



Norton Notice



The Newsletter of the
Northern California Norton Owners Club

No. 198

November, 1994

READER

The All-British Ride...see Page 7  



What do you mean, the muffler keeps falling off?



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

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

The deadline for items to be submitted for publication is the 20th of each month. The *NORTON NOTICE* welcomes contributions submitted electronically. Material in MS Word or Aldus Page-maker on a Macintosh 3.5" disc is ideal. You may also send it directly to the editor via modem at the telephone number listed for the Editor; set your telecom software for 8/n/1, use the **X or Z MODEM** file transfer protocol, and just ring up the Editor who is home most evenings. Also E-mail can be received by using INTERNET to norton2@aol.com.

Membership in the Northern California Norton Owners Club is available for \$20.00 per year. Membership dues are payable to the Branch Treasurer. **Advertising rates are \$60/year for a 1/4 page ad!**

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.

All changes of address should go to the Branch Treasurer- not the NOTICE editor.

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

Upcoming Events

Club Rides Schedule

The ride schedule for 1994

November 5: (Saturday)

Northern California All-British Ride
5th annual Don Danmeier 50th Birthday
Party

December ?: No ride scheduled

Christmas Party

It was agreed upon at the last NOC meeting that this year we would have the annual Christmas Party in a private home.

This year, the party will be held at the home of Alan and Vicci Mueller, 128 Windsor Court, San Carlos, CA. (415)591-5444.

The party will be a pot-luck format with the main course being prepared by the Bria's, Armann's and Mueller's.

Each member who is planning on attending is asked to bring either an hors d'oeuvres or a dessert. Drinks (beer, wine, soft drinks, and coffee) will be provided. If you wish something stronger, you may bring your own.

There will be a \$10 donation requested to help cover expenses.

A "white elephant" gift exchange will also be held. Nothing expensive....serious or gag.... all with a motorcycle theme (Nortons preferred). For this to work correctly, everyone should participate.

Please call Alan or Vicci to place your reservation (415-5911-5444). We would like to have a fairly accurate count by Thanksgiving.

Oh, yes! The date will be Saturday, December 3rd at 6:30 pm. A detailed map will be in the next Norton Notice

As I am informed of events, I will include them in the Notice....editor

Meeting Schedule

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

November 10th

Harry's Hofbrau

December 3rd - X-mas party, 128 Windsor Ct. San Carlos, (415) 591-5444 - for details see page 6

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

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

Fremont Brewery: Note new name! 3350 Stevenson Blvd., Fremont, CA., — East of Highway 880 near Paseo Padre.

Connecticut Yankee: 100 Connecticut St, San Francisco, CA. (415)552-4440. Vermont St. turnoff off of Highway 101 North

Graphics Contributions

Photography:

Gerald Mauricio

Lou Caputo, Alan Mueller

Press Production and Halftones:

John & Carrie Follett:

White Oak Press, San Carlos, CA

Maya's Minutes

by Maya Lai, President

The meeting went well at the Prince. Carolyn and I made it a little festive for those who showed up.

We had elections, The two offices that were changed were. Grovers position of treasurer. Lani and Stan are taking this over. Thank you guys!!! Next John Bria's position of paraphernalia. Joe Edwards is taking over the job. thank you Joe. Thank you Grover

and John for all you have contributed to us in the years.

We had a few new members come to the meeting. glad to have them. I didn't go on the ride. I trust that it must have been wonderful since the weather was great. **See ya next month at Harry's.**

Bye.

Maya

Pipes Up

by Duncan Ferguson, V. P.

Thoughts gleaned from the Brit-Iron mailing list...editor

I'm no physicist, nor am I a racing engine builder, but from my experience the purpose of oil is to return to the ground from whence it came through any method possible. Oil on such a mission can overcome the hindrance of many gaskets and all types of gasket sealer. This built in "homing instinct" in oil seems to be accelerated if the oil is residing a few inches above the ground in a machined aluminum container over a large slab of concrete. If the concrete slab is

covered with the parts of many disassembled motorcycles and Whitworth implements, **look out!** This homing instinct is even more pronounced if you live in California like I do, since many oils call California, home. The effect can usually be slowed to a trickle with Big C gaskets & Ultra-Tack or any gaskets and <gasp> Superglue.

This article is called fill!! I have quite a bit of these articles in my computer files. I occasionally must resort to them when I have nothing else to put in these spaces...Editor

Minutes of the October Meeting

The October 13th meeting of the Northern California Norton Owners Club was called to order by Maya Lai at 8:30 pm. The venue this month was the Prince of Wales Pub in San Mateo. There were 30 members present.

The first order of business was the nomination of officers for 1995. They are as follows:

President: Maya Lai
Vice/President-Secretary: Duncan Ferguson
Treasurer: Stan Beneveds
Rides Marshall: Jim Carton
Notice Editor: Alan Mueller
Paraphernalia: Joe Edwards
Public Relations: John Covell
Photo Journalism: Gerald Mauricio
Sgt. at Arms: Lynn Miller (a new office)

All positions were unopposed with one new office being established - Sgt. at Arms. There were also two changes; Joe Edwards to take over paraphernalia to allow John Bria to spend more time with his band Too Sweet. The Secretary position was incorporated into the Vice-Presidents job to allow Alan Mueller to spend more time with the same band..he will stay on for one more year as editor.

Alan Goldwater mentioned that on the Internet there are talks about a Northwest Ride to Crater Lake in the later part of June 1995. Possibly this could work into a joint ride by Northwest and NorCal...more information will follow.

Grover Buhrr reported there is \$734.00

in the club treasury.

There was another club ride voted upon. This ride is to go to Rio Vista and possibly meet with Craig Breedlove. Craig is building another streamliner powered by a jet engine to take a shot at the land speed record of 675 mph. More details on this ride will follow.

Maya reminded everyone that this years Christmas party will be held at Alan Mueller's home on December 3rd. RSVPs are asked for.

The club discussed the possibility of holding an auction of Norton parts at a monthly meeting. The auction could go 60-40 or 75-25....with the proceeds going into the club treasury. Does anyone have any old (or new) Norton parts that they want to get rid of?

There were 14 motorcycles parked in front of the Prince of Wales during the meeting.

The club has voted to say thanks to Jack for his support and help with the NCNOC.

Jim Carton stated that he expected a large turnout for the Mt. Hamilton ride this coming up Sunday.

Introductions of those presents showed 3 new members. Gary Winslow, John Graves and I apologize for not getting the name of the third new member.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:45 pm.

Respectfully submitted,

Duncan Ferguson, acting Secretary

Whazz Happ'nin

...regional news of the NCNOC

Peninsula Snooze by Jerry Joliff

I can't wait to hear the story from the Dardanelles, but for those of us that chose to opt for the Delta Ride, all I can say...it was hot and fast.

A story: This Bart Simpson lookalike (T-shirt and all) motions be to come over at a Chevron station (yes..I'm on my 750). He says, "Hey, I've got one of those at my house". (??Norton, ya..right) He says, "Ya! it's got side pipes and it's yellow. I live right up the street." So is this a scene right out of the movie "Deliverance" or is this on the up and up? I take the shot and follow Burt over to his house. We go around back and kick our way through the empty Budweisers can security system. And sure enough there in a "lean to" stands this Norton Roadster. It need some TLC (A lot of TLC + money + time + Navel Jerry). I say, "is it for sale?" Burt says, "No, I'm going to give it to my son who's 14-15 somewhere in there and let him restore it." I asked him if he knew of the NCNOC. He replied that he was once a member. The reason for this storyhave you ever wondered how many other treasures are locked up in barns, or backyards ...etc. I recently saw a Matchless in a garage...**sorry, for my eyes only. Keep your knees in the breeze!!**

Some suggestions concerning the INOA rally concerning the INOA rally from Lou Caputo:

Have soft drinks (free) available round-the-clock. Pressurized cannisters with paper cups worked well at Rapid City. For an elegant touch order a beer truck for Sat. night. Had one at Durango years ago, made my week. Confiscate

keys of anyone who cracks a tap.

Lure the Triumph and other Brit guys out by making it a point to include them in the parade through wherever. I know it's a Norton rally but most of us own Triumphs, Tri guys need to get out more (at least on the left coast— I know they have rallies in MA, went to one myself), and we all secretly lust after a restored Bonneville.

Keep the games simple. The amount of work which went into just one event in SD (the joust) probably burned out the gamemaker forever (Mike of Portland?). Throwing things is simple, although transporting a lead-filled Norton gearbox on a bike to the rally *would* be a nuisance. Riding slowly is simple; running hither and yon with stops to start/stop your bike is fun to watch. Avoid long lines, go for maximum participation (THREE lead-filled Norton gearboxes?).

Invite the mayor to the parade and offer him a ride through town. Suggest he have local merchants offer specials to INOA members. Have plenty of maps available with brochures detailing local spots of interest. Keep the poker run simple.

Shame all Norton riders into coming. These are great events, and publicity is the key. Once you attend you're hooked.

Oh- offer incentives to vendors. No extra fees for them, preferential camping/setup spots. There's nothing more disappointing than arriving at a rally with a few bucks for spares burning a hole in your pocket only to find no vendors! One of the few times it hurts to save money....

Make sure firms which donate prizes are recognized. I think we take them for granted sometimes. Send each a thank you note?

Finally, if possible find a raffle bike.

A Letter from Don Danmeier

Dear British bike enthusiasts:

I'm enclosing a flyer announcing this year's Northern California All-British Ride. Hopefully, you will use it by outright duplication in the next issue of your club's newsletter if not, perhaps this REMINDER will at least induce you to give the event a mention in your newsletter's calendar listings. Some of you have already done that. Thanks.

This is an attempt to provide a riding event available to all British bikers, with a special welcome to those whose particular club does not have a local structure or individually organized events in Northern California. In the past, arrivals with no British club affiliation have been the recipients of rather persuasive invitations to join the club of their choice, on the spot. It works. The party afterward is really meant to be an incentive to make the ride. One more thing: this is NOT a BSAOC-sponsored event.

I'm also requesting each of you to arrange for the display of your club's banner at the party site on the day of the ride. If postage or shipping costs are incurred, I'll reimburse them with the return shipment. If the banner is to be delivered to me personally, see that it shows up at my house or office prior to the day of the ride.

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ALL-BRITISH RIDE &
THE FIFTH ANNUAL DON DANMEIER 50TH BIRTHDAY PARTY**

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1994



British bikes only

No exceptions. Don't embarrass your non-British mounted friends by inviting them, unless you are willing to loan them a bike. Any British make is welcome

British bike club membership required

Application forms for all clubs available on the day of the ride.

Non-member spouses/girlfriends/significant others welcome if accompanying a member

No racing

This isn't the time, or the place, besides, the cops are wise to it.

No ride pins

Your host is too cheap to buy 'em, but that doesn't mean there won't be a few surprises

No charge

The price you pay for going along with the rules.

Try it, you'll like it.

And

Because your presence is present enough.

No presents, please!



RIDE DEPARTS 10:00 AM

Baker's Square Restaurant, 1700 Novato Blvd.

Please park your bikes AT THE CURB, not in the parking lot

For those trucking in bikes, plenty of parking at Don's house

PARTY/BENCHRACING BEGINS 1:00 PM

NOT at the usual location -

Find out where by coming on the ride!



FOR OUR OUT-OF-TOWN FRIENDS: Travelodge 415-892-7500 Quality Inn 415-883-4400

QUESTIONS/INFORMATION: Don Danmeier, 415-897-6145 (days) 415-898-0330 (eves to 9)

View from the BRIDGE

by Alan Mueller

.....

Accidents can happen!! There are a few precautions all of us can take to help prevent accidents. I read a recent article in "Motorcycle Consumer News" (September 1994) that I feel if we all followed these suggestions, we might become safer riders. Here are a few suggestions from this article.

The Start-up Checklist: ✓✓Helmet "ON", ✓✓Key "Into Ignition", ✓✓Gloves "ON", ✓✓Fuel tap "OPEN", ✓✓Ignition "ON", ✓✓Sidestand "UP", ✓✓Gearbox in "Neutral", ✓✓Neutral Light "Green" (if there is one), ✓✓Kill switch to "Run", ✓✓Start Engine, ✓✓headlights "ON"

Many of us ride with a "bump and feel" mentality. Many hazards are not that obvious. If you allow your tire to drop into a groove, you will probably crash before you figure out what has happened. A good portion of motorcycle riding should happen within the brain, not just the grips and pegs.

A veteran rider will try to avoid sudden moves and will concentrate instead on a change of plan. The habit of avoiding sudden moves in traffic helps avoid close calls with cars that come out of nowhere.

Trying to put all of our experience together is a huge process. This article suggests several "game plans" that we could all apply to all situations.

Smith System: 1.) Aim high in steering, 2.) Get the big picture, 3.) Keep your eyes moving, 4.) Leave yourself an out, 5.) Make sure they see you.

Motorcycle Safety Foundation Strategy: 1.)

Search, 2.) Predict, 3.) Act.

The British System: Professional motorcyclist in Great Britain have developed a strategy which they call "The System of Motorcycle Control". The system is a drill which are accomplished in sequence when approaching any hazard. 1.) Select course, 2.) Look behind, signal, adjust speed, 3.) Change gear, 4.) Look behind again and signal, 5.) Use your horn, 6.) Look again (the life saver), 7.) Maneuver and accelerate.

The Ten Commandments of Motorcycling: 1.) Perfect your roadcraft, 2.) Ride deliberately, 3.) Develop "BikeSense", 4.) Use your horn, signals and lights sensibly, 5.) Concentrate, 6.) Think first, then act, 7.) Hold back...when in doubt...hold back, 8.) Corner safely, 9.) Use speed intelligently, 10.) Know and obey Highway Laws.

The British System and the Ten Commandments are the root of what the article calls "Roadcraft", the science of becoming an accomplished motorcyclist. The idea is that motorcycling is a craft worthy of mastering, not simply a fun thing one should go through by "bump and feel".

Perhaps we could all gain some insight in riding concepts by studying these concepts. I know riding in England, or Scotland demands probably more attention than here in Northern California. The traffic is dense in England with many, many intersections. The speed limit is 70 m.p.h. and I understand it is quite common to do the "double nickel" even on narrow country roads where trees, hedgerows and stonewalls are usually right at the edge of the pavement. If these systems work there, we might learn something from their experience.

Let's all think these concepts through...our Nortons insist on smart, safe pilots!!

The Mount Hamilton Ride by Charlie Panipinto

I used to wonder why we only "officially" ride on Sunday, this morning the answer came to me. (So you don't feel dumb). If you officially ride on Saturday and you do, or don't do something that causes something dumb to happen you don't feel dumb longer than you have to. What causes this phenomenon, you may ask? The universal answer here is, Monday morning.

Case in point: My first official Norton Owners Club Ride (or you only get one chance for a first impression), a brilliant Sunday, created specifically for two wheeled enjoyment, the pavement chosen for this ride matched the specification of the day, everyone says "perfect" in every ride review, but we're not going to say that here. Up until something dumb happened I would have thought it all a dream.

The road to Mount Hamilton was breathtaking, the procession of Her Majesty's Finest was inspiring, the scent of the air (Castor Bean, a ripe '76 Me thinks) was invigorating, the thrum and pop of heavy metal just heightened the senses. Yes, this day had all the earmarks of a really perfect day for a true anglophile. The marque d'jour was by all accounts Norton, Unapproachable, and unmistakable true there were a couple other makes (Harley, Triumph, and that dumb BSA).

At the regrouping point (Lick Observatory) I inventoried the BSA, missing the forward (main) motor mount and a license plate fastener, no problems, found a bit of wire to hold the plate, and as luck would have it, a genuine Whitworth stick turned up, well I stuck it in there and off we rode, then something dumb happened, the bike started acting as if it was running out of gas, but only on one side. The exhaust note was noticeably missing on the right side, and the "sparky" spark plug cap said that the problem wasn't electrical. My right knee agreed that the shift side cylinder was hotter. This now leads us to the assumption that the carb is at fault.

Wrong.

I was at fault. Ken told me several weeks earlier when I had the tank off the bike, to flush it out with a mild acid, which he had on hand. But, oh no, I was in some kind of a hurry and didn't take the time to deal with it, so there I was on the side of this road, a road that was made just to ride motorcycles on, with Ken, and not an ordinary Ken either, it was one of

those Kens that wasn't saying, "I told you so". He didn't have to, Ken was right there watching me deal with it now. My apologies for any inconvenience I may have caused, and my thanks for those of you who pulled to the shoulder. My ride preparation isn't what it should be, it won't happen again.

The bike had one more small wiring glitch which was remedied at the lunch stop, it then ran flawlessly from that point on.

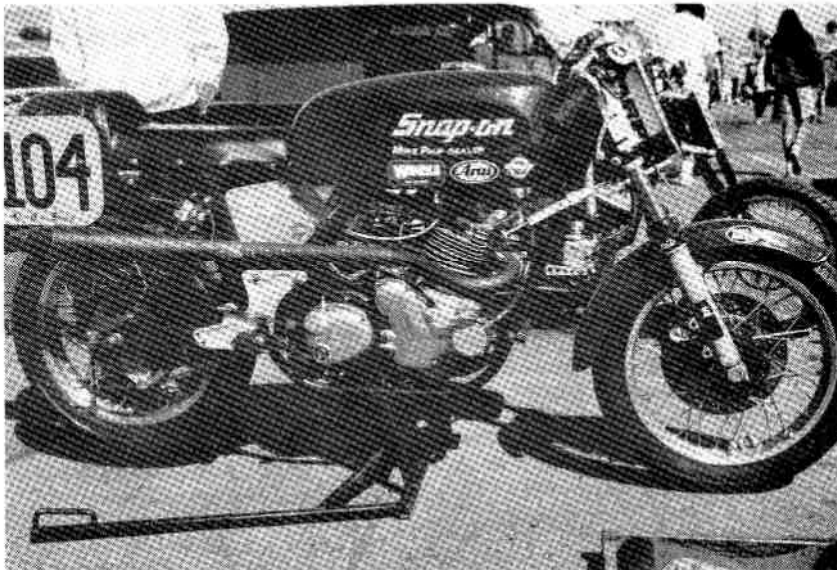
But, what if it really had been a perfect day? Nothing. We would have met at Coco's, had perfect breakfasts, mounted up, rode up a perfect road, to look off a perfect mountain, and ridden some more, stopped for a perfect lunch, and rode some more, stopped for gas, but because this is a perfect day nobody needs gas. We all looked in our tanks and they were all full.....Boooooooring make my day less than perfect, or even dumb.

Better still, give me a wide, open, flat, straight, mountain meadow, Ken, and the mighty JPS. Amal carb slides move around less in their bores, when the motor has been running for a while. Now take this Ken, that meadow, that Norton, and those Amals, and OPEN them up. What you get is a Pair of hot slides stuck at the top of their runs, at somewhere over the ton, with a cool left hander coming up.....fast. I must have looked like a constipated snail, when they ripped by (I was doing a stiff 70). But at the end of that meadow the Player rolled to a quiet halt, a perfect halt.

An excellent use of the word perfect, both rider a bike safe, it doesn't get any more perfect. Ken realizing his predicament cut the ignition, and coasted to a stop. Two minutes later the carbs were right and we were off again.

Two scheduled stops later Ken's clutch cable packed it in, a kink at the steering head made shifting no fun, We cut the ride short, and made for the stables. Once on the freeway, Ken set a blistering pace, the beester kept up as well as it could, and in no time we pulled up to the shop. Okay I guess it was a perfect ride. Thanks for the great first ride. I look forward to many more.

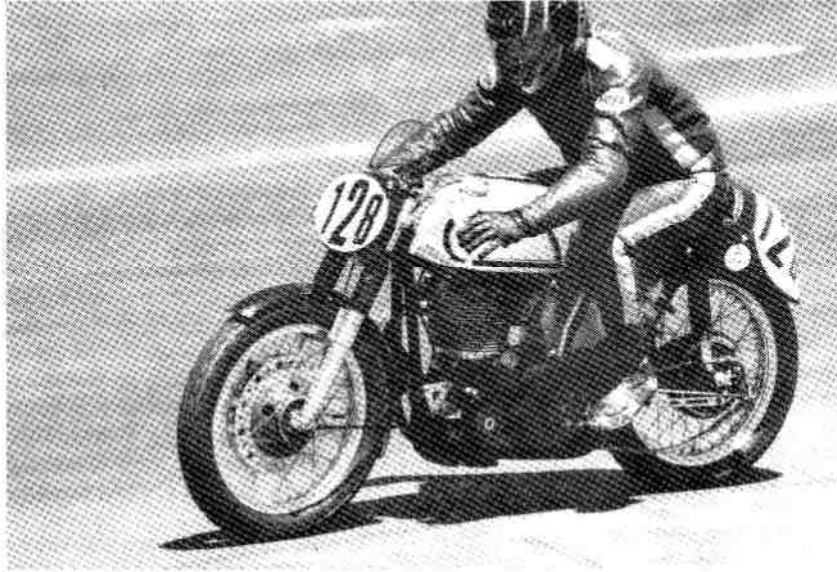
Thanks to Phil Radford for his leadership and a big thumbs up to Fred Monk, who, while riding 2 up on a '49 Norton Inter set the pace!!.....edüör



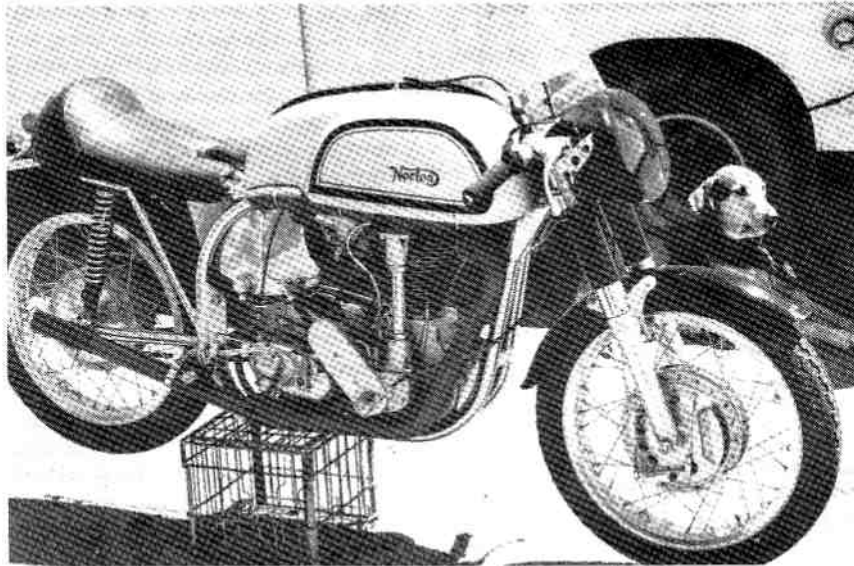
**One of 3 Commandos
at Sears Point for the AHRMA**



**Tom Terry keeps his Norton humming at
Sears Point!**



What's wrong with this picture??



Just another *fast Norton* at Sears Point!!

Side Trips

by *Andy McKerral*

Yes. And hello. This is a ghost from your recent past. I'm certain that a couple of you people might possibly somehow remember me. Things have finally begun to settle down, and I'm beginning to feel like a functioning human being again. (-funny how three years of a newsletter editorship can turn your brain cells into primordial goo-)

Having learned from the past that it's unwise to say anything in this Club unless there's something to say of truly universal value, I herewith submit for your collective information an incident that happened to me recently which more than a few of you could benefit therefrom. Fortunately, this particular incident has a happy ending... however, the old saying is still true: "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

It started out innocently enough. For the first time in what felt like lifetimes, I decided to treat myself to a rare appearance up at Alice's on a Sunday morning in latter July. The ride was just as fun as I'd remembered it from all those times past, and it was good to revisit those bad ol' twisties that I'd previously taken for granted. Promptly at 0830, I rumbled up to my reserved parking space across the street from Alice's (the wee spot of flat terrain next to the left of all the fiberglass and aluminium high tech Japanese testosterone burners), dismounted, gave my bike a once-over for leaks (thankfully none), bought a newspaper, and waddled off across the street to partake of breakfast. Nobody I recognized was there; I guess I didn't have any right to expect otherwise, either. After all, there were no other British bikes present, and it had been so long since I'd been able to do this little bit of heaven that most of my old contemporaries probably either died off, were doing hard time in jail, or ended up married to some wild-eyed, fanatic woman who told 'em, "It's the bike or me, babe." But hell, at least I was here, up in the cool air, sucking down my coffee, gnawing on my sausage links, and reading the Dave Barry Sunday Sermon at the end of West Magazine in the Merc, which had something

to do about snakes in toilets or some other silly damn thing.

As 10:00 arrived, I felt an extremely powerful urge to revisit King's Mountain Road. Simultaneously, I also felt another extremely powerful urge (after breakfast) that a moment in the loo promptly remedied. I thereafter gave my newspaper to some unsuspecting couple (who, frankly, appeared to be the only literate people in the entire damn crowd), and waddled back to my bike across the street. As I was zipping up my jacket and mounting my helmet, I did my cursory pre-flight checks: gas in tank, oil level good, tires okay, no bird shit on the seat- but something looked wrong anyway. Hmm...funny. Something's not right here. So, I do it again- gas, oil, tires, shit- and then I figured it out. My bike's battery side cover was missing.

Now for the few of you who know who I am, you folks will remember that this simply was not the result of an act of omission on my part. The afternoon before the next day's sunrise mount-up, I go over my bike like a Friday night date- there's no part left untouched. Every fastener is checked and tightened, tire pressure is serviced, basic electrical connections are checked, the rear chain gets a cleaning and lube job, and I even check the swing arm for wiggle on the off chance that I meet Tom Terry in a parking lot somewhere. I'm also paranoid enough to check frame fasteners because I'm painfully aware of replacement costs for anything steel and painted on Mark IIIs. Fiberglass is relatively common and somewhat less expensive to re-color, but steel side covers are horrible things to lose or deface.

Well, one of mine was gone. The seat was also not tightened down, and the nylon side cover bolt that formerly held it in place was broken and rested in an awkward state of repose against the battery tray. I recalled from my studies of history that in the old West, anyone caught fooling around with someone else's steed would either wind up being shot or his hands would be broken with a furrier's hammer against an anvil in full public view to showcase the consequences of the concept of "Midnight Supply Without Requisition". Although it felt good at the time to fantasize about what I felt like doing to someone so

brazen, I nonetheless held to my personal position that I don't believe in carrying weapons on my person... and in spite of whatever fantasies I might have entertained, a furrier's hammer and anvil weren't immediately available in the parking lot ANYWAY. Also, I could not fathom who could possibly have cahones big enough to rip off my bike in an open parking lot in broad daylight. Whoever did this evidently decided that they needed that side cover one hell of a lot more than me or my bike.

Having lost my interest in pursuing any further riding for the day, I headed back down the mountains. To say that I was extremely pissed off, in fact, would be a very large understatement. When I got home, I got a beer out of the fridge, sat down, and reasoned that all the anger in the world could not reverse what had happened. The only rational and sensible thing to do would be to call around on Monday morning and assess the financial damage.

By 11:00 the next morning, it had become painfully obvious that the thief knew exactly what he was looking for. Mark III bikes made between December, 1974 and May, 1975 had complete steel side covers- the rest thereafter (until the factory shut down in 1977) were various iterations of fiberglass, steel, paper mache' or whatever the hell else they had laying around on the shop floor before they went into receivership. Between S/Ns 326000 and 327250, only about 290 were shipped with the Red-White-Blue color schemes- the rest of the production was either black, candy apple red, or a wee smattering of bumblebee yellow. It was clear that I had a formidable challenge before me to reconstitute my bike.

At Duncan Ferguson's suggestion, I contacted Ken Armann; it was rumored that he had recently parted out a RWB Mark III. Could I be so lucky? As it turned out, Ken did have the cover I needed from the parted-out bike. No, it wasn't steel, but he remembered my bike and told me that the gelcoat was still in good shape and it came very close to my bike's shades. Within an hour, I was at Ken's shop. I came, I saw, I bought. And I figured I saved about \$80 at least in color matching alone. Thank God that Ken is the pack rat that

he is. I figure that among us more highly-developed organisms, the trait of saving everything you've ever owned for the entire duration of your conscience existence is indicative of a superior genetic strain that the NIH has yet to identify. After all, they've nailed down breast cancer, Alzheimer's disease, and they're coming damn close to leukemia and MS: but they'll never find the strain that makes us Scotsmen tick!

But that's not the end of the story. About a month later, I recounted this incident to a business acquaintance of mine who cryptically replied, "Well if you'd have had one of THESE installed, you wouldn't have had to go through all that crap." Turns out that he's also a distributor for Quorum, an outfit that makes and sells all kinds of vehicle, home and personal alarm systems. "Jeez, has it come to this?" I asked. He then pointed out to me just how much a vintage motorcycle is worth these days, and asked if I'd at least try it and let him know what I thought. "Motion sensing, right?" I asked. "I could build something like that for chunk change." "Not exactly," he replied. "Just install it on your bike and let me know how it works for you."

It took a wee bit beyond 15 minutes to wire the thing in and adjust it. Even moderate ground movement won't trigger it... but jar the bike or even lightly disturb the handlebars, and that king-hell banshee lets off a screech that'll make anyone within 25 yards wish they had a lifetime supply of "Depends", the lights flash, and the ignition is disabled. And what makes this system sweet for us old codgers is that the whole thing is controlled by a keychain device that has a range of about 80 feet. I wound up buying an extra margin of security in these sick, unprincipled and expensive times for under \$140.00. If anyone's interested in preventing their bikes from being raped, call me at (415) 365-9337 and I'll turn you on to the guy who distributes these things. Because he likes my Mark III, he'll sell the system to you at the same price.

In the meantime, I find that I like this business of writing articles once every 10 months. It beats the hell out of the monthly 20th deadline...

PURPLE HAZE

**"The Three Days of the Norton"
Part V**

In this last installment of the story Freak, on his road burning Norton, Mark on his 350cc Kawasaki two stroke, and the author, on his 450cc Honda complete their motorcycle trip home from a Florida College. We continue our story on day two of the trip.

— now some yo-yo redneck was calling his beloved Norton "a piece of shit"! Freak reached over the Norton's seat and started to slowly unwind a 5 foot 1 inch wide security chain he kept wrapped around the sissy bar. He was not getting ready to lock up the Norton.

I looked up just as Freak was about to take the chain off the bike. Then I glanced in the station's garage and understood why Butch was hassling the "college boys". I walked over to Freak and told him to look in the garage. He did and then started rewinding the chain around the sissy bar saying "let's get the %^\$# out of here.". We threw Butch's money on the ground and left with the Norton's exhaust drowning out his screaming insults.

What was in that garage? Remember the movie "Cool Hand Luke"? Remember the only guard in the movie who carried a rifle?

His twin brother was in that garage, leaning up against his patrol car watching us through mirrored sunglasses, with a tooth pick in his mouth and a Sundrop cola in his hand. I distinctly remember that he had two large caliber pistols, with pearl handles, and a real strange grin on his face. It was the kind of grin people get right before they swat a pesky fly.

We calmed down from our encounter with Butch by the time we reached my parents' house. It was about 4:00 PM on a Saturday when we arrived. My ultraconservative "Southern" Father

immediately sent me out for a haircut. Freak and Mark stayed behind, got cleaned up and then proceeded to drink up most of my Father's 103 proof Wild Turkey. By the time I returned to the house they were feeling no pain from the ride. My Mother ran Freak's clothes through the wash, twice, to remove the Norton Excrement, and were relaxed for the evening. I remember that after dinner I saw Freak smile for the first time in two days. He was almost home.

The next morning (day three) Freak gave Mark the lecture again, "I'm going to get home this afternoon, and you better keep that #%\$&* "stunt" bike running if you're going to ride with me." I took them out to I-95 and watched them head North. As they road away I could hear the Norton picking up speed and see the "stunt" bike following and filling the air with two stroke blue smoke. I couldn't help but say to myself "poor Mark".

I didn't hear from Freak for a few months. I called him in August to say that I was going back to school early, to see a girlfriend, and that I wouldn't be riding with him. I asked him if he and Mark got home OK. His reply was "I did.". I asked "what happened to Mark?". Freak said "Oh nothing happened to Mark, but his bike was a different story."

Freak continued, "We got 50 miles South of my house and that #%\$#^ trash bike blew up! The SOB put two rods through the bottom of the engine. So I towed him to my house. I just talked to Mark last week. He finally admitted that he took care of his bike the way I told you and him to take care of those throw away trash bikes — he threw it in a dumpster!". Thus ended the "Three Days of the Norton".

by *Leo Sowers*

Next month watch for " **DEADEYE** " 

Nuts and Bolts and Odds and Ends

Dear Editor,

Thank you Norton Club for a great Old Timers Ride...not over the ton by Lynne Miller.

The food was wonderful. Thank you Maya and crew!

From,

The BSA Norcal gang, Mangle Milt Holloway - Triumph; Pat "CHP" O'Riley - BSA; Old ED - Commando Interstate!!

P.S. The Norton Club will be invited to Milanis G.P. 95 in the spring!

Norton Calendar

The 1995 Norton Calendars are now available. You editor has discovered the local (United States) source for these calendars.

I had Maya ask at the last meeting if any of the members wanted to order any of these calendars but she got a big run-around (something about making our own calendars).

So, if any of you want to order a calendar (a great gift, also) please contact me. I will be placing the order on DECEMBER 1, 1994. The cost is \$12.75 each. If we get 30 orders, I can get them for \$10 each. However, since Maya couldn't get a count from the members, I am not about to place an order that large with my own funds.

If you want a calendar, send me a

check for \$12.75 for each calendar you want along with your name and address and I will order for you. If we get over the magic thirty number, I will give you some money back.

Alan Mueller
Windsor Court
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REMEMBER, NO LATER THAN DECEMBER 1ST!!!



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NOC Member Profile

by John Covell

Name: Steve Coburn**Age:** 45**City Resident:** Charlottesville VA**Marital:** Divorced, no kids ("Too many bikes!")**Occupation:** Editors and entrepreneur**NOC Member since:** 1977**How first became involved with NOC:**

My brother Tim took me to a club meeting at the Edinburgh Castle in S.F. and signed me up shortly after my move from Virginia to La Honda CA in the summer of 1976.

Club offices held (years):

Secretary-Treasurer (1978-79), N.N. Editor (1978-79, the first), President (1980); USNOA Rally Chairman 1980.

Norton(s) owned, described: 1973

Commando 750 Roadster (later a Dunstall café racer), 1974 Commando 850 Interstate "Nortonglide," 1974 JPN.

Other makes of motorcycle: Formerly

owned: 1965 Honda 150 Dream, 1970 Triumph 500 Trophy, 1966 Velocette 500 Venom, 1983 BMW R80 G/S P-D.

Currently owned: 1977 BMW R100RS,

1988 BMW K100RS "ABS Special,"

1989 Honda XL600V TransAlp, 1994

BMW R1100RS.

What first interested you in the Norton?

When I had my second bike, the Triumph, I used to drool over the Nortons I saw in the local British bike shop, not to mention the famous "Norton Girl" ads in *Cycle*. My brother procured my first Norton, the Combat 750 Roadster, just prior to my 1976 move to Northern California.

Other hobbies/interests of note?

newsletter production, sleep...


Favorite motorcycling road/ride: The Blue Ridge Parkway in VA and NC (before Memorial Day and after Labor Day, preferably not on weekends).

If you could redesign the Norton, what one thing would you most want to change? How and why? Give it a good, reliable shaft drive!

Favorite/most embarrassing episode on a Norton?

Favorite: Meeting Steve McQueen on his 1939 (?) Indian out in the orange groves east of Visalia on CAMA rally weekend, riding along with him and his lady for a while, and having a cold one together at a country store/bar along the way. Embarrassing: Trying to keep up with the go-fast boys at a CLASS school at the end of my June '94 cross-country ride on the "Nortonglide." The 20-year old Nort wasn't up to it.

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Classified Advertisements

Editors note: All adds will run for 3 months. Please notify the editor if your item has been sold. Your add will automatically be removed after 3 months if I haven't heard differently. Note the expiration date at the end of each add.

FOR SALE: 1966 BSA Thunderbolt stored since 1983. 5000 original miles, all original except paint: \$3,500/B.O. **FOR SALE:** 1973 XLCH, professional restoration, new engine, lots of chrome, one owner, \$5,700/B.O. call Jim (510)534-8030 (6/94)

FOR SALE: 850 MK2A, head, engine cases, crank, pistons; 750 head, good threads, broken fins; 850 MKIII engine cradle; 2 front isolastics, clutch basket and primary chain, brake caliper, one filter setup; early Dunstall exhaust system; early twin timing cover...also '69 fastback, not running, all there, green, \$2500...call Dennis at (510)525-1164 (Berkeley) (12/94)

FOR SALE: Nortons! '75 Interstate, '74 850, '69 750, all disassembled from frame, Dunstall & roadrace fairings, seats, many extras. \$4500, all or nothing...serious inquiries only. Call Denis ((408)335-4863 (7/94)

FOR SALE: '73 Norton Dunstall Commando, \$5000; '91 Ducati 851, 5K miles, extras, \$8,800; '65 Norton Atlas, disk brakes, \$3,500; Featherbed frame, Atlas, rolls, \$350; Norton Interstate tank, seat, side covers, \$350; Dunstall tank, seat (Commando) \$350; SS/Hi rider tank, side covers, fresh red, \$500; Drouin Supercharger, \$950; Bultaco 250, El Tigre

(dead) \$500; call Tom Terry (408)446-2738 (9/94)

FOR SALE: '74 850 John Player Special, less than 10,000 original miles, \$8,500 or B/O; call Ken Armann at (408)371-6786

FOR SALE: Commando 750 Roadster, '86 AFM Twins State Champ. 38mm Marzocchi front end, 36mm Amal MK II's, belt drive, oversize in and ex valves, ported, DID, 22.50 front and 3.00 rear rims X18, Grimeca brakes, Kosman rotors, QD rear sprockets and gearing, complete spare lower end + spacers, too much to list. \$6000. **The price has now been reduced to \$4500!!** Call Lee Steinmetz, day (510)845-0992, eves (510)548-6019 (12/94)

FOR SALE: "Sorry Children, Daddy has to sell you for medical experiments" - 1975 Norton MKIII Roadster, 6000 original miles, stock RED & gorgeous, Lucas RITA, Hi-Output alternator, single AMAL, better brakes, re-inforced oil-tank and chain guard by Dennis E., Sleeved tach and many spares...\$4000 takes all; call Nathan eves at (510)843-8612

FOR SALE: '72 Combat Commando roadster. 8800 original miles. \$3000 or B.O. call Neal at (707)537-0844 days, or (707)538-0612 (7/94)

FOR SALE: Rickman roadrace special chassis, Original, 750-850 engine, \$1750 for chassis. call Jeff Hecox at (408)257-7268 (7/94)

FOR SALE: '63 Atlas Scrambler, excellent condition..\$3500. Basket Atlas/G15 engine & gearbox...\$250. Basket '67 Cubroling chassis w/engine cases..has title..\$200 **WANTED:** WM2 X 19 40 hole Borrani rim drilled for full width hub. Call Rick at (W)408-894-5220 or (H)415-969-8917 (9/94)

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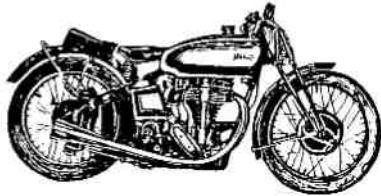
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