

scott e-newsletter



[The Small Print](#)

[Motorcycling Life](#)

[Star Delta](#)

[Technical Tips](#)

[Carl Stormer](#)

[Ted's Tale](#)

Welcome fellow Scott enthusiasts to our first foray into the electronic world of global communication. As a way of introduction to this ongoing (ideally monthly) newsletter we have put the small print right up the front in this edition just to let you know who we are, what we are on about and what we plan to do in the future.

Forgive its formality but we do want to make it patently clear to all Scott owners and interested parties that we are non political, have no political agendas and are certainly no threat to anyone. Just simple passionate motorcyclists wanting to share and build relationships with others who we share the same interests.

Just a word of warning if you're planning on printing this out..., the format and presentation of this emailed newsletter is designed to be read easily on a computer screen, if you print it out be warned it will use plenty of paper. Reduce the line spacing back to single and the font size to 10 and it will more than halve its print size.

So here goes it ... the small print.

The Scott e-newsletter

Produced by Steven Enticott and Roger Moss as a private non profit making project. It is intended for all who have an interest in Scott motorcycles, their variants and their history. The objective of this free monthly newsletter by email is to promote a sense friendship, fellowship and objective mutual help and interest, using modern communication technology.

This newsletter is not connected with “The Scott Owners Club” or any of its sections. We do, however recommend membership of the SOC to those with serious long term Scott interests. Roger Moss and Steven Enticott are both members.

Our proposed format will include the following elements:

A subscriber profile. We hope that some subscribers will send us their profile, a photo of themselves and bike, how they became involved and details of motorcycling in their country. It would be interesting to feature subscriber stories from more remote countries where possible.

A technical case study of a problem engine or transmission. How and why it got into this state. How to avoid yours becoming likewise. What is needed to correct the situation.

Lifestyle section. Stories of adventures with Scott’s

Technical tips for improving your bike.

Scott’s in competition. Please send your experiences using Scott’s in competition, either currently or in past times.

Question and answer section. Please send in your problems and we will do our best to answer them.

Subscriber soapbox. We are open to your input with the following strict provisos. We will not publish anything critical of any clubs or persons. If you can not say anything good, then say nothing.

We are very happy Indeed to receive your suggestions and especially your contributions to improve and develop this newsletter. In truth, if you like the concept, please help with the contributions, as the organisers will find it difficult to continue to supply regular new copy unaided. Help us to help you!

Supplier lists. We will put a link to a list of known and proven suppliers of services. Please send in your favourite contacts to add to the list for the convenience of all. This will build into a very worthwhile resource.

Technical data base. All technical pieces published will be copied to a website data base to build for future owners. In addition they will be added to Bill Jamieson's Technicalities.

Other languages. We publish this newsletter to help others. We do not reserve copyright. We would be very pleased if any person wished to translate the published information and make it freely available in any other language.

For Sale Section – Feel free to send details of what you want to sell and we will publish it.

For commercial re publishing in the English language. Please contact us first, but hey we need the publicity, just acknowledge your source, this is all we will ask.

To receive your free newsletter, send us stories for publication, feedback, support or simply to be taken of the list contact Steven Enticott at **senticott@optusnet.com.au**

To send technical copy please contact Roger Moss at **roger@mossengineering.co.uk**

Motorcycling Life

by: Steven Enticott

After an exchange of ideas with Roger Moss one day we find ourselves in the position of compiling an email newsletter. How life changes and just like that, personally this is something I would not have considered until lately. You see a while ago I had this vision where the need to get Scott related information out amongst our fellow Scott riders was apparent. Information that I lacked and was certainly hungry for, so feeling frustrated at this “need” - the need took over and steered it onto this new course.

By starting on this journey and scanning Bill Jamieson’s compilation “Technicalities” to CD (been distributing it freely ever since) it has opened many new friendships and I am sure this newsletter will broaden it again. Please add to it – it really is up to you now, we have kicked it off lets see if it has wheels.

Roger Moss is our officially brilliant technical compiler for this email newsletter, Roger will proof read and indeed write articles that will cover the technical side of things and importantly build on the Technicalities literature. You see this was always Bill Jamieson’s intention to have others build on his compilation. It is our intention that the technical articles published in this newsletter be added to Technicalities growing this publication to even greater heights.

Ted Parkin will be another regular contributor and his offering this month is a great read. Other contributors will write about anything from racing to any other Scott motorcycling stories from around the world. In fact we encourage you to contribute any Scott story to the cause.

This publication is not an official Scott club newsletter but an offering from Scott enthusiasts. Although most of us are members and do encourage others to join. It’s a great club.

So it doesn’t leave me much except to write about motorcycling life in general, to fill in the gaps over the coming months. I’ll leave you with this thought - If a golfer has more than one club in his bag, logically then a motorcyclist should have more than one motorcycle in his shed.

Correct? - Gold star to anyone who can provide me with a way of explaining the above logic to my wife....

Remember to always help another motorcyclist, it’s an unforgivable sin not to.

Star Delta

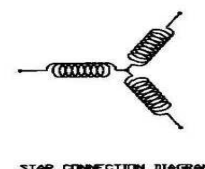
I remember as a small boy, going to help at my father's small engineering factory at weekends. It was in an old stable building, complete with cobblestone floor and drainage for the horse's urine. It boasted rats the size of cats and in later years when we had a cyanide hardening plant, our welder and hardener Mick Fawcett, having got fed up with them eating his sandwiches, used to leave them special cyanide sandwiches. Sad to recount, this delicacy made little difference, as our rats, like our people, were hardened by several years of war and unwelcome nightly overhead visits.

He had a few belt driven machines from the 1930's, capstan lathes, centre lathes, a miller and an American shaper. The first thing to do after opening the heavy door, was to reach inside and start the large electric motor that was bolted to the underside of the ceiling beams. This motor drove the overhead line shafting and thence through flat leather belts to the machines. There was always fear that the motor would break away from the ceiling beams when it was started, hence the "reaching inside" to start it up. Nobody would go inside until it was "up to speed" and the manual main switch was thrown from "Star" to "Delta"

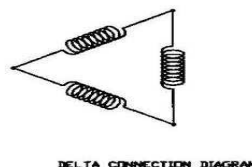
For those not familiar with this system, there was within the motor, arrangements of windings that could be changed. AC motors are designed to utilise the alternating current as a form of free switch to reverse the polarity of electro magnetic currents in the motor. The motor then will maintain a speed that is compatible with the frequency of the alternating current. When starting, however, the motor can not get quickly to this ideal speed. For large motors we therefore had to use one type of winding connection (Star) that was suitable to start the motor, but not to run it for long periods and having achieved operating speed, we switched to the AC synchronous winding connection (Delta)

Why all this rubbish, I hear you ask? Well apart from demonstrating where the phrase "Getting up to speed" came from, I wanted to draw your attention to the "Star" and "Delta" concept.

When we draw a diagram of this system, we draw a “Star” as three equally spaced dots on an imaginary circle, with a dot in the middle. The three winding connections run from the centre dot outwards. When we draw the “Delta” system of connections, we have the three outer dots that are joined together and no connections to the middle dot.



Finally I will get to the point of all this! It seems to me that if we write to a magazine, we are acting like the “Star” system. We are communicating to an editor but have no human contact and interaction with others. With the internet we can finally move on to the next stage, The “Delta” arrangement! We now have the opportunity to contact, converse, discuss with fellow human beings. All we need is contact information!



I have had the greatest pleasure from getting to know the people who have contacted me to seek help or information. It is my pleasure to say to Jim, why not contact Jack at this email address, as he is doing something that you wish to do and I am sure he would be pleased to discuss it with you.

I see no reason why we should not issue a list of email addresses of our subscribers, together with a general location. If you find there is someone nearby, you can arrange to meet physically if you wish. How do you know who is near you without this information? Otherwise, when you sit at your computer, the world is yours! You can email and make human contact anywhere!

Please remember that it is good to get to know each other, and we welcome your profiles to put in our newsletter. Our greatest wish is to bring all who have an interest in Scott's, closer together. Together we are greater than the sum of the parts! So, come with us. We are “up to speed”. Now it's time to switch to DELTA!

Just a disclaimer to Roger Moss's offering.

Under no circumstances will your details (only ever your email address and rough location for example, *Joe Bloggs, London, UK, jbloggs@netprovider.com.uk*) will ever be published or

given out to another subscriber without your expressed permission. You can be the judge of your own privacy & security wishes not us.

Please feel safe to subscribe we promise we will not publish these basic details unless you agree to it by email first. Roger's sentiments are good, I believe in them its up to you to decide on whether you want to join in on this global Scott meeting place, I know I will - **Steven Enticott, Melbourne, Australia, senticott@optusnet.com.au**.

Technical Tips

Do you have an engine that does not run correctly?

Try the following steps to discover the cause.

- 1) Remove door retainers
- 2) Kick over to blow out doors
- 3) Inspect face seals to see if any problems. At the TDC position there is a cut out each side to park the rod while the crankpin is rotated past during assembly. This leaves a thin face for the door seal and it is sometimes broken causing an air leak.
- 4) Mop all oil out of crank chambers. Only squirt a little oil into big end with oilcan through holes in outer roller plate if obviously dry
- 5) While you are there, check for assembly accuracy using the following method

If you wish to test the integrity of an engine when you are building it, assemble without rings and big ends without roller plates. Measure the distance of the rod to the crank cheek each side and record it. Rotate the engine 20 revolutions forward, then stop and record the distance of the respective rods to the crank cheeks. Rotate the engine 20 revolutions backwards and repeat the measurement. The rod big end should not have traveled sideways by any noticeable amount.

If your engine is assembled, Take off doors and remove crankpin screw and outer roller plate. Remove spark plugs, then check that rods are against the inner roller plate and rotate forwards as before. Are the rods against the inner roller plate and if so, is the roller plate entirely free to rotate, or has the rod "wound over" and trapped the roller plate making it stiff to turn? Have the

rods "wound out" so that there is now a gap between the inner roller plate and the rod?

Rotate the opposite direction and recheck. The rod should not track across the bearing to any great degree.

Problems associated with inaccuracies in these areas will cause the following:-

Outer roller plate blue and dished outwards

Blue rollers

Inner roller plate with wear on side faces

Very rough engine if little end out of alignment causes rapid rod wag sideways.

Rapid big end wear

Rapid little end wear

Rapid wear of bores for gudgeon pin in pistons

Loss of power.

Because of the accuracy required to get an acceptable result from a design that was of necessity a compromise between mechanical integrity and gas flow efficiency, even in the early lower powered slower revving engines which are more true to Alfred's original design, the company took as its logo, the "Made to limit gauge"

Personally I prefer to control the stance and position of the little end by fitting control washers either side of the rod little end within the piston. This may not have been economical for the Scott Company to consider, as, after all, they were a commercial concern trying to survive in a difficult commercial world. Anything that increased production costs and thus retail costs would have been difficult to justify.

6) Check all round crankcase. The Scott "Long Stroke cranks are weak and break. About 30% of cases have had holes punched in from broken rods and an air leak can come from a badly welded up repair

7) Seating faces for "Transfer port covers on crankcase and barrel are not always on a common plane and may not hold the gasket firmly in all places. Sometimes a piece where you can not see breaks off and an air leak results.

8) Check fuel flow is ok (min 400 ml / min) at the bottom carb feed and tap filter is not blocked.

9) Ignition about 33 deg BTDC at full advance

10) Main jet for a standard 17 / 19 bhp 600cc engine with Amal 276 15 / 16" choke carb is 190 (ie 190ml / min at 500 mm head through a hole of 4D length)

11) Best plugs are NGK Iridium BR6EIX long reach or BR6HIX short reach. Set gap 0.015 / 0.018" Mag runs twice the speed of a four stroke, a smaller gap needs less voltage to fire and gives a mag an easier time with no perceptible difference in output.

12) Check mag spark

13) Assemble

14) Try to kick start. If it will not start, spray 1.5 secs ether or WD40 type damp start down opened carb and try again. If it starts briefly but then stops, the spark timing is OK but the fuel system is not performing, OR you have a bad air leak.

15) If it did not fire, swap plug leads over if it is a new rebuild, as it may be reversed here.

16) If you get it running but badly, keep it going and spray with WD 40 or a petrol spray (WD 40 is safer!) all round doors, transfer port covers and anywhere that the cases have been repaired by welding. If you spray on a point where the engine runs cleaner, you will most likely have found an air leak. Do not stop here, but spray all relevant areas, as there might be more than one leak.

17 If you do not find any faulty feature and the engine still does not behave, then the problem is more deep seated and could be from—

18) Damaged crankcase glands. This is usually caused by poor crank assembly and the cranks shaking loose and damaging crank and flywheel tapers. The crank then runs out of true and the gland which is controlled in axis by its fit on the one inch diameter crank stem, instead of running flat against the gland face in the cup, runs like a swash plate and admits air.

19) If the condition of the bore and pistons is not reasonable then running problems can obviously result. Check if the problems have been becoming steadily worse or if they are a sudden and recent problem. It is obvious that wear related problems do not manifest themselves suddenly.

20) Further technical information is available on the "Motorcycles" section of our website at <http://www.mossengineering.co.uk/>

We do not have all information on this site due to the inconvenience of having to earn a living, but will try to answer other questions if requested by email to roger@mossengineering.co.uk

If our reply is not immediate, please be patient as we have a six month backlog of work and are trying to be fair to our customers as well as helping others in a spirit of genuine friendship.

Roger Moss

Carl Stormer

Oslo, 6th June 2005

For the Scott E Newsletter

Let me first introduce myself. My name is Carl Henrik Stormer. I am 62 years old, born in 1942, and live in Nesodden, just south of Oslo, Norway. I had my first motorbike when I was 12 years old, a Francis Barnett 1948 with a 125cc Villiers 9D engine, gearshift by hand and no brakes, no number plates no insurance and a wobbly flywheel. I ran it for a year until my parents found out (with the assistance of local police).

My second bike was bought legally when I was 16, a Ducati Cucciolo four-stroke moped. In 1960 I advanced to a DKW 250cc NZ 1939, and from there to a Harley-Davidson 750cc 1936-model which would be my daily transportation for 4 years, and on which I toured Europe on a 12.000 km round-trip in 1962. I started collecting F-head Harleys in 1964, and in 1968 I had 11 Harleys - none of them restored - from 1917-1922. Two of them were registered and useable, the rest were kept for spares. In the meantime I had also had a Henderson deLuxe 1305cc 1922 - a wonderful and powerful bike with a free-exhaust pedal.

My first daughter was born in 1966, and I had to consider a historic car in addition to bikes. I first bought a 1928 Fiat 520 which I partly restored, sold and invested in a beautiful Citroën 1933 15L Six cylinder ("Rosalie"). This was in its turn sold, and in 1968 I bought a very rare Graham Custom 8 Convertible Sedan 1931, restored it over 3 years, and this is still the family historic car which I am not allowed by children and grandchildren to sell. The bikes were sold. My wife, two daughters and I spent many happy holidays together in the Graham together with my two daughters, touring England and the continent towing a large Sprite Major caravan, participating in historic car events.

In the late seventies I restored a Type 30 Bugatti 1925 from the bottom up. The car belongs to the Norwegian Science Museum, and we agreed that I could use it as my car for both touring and racing when not on display. My wife and I and our eldest daughter used it for rallying, racing and hill-climbs on the continent and in England, with very little trouble except one broken crankshaft and a heavy consumption of spark-plugs.

I was and still am heavily involved with the international historic vehicle movement. I was the General Secretary of FIVA (Fédération Internationale Vehiculs Anciens) for 10 years, followed by 6 years in the council of IHVO (International Historic Vehicle Organisation), and since last year once more back in FIVA in a more humble position.

When my eldest daughter married, I was lucky to get a biker son-in-law. Stefanos is Greek, but is now thoroughly assimilated into Norway, and is employed in the family bookshop in Oslo (Automobilia Bookshop). Stefanos, who primarily is a Harley enthusiast, convinced me that I should become a "born again biker" - and I started again 6 years ago with a Harley 1000cc from 1922 with sidecar. Then came a Douglas Dragonfly 350cc from 1957, a Husqvarna 1000cc V-Twin from 1932, a Sunbeam 500cc S7 from 1949 and a BSA 500cc Twin-Port Sloper DeLuxe 1931. All of these bikes, except the Douglas, were bought "restored" - which usually means nice looks but with various mechanical and electrical ailments happily ignored by the previous owners. This has kept me busy for some years, but I am now fully convinced that the Husqvarna, the Douglas and the Sunbeam now finally are in perfect order.

I have always been impressed and thrilled by Scott's. As far as I am aware, there has been only one Scott on Norwegian number plates, a Two-speeder from ca. 1920 (I will find out more later). It is now stored in the Science Museum in un-restored and deplorable condition. To find Scott's for sale, I had to start looking in England. Two years ago I found a 1936-model 600cc Flying Squirrel for sale in Old Bike Mart. I agreed with the owner to go to Hastings to look over the bike, and bought it. His father had had it from new, but sold it after the war. He bought it back in pieces in 1983 and started restoration. He unfortunately died in 2003.

The machine on the road. His son put the last pieces together and advertised the bike. The chassis no. is 4288M, engine no. DPY4346.

The bike-frame, Webb fork, mudguards and gearbox had been properly rebuilt and painted. The tank was nicely painted but lacked the Scott logo inside a parallelogram on the top. After a short while, the tank started to leak from where the bottom is joined to the left hand side. The gearbox, rear chain guard and magneto platform had to be readjusted together with the chains. The cast aluminium magneto cover on the right hand side was missing. After fiddling around for a couple of months, I dared to start the engine, whereupon the left hand crankcase door flew off with a great bang! A few weeks later, the bike seemed to be ready for the road and for registration. The first few trips I made told me that something had to be seriously wrong in the engine department. The engine overheated and boiled, and became very stiff after a few miles.

After a 60-mile trip, the magneto died 100 yards from home. I sent the magneto for repair in England, and decided to find a knowledgeable person via the Scott Owners Club who could diagnose what was wrong with the engine. According to invoices and information received with the bike, the engine had been professionally restored by Silk Engineering in 1984 and not been used since.

Roger Moss was recommended as the guru of Scott mechanics, and I brought the bike over to him last autumn, where we dismantled the engine. It now appeared that the big-ends had been assembled wrongly. The crankpin bushes had been fitted too tightly, causing a 0.0015" taper on the bushes. In Roger's own words: "To make this problem worse, the whole big end assembly was excessively tight, causing the rod to travel inwards the crank cheek. This caused wear to the rods and roller plates, pistons and bores." Roger is now rebuilding the engine properly, with new crankshaft, pistons etc. In the meantime, the rest of the bike sits on the workshop bike lift in Stefanos' garage, waiting to be rejoined with its engine.

Last year, another Scott was advertised through the SOC web forum - a 1938 Flying Squirrel 500cc, fully restored, frame no. 4603M, engine no.: DPZ4665, gearbox no. 3791 CM - UK

registration EVM541. I told the owner that if his description of the bike was correct, I would be happy to buy it. We agreed to meet during the 2004 Stanford Hall gathering, where the bike won the Stan Mountain Award for the best Shipley (from 1930). Change of ownership was agreed upon, and in late November the bike was transported to Oslo by car.

The previous owner has done a great restoration job and has had the engine professionally rebuilt by Ken Lack. I have found very few problems with the bike, excepting normal adjustments which had to be done. It is astonishingly original and complete. A couple of problems are worthy of mention though. The foot gear shift was not functioning properly. It appeared that the internal parts in the pedal mechanism had been painted to make them look nicer. This created friction which stopped the pedal from returning to its centre position after use. After paint had been removed and all the linkage and the pedal position had been properly adjusted and the parts lubricated, the gearshift functioned smoothly.

The other problems were electrical. The dynamo did not charge. This is not unusual when the bike has not been used for the while, and was cured by demagnetising the field magnetos and take the bike for a long ride. I will not even mention that the headlamp main bulb was out of focus and had been mounted upside down, and that the tail lamp bulb was connected the wrong

way around. The original Klaxon horn sounded like a little mouse with respiratory problems. I have noticed in many instances that vehicle electrics are among the problem areas least understood by restorers, but it is very important that they function properly, and as a rule they are fairly easy to fix.

The bike is now road-registered and insured and goes very well, with a glorious exhaust note which probably can be heard for miles! I try to run it for a few miles every week, weather permitting, and have not encountered further problems - yet!

The only problem may be the owner, who tends to drive a little bit too fast.



All in the family !



1936-model 600cc



1938 Flying Squirrel

Ted's tale...

Three gallons of petrol and a pint of 'R'

(And I've got the right money and everything!)

(But you would need to know about 80's punk music to understand this.)

As the early morning sun streams through the bedroom window thoughts turned towards a "bijou thrassette" I had to visit a friend camping at Invermoriston anyway and as this was well on the way around my favorite 150 mile bike run I can kill two birds with one stone. What is more, if I reversed the normal direction I could hit a high speed, tourist free route alongside Loch Ness and try the Rep flat out!

So a quick breakfast saw me ready for the road at 8 o'clock sharp. Fast as a blast for me.

I heave UE out of the shed. Check for loads of petrol and oil, tog up and settle into the bike. This is a heavy machine, 330lbs. A **solid** feel transmitted to the rider as you sit **in** it. Hands falling naturally onto the slightly dropped handlebars at just the right angle. Long, quick action throttle waiting to open. Brakes checked, the AM4 linings gripping the wheels. Left hand resting on the soft rubber grip, fingers curled around the reverse clutch lever. Flood the carb, opening the Binks slightly. Retard the ignition. Shut the choke and ease the kickstarter over what little primary compression there is. *(Needs new rings?)* Press smartly down with hope but not much expectation from the race tuned engine.

Shhhhhhhrrreeeeeeiiiiicccccckkkk!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lordy, Lordy someone sure does love me as it starts first prod. Curling smoke whipping away in the chill morning breeze confirms the oil circulation. *I don't mind this pollution although the neighbors aren't so sure.*

This bike is a treasure, it needs looking after.

I rev it a while. Blip the throttle and flash to the gear lever while the revs soar. "Made it" as I thrust the lever home and catch the engine on its merry way down. No throttle stops on late 20's 3 jet Bink's.

Ready to go. Ready to rock. Ready for fun.

Revs up, smoothly feed in the clutch as the engine falters. Whip it in and rev again. A nice smooth take off as I turn left onto the minor roads heading for Forres. Open the choke. The bike accelerates up to around 40 and I think about second gear. Rev and flick on the throttle/gearlever combination settling for low speed and low revs as I wait to clear the village.

"Must fit a speedo to this" I think and relax while the last of the low houses rush backwards. The road clears. So I squeeze open the throttle and let it have its head. Checking that the Pilgrim pump is behaving itself as all good pumps should and that it's *"1 drop every 4 gurgles"* is steady and constant. Scott paranoia here of course as with such a tuned engine a loss of lubricant would be catastrophic! Roger had told me that he used to put oil in the petrol and I may try this later but for now there is that confidence inspiring tinge of blue to the exhaust and the lovely smell of Castrol R on the morning air. Engine warm now, **"Ere lad how's about tryin' top gear then!"** I do as she tells me, top gear it is. Clutchless change into top and I am transported back to the Isle of Man at TT time. Those days when two strokes were taking over. Those days when I wouldn't be seen dead riding one!

Into the realms of too much speed for my courage! Smooth engine shrieking it's delight into the morning. And it **is** a delight. And such a privilege. The years of effort and thought which Roger Moss has poured into this machine seemingly, this morning, for the sole purpose of my enjoyment.

"Got to be in the low 70's" I think. *"Check the oil"* still pumping away. This gives me another 5 minutes worry free riding. (I'm sure I'll relax one day!) Forres. A96. Smooth, fast road. The roundabout looms and I leave it in top to see just what will happen. Flick left to set it up. Clip the inside of the central reservation. Then lean right feeding in the power, letting the grunt heave us upright and onto the straight. A hitchhiker looks askance at the bike attracted no doubt by the noise as we accelerate away like a rocket from the town. More gas feeds the engine. Smooth power slingshots us past lorries, caravans and cars on their way to work.

But we are on our way to play.

I ease back the throttle after clearing the traffic and think about the route. There will be works traffic going into Inverness along the A96 so decide to take the Auldearn/Culloden road at the turnoff. Quiet and twisting now, hills and dales. Scott country. Over the byroads. Past Culloden Battle site, now a major tourist attraction but too early yet for the sightseeing buses to start their daily grind out of Inverness. The Moray Firth shimmering in the sun. The A9, its commuter traffic stretching towards the town as it passes over the Kessock Bridge. I drop off the moors in second gear feathering the throttle and weaving through the cars towards the centre of the town. Interested stares from soon to be desk bound office workers and sniggers from children on the buses taking them to school. I care not cause' the west road to Loch Ness is only 5 miles away!

Oil pumping well as we clear the town, settling down and flick into top. Over the Caledonian Canal with its swing bridge. Past the crematorium and off we go! Climbing up into the hills and the fresh air of the lochside road. Traffic light at this hour and I let the bike have its head.

Lets estimate the speed at around 70/75. Fast enough to cover the ground at a reasonable rate but not too fast to have to concentrate too much on the riding. I mean, its a bit pointless riding in fabulous scenery and not being able to enjoy it! Power to spare of course, Titch Allen reckoned "over 90" in the Second Vintage Roadtest Journal and I see no reason to doubt it.

Five miles before Drumnadrochit the twisty bits start and I can play with the gearbox flinging it into second and flicking it into top with gay abandon. Roger not only tuned the engine but incorporated a quick start worm into the clutch operating mechanism so changes are a delight! The brakes squeal the tyres as we drop into the tight turns approaching the village. There is a particularly tight right hand drop just before Urquhart Bay where, on a good day, you can thrash along at 80 and swoop with the bike laid over at impossible angles to get the maximum thrill and fright in equal quantities. As this happens to coincide with the place where a local Piper entertains the tourists a bit of Scott scream comes in handy as light accompaniment to the yowl of the pipes! Hard to tell the difference I suppose to the Japanese and brings about a whole new meaning to modern pipe music!

We accelerate along the straight and shut off the screams just as we hit the 30 mph speed restriction. Into second and the engine braking helps us drop down to a more legal speed just before the sharp 90 degree left hand bend. I usually try and scrape the exhaust here but today, luckily, glance up to see three motorcycle policemen on their BMW K1000's sitting by the side of the road. So I shut the throttle, sit up quickly and smile sweetly. The epitome of the middle aged sensible rider! They acknowledge my presence and don't attempt to follow.

So now I'm a real good boy and stick to the speed limit. A slow tourist bus is in front and I line myself up for a flash overtaking maneuver. No! Wait for the cars coming down the hill. Leave it in second and wait. The cars thin and I see a gap. Wait. Wait. Here it comes. When

De! Da! De! Da! De! Da!

Police! My heart hits my boots as I snap shut the throttle and slow down.

De! Da! De! Da! De! Da!

OK! OK! OK! I'm moving over and glance quickly back.

It's a fire engine struggling to overtake the tourist traffic. Sighs of relief as I willingly slow down. The bus pulls in and the red monster overtakes us all the firemen giving me the thumbs up together with a "Come on" sign. Ever the opportunist I tuck in behind. We float up the hill and around the Urquhart bends. Nothing in front and nothing behind. And there is nothing like having your very own road clearing vehicle!

We pass through the bends with élan and they signal me to overtake. Bizarre Eh! A blast from his siren and I am away up the road!

Six miles to Invermoriston and I make the best use of the handling, leaving it in top gear. The front fork was dismantled at the same time as the engine mods, "*reworked with all new high tolerance bits to enable the rider to experience the fork action as the maker intended*"

I experience it to the full.

The frame can handle this power easily. No twitching or sliding. No clashing around bends frightening the poor rider here. Just smooth handling. You can't see the forks working of course so I suppose its a case of out of sight out of mind and you can get on with just enjoying the ride. All is not a bed of roses of course! As a quick look immediately under the saddle will prove. That large dent sitting there is a consequence of over enthusiastic leaping of humpbacked bridges and ditto with a similar one under the front fork spring.

Still one has to experiment with the "*flight envelope*" as it were and all in the name of science?

And if you believe that you must be even more gullible than me!

Scream it round the hairpin bend and accelerate away over the stone bridge. Just manage to get it into top when! **Camp Site**. Shrieking on the over run. Blipping into second then first. Turn left and kill the motor.

Seventy miles from Hopeman.

One hour and five minutes.

Fun! - **If you like that sort of thing!**

Well, my mate was here with his girlfriend and welcomed me with steaming hot coffee and a plate of bacon, scrambled egg and mushrooms! It's just like a hotel but with the added attraction that the midges are not flying this morning. Mind you Kevin told me (*and showed me the scars*) that they were flying well last night.

There have been some really learned men try and sort out the midge menace in Scotland. I have seen golfers, sailors, mountaineers, in fact anyone, size and sex falling foul of these insects. There is NO cure. Insect repellent can work if you don't mind smelling like an Eskimo! I don't mind smelling like anything but as I reckon that there is nothing you can do then, as Bill Tilman said, "**If it is inevitable, accept it!**"

I personally try not to be on the West during June to September, or if I **have** to be there try and go when it is raining or blowing hard! Finding these weather conditions is quite often not a problem!

Still! Breakfast was over and I relax and talk about family problems. Kevin had just gone through a 3 year divorce, almost making the Guinness book of Records for payments to solicitors in the process and was relaxing lots! Quite liked the Scott and loved the noise!

So after a couple of hours and having arranged to meet Pam for lunch. I decided to treat the assembled Scott fans to a screaming departure. Unfortunately, it is a sad fact of life that the chances of a Scott starting first kick is inversely proportional to the amount of bystanders watching. So no chance here then and sure enough, a good push was required before I could

pollute Loch Ness once again. Off onto the road and I **really** cane it in **all** the gears to give a bit of aural entertainment to the populace. I await reports from that area with trepidation.

My fave place, Fort Augustus, hoves into view so I run into the petrol station to top up. Top up! We are just about empty! Should have known of course, so out with the Barclaycard.

But now comes the fun part. Where we used to fly down this hill with my heart in my mouth (see *Vol 1*) today we climb and I am looking forward to the challenge.

I've never had gear selection problems with this bike before. Not in the mechanical sense of selecting the gears of course but in deciding which one to use. Top is too high. Second is a bit revvy and fast, using first seems a bit daft to scream up this lovely hill. So I settle on second with a quick flick into top on the flatter sections.

We burst over the summit like a cork from a champagne bottle followed by the fizz and bank to the left flat out in second around the tight bends of the Lochs. Flick right, flick left as usual and scatter the pebbles on the Loch edge. Living dangerously now so I decide to knock it off a bit. It's too heavy to lift out of the water. No traffic and no helpers. Best part of the season now finished. Glasgow holidays over. English holidays only just started and tourists thin on the ground. In fact so thin that the petrol station in FA had only one good month to date and were seriously considering selling the place. Don't know what's happened round here. Used to be thick with the blighters at one time. I remember when I rode the 1914 Triumph outfit round here we were almost mobbed in FA when we arrived!

Photo halt in the by now hot sun! One of the best in the West for the picturesque pic!

On its stand. Position myself. Artistically set it up when, **Midges**. You can't believe it can you! You can't even **see** the little bastards! So I rush through the photo's, start UE up and head for higher (and windier) ground. Loads of that around of course as we brest the rise at the top to see the mountains, lochs and glens arranged before us. Camera's out. Pics taken. No Midges! Hallelujah!

But it's got to be around 11 by now and Pam will be in for lunch at 12 so I clog it homewards. Through Whitebridge with its pretty General Wade bridge (*all the better to subdue those nasty Highlanders!*) and on into the rolling glens towards Inverness. Little traffic and 1920's roads so I get down to playing boy racers for a while. Crank over for the bends. Crouch down with my

body weight on my thighs to take the humpbacked bridge. **Clang! Keclang!** As the forks bottom on the front mudguard and an instant later my bottom bottoms on the saddle which bottoms on the rear mudguard! *Hang on! Shouldn't that be Clang! Keclang! Clang! Almost lost a Clang there!*

I approach the sweeping left-hander just before the A9, barbed wire fence to my left, steep wooded bank to the right and going really fast. I know I'm not going to make this. Too late to slow and a branch on the safe line! Nothing I can do but lay it down and hope for the best.

The front breaks away and the bike skids to the left as we hit the branch. **Whap! Whap!** The tyres ride over the log and I start the inexorable slide into the bank. A frantic touch of rear brake slows us and enables the front tyre to grip as with a bound we are back on two wheels and pointing in the right direction. IE away from the trees.

OK! OK! OK! Enough of this and we settle for sanity and life! I don't even respond when a Wally in a white Peugeot won't let me pass but drop back demurely until we reach the A9 dual carriageway where I rev the Scott in first, let the Peugeot race ahead tyres spinning as he flashes into second and third gears, his passenger's head nodding like a toy dog in a rear window as I nonchalantly knock off the revs and take the exit 50 yards further on!

This is my turn off pal! I don't race cars! It's illegal!

So I slow down and take the back roads to skirt Inverness. First time I've let the Rep toddle along. Quite nice this and it's got loads of pull at low revs, good porting I suppose. Forgot the oil! A quick check to see that it's still gurgling along. Making good time now and almost at Cawdor. I'll drop in to see Sid cause I know he doesn't like Scotts. Too vibratory. So just to impress him I cane it to his workshop so he can at least hear the yowl at it's best!

A blip of the throttle and we are there. Kill the engine. Onto it's stand and Sid wanders out from his spray booth. We walk slowly around the bike and he has a quick sit on it just to wet his appetite! I notice the mag chain is red at each link and loose in the extreme so decide to take it easy going home. But not before I rev it for Sid's amusement and blast out of the drive, through the gears and over the bridge past the castle.

Just a gentle thrash to the A96 and the Auldern turn off. Wait for a gap in the traffic, let the clutch in slowly and hear a graunch from the motor. Straighten up onto the main road and look down. Oil still pumping so I put it down to the loose chain. Slowly does it! Just tootle along to Brodie. Past the restaurant and glance down. No oil! I don't hesitate and pull in at the next lay-by.

Onto the stand. Look down and no drive to the pump! Mag chain hanging in reams. I decide that if I take off the crankcase doors and throw in some spare "R" I could limp home and still be there by half past twelve. Off with the doors and slop in the oil. Back on and seal them with the straps. Cannot start it on the kickstart and by now the sun is well hot.

So I calm down and decide to push start UE, back up the lay-by pull against compression and run into the sun. Not a sausage! and my breath is racing in and out my lungs at force 10! Calm down a bit and have another go! We get a crack from the motor but not what we were hoping for. Mag chain broken! damn and blast!

Luckily a hot dog stand is nearby so I call it a day and walk over. Car drivers, lorry drivers slurping the tea and munching their big beefy, fatty burgers. "*Anyone got a mobile phone?*" I ask in hope. Not a whisper! can you believe that truckers don't have one! Well I'm not going to argue so off with the riding gear and decide what to do.

I could leave the bike I suppose and walk to a phone but the idea does not appeal. Would you leave your pride and joy by the side of a busy A road. Lowlife blasting past at illegal speeds. No neither would I!

A mile back to Brodie where there **might** be a phone or forwards to Forres and the Little Chef.

Forwards for me! Never go back! Off with the helmet and load the riding gear onto the bars. Sweater on top.

Now this will take a while and the traffic is horrendous! So off we go. I tell myself I need the exercise! UE is surprisingly well balanced for a push and doesn't take a lot to get it rolling well. The sun beats down and the traffic flashes by 3 feet from us both. I try to walk on the verge but there are times when this is just not possible and I really have to squeeze onto the road. I'm a nervous wreck in 2 minutes but the road widens quickly to a hard shoulder. Sweater falls off so I

have to balance the bike while I pick it up jamming it between the tank and the frame. Onwards and upwards, heart racing well as the road climbs to give my muscles a little more to do!

The damn sweater drops off again. *"Damn and blast it!"* Balance on one leg and pick it up. *"Cool it Ted, Nothing to be gained by getting upset!"* I tie it onto the bike this time cause this is getting to be a pain in the arse!

Back to work and even if I say so myself we are getting there with at least a mile pushed in the last half hour. Hope Pam isn't waiting for lunch. Push. Push. Push and dream for a while. You can get quite a good rhythm going and let the mind roam while you are doing something this

automatic. The road trends downhill so I jump on the saddle and paddle along the pavement. Slight downhill to the Little Chef and we are there! Only an hour and 15 minutes! 1.6 miles. **I know this because I clocked it in the car later! Easy!**

Onto the stand. Wipe the sweat from my forehead. Walk into the restaurant and a phone.

Call Pam and let her know it will be at least an hour before I get home.

AA or Carol Nash?

Lets give the AA a try.

10 minutes later we are perched on a stool drinking a banana milk shake. It never touched the sides of my throat. So I had another helping myself to a complementary copy of the 'Scotsman' at the same time.

Nice day and the grass looks inviting! So I spend the next 2 hours catching up with what the rest of the world is doing. Bill Clinton's wife getting real fed up with his shenanigans. Not a lot more really but I do read of a scheme to link computer cameras with a micro processor which will then process all the speeding cars on the M6, this then talks to the DVLC computer and 3 days later a photograph and a speeding ticket drops through your door. Elegantly simple eh! and a great money spinner!

The sun starts to set (Just joking!) but it must be a good hour and a half since I phoned. Just half an hour more. I once used the RAC to pick up my 1920 AJS outfit from the vicinity of Ullapool. Seven hours and three phone calls to get the wagon. Got to be the world record there!

Just to prove me wrong the AA pick up wagon arrives cutting short these thoughts.

It's just a bit big for a solo motorcycle though. Bit of a communication problem with the AA I suppose! Still you get a lovely view from the back of a six wheel low loader not to mention the photo's.

Back home 20 minutes later. Teas for the driver and me. Then back to getting the Scott to run. New mag chain. Completely different drive for the oil pump. One that will not break and made of thick stainless steel!

One hundred and sixty miles, three gallons of petrol and a pint of "R", cheap at half the price!

Ted Parkin

