

**Almost
Autumn
again**

Scotties!!!!!!!!!!

**So lets have another
e-Scott**

Newsletter!!!!!!!!!!



*As Winter draws nearer lets have A Sultry Emily
on a not so Sultry Scott!!!!!!!*

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EJP

From Steve Enticott

Subject: RE: Purring like a kitten!

And you're a great example of it too...

Going for double or nothing at present as 2nd scott is almost complete - just needs time to finish assembly... photo attached..

We call them a 'rat bike' here - and not going to restore it - just ride it as is - restore one day in retirement when like you do now I will have plenty of time to do it (not!!)



Planning on racing your engine at the Winton Historic (Aust biggest event)
May next year and a few trial runs before that..

Thanks cobber, hope you all well and looking forward to the Aug issue of
Classic Bike - thank you!

Best Regards

Dr Steven J. Enticott

Subject: RE: Purring like a kitten!

Great!

You have got your problems behind you now and life stretches out before
you

as the great adventure it is.
Glad the engine chimed up OK
Keep me informed of progress
Live life to the full mate
It's the only one we get!

RogerMoss

Bottoms!!!!!!!

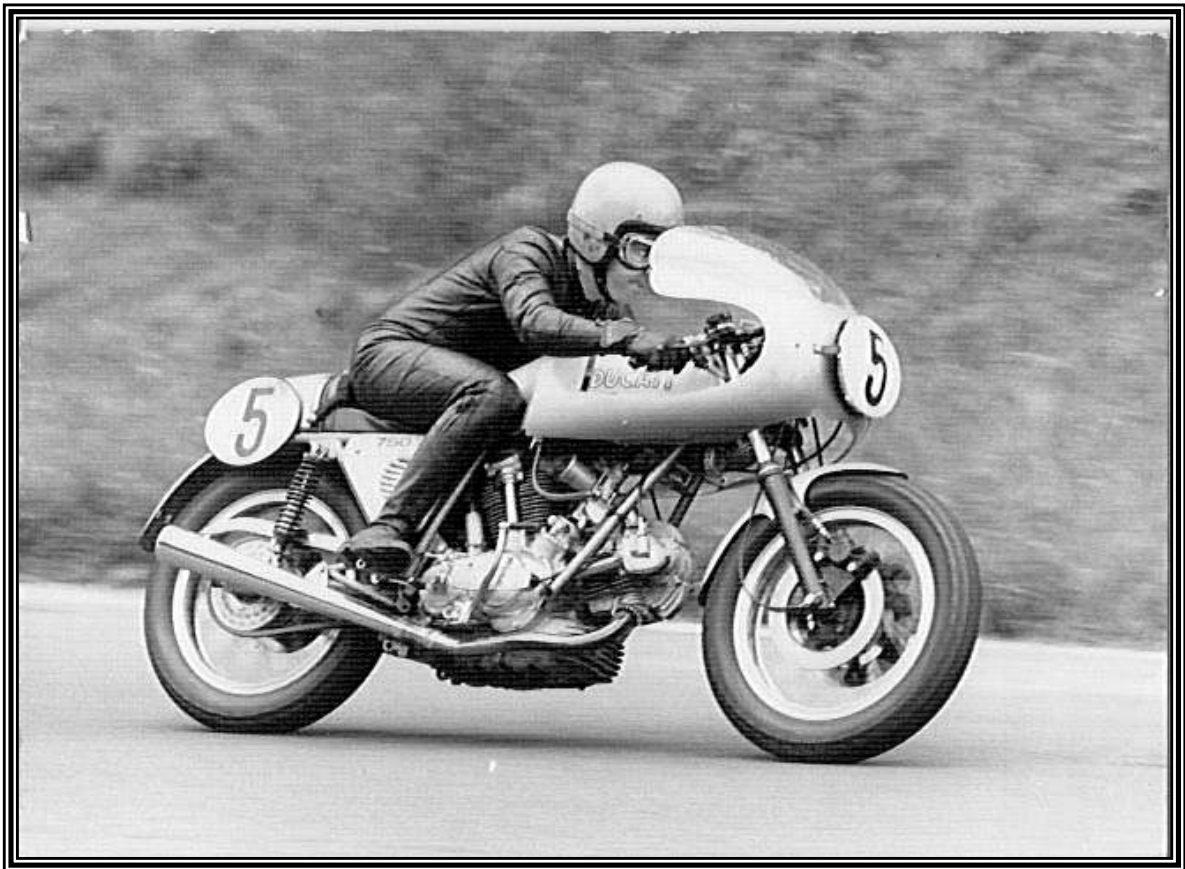
Back in about 1976, I was riding in a 750km long distance mixed capacity production machine race on the club circuit at Cadwell Park

We had two riders and I think my co rider was Mick Broom. We did about Picture the scene---- I am on Park Straight and climbing towards Park Corner

Between my position and Park Corner is another bike that looks smaller than my 750 round case Ducati Desmo racer

It is obviously going less fast than I and I have to work out if I can pass before the corner.

I here will note again, that I was born with a severe squint in my eyes, and because of this, my brain never learned to interpret what the eyes could see in 3D depth



I see separately with each eye, but in the same way a normal person would see with one eye covered.

I had been refused a pilot's licence with the comment, "You will either land the plane 30 feet above the runway, or 30 feet below it, the latter being the more inconvenient!"

I then went motorcycle racing and mostly learned where the corners were by getting them wrong and falling off many times.

Of course in those days I bounced quite nicely and always carried spare footrests and levers in my tool kit

At 70, I have to be a little more careful, as when I fall off, I tend to break bones much more easily and the hospital staff are not so sympathetic when they find out how you did it.

Silly old fool and a shot of morphine being the usual response.

OK you should get the picture now, so let's return to the Cadwell race---

I am closing on the rider ahead who is in full racing crouch and looks to be on a 250 air cooled Yamaha.

They are on the right side of the track and Park Corner for those not familiar with it, is a right hand 90 degree corner taken at about 35 to 50 mph depending on experience and foolhardiness of the rider.

I am towards the left of the track so as to give a wider faster sweep into this corner, but as I know the rider ahead can not see me and will drift out to the LH side of the track to set up the next RH corner, I must be sure to get past by mid corner at the latest.

Yes, I decide that if I leave my braking late I should just be able to complete this plan safely, but then DISASTER strikes

As I noted at the start of this rambling piece, we human animals are hard wired with automatic programmes.

I had been looking at the approaching corner, then the other rider's bike to judge the closing speed and time to the corner.

Just like you do if you see another car coming on a narrow road. You look at the oncoming car, it's speed and position on the road.

You do not look at the driver, until all other driving decisions are made and then not always. You know the scene, "That was Mary from our village", Was it?, I did not have time to look!

Well, I had set everything up and now had a split second to look with less small focus---

I now saw that upon the seat of the Yamaha was a most shapely female bottom in it's full glory!

I froze for a few microseconds as I took in this most magnificent of natures treasures.

A few microseconds I could not afford to waste

By the time I pulled my attention back to the very rapidly approaching corner, it was too late to get round it.

I had no option but to straighten up and use the luckily ample grass runout area.

I stayed on, a sadder and wiser man and got back on the track, but it took another two laps to catch this rider again.

There were two very good lady riders in our club (BFRC) in those days. Eunice Evans and Hillary Musson

I can not be sure who of these two riders it was, but I wonder if they knew that in a field of mostly masculine riders, they had a most effective secret weapon

I am always pleased to see lady riders join our proceedings, but since then have made it a rule to never look at the bum of the rider ahead near a corner.

**Isn't life wonderful!
So much to be enjoyed!**

Roger Moss

Dismantling Scott Forks

[mailto:roger@mossengineering.co.uk]

Sent: 20 August 2011 10:59

To: 'Bob Dixon'

Hi Bob

Thinking about this a bit more, it seems obvious that I should have the equipment and a set of clear instructions, preferably illustrated, that I can loan out to owners who want to fit strong, fatigue resistant fork stems. If you can help I would be most grateful.

If I had hand sketches, I could ask Ted Hills to draw out suitable illustrations. The material when I first used it in 1997 was unusual, but is now reasonably widely used where those qualities are needed. The rather expensive heat treatment regime still keeps it restricted to applications where performance trumps cost. I want 300M VAR (4340 Mod) 12ft x 4" for Scott Cranks. Corus Sheffield produce 300M VAR. This is a well known material multi released to up to 20 specs incl Boeing, Mac Douglas. British spec is S155. Is used on racing cars incl gears. Used aircraft landing gear. I copy some text I produced some years back in case you are interested.

The crank certificate gives most of the steel properties. I would be interested to know how it still compares with metals used in Kubota manufacture.
Kind Regards Roger

Dear Roger,

I did enjoy that very well written article by Roger Cooper in the current newsletter. I like many others have struggled to get my head around how, and sometimes why, AAS did what he did. I constantly have to remind myself that it was originally just a collection of parts and that somebody put them all together, so logic dictates the somebody MUST be able to get them to bits and be able to reassemble them again. The bit in the article about the forks prompts me to describe how I managed

exactly the same problem.

First, it has to be understood that inside the central spring housing there are actually two springs, the `rebound` spring which is an extension type spring with hooked ends and a `compression` type spring which forms the main spring of the suspension. The extension spring is held in place by retainers, which look like blanking caps, one on the top of the top of the housing and the other at the bottom, centrally under the yolk. To release the tension on the extension spring sufficient to remove the top retainer, the compression spring must be compressed until it is nearly coil bound, this is done by manufacturing a, wait for it, spring compressor, as follows.....

Cut two pieces of mild steel plate, I used 120x60x10, and drill two 8.5mm dia holes 80mm apart on the centreline. Bore a 28.5mm dia. hole in the centre of what is to be the top plate, so you end up with two identical plates except that one has a 28.5mm hole in the middle, 5 holes in all. This 28.5mm hole is then positioned over the top spring retainer and gives sufficient clearance to remove the retainer.

The lower plate is positioned under the yolk and the two are joined by two 320mm lengths of 8mm studding through the 8.5mm dia. holes. With sufficient 8mm. nuts, I used nylock nuts at the bottom but two nuts locked together on each length would do equally as well and plain nuts at the top, it is then quite a simple task to rotate the top nuts evenly down the studding, bringing the two plates towards each other and thus compress the main spring. As I said, the main spring has to be compressed `til it is almost coil bound but then the top retainer goes `loose` and can be unhooked` from the rebound spring through the big hole. By then gradually undoing the two top nuts on the studding, the tension on the compression spring can be released under control and the whole fork literally falls to pieces, if you are not careful. Reassembly is just the reverse of the procedure

The second point in the article was the difficulty in getting the magneto chain tension right. That damn stupid mounting plate is frustration personified, so I made a new one from mild steel plate and added a pivot point underneath it so I could also add a spring loaded chain tensioner. I too was a bit worried about originality, but by the time it was all painted black and the alloy side covers were put in

place, it would take a sharp eye to spot the difference and anyway, there can be few other motorcycle manufacturers who`s machines have not been `modded` more than Alfred Angas`s.

Bob Dixon.

From: Roger Cooper

About 1.30 in the wee small hours last week my wife and I both woke up to a funny smell - PETROL!!

I'd removed and emptied the 3 Speed Super tank so it could hardly have been that. Anyway we trooped down to the garage (attached to house as you might guess) and had a look round - no puddles anywhere but still, a very strong smell. I was just about to give up when something prompted me to run my hand under the nearside of the CW tank. AHA!! found yer, Y' blighter!!

So there we were in jimjams and nightie (Joan was in the nightie in case you are wondering) draining off the tank. I was holding a small funnel and a bit of plastic hose under the tap and Joan was holding the can to catch the petrol. There wasn't a lot in there but the place stank of fuel all night even with most of the windows open. Joan's daughter and her children were in the house but noticed nothing - just as well I suppose. That's the end of the funny bit.

The problem is directly related to the dreaded ethanol which had destroyed the quite thick lining in the tank - the only thing which had been keeping it sealed all these years!! When I got the tank off this afternoon I found a 10"

crack right along the vertical to horizontal bend between the side and the bottom. A jagged crack which suggests there had been much rusting before someone in the past took it upon themselves to do something about it.

I am now pondering how best to rectify this situation. Some time ago I would happily have re-lined the tank but nowadays it's a question of which lining material is suitable, if indeed ANY are good enough at the moment.

As for the Scott tank, I was going to de-line this and re-do it but on closer inspection, whilst there is a curtain of lining material down one side it is pretty solid and fixed, and the rest of the tank clean and tidy inside so I have opted to do nothing at this stage and have re-fitted it.

Tech tip here for those who may not have thought about it.

Before you tighten the seat stay right down tight onto the tank, and while the tank is still loose, re-fit the petrol pipe finger tight. Although the tank should have two locating lugs (some may have lost theirs) these are not a tight fit and allow the tank the swing about a bit. If you fit the petrol pipe while the tank can still swing you get everything in just the right position and you don't have to strain the petrol pipe to fit the unions as you might have to if the tank had been tightened down in the wrong position. THEN you can tighten the tank down properly. You shouldn't strain the petrol pipe anyway - that's bad practice.

Probably teaching grandmother how to suck eggs but, believe it or not, I actually thought this through BEFORE doing the job!

Cheers
Roger Cooper

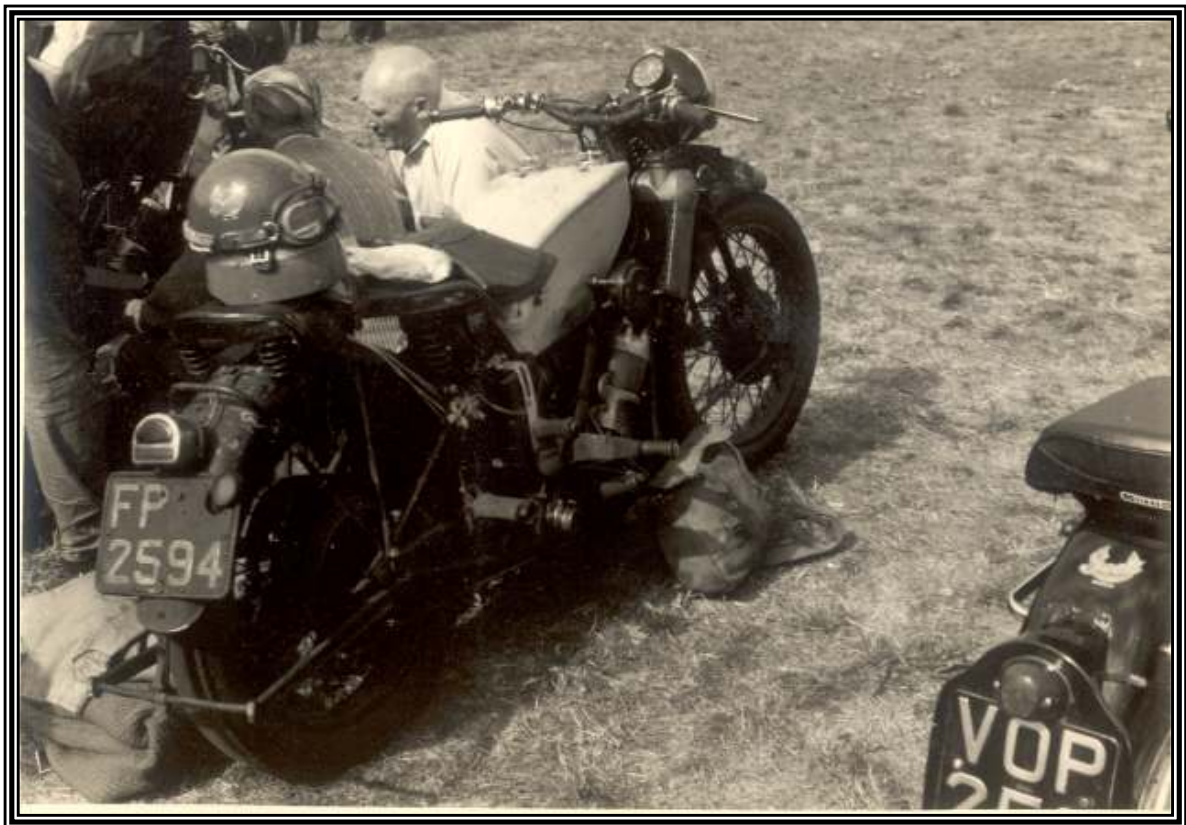


From Roger Cooper via email

This was the beginning of my association with the VMCC - I was riding to watch, not take part in, the Manchester and High Peak Section annual Buxton Run. The strange device in front of my right leg is the plunger removed from a garage forecourt Redex shots dispenser. I converted it to a chain oiler and used a spinning frame spindle oil which had a tacky characteristic to prevent it flinging off at high speed and dirtying the thread, so it stuck nicely to the chains!! I had a quart oil tin as a reservoir somewhere on the bike.

Note the Delaney Galley vertical tube radiator held in place by those side lugs and a huge plate across the front - it's a wonder it ever got enough cooling air but it seemed to manage OK. The Feridax dual seat (Titch would have been pleased!!) was my fitting having been first fitted to and then taken off EYG269 by me when I sold EYG269. Note, however the repair which covers up a broken spring.

This was the go to work combo belonging to my friend Norman Reed. We had both driven down from Manchester to Stratford for the 1960 Scott rally. Norman had been following me and observed when we stopped for a cuppa that he could see daylight under my chair wheel on EVERY left hander!! I had no sensation of the chair lifting at all!! HMMMM!!!!



This is the bike belonging to Harold Ash who was living in south

Manchester but in reality was a fugitive from the west country. Nice bike!
Venue Scott rally Stratford 1960



Nearside of my Flyer - as bought in October 2008 (YUP! I bought two Scotts in the space of a month!!) This is the one with the three square hole mag platform!!!!



Got to go now and find out why my 3 Speed Super clutch is slipping again. I can set it up so the plates just clear (but there is still a few thou clearance on the withdrawal quickthread) so I can get a silent gear engagement but at the end of every Banbury Run it is just slipping ever so slightly - just enough to frustrate me when I want to start the engine.

Maybe this time I really do need to wash the friction plates in petrol - although they are virtually new - and perhaps I need to have a look at the gearbox bearings for leaks as well - but it's a b....r getting the gearbox out of a Super!!

I also must remove the tank again and clean out the gunge which was the liner. It was OK until it was attacked by the dreaded ethanol.

There's aye a wee job to be done!!

Cheers Roger

From Alison Walton. Aberdeen

Hi Ted,

I came across the following Photo in a book by Elizabeth Zimmerman and was so enthralled that I emailed the publishers.

Enclosed the reply from Meg Swansen, daughter of Arnold & Elizabeth Zimmermann, who are pictured with the Scott in my knitting book! A really kind response!

I will scan the photo later, with a short paragraph - can you please tell me the model & year of the Scott?

Meg Writes

“What a lovely idea, dear Alison. My father would be pleased to be represented in the SOC/ E Scott Newsletter



*Arnold and Elizabeth and
Arnold's Scott Motorcycle. c 1932*

He was a lifelong motorcycle enthusiast and my parents took road trips well into their 80's; my mother knitted as she sat behind my father.

*In case there are other keen knitters in your group, please credit, **Knitting Around** by Elizabeth Zimmermann; photo used by permission of Meg Swansen, schoolhousepress.com.*

Kindly alert me when the photo is posted.

Good Knitting,

Meg Swansen

meg@schoolhousepress.com

*It looks like a 1920's 2 Speeder to me but
over to all you Scotties!!!E-mail Meg if any
of you know.*

EJP

Chalk and cheese

So as to give the complete picture, I will copy what I put on the SOC message board

Part one

The only way you can know when you have reached the limit as regards tuning is when your next development step fails to work.

Cadwell was just such a time. I had built an engine with a slightly bigger bore, bigger ports and a slightly higher compression.

I took it to the Morini club track day the week before and it seized. I had noticed it getting hotter than usual.

I stripped it and saw the fuel height in the remote float chamber was a bit low, so took pains to measure and mark everything so I could get the fuel height spot on

I then rebuilt it all in the bike and ran it up. It was still getting hotter than I liked and it sounded harsher than normal.

It was midday Thursday and I needed to go Friday pm, but I stripped out the engine again and checked all the matching of the water passages between head / gasket and block.

I used air tools to match everything up and had the engine rebuilt by 2 am Friday. I got a few hours sleep and got up at 6.30 to built it all into the bike again and load the trailer.



At Cadwell it was hard to start and was getting hot. I went to the line and it stalled before the sighting lap and we could not start it. You can understand that this was an exhausting, expensive and very disappointing experience.

To be honest, with all the late nights and rushing and pushing, all on my own, I did start to feel my 70 years a bit.

I have the block and pistons I used last year and will rebuild the motor with these components. Of course, I should note that as far as I know, I am the only competitor still using unleaded petrol rather than alcohol or avgas.

Even the difference in inlet port size and timing will permit more gas to be transferred and this effects the pressure of the charge at the point of ignition and thus the speed of flame propagation. I feel sure that I had just gone too far and I was getting detonation. The next step is to measure carefully the head volume.

I know the piston to head clearance was about as before so I suspect the effect of the bigger inlet ports and larger port areas pushed it over the edge. When it is rebuilt with last years block and pistons, which were nearer road spec, I will measure everything to get a good comparison. Any man can stand success, but you need to be realistic when things go wrong. It is an opportunity to learn.

The racer is used to try out how much I can get out of Alfred's design. Road engines for customers benefit from this experience but are always well within the known safe zone. I never pretended to be a genius, but do my best with what I was born with.



Part Two

The engine was removed from the bike and mounted on the building table, where I can rotate and incline the engine to almost any required attitude. Inlet timing and head volume data was recorded. Next the block was removed and the cross sectional area of the inlet tract was measured and recorded.

The block and piston set I used last year was then measured in exactly the same way and the data was almost identical. So why have I had problems? The only factor we all take for granted is fuel, so I decided to eliminate that factor from consideration.

I drained the fuel system and then filled with different fuel.

The fuel I had been using was Premium Unleaded, which from web sources is claimed to have an octane value of 96.8. In place of this I bought some Four Star leaded fuel which is claimed to have an octane value of 98. To be sure I was creating as big a margin of difference between the two fuels as possible, I then added the stated addition ration of "NF" octane booster which is claimed to raise the anti knock octane value by another 2 RON points.

The bike was tried at Mallory and ran very smoothly, in fact more smoothly than I had remembered from experience of recent years. When I returned home I then changed the slide from a number 3 to the leaner no 5 cutaway and decided to check the needle jet condition.

The Moss carb now produced by Eddie Shermer for vintage racing use, where the twin Concentric carb manifold is not eligible, uses standard Amal Mark 2 internal components amongst which is the needle jet.

The most common size also used by us is a 106 and this denotes the diameter of the bore. The next sizes Amal make are 107 and 108, so you can see that they consider a step of one thou in diameter is a significant step. I have suggested before that brass needle jets wear and should be checked and or replaced regularly.

I am lucky to have toolmakers microscopes and so I checked the needle jet from the carb on the racer. To my surprise it measured nearly circular, whereas they usually wear to a more oval pattern. The size however was .0110" so a significant increase in size and thus making the mixture rich at lower openings. Luckily I had stock and changed this.

I have for many years participated with the BSA Rocket Three and Triumph Trident club at their most excellent Beezumph track event held for many years at Cadwell but latterly at Anglesey.

Because of financial pressures, it was announced that this year's event would likely be the last and was to be held on Friday July 29th and 30th. Unfortunately (A word to strike terror into the strongest heart) the British Historic were holding a race meeting at Lydden near Dover on Saturday and Sunday July 30th and 31st.

The Beezumph group had made me so very welcome over the years and had bestowed on the Scott the prestige of a regimental goat. Great fun is always had by all and some spectators attend specially to see a Scott joining battle with much later machines.

I drove to Anglesey and participated on Friday 29th the Scott was on top form, and then drove on that evening to Dover to meet my son Richard, who was to ride on Saturday.

It was a very proud father who watched his son ride the Scott with great determination and skill and with the recognition that the son had now eclipsed his father in riding ability.

All in all, a great, if a little tiring weekend made the more enjoyable by meeting a host of old friends such as Les Scott, Martin Brockwell, Ted Heureman, Roy Coyle etc.

The final conclusion was that given the state of tune my bike is in, then the properties of fuel is important.

The proprietor of the garage that supplied the "Four Star Leaded" petrol explained that he rebuilds and runs classic cars and claims that they run much better on Four Star and he would not use Premium Unleaded unless it was as a "Get you home" measure.

It certainly made a significant difference to my engine, but as I emphasised before, mine is highly tuned, as it must be to produce 45 bhp at the crank

against the Shipley dyno 19 bhp of a standard DPY engine. Of course we should remember that we have the tremendous advantage of being able to employ the knowledge gained by Walter Karden when he worked at Peenemunde on the development of the V1 rocket motor engines. This knowledge he applied so successfully on the East German MZ racers after the war.

For those who might wish to compare how their Scott goes on Four Star petrol, there is a network of specialist garages across the country who supply this. To discover your nearest supplier, click this link for the list

http://www.difflock.com/buyersguide/4star_outlets.shtml

Roger Moss

“Triumph in the West”

Tribulation

Fort Augustus

Having sorted out the bike to my satisfaction I belatedly realised that the Loydloom chair was of no use if I was camping. What I needed was a container of some sort. A quick visit to the local Antique shop found a large Post Office basket. This would be perfect and should hold all my requirements. As the camping gear was loaded it was weighed and I found I was carrying 91lbs. (6.5 stone) I still had to strap the collapsible chair, tent and waterproofs to the top.

A quick roadtest to check clearances and we were ready for the off. Pam was spending a week in Cornwall so I had ten days in which to enjoy myself and find the limits and idiosyncrasies of the Triumph. The start would be on the second of August and I realised, with pleasure, that I would be on the road on the 80th anniversary of the start of the First World War. This would be ideal to celebrate the resurrection of the outfit and be a physical tribute to the those who did not return.

The overall plan was as follows, a circuit of Western Scotland via Fort Augustus, Bealach-Na-Ba, Applecross and, if time permits, a visit to Croick Church near Bonar Bridge to see the messages scratched by the people cleared from Strathcarron in 1845.

The key to riding long distances on old bikes is confidence, confidence in the bike and confidence in your ability to keep going, repairing as the need arises. The great advantage a Triumph rider has is that the basic design of the engine was correct from it's inception in 1905. Nothing goes wrong because there isn't much **to** go wrong! In modern business management there is a nemonic called KISS, (Keep it simple stupid!) and this should be born in mind when riding and planning trips on Veteran bikes.

By definition equipment, food, spares and clothes are limited by the room and pulling ability of the bike, which on a single speed Triumph is not great! If you can juggle and get all these variables correct the rider can then relax, drink in the atmosphere, enjoy the experience and concentrate on the passing scenery. One last and most important point! **Don't skimp on the food!**

If, at the end of a trying day, and in our context every day will be trying, the biggest moral booster in the world is good food. If, like me, you happen to like fish, steak, fruit, crispy vegetables and a drink of wine or Whisky so much the better!

So! on Tuesday the 2nd of August 1994 at 10am off we go. The bike, although somewhat overloaded, soon settled down to a steady and reliable beat. Five miles from Hopeman the sky grew dark as a thunderstorm threatened. No heroics for me! We turned tail and ran back home, taking the opportunity to test the outfit by climbing a local 1 in 12 hill. The bike was fine and we made it home in time just as the first large raindrops spattered down.

Listening to Womans Hour on Radio 4 I heard Sarah Dunnant's piece on "The Sexual Terrorism of Large Breasts", hasn't the Women's Movement come a long way since the Sixties?

Much better was "The Women's Movement in Communist China". By the time I had finished a cup of coffee the bulk of the shower was finished and it was time to have another go.

The sun came out as we thudded onto the rapidly drying roads towards Forres. I was going too fast and thinking too fast! Ten miles out we slowed down to tickover mode and watched the crows hassle a sparrow hawk, there's even pressure in the bird world! The farmers had done well this year, with the wheat well on the way to being harvested. See what I mean about slowing down! We travelled along the back roads towards Forres and hit the A96, called the 'Killer' in these here parts, stranger. Surprisingly, the traffic was light, even more surprising was the courtesy showed by road users to the slow moving outfit. We rattled and vibrated our way towards Aldearn and, while climbing the incline west of Brodie, I noticed a distinct lack of power from the bike and an increase in the mechanical noise. "Not after only twenty miles" I thought! so, pulling in to a convenient side road I got off the bike and had a look.

It was obviously overheating but, having checked the carburation, fuel flow, timing and everything else I could think of, could not find anything wrong. A couple of weeks previously I had soldered up the main jet to cure a rich mixture problem and although I had opened it out to the recommended diameter maybe it was not enough. So! not having a .034" needle in my repair kit I decided to go and see a girl who did. Sandra Lietch lives in Cawdor, right on my route, and would be sure to help.

The bike started first kick and off we toddled. Sandra did not bat an eye and had just the right size needle so, after saying hello to her husband Sid, we set course for Easter Galcantray and our first test of the fully loaded outfit on a long climb.

I got balked by a passing car one third of the way up and spluttered to a halt 600yds from the top.

Slowdown.

Cool it.

Take time to think things out remember?

I walked to the summit and thought that with a good run I should have been able to climb this without too much trouble. So! back to the bottom and with a two hundred yard run, together with my flying legs, we managed to record the first long climb of the trip. A snag had come to light though. The bike was again running rich indicating, perhaps, over enthusiastic use of Sandra's needle. Therefore when the bike ran out of petrol five miles further on, I combined a snack with a refuel and put my soldering iron onto my single burner stove.

Here's how accidents happen! I had a thumping cheese sandwich, filled the Triumph tank from my spare supply in the Pratts can and looked towards the stove. On this sunny afternoon there seemed to be no flame coming from the burner and, as we had stopped next to a rather picturesque stream, could not hear any escaping gas. Taking the soldering iron off the stove I leant over the burner and put my ear to it. The smell of burning flesh and singeing hair confirmed that there was indeed flame coming from the stove and that I was a bit of an idiot. Another lesson learnt. I soldered up the main jet and redrilled what I hoped was the correct size hole. Repacking the basket off we went towards Fort Augustus.

The scenery was, by now, rolling farmland leading to high hills and as the forest receded, changed to open moorland with high crags. The bike thudded along the mainly single track road with the exhaust echoing crisply off the moors. Traffic was very light and what there was passed me as I pulled in to let them get about their business.

After topping up the tank earlier I needed to replenish the Pratts can and seeing a small General Store in the village of Brinmore stopped. I needed victuals for the evening meal so, after refilling the tanks, bought what I needed. The windows of the shop had high security grills fitted and I was appalled that crime had reached to a place so remote and isolated as this.

Approaching Whitebridge I saw a group of cyclists waving and smiling by the side of the road. Needing to answer the call of nature I stopped and we chatted for a while as they told me about their trip from Aberdeen and their

lifestyle back in **L.A.** The boys liked Scotland but there were "No chicks Man." apparently back in **L.A.** there were plenty of 'chicks' and life was good. They told me of their jobs, the way the sun shone all the time, the beaches and Hollywood. They also told of the darker side, the crime rate, the ghettos and no go areas. No one opens their doors at night and sensible people carry guns to protect themselves from the 14yr old muggers. I don't think I'd like to live in Low Alcohol!

Off we go towards the West, the road starts to climb to the viewpoint at Glendoebeg. Most of the inclines were fine and, apart from the odd spell of frantic pedalling, were easily managed. The last 100yds towards the final summit defeated me however and, despite three attempts, it looked like time to change to the lower belt with all that filth and oil to clean off afterwards. However, the Cavalry came to the rescue and in fine West Coast tradition the Americans helped me push the outfit the last 100yds to the top. I take back everything I said about people who live in **L.A.!**

It was, by this time, around six in the evening and time to think about a camp site. I had a thrilling downhill sweep into Fort Augustus, the first time the bike had been at high speed. We passed a couple of girls on their push bikes, swooping past them in almost total silence! It must have been a strange and somewhat frightening experience for them. I parked by the lock gates and bought the rest of the food for the evening.

It is not possible to just jump off a 1914 Combination and walk away. Immediately a crowd gathers, someone will make a comment, the others join in and a full scale discussion follows. The latest twist to this usual ritual is the use of video cameras. If I had a penny for every interview I gave on this West Coast trip I would have 36 pence! Still, it's all part of their holiday and part of my fun.

Fort Augustus is at the bottom of Loch Ness and is part of the network of Lochs which were connected to form the Caledonian Canal. As the continental plates slipped underneath each other they formed the Great Glen. It was realised in Napoleonic times that these Lochs could be linked together to form a passage for the British Navy, enabling them to pass from West to East without having to run the gauntlet of Atlantic storms from the West.

The other equally daunting alternative was having to go round the Orkney Isles or, even worse, through the Pentland Firth. Designed and built by that

great Victorian Thomas Telford, they have stood as yet another memorial to man's ingenuity and enterprise. Fort Augustus is the place to come if you like a real good laugh in the summer as the tourists in their hire boats smash and crash their way up and down the locks in the town.

The best one I ever saw was a 32ft Navy boat skippered by a Commander. He had the complete rig out, white gloves, peaked cap, navy blue trousers and jumper with the RNSA logo on the left breast. I was on a 33 footer crewed by 'northerners', i.e. their accents were not of the 'plummy' type. We were very experienced and could go up and down locks like a whore's drawers!

Anyway! along comes this Navy Commander and with a hearty shout asks to see the skipper for a, "Skipper to Skipper chat you know!" We call him and up pops his head. Ted (*me!*) was an ex coal miner with an ex coal miner's Nottinghamshire accent. "Eh up youth" says Ted, "What's up?" this puts the Navy man off his stroke and he talks pleasantries as the canal men start letting the water out. We let the warps out as the yacht drops. Ted looks forward and sees no-one on the deck of the blue Navy boat which, obviously, starts to groan as it becomes airborne. Ted says, "Don't ya think ya ought to be with ya crew youth?" The Commander goes berserk!

"What the Bloody Hell do you think you are doing?"

He screams at both his crew and the canalmen. The canalmen ignore him, they've seen it all before. The Navy crew spill out on deck frantically letting go the warps. The boat hits the water with a "Sploooooosh", the bow warp whips around the cleat, burns the hands of the crewman who, not unnaturally lets it go sailing into the depths of the black, oily water. These Navy boys really are trained well!

The Commander is apoplectic! His face is bright red in fury as the holidaymakers, sensing a good laugh, flock to the sound of the noise. Navy oaths fill the air as the Commander berates his boys. We are in hysterics! the skipper quiets us down and shouts to the Navy boat in his best broad Nottinghamshire. "Ere youth! Dusta want one a my lads to show ya ow ta do it?" The Commander doesn't, but a guffaw bellows down to the boats from the serried ranks of spectators! Please **Do** try the locks at Fort Augustus you won't be sorry!

On the outskirts of Fort Augustus were roadwork's and while waiting for the lights to change I saw a campsite on the right. Prominently displayed was a "Camp Full" sign but the owners waved me over and after the inevitable chat I was allocated a green space for the night. Off loading the tent a Geordie voice said "Here mate", and a large Malt Whisky was thrust into my hand.....Its just pure Hell Veteran motorcycling!

The Geordie turned out to be on a driving holiday with his Porshe 924 and had a good nose for a Single Malt Whisky. We chatted as I erected my tent and started cooking the pork chops for supper. By the time they were cooked I had talked to three Germans, a Swiss couple and two American girls who were on a cycling holiday.

Talk about forming international friendships! It was getting quite dark by now and having forgotten to pack a torch, had to go to bed with Radio 4's "Book at bedtime".

For them wot's keen here is a technical summary of the day's ride;

Total time on the road including stops	8hrs
Total distance covered	86mls
Problems	nil
Adjustments done,	oil clutch, resolder and drill main jet, clean oil from rear of the machine

O yes! I almost forgot, there were signs of Midge activity at Fort Augustus so I used Avon's "O so soft" brand of skin lotion it's the best, the cheapest and tested by me. USE IT!!!

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NN6 6NZ

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Literature

Technicalities – Bill Jamieson’s compilation of technical articles

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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

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