

Scott eNewsletter

For a global grouping of Scott lovers

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First Words

Well I do hope you're all enjoying the spring / summer weather? What a fabulous start to the season's riding it seems to be.

I've now got the front brake back from *Supreme Motorcycles* having had it relined and the drum skimmed – they did a great job at a pretty reasonable price too. It's much improved now – every square millimetre of contact area counts – but when the drum is only 5 inches in diameter, it's never going to be the sort of break you can use



to do "stoppies" – may be next year I'll cut the hub (it's not a Scott item before you all start covering your eyes at the thought!) and add another drum on the nearside – will see how the time goes. For now, I'm happy that it's MOT'd and on the road for the first time in 25 years (including the 18 months the engine sat in a bath of diesel before it freed off enough to strip the crankcase) and I'll continue to ride it around over the summer fixing it here and there, before the paint job over the winter.

The clutch is working well with its new clutch plates (both metal and friction discs supplied by Gill from the club spares – and even though the friction discs were out of stock, Gill did a great job of getting them dispatched in just a few days). On that note, you may be aware that Gill is handing over the job of the Scott Club Spares Secretary and I for one, as grateful recipient of many an item, would like to pass on my heart felt thanks to her efforts in this role over the last few years.

On the subject of the Owners Club, Eddie's event at Abbotsholme School was a tremendous success and whilst I didn't attend myself, I did pop up on the Saturday morning to take a peep at the machines as they set off for the day's ride and to take in a whiff or six of Castrol R. A few picks of the machines are included within, but I think after all his efforts Eddie deserves to use the majority of them to fill *Yowl* for the next 12 months!! That said, I don't feel too guilty for stealing the space to include a few pics, given that this month's edition of *The Classic Motorcycle* has devoted a full two-page spread to the event!

As if that weren't enough, the Stafford show has already been and gone and that too saw a good representation of machines that not only seemed to wet the public's appetite but also managed to pick up a couple of awards between them. Congrats to all involved!

I do hope the rest of the year continues to maintain both the momentum gathered and the level of enjoyment and participation witnessed so far – If it does, it really will be a bumper year. Do enjoy yourselves, and don't forget, if any of you take any photos on your adventures this year, do feel free to drop them, along with a few words, in to me so they can be included in the next edition or two.

Graham

The Scott e-newsletter

Produced by Roger Moss with assistance from Graham Parker 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 Graham Parker are both members.

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!

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 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 removed from the circulation list contact Graham Parker at Graham.Parker@Qualtecsolutions.com

To send technical copy please contact Roger Moss via Roger@Mossengineering.co.uk

If you enjoy our newsletter and have any friends who you think might find it interesting, why not forward it to them? If they then wished to have it on a regular basis, they only need to tell us.

Roger's Ramblings...

Newsletters on the web

I do wish I was more knowledgeable about computers. The Moss Engineering website was set up by my son Richard and initially to add information was quite easy. When the volume of material became greater, Richard decided that it was getting too confusing and decided to simplify it using links. I was shown how to use the amended system in a blur of flying fingers accompanied by unfamiliar terms.

Result, I can not update it and Richard now works elsewhere. I have asked for the procedure to be written out so I can follow it and update the website. Until then, as the newsletter library is not complete on the Moss Engineering website, our first editor Steve Enticott in Australia, has continued to add each new newsletter to his library on his website at

<http://www.scotttechnicalities.com.au/>

If you have not already visited this site, it is a must as it contains a wealth of Scott information.

Scott Support News – Spares & Services. The Scott Owners Club Spares Scheme is changing its home. Gill Swan has relinquished the position of Spares Secretary and Graham Moag of Northern Ireland will have the spares transferred to him shortly. Graham visited me with John Kidd and I was pleased to second the proposal that he take over this duty. At the recent SOC AGM, there were some animated discussions about spares. My opinion was that SOC subscriptions should be increased and invested in spares.

There was a reluctance to accept this from some who considered that if the subs were raised, many members would not renew their membership. It is obvious that the few self employed re-builders can not fund the production of all the spares that might be required. There seems to be more who wish to see some positive steps regarding spares, so it is likely that things might improve. However the spares are arranged in the future, it is essential that a reasonable assessment of possible needs in the near future is compiled.

I suggested that those in the SOC might receive a questionnaire that asked members to set down what spares they might require in the next three years. This would help planning. As regards those who are not SOC members, then if you could send me an email with any likely anticipated needs in the near future, I will see what I can do to influence future policy.

I have suggested that the policy of the SOC selling spares only to members might be reviewed. I suggested that spares could be sold to non SOC members but with an extra charge that would be re invested in spares.

Scott production post 1950 was continued in Birmingham by Matt Holder and this company, now trading as Velocette Motorcycles, continues with Matt's son David at the helm. There still exists a reasonable quantity of Scott spares but because over the years items for rework have been mixed with items ready for sale, some cleaning up and checking is desirable. The tradition is nicely continued as David Holder's eldest son was named Matt after his grandfather.

Matt has just finished his university finals and I know that you will join me in wishing him all success. Matt will now assume responsibility for the sale of the existing Scott spares who can be contacted via:

Matt Holder
The Velocette Motorcycle Company
Meriden Works
Birmingham Road
Allesley
Coventry CV5 9AZ
Tel (0)1676 522 066
email velocette.motorcycle@virgin.net

For your information, this company own the last set of metal dies for the manufacture of DPY 600cc pistons. All other dies held by Hepolite, Birmal and Mills were scrapped in the mass engineering extinction we endured some years back. As regards other sizes of pistons and cast components, I have talked to Graham Moag about making serious enquiries to compile a register of privately held patterns.

The Scott movement has had many very accomplished engineers in its midst, but all too often we only find out from obituaries. Again, can I ask that if anyone has capable patterns, please advise Graham Moag and myself. Graham's contact details are:

Graham Moag
12 Hollybush Road
Dundrum
Co Down
N Ireland BT33 0NT
Graham-moag@utvinternet.com

To do any work efficiently you need, not only the knowledge, but it is helpful to have appropriate resources available. The Scott is an unusual machine in that, in order to recondition it successfully, you need reasonably comprehensive machinery and



tooling for that element of the job you wish to specialise in. It was a pleasure to meet Eddie Shermer through Scotts. As you might already know, Eddie taught engineering and design at Abbotsholme School near Stoke, where Alfred Angas Scott attended for a period as a boy. Eddie and I try to complement each other in that he specialises in transmission, clutch, clutch release, carb manifolds etc, while I concentrate on engines.

One of Eddie's Manifolds

Eddie's contact details are:

Eddie Shermer Engineering
6 College Road Denstone
Staffs ST14 5HR
UK
Tel UK 01889 590 401
email eddie.shermer@fsmail.net

Occasionally I am asked if I can help with work on bikes. I am reluctant to do this, as the plant and equipment lies idle if I do such work, but do recognise that some owners might need assistance with work on the rolling chassis and with installation and commissioning of engines and transmissions.

I was very impressed with the special made by Dave Cope (See picture in newsletter 17) and in talking to him discovered that he is happy to take on such work. I was phoned by an owner who has some incapacity that makes kick starting his Three Speed Scott very difficult. I passed this enquiry to Dave and he is looking into fitting an electric starter to this bike. So if you need attention to the bike, including updates to swinging arm etc..



Dave's swinging arm Scott Special

Contact Dave at:

Dave Cope
7 George Street
Kirkby-in-Ashfield
Nottingham NG17 8GT
Copey.dam1@btopenworld.co.uk

News since last Newsletter

As the majority of you are bound to be aware, Eddie Shermer arranged a Scott weekend at Abbotsholme School at the end of March...

Arrive Friday evening.

Accommodation in this quality boarding school as the pupils were on holiday.

Saturday ride out with 40 Scotts through excellent "Peak District" scenery to Chatsworth House, a notable stately home at lunchtime.



Eddie in deep conversation

In the afternoon we visited a quality small motorcycle museum in Bakewell and then the return ride to Abbotsholme.

The return ride was of the variety that tests your resolve.



It rained with extreme determination aided by quite high winds on the exposed high moors. As I can not ride a rigid bike due to back injuries and my Silk Scott project is still in the future, I rode my 1955 MM 250cc long distance racer.

Roger on his MM

At one point I was following Martin Heckescher on his beautiful 600cc Sprint Special. I presumed that he knew where he was going and as I did not, it made good sense to follow him. I have not worked so hard for years! That Scott just flew round the corners, aided, of course by a rider of serious ability. I can remember now the fear as trying to catch up, you brake late into rain drenched adverse camber blind corners, remind yourself that these are not sticky race tyres and wonder how long they will hang on. When I returned, I looked closely at his tyres to try and find the "Chicken Strip" but without much success. Well done Martin!



Jim Baxter on the Super ridden by Eric Langton in practice for the 1928 TT and on which he won the 1928 Scott Trial

On the Saturday evening, we had a sit down dinner that would have done justice to the Dorchester, followed by a "Brains Trust" type of question / answer / anecdote session and animated discussions into the early hours.



**Jon Hodges and Gill Swan
make their way out of
Abbotsholme**

Sunday we had a photo session for the press and Bob Collett gave a presentation of his projected four cylinder phased transfer engine based on a Scott. This is a very interesting project as it combines much improved cylinder filling with better transfer characteristics. My wife Marina had fetched Titch Allen to join in and it was a joy to see the pleasure on his face to be amongst so many Scott owners. Titch has a wealth of stories to tell about his favourite marque, the Scott and at 93 his spirit remains undimmed.

More pics of the weekend at:

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/8598431@N03/sets/72157604371674068/>

Chicken Strip.

I had never heard this term until recently when an elderly Scott owner visited to discuss his engine. With him was a virile young man, who quickly informed me that his interest was in modern sporting bikes and that he had a bike of horsepower to match his personal testosterone. It was obvious that our Scotts did not inspire him. When we had finished discussing the engine and my guests were leaving, I asked the Scott owner if he would be interested to see my racer on the way out.

I opened the shed door and the racer sat at the far end on an elevating workbench. The young man's face wore an expression of faint amusement at the contradiction in terms of "Scott" and "Race" and he said, "we had better have a look at the Chicken Strips then" I asked what these were as we walked over to the rear of the bike that was towards us. The Chicken Strip, he explained, is that unworn area of the tread at the side that is unworn and indicates the inability or fear of the rider to heel the bike over any further. Oh Joy! I thought, this guy has never seen Paul Dobbs ride.

He inspected the rear tyre with rubber ripped right over the edge. He was very quiet, but enjoying the sport I had quickly gone to the front 21" x 3" Avon Speedmaster, a disturbingly slight tyre to a modern rider. I knew that the wear went round on all ribs and so archly pointed to the sidewall where the name AVON was moulded and asked if this was the chicken strip



I took the racer to the Stafford show to display on the Scott Owners Club stand and was thrilled to get a sole award for bike of greatest technical interest. There was a good, representative, cross section of machines on display generating considerable interest from the public and Richard Duffin also won an award for his flyer. All in all, a great credit to all those involved in organising and putting on the display.

Contributions from friends.

As this is an internet based newsletter, it seems reasonable to include links to interesting clips or sites that have been sent to me, so if you have a little time on your hands before the next newsletter, try these:

Mark Loveland from San Diego sends me a few links and I have just viewed one for the first time and seriously wondered if I dare include this one. If you like Kenny Everett try this, if not leave it alone. <http://www.brainsweb.co.uk/uploads/the-wrong-bike.wmv>

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This one is much less "In your face" but very enjoyable. Mark introduced it like this --
"We Didn't Start The Fire" Song and Pictures

Whether you are a Billy Joel fan or not, you probably remember his great song "We Didn't Start the Fire." Here it is, set to pictures. Very, very cool.

It's a fabulous flashback through the past half century. Pictures of events that had long been forgotten are now quickly remembered.

Turn up volume, sit back and enjoy a review of 50 years of history in less than three minutes! Thanks to Billy Joel and some guy from the University of Chicago with too much time to google!

CLICK HERE: <http://yeli.us/Flash/Fire.html>

Values

There seems to be a distinct increase in interest in Scotts at the moment and with that an increase in value. Charles Windsor's TT Replica sold for over £9000 recently and to my mind was worth every penny. It was a great bike with a lightweight frame and second gearbox. It now lives in Spain with it's appreciative new owner Juan Felix Cid

Finally. Please remember that we produce this newsletter to share our enjoyment with you, BUT, we do need your help. Why not try a brief profile, a piece about your interests and if you live in an unusual area, about your environment. For instance, Andrew Roddham, could you tell us a little of your life in China, and about your Chang Jiang, which is a Chinese copy of a Russian reverse engineered BMW. How are the roads? How are you treated? The things you might now take for granted but would be fascinating for us ---

Kindest Regards to all kindred spirits

Roger

Scotts in Competition

Some of you may remember that Pavel Simek sent in an interesting article on the vintage racing scene in the Czech republic for last year's July edition of the Newsletter. He continues to race his Scotts and sent the following message...

Dear Roger,

I am sending a few photos from the 2007 season of the Czech Oldie Cup. Scott has got again first place 😊, as in season 2006.

In action at Branna



I had a little problem with my TT Replica in second race in Dvur Kralove nad Labem. The bike broke a crankcase during first practise so had to change motorcycle and race with my Flying Squirrel. The TT Replicas crankcase was repaired (welded) before last race in Branna.

Another Warranty Claim!

I think, everything is ok now and the Scott was the winner with a top speed of around 90mph.

In action - Dvur Kralove nad Labem

There is a 1931 Power Plus Replica for sale here in the Czech Republic which I am thinking of buying a third Scott...will let you know if things progress...

Best regards

Pavel



Silks on the Web

Andrew Roddham owns a Silk-Scott and has started a website dedicate to the same. As you will read below, he's looking for input to allow him to expand thesite's current content...

Roger,

Part of my reason for starting the website was to try to put the remaining owners in touch with each other. I now know of 4 surviving Silk-Scotts although I don't know how to get in touch with one of the owners.

Unfortunately, I live in China at the moment and my Silk-Scott's in the UK. I should be home for a few weeks in July / August and I'll try to drag it out for a photo shoot then and do a write up to go with it.

My bike has twin leading shoe front brake and a drum rear. If I remember correctly it's SE5 73 016. Unfortunately just too late for free roadtax.

Like yours, it vibrates a bit but the bottom end power seems OK. On the other hand, I've little to compare it to! When I do get home I also plan to make mine a good bike as the concept seems really good but the execution is somewhat lacking ! Depending on my finances at the time (read, if my wife will let me spend the money!) I might rebuild the box with a Velo 5 speed gear set, raise the gearing and I'd really love to redesign the clutch so that it works! I'm also planning for an engine strip & rebuild to find out why it shakes so much and an electronic conversion for the tacho (a previous owner put a mechanical one on but there's no-where to drive it from!). Cosmetically, it'll do with just a wipe over with an oily rag - I don't like to restore if it's not necessary.

What I really need for the website is more information. I'm trying to resist stealing photos from other peoples sites & respecting copyright but that doesn't leave too much for me to post. If you could let me have a couple of photos of your bike that'd give me something to put on when I write the detail of the SSS models.

Andrew's web site can be found via <http://www.silk-scott.org>.

Regards,

Andrew

(If anyone else has any information, photos etc on Silk-Scott's and are willing to make this available, please let me know and I will pass contact details on to Andrew – Graham).

Scotland - Travels on Alfred Angas's Creations!

(by kind permission of Ted Parkin)

Chapter 3 – Different (Two!) Strokes!

So - a mere 17 years later. *I told you Sagittarians are slow!* I had some spare cash. This was a novel and rare experience, I was looking for a bike to spend it on. I'd tried lots of makes in the previous years and nothing had grabbed me by the nuts.

Another advert in Old Bike Mart!

Scott, 1929 Flyer. Restored. First to see will buy.

I ring. It turns out it's Ian Young in Oxford. (*Ex VMCC Editor*) He talks a good sales patter and agrees to let me have first refusal if I come down to see it.

Geography Lesson!

Elgin, or to be more precise, Hopeman, lies on the Moray Firth, Scotland. To the East of Inverness and 600 miles from Oxford. The travel options are:

- Car.
- Bike.
- Train.
- Coach.
- Or Plane.

I look at them all and am reluctantly forced to admit that at £35+£5 airport tax EasyJet to Luton takes some beating! Reluctantly because I hate flying. Yes, yes I know I spent 8yrs flying all over the world hunting those nasty Russian opposition types but that didn't mean I enjoyed it!

Still! My Northern roots win and I save time and money. *An unbeatable combination so no contest!*

Better still Ian makes me an offer I can't refuse! He'll meet me at Luton and if I don't like the bike will run me back to the airport. Decision made! And I steel myself to trust in basic aerodynamics!

So I'm sitting on the left hand window seat of a Boeing 727. (*loads flying, few crashes*) and I'm nervous. I was once in a plane trying to land at Gibraltar with only enough fuel to do one pass. This in thick fog. I've been on board aircraft where the pilot has been 24 years old and acted accordingly. Where silly boys take silly risks for a laugh! I know what the flyboys do. Unprofessional isn't the word. Amateurism is.

Still! The insurance is paid up and I don't think I owe anyone anything. I resign myself as the 'Bing Bong' of the intercom sounds and the sweetest, sexiest voice you are likely to hear evaporates all my fears.

"Good afternoon Ladies and Gentlemen, This is your Captain Vanessa Phelps speaking. Easy Jet welcomes you aboard our blah blah blah" as relief surges through my body.

I love women pilots! They don't hold the plane down and suddenly leap into the sky. They don't take off then immediately wing it over to impress the girlies. They take off

slowly, fly straight and level, then land with the minimum of bumps. My sort of pilot and my sort of girl! It's all to do with the lack of Testosterone you know!

I meet Ian at Luton. We chat as he drives me over to Oxford. He opens the garage door. The bike is not polished. It has that clean, oily patina that shouts 'solid rebuild'. The bike is wheeled out, Ian puts it on the rear stand and with a flick of the kick starter it SHRIEKS into life. Rev, rev, rev. Vibrate, vibrate, vibrate. I take it off the stand. "Take it onto the Oxford Ring Road. When you think you are going fast open the throttle!"

I wobble away down the leafy lane. Strange thing is that not a curtain twitched, not a face came to the window wondering what all this racket was about. Ian had lived there a long time!

First time on a new bike. I try the brakes. Always a good starting point! They are progressive and powerful. The forks dip with a smoooooooooth curtsy. Returning with a nicely damped rebound. This is **the** sign of a good rebuild. It vibrates of course, the seat is like a rock and the handlebars are drooped to give a slight racing crouch into the wind. We get onto the road to Witney. This my old stamping ground and I know these roads of old. Flicking it into top I open the taps.

"Hells Bells!"

It sits down and with a smooth turbine howl shoots off up the road! 1929! You have got to be joking! This thing accelerates like a catapult!

Goodness gracious!

I closed the throttle and we dropped back down to a reasonable speed. Must have been a fluke. Try again. And again it is just as quick and just as amazing! I cruise along for a while getting used to it. Turn round and head back to Oxford

Now what did Ian say about opening the throttle? So I quickly get to cruising speed. Hardly any vibration now. Have a quick look around for stray Police and open the taps.

A great big hand picks up the bike and hurls it forward as I hang onto the bars. It keeps hurling it forward as the exhaust note deepens, deepens and breaks into a yowl.

Its Cadwell Park 1969.

Its Northhamptonshire 1978.

Welcome home!

I cruise back to Ian's. Giving it a quick blast on the way just for the thrill and the noise!

And I can't give him the cheque fast enough! (It was such a snip it was almost a vasectomy. And I should know! I've had two!)

So we carefully park the heap in Ian's garage, retire and help ourselves to dinner and Malt. Lots of it!

But I didn't sleep well. Too excited about the trip back home. Oh! didn't I mention that part of the agreement was that the bike had to make it back to Scotland without any problems? Ian had faith. That's how to buy a good bike.

Breakfast is a leisurely affair. We discuss how to ride the bike at its best, fuel consumption, oil consumption and settings. It's always a gamble with a vintage bike. Settings for one rider maybe different for another and if I had any plan at all it was to take things easy until I had got to know the bike and then decide the speeds and route.

The tentative plan was to ride it over to Birmingham and stay with friends. A quick trip of 100 miles to see how I get on. Then ride up the West Coast of England, motorway or B roads until we reached the Scottish border. Branching off to the left and slow down to enjoy the West of Scotland via Greenock, Fort William and finally over the Cairngorms to home. Estimated time for the trip 3 days.

I had the bare minimum of tools, a Barclaycard, cheque book, mobile phone (*don't you just love the 90's?*) and Carol Nash's bike breakdown service.

Oh Yes! and most important! Optimism, enthusiasm and a good weather forecast!

Chapter 4 – Training!

With no fuss at 9.30 off we go! A crisp morning. Into 1st. Clutch (*heavy*) and away.

I negotiate the ring roads and soon head northwest into the countryside. The nice thing about Oxford is the ease with which you leave the confines of the city. Traffic drops off quickly and I have time to learn the bike. My most important check is the oil system. I don't know what settings are required so I set a constant drip at the Pilgrim pump. I have heard that these are notoriously unreliable on Scotts. You either have too much at low revs to stop it seizing at high revs giving lots of smoke but faith that the engine would be fine. Or be more sensitive to the Green lobby and cut the flow down and worry about the engine. I err on the high side for comfort. I may be comfortable about the engine but am far from comfortable in the backside department!

I can see that this is going to be a painful ride. The seat is like a granite rock. The bars are straining my back already. A semi-sporting set up looks fabulous, and indeed this is what attracted me to the bike in the first place, but I am going to have to find a compromise when I get to Brum.

Mind you! There's not much time **to** relax on the seat as I open the throttle enjoying the acceleration and fabulous handling.

It gets quicker and quicker.

I've got to tell you. This bike is fast in 1997. What it was like in 1929 I shudder to think. This is the **only** vintage bike that is more than usable in modern riding conditions. I would say that only high performance cars could beat this, and then only in a straight line.

On bends, Forget it!

This is the Tops!

You can tell I'm impressed can't you!

And by this time it's ten thirty. We've done 70 miles. Time for a coffee. I pull into Ye Olde Coffee Shoppe. Which turns out to be closed. I'm too fast for Warwickshire! So we vibrate, accelerate and Yowl our way to Cheslyn Hay. There by lunchtime.

Who says vintage bikes are slow.

So I have a snack and a cup of tea and contemplate the route home.

The options are;

A) The direct route. Up the motorways.

or,

B) The interesting route over all the old A and B roads.

B appeals but A is sensible. I don't particularly want the yawn of the M5/M6 but it will get me to Scotland faster.

A good meal in good company. Early to bed and early to rise see me on the road at 9 o'clock. Fuelled up, oiled up and my rucksack on the back. (*I'm sure there is a song there!*)

The traffic builds. I need to choose a lane. Let's start off in the slow lane. This is a misnomer these days of course as everything now travels at least 60 mph. I hold it around there and resign myself to the boredom.

The sun peeks out as we clear Brum. The speed builds and I gain confidence while watching the oil dripping through the Pilgrim like a hawk! A red M.G. Midget rattles past. I don't take much notice until it keeps pace with me in the middle lane. I ignore it for a while when a sudden "Beep, beep" makes me look round and into the eyes of two of the loveliest MG drivers you are likely to meet!

Girls of course, mid twenties, mini-skirts, sunglasses, huge smiles and whipping hair. And they are looking at me giving me the thumbs up! OK! OK! I know it's the Scott that's the attraction but one can dream! So I'm charitable. I give them the thumbs up as well! They accelerate. I accelerate. They overtake the batch of lorries. I follow. The bike howling well. I come alongside and give them the nodding smile. (*IE not bad for a car*)

They follow me and overtake in the outside lane. Now this is virgin territory for us never daring to venture onto that hallowed strip of tarmac. Usually reserved for BMW's Audi's and Reps. But there we are in the morning sun enjoying flirting in/on our respective toys.

But it can't last of course and they give me a quick wave and floor their throttle. Well I've not opened the Scott up yet and this **is** in the realms of an experiment! (*Oh Yeah!*) so lets have a go. I give it a handful and am amazed to find that we are holding them. I creep up onto their bumper and wave them on. Nothing happens and I can see a faint haze from their exhaust. "Tired engine" thinks I and giving it max. revs howling past with my best James Bond nonchalant wave.

Fun isn't it!

Fuel stop.

Backside now seriously aching. I hit the saddle and hurt my hand! Rats! OK! How's about a sweater to sit on. It's quite warm by now so I peel off a sweater and strap it onto the saddle. Mucho Better! The old Block and Tackle are much happier!

We hit the tarmac and everything is fine as I get to thinking about when I delivered the mail in Hopeman. (*Amazing what you do on bikes!*)

During the French Revolution unpopular opponents were sentenced to be guillotined in public. Thereby achieving neatly the double aim of warning political opposition and the populace at large of the grisly fate which awaited them if they dared step out of line or voice opposition.

The sharpened blade (or blunt if the executioner had not been sufficiently bribed) flashed down severing bone, tissue, nerves and arteries with uncaring savagery. The head rolling into the waiting basket to be held aloft as a symbol of the power of the state and it's leaders.

Whilst not being **quite** in this class of barbarism, when your fingers are trapped in a letterbox whose steel flap is restrained by a spring with a tensile loading sufficient to launch Apollo 12 into orbit. A cry of "Mon Deau!" has been known to rend apart the quiet, sleepy morning of my small village in the Northeast of Scotland.

And while the surprised anguish this generates could be viewed by some as enough pain, the final indignity is when your trapped and bleeding fingers are attacked by the house dog. A frustrated and usually paranoid animal.

Frustrated by the owners lack of interest and paranoid because it has not been given enough attention and exercise, regarding the fingers as something interesting to attack and play with. Anything to break it's mind numbing boredom!

A Postie's choices are simple and stark:

One, drag your hands out quick. This results in the well sharpened flap of the letterbox jamming your fingers onto it's cutting edge and rasping the flesh to the bone. The householder will then rightly complain that their letters are creased and spotted with some sort of sticky red stuff.

Two, push your fingers forward to release the grip of the blade and into the waiting mouth of the hound. Not recommended!

For this you will get paid £3.80 per hour, get wet, cold, hungry and end up with a physique like Arnold Shwartzeneggar.

Hey Ho! Back to reality.

Past Manchester, Preston, Kendal. The speed builds and builds as we swoop down Shap Fell. Sunny day and all is well with the world when the howl, which by now is howling well! Turns a deep bass and the engine slows, "Seizure!" I know it as the clutch is whipped in. Snatching a glance at the Pilgrim. Still dripping well.

We shoot through the traffic (*amazed glances at the silence of these old bikes!*) and coast to a halt, "Damn and Blast, You Idiot!" I am disgusted with myself. What a stupid thing to do! As suddenly the sun doesn't seem to shine as brightly, the morning seems a little colder and this beautiful black and red jewel is silent. "Ian will kill me!"

Well he won't of course. It's my fault. I remove the plugs, burning my fingers in the process, and drip some oil down the plug holes. Take off the crankcase covers and see a beautiful shade of light blue around the big ends.

"Bugger!"

Well its no use crying and I've got the Carol Nash Emergency number so I'll relax awhile and give the bike time to cool down. 2 minutes and I can kick it over. "Might be lucky!" Second kick and with the plugs back in she fires. No knocking. The howl is back. I give it a rev. Sounds fine to me.

But just to make sure I phone Glyn Chambers of the Scott Club on the mobile and explain everything to him. He's not bothered and after I had described **exactly** the shade of blue he tells me that it should be alright to carry on as he had been running one of his Scotts with big ends the same colour for ages!

So I reload all the gear and cruise away to see what happens. Well nothing does happen apart from more oil is blasted through the Pilgrim. Holding a 20's Scott at 70 mph for miles is not a good idea on 'A' road pump settings. **I learn pretty fast! Bet you thought I was a Dumbo didn't you !**

I **really** try to keep the speed down but I can't resist tentatively seeing if she is alright. And she is! Smiles are the order of the day. The temperature soars along with my spirits and I can bask in the ownership of this searing bike!

But the back is creaking and my bum is hurting, so it's off the Motorway for a tea and sandwich.

The map tells us we are only 50 miles from the border. Bloody brilliant if you ask me! But the bike is getting difficult to start. Perhaps it's me. Perhaps it's too hot. Perhaps! Who cares! I'm too tired and ready to get on with the trip. The sun is really hot now and I check the water level. Not budged an inch! So with a groan. (*And that was from my back!*) we carry on.

30 miles, 20, 10, 5, "Oh come on!" and we are there. Straight on to Glasgow or left to the West. Throttle back, lean over and within 20 minutes we start swinging round bends flicking it left and right. I've learnt the left hand clutchless gear change by now. This is a GOOD THING because (*whisper it!*) the clutch is a mite heavy and this helps the left hand muscles!

3.30 in the afternoon. Don't know how many miles we've done but my muscles tell me it's a lot! Petrol stop and map read. Now! There are lots of options but the best one I can think of is to keep pressing on (This checks the bike out) and find a good restaurant around 6 together with hopefully, a welcoming Bed and Breakfast.

I take a short break.

Still hot as we travel past Lockerbie.

We come across an Army convoy with a massive tailback of traffic. Just the bike for this sort of going. Instant acceleration in second and a slim build helps us to cut through the waiting cars. And some of them are not happy to see a bike getting on with the trip. There is a black BMW who especially does not like us and pulls out a couple of times as we are just about to accelerate past. I ain't playing games and let him blast away. It's no use of course as there are about 50 lorries, jeeps and transporters to overtake. I sneak up behind him in his blind spot. Wait for the traffic to stop and the car behind to block him in and slowly trickle past with a smile of recognition and a flick of the head. This guy is not a happy chappie and I find that BM's have loud horns! Well I'm not waiting to hear any more and giving him a thumbs up in appreciation, scream away.

Oh No! Did I give the bike a smidgen too much oil and now it's covered his BM!
Shame!

We put as many miles as possible between us and the BMW. As the Convoy is spaced out over the next 40 miles there is not much chance of meeting our friend again so I start to slow and just enjoy the late afternoon sunshine filtering through the trees. My bum dun arf hurt though! Even with the sweater bundled over the saddle there is going to have to be some major surgery there if I am ever to enjoy a healthy sex life again.

"**Speciality Fish Restaurant**" screams the sign. I have to double back and can just about taste that fresh Dover Sole when we pull into the courtyard. Onto the rear stand and off with all the riding gear. Man! Am I ready for a stop and a meal!

"Closed till 7.30" says the sign by the entrance. Two hours to wait? Not me pal! as I wearily dress and resume the trip!

Early evening and I need the sweater. I don't like taking it off the saddle but its only 25 miles to Greenock and the ferry to Dunoon. For the first time in days there are rumblings in the east as the clouds roll in from Glasgow. I don't know what the Scott will be like in the wet and am eager to be done with today and have a rest. It's decided then that I will get to a B&B in Dunoon, hopefully with one of those famous Scots dinners thrown in.

"Ferry" says the sign and I ease the throttle as we roll up to the terminal. Hey! Luck of the Scott. Ferry in. Waiting it seems for us!

So I heave the heap onto its stand. I am SO GLAD that the boring part of the trip is over and I can slow down to West Highland speed. For I was in Cromarty once waiting for the Bank to open. It was around 10am. Opening times displayed as 09.30 to 3.30. The doors were locked tight with no sign of the staff anywhere. So shuffling along the street comes this old chap, whistling and smiling. I ask him what time the Bank opens, "Half past Nine!" says he. "But it's five past ten!" a pause, "Well!" says he looking around at the mountains and the sea, "This is Cromarty you know, we tend to go more by the calendar here!" as he shuffles off.

The Ferry casts off as the rain rolls in covering the bike with rivers of water. My back aches, my block and tackle hurt, I need a bath and I REALLY NEED to sort out the riding position and saddle!

But for now I am content to bask in the reflected glory of the Scott. I can't take any credit for the restoration of course and explain to the crew that I have just bought the bike and am riding it home. They are suitably impressed. I'm not trying to prove anything. It's not a case of "**They made them better in the old days!**" I'm not living in the past. It's just the romance of it. The fact that I can legally ride this amazing artifact in 1998.

This is worth fighting for. I'm no politician. I hold no brief for any party. But am really aware that motorcyclists as a group are in the minority. We are an easy target for self serving politicians. Or as Robin Day said, "**A here today gone tomorrow minister**" *Interview with John Nott (Defence Secretary, Falklands War.)*

We'd better keep a lookout because as sure as eggs are eggs some bastard somewhere will try to raise his own grubby public profile on the backs of us!

I'm rambling and am bought back to reality by the beauty of the Western Isles!

Light and dark blues on the sea. Purple heather on the mountain tops. Reds, orange and russet autumn leaves around the shores of the Kyles as we make our way to Dunoon. Lately home to the American Nuclear Deterrent but now trying to come to terms with the reality of living in the post cold war world. The fall of Communism affects us all!

The Kyles of Bute? are wider than I thought and we pass into the Holy Loch towards Dunoon. Pretty town. Grey stone buildings oozing an aura of genteel conservatism. *(small 'c')*

Tolerant, polite people. Fabulous, quiet roads. Superb scenery with good food. Does anyone need more!

Well what I need is a meal, hospitality, a hot bath and pretty quick!

The bike starts first kick *(relief!)* and we rev away through the town looking for a meal. Along the promenade is a small hotel with a restaurant attached, anything will do. *This a measure of how tired I must be as I normally would choose my eatery with the utmost care. Food being a major interest of mine!*

6 out of 10 for the meal 3 out of 10 for the conversation. Bike haters unfortunately. A major problem in the 70s but in these cash strapped times any money is good money for small businesses. It's funny how prejudices are won over by cash! But the last vestiges linger in Dunoon. Still! lets be charitable and call this an isolated incident.

So wearily back on the bike I decide to stop just outside Dunoon. The road forks left to the Cowel Peninsular or right to the West. But slap in the middle is a large, white farmhouse with that welcoming B+B sign. Enough is enough. Flicking it into 2nd I sweep up the gravel drive in a grand entrance.

338 miles from Brum! Impressive or what?

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Sell Buy

Silk wanted by a chap called Alan Moriss – please let me know if you are looking for a good home for such a machine and I will pass on your details to Alan.

Techno Speak – Oil Seal Mod

Having made many requests for you guys to send in your contributions I was feeling pretty guilty for not making any original contribution of my own so I thought I'd share my latest little mod with you all...



I'd had the gearbox converted to needle roller bearing and modern oil seal on the input shaft, rebuilt the clutch and put in a new felt "seal" to plug the gap between the input and output shaft.

Out on the road with a smile on my face, it must have been... oh... at least 10 miles before that familiar sound was ringing in my ears. Despite the lack of a speedo, there was no doubt that whilst I had a nicely revving engine, there was sod all happening at the back wheel.

Back in the garage it was clear to see that there were thick lines of oil radiating out from the centre of the clutch end plate and with that I resolved to sort the damn thing out once and for all.

So here you have, what I hope will prove to be a simple and basic, yet effective little mod...

The outside diameter of the clutch centre nut is 1" and the outside diameter of the output shaft of $\frac{3}{4}$ ". A quick call to my local engineering suppliers

(www.creweengineering.co.uk – a little expensive but very good) a suitable modern seal in stock (1" x $\frac{3}{4}$ " x $\frac{5}{32}$ ") so I set about machining a thin sleeve with an ID of 1", depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ " and a wall thickness of $\frac{1}{16}$ ".



The wall has got to be pretty thin to clear the centre hole in the clutch end plate and in the end I had to bore a further $\frac{1}{16}$ " from the centre hole to provide sufficient clearance.

The sleeve was then silver soldered onto the clutch end nut and the modern seal fitted (Note, you need to ensure the sleeve is located on the centre nut to provide sufficient clearance to allow the outrigger sprocket to fit on the splines of the shaft).

Before fitting the centre nut I filled the gaps in the splines of the input shaft with copious quantities so that when fitted, the centre nut was both oil tight at the back and front. At that was it!

Supplier List

Carburettors

If you want good expert information and parts about carburettor contact

Don Payne

Hitchcocks M/cs

Amal Specialists

Rosmary Cott, Oldham Lane West

Chadwick End, Solihull

W Mids B93 0DL

UK

Tel 01564 783 192

Fax 01564 783313

info@hitchcocksmotorcycles.com

www.hitchcocksmotorcycles.com

If you have problems that the special Scott carburettor body is worn, Jon Hodges could make a new body - jon@myddfai.com

If you want a more modern replacement, then Moss Engineering can supply an adaptor to fit the Scott crankcase and a Mark 1 Amal concentric carburettor.

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Down to the last few traditional Biscuit Tin Petrol tanks, also Traditional separate oil tanks and Tool boxes.

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Sorry no email connection

Fork Repairs

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Tel 01424 445460.

Mobile 07986 254144.

elkforks@aol.com

I've had two pairs of Webb forks repaired/restored by Jake and he does a great job. He will straighten or retube (even taper tubes) and supply spindles, bushes and most other parts.

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Moss Engineering
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UK
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Terry Doyle
Kick start springs-\$20, Stainless dog bone dampers engraved-\$80 set, Ribbed brake drums ala TT Rep or plain \$300, Sprockets dished \$300. Looking for 1920 Motor can swap other bits let me know your needs. Terry Doyle,
Melbourne,
Australia
tdoyle@alphalink.com.au

General Spares

Scott Owners Club Spares Scheme (Please note the SOC Spares Scheme can only sell to SOC members)
www.scottownersclub.org/spares/

Services

Dynomometer setting up and tuning.
Operating a dyno is not enough. For good setting up you need a water brake dyno and a really skilled engine specialist who can interpret the readings. Absolutely the best way to set up any engine.
Dave Holmes
Coventry
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dholmes@250mov.freemove.co.uk

Authentication of Scott Motorcycles by SOC Registrar. Send details and photo by post with SAE
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Birstall,
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UK

Literature

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High quality black and white photocopy sets of manufacturer's original literature
www.brucemain-smith.com

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Meridan

Coventry

UK

Tel UK (0)7714 273247

amydholder@hotmail.com

Please note that Amy is the granddaughter of Matt Holder who rescued the Scott name and produced the Birmingham Scott's.

Your Scott should be cared for on a lift from those who help us

Disclaimer

The content in this newsletter is offered as being correct in as far as we, the publishers, are able to verify. We can not be held responsible for any loss or damage incurred whilst carrying out any suggested procedures or using recommended suppliers.

In fact the editor is a about as much use a petrol filled fore extinguisher when it comes to matters technical and the other spends his life in a shed, has a heap of debt, defunct machinery and is well noted for his erratic and eccentric behaviour (many attest to it), no judge would call him sane – Sue us? No your lawyer could not find enough for the fees as we both spend all our money on motorcycling and on brokers “margin calls”

Seriously, we do our best to help freely, you should strongly consider anything we say, feel free to test carefully anything we offer and always get a second opinion...

Enough said enough, you get the gist... Try suing us now!

The Final Word

It's late spring / early summer, you want to be out on the road for a quick blast a pint of the your local's best beer on the way home...but you have a family, a house and garden with a lawn to mow...so I guess it's inevitable really that someone built one...



More of these type of images available on <http://www.webshots.com>