



Northumbria Branch Newsletter **December 2009**

**JUST FOR YOU! YOUR OWN, NEW, IMPROVED, BIO-
CHRISTMAS EDITION, 100% ORGANIC, WITHOUT
ADDED SALT!!**

Lo!!! It is Yuletide!! Who are these Cherubim and Seraphim who continually do cry??

**They are the Northumbria Norton Owners, who have survived the great “Barbecue Summer”
and now boldly go where no man has yet been – i.e. into 2010!**

Yes, the great Barbecue Summer of 2009, incorporated the great Isle of Man wash-out (which the Brave Northumbria Nortoneers endured until the end), which followed briskly behind the Great Underwater Motorcycling weekend at Ugthorpe Hall. Meanwhile 3 Northumbrian Nortoneers were slaloming between thunderheads for 800 miles down to Sulzbach, from the Ijmuiden ferry port (and actually managed to dodge between them, and also missed the reported hail storm in Austria which had been so heavy they had to bring out the snow ploughs). More on the International Rally from Clive2, further on –

But sometimes there actually WAS sun:

It shone furiously at the rally at Applecross, hosted by Tay Valley. Bob and Ginetta Tym, and John Turnbull went – not a short journey. While there seem to have been some issues regarding where to put up a tent, (the place was packed) the scenery was magnificent, the HEAT (yes, HEAT!) considerable, and the ride over the passes, glorious.

In deed Bob and Ginetta must take the “hardest riders” prize, though. One day’s ride up to Applecross, 2 days back, and, a couple of days later, Bob off on his way to Austria.

Indeed the weather was pretty good for the -

Tyne Valley Classic Bike Club show:

Within hours of our return from Austria, Jim was on the phone saying the venue had moved back to Stamfordham. Back to Plan “A”, (a stand to be put up) so members were mailed with about 2 days to spare. 9 of our members came, which was actually almost a third, plus some of their ladies, and Richard also brought many of his innumerable descendants.

The only problem was that not enough brought their bikes. We did get a good line-up of Nortons, though this was by mere chance, as Tyne Valley members with Nortons parked their bikes up by our stand, and then walked off. The Crooks’ arrived by Rotator, and with news of their Model 7 restoration, which is now virtually complete after many years. There is only one thing that does not work. It’s not the “Unapproachable” Norton: it’s the “Unstoppable Norton”!

See next page: The unstoppable Norton; “And the Lord said, Let there be bikes”



Also on display – Richard’s 350cc Manx racer, together with a portfolio of action photos taken of it in its youth – on the race track. Including one where it is leading Geoff Duke! (see below)



Sadly however, there was not a lot of interest from visitors to the show. One feels one may be competing with the main organisers’ stand for attention, but they do not seem to mind. We were told other “marque” clubs had also been invited to show, (but one wonders, with what notice?). Anyhow we were the only one who did. It looks like the Stamfordham venue will continue.

And, it was at least dry for:

Kamtrek: Your scribe has been kindly permitted to copy Clive Taylor (Mark 1) ’s report in the newsletter of the amazingly advanced motorcyclists of Northumbria. Here it is:

“Kamtrek Treasure Hunt 2009 By Clive Taylor Mark 1, aka the Motorcycling god!

Words like awesome, stunning, superior etc are normally confined to the sporting prowess of footballers. In this instance however they can be applied quite legitimately to your scribe (*i.e., Clive 1 –ed*) for it is he who triumphed magnificently and cruised into the winners enclosure at the finish of the 2009 Kamtrek Treasure Hunt recently.

This is an event organized by the local section of the Norton Owners Club and requires participants to pinpoint a series of locations using OS Landranger grid references and then solve the (often cryptic) clue.

The organizer was the other Clive Taylor as the rules state that last year's winner must organize this years event. A good incentive to aim for second place then. There were a dozen or so participants including Jack & Ann Stewart, Mike & Geraldine Sutherland & Sean Malloy from NAM. He had his Norton in harness instead of the noisy old Ducati he normally rides.

The start was at our normal ride out start at Seaton Burn with a clue in the car park. Clive had already declared that the route would be through rural Northumberland and so it was as participants headed via Morpeth through the back roads to Rothbury. Having bummed out at Morpeth by not finding the answer, Netherwitton was a triumph with the answer on a gate padlock.

The organizer's assistant chucked a spanner in the works by suggesting to your hero that there was no need to enter the church at picturesque Edlingham. The answer proved to be inside so no points again ! Surely an attempt at sabotage. The fact that it involved a pair of mammals mistaken at first for a pair of mammarys didn't help.

On went the gaggle, solving clues as they journeyed north towards the lunch stop at Oxford Tea Rooms near Berwick on Tweed. Well worth a try for tea and cake but a more substantial Sunday Lunch was considered necessary by some. The old Chain Bridge near the honey farm at Horncliffe beckoned and with a short walk to settle the bloated tumms the task was attacked in earnest . The clue was however so obscure and tenuous that significant help was required from the organizer! Not very impressive.

A couple of more straightforward clues followed but then a clue that could only be solved by climbing to the top of a hill at the Ros Settlement near Lilburn. This involved a trudge of about half a mile uphill. Advancing years and a (temporary) dodgy knee allowed your hero to insist that he would guard the bikes and helmets in return for the answer as the others came back down. The youthful Stewarts and Sutherlands attacked the rise with gusto but were a tad flushed afterwards.

The final clue was at Warkworth. The answer involved two new buttresses clearly recently installed to the local church wall no doubt at great expense.

Dave Wardle from the Norton Club, a Quantity Surveyor by profession and well used to counting bricks for a living completely missed this civil engineering masterpiece much to the derision of other competitors.

Everyone retired to the Three Horse Shoes for the serious business of marking the answer sheets. In the interest of fair play this was controlled by the organizer's partner Francis. There were some suggestions of cheating it has to be said and this normally gives rise to various arguments from disgruntled participants which can only be resolved by the displaying of photographs of each answer.

The reward for this day of toil is a trophy handed down each year but the recipient must pay for his own engraving !

Suffice to say that the victor showed great decorum in his hour of triumph and resisted the urge to whoop and shout about in the pub. Instead he calmly accepted the plaudits and the need of other competitors to be seen standing close to him. Surely only further confirmation that the title of "The Motorcycling God" is so richly deserved.

Throughout the day the weather was grand with no rain and reasonably warm. The company was great and the route included some spectacular scenery as only rural Northumberland can provide.

Even the clues dreamt up by the organizer were pretty good and challenging.

Thinking caps on for next year then.

With very grateful thanks to Dr.Clive E. Taylor (no relation – thank God) for organizing this event.



(Just some of the starters)

Trip to the Norton international rally Sulzbach, Austria July 16-28, 2009

By Clive E. Taylor (Mark 2)

Bob, John (Mr. Tappity) and I met at the ferry terminal at North Shields. However, it was not a good start as we were left waiting in pouring rain for 30 minutes whilst all the other cars and motorcycles were boarded. However, it did not dampen our spirits. Although the bill for the drinks on the ship did!

We landed the next morning in IJmuiden, Holland. We had only travelled about 80 miles before the tappity Norton had a problem. John and Bob got to work and finally diagnosed a duff rectifier. Amazingly, John just happened to be carrying a spare ancient, but functioning, rectifier. Once, fitted, we were on our way.

During our four day trip to Austria, we were incredibly lucky with the weather. There were thunder storms all over northern Europe but, somehow, we missed them all. John said it was due to my naïve optimism for good weather during the trip. We stayed overnight northwest of Frankfurt with John's friends, Ollie and Simone. The following morning, Ollie took us on a tour of the beautiful medieval town of Limburg – a relatively unknown gem.

On the third day of travelling, we arrived at the rally campsite in the village of Sulzbach near the town of Steyr. Steyr itself was a small medieval town with a population of 40,000. Its buildings were very well preserved largely because Steyr was not bombed in the Second World War.

The organisation of the rally by the local Norton branch was excellent and great attention was paid to detail, e.g., every rally registrant received a beautifully engraved North gearbox inspection cover. Even more impressive was the fact that the local organising committee was comprised of just 4 people! (*Five in the whole branch, I believe – editor*)

The weather for the duration of the time we were at the rally was very hot during the day, i.e., 36-38°C. Getting leather trousers off at the end of a riding day was both tricky and sticky.

There was a 130 mile ride out in the middle of the week to a place called Mariazell which had a fantastic ornate church. Before the ride out started, we were given a send off with a speech from the local mayor. This typified the hospitality of the rally. One day there was a ride on an old steam train from Steyr. This was good fun, although a little hot – steamy even. . The only downside of the rally was the high speed crash of one of the participants, Richard Beynen from Belgium. Richard was airlifted to intensive care at a local hospital where his life was on a knife-edge for a few days. Fortunately, he has now largely recovered as mentioned in the recent Roadholder. (*Mariazell – a place of pilgrimage, like Lourdes. Question to Roland, our organiser: “Why is this a place of pilgrimage?”. “I don't know”, says Roland – “I'll ask”. He goes into one of the many stalls selling bulk crucifixes and plastic Virgin Marys. On coming out: “They don't know in there, either, and when I asked if there had been any miracles, they said, “Not yet”.” - sorry, could not resist adding this – ed*)

On our final evening, in pouring rain, the local police escorted all the Nortons on the rally site to the market place in Steyr. Coming downhill into Steyr on wet cobbles was a little nerve wracking. Fortunately, nobody fell off. However, it was well worth it as there was an array of about 230 Nortons. This event had been well advertised and a lot of locals turned out to see it.

Our return trip home, over three days, was incident free. That is, until John rode his bike off the ferry to find he had a front wheel puncture!

This was my first “proper” international rally as the one in 2007 on the Isle of Man doesn't really count. It was great fun and truly memorable. So much so that I am seriously considering attending the 2010 rally in northern Spain. Is anyone else coming along?

(*You can also see video of Nortoneers battling through gorgeous scenery if you look at <http://www.rg-design.at/noc-austria/seiten/videos.htm>, and choose “Mariazell 1” and “Mariazell 2”- ed*)



Young "Schuhplattlers"



Recently the People's Republic. Someone has bought some paint.

Totally Unjustifiable rant by Tappity John

This kind of travel gives us the chance to see ourselves as others see us. For example, after crossing borders four times, hardly slowing down, and once straying briefly across another border without realising it (because the road took a short-cut), and happily using the same cash throughout, we found ourselves by the dock-side at IJmuiden.

A young Dutch couple on a bike:

"Will there be a cash machine at the dock at Newcastle?"

"Why, have you no cash?"

"Our bank could get us pounds, but we would have had to wait a week or 10 days, and the charges were high, so we decided on a cash machine when we get there"

I explained that the Euro was a plot by the Brussels Bureaucrats to rob us of our liberties, and so was the metric system. They looked bemused, and said they thought their liberties were OK.

What they thought when held up 1 ½ hours at UK immigration due to "new immigration procedures", I do not know. But I would not blame them for heading off elsewhere for their next holiday and avoiding the hassle.

OK, I admit to being an enthusiastic European, only my E.U. is largely gastronomic (GastronomicUnion, or G.U.?). Which includes free passage throughout Europe without let or hinderance, or even slowing down, so that all can enjoy the booze and the nosh. Preferably on an old bike. Which our government is not facilitating. And how are our liberties??

- Well, please excuse me, but at my age you are entitled to a good rant occasionally.

And - - -A near-disaster with an inner tube:

As Clive said, my front tyre went flat on the ferry. Awkward when trying to get off the ship. It could have happened while going like a bat on the autobahn. I must avoid overstressing my guardian angel. He's not as young as he was. Cause – while working the inner tube into position, I must have inadvertently moved the rim tape, half exposing the top of a spoke and it had fretted through the tube. A local wheel builder floods the heads of all the spokes with Wax-Oyl, against corrosion. This may also help goo the tape in position. I plan to experiment with sticky aerosol chain lubricant. (Oh, in Germany, I also learned that the German for rectifier is "Gleichrichter").

Titbit from Jim Fraser:

Jim met this character earlier in the season. He is set up to do bike electrics, whether the bits that whiz round and make juice or sparks, or general fault-finding and fixing. He is LOCAL and he is -
North East Magneto
0771 059231/ 0191 2750494, nemagneto@blueyonder.co.uk

Coniston and Middleton-in-Teesdale Camps:

News less good here. No, it was not the weather. Coniston cancelled: nobody seemed to want to come. Middleton-in-Teesdale produced a few bikes but only one was Northumbrian Nortoneer, apart from Dave.

Dave leads from the front, and that is how it ought to be. So what went wrong? Last year, lots of bikes at Middleton-in-Teesdale. Maybe I'm speaking out of turn. Low attendance may perhaps be OK if the event was somewhere Dave was going to anyhow. But what if he would rather have been elsewhere?

And (another thought) if we promote our events in "Roadholder", we'd better be there to receive guests. Personally, I like camping weekends, but cannot get to them all.

(- the beginnings of another rant?. - - maybe this year just too hectic, with all the main club stuff? Better change the subject)

Now for some Geometry (this is for real Nerds):

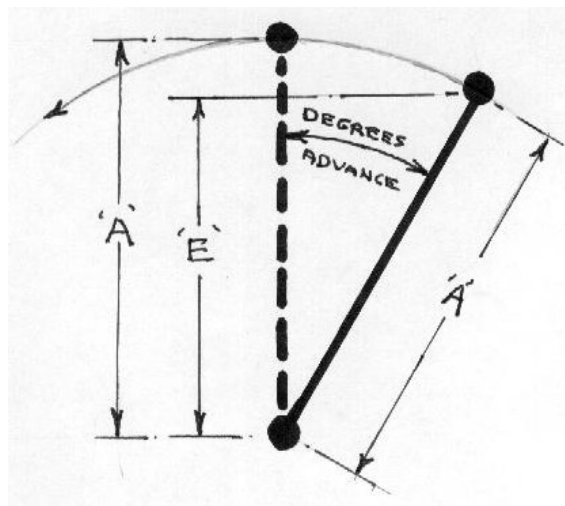
Well, here's one for your Christmas Crackers!

It is all Richard Johnston's fault. He says I have been setting my ignition for the last 60,000 miles, ALL WRONG!

Actually he's happy with the way I measure piston height before TDC. It's the arithmetic he does not like. I had worked it out as below

I had dredged around in my brain and found some debris left over from the 1950's, which I applied. Like: "the Cosine of an angle is the length of the adjacent side divided by the hypotenuse". (the Hypotenuse, gentle reader, is still the long side, even now after 50 years).

Well, dimension "A" is half the stroke, and is also the hypotenuse! Multiply it by the cosine of the angle of advance (yes, angle, not angel), i.e. the cosine of 30 degrees at full advance on my Dommi 88, and this gives you height "E". (My slide rule, which, as a true luddite, I keep by me at all times, gives cosines of angles). Subtract this from height "A" and you get 4.9mm. Which Richard says is WRONGGGG!!!



Now it gets really complicated: Richard says I must address myself to a new diagram, shown below:

Wow! Lots of triangles. Time to sort out my ancient Greeks. Was Pythagoras the bloke who leapt out of the bath and ran down the street shouting "Eureka!", thereby establishing that ships should float (usually)? No – now I think about it, that was Archimedes. Pythagoras was a mate of some other boring bastard called Euclid, and they used to talk endlessly about triangles at breakfast until Pythagoras' wife threw the cornflakes in their faces.

Time to dredge up Pythagoras. He said that the length of the hypotenuse, squared = the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Don't ask me to prove it. Anyhow, I have to use this to work out the height of both triangles, the one on top and the one at the bottom.

So, the arithmetic now gets much worse (thanks Richard!) and now looks like (see next page):

