesterday when he decided to do one of his "...oh, I'm just looking..." kinds of inspections on my bike. It took him about 45 seconds to discover a drywall nail protruding from my rear tyre! (it's a matter of conjecture as to where I picked it up- the only place I've been where construction was going on was in Centerville, Nevada...) I gingerly withdrew the offending object from the tread with pliers, and thankfully it entered at an angle which missed the inner tube. Thanks for your discriminating eyes, Alan!

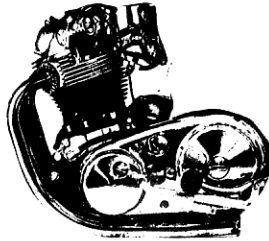
Hanging yer dirty laundry out to dry

Dept.: Seems like there's a wee bit of scuttlebutt going around that I intend to not only take on the Club's edict to expand the Notice to 20 pages next month, but I am further rumored to take on the Beneveds' resigned office of Secretary/Treasurer as well. In the immortal words of Gabby Hayes, when asked by Clint Eastwood in an old "Rawhide" episode if he knew how to cook buffalo so it tasted like beef: "...nope."

Good galloping boogers, people, this is YOUR club. Assume a position other than tickling the carburetors! It might actually tear you away from the telly...

Another enthusiast comes into the fold... I guess that after years of printing this newsletter, reading it, and occasionally drooling over the centerfolds, John Follett finally took the plunge- I got a very excited call from him yesterday evening- turns out he bought a 1969 Fastback! Congradulations, John, and ferchrissake, be careful on that thing. Those ballbusters can move like lightening....

Which brings us full circle to where this column started- It's clouding over again, and the temperature has dropped 18 degrees in the last half-hour- I'd better get out the lightening rod for the Mark 3...



The Old Timer's Ride- 1991

By Mike Burnham, Rides Marshall

Keeping with tradition, the Old Timer's Ride was delayed one half hour to accommodate the eating habits of Phil Radford. All seriousness aside, a slow start for this particular event is most appropriate. I still haven't decided if the oldest Brit was the above-mentioned gourmand's 1937 ES2, or Lynne Miller. (Who else can I pick on?)... ah, yes: that Sirota character- has anyone ever seen this guy go all the way on any ride yet?

Anyway, back to basics- About 22 bikes started the ride from Alices', with about seventeen bikes finishing the ride... losing four- not to mechanical failure, but to people going their own separate ways. The only mechanical problem was Howard "Sneaky" Johnston's newly acquired ES2 nipping up on the way to Alices (which was the real reason for Phil being late, as he rode with Howard on the way up.) And, YES!!! Art actually finished a ride! I still can't decide about the oldest bike, though. Of the 20-odd bikes, there were 3 ES2s, a model 18, a 1955 Model 18, a 1955 Model 88, a 1967 P11, and the usual brigade of Commandos. Non-Nortons included two Vincents, a Panther, a BSA single, a Harley, a BMW R60, and a Moto Guzzi or two... a very eclectic assortment of machinery. I'm certain that I left out a machine or two, and I apologise for any bruised feelings.

The route went from Alices down La Honda Rd. to San Gregorio, then south on Stage Road to Pescadero. Stage Road is perfect for old motorcycles; the whole area is rather rustic. From Pescadero, we went East on Pescadero Road, and from there back to 35. It was a mere 40 miles, but gave the feeling of a much longer ride. (That, and the fact that we stopped four times.) I was kidding about that afterward, but what the hell- the machinery deserved some TLC. In any case, we did enjoy ourselves. Some of us decided to go back to Alices and enjoy a beer. This quickly changed to lemonade, as the CHP and sheriff's deputies

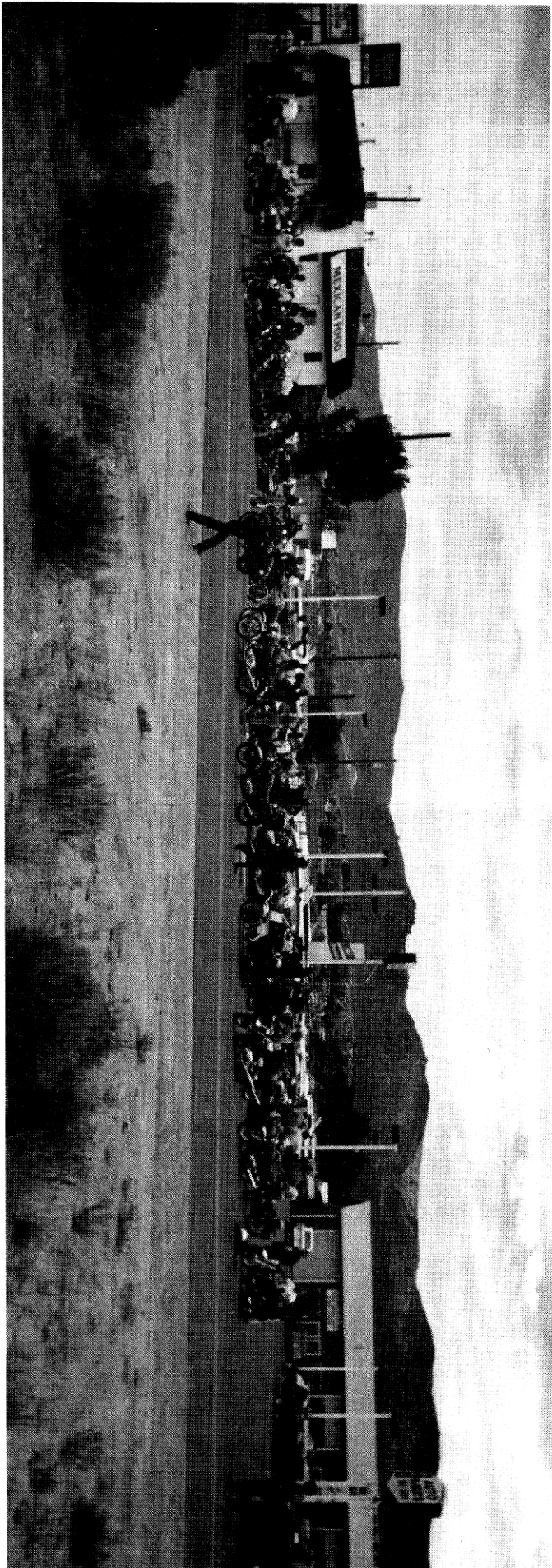
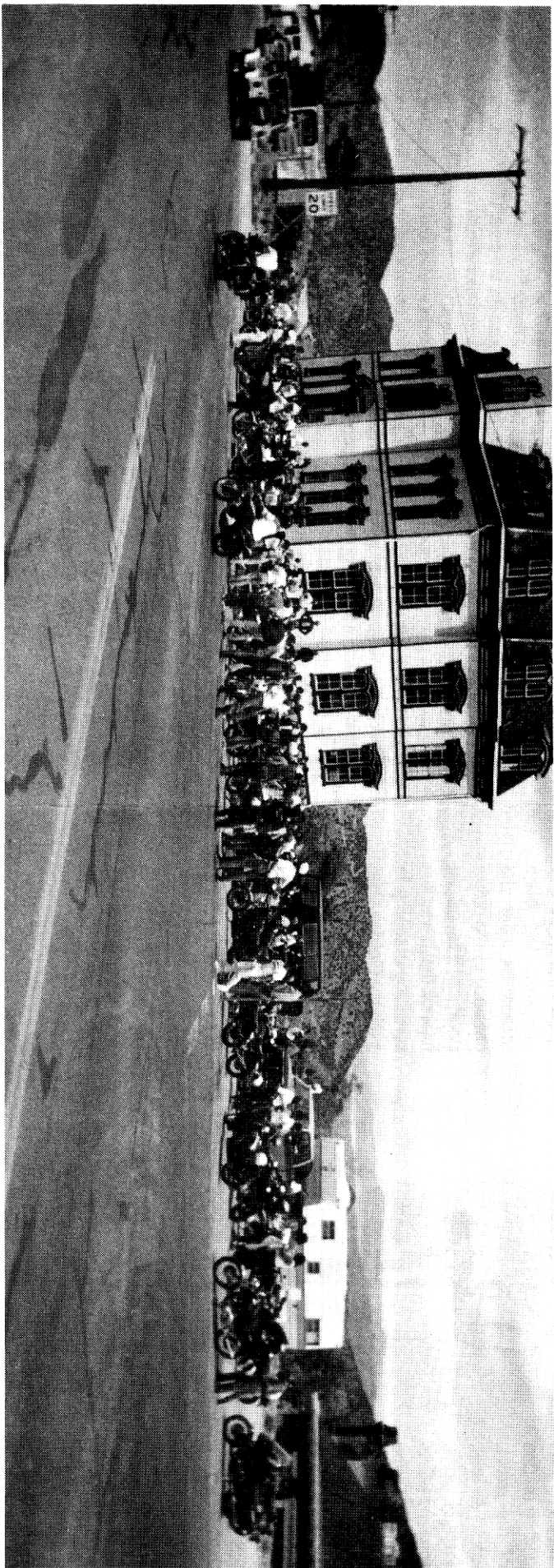
were everywhere.

It is the opinion of Lynne Miller, the Club President, that this could become a major event- bringing out large numbers of old motorcycles of various marquis. I agree, but it would take a great deal of planning. If you start now, Lynne, you just might make it (Ed's Note: If you're looking for that kind of exposure, why not get our Publicity Officer to approach the City Bike people?... maybe charge a \$5 registration fee, to ensure British-only marquis?... maybe even rent the Cow Palace???)

Which brings me to the subject of ride coordinators in general. During my tenure as ride coordinator, I have learned a great deal about how this job should be run. I haven't applied everything I've learned, but would like to share some of my thoughts. First of all, the job should be one of general organizing, and less actual planning of nearly every ride. What I'm talking about is greater participation among the ranks. In other words, the coordinator should, for example, decide to have a North-Bay Ride for the next month, and a South Bay Ride for the following month, and also set the dates to prevent minimal conflict with other events occurring during that time. Then, appoint someone from those respective areas to plan and lead the actual ride, within a framework of suggestions from the Ride Coordinator. I believe that, done this way, we could have a much more interesting calendar of rides. At any rate- if I am to continue this assignment next year, it will be in this context- as I have volunteered to be in charge of next year's Raffle Bike, and I will have my hands full! On the other hand, if someone out there is sufficiently motivated to assume the position of Ride Coordinator for 1992- *speak up!*

Ah, yes... the raffle bike. In case you didn't attend the last meeting at the Prince of Wales Pub, I rather dramatically volunteered to be in charge of the project. It must have been the third pint of Watney's Red Barrel. The project is already in my garage, and ripe for restoration. It is a 1970 Fastback with a '71 motor, and I plan to waste no time on it. As far

continued on page 13



The Vincent Rally

...by I. Pushtit Holme

Like some rare exotic species of tropical insect that only swarms once every three years, The time came once again last night for the Vincent-HRD Owners Club to kick off their International Rally. The rally always takes place in a different country, so many British Bike enthusiasts from all over the world congregated at the Rococo Gallery in San Francisco for dinner, dancing, and elitist tyre kicking.

The organizers of the party had arranged for the one-way street behind the club to be closed off, and by 7:00 PM, over thirty Vincents had lined up on one side of the street, various Ariels, Velocettes, Nortons, Triumphs and BSAs had lined up on the other side, and lots of people from various age groups mingled among the relics in the pleasant evening air. One VOC member, Munemichi Nosaka, had travelled all the way to San Francisco from his home in Tokyo just to attend this Rally. Another member, Alfred Lloyd, had shipped his Vincent from England to Toronto, and then ridden it alone all the way to California.

Food from different parts of the world

was featured with stations set up serving Italian, Chinese and Mexican fare. Tables were set up inside the club or outside on the one-way street. The music started around seven with a six piece band, the Crocodiles. A real clean Vincent Series 'D' Black Shadow was suspended from a beam above the dance floor. (I danced a few numbers with a Glitteringly attired young lady from Menlo Park who rides a BSA, but decided not to tempt fate and avoided the area directly beneath the hanging Vincent. Somebody told me later that the owner of the machine recently had his license suspended...)

At one point during the festivities, I thought a smoke machine had been turned on near the entrance to the dance floor, but I found out later on that it was just some fog creeping in from the Golden Gate Bridge.

It was a very well organized, first class event with great food, ample parking, nice people, good music, and beautiful British motorcycles. Kudos to the hard-working, dedicated Vincent-lovers who put this party together. I hope the rest of their rally comes off with as much success.



NOC Member Profile

by John Covell

Name: John Bria

Age: 50

City Resident: San Carlos

Marital Status: Married; daughter

Occupation: Computer consultant to Hewlett-Packard

NOC Member since: 1989

First Involvement with NOC: Bought a Commando from Ken Armann, who said membership with the NOC was a prerequisite to owning the bike.

Club offices held/years: none

Norton(s) owned/described: a Commando named "B.J."

Other motorcycles owned: '73 BMW R75S.

What first interested you in the Norton?

Mostly the looks...it seemed to be doing 100 mph even when standing still. By coincidence, met Ken Armann's wife, who introduced him to Ken, "...who rebuilt Nortons," at which point he (John) went nuts. Ken rebuilt a basket case for him and, though initial plan was to use the Nort for a Sunday morning ride, in fact the Beemer's getting lonely.

Other hobbies/interests of note: Real first love in life is music; has a dixieland band that has been together for about a year and is starting to get a lot of gigs. Plays Clarinet and Saxophone (tenor, alto & soprano)

Favorite motorcycling road or ride: State route 88/89 through Jackson area, but hasn't yet done it on the Norton.

If you could redesign the Norton, what one thing would you like to change?

How and why? Not much of a mechanic, he'd just like to try to do it with something

other than Lucas electrics.

Favorite or most embarrassing episode on a Norton: "One of my first rides was on a Norton, I borrowed one of Ken's and I was winding it out on a little street in San Jose and the throttle cable stuck open after I'd punched 3rd out pretty heavily, doing about 70. I had to do a little pants change after that one."

Thank You!

...Playing Hookie

an observation

by Andy McKerral

It starts out with something similar to "I don't think I can stand one more day like yesterday" or, "If I have to put up with that incompetent jerk for another second, I'm gonna break his kneecaps!"

These are symptoms of a very common disease here in the Bay Area called Job Burnout. Fortunately for us Norton owners, there exists a way to get on the road to speedy recovery from this malady: by playing hookey.

In order to do this correctly, you must plan your escape- but do so with a minimum of detail, so as not to spoil the illusion of spontaneity. All you really need to do is listen to Leo Chilino's weather forecast in the afternoon to get some idea of what the weather will be like tomorrow morning at the coast. Then, in the wee hours of the next morning's dawn, you quietly leave for Woodside Road...

There is a sense of wierdness as you push your snort through the twisties going up 84 west- no legions of bicycle riders!- no shiny pastel plastic Japanese 2 wheeled blurs screaming past the speed traps which the San Mateo County Sheriff's

Department so thoughtfully provides during "Amateur Day" (otherwise referred to as Sunday). No hotshot executive secretaries out for their first drive in their new Jeep Cherokees- just you, the road, and the air rushing past the helmet. You look over your shoulder during that second hairpin turn on the way up and see the orange-gray sludge hanging over the Bay a thousand feet below you, and feel contented to let all that voice mail, deadline and quarterly report bullshit choke on it's own smoggy vomit.

Face it, man- you're free!

You actually get served your breakfast at Alices six minutes after ordering it! You get to engage *that* waitress there in morning conversation: and oh, darn!... she isn't wearing a bra today. You know it's gonna be a good ride.

Tooling down through the mountains westward on 84- the heady, voluptuous aromas of eucalyptus and Pacific pine fill your head from the morning dew distilling from the trees. The sunlight is strong when it isn't filtered through photochemical poison, and the shadows on the bark of the redwood trees are eerie contrasts to the ice-blue sky.

It's getting cooler as you putt past La Honda, and you chuckle to yourself- they oughtta rename it La Norton. Further down you go, taking the twisties as they come, and breeze past the farms and open spaces. By the time you cross Stage Road, the inevitable happens- you slam into the marine layer like a ton of bricks. The fog is dense, and blankets the world here with a razor sharp cold that's almost painful for a few moments- but the contrast to where you've just been is just as fascinating.

South on US 1 at San Gregorio- the

aroma changes from the ethereal to earthy scents of moss, beached seaweed, and salt air. The cold air rushing past your ankles makes damn sure that you're alert enough to take on this ghostly world of gray shadows, crashing waves, and sand dunes. An awesome wave comes to shore just as you're driving by Pescadero State Beach, and you feel pretty insignificant watching all that power being released.

Then suddenly- as abruptly as you found it- you break out of the fog at Bean Hollow. As you wipe the mist off your face shield, you spot a mother sea lion a hundred yards off shore, teaching her two cubs how to dive for abalone.

The road is straight and fast here- and together with the cool ocean air, the Norton approves with the steady sound of pusrods and solid passing power as you get around that farm truck loaded down with hay.

Before you know it, you pass the Santa Cruz County Line. It's an agricultural area here near the coast, and you've hit it at just the right time of year... artichoke plants pregnant with their fruit, and as big as a whole Safeway produce department. Lettuce fields, and people stooped down picking parsley.

Then, you begin to pick up urban sprawl north of Santa Cruz, and it's time for a cup of coffee. You stop at the 7-11 near the U.C campus- and everything seems different here: people actually smile at you, and say Good Morning without asking you if you have any spare change. The checker actually speaks intelligible English, and has her makeup on tastefully.

The uniform of the day here is spandex bottoms and bikini tops- I can hang with that. Then for a bit of local sidestreet exploration- made much easier without

the weekend warriors terrorizing the populace. What a neat old town! What impresses you is that people in the coffee shops like to talk: engaging in friendly conversation with total strangers used to be a way of life I learned to miss a long time ago. Thank God the '89 quake didn't completely destroy it. Yeah, there are still small remnants of what happened here two years ago, but still you get the impression that these people love spandex and surf too much to leave. Frankly, if I were in their shoes, I wouldn't either.

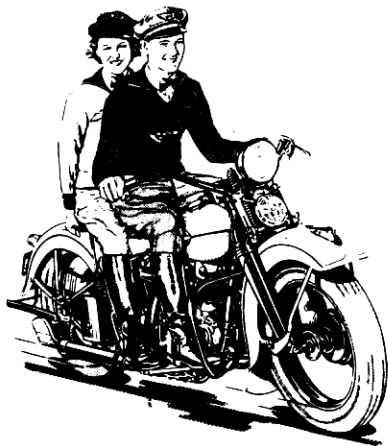
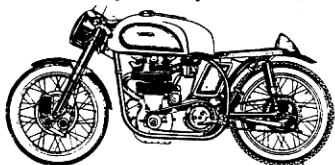
It's time to go back- you're too tempted to chuck it all in and move here. It's 2:30 PM- Hwy. 17 would be shorter, but would it be worth it? Well, on Monday afternoon, what the hell...

NO TRAFFIC! It's great- and if that weren't enough, they have almost 2/3 of the eastbound lanes repaved with that new bituminous pebble asphalt- the kind of stuff your Avons love 'coz it's so damn smooth... the traction is better when it's wet because water runs off more quickly. The corners you used to dread and see your life flash by your eyes are now easy, comfortable twisties. Before you know it, you shoot past Los Gatos, and back into the smog.

20 minutes later, you pull up to the house and take off your helmet. Though you resign yourself to the fact that it's over, you feel like you can face the next day with some measure of aplomb.

Then suddenly, the wife unit comes out to greet you.

"How was your day at work, dear?"



The Old Timer's Ride ...cont'd from Page 8

as the parts are concerned, it seems to need very little. If you would like to volunteer some labor, my number is in the Notice. Although I don't intend to spend gobs of money on it, I'm not going to screw around. It's going to be done right, and I'm not going to take any shit. You have to realize that this machine will not only reflect the standards of our Club, but also the BSA Club and the shops that agree to display it. Yes- I said the BSA Club: They have graciously agreed to let us raffle it off at their next Clubman's Event *in lieu of one of their own bikes.*

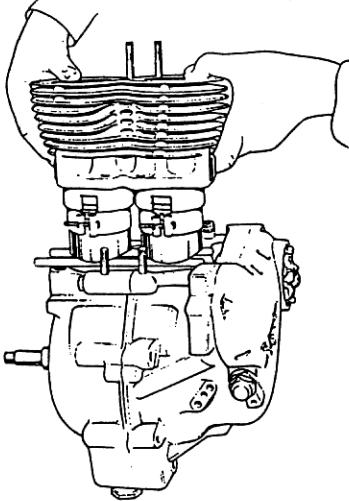
And, as for the shops, you just can't fool the experience of of a Bob Raber or a Mean Marshall, and they wouldn't appreciate their shops to be used to raffle off a piece of junk.

Back to the rides stuff. October 20 is a big event in Lodi. Vintage TT, short track, and swap meet. Instead of a ride, let's just meet there (on our bikes, of course) and make it an event. There will be a need for people in their different ares to get together so you don't ride alone, so talk to each other. See you there!

Oh. I almost forgot. The Danmeier Ride is in November. Be there.

Classified Advertisements

For Sale- '75 Commando 850- John Player
solours, 5300 miles. \$3200. Also, a Royal
Enfield, '67 Interceptor- \$3300. Call Jerry
at (408)263-7428, after 6:00 PM.

**Advertisement Rates**

	<u>1/4 P</u>	<u>1/2 P</u>	<u>Full Pg.</u>
6 Mos.	\$35	\$70	\$140

1 Yr.	\$60	\$120	\$240
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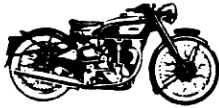
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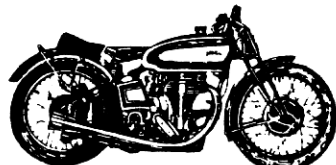
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