

The 1991 INOA Rally Commemorative Edition of the



Norton Notice



The Newsletter of the Norton Owners Club

No. 161

September, 1991

World's Best Roadholder



Tom Dabel, Mike Burnham, Art Sirota, Lynne Miller and John Covell pose for grins at camp headquarters at Camp Richardsons Resort in South "Lake Norton"



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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NORTON OWNERS CLUB

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

Upcoming Events

Club Rides

September 15th: The Old Timer's Ride: starting at Alice's in Skylonda @ 10 AM, and winding up wherever the machinery will allow.

October 13th: The Second Annual End-Of-Summer Club Picnic at Art Sirota's home in Menlo Park. See the enclosed advertisement for details!

October 20th: EITHER a repeat of last year's Delta Ride, or a Coast Ride- again, it's the Rides Marshall's call.

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

Graphics Contributions

Photography

Gerald Mauricio, Andy McKerral,
Tom Terry, Brad Green,
John Bria

Halftone Screening:

Randy Zink, *Alonzo Printing Co.,
South San Francisco;*
Maji Schafae, *Sir Speedy Printing
Belmont, California*

**Pressman, Technical Savior,
and**

**All-Around Good Guy:
John Follett, *White Oak Press
San Carlos***

Meeting Schedule

The club meets on the 2nd Thursday of each month, at 7:30 PM. The location rotates between Peninsula, South Bay, East Bay and S.F.

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September 12th: Peninsula
The Prince of Wales Pub, on 25th Avenue in San Mateo. A great selection of beers, and a private meeting room with dartboards!

October 10th: South Bay
Harry's Hoffbrau, El Camino near Castro Street, Mountain View. A wide selection of everything drinkable, and a separate meeting room.

November 14th: East Bay
Brew Pub On-The-Green
NOTE: THIS IS A TRIAL VENUE CHANGE
3350 Stevenson Avenue, Fremont

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

Last Month's Old Mystery Cover Photograph:

The Time: October, 1973
The Place: Queen's Road- Barbados, W.I.
The Subject: Andy Belcher (McKerral)

The 1991 International Norton Owners
Association
Lake Tahoe Rally Committee



Committee Chairman:
Alan Goldwater

Treasurer:
Harry Bunting

Public Relations:
John Covell

Awards:
Maya Lai

Food Services:
Joe Edwards

Field Events Coordinator:
Brad Green

Security/ Master-at-Arms:
Tom Dabel

Over the Bars... **Reflections on the Rally** *by Lynne Miller, President*

I started thinking about this column on the way home from the Lake Tahoe Rally. Four of us left Camp Richardson at 10:00 on Sunday Morning and rode Highway 89 around Lake Tahoe by way of Emerald Bay. We caught up with the group from Washington State and rode with them until we reached Tahoe City. At Tahoe City, they went north and we went west. We all said our goodbyes, and at that point the Rally was truly over for me. The rest of the ride home was spent thinking about the last four days.

My plan to ride up to the Rally had suffered some major changes. The anticipated group of ten or fifteen had dwindled down to just three hardy souls and we left San Francisco early Thursday morning. Art Sirota was his cheerful self-as usual- and arrived with his Interstate packed and ready. The ride out of the fog and into the sunshine was enough of a treat for a fog-bound San Franciscan that I was ready to stop and camp anywhere in the valley! The only mishap was a burned wire on the other bike, and it was quickly repaired with tape! We stopped in Auburn and Dutch Flat to work out the kinks that set in on long rides. The ride over Old Donner Pass is always a treat, and from Tahoe City via 89 to Camp Richardson was quick and uneventful.

When we arrived at Camp Richardson, I became aware of the fantastic job that the advance guard had done. The place was fantastic and the

organization was first-rate. Check-in was a breeze, and with the hospital-style armband, I became an immediate suspect for a mental patient escapee. But- not to worry, because there were about four hundred more of us. I set up my camp in a quiet corner and was "ready to rally".

A big treat for me was leading the poker run on the five pass run. Sixty-five bikes and some of the most beautiful roads and country in the world...California to Nevada and back to California through rugged mountain roads that made even the best tuned bikes cough at least once. Every rider had a smile at least 90% of the time. After the camp fires and dinner, sleeping was not a problem at all. A big part of the Rally was meeting people from all over the country and looking at all the bikes and styles of riding them. They were all there: hi-riders, low riders, choppers, fastbacks, P11s, cafe' Dunstalls, Atlases, ES2s, and so on. The only thing missing was a 500T...

The breakfasts were good, and the food at the banquet was excellent.

Saturday was a landmark day in Norton history- the parade in Virginia City was probably the largest single parade of Nortons ever. Thanks to Joe Edwards, all of the above events worked wonderfully without a single glitch.

Rallies are not complete without campfires and singing, and even though Art Sirota rode up guitarless, he found one in no time and was singing Norton songs into the early hours. Art was rivalled by the great songs of a high mountain rider from Colorado. Harry Bunting plays blues Mississippi style and backed up the singers like a pro!

I offer thanks and congratulations to everyone who worked on the Rally. It was

the best Norton Rally ever! Alan will sleep better, now that it's over.

There were so many events, and I am sure that other people will cover most of them in this special issue.

The ride home from the Rally was pleasant... and with Susan Woods, Art Sirota, and Mike Burnham, the pace moved right along- coffee break in Dutch Flat, lunch in Auburn, and home.

What a great respite from the humdrum weeks. What great company in a great place. There were many chats "over the bars" on this trip with old and new friends... **thanks to everyone.**

***A Post-Rally Message to
All NorCal Norton Owners***
From Joe Edwards

Well, the National is over for another year, but I don't think that anyone will attend a *better rally* than the **High Sierra Norton Rally of 1991...**

I would like to tip my cap to Alan (the Combat Kid) Goldwater for a job well done. Those of you who have not worked with Alan before will never know how hard this man worked in preparation for this Rally.

I had a chance to speak to a good sampling of people at this event, and nothing but words of praise poured out for how well-thought out everything was. We here in the Northern California Chapter can stand tall with the best of the rallies that have been held in the past.

I have been able to attend eight other Norton Rallies- and, believe me- the planned rides at this one rated up there

among the *best*.

I would like to say thank you for everyone that helped me- not only at the dinner site, but also those that helped at the Great Virginia City Group Ride... this ride could not have come off if we had not had the cooperation of a great bunch of Norton folks. I know that there were other bikes in on that ride, and I would like to say *thank you* for being a part of the 157 motorcycles that rode through Virginia City.

Much deep gratitude goes to Jim Noll and Pete Kogut for being at the Rally, and providing so much support. By the way, Pete- thanks for the dirt bike riding lesson... *(inside story...)*

I have been a member of many motorcycle clubs, but no matter what motorcycle gods allow, I will always remember the *Norton High Sierra Rally of 1991. Once again, thank you one and all for the great help!*

**Back by Popular Demand...
the Second Annual
Norton Owner's Club
Picnic and BBQ**

Sunday, October 13th, 1991

(the fact that this just happens to coincide with
Andy McKerral's birthday has nothing to do with it.)

Free Brit Beer! Free Food!

(donations gratefully and graciously accepted.)

The festivities start at 2:00 PM.

**Everyone attending MUST
SHOW UP ON A NORTON!**

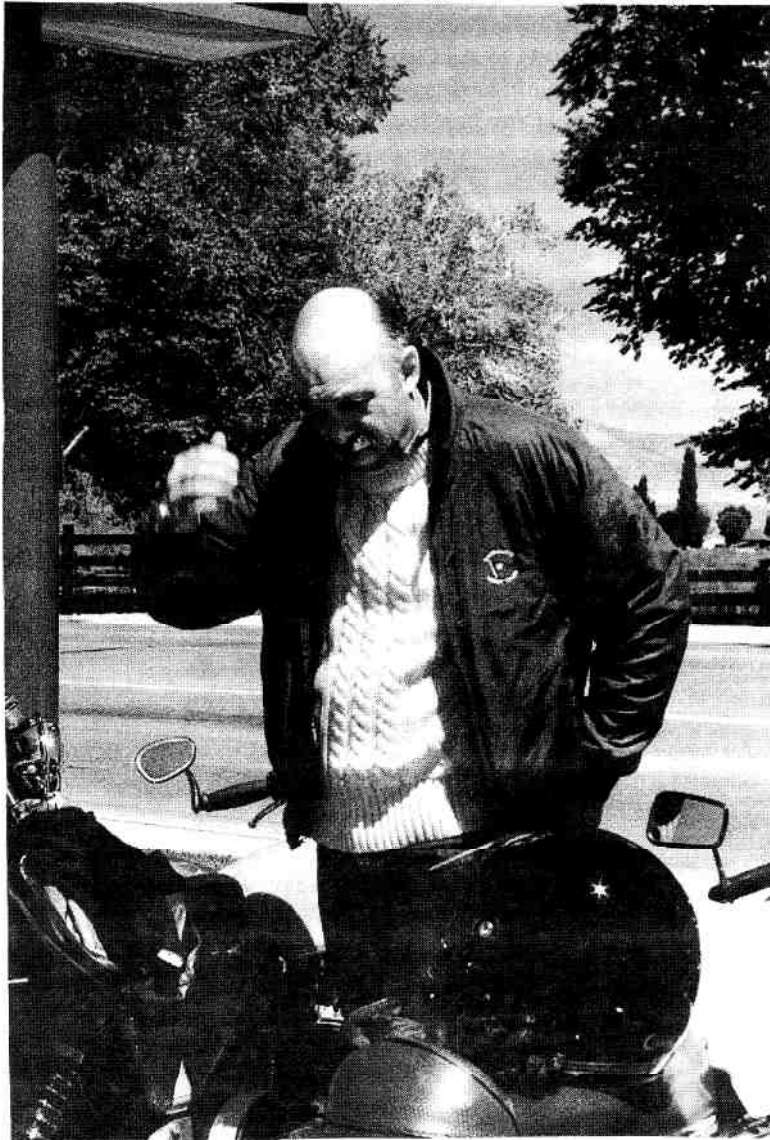
ALL ATTENDING MUST BE NOC

MEMBERS

**CLUB MEMBERSHIP FORMS WILL BE AVAILABLE
FOR THOSE WISHING TO SIGN UP AT THE EVENT.**

**1281 Laurel St., Menlo Park 94025
Call Art @ (415)327-3167 for information**

...Notice how the glint
on the helmet *ALMOST*
matches the glint on
Lynne's head....



I know now why there's
a helmet law- to prevent
sunburns!"

Minutes of September Meeting

The August, 1991 meeting of the NOC at Tonto's Mexican Restaurant in San Francisco was called to order at 8:27 PM by the Club Rides Marshall, Mike Burnham in the absence of President Lynne Miller and Vice President Marick Payton. 25 members attended with 2 visitors who hailed from the Chicago Norton Owner's Club.

Andy McKerral took the floor to remind everyone of Art Sirota's annual party on October 13th, 1991. Andy also made mention that the September Notice will be the commemoration of the High Sierra INOA Rally. (Ed's Note: the price of doing the color separations for just ONE color photograph would cost the entire printing budget for one month's edition: we'll do *very high quality* black and white...)

Lani Beneveds gave a treasury report. Patrick McDowell met a group of Los Angeles attorneys calling themselves "Bikers Against Manslaughter", a worthy bunch to possibly correspond with in the future.

Tina Marin, one of the two Chicago visitors, expressed much gratitude and thanks for the hospitality extended to them during and after the Rally.

Yours truly reiterated on a conversation I had with members of the new Northwest NOC Chapter regarding a possible weekend get-together in the Oregon area.

At this time, Andy McKerral

introduced a motion to hold a trial East Bay meeting at "Brew Pub On The Green" in Fremont. The motion was carried.

Alan Goldwater was given the floor by Mike Burnham to give his response on the Rally. Alan's singular comment was: "Never again"

The meeting adjourned at 8:50 PM.

...Brad Green, Club Scribe



Rally Notes...

I'm not much of a joiner. I've been riding since teenage and have never joined a club, let alone gone to a rally. Well, I just found out how much I've been missing.

During the first two days, I spent quite a bit of time doing registration for the folks arriving at the rally. I highly recommend this activity as a quick way to meet a bunch of really great people. Although the hours seemed long



Brad Green, in a formal lay-down portrait with his bike

at the time, the benefits of having met so many people as they arrived became apparent throughout the remainder of the week. I felt like I knew most of the people at the Rally, and they also recognized me. It really facilitated getting to know each other better. I made a lot of new friends during the week- folks that I expect to see again in the future.

Since our Club hosted the Rally, this was also a great way to build relationships with local Club Members, as we worked together on various tasks. I am really looking forward to future Rally events, and I will be trying to find a way to make it to New Hampshire next year! ...John Bria

Side Trips...

by Andy McKerral, Editor

As it turns out, my particular experience with this rally goes back to some strange roots... my rerun of "The Wonder Years". Twenty years ago, when I was much more prone to stupidity, a favorite run was hauling ass through Kingsbury Grade to the point where the fillings in my teeth got pulled out from the acceleration and consequently ended up in my stool a day later. 20 years hence, I see a lot of change in the scenery... and even more change in my riding habits and mental framework. Merely pattering around Stateline makes me wonder in awe just how lucky I am to still be alive.

The drive up (courtesy of Marick Payton's van... thanks for the carpal tunnel preservation, Marick!) was very uneventful, warm and almost relaxing, save for the goddamn Caltrans work on the Carchinas bridge. After checking into my motel room in an innocuous little place near Stateline, I registered at Camp Richardson. Good Lord! What a collection of primo scooters greeted my eyes. Fabulous Combats, immaculate Fastbacks, Internationals, ES-2s - and an absolutely "tits" racing bike that looked like it came from Mars. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that so many fanatics like me could be gathered together in one place without Governor Pete declaring the place a disaster area.

The combination of the drive over here and the sensory overload of seeing *that many Nortons in one place* just wore me out, so I went back to the hotel room for a short nap. Later that afternoon, I returned and assisted at the registration booth. By the time we closed up shop at 8:45 PM that day, 238 people and 5,947,361 mosquitos were on site... not bad for the first day, but I could've done without the

mosquitos- mostly because they didn't pay to get in.

Day two... Screwing around with the mixture at this 6000+ foot altitude is an interesting lesson in the Bernoulli principles of fluid mechanics, as applied to barometric pressure and Amal carburetors... after tweaking this, and swapping that- just ask any experienced enduro rider like Tom Dabel, and he'll tell you to lean out the carbs by dropping the needle down a notch. Afterward, the thing rides like it's at sea level...meanwhile after five hours at the enrollment booth, the attendance climbs to 308. Brian Stark gives a Technical Talk on Maintenance which I miss 2/3 of, 'coz late arrivals keep rolling in. By this time, there are several slasher punk post-rocker freaks residing at the "F" Section camp sites, and I check my shot card for updated inoculations. I begin to momentarily wish that I was 19 again- but not for long. After all, it is still in poor taste to ralph all over your friend's girlfriend's lap...

Day three is devoted to dialing in my Mark Three Isolastics. You'd think that with all this technical expertise on site that you'd get a consensus of opinion regarding the correct procedure- but *nooooo*- there's as much techno-crap floating around here as the small talk at a Silicon Valley dice table in Stateline. After consulting many "experts" and reading much theory, and putting much thought into actually watching how the Isolastics behave in the frame mounts, I manage to interpolate all the b.s. into actual practical knowledge, and get my Isolastics to make the power unit "disappear" above 2300 RPM. But, Christ, to the uninitiated, you need a master's degree in mechanical engineering to sort out what really works! (At some near-future point, I'll divulge the information in a more coherent format...)

By 3:30, I'm drop-dead tired; Brad Green arrives and graciously volunteers me to

assist him in the absolutely hilarious Field Events part of the Rally. I get to embarrass the hell out of myself in front of (and unsuspectingly unaware of the presence of) Don Danmeier and his Lady by singing a rather ragged version of an old Oscar Meyer Wiener commercial jingle during a particularly insane part of the field events called the Weenie Race, which might forever colour their perception of my sanity, and I slither off to the nearest liquor store to anesthetize my embarrassment. By 9:30 PM, back at Camp Central, Marick and I are attempting to solve The World's Problems (we actually get most of the details worked out...) and there's the makings of an impromptu "tech session" beginning to happen nearby with some poor schmuck who bought a Norton from a Harley owner a few days' previous who can't get the !£!?*%^!;!! thing to start. Notwithstanding the presence of Art, Phil, Brad, myself, Marick, Alan, Harry, Mike, and several other "local BritBike TechnoGiants", the obstinate summabitch confounded our collective knowledge- doubtless filtered through somewhat liberal libations of gin, rum, beer, bourbon, and various other similar mind-expanding liquids. Soon, all of us start laughing so hard at the rude comments, explicit descriptions and innuendos about bike mechanics that we practically rupture ourselves- all, that is, except Radford- whose deadpan delivery could make Buster Keaton look like Jerry Lewis on speed. (Example: after most of us got through putting our two-cents worth of help in, we all turned to Phil to ask the hallowed Swami of Shenstone his opinion regarding the failure of this bike to run. He then swallowed his mouthful of beer, glared at the machine through squinted eyes, and after a pregnant moment, replied, "The Sparking Plug leads are too long.") By the time the hapless owner discovered that the reason his bike wouldn't start was because the carb

gaiter was cracked, we were all cackling like a bunch of reprobates... having an insanely riotous time with one-liners about motorcycles that would make Andrew Dice Clay seriously consider the Priesthood. As the bike would be kicked and fail to fire, everyone would moan in unison, "Awww"; and, as the succeeding attempts would produce a pop or two out of the exhaust, there would be catcalls, whistles and cheers (much to the anguish of fellow Norton enthusiasts who were attempting to get some sleep), followed by philosophical discussions about the world's second-oldest profession: Norton mechanics. Comment Of The Week- by Phil Radford, at 11:45 PM, after a generous unnamed soul presented the now-frazzled victim with a replacement gaiter: "By Gawd, WE fixed it!" ... no doubt through sheer intimidation. The gentleman who tolerated the verbal hazing should be complemented for his undying devotion to his machine, and his ability to ignore a bunch of cynical old bastards who have been through this drill before on far too many occasions.

At the close of the registration booth, we faced a marvellous "Bent Valve" arrival which reminded me of much earlier days-gone-by, when not a single thing on a carefully-planned trip went right. The grizzled couple arrived- road weary and weathered, dirty, tired and smiling, at some number above 350- which somehow made all this nonsense feel somewhat justifiable... and I began to fully appreciate not only the durability of the Norton Motorcycle- but the strength of will that this remaining Dying Breed of Real Bikers have: they who tolerate all the quirky crap attributed to Nortons, and then so intimately tuck this famously finnacky iron so recklessly between their legs... often at great cost, but more often with great personal satisfaction and fulfillment.

Day Fours' morning light filtered through my alcohol-glazed retinas, and brought

high anticipation of the Virginia City Ride. Very few people were aware of a birth on the Rally site: Brad Green became the proud father of a new 410 pound Combat killer, midwifed by Tom Terry and myself. The birth occurred at 9:49 AM. Proud Father and strapping new son are kicking ass and taking names, even as I write this.

The Concours judging was something I assiduously avoided. After several past remarks about my one and only "rat bike", I never even contemplated rolling the thing onto the grounds. I felt very gun shy about exposing myself in public. Actually, it is this Editor's opinion that there were already enough painfully exquisite scooters putzing around the campsite before the fanatics broke out the Semichrome and Armorall. There should have been a requirement for this event that all entries be driven around the dusty campground twice before judging, to prove that they even *started*. (After all, the real proof of an intimate relationship is whether they still look good after the makeup is gone, and the moves are still there...) Still, those who were recognized deserved their awards, and this statement comes from someone who is as meticulous about road-worthiness as they are appearance. Well done, people.

I was told it was very probable that a new World Record was established in Virginia City, Nevada today; interpolating several reports, there were between 150 to 170 Norton Motorcycles which rode through that historic town's main drag with police escort, and hundreds of people lining the street, asking questions like, "I wonder if Ralph Cramden knew he had a moonlighting job?", or "Do these people all have the same name?" For me, like most of this Rally, I wasn't able to attend this event either because "we need a volunteer"- although this time, it was a personal situation: I had to visit an ailing relative in Centerville,

Nevada- 33 miles away across Kingsbury Grade. Oh, darn. For 30 minutes today, I got to re-live being 19 again- this time, on a better machine, with better roads. And, there weren't any tourists chugging along in Winnebagos to dampen my insanity, either! It was gratifying to know that I can still peel asphalt off the roadbed.

Later, as riders blasted back into camp for dinner, the anticipation ran at a fever pitch... the Frankenbike was soon to find a new owner, and I discovered how it felt to give away a bride.

Awards were given- doorprizes were handed out- the recognizable were recognized- plaques and trophies were bestowed... Lynne Miller even gave me the opportunity to make a blathering ass of myself in front of 400+ people over the Frankenbike, and I think I managed to disappoint him by maintaining my composure...in fact, every possible thing relating to the Rally that could be legally exposed in public was done, to milk the tension to the last drop. Finally, Harry's son was told to stick his hand into that box and withdraw a ticket.

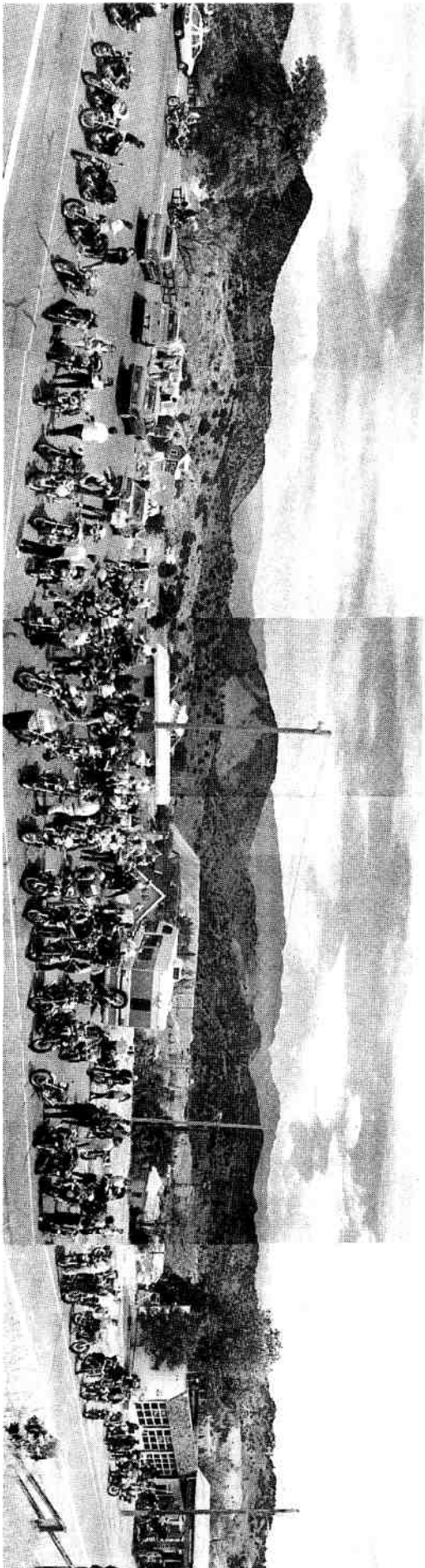
Grover, you unbearably fortunate turkey- congratulations. May you have many years of wonderful miles running through the wind on your new mount. But, do me a favor... *don't repaint it a fuzzy blue!*

So, here it is- I'm typing away in this motel room at 12:55 AM on Sunday, August 4th- the woman in the room next to me has had her 5th "client" of the evening, and I'm drag-assed tired. But, I learned a lot, and I got to see and meet some "excellently proper" machines and people.

Alan, I owe you a beer at Alices. Thanks for one hell of a ride.

And finally, to those folks, like Bob and Tina Marin from Illinois, who endured

Continued on Page 21



Virginia City Ride Report.....

It was good for me... Was it good for you? I think it is safe to say that everyone left the Rally feeling quite satisfied. Unfortunately, I only had the opportunity to spend the weekend at the Rally, and missed much of the activities. However, the ride to and the parade through Virginia City on Saturday was nothing short of

spectacular... a very well-planned and executed event by Joe Edwards. Broken up into five groups of approximately thirty bikes each to avoid the "escort fee" by Carson City authorities, a line of motorcycles as far as the eye can see proceeded north on 395. Once in Virginia City, the various groups waited on the

edge of town for everyone to arrive, and for the designated time of the parade. At precisely the right time, the last group showed up. A Sheriff's Department escort, with sirens waiting down a tourist-packed main street, an all eyes are on us. Cameras clicking, videos rolling, people waving, thumbs up, applause, and cheering us

on. One hundred sixty-three motorcycles- mostly Nortons- from one end of town to the next. It was exhilarating.
On September 15th, the Old Timers Ride leaves Alice's at 10:00 A.M. Be there or be square... OCTOBER 20TH... I lied... Massive Indecision has set in. Stay tuned.

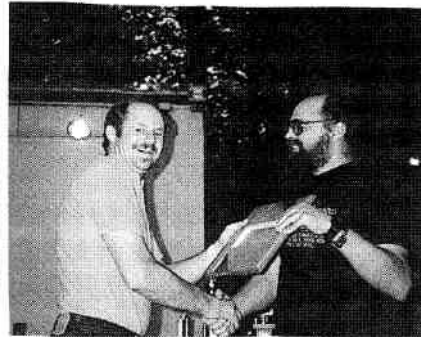
by Mike Burnham, Rides Marshall



A Bevy of Nortons by the shores of Lake Tahoe



Alan Goldwater and Brad Green... *"This don't look like Alices..."*



Bob Raber presents Ken Armann with the "Best John Player" award for Concours; below: Ken's winning entry



Art Sirota, attempting to convince innocent people that his Interstate is actually a 500T...





Randy and Lisa



Don Danmeier, his Lady, and Ken Armann, putting out fires



Alan, in a rare public display of his decision-making process...



Gerald Mauricio, doing his Mike Burnham Impression- with Chateau de Torco



Bob Raber presents the trophy to the winner of the Slow Race in Field Events

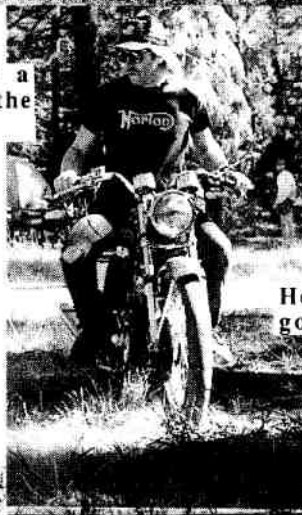


The weenie biters lunge for the 'furters...

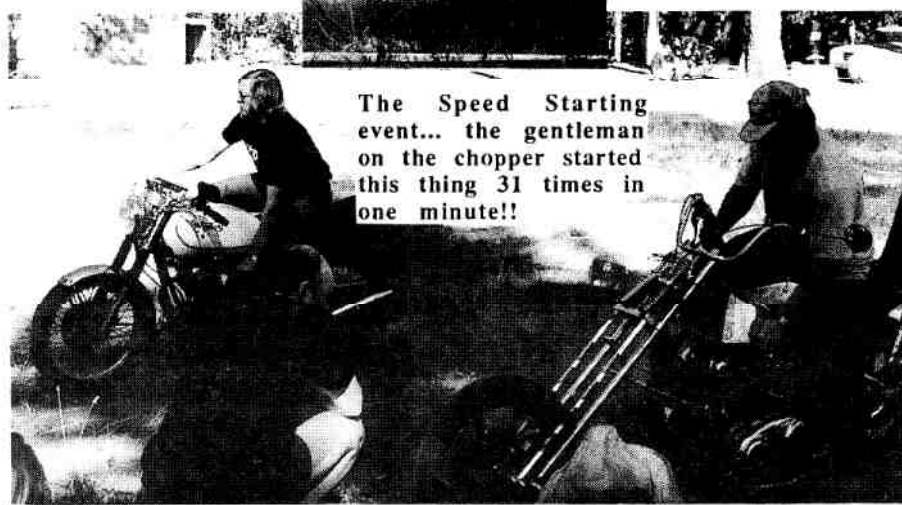




"I cheated... there's a gyroscope under the seat."



How slow can you go?...





Grover's Totally Excellent Surprise



Lynne, Alan and Harry teasing Grover with the keys....

Letters from our Readers....

Dear Norton Notice:

I recently trailered my 1974 Norton Commando Roadster from Massachusetts to San Francisco. Upon my arrival, I discovered large amounts of a sand-like substance in my petrol tank. It appeared to be a combination of sand and rust particles.

On or about July 18th, I called Magri Motorcycles in San Francisco, and spoke to an individual who identified himself as "Harley". I made an appointment to bring the tank in on Friday, July 19th.

After examining the tank, Harley said that his Company could do the work, that it would be ready "...sometime next week," and that the work (including cleaning, drying, and coating) would cost in the vicinity of \$100. He said he would call me when it was ready. I called him on or about Wednesday, July 24th, at which time he told me that (paraphrase) "...they're working on it" and that he would call me when the tank was ready. I explained that I needed the tank in time to ride to the Norton Rally.

After not hearing from him, I went to Magri's on Friday afternoon, July 26th. He didn't know the disposition of the tank, and went to find out. After inspecting the tank, I

noticed that the sand and rust particles remained. I was not satisfied with this, and asked him why the particles weren't removed. He said (paraphrase) that "...they had done the best they could," and that "...they couldn't do more because they were out of the cleaning material." Obviously, had he checked in the first place, or at least periodically inquired, I might have had time to have another firm do the work.

Apparently seeing that I was not at all pleased with this kind of treatment, he gave me two plastic fuel line filters and charged me \$52.50 for their "services".

I was not feeling well on that day. Otherwise, I would have pursued the matter on the spot, either with him or the owner, if he were on the premises.

I had to drive to the Norton Rally. Fortunately, thanks to the counsel of some helpful individuals, I learned how to clean and coat the tank, which I did when I returned to San Francisco.

My purpose in bringing this episode to your attention is not rooted in vindictiveness, but rather to caution others who might be considering doing business with the above-mentioned individual/firm.

Robert Bronzo - (415)922-4305

Editor's Note:

For your amusement (or anger, depending on where you stand with this issue), I include the full text of California Assembly Bill Number 7, Chapter 32 of the 1991 Regular Session. It seems somewhat appropriate to include this in our newsletter, inasmuch as it affects everyone in the State of California having anything to do with motorcycles... everyone, that is, EXCEPT the insurance companies who underwrite our policies.. THANKS TO JOHN COVELL FOR THIS INFORMATION!

Chapter 32

(Assembly Bill Number 7)

An Act to amend Section 27803 of the Vehicle Code, relating to vehicles.
[Approved by Governor May 20th, 1991]

LEGISLATIVE COUNSEL'S DIGEST

AB 7, Floyd. Vehicles.

(1) Under existing law, a driver, who is under 15 years and 6 months of age, and any passenger, who is under 15 years and six months of age are required to wear a safety helmet meeting specified requirements when riding on a motorcycle or motorized bicycle. Under existing law, it is unlawful to operate that vehicle if the driver or any passenger is not wearing a safety helmet as required, and it is unlawful to ride as a passenger thereon if the driver or passenger is not wearing a safety helmet as required.

This bill would delete the limitation of those provisions to drivers and passengers under 15 years and 6 months of age, and make those provisions also applicable to operating or riding on a motor-driven cycle. Since a

violation of those provisions would be an infraction, the bill would impose a state-mandated local program by creating a new crime.

(2) Existing law states that it is the intent of the Legislature in enacting the law containing the above provisions to ensure that children are provided with an additional safety benefit while operating a motorcycle or motorized bicycle, and that nothing in that law applies to a class of children or adults other than those specified therein.

This bill would recast that statement to provide that, in enacting that law, it is the intent of the Legislature to ensure that all persons are provided with an additional safety benefit while operating or riding a motorcycle, motor-driven cycle, or motorized bicycle.

(3) The California Constitution requires the State to reimburse local agencies and school districts for certain costs mandated by the State. Statutory provisions establish procedures for making that reimbursement.

This bill would provide that no reimbursement is required by this act for a specified reason.

The People of the State of California do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Section 27803 of the Vehicle Code is amended to read:

§ 27803. (a) A driver *and any passenger* shall wear a safety helmet meeting requirements established pursuant to Section 27802 when riding on a motorcycle, *motor-driven cycle*, or motorized bicycle.

(b) It is unlawful to operate a motorcycle, *motor-driven cycle*, or motorized bicycle if the driver or any passenger is not wearing a safety helmet as required by subdivision (a).

(c) It is unlawful to ride as a passenger

The Covell Column

...by John Covell

A Tale of Woe and Redemption

My quest for the "Bent Valve Award" began shortly after I left San Francisco, headed toward Lodi to pick up Hwy. 88 to the Sierra. I came through the Caldecott Tunnel and hit the heat like a wall. My strategy was to keep up my speed. Unfortunately, by the time I reached Antioch, the Nort was snorting more than usual, laboring heavily. I pulled off the freeway and sought a shady spot to check for vital signs. Everything seemed okay, so I kicked it and it fired right up, seemingly all right. I proceeded with no further trouble, stopping for lunch at Lodi.

As I neared Jackson on Hwy. 88, the earlier problem reappeared, with a vengeance. About seven miles west of town, there was a lout report from the area of the carburetors and the fire went out. A moment later, a van pulled over. It was covered with motorcycle decals. The driver, Tim, said he'd been behind me and seen a big puff of smoke out of my exhausts just before I pulled over.

The sky was clear, the temperature high 90s, and no shade to be found. I was cooking in my heavy leather jacket and backpack. Kicking was in vain. Extracting a spark plug or two, we confirmed the absence of spark. My benefactor knew of one motorcycle mechanic in Jackson. I rolled the bike to a spot less close to the pavement, and distressingly close to a crumbly bank, and joined Tim in the shady cockpit of his van.

The motorcycle mechanic's shop was closed Mondays. A phone call to his home number reached only the infamous machine. Then, Tim remembered seeing an ad for another

local bike mechanic in the local free advertiser. We went to Lucky for a copy, found the ad, and called the guy- a former pro racer named Jim Anthony in Pine Grove. He agreed to come fetch me. He picked me up in Jackson, he and I went out to get my bike from its desultory, sun-drenched resting place, and we took it to his fully equipped motorcycle repair facility in the woods.

It seemed my bike had suffered catastrophic sudden battery failure- it was about four years old, and I felt my near heatstroke was catastrophic enough. So I bought a new battery from Jim, plus a pair of new NGKs for luck. Jim noticed that my front tire was nearly bald, so for good measure, I had him mount a new one of those. He oiled my air filter for free. A quick test drive to visit an ATM in Jackson, so I could pay Jim (no credit cards accepted), and I was off. All well.

I thought. My headlight didn't seem very bright. In fact, it was getting dimmer and dimmer, only an hour up the road! Pretty soon, with the bike lumbering again. I was down to just the pilot light, because the headlight on the bike wouldn't work. Zounds! Since the alternative seemed to be to camp on the roadside, I kept riding, no higher than 3rd gear, watching the centerline of the road glimmering in the faint beam of the pilot light out of the corner of my eye. There were a few scary moments, yes- but I didn't lose it. Eventually a semi passed me, and I was able to follow him for awhile, using him as a guide.

I lost him when an Amador County Sheriff's Deputy pulled me over. He chastised me, told me he couldn't let me ride like that, but admitted we were in the middle of nowhere and that as a matter of survival, he'd do the same thing in my place- but don't let him see me. Did I want a tow truck? No.

So I caught the next convoy of cars and followed it down the mountain, almost

missed the Hwy. 89 turnoff, and proceeded to Meyers and Hwy. 50- the moon had risen, and that helped. I followed a slow Izuzu Trooper the whole way.

At Meyers, the machine died again, so I let it sit for ten minutes and then got all the way to the "Y" before I hit a red light, and the fire went out again. I pushed it across the intersection when the little white man glowed; but it wouldn't fire up again. By now it was 11 PM, and I'd had only an apple since lunch, so I went into an all-night burger and billiards saloon to refuel myself.

Having sat for an hour, Norton finally started again and I lit off down Hwy. 89 for the last two miles to Camp Richardson. That I had no lights wasn't too inconvenient, as a car right behind me lit the way until I rolled off the road at the main gate to the Lakeside campground. I didn't mind pushing the final hundred yards to my campsite, really, because I had come through adversity to arrive at my destination- only seven hours behind schedule.

Oh- the problem? One little wire in the wrong place. Mea culpa. C'est la vie. My thanks to Alan Goldwater and his ammeter for diagnostics beyond the call of duty.

DON'T RIDE ALONE!

Side Trips.... continued from page 11

hundreds (and, in some cases, thousands) of long miles under less-than-Honda Gold Wing conditions, I thank you for helping to renew my faith in people by your exceptional examples and personal conduct, for inspiring me to continue to help preserve the Norton Marque (even if the Brits don't give a damn), and for the opportunity to help put on one hell of a great Rally.

Norton... need we say more?

Helmet Law, continued from Page 19

on a motorcycle, *motor-driven cycles*, or motorized bicycle if the driver or any passenger is not wearing a safety helmet as required by subdivision (a).

(d) This section applies to persons who are riding on motorcycles, *motor-driven cycles*, or motorized bicycles operated on the highways.

(e) For the purposes of this section, "wear a safety helmet" or "wearing a safety helmet" means having a safety helmet meeting the requirements of § 27802 on the person's head that is fastened with the helmet straps and that is of a size that fits the wearing person's head securely without excessive lateral or verticle movement.

(f) *In enacting this section, it is the intent of the Legislature to ensure that all persons* are provided with an additional safety benefit while operating or riding a motorcycle, motor-driven cycle, or motorized bicycle. * *

SEC 2. No reimbursement is required by this act pursuant to § 6, Art. XIII B of the California Constitution because the only costs which may be incurred by a local agency or school district will be incurred because this act creates a new crime or infraction, changes the definition of a crime or infraction, or eliminates a crime or infraction. Notwithstanding § 17580 of the Government Code, unless otherwise specified in this act, the provisions of this act shall become operative on the same date that the act takes effect pursuant to the California Constitution.

If you don't like this law, then stop voting for the same old politicians all the time, and VOTE for different blood in Public Office! Notice that "we the people" really means "we the elected officials!"- "Whadda Country!"- Yakhov Smirnoff

*Classified
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Wanted: Atlas 750 motor and a BSA/ Triumph 750 Triple motor. Contact Andy Molnar- Atherton House- Fullwood Row, Preston, Lancs.- England PR2 6SC.

For Sale: BSA 1971 B50T. All original- the last year for classic off-road racing. Runs great! \$1700. Contact Stan or Lani at (415)793-0704

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For Sale: Outer primar chaincase for Commando- \$10.00- used but serviceable. Contact Art Sirota at (415)327-3167.

**...MEMORIZE THOSE PART
NUMBERS!**

Art is going to have a contest at his party on October 13th. He's gonna show us a part common to *All Commandos*, and ask us to guess the correct Norton Part Number. The person who comes the closest to guessing it correctly wins a cassette copy of *Art Sirota's "Norton Songs"* ... hell, it might even be a set of points!

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Norton

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