



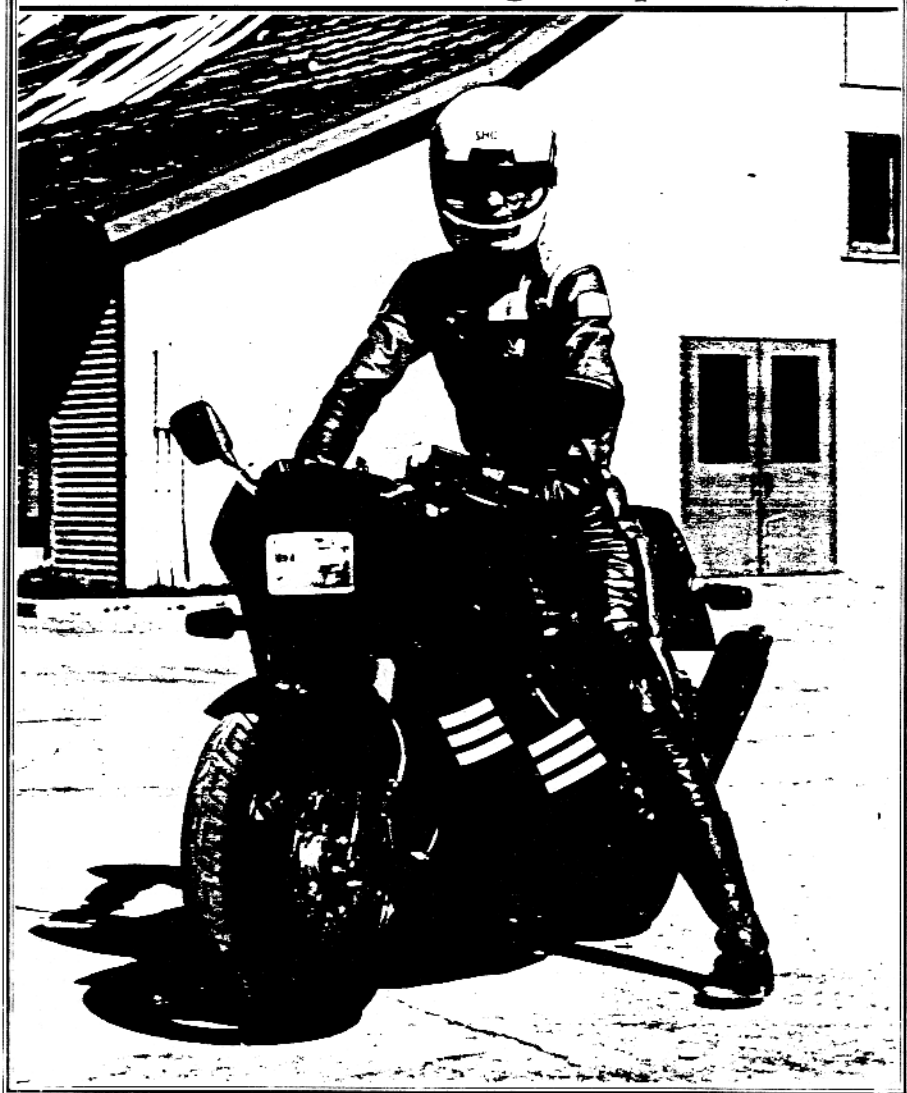
Norton Notice

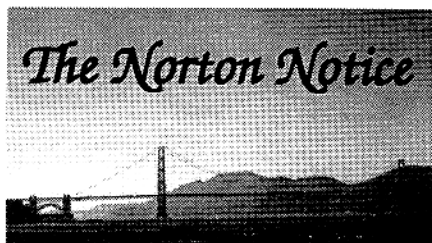


The Newsletter of the
Northern California Norton Owners Club

No. 218

August/September, 1996





is published by the Northern California Norton Owners Club. Its purpose is to inform and entertain members about all aspects of Norton motorcycles, including history, technical advice, and preservation of the marque. The *Norton Notice* is a reflection of its readers, who are encouraged to submit any article, technical tip, or photograph (original or otherwise) in good taste for other Norton enthusiasts to enjoy.

The deadline for submitting items for publication is the 20th of each month. The *Norton Notice* welcomes contributions submitted electronically, preferably in MS Word, MS Works, Word Perfect, or Rich Text Format. The *Notice* is produced using Aldus PageMaker 5.0.

Membership in the Northern California Norton Owners Club is available for \$20 per year. Membership dues are payable to the Branch Secretary/Treasurer. Renewal dues are payable at the end of the individual's membership year, in the month designated by the last number of the individual's membership number as listed on the mailing label of the *Norton Notice* and on the membership card.

Send change-of-address information to the Branch Secretary/Treasurer, not the *Norton Notice* Editor.

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

Club Officers

President: Maya Lai (408) 241-1812
1370 McKendrie, San Jose, CA 95126
maya%fastfood%daver@sbiglab.sgi.com

Vice President: Greg Braithwaite
240 Center Ave. #3, Aptos, CA 95003
(408) 689-9939

Treasurer: Bruce McGregor
840 Homer Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94301
(415) 323-9605

Rides Coordinator: Jim Carton
1749 137th Ave., San Leandro, CA 94578
(510) 483-2045

Norton Notice Editor: Stevan Thomas
830 Broderick St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94115
(415)923-1662

Public Relations: John Covell
1183 Alemany, San Francisco, CA 94112
(415) 334-1183 senator@well.sf.ca.us

Photography: Gerald Mauricio
Post Office Box 655, El Granada, CA 94018
(415) 726-9337

Sergeant-at-Arms: Lynne Miller
639 Mangels, San Francisco, CA 94127
(415) 334-2042

Quartermaster: W.E. Kneadwon

About this issue. . .

Photos: Gerald Mauricio, Jerry Kaplan, Stevan Thomas

Designer: Alycia Sanders

Words to live by. . . *The objective of the Northern California Norton Owners Club is to promote, encourage and develop motorcycling activities. The Club's members are owners of Norton motorcycles and often submit technical tips pertaining to Norton motorcycles for publication in the Norton Notice. Technical tips 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 its members for any problems resulting from use of these technical tips. The Club assumes no responsibility for the acts or omissions of its members in connection with Club activities. Norton Notice articles 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. Club activities and membership are subject to standards established in the Club by-laws. Advertising published does not imply endorsement of products, goods or services. Now you know.*

Upcoming Events

Rides are on Sundays, unless otherwise noted. All rides kickstart at **9 a.m. sharp**. Be gassed-up, fed, and ready to roll! Call Jim Carton for details about any ride.

■ September

15 Old Timers' ride*

It's tradition to ride your favorite "old timer" to this one, which is also the Club's annual picnic.

20 Pre-Race Special: Motorcycle Test Day, Thunderhill Park, Willows, CA

Gates open 8 a.m. Testing from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., supervised by AFM officials. Special rates: \$100/full day, \$75 half-day. Usually \$112/bike for 40 bikes, \$150/bike for 20 bikes. Call (916) 934-5588 for information.

21 - 22 AFM Road Racing, Thunderhill Park, Willows, CA

One hour north of Sacramento, six miles west of I-5 on Hwy. 162. Call (916) 934-5588 for info.

22 AHRMA NorCal Motocross, Fernley, NV

Call (408) 476-3663 for information

■ October

13 Mt. Hamilton ride*

■ November

17 After the Danmeier ride*

■ December

TBD Holiday party and Annual General Meeting, location TBD

Maya's Minutes

by Maya Lai, President

The Rally was a success! It was hot, and there were beautiful roads and great people. The bikes were, shall I say, "award-winning" and overall it was a great turnout. The flat-tracking was excellent! Bill Knight really blew around the track. We rallied in about \$9,000 and it was very comfortable with about 300 people. There were quite a few chapters out there, and it was nice to see them all. Art Bone was happy with the area. I was able to ride a 1989 F-1. I loved it dearly--can't afford one, but at least I got to ride one through our hills. This bike belongs to Tom Collins, one of the other chapters' officers. I thank him greatly. I also thank Andy Mattos for the splendid dinners that he served, all the other vendors that were brought in to help us, and Alan Goldwater worked his butt off to get this event rolling. Thank you to Jerry Jolliff for taking care of registration at the gate, and to Neil, Shirley, Margie, Sachii, and the many others who helped with it also. I thank Harry Bunting and Lou Caputo for the rides and for speaking after the dinner. It was a great place to be and maybe in the future we can try this again.

Upon the Avons

by Stevan Thomas, Norton Notice Editor

Three cheers for a fabulous Rally and to everyone who attended! I would especially like to thank the Red Hook Brewing Company for generously donating several kegs of different ales to the Lions Club for your drinking pleasure, and RedLine Oil for donating a case of its excellent motor oil for door prizes.

I didn't set out to combine the August and September issues of the *Notice*, but the August deadline was during the Rally, and articles coming in were slower than usual. So you get a nice big issue with pictures!

Two very nice things came out of the chapters meeting at the Rally: the Southern California Club was voted "Best Chapter", and the Northern California Club (that's us) was voted to have the "Best Newsletter" for the year preceeding the Rally! I am thrilled that Alan Mueller's many hours of hard work last year, and mine this year, made a difference that reflects well on our Club. I really want to thank all the people who have contributed articles. Special thanks go to Jim Carton for (among others) his excellent tool article, Robert Newman, who, along with his high-quality articles, gets the award for getting things to me *before* deadline, all the people who contributed to the John Bria issue, Andy McKerral, for his help and contribu-

tions, and everyone else who has contributed in any way! I couldn't have done my part without you! If I've forgotten any names it's because it's (as usual) after midnight. I also want to especially thank my fiancée, who is responsible for the design and layout of the new *Notice*. She has put in many late nights on the computer.

Now for the not-so-nice thing. Many of you have by now heard that a Club member was recently expelled. The whole story is detailed in "Recent and Regrettable Club History" (p. 22), which should probably be titled "Why the Club Was No Fun This Year". To make a long story short, the expelled person, while holding the office of Quartermaster, had 50 embroidered Club sweaters made which were available "at cost" for \$38. According to the vendor receipts we have, cost was just under \$20. None of this was run through the Club account, and everyone who purchased a sweater made out a check to this person, not the Club. The Club also lost \$225 on another project that was poorly managed (again, outside the Club account) by the same person. Need I say that this kind of behavior is completely unacceptable to the majority of our members?

Getting to the bottom of this stuff and dealing with it has been odious, time consuming and draining for

Maya, Bruce and me. My suggestion for the best way to avoid this crud in the future is to change to a Board of Directors format (instead of electing people to specific offices), and to have whatever monthly meetings we hold be strictly social events or "tech sessions" that don't require the Club President to preside over anything.

This leads me to another heretical thought to throw out there for discussion and contemplation. I never planned on being *Norton Notice* Editor, but when we needed one I stuck up my hand because nobody else seemed to want to do it (that should have been a clue) and it didn't seem to be that much work. I now know differently.

Most other Chapters, and many other Clubs, don't do monthly newsletters. In fact, the Southern California Chapter recently went to a quarterly publication. While I think that would be a little too infrequent for us, considering the trouble we have had getting members to take on the Editorship of the *Notice* it may be time to change to a bi-monthly publication schedule.

I can already hear the loudest complaints, and they're coming from people who never contribute any material. Getting material is a little like pulling teeth; I keep thinking of ways to make the *Notice* better, but they still require you to send something in. I know that many of you have stories and anecdotes of Club and Norton history, and I would love for you to share them with the rest

of us. The Jan Barton story in this issue about the long-stroke Manx (p. xx) is a perfect example! I was lucky enough to have Tom Dabel tell that story in my presence, and I made a point of making some notes so I could write it down. If you like reading that sort of thing, send me an item!

I've said before that I've never had anywhere near a *Notice*-full even close to deadline. This means I end up writing a great deal of the material, and the more I have to write, the longer each issue takes. I am concerned with quality, and feel a bi-monthly publication schedule would give us more time to put together a polished issue with really good articles and pictures, and would make it easier to get members to VOLUNTEER to be *Notice* Editor in the future.

I know we have a long tradition of monthly publication behind us, and if we had a line (even a short one) of members anxiously waiting for their turn at putting out a great *Notice*, I wouldn't dream of making the suggestion that we change. But consider this: the person elected before me never bothered to join the Club, was only *considering* buying a Norton and said he "didn't care what the Club did", he just "wanted to edit the newsletter." He ran unopposed. The newsletter is without a doubt the single most important thing the Club does. It is the glue that holds the Club together. So what happened? Why don't bona-fide Club members want

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to work on the *Notice*? Would only having to do six issues instead of twelve make you more likely to do it for a year? Think about it. I would like to have some comments from y'all, particularly former Editors.

While we're on the subject of producing the *Notice*, I'd also like to suggest that the Club buy a scanner. A lot of articles come in typed (thank you! thank you!), but then I have to re-type them into the computer. This takes a *lot* of time.

The survey results are going to have to wait until next issue. The response was quite good and I want to thank those of you who took the time to send them in.

One last note: I was at FLAX on Market Street the other day when I saw a guy on a red Norton stopped in traffic. I ran out to say hello and see if he was a Club member. He is, his name is Dana Muise, he works for a Web company, and he's willing to set up and maintain a Club Web Site for free! More on this later. Be sure to check out John Covell's Member Profile of Dana on page 21.



Ride Report

by Jim Carton

As usual, the Rally at Quincy (like past rallies) wasn't long enough to see everything, talk to everyone, ride every ride, scrutinize every single Norton, at least once, thoroughly--and, of course, relax a little--all at the same time. I guess that's why they have these things every year. Still, I think a week-long rally would be my idea of Norton vacation, and you wouldn't even have to have an event planned every single day.

Leo, Pat, Patrick, Walter, Ian and I left the Bay Area at 6:50 a.m. Thursday, July 18 for possibly the best Valley crossing I've ever had. The weather was cool and clear all the way to Quincy, and the ride up 162 was most excellent. The map showed that the road was unpaved, but Tarmo informed us that the road was indeed paved all the way. And so it was. Put that one on your map for next in the Quincy area.

The Rally was great! Thank you, all who made it happen and put in the long hours.

One of the best aspects of owning a Norton is the opportunity to upgrade and personalize it into a truly unique machine. The bikes at the Rally gave me the impression that I personally haven't even scratched the surface in this area. So many mods, so little time. Needless to say, there were a few machines at the Rally that made the drive alone worth it!

Rally Review

by Alan Goldwater

I'm pleased to say that the Feather River Rally was an unqualified success. Attendance of 280 adults and 21 children topped our expectations, despite competing events all around the country. The many comments I received confirmed that everyone enjoyed the rides we planned; some were left speechless with "road rapture"! We had perfect weather, great meals, and no problems. And, to top it off, Friday's flat track racers gave us an awesome show, with three Nortons among the thirty-or-so competitors. Scott Dunleavy won the main race on a very fast Yamaha, while Bill Knight's Norton was just edged out of second by a BSA.

I'd like to thank the many people who helped make this rally possible. In particular, I want to acknowledge the hard work of Steve Neal and the Northwest Norton Owners, who gave us a fine program of field events on Saturday. Steve's creative ideas, like Norton Jousting and the Pub Run, have brought new fun to this Rally feature! I'd also like to thank Detroit Don Kuwik for his tireless help and good cheer before and after the rally.

Thanks to many generous donors, over 70 door prizes were awarded, including a Boyer ignition and a set of Snap-On Whitworth wrenches. We also awarded 28 trophy plaques, which were handmade by the Rally Committee.

Among the winners were Bob James (Oldest Rider - 72 yrs.), Bob Shelton (Long Distance Solo - 3,040

miles, and Tim Smith and Miriam Bruening (Long Distance, Two-Up - 2,024 miles).

Here are the Concourse awards. Please forgive me if I got your name wrong; by Saturday night, I was pretty well fried.

- Best Rotary Norton (yes, more than one showed): Tom Kullen's F-1 pre-production prototype. Tom also won Best Single, and Oldest Norton for his 1947 ES2.
- Best Interstate: Carl Winterbauer
- Best Roadster: Colin Kelly
- Best Fastback: Flip Banando
- Best Classic Twin (Atlas): Pete Bredemeier
- Best Dual-Sport (P-11): Jerry Kaplan
- Best Low-Production (JPN): Joel Postman
- Best Competition Norton (500T): Ted Henry
- Best of Show (Seeley Norton): Bill Burdette

Finally, the Hard Luck award went to Pete Gallo, who bent a valve so badly that the head came off and wasted a piston, then actually cut a hole in the combustion chamber. This all happened about halfway from Pennsylvania to the Rally, so he bought a truck and kept on rolling! When last seen, Pete was trying to trade the old pickup for a good Norton head so he could ride his bike home!

One For the Road

Images of the 1996 INOA Rally in Quincy, CA

■ Rock and Roll Fantasy by Jeff Gruwell

Hey, what an event! Man, I'm here to tell ya that I cannot remember the last time that I had such a good time celebrating the existence of Norton motorcycles and the people who appreciate them. My hat is off to those who freely and unselfishly gave of themselves to coordinate such a grand event.

The roads we had the privilege to enjoy were some of the finest Com-mando roads I've seen in a long time. There were plenty of wonderful machines to gaze upon. The chow was great (I can't make up my mind if I liked the spaghetti or the steak more), and the flat-track racing was the icing on the cake!

After the doorprizes and awards were finished, Harry Bunting played the Norton Blues, and let me tell you, that man can really play the blues. Roger Bengé brought out his stand-up bass and played. Grant, who rode in from Nova Scotia, is a bluesman from way back.* He serenaded the lucky few who happened to be present near the stage at an unreasonable hour with real down-home-southern-style Louisiana Bayou blues. A fellow who played electric bass for Harry traded turns with Roger on the acoustic bass, and additional guitars traded hands freely. In the wee hours, our musical entourage migrated over to Camp Brad where I played a little Bob Dylan, Jimmy Hendrix, Neil Young and Rolling Stones, handing my guitar

over to Grant when I saw that he looked to be in the mood to play. Ruth played some guitar with us and passed her instrument around as well. The string session came to a close after Grant played a Jose Feliciano song in E minor about California and gigging around. I had the privilege of playing lead, and that was a workout!

The sad part of the event was in the less-wee hours of Sunday morning, when I knew it was time to go to bed and that in a few hours I'd be packing my bags, bidding my farewells to those left at the site and heading out on the highway towards home, and work.

It was a pleasure seeing some of my old buddies from the Southern California Club. John York, Bill Burdett, Joe Powers, Steve Chauvin, Reed Libby, Bill "Bib" Bibbiani, Flip Banando and Jay Trish. I would love to see an event where the Northern and Southern California groups get together at Lake Isabella (in the mountains northeast of Bakersfield) for a mini-rally. Good camping and beautiful roads in the Sequoia National Forest.

**Grant had the rare two-tone red and silver metallflake Fastback, of which only a handful were made. In the mid 1970's he bought it from John York at a dealership in Canada. John went on to work at British Marketing when Brian Stark owned it and stayed for a while with the current owners, Joe and Doris Chavez. He now has his own shop, Thoroughbred Motorcycles, in southern California.*

■ Poetry on Motion

by Lou Caputo

The road just past Bucks Lake. . .
 The road to the Laufman Ranger Station. . .
 Route 70 along the Feather River. . .
 Andy Mattos' great dinner. . .
 FLATTRACKING!!!
 Trout fishing on a glorious morning. . .
 Great folks, relaxed, in good spirits. . .
 Fine Brit-Iron turnout. . .
 A productive Chapters meeting. . .
 More FLATTRACKING!!!
 Many cherry machines. . .
 Don from Detroit--what a tireless worker!
 Friendly, competent security personnel. . .
 A real sense of community. . .
 More FLATTRACKING!!! Say Hallelujah!
 A Rally Committee that had it together. . .

■ Racer's Eye View

by Mike Farrell

At 6 a.m. Saturday, I opened an eyeball, looked across the course, and saw that the coffee stand was already open. The organization was fabulous--I can't say enough. It made it so pleasant for visitors like us. It was pretty neat.

As far as the racing went, there was a problem with the starting system. There was a race where the starter was RAISING the flag to his knee and the front line started. The officials let it go, without penalizing anybody. The second-row people (including Dick, on our Norton) didn't even go. They were waiting for a restart. There wasn't one, and the second row had to get out of the way as the pack came

around at full speed! Protocol was changed after complaints and was better. Other than that, we were scared to death the track wasn't prepared enough--it looked like a prairie on Friday morning. It turned out to be pretty good, and there was more than one line through the corners.

One other thing I really enjoyed was the fellow we met who helped out with our mechanical problems during the races. About dinnertime on Saturday he told us he was going to do a few laps, so we went over to watch. I know the argument is that you get a few guys out there, and then you get a few more guys out there, and it gets competitive and you can have problems. Well, none of that happened. Two guys did a few laps at a safe speed and Dick and I had a ball watching them. We laughed our heads off. It was great. If you do this again, you might want to think about letting people (one at a time) do a couple of laps. Figure out what the insurance is and charge them that per lap. I'll bet just about everybody there would have taken a turn. Great rally. Thank you.

(Mike Farrell and Richard Fuller are partners who race the yellow and white RedLine-framed Nortons. They came down from Portland, Oregon.)

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■ A View From Above by Walter Gish

What makes a great rally site? A British Racing Green valley with subtle streams and pastoral settings combined with enthusiasm, pride of ownership, and a sense of joy in the machines displayed, yours and your new friends from the far reaches!

A slow turn over the Quincy airport to attend the '96 Norton Rally promised this was the place. It was to be!

I attended as a wanna-be owner, and buyer, if the "right" opportunity presented itself (it didn't), and as just a curious onlooker for two days. This note is to thank all of you for the damned hard work and planning it takes to organize an event of this scope, and to suggest one tiny change in procedure.

Those of us who can't always attend the full event, rides, meals, entertainment, etc., but wish to see the displays, bikes for sale and friends, were denied the chance by the all-or-nothing approach of the organizing committee. If you want the locals to see what you brought into their backyard, and the day visitors to enjoy and appreciate the best of the marque, make it possible by selling day use passes! I know it's a problem, but the goodwill generated is worth it in the final tally.

Thanks again to all the officers, workers, and most of all to the people who took the time and effort to attend the rally and show that Nortons Dominate, Intercept, and Electrify whenever they gather.

Walt is a member of another Brit Club that recently had a rally in New Zealand with a show in front of the largest museum in the country. It was advertised for months in advance and locals came from miles around. He flew to the Rally in Quincy.

■ Kiwi in Quincy by Donn Tomlinson

In my travels, I happened to be on the East Coast working on sailboats when it came time for the INOC Rally. I attended my very first INOC Rally last year in New York and had a total blast seeing so many Nortons together. Just had to attend this year's Rally as well, and might not be here for next year's, so I left my job and flew to the West Coast.

My friend Art Sirota, who is a member of the New Zealand NOC (hence our contact) loaned me his 1969 Fastback. Having purchased a Chevy van back in February, I was able to load the bike into the van and take it to the Rally. I didn't want to clock up too many miles on a borrowed bike, and that's my excuse for driving and not riding there.

I checked in, found a place to camp, and proceeded to meet old friends and make new ones. There was still an hour of daylight left, so I decided to go for a short ride down Highway 70 just to make sure the bike and I formed a little working relationship. I was about to turn around when I was flagged down by two Harley riders.

One of their bikes had broken

down, and so, being the obliging gentleman on his reliable borrowed Norton, I ventured a further 15 miles down the road to Belton to seek help. I found some people with a pickup truck, and back to make the rescue we went. By this time it was dark, and the bloke in the pickup had no ramp. O.K., lifting a piece of Milwaukee iron onto the pickup would be fun!

That's when I heard the pure, musical sound of a Commando coming along. Flagged him down, and we all lifted the two-ton cycle aboard the truck. I don't think the Harley guy was overly-impressed by the smart-arse comments coming from the Kiwi about Norton reliability, etc. etc., or our requests for a photo of us lifting his bike onto the pickup for our Norton Club newsletter! His girlfriend saw the funny side, though.

Friday was great. I did a 150-mile ride with Don and Shirley Danmeier and fellow ex-pate Kiwi Kevin Burrell. Great roads, and I only got a little lost once! Back in time for Phil Radford's tech session, which basically meant standing in the shade quenching our thirst from the conveniently-located bar.

In general, I had a very neat time. It was great seeing the flat-trackers doing their stuff. Stayed in compound Saturday to soak up the concourse and field event atmosphere. The "tucker" (Kiwi for "food") was excellent, and special thanks go to Phil Radford for the endless sheep jokes!

I really enjoy attending these rallies, not only for the bikes but for the people and the cool areas

where rallies are held. A big "thank you" goes to the Rally organizers--I appreciate how much time and effort goes into something like this. Plus, it's good to pick up on a few tips that I can take home to combine into the running of our NOC rallies!

Thanks again for a great rally and many memories, and, finally, a big thank you to Art Sirota for his generosity in loaning me his Fast-back. It made my rally!

■ Rally Run-Down by Jerry Kaplan

Plumas County Fairgrounds

Turned into Nortonopolis. A great place to have a party. The place was big enough to ride in! Lots of cool places to hang out, and everyone had his or her own space with lots of amenities. Noise from the sawmill was not a major bother.

People

Not as many as at the 1991 Rally. Good side: more time to visit with old friends and ample opportunity to make new ones. Harry Bunting was in particularly fine form. Bad side: lack of people equals fewer profit dollars, and it was a little sad to realize that a lot of people missed out on our great time.

Roads

As good as they get. Fantastic twisties through glorious Sierra scenery! Logging trucks kick the gravel marbles into the middle of your lane, which gave some un-

(continued)

named rider a face-first view of the tarmac.

Food

I liked it!

Bikes

Similar to the people: what was there was great, like an F-1 Rotary and a 500T. Couldn't help but wonder about what bikes and people were not there. Oh, well, we filled the available space perfectly. If we had a lot more bikes and people, we would have needed a traffic director.

Weather

Somebody up there likes us! Bloody hot, though, on the way home.

Racing

Cool! Loud and fast! In your face! There should have been more local advertising by the promoter, and the track should have been prepped better ahead of time. With a little more effort, we could fill the grandstands.

Overall

My vote for best-ever venue. This needs to be an annual event, not necessarily as a Norton-only affair, but more along the lines of all-British. Perhaps we could do it ourselves, or our local clubs could cooperate and share the proceeds. My thoughts include making a small profit for the clubs and supporting something worthy like a racers' fund or civic cause. Any spark plugs out there? I'll help.

■ **The Rally That Was**

by Jerry Jolliff

New friends, great riding, good food, stars at night, fresh air--these are the memories Rally attendees took home with them.

I'd like to thank my registration volunteers for stepping up: Rich Alves, Shirley Mauricio, George and Sachii Shoblo, Neil Kelly, Mike Sullivan, Maya, and others from out of state whose names I forgot (sorry). A very special thanks to Sigfried Fioka for all his efforts: the welcome sign, running errands, copies, and being available.

Also, thanks to Security for those 24-hour shifts.

Last, but not least, thank you for attending. You're the ones who made it happen. A lot of you came a long way and gave up a lot to be there, and because of that, this will be a Rally everyone will remember for years to come. Thanks again!

■ **Quincy, Through the Back Door**

by Patrick McDowell

It was early Sunday morning, and I was sitting just outside my tent when this entirely-too-clean guy sidled up and made me commit to this article. I was already disabled by the news that the coffee I had just drunk was de-caffinated, and the Espresso people pooped out when they were needed most. And after creating a dependency! Foul! The only thing steaming was my sleeping bag; I should have stuck that too-clean guy in it! But I didn't.

I did reflect on the four days, however, and was saddened they were over.

Four motorcycles, five riders, a support vehicle and a wife left the Bay Area, taking Tarmo's *secret* route onto Eighty, to Five-Oh-Five, to Five, and East on One-Sixty-Two. We were grateful for a cooler-than-expected day, and were through Oroville by ten that morning. Then it started getting fun! ROAD RAP-TURE became the buzzword for the day, with new pavement and sweeping curves, dips, transitions and crossroads enough to thrill Grover!

We were going to be aloof and camp at Buck's Lake in a pre-arranged deal that quickly soured when we hit dust up to the bottom of the disc. So we gambled on Quincy, not knowing what to expect, but expecting the worst, as fair-grounds are usually not the garden spots of town. But Quincy was different, and pleasantly so. Jerry's Kids met us outside the gate, and before I knew what was happening I had an envelope in my hand and had pushed through to the Garden of Norton! Green grass everywhere, neat old buildings casting shade about, and permission to camp--*anywhere!* We found a nice spot, near the alleged Quiet Zone.

Old friends drifted up and drifted off, new friends kept coming by, and the rest of the day passed in Norton envy. We were glad our neighbor Flip's fastback won, and we hated him for it! We were sorry there was no entry for Rat Bike, because our new friend George would have won!

(You wouldn't have known his bike was a Rat Bike to hear it--it ran like a top.)

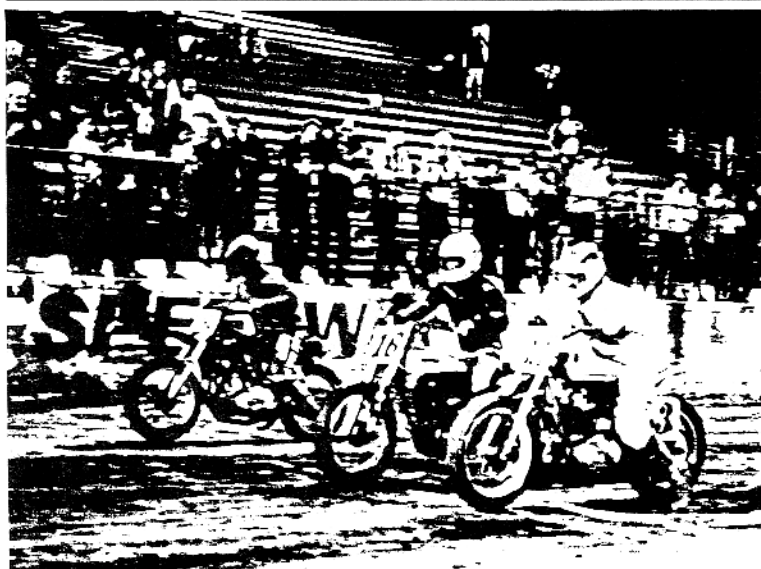
Friday saw an informal ride take off, retracing our route down One-Sixty-Two to Oroville and back to Quincy through the Feather River Canyon. It was just as thrilling going as coming! And not one speed-predator to be seen!

Rumor had it the Rainbow Girls' youngest was sixty-eight years old, the oldest being ninety-one. We were disappointed in that, but not in the spaghetti and sauces they served, and the side dishes! "All you can eat" was not hard to do!

My fifty-fifth birthday was Thursday, and the AHRMA flat-track races Friday night stripped the years from me until I was a teen-ager again! I hadn't had that much fun in a long time. When I was a kid growing up in Wyoming and Colorado, the only other excitement besides rodeo was racing, by car and motorcycle, and motorcycle was the most exciting. So the races Friday night held much more for me. Plus, they were just darn good.

Saturday, a few of us took off for Portola's Railroad Museum. Another fascinating place, once you manage to find it! A large collection in a small place, with helpful folks to answer questions, or leave you alone if you just want to browse. George theorized, and rightly so, that a lot of the mechanics which inhabit motorcycles can be seen in their most basic forms in old railroad engines. And if you saw *his* Norton,

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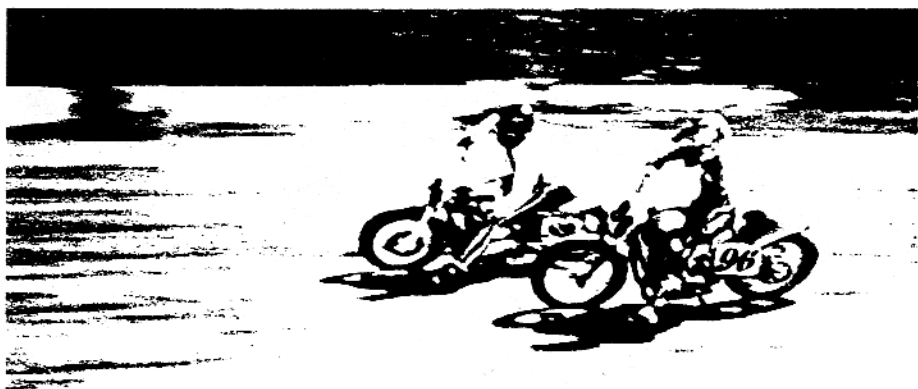


Top: The start of the Norton Only flat-track match

Bottom left: Heavyweights line up for the start of the main event

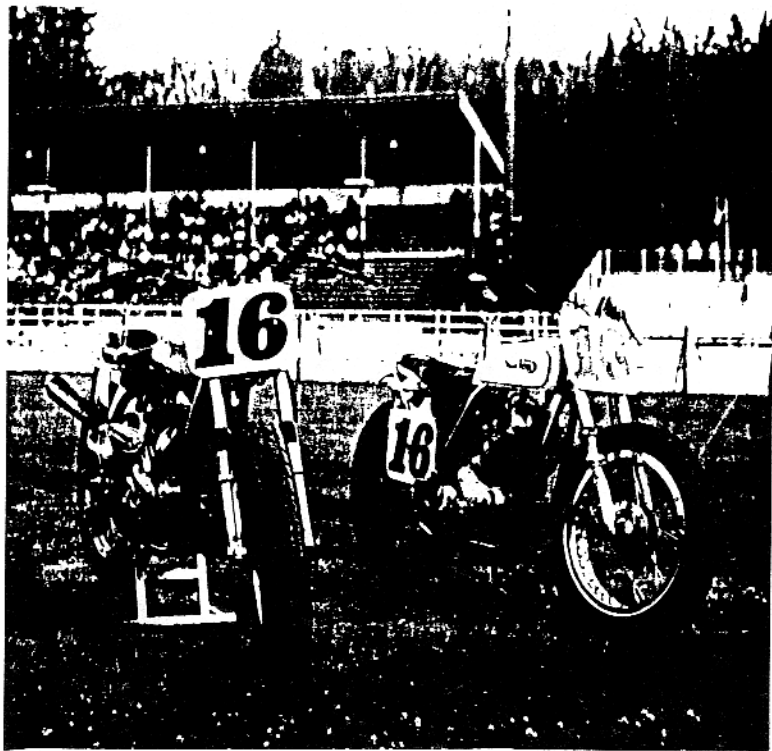
Bottom right: Our own Bill Knight slides out of a turn, feet-up





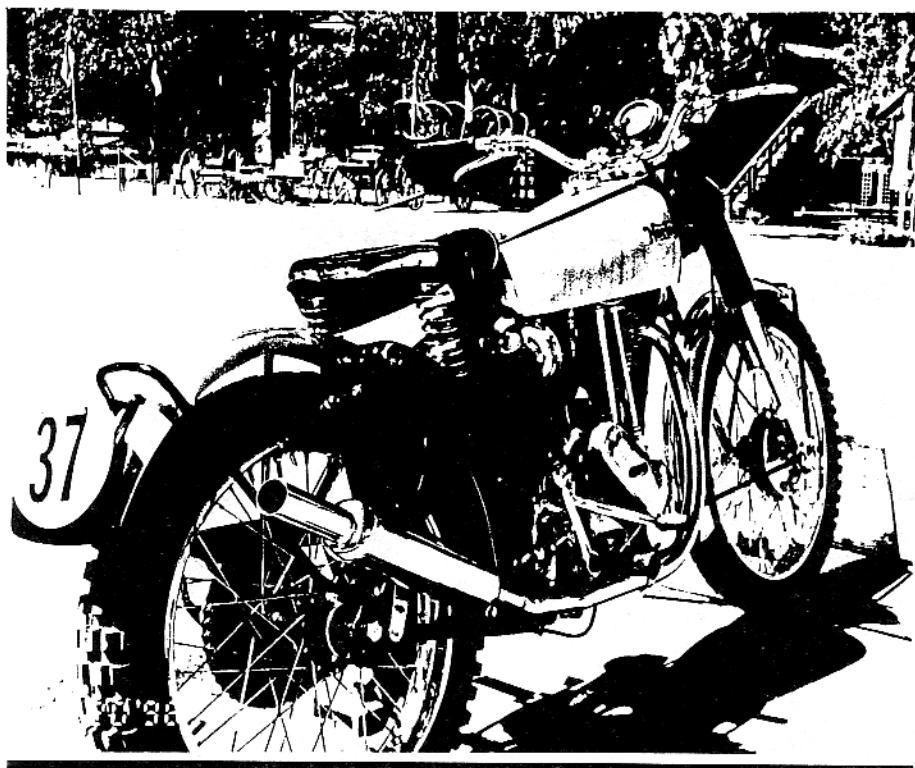
Oregon's Gary Davis, in the lead

Mike Farrell and Richard Slusher's brace of RedLine Nortons





Field events, like jousting (above), would have been much easier on the likes of this 500T, which won Best Competition in the concours!

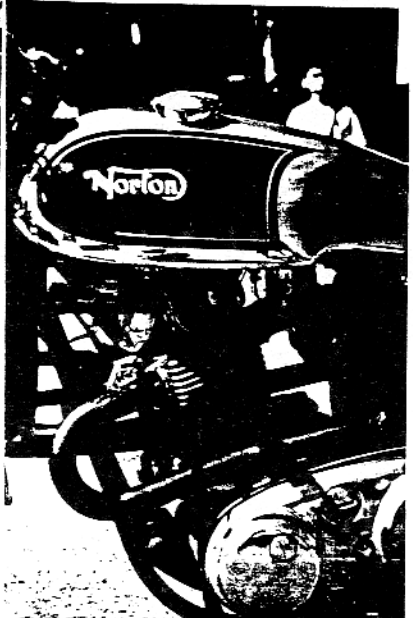


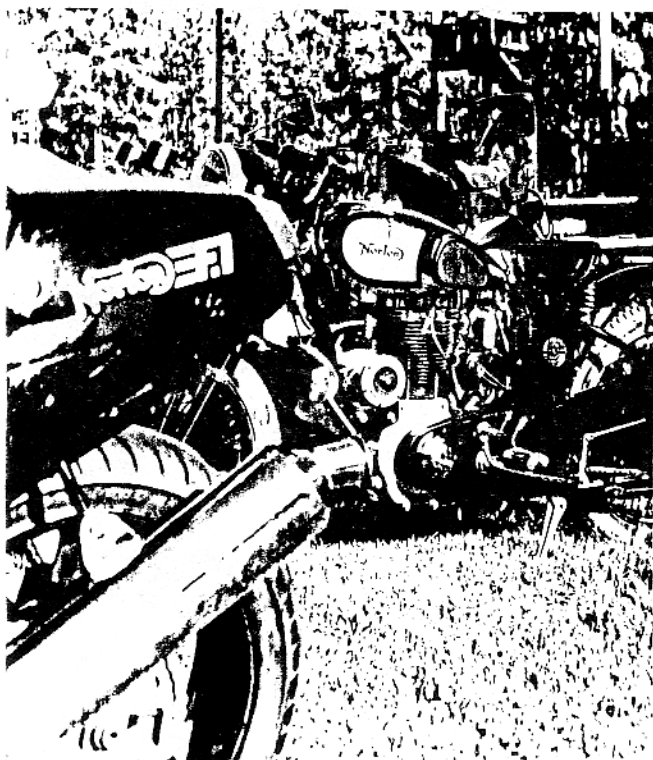
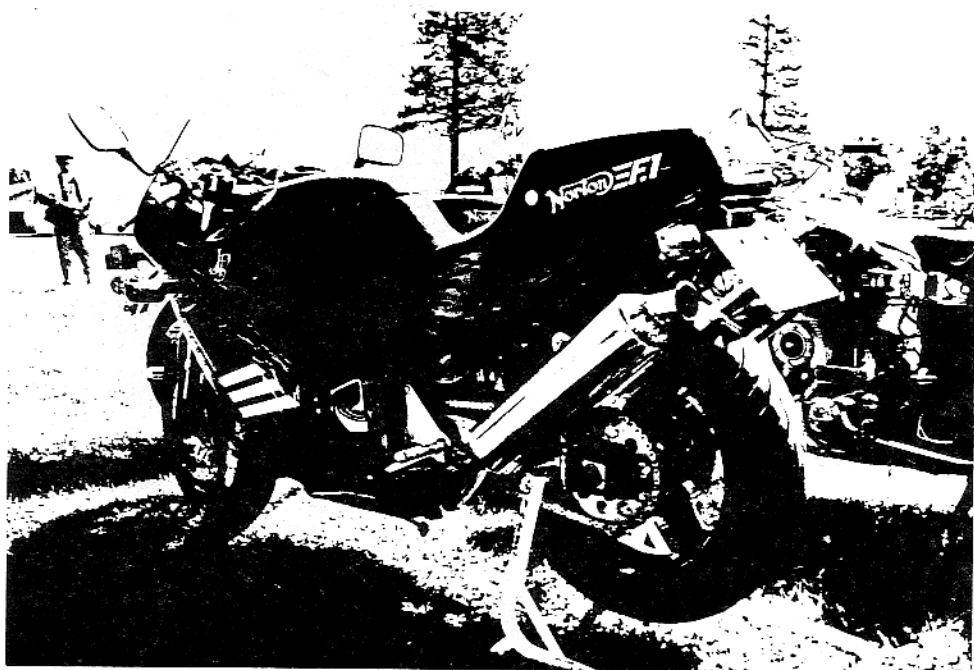
Clockwise from top:

Bob Marin and his Garden Gate Inter

Brian Chinn's award winner (Best Custom)

Matchless Rotax, doing the Pub Run





*The old and the new:
Tom Kullen's F1
prototype (above and
left), and a plunger-
frame ES2.*

(continued from page 13)

you could do naught but agree! Even the touristy little ride around their mile track was fun when taken in the old caboose with the cupola windows high above the train.

Steak dinner, harrumph! Boy, was I pleasantly fooled. I snuck back for seconds, even after Ian, Leo's boy, called me a pig. Later I caught him in a hammock and Killer Kowalskied his internal organs for that insult. His comment on that harsh treatment was, "That felt weird." Tough kid!

Everyone had nothing but praise for the steak. All the meals received high praise. An after-dinner ride on LaPort Road topped off the evening, I thought.

When we got back, I found out I won a helmet in the door-prize drawing. Hot damn. I was going to buy a new helmet for the Rally, but my wife in her wifely wisdom said, "Oh, honey, why don't you wait?" She got to see the new helmet, as well as the old one that I dragged behind my motorcycle on the road home, to the amusement of several passersby along that long, hot crowded enduro across the Central Valley!

■ Reflections

by Gerald Mauricio

I'd just like to say what a great time Shirley and I had at the Quincy Rally. The site was perfect: newly-paved roads, much grass, a swim-

ming pool, and close to town.

The riding was wonderful. Highway 70 near the Feather River from Oroville to Quincy had sweeping turns and beautiful scenery, and we really liked the ride past Bucks Lake to Madrone Lake.

The field events, organized by Steve Neal and the folks from the Northwest Norton Owners, were entertaining for the participants, as well as the spectators. I especially enjoyed the Pub Run event--not so easy, riding with a glass of water on your head while navigating an obstacle course on your Norton!

The Quincy Rainbow Girls provided a delicious spaghetti dinner on Friday, and Saturday's steak dinner, catered by Andy Mattos and his crew, was great!

We had a real treat on Friday night. Bill Knight set up his Norton motocrosser for the flat-track racing. Dick Slusher brought two beautiful, nearly-identical Nortons down from Oregon for the race, and Marvin Moore brought his Norton out to do battle with the Triumphs of Gary Davis, Butch Cochran, and Joe Carrera, and Stephen Hensley's BSA--not to mention an extremely fast Scott Dunleavy on his Yamaha. These guys put on a great show for us.

We really enjoyed the atmosphere at the Rally. We met some truly delightful people, like Doug Hart from Nottingham, who, in addition to attending the Rally, came to the U.S. to take in the Olympics and support his friends on the archery team, and J.B. Rahi, who

was visiting from Nepal. Then there were the guys from the Utah British Bike Club, who cleaned up at the concours event. And I'll always remember listening in amazement to Art Bone and Charlie Brookman tell stories about what it's like to ride a 24-hour endurance race.

Last, special thanks to Tom Kullen for the ride on the F-1. It was unforgettable.

■ **Juggling at the Norton Rally** *by Harry Bunting*

Before Bill Mankin retired from Raber's Parts Mart, he finally made my chrome-tank Baja-or-Bust Norton 850 idle--and it wasn't the Amals, my friends--it was leaky valves. He also threw out the Boyer ignition and put the points back in. Sound familiar? Then I chromed every part on the bike, but it still beckons for those chromed side covers. Anyone with a good lead, please call me at (408) 867-9410. And yes, I *am* in Chrome-Fetish Therapy.

When Alan Goldwater faxed me an index of INOA vendors to send letters to asking for Rally raffle prizes, I thought it would just be a couple of hours to whip out a cover page and mail off the letters. Needless to say, it took longer--after about 100 letters, it was two days later! We received, and gave out, a huge amount and excellent quality of raffle prizes. I would like to thank all the vendors who gave us prizes and were able to participate, espe-

cially the other Norton Clubs.

Now for the Rally. On Thursday morning, I pulled out of Saratoga on the Norton 850 and went right straight to Sacramento, then to Oroville up Highway 70 and checked into the Rally site with Jerry Jolliff, who was head gatekeeper for the whole weekend. I did a measly one-hour stint at the gate, but got to find out what a real nice guy Jerry is. I suggest we all chip in to fix his Harley!

So, on Thursday afternoon I toured the Rally site and met lots of folks, checked out the exotic rotaries, the beautiful Nortons, the normal looking Nortons, some real ugly yet runnable Nortons, Triumphs and BSAs. Drank a few too many \$1 beers, had dinner in the dining hall, and relaxed for the evening at the Ranchito Motel. Can you believe they had special towels outside just to wipe down our old snorts? I wonder why?

On Friday morning I ate breakfast with some other riders at the dining hall, and we planned our big ride for the day. By this time, we had an espresso vendor, T-shirt booth, a masseuse, our personal beer stand, headquarters, and an oil change/bike repair stand in full swing. About eight of us took off down Hwy. 70 towards Oroville, where we gassed up and then took Hwy. 162 back toward Quincy. If you haven't seen the Green Gate Bridge over Lake Oroville, I highly recommend it. It's like a miniature Golden Gate Bridge.

We pulled into Lake Madrone

Restaurant for lunch and we all had a great time eating, and feeding the ducks, perch and trout. I checked out early to tighten my chain and make it back in time for my massage and shift at Rally Headquarters. Oh, what a demanding schedule. Yes folks, Hwy. 162 on a Norton is almost as good as it gets. As my mind was contemplating beautiful thoughts around the freshly paved sweepers, I felt close to heaven. In fact, when the giant dust cloud from the speeding logging truck blew directly in front of me, I almost got to see God! Luckily, the old snort stopped in the nick of time!

When I got back to the rally site, I found myself drinking beer with Jack Daniels chasers, getting a massage from a beautiful lady, watching a Norton tech session and eating chocolate cake, all followed by a spaghetti dinner, and all within about 100 feet. Furthermore, three hours later I was watching flat-track racing, which was terrific. I had found Quincy INOA Rally nirvana!

Over breakfast on Saturday morning, I attempted to clear my head from the previous night's activities before departing on the truncated, all-paved version of the Poker Run. I also met up with my old boss, who used to give me great pay raises, at Lake Almanor. He left (damn), but now owns a resort right on Lake Almanor which we could potentially use for some future rally.

Needless to say, I won second place in the Poker Run, but Mai and I graciously gave our winnings to the flat-trackers (X%\$#), per the request

of our fearless leader. The Chrome-Dome Norton found itself taking second place in the jousting contest field event, after which John Covell and I counted up the concours ballots.

After a few more beers and the last swig of JD over dinner, it was obvious I was going to have fun that night. Thank you, Alan Goldwater and Maya Lai, for allowing me to help with the awards presentations. I do apologize for losing all the names of the concours winners. I really want to thank Jeff Gruwell for bringing and playing his guitar, and the bass player and the old guy who I met later playing "Kansas City". WOW! I personally want to thank the INOA audience, who really boosted my ego after a few of my licks on the six-string. This has inspired me to get serious about music whilst keeping ye olde day job. I propose we list all musically talented people in the Norton Notice for potential formation of a band, or at a minimum, a Northern California Norton Club Song.

On Sunday morning after a hearty breakfast in the dining hall, an extra five pound weight in the body, and a fantastic ride down Hwy. 49, I was safely back in Saratoga by 5 p.m. I really want to say that this was one of the best INOA Rallies I have been to, and yes, Alan Goldwater and the rest of the Rally Committee, it was a complete success due to your hard work and diligent efforts. To Phil Radford and Don and Shirley Danmeier, bring three balls next time.

British Singles/Pre-Commando Twins Ride Report

by *Stevan Thomas*

The first annual Norton Club/BSA Club British Singles ride was held July 28, 1996. Officially, it was a Norton Club event with the BSA and other British Clubs invited to participate. Next year it may also be an official BSA Club ride and be on their calendar from the beginning of the year.

It was the first morning with a blue sky in San Francisco all week. The air was crisp crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, fishing boats were making bee-lines toward the western horizon, and the early morning bicyclists were far fewer in number than they would be in another half hour. I turned up the Marin headlands hill, on my way to my co-conspirator Steve Meyer's house to pick up the maps (he was hoping his back would unkink so he could make the ride), and couldn't help but notice that the view of the Bridge and the mouth of the Golden Gate was magnificent. As I passed a spot familiar from the Rallye de Milani ride, a red fox ran across the road and into the bushes in front of me. All good omens so far for a great day, along with a beautiful morning view of the Fort Baker lagoon.

Steve was walking out the kink when I arrived. He said he'd be there with his Velo right around 10 a.m. I packed the maps and highlighters and went back up over the top again to enjoy the view and

avoid the "six minute tunnel" wait on the lower route, then went down to the Lighthouse Cafe in Sausalito.

Tom Dabel and Frank Forester were there waiting for me across the street from the restaurant. We grabbed a couple of parking spaces and fed the meters. A motorcycle police officer circled back our way, which had us wondering if it was O.K. to be parked where we were, but it turned out his dad used to race and he had an interest in British bikes. We spent a few very pleasant minutes with Officer Sam Villeggianti before Ron Halem rolled his Goldstar up to the Royal Enfield single and 1956 Norton 88 twin that were parked there. In another couple of minutes bikes started to be just about everywhere, so I started marking the maps and passing them out.

Roger McMullin, who couldn't make the ride due to other commitments, brought down a 1947 Norton International (which used to be owned by Keith Sides) and expressed great interest in joining the Norton Club. I expect we'll be welcoming him as a new member soon. Mike Sullivan brought his freshly running 1961 Model 50 350cc single. Steve Fisher rode a 1968 Spitfire BSA, Don Danmeier arrived on his 1971 B-50, Walter Gish rode a very clean 1969 441 Victor, and Paul Zell rode his B-50 Beezuki (B-50 with Suzuki makes

mag wheels and disk brakes). Steve Meyer cruised in on his Velocette Venom, and last to arrive was Don Clancy on an FT 500 owned by his passenger, Paula Hansen. After we teased him a little and told him to bring a Brit single next year, maps were handed out to all. We were having so much fun yakking on the sidewalk in Sausalito that we never did get breakfast!

We headed up Mount Tamalpias and across the Bolinas Ridge Road to a short stop in the trees at the top before coasting down the backside of the mountain with our motors off to Highway One at Bolinas. We turned north toward Point Reyes Station, our first gas stop. Walter's Victor lived down to its nickname and became the first "Victim" when it wouldn't start. No spark. Steve Fisher was having a bout of clutch slip in the Spitfire that he hadn't fixed because he'd been up working on his B-50 most of the night (and it just didn't want to go). He went to fetch his truck and Walt, who was really disappointed he couldn't finish the ride. I stayed to help Walt, as I was tool and oil carrier, so I rode up the coast past Tomales Bay alone and saw the fishing boats, oyster restaurants and the fog, clinging to just the top of Inverness, across the blue of the bay.

I caught up with the group at Rocco's Corner in Freestone, where they had just about finished with lunch. Rocco's is open on week-ends and serves a great, big, greasy, hamburger. Highly recommended by everybody there! The

group was kind enough to let me order one and eat, even though they were pretty much finished, and I also took the opportunity to call Fred Twigg. He was home, just back from Eureka, and said he'd be right down. It took him a while to get there, as when he was leaving home he found he had to fix his tank strap.

While I was eating, Tom told a story from many years ago about Jan Barton and his long-stroke Manx at a Norton Club Beer Bust (see page 26 for the complete tale). Then Fred arrived with his wife, Kit, on pillion, and recommended we stay near the coast as it was quite hot inland. We went to Occidental for fuel while Fred and Kit had a cold one and caught up with us there. The Velo lost all the primary oil Steve put in at Rocco's. We stopped filling it and it stopped leaking, so it got the Exxon Valdez award for the ride.

Out Coleman Valley Road to the coast, and a brief stop to look at the ocean and put on a coat or two. North to Jenner-by-the-Sea. With the fog mostly well over our heads, just clinging to the ground here and there, it was deliciously cool! As we went by what looked like a lagoon, tendrils of fog were rising from the water, flickering like candle smoke upward and disappearing before joining the high thin fog above. This was a much kinder, gentler fog than the San Francisco variety, which is cold pea soup that makes you wipe

(continued)

your eyeglasses every ten seconds and sucks the warmth right out of the bones in your fingers!

North to Meyers Road, and from there to Tin Barn Road. We stopped at the intersection of Kings Ridge and Tin Barn roads in the shade of a mighty tree. At this point, we were 113 miles from Sausalito. Most of us went up the road another mile or so to look at the *ashram* that was just finally completed. From the road you could just see the tops of several pagoda-style buildings with roofs resplendent in polished copper. Going back down the hill, you got a glimpse of a tower with a roof that looked like it had been gold-leafed.

After gathering back at the tree, we decided to go down Kings Ridge Road. A great road, but showing a bit of disrepair this year. Good single-y twisties through the trees. Stopped in Cazadero for beverages, and realized we'd have to go to Monte Rio for gas. If you don't know where the gas station in Monte Rio is, it's hard to find, so a few of us went on to Occidental. Several riders headed back toward Novato from there, but three of us wanted to stop by Fred's place. He was ahead of us at that point, though, and being tired, we couldn't quite find it. I felt it was a shame to pass up the invite to stop by, particularly as Tom and Ron hadn't been there before.

Tom wanted to head home, so we all headed for the highway. We were tired from the long ride, but we all had a blast! It was a great day of

riding, with good food thrown in.

For Nortons, we had a 1947 Garden Gate Inter, Fred's 1953 Featherbed Inter, the 1961 Model 50, the 1956 Model 88 and one (ulp) Commando at the rear (the Goldie I was going to ride was down with engine trouble). As for BSAs, we had a 1963 DBD Goldstar, two B-50s, a 441 and a Spitfire. So get your single or pre-Commando twin out next year and do the ride!

I have to point out that since this is a new ride and had only been on the calender for two months, the main thing that made it work was the telephone. We made sure people knew about it in case they hadn't seen it in the *Notice* or the *BSA Bulletin*.

Meeting Points Update

■ June Meeting

Nortons (6 points)

Joaquin Abron
 Tony Alexander
 Ken Armann
 John Covell
 Ron Douglas
 Alan Goldwater
 Steve Marsh
 Bruce McGregor
 Scott Weir

Other British makes (4 points)

Neil Kelly - Triumph

Non-British makes (2 points)

Lou Caputo - Goat?
 Mike Sullivan - BMW R-27

Other (1 point)

Harry Bunting
 Greg Braithwaite
 Bill Knight, National #28
 George Shoblo
 Sachii Shoblo
 Stevan Thomas

Correction for the Easter Morning Ride: Jim Meadows gets 6 points for being on a Norton. He and his wife Colleen trailered from Reno to the East Bay, and rode from there at Oh-early-thirty!

Riders Tech Session

by Stevan Thomas

Have you had the experience of installing a brand new kickstart lever on your Commando and had it still be loose on the shaft after you've tightened the bolt as far as it wanted to go? There is a reason for that. The surface against which the bolt-head bears isn't always perfectly spot-faced, and this causes the bolt-head to dig into the chrome. There happens to be a very simple solution for this that might even work on your old lever if it isn't too far gone: put a stainless flat washer under the bolt head. Don't forget to grease the bolt threads and washer while you're at it. The only problem you have to watch out for at this point (if you have your existing lever, not a new one) is that you don't close the slot in the lever before the assembly is tight on the shaft. If this happens, either take it somewhere to have the slot milled wider, or, if you're adventurous, put a couple of fresh blades in your hacksaw (stacked next to each other so you can cut a wider slot in one pass) and carefully make some steel sawdust. You will be amazed how much difference a washer and some grease can make.

(continued)

Member Profile

by John Covell

Dana Muisse

Age: 30

City: San Francisco

Personal: Married, one month ago!

NOC member since: 1995

Occupation

Computer entrepreneur ("nerd")

How did you become involved with NOC?

At Don Danmeier's annual All-British ride.

Club offices held

None yet

Norton(s) owned

1973 Commando 850

Other motorcycles

1964 BSA B40 that won the Exxon Valdez award on Don's last ride.

What first interested you in the Norton?

"Vanity Fair had a picture Keanu Reeves, who has three Nortons, riding one of them. I was looking for a big twin."

Other hobbies/Interests

Vintage drag racing (cars), soapbox derby racing (unsanctioned).

Favorite motorcycling road/ride Pope Road, near Point Reyes off Highway 1.

If you could redesign the Norton, what would you change?

"Lack of a crosspipe on the exhaust headers makes for a lack of stability on some Nortons."

Favorite/most embarrassing episode on a Norton

"I had owned the bike for three weeks. After a rain, I wheeled it out of the garage, slipped on some fresh moss, and dropped the bike, breaking off a footpeg. But I saved the rest of the bike with my body!"

Dana's E-Mail address is
dana@hypnovista.com

A Recent and Regrettable Club History

by Stevan Thomas

For those of you who haven't been following Club politics lately, here is a recent history of what has been going on. I am presenting this on behalf of the Executive Committee as a prelude to the upcoming vote on changing the By-Laws, with the intent of helping us to avoid these problems in the future by being aware of them now.

Nominations for Club officers usually happen at the Old Timer's Ride, and the election is usually at the Club Christmas party. In 1995, there were no nominations on the Ride, and it was voted at a monthly meeting to have the election at a meeting in San Jose instead of at the Christmas party.

The San Jose meeting was about as far south as you can be in San Jose without entering Gilroy. There were three candidates for the President, Vice President and Newsletter Editor positions, all of whom were running at the behest of South Bay members who felt the Club needed "new blood". A large contingent in the Club didn't really know the candidates, and were concerned about the election, so there was an unusually high turnout at the meeting, despite the distance and that it was a weeknight. There was also a perception that the "changes" in electoral procedure were an attempt to stack the election and give a perceived faction control of the Club.

The South Bay candidates for Newsletter Editor and Vice President, who ran unopposed, were elected. It was later discovered, however, that the Editor-elect had never filled out a membership application form, nor had he paid dues. He also did not own a Norton. He did tell the Club President (after his election) that he was "considering" buying a Norton from a South Bay Dealer, but that he would rather have a Ducati. He also stated that he didn't really care what the Club did, he just wanted to edit the *Notice*.

There were a number of North Bay members who were appalled at this and demanded that his election be declared invalid, as the By-laws clearly state that you must be a Club member to run for office and you must own a Norton to be a Club member. Not only that, but members felt that "not caring" about the Club was a completely unacceptable attitude from the person in charge of the Club newsletter.

The Editor-elect was sent a letter on January 8 informing him that his election was invalid and that he should return the Club computer. The computer was eventually returned, in non-operating condition. Software had been loaded onto it that was completely incompatible with its operating system.

(continued)

The next Club meeting, on January 11, had contentious moments. One member stood up to say that the Editor-elect did indeed own a Norton, which he had bought from him. Another member attempted to pay the Editor-elect's Club dues, after the fact. It was also pointed out at the meeting that although the By-laws clearly state that you must own a Norton to be a Club member, the application forms say that anyone willing to pay the \$20 may join. (The application form is in error and should be changed to reflect the By-laws, which are clear on this point.)

Before the meeting, the Club Quartermaster had been asked to turn in the Club's paraphernalia and his records to the Executive Committee, which did not have confidence in the adequacy of his record keeping. This was done.

Another contentious moment at the January meeting had to do with an unfortunate incident which occurred a couple of weeks before. At a Rally Committee meeting in late December, several Committee members (most of whom resigned before the Rally) viciously vilified a former Newsletter Editor in the presence of the Club President/Committee Treasurer. Later that same day, the former Editor's Norton was stolen from a relatively secure garage area. Since the Editor-elect had been removed in part because he "didn't own a Norton", and the vilified former Editor had volunteered to do the *Notice* on an interim basis, a suspicion arose that the theft was

not mere coincidence and that the former Editor's bike had been removed, possibly by a Club member, so that *he* wouldn't "own a Norton" and therefore wouldn't be able to hold Club office and edit the *Notice*. This suspicion surfaced at the meeting. Fortunately, the former Editor's bike was recovered, and apologies from those members who had raised the suspicion were called for at a later meeting.

The next contentious incident involved the raffle bike for the Rally. There was a question about who actually owned the bike and whether or not it had a clear title. The concern was that raffling a bike without a clear title is fraud, for which elected Club officers would be responsible. The Rally Committee members in charge of the raffle bike would not tell the Club Executive Committee who owned the bike or whether or not its title was clear.

In addition, receipts for raffle tickets (the actual tickets were to be mailed when they were printed) were sold at the CityBike Swap Meet, but when the Club Treasurer asked that the funds be given to him so that he could write a check to the owner of the raffle bike out of the Club account, his request was refused.

Since the Rally Committee refused to divulge information about the bike's title, and insisted on bypassing the Club bank account (a violation of the By-laws), the Rally Committee Chairman was sent a Cease and Desist letter regarding raffle bike activities and was asked to refund the \$225 he collected to

the purchasers of the raffle ticket "futures". He did nothing, and the Club refunded the money.

At the March meeting at the Connecticut Yankee, the Rally Committee members involved with the raffle bike displayed a copy of the money order receipt for the funds they had sent to the owner of the bike. They said they couldn't ask the owner to refund the money, because they had been in negotiation with him since June and didn't want to seem like they had been stringing him along.

At that point, another Club member, who had been on the Rally Committee (but resigned from it at the election meeting on November 9), stood up to say that at the October Rally Committee meeting, when Committee members had first discussed getting a raffle bike, he had volunteered a bike from his garage and told the Committee that the usual arrangement, which is to have the Club pay for the bike *after* the Rally, was fine. He said there was no mention of another bike being considered at that time. The Rally Committee Chairman and another member then resigned from the Rally Committee.

The former Rally Committee member later corrected himself to say that his recollection was from the September Rally Committee meeting, not October. Two other people on the Rally Committee later said that it was the November Committee meeting at Alice's at which it came up that there was a bike at a South Bay dealer's shop that would work as the raffle bike.

Although several Committee members argued that the Club didn't have enough money to buy the bike, since the owner wanted the money up front, other Committee members went to look at it and voted to buy it anyway.

Two problems were discovered in going through the receipts turned in by the former Quartermaster: the inventory he turned in at the January meeting was significantly out of balance with the published list of what the prior Quartermaster had turned over to him. A request to clarify the discrepancy was ignored. The second problem involved a project he had undertaken of having some embroidered sweaters made for the Club. The Club was told the sweaters would be available "at cost", which the Quartermaster determined to be \$38 each.

All the checks from members for these sweaters were made out to the Quartermaster, not to the Club account. According to the vendor receipts, cost on the finished sweaters was \$19.94, including tax. Forty-eight sweaters were sold at \$38, with two remaining. The former Quartermaster was given these figures and asked to provide a written explanation for the difference. He responded that his figure was correct, and refused to acknowledge that the difference existed. He has since been expelled from the Club, and the matter is being referred to the Club Sergeant at Arms for final review.

Jan Barton and the Long-Stroke Manx

Adapted from a telling by Tom Dabel

Many years ago, the Norton Club Old Timer's Ride was known as the Norton Club Beer Bust. Some of these had as many as seven kegs of beer, surely not all of which were consumed.

One year, Jan Barton rode his 1949 Garden Gate Manx (now owned by Fred Mork) with a baffle plug in the pipe. Without the plug, the bike was faster but had a severe case of megaphonitis. Jan was headed home to Saratoga, and had either taken out the plug, or it had fallen out. As you can imagine, a long-stroke Manx can be a little loud even when not "on the boil", and with megaphonitis it's not likely Jan was at low revs.

Without thoroughly appreciating the exotic machine from whence it came, a California Highway Patrol cruiser took more than a passing interest in the decibel level and pulled in behind the Manx, flashing the dreaded red beacon.

Now Jan had had just a trifle more than his share of the comes-tibles at the Club bash, which possibly affected his judgement on the matter, but he reasoned that if he stopped, the likelihood that his beloved Manx would be impounded was rather high. Because of this concern, which was combined with a feeling of either devil-may-care or devil-take-the-hindmost and the I.O.M. blood running hot in the Manx, Jan wicked it up and nailed

the throttle wide open!

He made the first right toward Saratoga, and the Chip was on him! Down Big Basin Way and onto Saratoga Boulevard, Jan made four lights in a row at 110 m.p.h. Unbeknownst to Jan, the Chip had the last Dodge 440 chase car in the state. Jan made a right, opened the throttle to accelerate, and . . . the head gasket blew--chuffa, chuffa, chuffa, chuffa. . . He shut down and raised his left hand straight up to signal his plight!

The last thing the Chip saw before the turn was an evader going 110. He made the turn, flooring it to get back to warp speed, and saw the bike seemingly stopped in front of him. He dynamited the brakes, and as he slid sideways into Jan's view, tires howling, their eyes met for a moment that seemed like an eternity--right before the last 440 Dodge chase car in the state T-boned a telephone pole, with a chuffa-chuffa Manx rider watching.

Jan thought about rendering assistance, but reasoned to himself that the officer seemed OK and was probably not in a particularly good mood right then, so he headed for home, which was not far away. Meanwhile, the Chip was on the radio, calling all units to continue the pursuit ("you'll hear him!").

Jan was in his neighborhood, in sight of the hedge by his garage, when he heard the sirens. As the

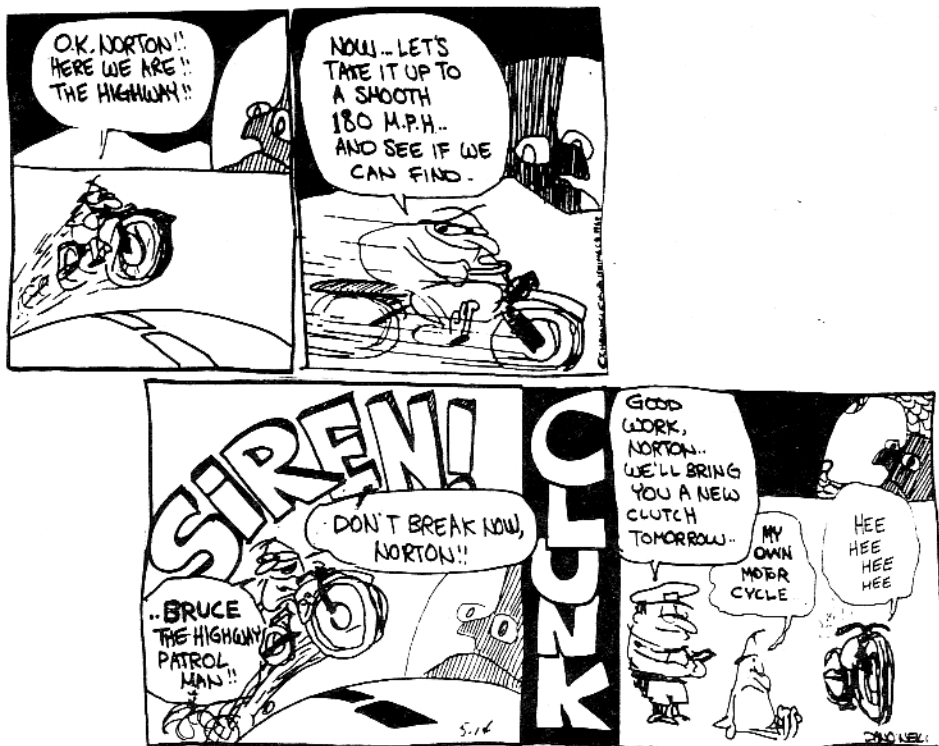
black-and-whites converged on his street, a helpful neighbor shouted, "he went that-a-way!"

The police entered the side door of Jan's garage and found the bike, still hot, and a leather jacket, thrown to the floor. Then they found Jan, who had tear streaks from his eyes to his ears. They took Jan away, but the Manx stayed right there in the garage. (Jan discovered later that the Manx's headbolts were only finger-tight.)

The State wanted Jan to pay for the car. He didn't think he should, so he hired a lawyer, but pled No Contest. The State needed a "guilty" verdict to make him pay for the car, and No Contest won't pass for Guilty. The fine was \$300, the lawyer was \$4,000. The State paid for the car. The pursuing officer, who had the last 440 Dodge chase car in the state, was reassigned. . . to Needles.

Some time later, Jan was at Mel Cotton's buying some ammunition. He noticed someone staring at him intently. A vision of a face, in a cruiser, sliding by him sideways, flashed before him! The same face, was staring at him, with a very dirty look! But he couldn't do a thing except look!

Jan passed away one night in his sleeping bag on the Mountaineers Dual-Sport Ride to Gerlach, Nevada for Octoberfest.



Love is Lovelier the Second Time Around

by Andy McKerral

I want to thank the good people of the NCNOC who were involved in helping me out with my bike. I relieved Jim Carton of the old girl yesterday afternoon, after he mangled his *cojones* getting her back into serviceable shape six months after she was stolen.

It had been almost 7 months since I rode her, and the experience was emotionally overwhelming; kind've like getting reacquainted with an ex-girlfriend who dumped you and then, after she got dumped, wanted to make a go of it again. You never know: Could it ever be the same again? Could we rekindle those old passions? Does she still have the same quirks and habits unique to her? And how will she deal with mine?

Well, frankly, unlike the negative experiences I've had with human beings, my bike didn't let me down. After being somewhat recalcitrant during warmup, my "Old Lady of the Wind" started to get my blood pumping again--a long-forgotten feeling, but very familiar.

Admittedly, at first I was tentative with her, getting out of Fremont and onto 880--unfamiliar streets, crowded traffic, unsure of the ordeal she had been through . . . I finally crossed the Marina overpass and lined up my crosshairs to the on-ramp of the freeway. I gulped. Jifn told me I could expect different performance in acceleration with the

Boyer ignition he installed (my being an old "points and matchbook cover" guy from WAY back, you have to realize that this took a very big leap of faith for me). So I muttered, "Okay, Lady, if you're going to auger us in, we may as well do it close to Jim's", bit my lower lip, and turned the wick wide open.

Remember that scene from the first "Star Wars" when Han Solo gets his ship, the Millenium Falcon, to finally jump into hyperspace after Chewbakka's been banging on the computer with a wrench? Remember how the stars out the window turn into convergent streaks of light racing by? That comes pretty close to describing what happened in the following quarter-mile. It would have been interesting to be some homeless guy standing by the side of the freeway listening to the Doppler effect coming from this overweight bald guy on his freshly tuned and modified Norton, screaming "sssshHHHHiiiiitttt!" at the top of his lungs for the five seconds it took to accelerate from 0 to 85.

Come on, Jim! "Different performance in acceleration"?! You changed my Lady from a relatively mildly-dispositioned dowager who was the pillar of the community to a speed-hungry nymphomaniac that doesn't even get INTERESTED until she's revving over 5,000 RPM! It felt like she wanted to throw me away and go off on her own to find a

lighter rider! Jeez! But unlike her human counterparts, I was determined to not let THIS one get away.

I didn't fully regain my composure until the 92 West exit. By then, my blood pressure was starting to approach normal again, and I was beginning to get the feel of the bike. I made a deal with her: "Don't kill me on this trip, and I faithfully promise that I'll lock you to a concrete post, cover you up and polish you every Saturday afternoon." I felt like she approved of the commitment.

She seemed to sense that we were going in the direction of "THAT" bridge. Lady of the Wind has never liked the San Mateo Bridge. Don't ask me why, I just know she doesn't. Maybe it's the hellacious cross-winds, or the morons in front of her that suddenly decide to go 50 when everyone else is doing the limit (or substantially above). Anyway, she seemed to sigh through her air cleaner in resignation to the fact that if she was going to get home, she had to put up with "THAT" bridge.

We got to the toll plaza, I forked over my dollar to keep Guv'nor Pete in limo expenses, and Lady got cold feet--she stalled.

"Can't blame her," I thought to myself. "after all she's been through."

After three short kicks, she roared back to life and chuffed through her carburetors, "Okay, okay! I'm going, already! I just wanted to see if you still cared!" We screamed off away from the toll plaza.

Lady definitely approved of the fast-paced traffic and the cooler air crossing the Bay. She was as smooth as she'd ever been, and we were clipping along at a good, brisk pace when we suddenly encountered the one thing about this bridge that really gets her dander up--some fool still driving around in a 1979 Pinto with 25 kids and everything he owns in the back seat, leaving a blue trail of smoke wafting across the Bay.

I could practically feel what she was thinking: "Forty-five, eh? Okay, Andy, pull back 25 feet from his bumper, dump me into third gear, open me up and let's go HOME!"

Realizing the gravity of the situation, I figured I'd better do what I was told or get stranded mid-span. Yep, I got to see blurring stars again, only this time, the Doppler effect would have been, "Yeee Haah!" Three seconds later, the Pinto was a wee little dot in my rearviews and Foster City was coming up fast.

"Slow down, you adrenaline junkie!" she roared. "You know that the cops always have speed pickets set up at the Foster City Boulevard exit!" Yes, MA'AM!

101 south to Veterans was a friendly, almost pastoral ride. I knew she realized that she was back on familiar turf--HER turf--and if there is such a thing as a very happy motorcycle after a long and miserable ordeal, I was sitting on top of one: smooth as glass, rattle-free, even and distinct rumble from behind, even a sigh of relief!? Hell, who knows? So long as they're

happy.

Then it happened. Red light at Veretans and Whipple. She heaves a great big sigh, and Lady dies dead as a hammer in front of the Arco station.

It had been an exhilarating trip. We'd come so far together through all these months of patient waiting. Would this be it?

"Dammit!" I declared. "You're not gonna drop out of my life this easy!"

Twenty-four kicks, and nothing happened. Could this be the result of that Boyer conversion I don't trust? Is she overcome with exhaustion after such a robust outing the very first day after our reunion?

"Okay," I said as I took several deep breaths to recover my cool, take off my helmet and jacket and work things through. "I've been in this situation before. Check the obvious."

All the new connectors looked solid and properly isolated from the frame and the tank. I pulled a spark plug wire free, gapped it to the plug, and turned on the ignition to collapse the field. There was no spark. Pink steam started to come out of my ears.

"If I had goddamn points, this would not be a PROBLEM!" I shouted, as several Arco customers looked in my direction, all of them no doubt thinking that there was a disgruntled Post Office employee in their presence.

Seeing as the thieves who had stolen my bike in the first place managed to steal my tool kit for a consolation prize after they realized they couldn't get the bike started, I

was, as they say, "S-O-L" in terms of self-sufficiency. So I decided to wait 10 minutes and let Lady cool off.

I stomped into the mini-market in the gas station to get myself a soda and apprise the situation. It was when the poor little middle-eastern guy manning the cash register refused to make eye contact with me as I paid him for the soda that I realized I was probably making a horse's ass of myself outside.

I apologized to him and explained the situation. He graciously offered to let me use the tools from his service department to get back on the road if I needed them. (In retrospect, he probably would've agreed to do anything to get rid of this nut who talked gently to his motorcycle one minute and swore like a boot camp D.I. the next.)

So I went back outside and sat on the curb next to Lady. As I drank my soda, I thought about all the great times: screaming around with Marick Payton up on Skyline, chowing down at Alice's among friends, the great runs up and down Kings Mountain Road, the extended end of Page Mill Road, the almost routine runs we used to make to Pescadero and Pillar Point—even that crazy, draining "New Idria" ride we went on 3 years ago. . . man, this bike and I go way back on the annular confinement beam of fun. Seemed like a shame, a damned shame.

I finished my soda and decided to try to get her started on her own hook one more time before I began tearing into her. And just as sud-

denly as she'd died at that intersection, she roared to life again, but this time with a discriminating whisper.

"Something isn't exactly right. I'll get us home, but you have to fix me. Deal?"

"Deal," I smiled.

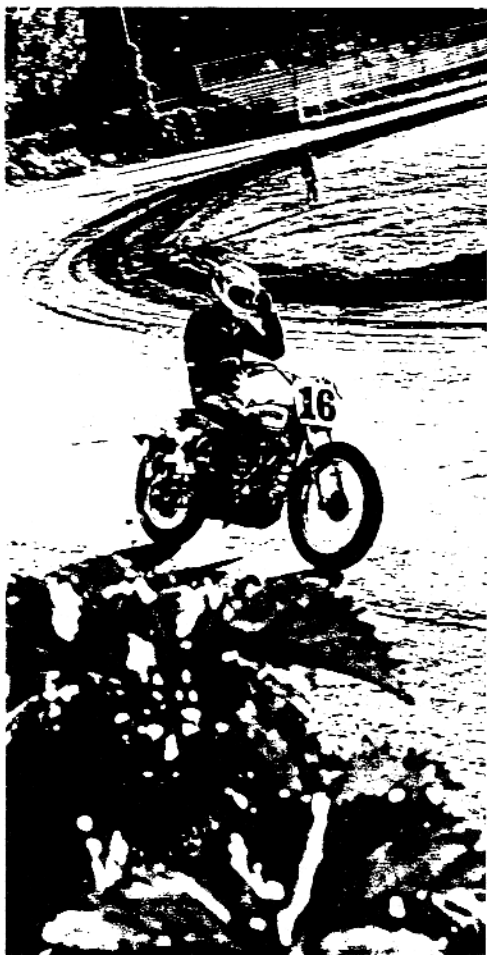
We got home 10 minutes later, only to find a tired, corroded master ignition switch, for which Phil Radford is sending along a replacement even as I write this.

Lady is locked up safely, properly covered, secure, and home at last.

If it weren't for the really special, community-minded people in this Club--and you guys and gals know who you are--I wouldn't have Lady back. Thanks go especially to Jim Carton and Maya Lai, who went way, way, WAY beyond their stations to help me and my bike. The human race needs more people like you who turn words into action and still remain gracious and kind in the process.

Very soon, you'll see Lady and me up at Alice's on a Sunday morning, drinking coffee and chowing down on whatever special they've got going. What a neat way to come back.

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU!



Flat-tracker Dick Slusher waves from his Redline Norton during a practice lap at the Rally in Quincy. Photo by Stevan Thomas.

August Meeting Minutes

■ Northern California Norton Owners Club August 8, 1996 meeting, Connecticut Yankee, San Francisco

The meeting was called to order by President Maya Lai at 8:35 p.m. with about ten members present. It was remarked that attendance would have been greater but for the contemporaneous unofficial Dardanelles rally. Attendance points were tallied.

The INOA Rally at Quincy was determined a success. The facilities were adequate and the Club made about \$600. The INOA cleared about \$1,700 and is happy with how things went.

Two people bought Rally t-shirts at the meeting.

Nortons and BMWs were compared, to Norton's advantage.

The Old-Timers' Ride is scheduled for September 15.

The Retro Riders of San Jose have applied for INOA chapter status. No decision on the application has been made so far as is known.

Jerry Kaplan left the meeting to phone Stevan Thomas to find out whether or not he would be coming to the meeting to report on the results of his recent survey of NOC members. There was no answer

Club Meeting Schedule

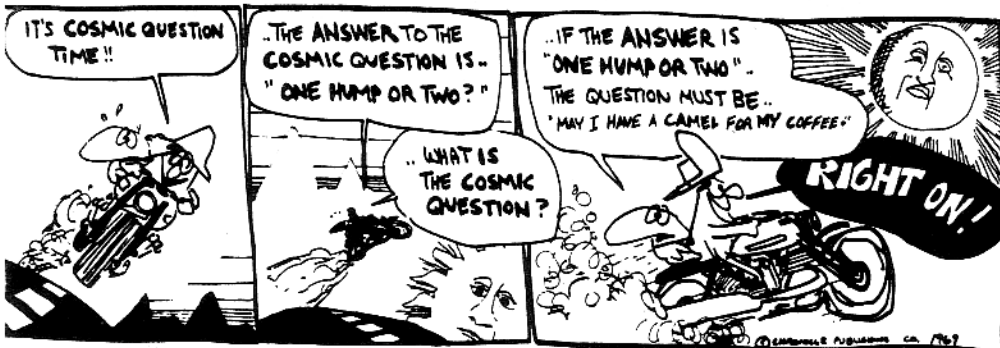
The Club meets the second Thursday of each month at 8 p.m.

Sept. 12	Harry's Hofbrau 399 W. El Camino Real Mountain View (415) 964-8455
Oct. 10	Connecticut Yankee 100 Connecticut Street San Francisco (415) 552-4440
Nov. 14	Prince of Wales Pub 106 E. 25th Avenue San Mateo (415) 574-9723

at Stevan's house.

Member Dana Muise has offered to create and host a Web site for the NOC. He particularly wants to put the tech archives onto the site. Surveys could be conducted, new membership applications taken, etc. He was urged to consult with present and former *Norton Notice* Editors for material, much of which may be available in digital form. Dana will try to get a URL (Internet address) for the site to the Editor in time for it to appear in the September issue of the *Notice*.

The meeting was adjourned at 9 p.m.



Classified

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1975 Mark III Interstate with 27,016 miles on the clock. Dunstall mufflers, non-stock turn signals and the electric starter works! Black steel tank with red Norton lettering. This bike runs well and will be sold

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Munroe Motors (415) 626-3496,
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Alan (408) 475-7505 (12/96)

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Jeff Gruwell (510) 432-9999 (9/96)

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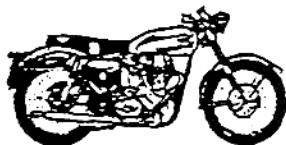
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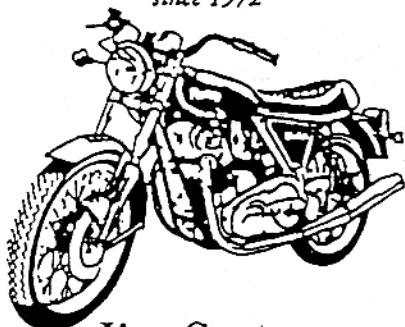


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