

Norton Notice



Newsletter of the Northern California Branch

NO. 46

MARCH 1982



General Information

Norton Notice

published monthly by the NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH of the NORTON OWNERS CLUB; its sole purpose is to inform and entertain members regarding all aspects of the NORTON motorcycle including history, technical advice, and preservation. NORTON NOTICE is not for sale, but is provided as a benefit to members of this Branch.

Branch Officers

PRESIDENT

Art Sirota
P.O. Box 8
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(415) 747-0740

VICE PRESIDENT

Tom Dabel

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY/
TREASURER

Tom Horton
250 Curtner Ave. #26
Palo Alto, Ca. 94306
(415) 493-2157

RECORDING SECRETARY

Phil Radford

RIDE MARSHAL

John Padilla

Advertisements

Current and prospective members may place ads for Norton-related material wanted or for sale in TRADING POST. Send all necessary information to NORTON NOTICE. There is no charge for ads in TRADING POST.

MOTORCYCLE DEALERS wishing to advertise may send ads to the NOTICE with the following rates:

| | <u>1 Issue</u> | <u>3 Issues</u> | <u>6 Issues</u> |
|----------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1/4 page | \$5.00 | \$13.00 | \$25.00 |
| 1/2 page | \$9.00 | \$25.00 | \$45.00 |

NORTON NOTICE IS A REFLECTION OF ITS READERSHIP WHO IS ENCOURAGED TO SUBMIT ANY ARTICLE, TECHNICAL TIP, JOKE, PHOTOGRAPH, ORIGINAL OR OTHERWISE SO OTHER NORTON ENTHUSIASTS CAN ENJOY IT. FOR BRANCH MEMBERS WHO CANNOT OTHERWISE ATTEND MEETINGS AND RIDES, NORTON NOTICE AFFORDS THEM AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE EXPERIENCES WITH THE MEMBERSHIP AT LARGE AND BRING THE BRANCH CLOSER TOGETHER.

DEADLINE FOR ITEMS IS THE 20th OF EACH MONTH.

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH
TOOL LOAN-OUT PROGRAM**

If you need one or more of the following tools, for working on your bike, get in touch with Harry Bunting and arrange to pick them up.

A refundable deposit equal to the replacement value of the tool is required at the time you pick them up.

| <u>TOOL</u> | <u>DEPOSIT</u> |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Timing cover oil seal guide | \$ 5.00 |
| Rocker spindle puller | \$25.00 |
| Crankshaft sprocket puller | \$12.00 |
| Clutch spring tool | \$12.00 |
| Clutch locking tool | \$18.00 |
| Valve spring compressor | \$22.00 |

Harry Bunting (415) 968-2020 (home)
1401 Gilmore St. (418) 735-1550 x2394
Mountain View, Ca.

Membership

Membership is available in these categories.

FULL MEMBERSHIP gives membership in the NORTON OWNERS CLUB with its benefits and privileges such as bi-monthly issues of ROADHOLDER MAGAZINE sent directly from England keeping members abreast of Norton owners activities from around the World, the SPARES PROGRAM that allows one to buy Norton parts directly from England at an attractive, low cost, and full voting privileges at all NOC and Branch meetings.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP is established for any Norton owner wishing to be associated with the Northern California Branch and are welcomed at all meetings, rides and other functions. Members are urged to become FULL MEMBERS as they become familiar with NOC advantages and benefits.

SOCIAL MEMBERSHIP is established for Norton enthusiasts who have not yet bought their Norton to become familiar with NOC and Branch functions and to assist them in finding a Norton suited to their needs. Although Social Members do not have Branch voting privileges, they are welcome with their ideas at all Branch functions.

NORTON NOTICE is provided to all three membership categories and the publication is open to all for articles and ads they wish to submit.

FULL MEMBERSHIP: \$25.00/yr.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP: \$10.00/yr.

SOCIAL MEMBERSHIP: \$10.00/yr.

ALL MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE PAYABLE TO THE BRANCH TREASURER. RENEWAL DUES ARE PAYABLE AT THE END OF THE INDIVIDUAL'S MEMBERSHIP YEAR, THAT MONTH BEING DESIGNATED BY THE LAST NUMBER OF THE MEMBERSHIP NUMBER LOCATED ON THE MAILING LABEL OF NORTON NOTICE. Example:

999/6

denotes member number 999 with dues expiring in JUNE.

BRANCH MEETINGS ARE HELD EACH SECOND THURSDAY OF THE MONTH; LOCATIONS ARE ANNOUNCED IN THE NORTON NOTICE CALENDAR.

BRANCH RIDES ARE HELD THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING THE MEETING, TIME AND LOCATION ALSO ANNOUNCED IN NORTON NOTICE CALENDAR. IN THE EVENT OF RAIN, THE RIDE IS POSTPONED UNTIL THE NEXT SUNDAY. IF IT RAINS THAT SUNDAY, THE RIDE IS CANCELLED FOR THAT MONTH.

OCCASIONALLY, MEETINGS AND RIDES ARE SCHEDULED FOR DAYS OTHER THAN THE SECOND THURSDAY AND FOLLOWING SUNDAY. BE SURE TO CHECK THE CALENDAR FOR ANY CHANGES.



Upcoming Branch Events

| DATE | TIME | MEETING PLACE | EVENT |
|------|---------|-------------------------------------|---|
| 3/11 | 7:30PM | EDINBURGH CASTLE SAN FRANCISCO | MARCH MEETING |
| 3/14 | 10:00AM | FERRY LANDING SAUSALITO | RIDE TO GUERNEVILLE/ RUSSIAN RIV. |
| 4/22 | 7:30PM | RICK'S SWISS CHALET PALO ALTO | APRIL MEETING |
| 4/24 | 9:00AM | BROOKS CYCLERY SAN JOSE | RIDE TO THE CAMA RALLY IN HANFORD |

March Ride

John Padilla called to give the following report on this month's ride, which will meet in Sausalito, at the ferry landing next to the Sausalito Hotel, at 10:00AM on 3/14/82:

We'll plan to ride north on Hwy. 101 to Santa Rosa, and stop at the "English Rose", 2074 Armory Drive. If anyone wants to join the ride there, they should plan on being at the English Rose before noon.

From Santa Rosa, the plan is to ride north to Hwy. 116, and then on to the Casadero Road. The group will then go off on Sunrise Mountain to Jeff Pierce's home for a mid-afternoon rest stop. John knows the route fairly well, and he plans to have maps for everyone who shows up in Sausalito and Santa Rosa.

Last Month's Ride

Tom Dabel filed the following report on the February ride which took place 2/14/82:

Nine riders left Brooks Cyclery for the putt to Big Sur. Rain interceded in the Uvas Valley and we took refuge in the Dos Equis Bar. The Flying Lady Restaurant seemed like a better direction as Hechter Pass was enshrouded in a low pressure gloom. Not on a Sunday though (2 hour wait). After a quick look in the hanger, we left for downtown Morgan Hill in search of sustenance and libation. No easy choices in this town, so we headed out to a bar called the Quail Inn on Chesburo Dam. An authentic motorcycle gang was having a bar-b-cue there, with twenty-five choppers and all the fixins. We ate, drank, and watched the rain come down with them until we decided it wasn't going to get any wetter, so we rode on, in it. Jan Barton, out on his Vincent, was showing us plug and jet changes are no cure for an empty fuel tank.

Tom Dabel

"NORTON TO CHICAGO"

It was a cold, foggy San Francisco morning (like only San Francisco can provide), I woke, strapped on my over-large German elephant tank bag, you know, extra shirt, pants, socks, my tinted face shield and my entire Whitworth tool collection. I had bought a Lucas-RITA electronic ignition (which I have nothing but praise for), changed the oil, adjusted the Isolastics, balanced the tires, built up my courage, and prepared myself for any and all situations. Well, like I said, I woke up a cold, foggy San Francisco morning, kicked that son-of-a-bitch over, headed up over the hills of SF, crossed beneath the silver arches of the bay bridge, connected with I-80, left the cold, damp air for hot, and began my five-day trek across America to Chicago.

Well, you know what it's like to be out on the freeway. You crank up that mass of compressed energy beneath your gastank (in the form of a Combat engine), listen to the tappets clicking and the baffle of the exhaust pipes, and you know, just feel that stout British steel between your legs (don't laugh you students of Freud!). Well, eventually I left the great freeway for the lesser roads, found my most comfortable position, and counted the dotted lines that littered the roads. I remember passing over the Sierras and heading across the high desert of Nevada. It was really great to leave California, and the roads were so good in Nevada that I, er, well ah, I just thought that I'd like to see how well the ol' Norton would hold up. And myself too. So I squeezed the throttle and watched my tachometer: 70 mph at 4,000rpm, 80 mph at 4,500, 90 at 5, 100 at 5.9, 100 at 5.9: What!? Jesus, my max power is at 6.9, where I have at least 1,000 bhp (well, 70-75 maybe). Nevertheless, I didn't take it above 100 too much. I felt pretty satisfied, and I had a long trip ahead of me. I kept thinking of what my high school shop teacher used to say: "Remember, HORSE PLAY AND HORSE POWER ARE A BAD TEAM." I've proved him wrong since, of course, but that's another story. Well, what can I say? I kept it up for two hours and travelled two hundred miles. My helmet was smashed against my face, my arms got tired, and my heart beat very fast, but what the hell, it just felt great.

I passed through Nevada, entered Utah and the salt flats, Wyoming, Nebraska, collected bugs on my face shield in Iowa, and drove into rainy Chicago. I had a great trip, the Norton was flawless, and the attention it got on the road was great. It's amazing the respect a Norton gets. Although I do think that basic camaraderie with motorcyclists is pretty well established.

Keep 'em upright,

Bob Slote
1412 N. Honore #3
Chicago, IL 60622

"THE GREATEST MOTORCYCLE IN THE WORLD"

By Thierry Bright-Sagnier

I owned a Norton at one time. It was, without a doubt, the most incredible and ingenious piece of machinery it has ever been my privilege to ride.

It was not my first bike. That was a 1956 49.9 cc Solex mo-ped I got when I was 13. Then over the years came a straight-from-Nippon Honda Sports 50, a 125 cc Benelli, a 250 cc Yamaha, a Kawasaki 250, a 1960 Triumph 650, a 1939 Indian 1200, a 1950 Royal Enfield (700 cc), a 1961 Harley Davidson 1200, a Yamaha 750 and others I forget. Some were faster than the Norton, others more reliable. But the Norton itself was matchless.

I bought two within a short space of time. One was for riding and the other for parts, since the only Norton dealer within reach then was in my mind an unqualified thief not worthy of the honor bestowed him. Both machines when I purchased them were stock, but this was soon to change. There was a young man in England called Paul Dunstall who had created an entire line of engine parts, gas tanks, seats and racing goodies. He made a bike called a Dunstall Norton, which sold in the U.S. for close to \$3000, an unheard of price for a two-wheeled vehicle. He also ran a mail order house -- the kind on which dreams are founded.

I totally stripped both bikes, right there on the corner of 28th and N Streets in Georgetown and carried them piece by piece up the stairs to my apartment. My kitchen became a giant parts bath in violation of every housing code. I built a small machine shop in the living room, and the actual rebuilding of the machine took place in the bedroom. I scraped pennies, nickels and dimes, and sold favorite possessions at bargain rates to purchase a tank and seat. Red, shiny fiberglass, the tank with a flip cap, the seat built for one very skinny posterior. Like all parts from Great Britain, they were far from perfect, but it didn't seem to matter.

The 750 cc engine was torn apart, and a five speed gearbox installed, as well as two over-bored cylinders which raised the displacement to 850 cc. Valves, springs, pistons, wheels, brakes, tires, shock absorbers, oil tank, levers, handlebars. All were changed. I sold some parts, exchanged others. The project took exactly one year, to the day, from the date of purchase.

Three friends helped me carry it downstairs past the unbelieving eyes of Mrs. Fuzzybee who owned the building. I bolted the front end on, painted my helmet the same fiery red as the bike, turned on the ignition, and kicked it once, hard. It kicked back once, hard, driving my knee to within an inch of chin. "Good compression," I said, putting on a Dr. Scholl's elastic knee brace.

I kicked again and the twin exhausts roared like outraged sea lions. The Norton itself merely vibrated and voided a quart of oil on the red brick sidewalk. Two hundred miles an hour of red blur, standing still. It was stunning.

Two days later, a friend and I gave it a speed test on the highway leading to Dulles Airport. The machine had more speed than I had courage, clocking 108 miles per hour with a third of the throttle still to go in fifth.

Then one of the carburetors flew off and shattered into a million tiny pieces. "Sure is fast," I said as I pirated another carb. I scraped a muffler doing a tight curve: "Handles too..."

In the end I never rode it as fast as it would go. Above a hundred the handlebars vibrated so much that in ten minutes both hands would fall asleep. I virtually never rode it in the city since its turning radius was such that it needed half the Pentagon parking lot to make a U-turn. The four manually-operated disc brakes took miles to warm up and had to be kept hot, so I never got to be a red light hot rod.

I did ride it often to McDonalds where I was eating since acquiring the machine, and I raced it twice in production races, but lost both times to Japanese ring-dings which passed like swarms of vociferous bees. Didn't matter. I knew deep in my heart that this was The Bike. I couldn't go higher and even the multi-cylindereed beasts put out by the Italians couldn't tempt me. The Norton was nothing less than a realized Holy Grail.

As time passed, I learned and understood the machine's every quirk, every idiosyncrasy, for like all machines made in England, it had many failings.

Every single bolt and nut had to be safety-fired, lest parts drop off like fall apples, and the oil level, tire pressure and chain tension had to be checked each time before riding. The speedometer lied by a good fifteen miles an hour, and the tach usually went bananas between 7000 and 7500 rpm. I replaced every bit of English-made electrics with American counterparts, and I knew that at 600 rpm or thereabout, a thin, high pressure jet of oil would escape the crankcase and nicely lubricate the rear tire.

But it accelerated like a bullet and handled like a lamb. You could lay it over in a tight corner on the roughest of roads, hit the brakes or throttle and never worry. And it looked and sounded like the very utmost that a motorcycle could be.

It became a daily habit, rain or shine, to ride to Dulles and only once was I stopped by a cop -- an understanding sort who asked if he could sit on the machine and start it up himself. He owned a Nort too. We exchanged phone numbers but I never saw him again.

I guarded the hazzet with my life and once had the satisfaction of thoroughly pummeling about the head and shoulders a thief I caught cutting the chain. I refused all offers. I'd spent close to \$3500 building up the Nort, and three times that wouldn't have tempted me to sell.

I blew the engine once, replaced the parts with Dunstall parts, and promptly blew it again.

Disgusted and broke, I used stock parts to replace the shattered ones, a criminal act I see now, and one which obviously angered the machine. It was perfectly tuned and, by all reasoning, should have been easier to start after the transplant than before. Instead, one kick gave way to five, and as the summer lengthened, to ten. Mysterious things began to happen. The clutch cable broke on the Beltway at 3 a.m. I sat with the beast until six in the morning when I could call a friend with a pickup truck. The front tire, a spanking new \$65 Dunlop, blew out. The headlights often came on during the day and went out at night.

I arose one morning and vandals had slashed both tires, the gas and oil lines, the seat. Then they'd tipped it over. It lay in a puddle of oil and gasoline and I thought of a dead lion. I cried, and cut my hands on shards of glass from the broken headlight lens as I righted it. The gas tank was cracked. I put the machine in the backyard and ordered another tank. It took months to arrive, and it was yellow. I called Dunstall long distance, ranted and raved and acquiesced to receiving another tank, red this time, by air freight. That one arrived cracked. It took six months to get the machine back on the road, and when I finally rode it it was like seeing an old friend with whom one has nothing in common anymore. It handled sluggishly and I almost lost it on a tight curve in Rock Creek Park. It responded poorly to the throttle and balked at going past 90, throwing billows of black and grey smoke out the exhausts. It died twice, and starting it took half an hour, then an hour.

I rode it home and promised to rebuild it yet again as soon as possible, this time from the ground up, with parts by yet another English genius, Ian Kennedy.

But I never did, and the fiberglass lost its lustre beneath a coat of leaves and dust while aluminum tarnished and turned black. And one day when I needed money, I sold it to a man, an actor who came directly from a play, dressed and made up as Abraham Lincoln. He looked at it and was impressed. The cobwebs and pitted chrome, the chain rusted solid and the cracking gas lines didn't faze him. He swore he'd take good care of it and loaded it into a panel truck. I believed then and still believe today that he had no concept of what he was purchasing. When his van disappeared around the corner, I almost wept.

Had I known Norton would so soon close its doors, I would have kept the bike, perhaps riding it, perhaps not. It wouldn't have really mattered. It saddens me that Nortons are now rarities and that soon they'll be extinct. I'll miss them. But I owned one, and in my heart I know that it was the finest of them all. I suppose anything else is really meaningless.

Editor's note: Dick Rutter, who sent in this fine piece last month, says that it was in the Washington Post in 1976, in a Sunday supplement dedicated to motorcycling as a sport. Thanks to you, Dick, for sharing it with all of us. If it didn't bring good and bad memories back for the reader, then the reader's not a true Norton Nut!

The following information applies only to Commandos with points and automatic advance units. If you rev your engine and the rpm's drop down a lot slower than usual, your problem could be a sticky a.a. unit. To check, remove the points cover and insert a screwdriver into the slot on the end of the a.a. unit's cam. Now, with the end of the screwdriver, move the cam counter-clockwise (if your points are located on the end of the camshaft) or clockwise (if your points are located in a cannister behind the barrels), and see if the cam is able to return to its original position without any help from the screwdriver. It should just spring back. If it does, your slow rpm drop could be related to unlubricated or frayed throttle cables.

If the a.a. unit's cam does not spring back, proceed as follows. Using a small scribe, make a mark on the rear points backing plate. Then, make a corresponding mark on the inside wall of the timing cover. Remove the two internally threaded screws that affix the points backing plate to the timing cover, and pull out the points and backing plate, letting them hang by their wires. The a.a. unit will now be exposed. Note the position of the slot on the end of the cam because upon reassembly it could be possible to put the cam back 180° off. The two small springs should be visible. Unhook them from their posts and withdraw the a.a. unit cam. Leave the a.a. unit post and bob weights alone; there is no need to remove them.

Apply some distributor lube to the cam post and bob weight posts after cleaning them off. Make sure you use distributor lube and not ordinary grease which has too low a melting point. Refit the cam and springs to the rest of the a.a. unit, making sure that the bob weight posts slip into their elongated slots, and that the slot on the end of the cam is in the same position it was in before you removed it. Now, re-attach the points and backing plate with the two internally threaded screws. Do not over-torque these little screws because the soft aluminum threads inside the timing cover can be easily stripped or the screw itself can snap into two pieces! Carefully line up the two scribe marks you made earlier. Check the cam tension again with the screwdriver. If the cam returns to its original position, your problem will probably be solved. If not, remove the two small a.a. unit springs and clip one coil off of each with a pair of side cutters or nippers. Re-shape a hook on the cut end of each spring with a pair of needle-nose pliers. Reassemble everything and check cam tension again with the screwdriver. Keep removing coils from each spring one at a time until the cam springs back without any assistance.

Editor's note: Many thanks to Art Sirota for writing up this technical tip at the very last minute. Not only was it the best received all month, but it was also the only one we got! There must be a few of you Norton nuts who have a good tip to share with the rest of us. Please don't be shy. Write it down and send it in. We need your input!

Presidential Profundities

This is shaping up to be a great year. Our club is fortunate in having some very dedicated workers who make time in their busy schedules to help keep the club going. Without such dedicated, energetic members, our club could not exist. I urge each of you to play a part in helping to keep our Branch fun, innovative and exciting. There are lots of ways you can get involved. We need someone to design a flier to advertise the rally in August, and we could use one for the annual beer bust in June. We have a chief organizer for this year's beer bust, but Claude Wright would probably welcome some help from other interested members. The Norton Notice needs people to get actively involved in its publication. Remember, this Branch is no greater than the effort you put into it.

The rafting trip down the North Fork of the American River is rapidly (I couldn't resist that one!) approaching, and all those dare-devil members who wish to participate should send, telegram, express-mail, or hand-carry \$13 per person to Tom Horton no later than May 1, 1982. Don't plan on simply showing up at Lotus on your Norton with \$13 in your hand, because you might find all the rafts full. We will have to supply our own food, but everything for the raft trip, including life jackets, will be provided. I will provide maps to all members planning to attend. Ben Halstead, the organizer, will possibly be giving a slide presentation at our next meeting. Mid-May is going to be the perfect time to ride the rapids, and this year the river will be swollen from the heavy rains. No one in the universe will be having more excitement and fun than the members who decide to join us for this special event. Don't miss it!!

The Second Annual Northern California Branch of the Norton Owners Club International Summer Rally will be held this year at Pinecrest, California, U.S.A., and is shaping up to be fantastic, fun, free-for-all, four-day extravaganza. A mere \$19 will cover camping accommodations for the entire rally, one real, honest-to-goodness, jumpin'-up-and-down breakfast, and one sit-down dinner. For an extra \$8 per person, cabin facilities will be provided. Pre-registration deadline is August 2, 1982. All those who register after that date will be charged an extra \$7. There will be no exceptions! R.V. accommodations will cost an extra \$8 per person for the whole rally, and so will wind up costing the same as cabin facilities. Send your money to Tom Horton today!! Pinecrest Lake is nearby and offers swimming, fishing and inexpensive boat rentals. Anyone interested in organizing field events, group rides or whatever, please let me know as soon as possible.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank Bob Marshall once again for putting so much time and effort into the Norton Notice. Bob did a wonderful job as editor, errand boy, janitor, confessor and photographer, and I hope he will continue to make contributions to this publication which owes so much to him.

We are very fortunate to have former Norton Notice editor Steve Coburn taking responsibility for this month's issue. Steve has a ton of energy coupled with lots of altruistic intentions, and I am sure this issue will reflect his high standards.

At our last meeting, a committee was formed to help with the production of the Norton Notice. One thing is clear: the NN needs an editor. One person must be the central figure in bringing everyone's efforts together into a cohesive, punctual, informative and entertaining newsletter. Right now, our method of selecting this poor, unfortunate masochist who takes on this unappreciated position is haphazard. I am going to propose at the next meeting that we should perhaps make it an elected office.

I would also like to say that our club is fortunate to have an innocent, naive, incorruptible, aspiring editor in the person of Gene Austin. Gene knows how much work is involved in putting out this newsletter, and realizes nobody will mention him in their wills as a token of gratitude. Yet, for some strange reason, he still would like to assume the responsibility of being editor of the Norton Notice. He has told me, however, that he would rather see someone who has never done it before take an interest in becoming editor because all members should become actively involved in organizing club activities.

April's overnight ride to Volcano has been cancelled, but an equally exciting ride to Fresno and the CAMA Rally in Hanford, has been scheduled in its place. Rod Gordon, one of our Fresno members, has graciously offered to put us up for one or two nights at his house. So, members wishing to go down to Fresno Friday evening, April 23rd, can stay at Rod's house and then head over to the CAMA Rally Saturday morning. Other members, who rather leave on Saturday morning, can meet at 9 o'clock at Brooks Cyclery in San Jose, make it to Hanford in a few hours, meet the rest of us at the CAMA Rally during the afternoon and then spend Saturday night at Rod's. We can all then come back to the bay area together on Sunday, April 25th. (Editor's note: Some members may be unfamiliar with the CAMA Rally. CAMA stands for the Classic and Antique Motorcycle Association, and it has been holding a weekend concours event for motorcycles for some fifteen years now. Up until recently, these were always held in Visalia, hence the "Visalia Rally". It's been in Reedley and Lancaster for the past few years, and this year it'll be in a new location in Hanford. It is generally recognized as the largest event in the U.S. (the world?) for antique, vintage and true classic motorcycles, and should be seen at least once by any real motorcycle nut. -Ed.)

See you at the meeting in S.F.

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Trading Post: A Free Classified Ad Service

FOR SALE

N.O.C. paraphernalia as follows:

- 3" square machine badge.....\$6.00
- lapel pin..... 1.25
- 4" square embroidered patch... 1.50
- 4 1/2" sticker..... 1.00
- 2" sticker..... .50
- key fob with club badge..... 1.50

3-color Branch Lapel pin..... 1.50
(if mailed..... 1.75)

See CAROLLYN SCOTT at Branch meetings or rides for all above paraphernalia.

1972 Norton 750 Combat. New cases, crank, rods, pistons, barrels, cam, valves, and Barnett clutch. Has a Tracy body and stock tank; Dunstall 1/2 fairing and fender with clip-ons. 1700 miles on new engine with receipts.

BOB MILLER
6734 BOLLINGER ROAD
SAN JOSE, CA 95129
(408)253-8692

1975 Norton 850 MkIII Roadster. Excellent condition. \$2069.

DENNIS R. POWELL
2958 107TH AVENUE
OAKLAND, CA 94065
(415)636-1798 (AFTER 7PM)

Remnant sale: Matching set of Interstate black fiberglass side covers: \$65.
Pre-electric start Commando primary case set: \$75. 1973 center stand: \$20.
Oil filter assembly: \$15. Stainless front fender: \$20. Rear fender, rear brake lever and pegs, support plates, exhaust pipes, and other small items.

RICH BRAND
754 COLORADO
PALO ALTO, CA 94303
(415)325-7521 (EVES)

1964 Atlas. Sharp, clean! Two seats, spare Roadholder front end, spare stock fender and oil tank, extras. Low mileage. \$1500.

WAYNE
(408)429-5015

Hepolite pistons for Norton 750 and 850, 20 over to 40 over.

HERB
(408)253-0602

WANTED

Complete speedometer with bracket and case for 1975 Commando MkIII, and tachometer cable assembly.

MICHAEL MUIR
P.O. BOX 881
FAIRFAX, CA 94930
(415)456-7338

Alloy gas tank for Dunstall "Lowboy" frame. Will pay reasonable price for information leading to someone who has one to copy or can make a fiberglass mold.

RON FRATTURELLI
215 LANCASTER STREET
LEOMINSTER, MA 01453
(617)537-6191

Tail light assembly for 1972 Commando Roadster.

DAVID CRADER
(408)295-4968

1974 Roadster or Interstate. I am willing to pay \$1400 for a bike in good running cond.

KEN DUFFY
345 LYON STREET #4
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117
(415)346-2497

Picture of a 1957-1959 Model 77, or someone who has a complete bike to aid me in the restoration of mine. Also needed: Lower fork shrouds for "Long" Roadster forks, chaincase, fenders, headlight switch, and any spare Model 77 parts.

STEVE
(408)946-7225

FOR SALE (CONT'D)

Pridmore-built Commando twin. Never used or raced: \$400 or best offer. Commando gear-box: \$150 o.b.o. 1979 Triumph Bonneville Special. Very nice with new engine work and wiring: Best offer.

LANCE
(805)682-5387, 962-3551
Santa Barbara, CA

Roadster tank in excellent shape. Blue/white. Interstate exhaust pipes. New SEV/Marchal quartz iodide headlight. Will trade above for needed 1973 850 parts, including set of Roadster mufflers.

MIKE
(916)756-2596
(418)438-0214

"ON FROZEN POND"

The lake belongs to boats in the Summer, to birds in the Fall, and to snow machines as soon as the ice is thick enough.

I kicked it once. I kicked it twice, and 745 cc came blasting out across the ice. The air temp. is -7°F. Norton lives! Sounding as mean as it is - one mean motorscooter in the shiny new spikes. Norton is a Prince!

There is a new machine on the lake today and someone's going to be surprised. It never runs behind anything; and Norton is gonna run! I can see some of the younger players laughing and pointing this way. I gather they have seen motorcycles on the lake before - two pops I bet. From the smooth cheeks I'd bet none even know what a Norton is...yet. Norton has come to play! The course is set out in rubber cones in a pattern that looks a lot like the TT course inside the oval at Championship Speedway. You remember Champion - right across from Candlestick. Say! How about them 'Niners! Oh yea! Champion - where Buggy, Black Bart and Lawill ran the oval with youngsters like Nixon and Romero?! Norton remembers! We were just kids then. But there's no jump on the lake - just ice. For hundreds of yards all around; flat, slick, glare ice. The track itself is very wide - snow machines slide a lot on ice and need the room. And that's where we are going to kick them in the crotch. Some of them may outhorsepower us, but we've got torque down low in the R's. We'll kick 'em there too. Norton is going to enjoy this. Ahhhh! The first heat. SNORT!! SNORT!!! Easy Big Fellow.

Cabin Fever & NL5C/S 123939
The "Northern Nut"
Mark Stocklager
S.R.A - Box 2044
Anchorage, Alaska 99507

Mark: Many thanks for the above. But do not keep us in suspense any longer. Did Norton "kick 'em in the R's" or what? - Ed.

"YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRIVE"

One sunny Sunday morning, a Norton rider, a Harley Hog rider, a Ducati rider and a Suzuki rider all went for a ride together. They stopped for breakfast at a local inn called The Local Inn. The Norton rider ordered a pint of beer, the Ducati rider slurped a plate of spaghetti, and the Suzuki rider downed a big bowl of steamed rice. But the Harley rider slipped outside and began rolling around in a pool of mud. By the time the other three riders found him, he had sprouted a squiggly little tail and a pink, hairy snout. So the other three left him wallowing in the mud and continued on their ride.

After an hour, they decided to stop for a brief rest to stretch their legs. But when the Ducati rider began to stretch, he couldn't stop. He stretched thinner and longer and began turning white. While the other two riders watched, he turned into a huge string of spaghetti. They hung him out to dry on a willow tree and continued on their way.

While the Norton rider and the Suzuki rider were riding down the road, the Norton rider looked over and noticed the Suzuki rider's skin getting lumpy and turning white. As the Norton rider looked on in amazement, the Suzuki rider began turning into a clump of rice. And the rice began to separate in the breeze. Pretty soon only the gloves and helmet of the Suzuki rider remained, and the riderless bike coasted to a stop and gently keeled over on its side. The Norton rider shrugged his shoulders, rode to the nearest pub, and ordered another pint of cold beer.

MORAL: YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRIVE.

Art Sirota
P.O.Box 8
La Honda, CA 94020

A BRIEF MESSAGE FROM THIS MONTH'S EDITOR:

Last month Bob Marshall announced in the Norton Notice that he would be taking a short vacation, and well deserved I might add, and said that there might not be a March Notice. Well, it was clear at the February meeting in Palo Alto that most members really look forward each month to the arrival of this rag. I know I sure do, and not wanting to see a month go by without a Norton Notice, I volunteered to put one together for this month. I was very pleased indeed to hear that a former Secretary of our Branch, Gene Austin, volunteered to be the Norton Notice Editor for a while. Gene is apparently looking for work at the moment, and therefore has some time on his hands.

There is no doubt that with good input from all of you, and perhaps some help from Bob Marshall, Gene will be able to do a fine job with the Notice in the months to come. I want to encourage every member to put pen to paper and write something to send in to Gene. Stories such as those you see in this issue (thanks guys!), or technical tips, or humor of one sort or another, or whatever else may seem appropriate should be sent in. Without your input the job of the Editor is totally impossible. With lots of stuff coming in each month, it's bearable. Please try to do your part to keep the Norton Notice alive. Thanks!

GENE'S ADDRESS: 985 E. GRANT PLACE *Steve*
SAN MATEO, CA 94402

Minutes of Last Meeting

The February meeting was held at Rick's Swiss Chalet, Palo Alto on February 11, 1982. Our new President, Art Sirota, opened his first club meeting at 8:20 pm with fifty or so members present. First task was to encourage everybody to purchase raffle tickets for the following items:

\$25 gift certificate donated by 'Brooks Cyclery'

12 cans of Tephguard Friction Treatment donated by 'Iron Horse Cycles'

One Miste Dynamite balaclava donated by 'Kawasaki of Redwood City'

Thanks to these dealers for their support.

The next item on the agenda, the proposed rafting trip down the American River, which is scheduled for the weekend of May 15-16, drew a good response from the members present. Art explained how the trip would work out, and said that \$13 per person ought to cover both days for the trip. At the next club meeting, scheduled for March 11th, Edinburgh Castle, San Francisco, Ben Halstead, who owns the rafts, should be giving a slide show about whitewater rafting on the American River.

The overnight club ride to Volcano, which was slated for April 17-18, has hit a snag. Lyle Parker, who owns the vintage motorcycle collection we were going to see in Volcano, has apparently moved down to Tulare (near Fresno). Tom Dabel will try to contact him to find out whether we can see his collection in April, and will report back at the next meeting.

The Second Annual Northern California Branch Rally was the next event discussed. Art suggested a four-day event in August at the Pine Crest Chalet in Strawberry (near Sonora), and passed around a brochure about the place. He reckoned it should cost around \$18.50 per person for the whole rally, which includes camping on all three nights, a sit-down dinner on Saturday night and breakfast on Sunday morning. There are some cabins at the Pine Crest which will be available to us at \$8.00 per person for the whole weekend.

Next item on the agenda was Tom Horton's treasury report, in which he announced that we have \$383.43 to the good, of which \$8.00 needs to be sent to England for dues.

An appeal was made to the membership for more help in putting together the Norton Notice. Quite a few ideas were knocked around for discussion to try and lighten the load for the editor and/or improve the Notice. Harvey Loucks, for instance, suggested a simplified newsletter to reach the 225 people who receive the Norton Notice. In the end, an 'ad hoc' committee was formed to tackle the problem. The members of the committee are: Louis Mendelowitz, Jan Barton, Tom Mullen, Tom Dabel, Steve Coburn, Mike Bruce, Richard Eyer, Len Iosty, and Mike Wenstrom.

John McCoy gave an informative talk about AFM Vintage Racing and its problems, and promised a more detailed account to be printed in a future issue of Norton Notice.

Finally, guest speaker Dick Rutter, who was badly injured last summer on the 'Old Timers Day' ride, gave a most educational talk on the perils of accidents, medical and miscellaneous expenses incurred, and the advantages of adequate insurance. It was a talk worthy of inclusion in the NN, and held everyone's attention for over an hour.

Phil Radford

A special thanks to Dick for coming to the February meeting to share with us all his hard-learned experience and recommendations to motorcyclists in general. It was great to see you up and around again, Dick. -Ed.

Riding in the Rain?

It seems that there was some confusion concerning the February ride, as it was raining in parts of the bay area on the morning of the 14th. Many members who had planned to go, decided that it must have been postponed, and others (a rather small group of hardy souls!) turned out the time and place announced. They apparently chose to avoid the rainy coast road, and instead headed south on somewhat drier routes. All had a good time, from what we're told.

Let's hope there will be only sunny days ahead, and that there will be no further problems with the weather on ride days. In the event of inclement weather conditions, however, members are encouraged to call the ride marshal, John Padilla, on the morning of the ride to find out whether it is on or postponed a week. If you cannot reach John, Art Sirota says you can call him for info.

| | |
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| JOHN PADILLA | ART SIROTA |
| RIDE MARSHALL | PRESIDENT |
| (415)223-8310 | (415)747-0740 |

Edinburgh Castle

It has been mentioned by quite a few members that the Edinburgh Castle is not an ideal place for us to hold meetings in San Francisco. Major complaints voiced on the subject have revolved around inadequate parking facilities, stuffy air in the room upstairs where we meet, and poor lighting. Perhaps there is another pub, bar or restaurant in the city that would serve our purposes better than the Edinburgh Castle. If you know of such a place, please let the officers know so they can check it out. All suggestions will be most welcome.

Some of you may recall seeing some ODD BODKINS strips in the Branch newsletter in the past, and a few older members may even remember when they appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle in the late 60's. Well here they are again for your amusement and personal edification. If I hear no objections, I will make them a regular feature in future issues of NORTON NOTICE.

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