



Norton Notice

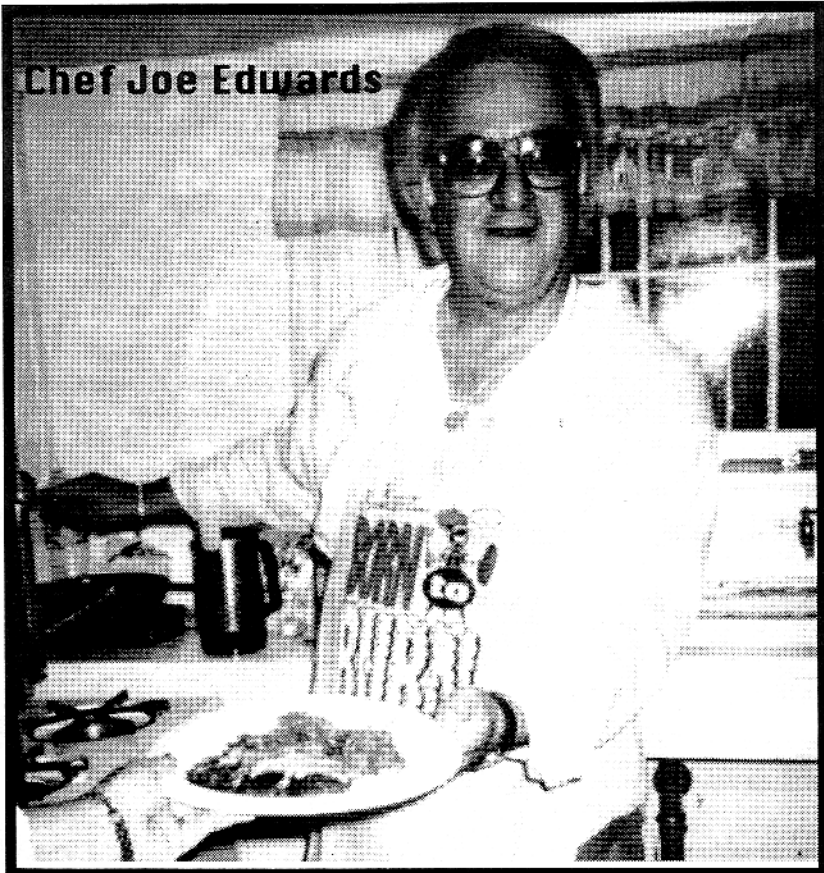


The Newsletter of the
Northern California Norton Owners Club

No. 208

September, 1995

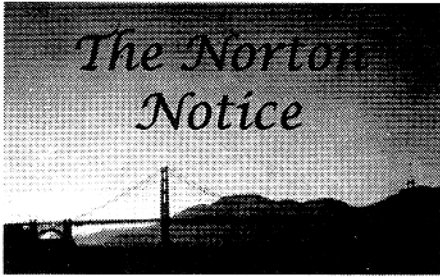
Chef Joe Edwards



Don't Miss: THE OLD TIMER'S RIDE

Sunday September 17th

(See Page 6 for Details)



is published by the Northern California 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.

The **NORTON NOTICE** is a reflection of the readership, who are encouraged to submit an article, technical tip, photograph (original or otherwise) as long as it is in good taste, so that other Norton enthusiasts may enjoy it. (Good taste is somewhat optional, but hey-this is a group of bikers we're talking about here....that's why we have an editor.)

The deadline for items to be submitted for publication is the 20th of each month.. The **NORTON NOTICE** welcomes contributions submitted electronically. Material in any format placed on a 3.5" floppy disc can be read by the editors' clever Macintosh. You may also send articles directly to the editor via modem or fax at 415-595-3368. Set your telecom software to 8n/1, use X or Z modem file transfer protocol, and just call up the editor most evenings (don't wait until the 20th...there is a long line then). The editor also has a fax at his office (415-593-4850). E-mail can be sent using INTERNET to norton2@aol.com.

Membership in the Northern California Norton Owners Club is available for \$20.00 per year. Membership dues are payable to the Branch Treasurer.

Advertising rates are \$60.00/year for a 1/4 page ad!!

Renewal dues are payable at the end of the individual's membership year, which is designated by the last number listed on the mailing label of the Norton Notice and the membership card.

All changes of address or questions about membership or the Notice, call the President.....not the Notice editor!!

The Northern California 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 organisations per the terms described on the Branch membership application form.

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NORTON NOTICE

IMPORTANT (Please note the following fine print) The object of the Northern California Norton Owners Club is to promote, encourage and develop motorcycle 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 the use of these tips. The Club also assumes no responsibility for the acts or omissions of its members in conjunction with Club activities. **NORTON NOTICE** articles or other materials express the author's view 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

September 17

Old Timers Ride
(See Page 6 for Details)

October 15: Mt. Hamilton Ride

November 4(Sat): Northern California All-British Ride, 6th Annual Don Danmeier 50th Birthday Party, "Brit-bikes" only, info: (415)898-0330

November 12: Delta Ride

December: No rides scheduled

If rides are cancelled due to poor weather - plan on the ride taking place the following week - same time - same place. Check with Jim!

Sept. 13: AHRMA Vintage dirt track

Sept. 14: AHRMA Vintage Trial

Sept. 15: AHRMA Vintage MX

Sept. 16: roadrace/concours

Steamboat Springs, CO (715)842-9699

Sept. 23: Very British Show, 2131 N.

VanNess Blvd, Fresno, (209)227-8489

Sept. 24: AFM roadraces, Sears Point

Oct. 21 -22: AHRMA MX, Hollister, CA

Meeting Schedule

The Club meets on the second Thursday of each month. The meetings are SUPPOSED to start at 8:00 PM. If you get tired of bench racing, bring a newspaper to read.

September 14th

Fremont Brewery

October 12th - Harry's Hofbrau (Mt. View)

November 9th - Emperor Norton's Italian Restaraunt, San Jose

December 2nd - Xmas Party - Oakland Motorcycle Club (details to follow)

Harry's Hofbrau: 399 West El Camino Real, Mountain View, CA., (415)964-8455; just north of Highway 85 on El Camino Rl.

Harry's Hofbrau: 14900 E. 14Th St., San Leandro, CA

Prince of Wales Pub: 106 East 25th Ave., San Mateo, CA., (415)574-9723; off Highway 101 between Hwy 92 and Hillsdale Blvd. Next to San Mateo County Fairgrounds

Fremont Brewery: 3350 Stevenson Blvd., Fremont, CA., East of Hwy 880 near Paseo Padre.

Emperor Norton's Italian Restaurant: 7058 Santa Teresa Blvd, San Jose, (408)226-4424, 101 to Bernal Rd. exit..go west to Santa Teresa.

Photography:

Alan Mueller, Rich Alves

Press Production and Halftones:

John and Carrie Follett:

White Oak Press, San Carlos, CA

Scanning:

Steve Micheli

A.B.E. Dental, Belmont, CA

Maya's Minutes..... by Maya Lai, President

Well, The meeting in San Leandro went nicely. No it was not in the "bad" part of town. We had quite a few people. I hope that some of you went on the Fred Twigg ride. It's a doozy but a neat ride.

We need to have "old Nortons" for the Old timers ride on the 17th. Of course "ALL" Nortons are welcomed and other marks as well. We will have a bar-b-que. We will not, however, have any booze, just soft drinks. So if you wish to bring any, it's up to you. We will have door prizes and other things for you.

For those of you that didn't make it to Dardenelle, it was great. The weather was nice....not too hot.... not too cold. I took my MK III out for some rides....it's been awhile. My Norton didn't like the altitude, but.... who's did? We had a Poker run that was at your leisure. The winner was Brad Green with three

of a kind, runner up was John Bria with two pair, 10 high.

Saturdays nights dinner was a success. Thank you Joe for the wonderful chicken. Ken Armann did a few fixens' on a few bikes to help them on their way. Thank you Kenny.

There were some new faces in the crowd also. I thank you Raj, Jason, Pete and Scott. Also a couple of new members....Erik and Mio. Welcome to the club guys!

I'm sorry that there were no officers at the meeting on Thursday. I understand that the Connecticut Yankee wasn't a great time. I think we will look for another location. Thank you Jerry for conducting the August meeting. Well, I hope to see you at the next meeting. Until then....

Maya

The Veep Speaks..... by Joe Edwards, V.P.

Well the trip to the Dardanelle Resort this year was a real kick in the butt. The weather was outstanding and the roads....well, what can one say about that part of the country that has not already been said. Hats off to all of the members that were able to make the trip this year, which by the way was the fourth year. The Prez. put together a poker run and the winner of the first place award went to Brad Green. Brad made it this year to the Nationals in New York state (along with Ruth). After all the miles, it looks like they had a great time. We might add that our own Robert Newman won the long distance award...a tip of the cap to Robert.

For those of you who made it to the meeting in San Francisco, we are sorry that the Prez nor I were able to make it. But, we feel that we have taken care of that

problem. The August meeting next year will be held in the Dardanelle Resort on August 10, 1996. Ken and Cindy Armann have worked out a program to handle the booking of the rooms through them...this is, all camp sites and rooms will have to be booked through the Armanns. They will hold all the rooms until July and then will turn them back to the resort.

Now for those of you who would like to go, the National Rally will be in Quincy, California in 1996. We need lots of help and that means all members of the Norton family. If you are planning on bringing your family...there are many jobs for the wives and girlfriends. Please give me a call any night after 6:00 PM till 11:30 PM if you would like to offer your help. **Remember, there will always be a Santa Claus!!!!**

Minutes of the July Meeting

July 13, 1995
Harry's Hofbrau
San Leandro, CA

The meeting was called to order at 8:15 pm by President Maya Lai, with 19 members in attendance. This new venue for our meetings was generally liked by those present and will be added to our meeting rotation schedule.

Jerry Joliff made a proposal to have a "sweep" vehicle follow all club rides (when possible). Maya requested volunteer(s) to do this for the upcoming Fred Twigg event. The fact that our Ride Marshall Jim Carton was the one to break down on this ride may serve to reinforce the need for such advance arrangements.

Maya then presented the upcoming Oldtimers ride as the 25th Anniversary party for our Club, and encouraged all members to attend this celebration. Rally pins will be given to all attendees.

Alan Goldwater reported that the West Coast Rally in Oregon was a success, with 27 members attending from each of the CA and Northwest sponsoring clubs. Thanks to the excellent turnout, net income to the club after expenses was \$216. Those present voted unanimously to make this an annual event (excepting 1996 due to the National Rally).

Joe Edwards gave a progress report on the 1996 INOA Rally, which we are hosting July 18-21, 1996. The

following Rally Committee members have been confirmed:

Joe Edwards

chairman

Alan Goldwater

secretary

Maya Lai

treasurer

Lou Caputo

rides coordinator

John Bria

entertainment

Jerry Joliff

registration

Gerald Mauricio

photographer

Brad Green

field events

A volunteer is still needed for vendor management. This is a key position since we have use of a large indoor space for vendor booths and swap meet activities. Additional help will also be needed in many of the other areas mentioned above. If you're interested in helping contact one of the people listed above.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:20 pm. Next meeting will be Aug. 10 at the Connecticut Yankee in S.F., although many members will already be at the Dardanelles for the Unofficial Non-Rally.

Respectfully submitted

Alan Goldwater

Whazz Happ'nin

.....news of the NCNOC

The Old Timer's Ride Sunday September 17th

Celebrating the Northern California Norton Owners Club's 25th anniversary, we are hoping all members will turn out for this fun event. Everyone is welcome. We have invited all of the different motorcycle clubs in the area to join us.

The event will start at 10:00 AM at Alice's with a great ride through the redwoods. This is always a fun ride. The ride will end at Hucklebery Flat picnic area in San Mateo Memorial Park at around 1:00 PM. At this time there will be a wonderful picnic waiting to ease the hunger pangs worked up during the ride.

If you can't make the ride, at least come for the picnic. And, if you would like to be of some help...call Maya and offer your services. I'm sure any help will be greatly appreciated.

Address Correction

Steven Thomas has moved...his new address is 830 Broderick #3, San Francisco, CA. 94115 (415)923-1662

Letter to the Editor

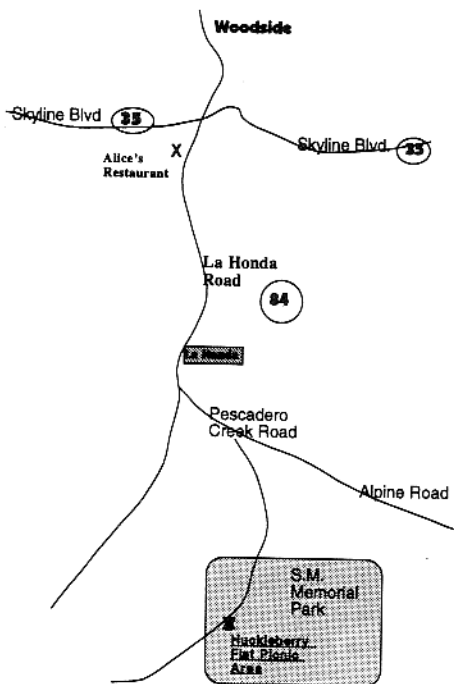
Since joining the club about one year ago, I have noticed with some concern that the club could very easily be named "The Commando Owners Club of Northern California". As a rider of a non-Commando, I expected to see more different models at meetings and rides.

I believe that because of the "Commando" influence, the rides are set up to be too long and too fast, causing the non-Commando riders to pass them up. Even at that, I am surprised that not more non-Commando bikes don't show up at meetings.

In order to promote the ridership of other models, I would like to offer my efforts in encouraging those riders to get their units running and to bring them to meetings, and to rides. I would like, as a start, to organize a listing of all non-Commando units in the club. If all those riders would call or write or fax to me as below, I would like to organize a weekend ride or meeting.

Thank you,

Mike Sullivan
(510)658-9661 - day
(415)872-3336 - eves
(510)547-2007 - fax



"The Gathering of Nortons"

Dardanelles Resort, August 12, 1995



View from the Bridge..... by Alan Mueller

Well, another unofficial "Gathering of Nortons" is history. I have found this event to be the most enjoyable function put on by our club.

Many of the members gathered at the Dardanelles early in the week. However, John Bria and I came up early Saturday morning. We rode the 180+ miles on our trusty black Nortons (B.J. and The Emperor). We were followed faithfully by our wives in John's bright yellow Ford pickup. Fortunately, we did not need their help as the Nortons ran beautifully in spite of the quick pace set by John.

We arrived at around 1:00 PM quite a ways in front of our wives. This gave us a chance to check into our motel room. John says, "my idea of camping is a Motel Six". I am afraid that I must agree with him. The rooms are quite nice.

Many of the members that were already there had gone out for a Friday ride up and over a few Sierra Nevada passes. That's livin'.

Late in the afternoon some of the group got involved with a marathon volleyball game. No score was kept.....so the play just continued. Maya just loved it!

Early the next morning, the word was passed around that Maya was cooking breakfast in her cabin. Several members partook in the wonderful eggs, bacon, toast and coffee. Food sure tastes good in the mountains. Thanks Maya.

About 20 bikes took off early in the morning with Jim Carton at the helm. They had a great day. Several of them stopped in Markleville for lunch and then splitting up in several different groups to go separate ways.

Rich Alves and I went on a short early morning ride while John had Ken Armann tweak his carbs. We discovered a wonderful road going down to Beardsly Lake. The turnoff is just east of Strawberry. It was a very quiet road with great sweepers and no traffic.

Later, Rich, John and I decided to do the Poker Run that the club had set up. It involved going past a few spots and answering questions and then later drawing cards to see who had the best poker hand. The ride across the Sonora Pass was gorgeous...look out for gravel! It ended in Bridgeport where we

gassed up. The ride back to camp was just as pretty. The scenery is so different depending on the direction you are going.

When we got back to camp we turned in our scores. Maya gave us all A+...that's the first one of those in a long time. We then drew cards...I drew first...a pair of 8s (queen high)...that had to be a winner. Rich drew next...a pair of 8s (Ace high)...I had lost already. John drew...two pair...how could I be so unlucky...three people and I was already in third place. It turned out that Jerry Kaplan and the Brad Green drew later and Brad had the winning hand. Out of five players...I came in fifth. Oh, well! I was never real lucky at cards. Brad seems to win all the time.

That evening, most of the members enjoyed a great meal produced by Joe Edwards, Maya and Cindy Armann. If I have left people out, I apologize. I am not sure of the numbers but there were quite a few members enjoying the wonderful food. Joe out does himself each year...this year he was alone as Shelly had to work. Thanks Joe for all your work and enthusiasm.

After dinner there were speeches and awards given out. Brad won the poker run and received a \$50 gift certificate...John B. was second and received a \$25 gift certificate. Thanks to all who got the awards.

In the evening, we were all treated to some great guitar music by Ruth, Harry, Jeff and anyone else willing to strum 6 strings. We all sat around a blazing campfire and thoroughly enjoyed the camaraderie. Cindy finally got the corn popped so we could all go to bed.

All in all it was a great weekend. I know next year I plan on spending a longer time up there. It needs more than just a weekend. Thanks to everyone who helped put this unofficial "Gathering of Norton" together.

Editors Note: It is now September and I still have not found a volunteer to take over the Notice for 1996. There has to be someone out there willing to help the club next year. The Notice is a very important part of the club and I would hate to see it get dropped because of the lack of a volunteer. I am still willing to help in the transition but time is short. Please help out. Thanks. Alan

Ridin' with Rich.....*.....by Rich Alves***THE FRED TWIGG RIDE**

The day broke clear as a bell. I looked over to the Coast Range and saw no fog at all. Today would be a warm one. Leaving Concord about 6:30 AM, I headed west on highway 4, across the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge, to the Lighthouse restaurant in Sausalito to meet seven other riders for breakfast. As promised by Jim Carton, Fearless Ride Leader #1, breakfast was very good.

Like contented Carnation cows, we headed north on 101, and to avoid traffic bypassed highway 116, went past Santa Rosa and then west on Gunneville road. Cows? Norton riders? Contented tigers, maybe? Fred's establishment is easy to find, as it is located behind the brightest yellow Norton gas tank on the West Coast. Many bikes and riders were already there and bench racing had commenced. After perusing the map Fred handed out, we roared north on back roads to the Dry Creek Pub and Deli. Fred's lunch stop at the coast had fallen through at the last minute so we bought deli food and drink for a picnic later.

Leaving Lake Sonoma behind us we followed Fred, Fearless Ride Leader #2, west on Skaags Springs Road. Turns rush toward us like flags on a slalom course. This is arguably the best bike road in the state - wonderful sweepers, smooth surface, wide lanes, good visibility in the turns, **and a 30 MPH speed limit**. After the first 15 miles or so, the road reverts to an old, narrow, twisty, bumpy, but great, country lane, and the speed limit goes up to 55 MPH. **Go figure.**

The next stop was by the old

Annapolis Road bridge which crosses the Gualala River. Thirty three bikes parked above the river while their riders enjoyed their deli lunches and took in the incredible beauty of the area. This whole region is a scene from 50 years ago. Progress has stopped and life appears to meander much like the river below us. Word went out that Fearless Leader #1 was last seen playing with his Boyer at the side of the road so he missed this gastronomic and visual delight. After lunch we did the twistys on Tin Barn and Seaview Roads, stopped briefly at the Glass Art Works above Myers Grade, gassed up in Jenner, and headed for the Pink Elephant. Pink Elephant?

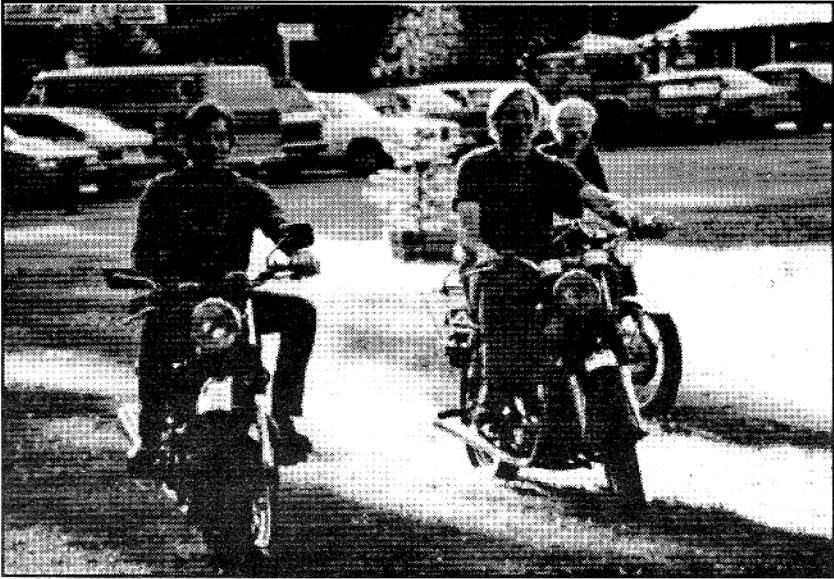
Fred assured us that a proper British Bike ride was not complete without a stop at a proper British Biker Bar. Elaborate directions were given to this attraction which is located in Monte Rio and accessible via a pleasant back road that meanders along the Russian River from Duncan Mills to Monte Rio. Although the owner of the bar looked to be more Harleyesque than British, he welcomed us warmly and we had a brew or two.

Most of the group then headed back to Fred's for Barby and beer. Alan Mueller and I had to head for home and at Alan's request for "out of the way, uncrowded back roads" I managed to find a few that went generally south, paralleling Highway 101 and about half way between 101 and the coast. As I looked in my mirror to see Alan missing a shift while in the midst of a herd of Holstein cows, valve stem deep in cow ka ka, I wondered, "is this out of the way enough?"

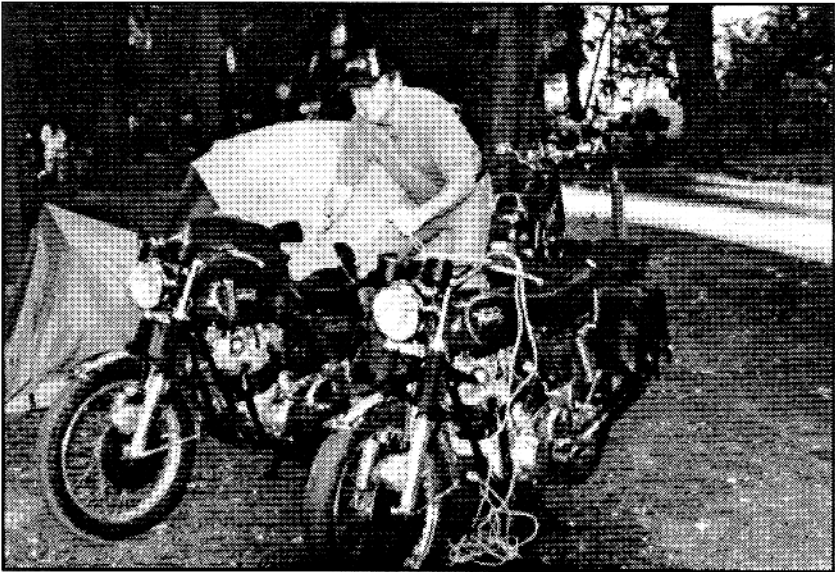
Thanks Jim for getting us there. Thanks Fred for leading us. Thanks all of you who joined in for helping with the camaraderie and adding to the fun.

Lake Selmac, Oregon

June 23, 24, & 25, 1995



Leo and Tarmo Go For The Gold!!



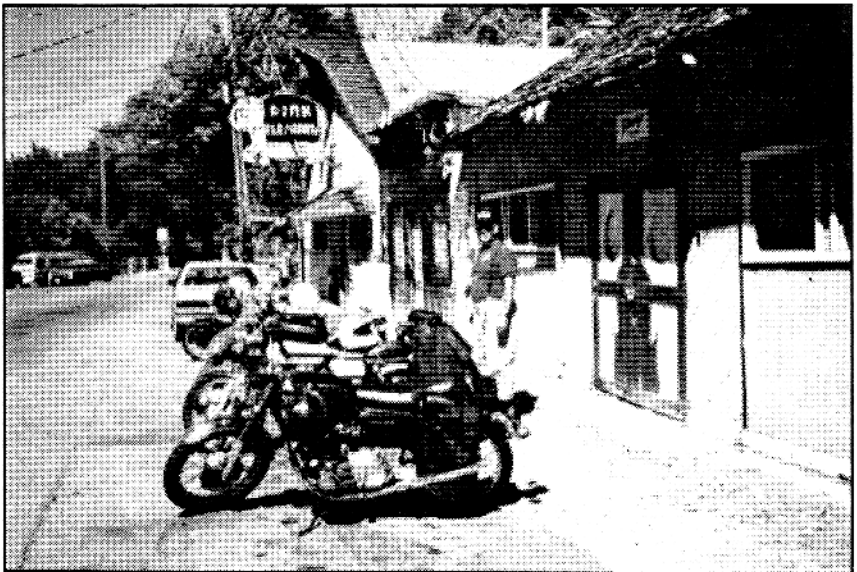
Can Jim Tame Those Commandos?

The Fred Twigg Ride

July 30, 1995



Fred's Garage !



Time to cool down after a long, hot ride!!

Lake Selmac Rally Report

by Lou Caputo

We were off! Yes indeed, it was time for the Lake Selmac Mini Rally and I was certainly looking forward to the ride, the folks, and a chance to clear the cobwebs out of my all too cluttered head. Unfortunately the Norton wouldn't be up for this adventure, but Cindy Grant's was and we met at Lucas Valley Road on Friday morning for the long haul north.

The Bay Area and the valley were about to experience a heat wave but we cut over to the coast at Cloverdale. While Phil, Mike, and Art had sweeltered on rt. 5 the day before, we found ourselves stopping for extra clothes when we hit light fog north of Eureka. We stopped frequently to rest and finally rolled in after 12 hours on the road. Cindy's Fastback was in remarkable condition— immaculate before, during, and after the ride. Except for rubbing fender stays which never really became a serious threat, her bike just rolled on. Sadly, the Bay Area will be losing one of its premiere woman riders, as she will be heading south this year to join her fiancée in never-never land.

Alan and Steve Neal of the NWNOC had put together a fine package. Frankly, I was expecting a small group, but there were over 50 riders at Selmac, in part because this was also the NWNOC's annual rally— their first! It was nip and tuck for attendance honors but by late Sat. it was clear that NorCal riders had tipped the scales. We had all the 'regulars' (It's clear this rally behavior is an addiction at this point for many of us!), but missed seeing Rich Alves who had been mistakenly informed that fishing was better in Klamath Falls. For shame!

Friday night was a time to relax. Wimp that I am, I opted for a nearby motel and caught up on the latest news. On Sat. morning it became clear that my decision had been a good one. While Radford denies snoring, ear witnesses at the scene point to him as the lead baritone of the evening's concert. Only Cindy, whose body was probably not as tired as mine, admitted to a sound (less) night's sleep. The suggestion was made to record future symphonies and market them as competition for "Sounds of the TT". All proceeds to pay for earplugs for attendees.

After fiddling on their mounts in the early morning, most riders took off for sightseeing. Several of the rallygoers had the stamina and either the curiosity or bad luck, depending on your point of view, to try the 75 min. tour of the caves at Cave Junction, which involved a climb of 4,000'.

Fortunately it was cool down under— as Tom Dabel remarked, "At 42 degrees it was like being in your refrigerator for 75 minutes." I kept a close eye on John Pinkham, an Internet friend, after he returned and was relieved to see him alive and well and then eating breakfast Sunday morning.

For my part, I elected to try a 0' elevation tour of the Kerbyville Museum— one of those homespun collections of pioneer and local items of interest that appear in towns all over the

West. Nestled in among the W.W. I memorabilia and silverware of the late 1800s was a display which chronicled the antics of a local group "The Cavemen" whose antics reached as far as initiating Nixon into their clan when he was on a whistle stop tour through Oregon. Seems they boarded his train and zapped him on the spot, which he claimed helped him seem more human to voters of the area. Newspaper clippings show these happy-go-lucky guys and gals decked out in a variety of furs, with clubs at the ready. While several photos clearly reveal the kinky sex bias of the group, it appears that for the most part they were just out to have a good time and boost the town's image. Ah, those were the days. . . .

Back at the rally site, Mssr. Pinkham's tent stays, all 26 or so of them, were tripping unsuspecting wanderers right and left. Not to worry- I'm a roofer," offered Leo, as he upended yet another stake. But John apparently had set all the necessary stays securely, for the tent never did fall. Then again I'm not sure it was ever fully up. It looked to me as though, fully erected, it could have provided ample room for at least a medium sized harem. But, even with rallygoers molesting his stakes, John managed a night of rain-free snoring. Rain? Didn't see a drop all weekend.

We had easy access to the lake. A grassy field was adequate for the field events (NO amount of space would have been adequate for one of Brad's clutch basket tosses which was just a few degrees

shy of traveling backwards— but he won the event with a Herculean toss that had people whispering, "What's that boy been eating?") and nearby campsites, while perhaps a bit crowded for some, kept things cozy. Unless, of course, you forgot your earplugs. Ralph Merwin, whose Norton's problems are remarkably similar to mine (Piston ring, O piston ring, where art thou, O piston ring?), borrowed John's bike to try his luck in the slow ride and the jousting. He graciously donated his trophy for winning the joust (Leo copped a

second and was heard to mutter, "Damn, I'm gonna practice, I'm gonna practice, I'm gonna practice. . .)", a copy of Norton Twin Restoration, to John. Unfortunately I don't think the book has a section on belt drives; John's new belt was strangling his bike and will need replacement. He elected not to use the spare I had brought him and instead fitted it about his waist. Too bad; that belt was adjustable. Cindy walked away from the Sat. eve meeting with a new rain suit, not owing to any feat of daring, bravery, or skill, but because she was a size small and was having good luck all weekend (Lucky coincidence—she had been looking for one for the ride but the stores only had large sizes!) . Hey! where were the XXXL suits?

Poor Grover was wandering around the field events with a dimestore camera, lamenting the fact that he felt inadequate amidst the high power lenses around him. We've got to take up a collection for him at the next rally so he can get some worthwhile shots. Then again, he doesn't do badly at rallies WITHOUT our help. Just give him a ticket and stand back! With a decent camera he might have caught a good shot of Harry careening wildly during the slow speed race.

One of the pleasures for me was meeting people whose posts I had been reading on the Net. Besides John and Ralph, Jim Doty, all the way from Boise, and Jamie Barlow, the NWNO gourmet cook, were there and I enjoyed talking to both of them. Jamie brought his RS but he's a nice guy anyway. And, we need to console these fine fellows in their Hour of Need—I was sure his Norton was just a few hours' worth of wrenching away from running circles around that other brand he owns.

Jim Carton was wandering around looking for ways to make people happy by fixing their Nortons and was succeeding. I watched his delicate touch for awhile and remembered that I had a bunch of latex gloves looking for a home. They're yours, Jim. Now if I can just remember to get to the next meeting. . . . We took a picture of Jim astride his Nortons, yes, Nortons; watch for it soon.

Louis Mendelowitz returned from a ride aboard Alan's rotary and got off shaking his head and muttering something like, "Incredible, just incredible!"

Tarmo tested the pavement of the area and pronounced it hard. A 25mph getoff with his lovely daughter on the rear resulted in only minor injuries to him and, fortunately, no bumps to the little one. Tarmo later reinjured his knee trying to toss that goddamned clutch basket and should have received the rally award

for Best Performance in the Face of Adversity. Adversity? The guy's too game for his own good! Fortunately he didn't spear himself in the jousting. And where was Jerry Kaplan's special for the joust anyway? We were all waiting for the lad to compete on his alloy-tanked heart throber. Now THAT would have been interesting!

The site was perfect. The resort had food available for those of us without cooking gear, and Sat. night's barbecue by Noccers was superb, featuring a killer sausage. I personally watched Phil regain all the pounds he had shed recently in a marathon eating frenzy which had diners at the table gasping. Even Mike, normally a hearty eater himself, sat there wide-eyed as the ravenous Radford waddled time and time again to claim yet another plateful.

Later, on Sat. night, we were serenaded by what I think was a country music group which had set up at the patio by the camp store, but if pressed, I might have to admit that I wasn't sure exactly what to call their style of music. But hey! it was free to us and did provide some noise for those inevitable lulls in conversations as in: "What are the chances that you'll have a trouble-free ride on your Norton tomorrow?" At the awards ceremony I was charmed to overhear Tarmo's daughter say, after receiving an Avon Tires cap from Steve Neal, "It's what I've always wanted!"

Did I enjoy myself? You betcha! In a rally of this size you remember the names of people you meet, you can relax enough to really talk to folks and share the highs and lows of Norton ownership, and there's really no pressure to worry about "The Schedule of Events" (But note that dinner WAS on time!) A rally this size sort of unfolds, it evolves, it shapes itself as it moves along. Of course there was preplanning—we even had a brochure detailing what the plan was, but this rally was more about friends having a good time just by enjoying each others' company. And that, my friends, is what characterizes a successful rally. This one had it.

Thanks especially to Alan and Steve for making it all happen. With the moving force of these two fine fellows the '96 National in Quincy is going to be dynamite!

My apologies to those who were active in the rally planning but whom I haven't mentioned. Great teamwork!

Low (Official scribe. And how did YOU see the event? All disputes, acknowledgments cheerfully accepted by your editor, I'm sure.)

Northwest/Norcal Rendezvous 1995

One Rider's Account
by Doug (Flash) Ratliff

Going to the Oregon rendezvous was excellent. Your humble narrator was, as usual, pressed for time on the bike fixes. Bigger hammer, stronger pliers and simian thinking applied! My '73 850 Commando, I call stinky, for reasons too numerous to list, seemed A-ok.

I left Sacramento on Friday morning, June 23rd. (girl friend and a late night aside) it was 8:30 am. I endured a stupid, boring ride up 1-5, (otherwise known as the slab!) It was very uneventful, however, Mt. Shasta was gorgeous. Ah, Oregon! Finally several hours later, I arrived in Selmac. I ate some cool peaches and a dinner salad at the Family Restaurant and enjoyed conversations about the weather and other typical social ice breaking subjects, dogs, California, and relatives, etc. with the proprietor. I don't remember her name offhand, but she was a very pleasant sort and had no biases against bikers. Maxy or whatever her name was gave me directions down to the lake. Hooray, I smelled Nortons before I could see them. I rolled into a typical campground, showers, horseback riding, RV's, kids, dogs etc. Now, there was a big exception to this middle class getaway! A large group of motorcycle people had 99% of the camp sites. Heh, Heh!

Setting up camp was a musical chairs number. Where to throw the tent? Whether to stay in my assigned spot close to the damn road, car noise, and assholes, or seek out fellow Norcal clansmen/women and kinship. Kinship is something I always prefer.

David and Karen Bright had an official RV campsite. Oh boy! electrical power, and water, now this is what I call really getting out there and roughing it with nature. (next time I'll bring the VCR too.) However, the Shade and camaraderie seemed workable. I had my tent set up before Dave got back from a ride, and Karen is too nice to say no to a cute face! Ah, thanks Mom!

Home being set up with Karen's

help again. (goddamn new tent *%@\$ etc. etc.) The Taiwanese instructions were really helpful: pole A goes to diagonal slot B. Oh shit! I looked for more friends, and I found them. Hooray my old friend Louis Mendelowitz, Allan Goldwater, Bob + Hazel, even Brad Green. Brad has a girlfriend, who is new to Nortons, Ruth is her name and she rides a Harley. (After this weekend she will want a Norton, just you wait and see!). Now we are gonna have some kinda fun! Friday night was mostly devoted to telling lies around the campfires and meeting the Northwest gang.

Steve Neal is quite the character, I classify him as either a riverboat card shark/Don Juan, or P.T. Barnum reincarnated. (After meeting Steve, one should check their wallet and for their girl friends whereabouts.) Just kidding Steve! Jamie Barlow, is my kinda compatriot, funny, sly, and musical, beside being a cute little feller. Short guys get more women Steve!

Jamie and I hit it off on a few good campfire conversations. We also schemed on some of the camp babes. He told me he was in charge of chicken for the banquet. After that chicken, I believe that Jamie should be officially titled "The Commander in Chief of Chicken". He told me about his secret preparations for the chickens. Each piece was smothered in some mystical Hindu herbs and spices, (lots of curry) and -then the birds were sealed in zip lock bags and hand massaged for three days. Jamie, you're really going to have to see a doctor about this chicken fetish of yours, you know? My tongue was laying in the dirt after his descriptions of the bird preps; I couldn't wait for the barbecue Saturday night.

Saturday 24, June 1995. AM: approximately 10:00 Brad Green, David B. and I go for gas and a little pre-ride Oregon twisties testing! David has been here and leads the way. Yahoo! good warm up ride and Brad and I get the adrenaline pumping. Dave stops to show us this beautiful creek and we enjoy a moments communion with mother nature. After our brief pause the old brain says, "Hey, we're here to ride", so off we go. We arrive back at camp, and a ride is arranged for a small group of us to go to Crescent City with a loop

of a twisty known as the 1971

Our group consisted of David B., Brad and Ruth (on a Harley), myself and a new acquaintance, Tarmo Jangus. I had met Tarmo once before on our High Sierra Ride (otherwise known as the chili ride). It's hot riding and even hotter chili! I recommend it. Tarmo and I seemed to connect and the great spirit of Norton enveloped us for fast riding safety. (The force was with us).

On the first leg of our sojourn, David B. wicked it up on his trusty MKIII., and the rest of us played hare and hounds in the twisties, great full, except for the goddamn whiner-abagos and toad hauling trailers. The secret to the aforementioned problems is to get right up on their asses and look for an opportune moment, then (double line or no) drop a gear and nail it around the road slug before you become the hood ornament on the logging truck that's oncoming! (Sometimes you're the windshield; sometimes you're the bug. Dire Straits.)

We all stopped for a potty and a smoke check* at a river site there was a porta John and a big Redwood thab had a sign that read Bare Botbom Mine. The smoke in everybody's wires was good as we left (except mine @\$0&*), Oh Shit! Bike dead and I don't really smoke but my "Stinky" Norton - really did stink. Smoke escaped from the wires and Tarmo and I could smell it. It was a resin stink. This of course smelled like trouble, literally. Tarmo and I used our new found positive bro energy GI, or KI force to holistically heal Norton. (I disconnected the source of the stink i.e. the ignition warning light assholeliminator device and Norton sprang to life. Yipee!! We found our tribe at a restaurant close to Crescent City, and we all had a fine lunch. We watered our horses to some of Oregon's fine premium gas, great nozzles on the pumps too. (you don't have those goddamn Californian nozzle condoms on the pumps which spill fuel all over your tank and self). The return voyage was "hot"! Oh, God, Oregon gets hot too! No big whoop. We all got back in one piece.

Evening, Saturday, June 24th, 1995.
Oh boy! Field events. Steve Neal had arranged

a clutch basket toss and a ring joust. I didn't want to participate in the events after my long ride, but Brad's Norton took a dump the day before so I loaned him mine. "Stinky" and Brad seemed to work well, and we even figured out a scam for the jousting event. It seems that in order to joust, one must try to hold the lance in the right hand and accelerate at the same time as clutching. Ha, ha, funny trick aye whot?, but "Stinky's" single amal carb has a unique feature in that it sticks open a lot! I have learned to use this interesting malady as a cruise control while on long drives so I can ride hands off. I like doing the old "look ma no hands" bit on motorists in the neighboring lanes. This usually scares the hell out of them and they quickly move away from me. Moreover, they move away faster when I flap my arms like a bird. (See Easy Rider, the movie, for directions). Stinky's carb sticktion was utilized at a low position, about 1,500 rpm, and Brad was able to use his right hand to joust the pole and he took a second place finish. However, other contestants weren't so lucky, and some footpeg breakages and red faces occurred. The banquet was superb and Jamie's chicken surpassed all culinary descriptions! Jamie, please send me the recipe. There were many late night parties and camp fire gatherings. It was terrific as Bart Simpson says, "I did it the first time and I'll do it again"!

*See Norton Notice #203, April, 1995, for Smoke Check. Article on electrical theory by Joseph Lucas, page 14.

Bob DiMascio

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NOC Member Profile

by John Covell

Name: Ted Williamson

Age: 45

City Resident: Fremont

Marital: Married, no kids.

Occupation: Instructor for Cisco Systems

NOC Member since: ca. 1992

How first became involved with NOC:

Riding Nortons since 1975, attended a couple of meetings over the years, finally decided it was time to put up or shut up.

Club offices held (years): None yet.

Norton(s) owned, described: 1977
Commando Interstate.

Other makes of motorcycle: 1991 Honda
VFR, 1983 Yamaha Venture.

What first interested you in the Norton?

"I was tired of the flexible frames in my Kawasakis."

Other hobbies/interests of note? Guitar playing, piano, custom audio equipment.

Favorite motorcycling road/ride: Two: the Hopland Grade and Ebbits Pass.

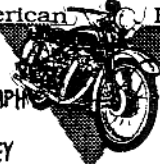
If you could redesign the Norton, what one thing would you most want to change? How and why? Eliminate the points, put in a Boyer. "For anyone who'll bring his Norton to my garage in Fremont and pull the tank, I'll solder the ignition system solid for free—no more bullet connectors!"

Favorite/most embarrassing episode on a Norton? Thinking the sidestand was down and pinning myself to the ground.

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TRADE: I want to trade my '72 R75/5 BMW for a Norton Commando. The Beemer is blue with a toaster tank. Call Francis at (415) 661-6454 (9/95)

FOR SALE: BSA B-40, 350cc single street bike, new motor & tires, Ron Freeway, \$1850; BSA B-40 350cc Trials Single, All tricked-out, \$1850; Both for \$3000. Call Ed Meagor (415)457-5423 or (415)459-9947 (10/95)

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FOR SALE: '71 750 Commando, assembled but not running; '72 750 Commando, basket case; call Mark (408)439-2305, days (408)336-2501, eves

FOR SALE: 1968 Commando Fastback, excellent condition, 2nd owner, very low serial number 126178 - the 54th Commando off the Production line!! \$2,800. Call Howard at (408)298-6850

FOR SALE: 1972 BMW R75/5 with 6-gal tank, small fairing, Krauser bags, new battery and rear tire. Has reverse cone (Norton) mufflers and Amal concentrics, runs and sounds great \$1600 or trade. Make me an offer...Alan Goldwater (408)475-7505 (3/95)

FOR SALE: 1963 Ford Falcon Sprint, Last year for the "round" body style, 1st year for V8 power...302cu,i., C-4 auto trans., \$5000...call Woody at (408)378-3035 (3/95)

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FOR SALE: 1966 BSA 650 Thunderbolt, 5000 miles, stored 15 years, runs good, non-stock, paint and ex. system..excellent condition \$2500; **WANTED:** Will pay anyone going east to within 50-100 miles of Chicago area..to transport one motorcycle: i.e. truck, trailer, van etc...Call Jim (510)483-2045

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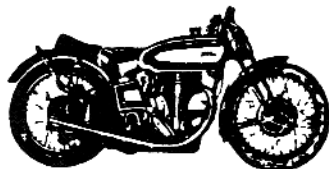
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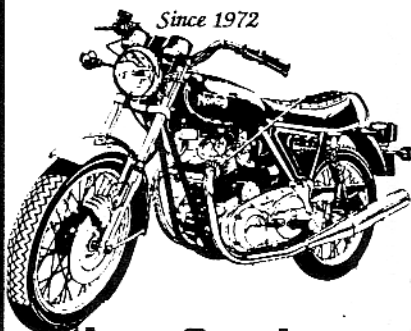
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