



# Norton Notice



The Newsletter of the Norton Owners Club

No. 163

December, 1991

*So Long, 1991*



*.....at least  
we're leaving  
it in style*



## Norton Notice

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

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# 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.

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## Upcoming Events

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### Club Rides Schedule

**December 8th:** Destination-San Mateo Fairgrounds Motorcycle Swap Meet!!!! We start at Alice's at Skylonda and depart at 10:00 AM. Show up early to tank up on coffee.

#### Important Notice:

The 1992 Club Rides Schedule will be published in it's entirety in the January edition of the Norton Notice. Monthly reminders as to destination and details will continue to be published in this space.

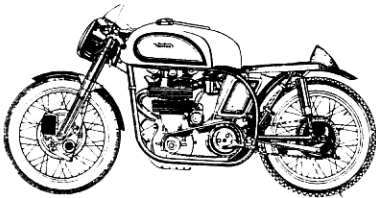
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### Events Calendar

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

**December 15th (Sunday)-** The Northern California Norton Owner's Club Christmas Party at The Farmhouse in Redwood City- starts at 5:00 PM. Cost: \$14.00 per person. Call CJ Jollife at (415) 637-1123 for details and reservations.



### 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.

**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!

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### Graphics Contributions

#### Photography:

Gerald Mauricio, Andy McKerral, John Bria, Lynne Miller

**Printing, Data Entry Help, Halftone Screening and Holding the Editor's Hand:**

John and Carrie Follett  
White Oak Press

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## Over The Bars . . . by Lynne Miller, President

It has been a great year for the Northern California Norton Owners Club. Every event we held this year has been successful, without exception. The Rally, the rides, the meetings, and the overall membership participation have built the club to a new level. I don't think that there are many clubs with the overall enthusiasm of ours.

Events like Don Danmeier's second annual Fiftieth Birthday Party, and Art Sirota's Norton Club Picnic have put a new comradeship and esprit de corps into our Club. As a purely volunteer organization we manage through cooperation and available time to make things work. I offer congratulations to everyone in the Norton Club for a job well done.

The image of our Club is reflected in the Norton Notice, and the Norton Notice reflects the time and care that Andy McKerral puts into it. It has become a first-class publication that has gone beyond the realm of amateur and into a benchmark for club newsletters. Let's all make more of an effort to keep Andy supplied with material and let's get it to him on time. *Mea culpa, magna est vis consuetudinis!*

I also congratulate Brad Green on two items: first, the quality and accuracy of the minutes turned in each month are above the quality of most organizations; and second, the Brew Pub On The Green is

a great place to hold meetings. I hope we can encourage our Berkeley and other East Bay people to attend our meetings there. Are you reading this, Susan!?

And speaking of Susan, I attended a showing of Susan Woods art work at Bisons in Berkely. It ran for the month of October and if you missed it, I am sure that she will let us know when the next one is coming up. Very large, powerful works with some very interesting subjects. I like them!

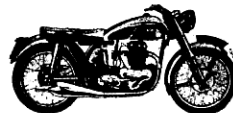
I am looking forward to the NOC Annual Christmas Party on December 15th at the Farmhouse in Redwood City. **Do not forget to call in your RSVP to C.J. Jolliff at (415) 637-1123 by December 7th.** It is going to be the best ever, and don't forget my black tie challenge.

Who knows what else might happen?! Rumor has it that...

Don't forget our meeting on December 12th at Tontos in San Francisco. This will be the meeting when we elect our Club Officers for next year.

I wish you all Happy Holidays, Happy Hanukkah, Merry Christmas, a wonderful Winter Solstice, and a very happy New Year.

That's it for this frosty, wrapped up and gloved chat *Over The Bars*.



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## Minutes of November Meeting

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The November, 1991 gathering of the NOC was held at our new East Bay meeting location, Brew Pub on the Green in Fremont. 25 members were present, with approximately 10 bikes parked out front.

The customary introductions were made all around the room.

The treasury balance showed a negative balance (!?) A verbal breakdown of accounts payable was given by Lani Beneveds.

After much discussion, it was decided to secure a swap space for the Club to display the Raffle Bike and sell paraphernalia at the upcoming San Mateo Swap Meet on December 8th. Due to the current status of the treasury, my helmet was passed for donations to raise the swap space fee. Mike Burnham suggested that the December Club Ride would meet at Alice's and proceed to the Swap Meet at the San Mateo County Fairgrounds on December 8th. Mike also stated that the Raffle Bike is expected to be completed in time for the swap meet and tickets will be on sale for \$1.00 each.

Nominations for the 1992 Club Officers will be held at our December meeting at Tonto's in San Francisco, with elections taking place at the Annual Club Christmas Party on December 15th at the Farmhouse in Redwood City.

Andy's Notice Report stated that we are two months in arrears on our printing bill payable to new club member John Follett.

Since changing to a 20 page Notice format, Andy voiced his displeasure with the lack of input and consistantly late

submittles for publication. Once again the deadline is the 21st of each month. Lynne confessed that he is as guilty as anyone for submitting late material and that we must all buckle down and be on time for Andy.

The idea of a possible California Rally next summer was discussed at length. Feelers will be sent out regarding this idea to the Southern California folks, as well as the Northwest NOC chapter.

Anyone interested in attending and/or riding to the official INOA Rally in New Hampshire next summer should contact Bob Newman at PO Box 1291, Sausalito, CA 94966, or call at (415)331-7216

A motion was made to send a representative from our chapter to attend the 1992 scheduling conference this winter for all European Owner's Clubs.

A Raffle Bike Committee will be formed to assist Mike Burnham with the showing of the Raffle Bike at all swap meets, shows and gatherings to obtain maximum exposure (and maximum ticket sales).

Leo showed off new club tee shirts and paraphernalia.

The meeting adjourned at 9:20 PM.

*Bradley Green, Club Scribe*

The logo for Norton, featuring the word "Norton" in a stylized, bold, black font with a thick outline. The letters are slightly irregular and have a classic, vintage feel.

## Side Trips

by Andy McKerral, Editor

After venting my spleen at last month's club meeting in Fremont, I'm pleased to report that there are lots of new and different things in the Notice this month. I thank those who contributed the material, and commend them for the excellent quality, subject matter and creativity that went into each and every submittal. If a jaded old bastard like me can find reason to laugh hard enough to lose bladder control at a parody of Edgar Allen Poe, it's gotta be good.

However, if I don't say what's on my mind this month, my teeth will fall out. (Look out folks... I feel an honestagawd Editorial coming on-)

It doesn't take a whole lot of intellectual superiority to figure out why this country is in the mess it is. Without violating the bounds of politicizing this publication, and to cut down on the verbage, it boils down to apathy. In spite of the human race's modern, unparalleled ability to communicate and exchange ideas, most folks today conveniently prefer to let someone else do the work of supporting their lifestyles, maintaining their security, and providing their entertainment. While it's true that this same apathetic bent has historically been a fundamental detrement to progress, we as a people are beginning to pay the price for staying away from the voting booths, keeping our indignation to ourselves, and not participating in public forums; we're losing our freedoms, we're getting neanderthal leadership, we're losing our intellectual grip in the world community- in short, we're going to hell in a handbasket because the common Everyman has decided to let someone else do the work for

him.

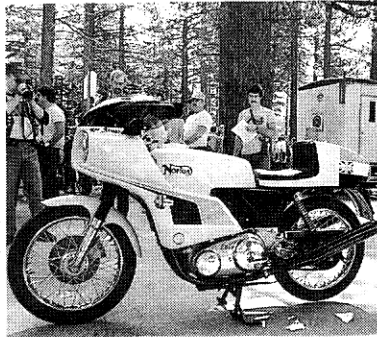
Our Club is beginning to become a microcosm of this kind of thinking. I shouldn't have to take up precious time in a Club Meeting by chastising the attending membership for inactivity, when that time could have been better spent organizing a worthwhile, beneficial activity. And the pathetic truth of the matter is that my comments were largely misdirected! At least the people who came to the meeting were demonstrating a level of interest and participation. Those who could attend, but didn't, were sorely missed.

I won't deny the facts- and I won't argue with President Lynne Miller that 1991 was an exceptional year for the Club. Indeed, it was neat to be a part of so many great activities, and help other folks enjoy them as much as I did. But I can't help but think how much better

the members who missed out on those events would feel, sharing in mingling with some really special people who work very hard to make this club enjoyable for everybody.

I'm as lousy as the next guy in keeping ANY New Year's Resolutions... 1991 will NOT be the year that I give up smoking, drinking,

and carrying on (actually, for 21 consecutive years of at least *considering* giving up at least two of the abovethree, I can't be a totally lost cause...). But there's one set of resolutions I intend to hold onto like a pit bull in a butcher shop- I'm gonna perform the duties of Editor and Publisher with the best that my imagination, time and resources allow- I'm gonna find new and better ways to make the Notice continue to evolve into the publication it SHOULD be- and I'm gonna tirelessly pursue the inactive membership for material. *There isn't a single person in this Club who doesn't have something unique, interesting, and informative to share with the rest of us- Just so you know... "Ah'm gonna gücha-"*



## November Ride Report and

### Raffle Bike Update

by Mike Burnham, Rides Marshall

For months now I had been looking forward to the "Don Danmeier Second Annual All-British Birthday Ride". Finally, at last... it happened. Forty-plus British machines were present, with all the popular marques represented, save for Velocette. These multi-club events are a real gas. The entire event was very well planned, with an initial British Bike Club Members Only check-in before breakfast, maps with all of the designated stops, and an excellent route. We took the back roads out of Novato through Fairfax and on past Alpine Dam and up to and over Bolinas Ridge, then down to the Coast and north on Hwy. 1 to Pt. Reyes Station for gas and B.S.

From here, we headed back through more of Marin County's perfect motorcycle roads. At Don and Shirley's, we were treated to one helluva barbeque. Don and Shirley are such good hosts, they even had awards for their favorite machines. Best Norton went to Lawrence Gill for his unrestored 1955 Model 88- and speaking of awards, Art Sirota gets the "Big Weenie Award" for refusing to ride his Matchless through some gravel because he has nobby tires!!!! I fully intend to get some mileage out of this one.

My own personal favorite was Jim Meadow's cafe Triumph Cub, which he humorously dubbed his "Truxton Clubmans". He mercilessly thrashed the bejeezus outta this thing, dropped it, got back up, and flogged it some more. Rumor has it that this is the machine he uses during the preparation of his famous "Road Kill Chili". For those of you who missed this one, you missed something very special.

The next Club Ride has been modified (again). It was originally planned for the 15th. However, the the 8th is the City Bike Swap Meet at the San Mateo County Fairgrounds,

and it was decided to show the Raffle Bike at this event, due to the need to sell tickets. So instead of meeting at Alices and going to Santa Cruz, it's meet at Alices and go to the swap meet.

And speaking of the Raffle Bike...

November 19th, 9:35 PM- it is once again a rolling chassis. Thank God. All (almost) the fasteners have been replated in cadmium, including such things as the engine oil feed pipes, coil clips, and muffler brackets. Frame, swingarm, battery tray, front isolastic mount, triple clamps, and license plate mount have been powder coated. The power unit has been completely gone through by the meticulous hands of Phil Radford, with the exterior of the motor receiving the deluxe Radford touch. Myron painted cylinders, and stainless fasteners throughout. The clutch basket was upgraded by welding the steel backing plate to it, instead of relying on those silly roll pins. The engine cradle was modified by putting set screws in the swing arm spindle tube. It now has tapered roller steering head bearings, and the single row wheel bearings were replaced with the fully sealed type. The double rollers were cleaned and repacked, as was the speedo drive. The tach drive was modified to accept an honest to goodness seal, thanks again to Phil. It has fresh Isolastics, new fork seals, and the center and side stand have been repaired by Lawrence Gill- they now work as they once did as new. I'll bet most of you don't even know what a pre-1971 side stand is supposed to look like, such was their tendency to break. The wiring harness is in, as well as the speedo and tach, along with their cables. From here on out, it's mostly body work and sheet metal. I dropped off the side cover and oil tank with Maya Lai, who in turn is taking them to be painted.

So- see you at the swap meet in San Mateo... and buy some tickets!

## The Restoration

(...or, The Other Woman In My Life Lives In The Garage)

By John and Carrie Follett

*"Born to be wiilllddd... Born to be wiilllddd.... DUM- dum, dum, dum..."*

*The wind is rushing around me- my Norton is vibrating like a 25 cent trip on a Motel 6 bed between my legs- As I go down the road, girls are smiling at me... oh yeah! Other bikers are giving me thumbs up left and right. **MAN- THIS IS THE LIFE!***

"Honey- time to get up."

*Boy, this is just the way I always imagined it would be!*

"Johnny, time to get up...**WAKE UP!**"

*Oh, man, it was only a dream.*

"Why were you smiling in your sleep, honey?"

"Oh, no reason... I must have been dreaming of you, dear."

"How sweet. Well, you'd better get up and go to Rabers, then get to work on that Norton."

Right. "That Norton" is the one in the garage that looks like the exploded view in the workshop manual. The one I started working on from back to front that just kept getting worse and worse: footpegs from around the world in different shapes in 7 sizes, a Japanese kickstart lever leaning out precariously, motocross handlebars complete with a plastic clutch lever, a wonderful designer rust-colored final drive chain which was sagging in the middle with old age stretch. These all have to go. Replacement time, along with the brakes, tyres, air box assembly (or lack thereof), and cables- just to begin with! Soon, my bike is scattered around the Bay Area, and my wife is pulling in favors from all of her friends. The fender and chain guard are in San Carlos getting bead blasted at a place my wife found.

Then, they are taken to her friend Dan's for powder coating. The fastback tail section is at a body shop which specializes in fiberglass repair, and getting a metal plate in the end piece to correct what appears to be a chronic problem of mounting holes breaking off with that famous vibration. (The piece looked like such a hunk-o-junk that the guy didn't even want to waste his time giving an estimate-but when my wife explained to him what was underneath the spray can finish, he gladly took on the job... for a price.)

Then it and the tank were brought to her friend Dave who did the paint job- ten coats of "Pull Me Over, Officer" Red. By now, I'm spending Saturday mornings at Rabers (key word here is spending, but much thanks go to Bob and Mike for all their help) and trying to get the bike together so that when everything else is done we can put it back together... quite a time schedule.

I'm almost living in the garage. Whoever said that a man's home is his castle was close... it really is his garage. I'm not allowed in the house after working on the bike without first removing all of my clothes... either because I'm so filthy, or that my wife likes to see me run around in my skivvies. Then she figures that instead of that Other Woman- "That Norton" occupying the bulk of my time, she joins me. She does the intricate wiring fixes- holding, pushing, pulling, and other small hand and finger work. I had to take her to get a manicure so that she could go to the symphony with me. She got big laughs there, explaining why her fingers and fingernails were still a little tinged with black.

As funds and time allow, we are getting the thing back together. I get nervous about the timing as everything is getting close to being done. I'm still waiting for silencers I ordered from the UK. I'm at the point where I can't imagine what it's going to look like when it's finished. Will it all come together? The question of the hour-**EVERY** hour. I'm just waiting now for the painted parts to finish the reassembly... so I spend my time with the only



extra part that came with the bike- the elusive dzus fastener, still in it's original parts box. When we got it, we weren't sure what it was, but after much searching, I've decided that I'm going to use the only genuine Norton part that came with the bike. So, after many a sleepless night, I finally came up with a workable idea , but I won't be sure until I get the painted side panel back from Dave. The waiting game.

I get home from work and my wife is waiting to take me to the garage. *Tah-Daah!* It's the painted parts! They're hot... the color is perfect. After allowing the paint to cure for the appropriate amount of time, it gets rubbed and polished out. BABY! Then the final touch- the (very expensive, but I'm worth it) tank and tail medallions need to be put on. After such a bitchin' paint job, I didn't want to put any kind of tape on the painted pieces while the adhesive dried. My wife came up with another one of her wild ideas... hair tape! Hair Tape?! I didn't even know such a ting existed, so she sent me to the store and- sure enough- there it was, pink with a very light adhesive backing. It worked great! (She sure comes up with some wild ones!)

The unveiling... and after many hours of therapeutic work and a small fortune, it was worth it. She's a beauty- could bring tears to my eyes, if I wasn't such a man (grunt). A Man's Bike... THIS man's bike. Yeah!

**Next Month-  
The Three Foot Flame  
(...or How to BBQ with your Norton)**

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### Special Notice

Kathie Green, wife of our Recording Secretary, recently underwent a very serious surgical procedure.

The outcome proved successful, and she is now at home, recovering (or, in Brad's words, "Not resting anywhere near as much as she should."

Give her a call, and wish her a speedy recovery. She's a great help to our club, and we should show our appreciation.

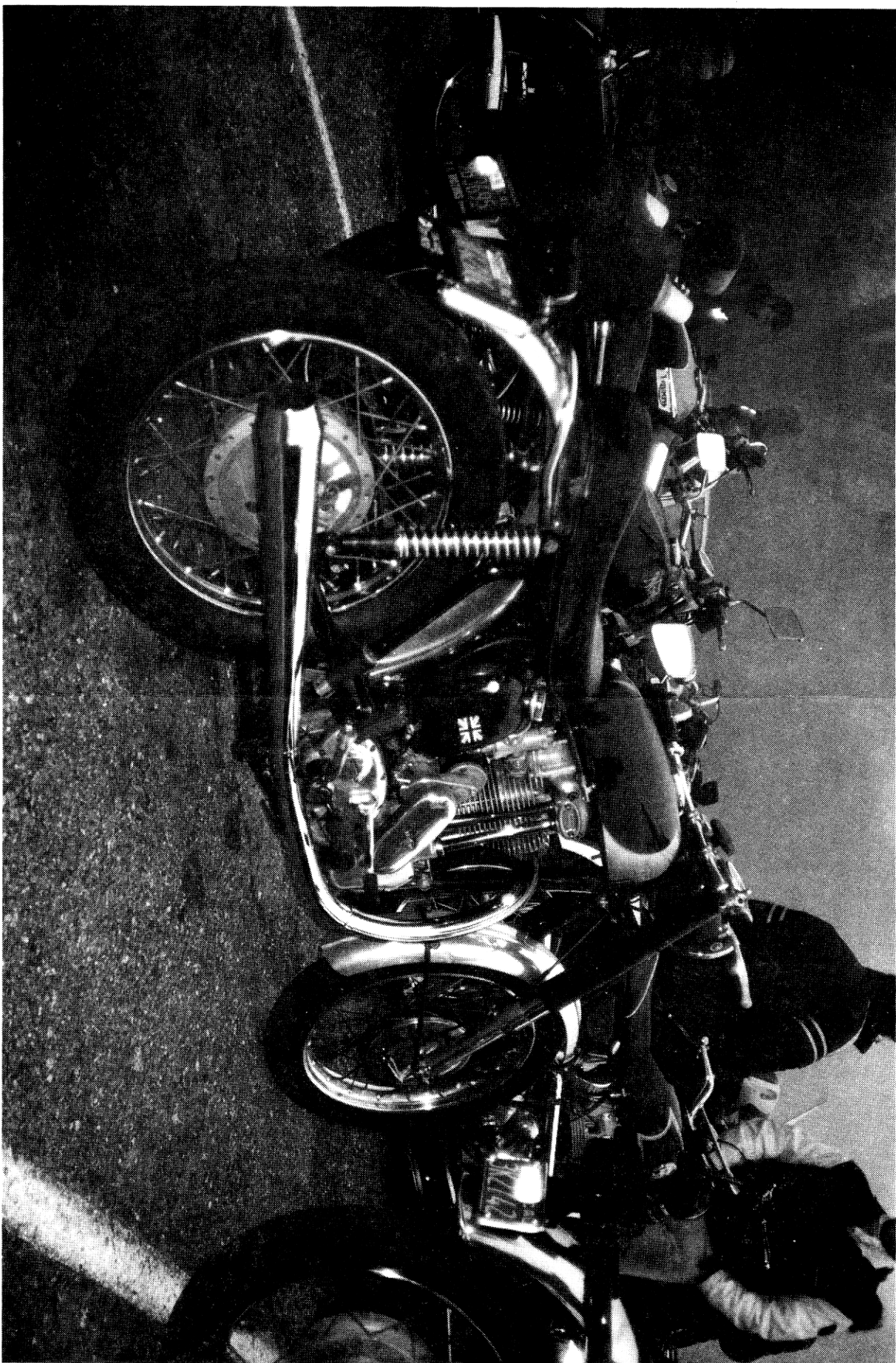
### A Response...

John Covell's "A Random Thought" in last month's issue hit home with me. I'm not sure if an alliance with the "green" movement is the correct answer, but motorcyclists sure do have an image problem. Most of the bikers I've run across have been of the reasonably sane variety, particularly when contrasted with the "outlaw" types that evoke responses from the more genteel portions of the populace. For the most part, we are well-behaved, "nice" folks that don't deserve the reputation which we wear the burdon of, because we love motorcycles.

Occasionally , there will be an ad aimed at the general public in which a manufacturer tries to demonstrate that motorcycling is a "fun" sport involving "normal" people. I suspect that these ads may be fairly effective, but they are pretty infrequent- certainly not enough to turn the tide of public opinion on their own. The AMA seems to make a fair effort at improving the image, but they seem to focus on racing activities more heavily than the recreational riding that most of us engage in.

I believe that the most effective means of improving our image is through direct contact. We all have numerous opportunities to affect this image every time we ride. We can have an impact through our riding habits (no, I'm not going to jump into this area, even with my little toe), but I think we can do more whenever we are stopped. Nortons draw a certain amount of attention from a lot of people. Folks who might never ride seem to show an interest in the bike (probably drawn more by the lines than a specific knowledge of the bike). How do we react to these people? Are we friendly and appreciative of their interest? Or, do we slough them off, and go on about our business? I'm not talking about recruiting members or riders here, just taking that little bit of extra time to help improve the image. I seem to recall some discussion awhile back about having a ride to some place where we could show our bikes to

*continued on Page Seventeen*



## The Danmeier Ride... as seen from the eyes of the Guilty

by Don Danmeier

The first rest stop outside of Fairfax gave Lynne Miller a chance to do a bike count: we had 57 assorted pieces of British machinery cooling at the roadside, and perhaps a half-dozen others were to show later, being strung out on the road behind us. Word had it from some crotch-rocket riders coming from the other direction that the route ahead had been recently paved and gravelled, and was all ICKY. Without a lot of debate, the assembled crowd decided that we were not pussies, and so press on we did.

As it turned out, that stretch-as planned- was the most scenic and exciting of our little tour... although some loose gravel existed, it had largely been blown off by auto traffic. Redwood needles, as usual, were the greatest hazard: they tend to accumulate in little windrows where the road sneaks through the canyons up to Bolinas Ridge. Western Marin County generally provides delightful riding, and this warm, clear, sunny November Sunday was no exception. We had a little bit of everything: cow country, madrone and redwood canyons, back-country lakes, spectacular views of Mount Tamalpias, Coastal Route One with it's diminutive rural towns, and a couple of pit stops along the way to allow the horde to dismount and swap lies. The sight and sound of that much British one, two, three and four-cylinder equipment snaking through the country lanes was pretty stimulating. I know that for a fact, because when they thumped, rumbled, roared and

purred to a stop at our place afterward, food and drink laid on for 80 disappeared without any trouble whatever.

Last year at this time, I'd decided to obviate the goofy "surprises" that would certainly eventuate on my 50th birthday by throwing my own party, preceded by a ride, all of which was centered around wallowing around a gaggle of bikes- specifically, my favorite kind, and the people who ride 'em (my pals). It was so much fun that we did it again this year, but opening it up to members of any of the recognized BritBike Clubs (instead of those that I belonged to). Of course, the strays were easily corralled, and about ten new members were signed to the Norton, BSA, Triumph, and Royal Enfield Owners Clubs. Great crowd: all clubmen, all British-mounted; a barbecue in the midst of an outdoor museum.

My thanks (*OUR* thanks) to my sweetie, Shirley Soucie, for organizing and preparing the culinary delights, as well as Don and Sharon Kayser, Gracie Goodpaster, Shenli Soucie and the ladies of the BSA Owners Club: Gayle Skrocki, Linda Whalen, Pam Starr, and the indefatigable Patti Meadows. And-making a *rare* public appearance was the ever-popular BSAOC correspondent, Maggie Neato, who managed (with a minimum exposure of flesh and maximum of leather) to present awards for the "neatest" bike of each marque represented.

*(Ed's. Note:* Every single account I've had of this event has pissed me off- every attendee swears by the great comraderie and excellent hospitality of the attending participants. So why am I pissed? 'Coz I had'ta work that weekend! I'm planning on being unemployed this time next year so that I can attend!)

**The Klassic Kulture Korner**

**Editor's Note:** I can't remember when I heard such rumblings from Edgar Allen Poe's grave clear back from Richmond, Virginia...

**The Agent**

by **I. Pushtit Holme**

©1991, Art Sirota

Once upon a weekend balmy, I was riding my old Dommie  
 Over to a quaint and curious British motorcycle store  
 Suddenly I heard a tapping, could it be a piston slapping  
 As my Norton started crapping, crapping out on me once more  
 "Tis pre-ignition," I muttered, "Bad gas at the petrol store-  
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I recall how quickly night began to fall  
 and as I heard my engine stall, I knew I was stuck for sure  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;- vainly I had sought to borrow  
 tools from someone's passing car-o, but my pleas were all ignored  
 And my Norton seemed to mock me as it kicked me back once more  
 Then the rain began to pour

I pulled out the rider's handbook, and with trembling flashlight did look  
 for the source of my bike's sorrows, could the valve be bent once more?  
 Is the camshaft getting flatter? Did a piston ring get shattered?  
 -not that I believed it mattered, as the evening on it wore  
 Glow from flashlight getting weaker as the evening on it wore-  
 And my eyes were getting sore.

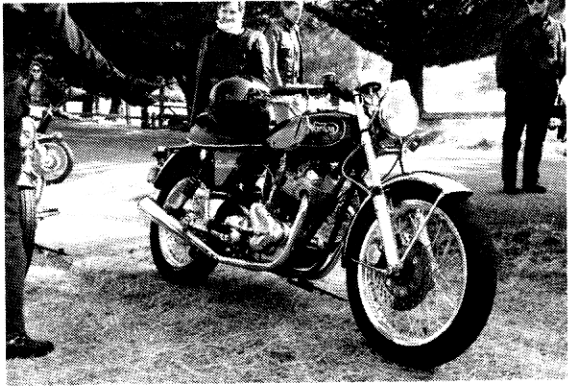
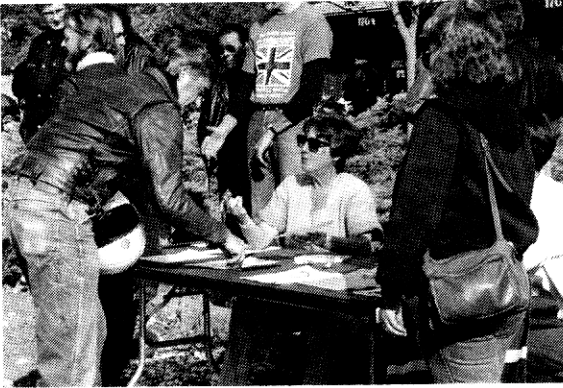
Then through all the mist and sprizzle, I heard

footsteps in the drizzle  
 All my hopes by then had fizzled, leaving me cold, scared and poor  
 Who could be approaching hither, suddenly I felt a shiver  
 and my hands began to quiver as they never had before-  
 'Twas my own Insurance Agent who I had met but once before:  
 Only him and nothing more

"Why hath thou come thus unbidden to a spot concealed and hidden  
 many miles from home you've ridden in this tempest-like downpour?"  
 I could see his cold eyes flicking, feel the seconds slowly ticking  
 as he watched me vainly kicking, 'til finally I could kick no more:  
 "Will this stupid engine start and take me down the road once more?!"  
 Quoth my Agent, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly man to hear discourse so plainly  
 though his answer, little-meaning, little relevancy bore  
 For what could he know of mechanics, or of British bike semantics  
 His comment was no cause for panic, at worst I'd need a slight re-bore  
 So I said to him, "Dear Agent, call a tow truck, I implore!"  
 Quoth my Agent, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken  
 From my Agent who had obviously never worked on bikes before  
 Inside I felt a laughter growing for I knew that I had towing  
 And I'd soon be off and going to some safe and distant shore  
 Where a nice hot cup of coffee was a'waiting to be poured  
 Quoth my Agent, "Nevermore!"





## Good Folks and Modest Proposals Dept.

by *John Covell*

**Name:** Jerry Jolliff

**Age:** 47

**City Resident:** San Carlos

**Marital :** Married; a son (20) and a daughter (17)

**Occupation:** Import auto parts sales rep for Worldwide Trading Company (Hayward)

**NOC Member since:** 1990

**How first became involved with NOC:**

The seller of his current bike (his first Nort) mentioned the Club and suggested he get involved, which he did after finding someone who had information RE meetings

**Club Offices Held/Years:** none

**Norton(s) Owned, Described:** '72 Commando Roadster

**Other Makes of Motorcycles:** Triumph 250 Tiger Cub; Parella 250; Bultaco 250 Sherpa (all past)

**What first interested you in the Norton?** Was looking for a Triumph and one of the mechanics had a Norton for sale that looked like, with some work, it'd be a nice bike; so bought it

**Other hobbies, interests of note:** gardening  
**Favorite motorcycling road or ride:** from Alice's down to Coast through La Honda

**If you could redesign the Norton, what one thing would you most want to change?** Do a little more work on the cases and keep the thing from leaking all over the garage.

**Favorite or most embarrassing episode on a Norton:** "When I first got the motor together, I went up a hill, it died, and I had to coast backwards down the hill.

*Thank you, Jerry!*

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### An Open Letter...

It was with a sense of rue that I read Todd Kennedy's account in the November Notice

concerning his incident on the first club ride he attended. I could see it coming, because it'd happened to me a few years earlier. Looking after the mechanical aspects of one's machine is, of course, a very important part of being a motorcyclist (as contrasted with just being "a guy on a motorcycle"), and failure to attend to those requirements is an assurance of trouble somewhere down the road. But beyond the benefit of hassle avoided because of mechanical proficiency is the matter of attitude: you can't just take care of what you're riding, you've got to take care of how you ride it, how you approach the whole idea of riding. Think of all the doofusses who have gone appetite-over-tin cup while riding perfect machines right off the showroom floor. (Synchronicity— as I was typing that sentence, I heard two such doofusses winding their rice rockets up the street outside my house, headed for glory.)

There is the matter of paying attention while you are riding, not letting your mind wander even though it's a beautiful day and the machine is really humming. (Or it's a damn cold day, you're on reserve, and what's that novel noise?) Yes, but what's more insidious is the testosterone-induced impetus to KEEP UP. That's right, no one wants to be thought a slowpoke, who can't get through the bends as quickly as the hotshots. So you push yourself just a bit, watching the tail of the guy in front of you — and before you realize it, you have entered a turn just a little bit faster than you'd have done if you'd been riding alone, and why do I now have this queasy feeling. Oh shit.

How embarrassing. Well, the bike seems okay, nothing that a little force majeure won't fix. And those jeans were getting kind of faded anyway, weren't they?

Let's get back to basics. I ride because I enjoy being on two wheels, I like the sensations of it, the closeness of the environment, and— I admit it— the iconoclasm. It's about the most fun you can have with your clothes on, and sometimes it's the most fun, period (the older you get...) Hold that thought. While there may be some things to be said for for the taste of

danger and the thrill that it brings, this is cold comfort when you're dusting yourself off and limping towards where the bike lies on it's side (and the next day, when it starts to hurt in spades). Don't listen to me, listen to your own bones. They're your friend.

Old fart that I've become, I realized after my last splat that I can enjoy myself enormously just putting along at the speed limit on most roads, knowing that I am capable of handling what I have set myself up for when next the road bends. I don't give a shit if I'm slower than someone else. I'll get there. Art and Phil have been right all along. The ride's the thing, and that means staying upright. All's well that ends well, and that means finishing rides rather as you started them— in one piece.

Dare to plod.

*-John Covell*

**A Response...continued from Page nine**

the general public. It would not need to be a big, well-organized event- just an agreement to meet somewhere and be available to the general public for a few hours. We might even bring the Raffle Bike and sell tickets.

Let's not start a Crusade, but it might be an appropriate Club Activity to undertake some image improvement. What do you think?

*-John Bria*

**This Month's Centerfold...  
a description from the owner**

There was a picture in the June issue of the Norton Notice, of a rare and exotic machine rumoured to have won the prestigious Six Days Trial in the mid-sixties. Mr. I. Pushtit Holme asked what had become of this machine, and I thought I would just take a moment to fill him in on the status of it at this time. As you can see from the accompanying photo, taken earlier this year at the top of Mount Tamalpias, I have returned it to it's former condition.

It was, in fact, a very competitive machine and I raced it with great success. Unfortunately, it was stolen one evening and I am convinced that the Italians did it in an attempt to keep me from winning another Six Days Trial.

The picture you published shows the machine in it's worst state and it remained in that condition until it was recovered in Palo Alto. Some Stanford student claimed he had found it under his house (Ed's. Note: those pesky Cardinal!)

The machine can occasionally be found lurking on Tunitas Creek Road waiting for unsuspecting Commando riders. Note, from the picture, the quantity of alloy in setting up this machine. It looks so very innocent...

*-Thackery Washer, N.O.S.*

**Merry  
Christmas**  
**HAPPY HANUKKAH**  
**Joyous  
Holidays**

**Happy New  
Year!** ... hell, for that matter, "Live Long  
and prosper."

*..from the  
Norton Notice*



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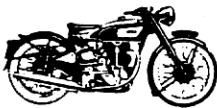
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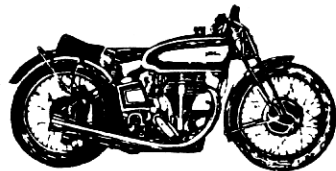
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