



Norton Notice



The Newsletter of the
Northern California Norton Owners Club

No. 172

August, 1992





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.

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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

A Gathering of Nortons- Downieville, California- August 14, 15 & 16. That's this month's Club Ride, folks.

The Old Timer's Ride and Club Picnic Memorial Park, September 13th.

Consult your Rides Calendar for further information

Events Calendar

A Gathering of Nortons- Dardanelle Resort, Downieville, California
Friday, August 14th through Sunday, August 16th. Further details inside...

The Old Timer's Ride and Club Picnic Memorial Park in San Mateo County, at Huckleberry Flat, Site One.
September 13th. Rendezvous at Alice's at 10:00, then proceed sans the Rides Marshall. The BSA Club will also be attending, so we gotta be on our "best" behavior. (...NOT.)

The Annual Club Christmas Party Farmhouse Restaurant in Redwood City
December 13th. Cocktails from 6-7, dinner served at 7PM. Prime rib, BBQ plate, seafood, soup, salad and Dessert- \$15 per person.

Meeting Schedule

August 13, 1992- San Francisco
Tonto's Mexican Restaurant-
3155 Vicente Ave. (Cross Street: 43rd)-
Generous portions of food at great prices, and the Margaritas are killer!

September 10, 1992- San Mateo
The Prince of Wales Pub
25th Avenue, San Mateo. Great food, beer and ambiance. Use your darts to protect yourself from aggressive rats.

October 8, 1992- South Bay
Harry's Hoffbrau
El Camino Real, near Castro Street in Mountain View. A wide selection of everything drinkable.

Editor's Note

I want to apologize to Art Sirota for omitting the publication of the date and time of a Tech Session he had planned to have published in last month's edition. Unfortunately for us both, we were between Club computers, and logistics were poorly organized on my behalf. Again, my apologies, Art.

Graphics Contributions

Photography:

Alan Goldwater

Press Production and Halftones:

John & Carrie Follett:

White Oak Press, San Carlos, CA



by Joe Edwards, President

Well you can see that we have a new computer as part of the Norton Club. For the first time in many a year, we had a massive breakdown with the present one that had been on board for a long time. Andy was able to find just what we needed (Ed.'s note- at an unbeatable price, I might add...), and so be it. Why not let us know how you feel about the new unit by sending Notice items to Andy.

The Prez was supposed to make the North Bay Ride, but I've been having a battle with a couple of renegade teeth. I'll save you the dull facts (-no pun intended), but I'm sure that those of you who made the trip had a great time.

Just down the road- in just a few days, in fact- I'll be heading down the road to the Gathering of Nortons. The meeting will be at Tonto's in San Francisco on the 13th. If things work out as planned, I intend to be in the Downieville area at the time of the meeting. I hope that you can make this one, because it has some outstanding road riding...See you there!

As you know, we have a date and time for the Old Timer's ride and Picnic. Mike and Lynne have selected a site that should keep most folks happy. I know that the ride and the food should provide a great time. We have also taken the liberty of inviting the BSA group, so not only will we get to see a lot of Nortons, but also a lot of great BSAs. I spoke with Alan Goldwater recently, and he told me that the banner of Northern California was flying high. I'm sure that he'll fill us in later.

You might like to know that we have set the date for the annual Christmas

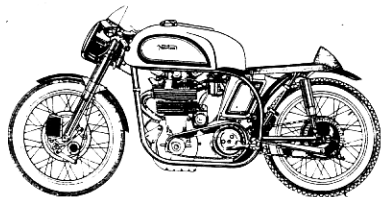
party. It'll be held on Sunday, December 13th at The Farm in Redwood City. There will be further details in upcoming issues.

We spoke recently about working up an event to generate money for a local charity. Well, it looks like we have made the hookup with the Bridge School, a special place which helps children with Cerebral Palsy. We have been in touch with the marketing company that handles all of these affairs for the Bridge School, and it looks like we'll be putting this one on the road in May of 1993. After a comprehensive meeting of the Board, we realized that it would take a lot of time and careful planning to put this one together. So look for more details down the line, as progress is made.

I hope that you took time to read the copy of the proposed Club By-Laws last month. If you have any feedback or comments about this document, please make us aware of them. As you know, this is YOUR club... and we need your input. The only thought that I have at this time is that the wording be changed as far as membership is concerned. Paragraph 111-A might be changed to read "...a Norton ENTHUSIAST..." instead of "...a Norton OWNER...", as it now reads. Why not let us know your thoughts on this matter?

Well, I guess that's all for this issue, so I'll step down off of my soapbox now and say...

That's M.P.U.!



Minutes of July Meeting

The meeting was called to order by President Joe Edwards at 8:10 PM, at Brew Pub on the Green in Fremont, California, on the outdoor patio. 28 Members and guests were in attendance.

The "long distance candidate" was Brad Green's mother, who rode here from Pennsylvania on her Virago!

The first order of business was Mike Burnham's announcement concerning the details of the Old Timer's Ride, scheduled for September. Further details are to be found in the Events Schedule at the front of the *Notice*.

The next topic was a detailed discussion about a new computer for publishing the *Notice* ... the old computer is dead. IBM or Apple? Which software is best? The main thought to emerge from the discussion was that the *Notice* is the life-blood of the Northern California Norton Owner's Club, and that there won't be another *Notice* until a replacement system is purchased.

President Edwards called for a Board meeting of all officers on Sunday, July 12th at Pier 23 in San Francisco at 12:30 PM.

Andy McKerral asked for help typing data input for the *Notice*. Carrie Follett of White Oak Press offered to help.

President Edwards announced

that the Annual Christmas Dinner will be held December 13th at the Farmhouse in Redwood City. More information will follow.

The new Club t-shirts are close to being a reality... in actual British Racing Green. The approximate cost to members will be \$9.00.

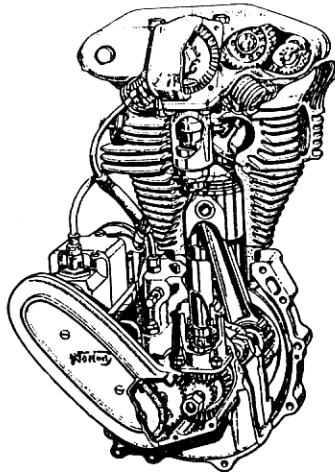
To help defray the cost to the Club, Patrick McDowell has donated film to be used by Gerald Mauricio.

Phil Radford won the 50/50 drawing at this meeting... the jackpot was about \$20.00 How many wins does THIS one make, Phil?!

The Chicken Ranch Racing folks have invited one and all to attend the Sacramento Mile event on September 26th. The preliminaries will include three Nortons running...

The Bridge School Poker Run event is in the preliminary planning stages. It will be a Peninsula route, scheduled for sometime in the late Spring of 1993. The benefactor is starting to show interest- media participation will help make this a big, enjoyable and profitable event for the benefactor. There are plans to accomodate 1000 bikes on a 50 mile run, with a gold ingot being awarded for the holder of the best hand.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:45 PM to the sound of 12 Nortons coming to life... **Duncan Ferguson**



Tern after Tern

by Lynne Miller

Sometimes it is very strange where and how one hears a story or tale of woe. Only last week, as I sailed the blue Pacific with the wind out of the south and a westerly storm approaching, and waves rolling by with a southerly set did I hear a story that made me ponder the reason for existence.

As my father and I sailed along, enjoying the wildness of the day, an Arctic Tern landed on the rail of the boat and, to our amazement, began to recite the following tale of woe. I swear on the Holy Manx that sits in the right hand garage of God that this is exactly what the Tern, a large red-billed sea bird that travels far and wide, recited to us in no uncertain terms...

"In a land to the south, where the Bay ends, helmeted riders on mechanical steeds gathered for a quest in search of the mystical Flying Lady," cackled the tern.

"One, with a magnificent shining dome, lamented that the appointed leader had been smitten by a mysterious malady that prevented his travel, but had sent detailed maps to aid in the quest," the tern related.

"The large one, with a red helmet and a large pocket like a kangaroo, took them and seemed to be in charge and waved the group forward. Two remained behind; I think that one was a woman."

The tern looked puzzled for a moment, and then said, "*Norton...* that was the name. Red, silver, black, orange, and white. They flashed in the brief sunlight, hurting my eyes- that's when I decided to follow..."

The tern looked hungry, so I offered it a piece of my sandwich. I tore off the piece, then threw it to the bird because they never eat from the hand of man. Being polite, it waited a moment, swallowed, and continued on.

"I followed them at a great height because the noise was tremendous and they

seemed to move along smoothly until a hoard of men on machines that moved without noise attacked them and forced them to take another direction. They seemed confused, angry, and some complained of hunger."

"They were led around the area by some guides who seemed to have some sort of power, and were put back on the right track."

The tern began to ramble a bit, and said it was tired and needed to take a nap. The sea air has a way of doing that, and I thought about what an odd story this was getting to be. The tern woke up and excused itself for a moment, and returned ready to continue on.

"They found the shrine of the Flying Lady, and took communion at her feet. Some seemed dazed and incoherent when they left, and a bearded one sought leadership of the next quest." The tern seemed to be padding the story, so I asked it to move along.

"They wandered around in circles, and were confused and lost. One of the group disappeared and some searched without success." The tern added that the group seemed to be getting more and more disillusioned, and one was on his knees, crying out, "Marick, Marick, why hast thou forsaken us and led us into this uncharted wilderness?" The tern spoke quietly at this point and said, "I think I saw water in one of their eyes... it ran down his cheek."

"They found their roundabout way over Summit Road to Mount Madonna, and moved slowly through a dark and desolate land. It was a tumbled and torn land that brought out the worst fears and thoughts. Trees were thrown about like sticks, and the houses were uninhabitable. I just wanted to get away, even though I was in the air," the tern said nervously.

"The road twisted and turned like an eel in death, and they rode slowly-wishing all the while that for sunlight

Continued on Page Thirteen

M2 Report

(Money and Membership)

by Grover Buhr, Treasurer

It was a dark and stormy (or sultry, depending on the movie version you watched) night. I sat at my desk writing my monthly report... and three months later, I finished it! I've been slacking off on preparing these things for the *Notice*, and I apologise- mostly to Andy. The most recent *Notices* have been pretty good, and it's hard to believe that anyone missed my two-bits.

As of the end of July, the Club has 215 active (as in paid) members, 9 honorary members (not including motorcycle shops, and approximately 40 members who have chosen not to renew since I came to watch in January (members of the NONONOC?) We also sent out the *Notice* to a raft of sibling clubs, including the Southern California BSAOC, The Northern California BSAOC (who could that be?), the Monterey European MCC, the Velocette OC, the Gold Star OC, the NOC-UK, the Southern California NOC, the Utah NOC, the Chicago NOC, and the notorious North Texas NOC (okay, NOC it off...). Some of these clubs send us newsletters back, too. If there are more we send *Notices* to, then that's news to me!

And Now... it's time for the #*^!! **QUARTERLY REPORT** &#^!&&#^!! wherein we chronicle the ebb and flow (-er, flood) of Club Finances for the Quarter comprising April, May and June of 1992.

Beginning Balance \$6,174.37

Inshecome

Membership renewals \$705.00

50/50 pool \$35.00

TOTAL \$740.00

Oushego

Notice printing \$456.13

Notice postage \$190.80

Computer parts \$66.00

Photographic supplies \$147.56

Additional Printing:

Raffle tickets \$57.00

Mini-rally ads \$37.62

Award for a Good Guy \$50.42

TOTAL \$1005.53

Closing Balance \$5,908.84

I was talking to Ben (the Wrench) at Munroes the other day. Some 'Frisco folks are planning to begin a San Francisco NOC. Sounds like a great idea! It sometimes seems that there are too many people with good ideas for club rides, meetings, special ffunctions, et cetera, to fit into one club. As long as they'll let me join- and don't put out a newsletter; what with the Star, the Notice, the Bulletin, Roadholder, National Geographic, Human Events, Ramparts... ∞... I'm getting pretty crowded in my house.

I have been commuting to work on my Hi-Rider to get it in shape for the Dardanelle Gathering. What a funny looking bike! ... especially since I'm repainting the tank and side covers again. Anyway, it ought to be a great weekend up in the mountains. I'm looking forward to seeing some of the "far-flung" people like Monte, BobnHazel, Tarmo, maybe even Montana Wayne Johnson from the Big Sky.

I've got to tell this story... my friend Popkin lives in the Mission District in S.F. (no, that's not Science Fiction!) He's not a biker, just another geologist. Popkin talks to everyone, everywhere. Anyway, Popkin tells me, "Grover, a guy down the street has a new motorcycle. Something with a long Japanese name. I told him I had a friend who rides Nortons, and he said, 'Oh, a Norton... That's different. That's like having an original Tiffany lamp'."

Side Trips

by Andy McKerral, Editor

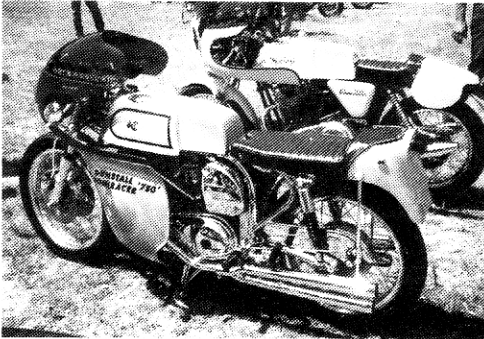
Well, we finally did it. The *Notice* is now being produced on a system that's worthy of any creative situation. You might have "noticed" (pun deliberately intended) that the clarity and scale of last month's publication was greatly enhanced; however, for all you Macintosh Freakoids out there, my experience in utilizing this System 7 o. s. required a lot of "boning up" on how this thing is supposed to think (as opposed to the 12 year-old software that I was accustomed to...)- and, predictably, there were a few scaling and formatting errors which proved that I was desperate to meet Joe Edward's deadline for production by the 17th of July. With an enhanced system like this, I couldn't dream that the whole reformatting and data entry process would take only three days... even leaving enough time for an occasional gimlet (-or two, or three...)before slugging it out again.

Many thanks go out to the Club Membership at the last meeting for the mandate passed which authorized this system's purchase; and, more specifically, thanks go to Grover Buhr (who dragged me out of my apartment under somewhat unfavorable circumstances), and after spending the Club's money, exalted me to "GET TO WORK!!!"

Thanks also go to John Follett, Alan Goldwater, and Marick Payton for software assistance in the foreign and unchartered world of System 7 Macintosh O.S.. Without their assistance, this publication would have strongly

resembled used toilet tissue. Thanks, guys!

There's been some good movement regarding the Bridge School Memorial Poker Run; Marick and I took a timed and measured run through the extended Northern half of the Flying Lady route to see what sort of exertion was involved; afterwards, Joe indicated that the ride should extend further north- possibly even as far north as the Great Highway area in San Francisco, and then migrate south towards Big Basin. That ain't a bad idea... but I haven't given it a shot yet. When I do- probably the 2nd week in August- I'll let'cha know what I found. In the meantime, if anyone wants to accompany me on this little exploratory expedition, then



give me a shout; actually, *company* is preferred because I need to clock elapsed ride time, distance, and have a second set of eyes for identifying poker hand stopping points. Because of the potential quantity of participants on this run, there needs to be another individual who can act as my counsel for the logistics of this ride.

Anyone who could spare the time would be appreciated... and bribed.

Finally, I received in the mail an advertisement from one Kingsley Barham, president of *InLine* Classic Motorcycle cards, together with 2 prototype samples of his product. These collectable cards are state-of-the-art quality (they blew me away) and are quite reasonable for the price. If you need a "feel good" trinket or a present for another old iron fanatic, give him a call at (800) 776-1419.

See you next month at the Old Timer's Ride. (Actually, Marick and I are planning to show up on F-1s... especially if someone will loan them to us...) ∞

Club Racing Report

by Tom Terry

Thanks for putting me on the cover a couple months back (although it's not the *Rolling Stone*!) I have to tell you this month about the bike I bought at the Casa de Fruita swap meet last month.

It appeared to be a 1973 850 Interstate. The sign said, "Cracked Case, \$800". It was slightly weathered, but all there and straight. Bear in mind that I'm trying to sell half of my bikes, and I'd swore to myself that I wouldn't buy any more.

I came back to look at the bike later in the afternoon, and I spent more time looking at it. I noticed that it had a 750 swing arm- hey, wait a second... wasn't this an 850?! I looked again at the engine, where there was a gaping hole from an obviously thrown rod- engine number 235621- hmm, a 750 number- but 850 barrels? The head was an RH7. I got excited. I went and looked at the chart in Bob Raber's manual. Sure enough, there it was. The bike was a short stroke. I could see through the huge hole torn all the way around that it was a steel rod that gave up the ghost, and it still turned on the crank; aluminum rods bounce around inside. Thanks to Bob Raber, I got it!

From Bob's tip, I found the original owner with just one phone call, because this guy was the only short stroke owner that Bob knew about.

An autopsy revealed an unharmed crank and head- the rare parts. Bob has a box of 19 SS rods for sale (get a pair before they're sold out!) I need pistons and a valve... special but cheap? The cases and barrels are standard 850; the cam was SS. The head is re-hemisphered, using huge, re-angled valves, smaller diameter stems, raised ports, and domed pistons (11:1). The rod broke due to a sprung wrist pin bushing; they should have heard it before it blew!!!

I have no immediate plans to rebuild

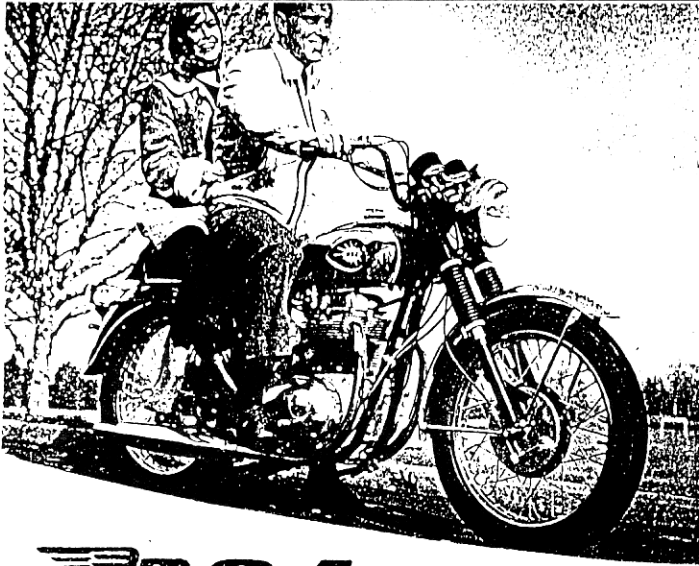
it, because I'm building another race bike out of it's chassis and a 750 ES engine.

In response to Art's comments about top engine mounts- yes, I do mean the later box type. They crack on both sides, right above the rear edge of the plate bolted to the head. I've repaired at least 10 broken ones (ask Chuck!) They break due to high side thrusts while riding very hard (that's why Art's don't break!) It's best to close in the "box" and double the thickness of the head plate with one welded piece.

And yes, I mean the front of the chain guard, where they all crack right above the 1" high spot-welded reinforcement. The later type had a full length 3" gusset!

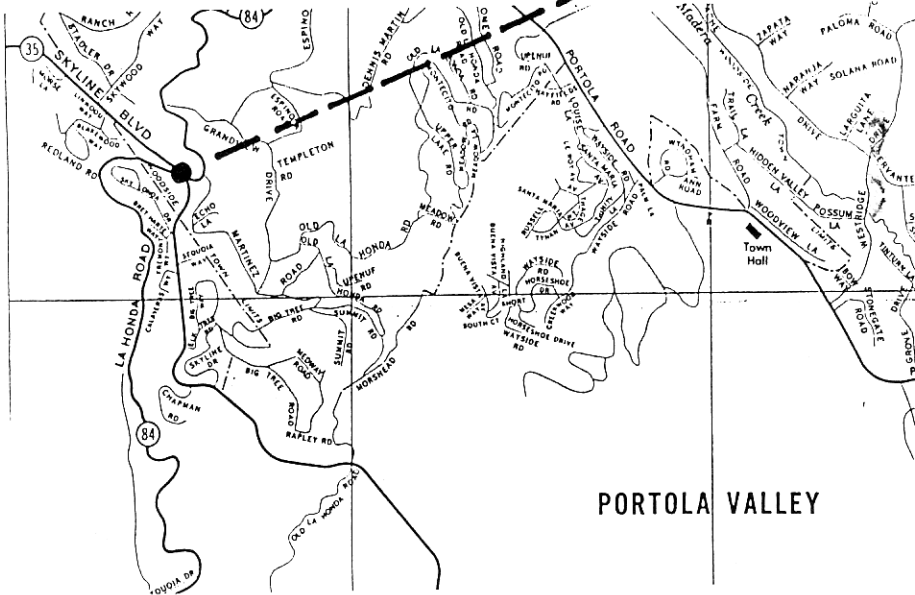
Other parts I've struggled with lately are reverse camplates. Years ago, *Cycle Magazine* wrote that you could reverse your shift pattern by knocking out the center and pressing it into the other side, which turned out to be a commonly held myth. All that effort does is put neutral between third and fourth gear! (Ed.'s Note: I coulda used a modification like that going down Mount Tam behind Lynne Miller last Easter!) To accomplish the task, the camplate needs to be flipped around a horizontal axis- not a vertical axis. I got Charlie to weld lumps around the edges and machine (by hand) new detent notches. By re-orienting the new neutral notch, the camplate can now be timed for *both* patterns without removal (i.e.: pulling the primary). I can shift 3 ways without thinking, but the fourth one was a hassle!

I won the race before last... Eric let me win! The last race, I held Erin Florey off for a lap and a half, and hung with him for a few laps... but consequently lost him in traffic. Anyway, I'm now leading the class in points- not that it buys you anything...



BSA

Picnic after the ride, Huckleberry Flat (Mem



PORTOLA VALLEY

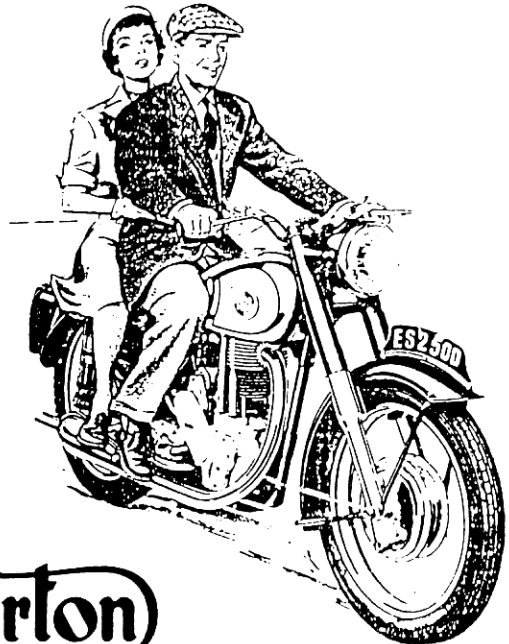
INFO: Mike Burnham, 415-346-1224 days/564-5455 eves

NORTON OWNERS' CLUB BSA OWNERS' CLUB

Old Timer's Ride & Picnic Sunday, September 13, 1992

Meet at Alice's Restaurant, Skylonda
Depart 10:00 AM

Memorial Park) , 10 miles east of Pescadero
on Pescadero Road



Norton

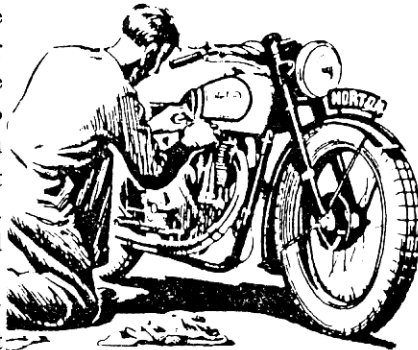
Alan's Wrench

The New Hampshire Rally Report by Alan Goldwater

The Norton National Rally was held in New Hampshire this year. Because none of you took up my offer of an (almost) free ride, I decided not to drive there solo. I did make it though, in a rent-a-wreck Pontiac. On arrival, I found a superb campsite unknowingly reserved for me by Mike Poe from the SCNOC. Next day Don and Shirley drove up on the Silver Interstate, looking like they had just left Novato (with rainsuits on!) Lou Caputo also made it there, but without a bike. Far from being scorned for my four-wheel affliction, I was actually rather popular when it rained for two days and the group wanted to go for dinner in town.

Attending a Norton rally without a bike was a bit wierd, but I managed to get the use of a few "loaners", everything from a '51 Inter (thanks, Bob Marin) to a 1988 Classic. Yep that's a genuine Norton Rotary Classic, owned by a fellow named Jack from Florida, who was trusting enough to let a perfect stranger (albeit another Rotary owner) enjoy his \$14,000 beauty for an hour or so of backroad bliss. After a mile or two, it seemed to be missing a bit, with noticeable throttle lag. Drawing on hours of experience tweaking my rotary

for EPA testing, I knew to lower the jets about 1/4 turn, which did the trick. After that it was like "being home". The bike felt lighter in the handling department, not having to push 80 pounds of barndoor fairing, but other than that, it was remarkably like my '83 Interpol. I turned off onto a secondary road which wound up through the hills, then onto a broad sweeper with perfect pavement and a panoramic view of the lake. Discretion got the best of me at about 85 mph, and I turned the wick down and motored back to camp at a safer pace.



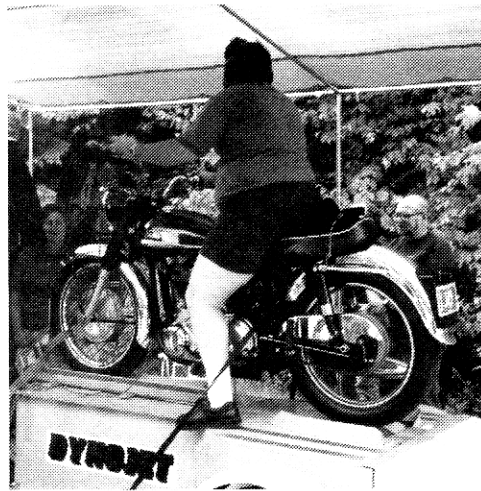
Later that day I rode into town on Bob's unrestored 500 cc International. The contrast between two machines couldn't have been greater - and neither was a bit like a Commando. The International was somewhat lacking in the handling department (plunger frame) and had tired valve springs, so I followed instructions

and kept it under 3 grand. Not much power, but oh what a sound.... The most unfamiliar thing about this ride was the way the saddle (seat) would shift sideways on its hinge every time I went into a corner. Definitely not confidence-inspiring, but still an experience to remember.

There were some great machines at this rally, including a perfect 1921 Model 16H, which won best of show. Other favorites were a full-tilt Dunstall

Dominator and Pete Bredemeier's "Thing", which he has owned since new and rode from Colorado to our Redwoods Rally in 1980. This bike deservedly won "best special" for its many subtle refinements. Pete welded the central oil tank to the top tube and added a filler cap in front of the fuel tank, making this the world's only "oil-in-frame" Commando. A home made custom exhaust and lots of porting work brought Pete the "horsepower king" award as well. There was a trailer-mounted dyno at the rally, and what Norton owner could resist the temptation at \$10 a pop. Lo-ball was a Model 18, at 12 wheel hp. Most Commandos made around 45, and Pete Kogut's "yellow peril" race bike topped the pack at 53. The "Thing" measured 52 hp at the wheel, making it the most powerful street machine at the meet.

The Saturday banquet more than made up for Friday's tepid hotdogs, with an all-you-can-eat clam and Lobster orgy that had most of us groaning with gustatory excess. To my surprise, I had trouble sharing a bottle of Napa Chardonnay: East Coast Norton guys are BEER drinkers first last and always, and looked at me like I was wierd when offered (gasp) wine at a bike rally. Oh well, now they're SURE us Californians are a buncha yuppie wimps. After this feast the party moved up the hill to the ski lodge and went on till dawn, but I dropped out around 2 am and left early the next day for the airport. Don and Shirley headed south and west on the Silver Norton, and are hopefully home safe and sound by now with a longer tale than this to tell.



Continued from Page Six...

and hard black roads that would let the mighty steeds run the way they wanted to. They finally got back to good roads and the machines roared and raced with their new-found freedom."

The elegant bird continued on: "The weather was getting worse and they raced for the Shrine of Muldoon where they drank mead and told sagas of their riding skills."

"I followed one of the riders North on the fast road and, to make matters worse, it rained on him most of the way home." The tern was getting hoarse from talking so much.

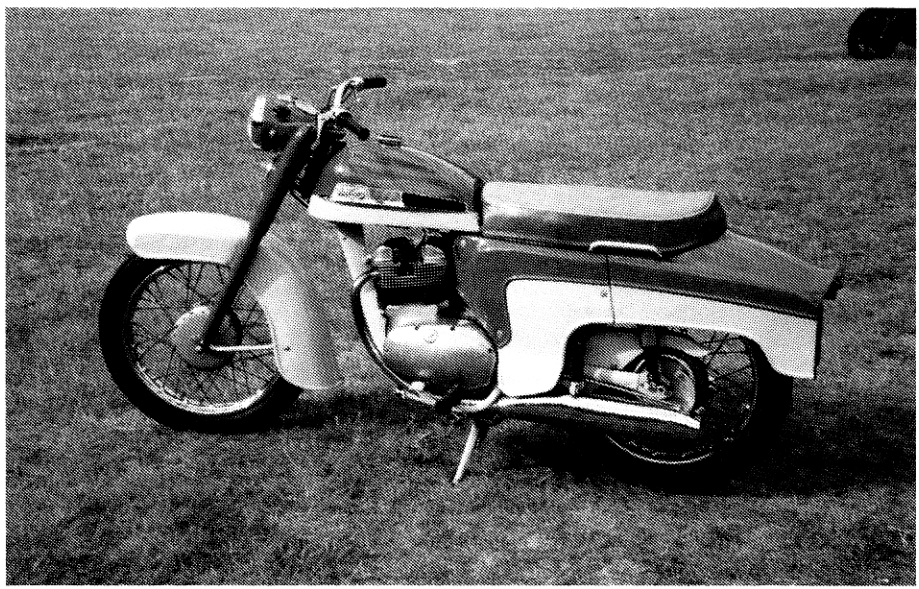
I sensed that the end of the story was near, and the seas picked up. It was time to reef down and head for the Bay. With a

flash of lightening and a clap of thunder, the bird disappeared into the clouds.

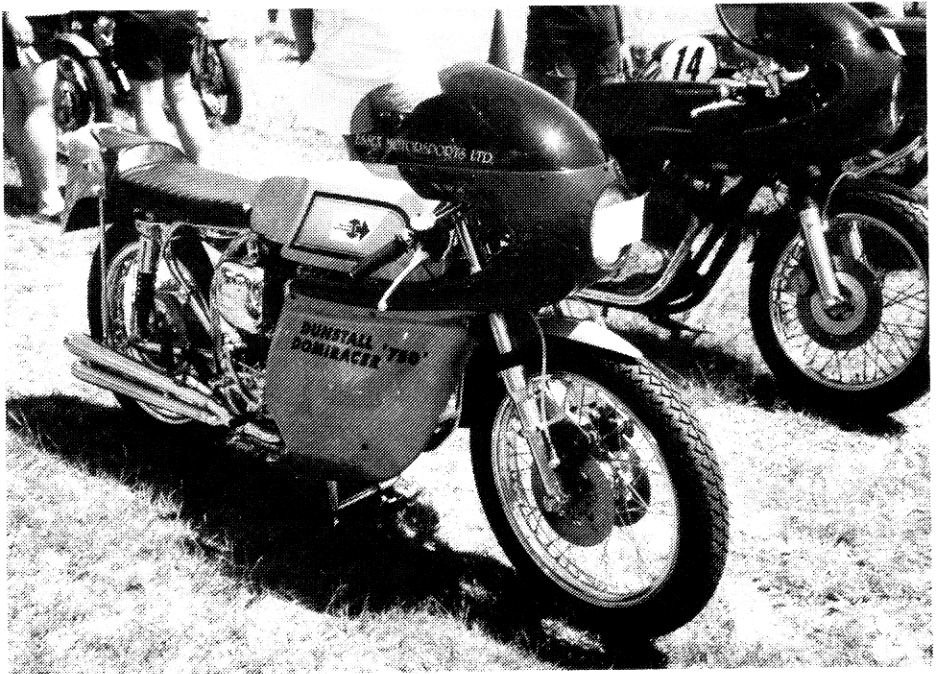
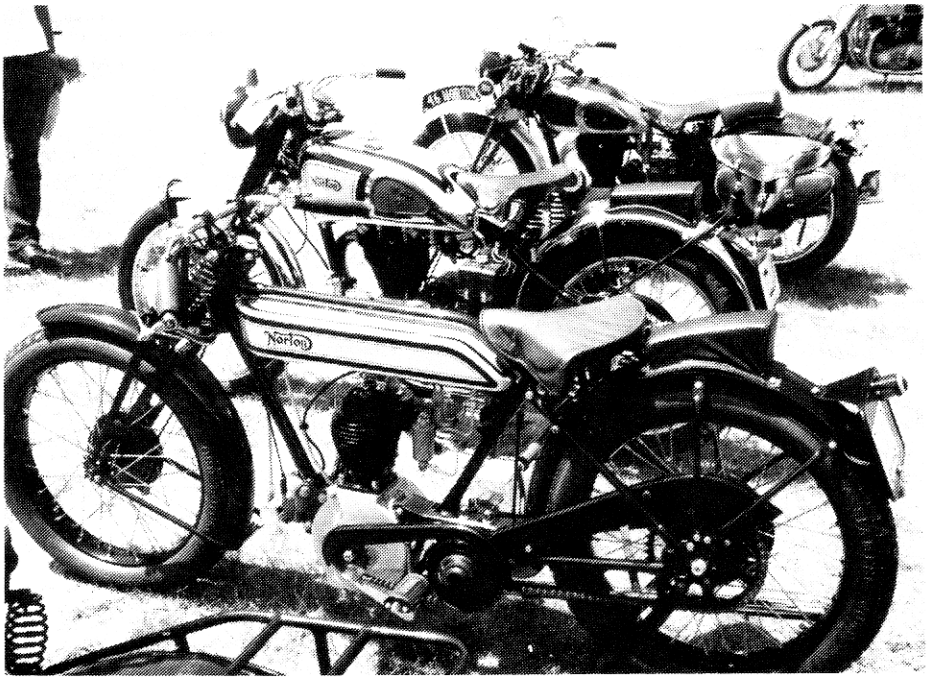
There's a simple moral to this story: Continue the quest, but keep a good map with you and learn the route before you charge off into battle.

As I said at the beginning, "It's strange where and how one hears tales of woe."

(Ed.'s note: there's another moral here... the next time you're sitting on the fantail chugging Captain Jack out of the bottle, and an Arctic Tern alights on the rail, be prepared for some really wild sea tales...)







NOC Membership Profile

by John Covell

Name: Phil Radford

Age: 43

City Resident: San Jose

Marital: Yes, 2 dogs

Occupation: Norton Parts retailer (Fair Spares America)

NOC Member since: 1980

How First became involved with NOC: Through NOC UK- was a member of the British Club, met Steve Coburn through *Roadholder* listing.

Club offices held/years: Secretary- 1983-85

Nortons Owned/described: Eighteen (1937 ES-2 through a 1975 Mark III)- currently riding an Atlas

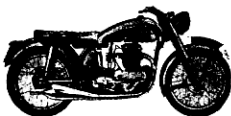
Other makes of motorcycle owned: a couple of BSAs.

What first interested you in the Norton? It was the bike to have in England in the '60s. A colleague sold me a Dominator 99.

Other hobbies/interests of note: Hiking
Favorite motorcycling road/ride: Hwy. 49 through Downieville

If you could redesign the Norton, what one thing would you most want to change? The gearbox: should've put a roller bearing on the layshaft from the outset on the Mark III.

Favorite or most embarrassing episode on a Norton: Trying to ride a Honda on Woodside Rd., hit a slick on the pavement and dropped it. The bike fell on me, broke my ankle, was laid up for 8 weeks!!!



Classified Advertisements

For Sale: 1974 Commando 850 Interstate: approx. 70K miles, black w/ gold striping; very good condition- always garaged and meticulously maintained (only two owners). Extras include: color-matched Rabid Transit fairing and three-piece fiberglass luggage on beautiful custom mounts (ask Phil Radford); excellent NBI seat on original pan; Boyer ignition; Mikuni carb and manifold; many other goodies. Garaged in San Diego. \$3950. Will consider delivering the bike to any buyer. Contact Steve Coburn- (804) 296-2814; Rte. 5, Box 327, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

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For Sale- 1975 Norton 850 Commando Mark III. Restored, low mileage, New John Player paint scheme (red, white & blue), Roadster setup, starter re-worked and beefed up: \$3,000. *Also for sale:* Interstate tank, \$375; Interstate side covers, \$85 the set. Contact Jerry at (408) 262-6518, or (408) 263-7428.

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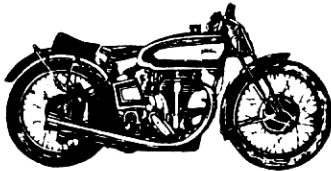
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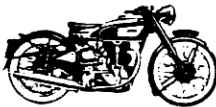
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 ...try inserting the pushrods into the head and
 securing them in place with rubber bands
 before head installation- reduces the risk of
 pushrod damage and excess profanity,
 and makes head installation a
 one-hand operation!*