

EEEEEEEEE!!

Scott Fans!

***It's 2010 and the first issue of
the year!***

Laura (*B.A. Hons*) and Disclaimer!

Co-Editor Rogers Bit!

Gyro's on motorcycles.

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Supplier Lists



Laura (*B.A. Hons*) on my 1929 TT Replica (*What Class eh!*)

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How did we get here?

It seems distant history now when I saw Steve Enticott's email footer that read "Are you receiving our free email newsletter?" It was about tax affairs, or to be more specific, the avoidance of subsidising government inefficiency. From this came the idea of the Scott Newsletter with the predominant aim of promoting a sense of fellowship between all those interested in Scotts, especially those remote from cosy UK section meetings.

Steve immediately shared my enthusiasm and so two renegade Scott fans started this newsletter. I did as much writing as I could and Steve compiled and distributed. We owe a lot to Steve who was born with the typical Australian "Can Do" attitude in big dollops! It is a lucky man that goes through life without some problems, so when it came to Steve's turn for him to reserve all his energies to battle through, I understood completely when he had to relinquish the job of editor and distributor.

Graham Parker volunteered to take over, to my considerable relief and kept the ship afloat until he, in turn, was overwhelmed by other responsibilities and was unable to continue. A big thank you goes to Graham and I hope that he will now have a little more time to actually ride his Scott. At this point, I wondered what fool would take on this self imposed task, but destiny provided such a fool in the shape of Ted Parkin. Ted and I must share some Hooligan genes.

Perhaps our ancestors were Vikings and were well into a career of serious rape and pillage. (*Steady on Roger! Ed the Ed*) To our considerable chagrin, this is frowned upon in this politically correct age, so where to dissipate our need to do battle.

We both turned to racing, including on Ted's part, modern sidecar racing. Ted was well able to cope with the technical demands of this as he had for many years been a Crew Chief in the RAF keeping advanced warplanes ready for action. In recent times, Ted took up jazz drumming and then taught himself to play the alto sax.

It was to Ted that I entrusted my 1928 TT Replica when I realised that due to spinal problems, I could not ride a rigid on the road and it was too precious to use on the track.



*Yes its UZ Hooligans!!!!!!!
So here we both are with **Our** TT Rep!
Just take note that Roger has his knees bent! (**He tells me!**)*

This is a new challenge for both of us, as I have taken over the distribution and have just completed entering 630 email addresses into my outlook express, one by one. Some points stand out. Firstly let me send grateful thanks to the ladies, as a large number of the email addresses are to wives and girlfriends.

No doubt the men are up to their elbows in grease and so unable to cope with a keyboard. Secondly, I found many duplicated entries, but with different email addresses. It seems likely that folks have changed their email address but the old one has not been deleted.

I apologise in advance for any duplication, but would be pleased to alter or delete any entry if you just contact me on roger@mossengineering.co.uk and tell me.

I have added the letters ENL (Email NewsLetter) to all addresses, as in my outlook express, all addresses are combined, so this shows me who is on the email distribution list. The list of 630 includes approximately 200 overseas contacts with about 40% being in Australia. Please remember to tell your friends about the newsletter as those projects that cease to go forward, go backwards.

The details I have inherited are quite sparse and in some cases, apart from the actual email address, there are no names. It would be really nice to know correct names and at least the part of the world where you live. If anyone then wishes to know if there is a fellow Scott owner lurking unseen in your locality, we could at least supply email addresses.

Finally, a sincere and human plea.

This newsletter is produced to bring a little extra sparkle in the lives of others, especially those who are geographically remote from fellow Scott owners. Ted and I ask if you can spare a few moments to write a little about your bike, your life, your area, your other interests. Can you send a few pictures? If you have a website with some video on, then send a link so we can share your pleasure.

Ted and I hope that you will enjoy the Scott Newsletter. If so, all our labours are worthwhile.

Roger Moss

Gyroscopic Motorbikes

I was fortunate enough to be born at a time when conscription to the armed services was still a normal part of a young man's upbringing and as I reached twenty one years of age I was duly dispatched to two years of enforced discipline and intensive training on all things relating to aircraft navigation such as auto pilots, gyro magnetic compasses, auto stabilizers and the amazing Mk10 bombsight computer. One of the common elements in all this range of equipment was the gyroscope and I had a thorough grounding in what they did and how to maintain them. We all partook in the classic demonstration of gyroscopic precession by sitting on a revolving chair with a weighted bicycle wheel's axle held in our outstretched hands and when the wheel was spun we slightly tipped the axle one way or the other to find ourselves amazingly spinning round in the swiveling chair. This of course is one of the fundamental characteristics of gyros in that when you apply a turning moment to one plane the effect is for that action to be transferred 90 degrees in the direction of rotation and applied in the same mode as the original force. Not many years ago this phenomena was thought of as some kind of hidden, almost mysterious force, and some quite learned people got hoodwinked into thinking this, to their embarrassment several clever clog academics supplied all the formulas for working out the whys and wherefores of what was happening and if you are that way inclined these are all explained on web sites on our all embracing 'Google' under 'gyroscopic precession'.

You may be wondering what all this gyro stuff has to do with riding a Scott motorbike and surprisingly it's more than you think. Broken down to its simplest elements there are three major rotating discs on the bike being the two road wheels and the engine's flywheel which all rotate in the same direction of clockwise viewed from the right hand side if you are sitting on the bike. Now if we apply a vertical moment force to the axle of each rotating disc by, for instance, leaning over to take a bend then each disc will turn, or try to turn, about its vertical axis and rotate or, more correctly precess, in the direction of the bend. The rear wheel and flywheel are of course constrained by the frame and engine casing but never the less that precession moment will be applied to the whole machine. The front wheel of course can rotate on its steering axis and would turn into the bend of its own accord and would keep turning as long as the bike was leaning if it wasn't for the rider restraining it.

As I'm not a serious biker myself these days I suspect this precession phenomena as it is applied to Scott motorbikes leads to enhanced stability when cornering. It would be interesting to see the effect of reversing the direction of rotation of the flywheel because in this case when the bike was leaned over to take a corner the

effect of the resulting precession would be to turn the bike away from the corner which I suspect would feel distinctly unstable.

The above is not, of course, a comprehensive treatise on the gyroscopic effects on motorbikes but rather an observation that within a motorbike there are rotating masses which can be considered to be gyros and whilst there are no effects whatsoever when travelling in a straight line there are quite definitely forces in the form of horizontal turning moments when the bike is leaned over as in cornering.

Ted Hills
Nov '09

SAGA OF A SCOTT MOTORCYCLE.

It started casually, with the word that a young draughtsman then in Yarrow's shipyard, working beside a motorcycling friend Jim Mck. was clearing his late father's howf/workshop of car and motorcycle bits and was it worth a look? A large retreat rented from the railway company under some arches, and it now had to be cleared quickly.

This was early 70's,. So we went, looked, rummaged, haggled, ignored 5 prewar cars, the only two I recall were an original well used SS100 Jaguar, £200, and an AC Greyhound? 3 litres with a crankcase damaged engine but another available £50 to clear it.

My eye had been drawn to a tatty 1937 Scott Flying Squirrel with spare top engine block, £60 asked and £30 given, off home with the registration book.

The radiator, (she was water cooled,) looked dodgy, many bashes and scars, but BSG 745 once home, after spark plug and magneto fiddling with, was persuaded to fire up.

The radiator leaked, proprietary compounds failed to cure it, so on the advice of "someone who knew" in went a mixture of white of an egg, oatmeal, and mustard, and it worked, although she did boil a bit but who cares. Smelled interesting too, as did the aroma that a long gone cat had left but a new saddle cover and some Gunk helped.

My mentors in all things motor cycling were two older (and wiser) local chaps, one of whom actually lived in our village, Willie, a kindly man, WW2 signals rider in Italy and North Africa, one time Glasgow speedway competitor, (first ride was a 1926 2 Speed Scott converted for the track) which I had tracked down and “obtained”, still the proud owner of a 1950 Vincent Comet, bought new, Oh and he taught me how to fall off a bike correctly!!!! Using a BSA Bantam in his builders yard to demonstrate.

I was impressed as any motor cycle-daft sixteen year would be, because compared with my little two speed 98cc Excelsior Consort on which I was flying my L plates, the Bantam had so much power!!! And three speeds!!! Not very old when I got the Excelsior in a coal shed in the next village, Dunlop. The story was that the local tall and thin bin van operative Taddy, had been en route to Kilmarnock to sit his test when in an attempt to light a fag while on the move, had caught his knees under the handlebar in the loose folds of his boiler suit, abruptly ending his knee steering trial. £3.00 was handed over. You may smile, I was earning £5 per week as a tannery apprentice then. I had to have the rear wheel rebuilt , obtain a second hand tyre, and have a replacement rear wheel spindle made. The wheel work was done by Andy Macneil in Govan, better known for his “Flying Scotsman” bicycles. But this is about a Scott.

So having fired up the Scott (she sat on the stand and smoked and rattled away as I thought all Scotts did), the previously mentioned radiator showing its age, as it were.

Once persuaded to run on both cylinders, I (illegally) and in an impressive cloud of blue smoke ran her up the road for Willie’s approval.

She sizzled and rattled to a halt just as Willie appeared and I was greeted with “I heard you coming before you left your house” but the grin told of the pleasure the distinctive Scott exhaust note was providing.

A word of explanation. The Scott engine was a water cooled 2 cylinder 600c.c. two stroke (one of whose little tricks was the ability to run backwards if the manual spark control advance/retard lever was incorrectly set when starting up. First gear engaged, clutch released slowly, and a Scott going in reverse. Most disconcerting, as my first experience of it was when I had stalled at traffic lights in Paisley.

"Needs some tidying" was our agreed opinion, and that was done in the next ten minutes or so after which I stood back proudly and declared BSG 745 “RESTORED”. With the exception of the previously mentioned leak!!!! dribble!!! from the radiator, (the only real cure a rebuilt comb) being way too dear, I now believed I had a typical 1937 Scott Flying Squirrel which never really yowelled through it’s ancient Burgess silencer, burble bass, at tick over, rising to a baritone sort of warble, she may have indeed yowelled when flat out. I was never brave enough to find out.

Scrutiny of the log book showed that in the smoke-shrouded past this Scott had been used to pull a sidecar around. This imposes stress forces on the frame, forks, and rear wheel spokes and bearings to say nothing of the nervous system of the sidecar passenger. OK I found it, a "bit of slop" (just discernible excess wear, not quite clapped out or lethal, in the front girder fork bushes and steering head bearings. Liberal application of the grease gun, and a judicious tightening up all round certainly seemed to help, as several short runs had revealed a most un-Scott-like behaviour, viz an ability at anything over a jerky 40 MPH from the badly in need of overhaul SMITH'S CHRONOMETRIC SPEEDOMETER (only capitals for such a grand looking fashion accessory) to steer in a straightish way, but oddly enough great fun on bends, which when thought about is crazy, a motor cycle faster through corners than along the straights?

My other mentor, Ian, agreed to try her in unadjusted mode along the twisty three miles that lay between our villages, which he usually covered on a - wait for it - BSA C11/C10/C11G/T110/misc. Total cost (the engine cost £1.00, lugged home on a Norton petrol tank top by myself, left on his rear unlit door step where his wife Agnes discovered it coming home from a dance) T110 refers to a Triumph front wheel and brake found on a dump, tyre cost £3.00. total bike cost about £15.00, in regular use for the next ten years, Ireland, Fort William, all over Galloway that wee red bike was seen and heard, now she has an honourable retirement in France with Chic, the late Ian's son. Someday her story will be told, but this was supposed to be about a Scott!

I can only in hindsight, at a distance of about 25 years, conclude that Ian was not so terror stricken as he should have been, as his C11 etc had handling all of its own, it took a Nimbus some years later, or an evil Montgomery Jap Sloper to do that. No, as an engineer he was more intrigued by the three chains plus the rear drive one of course, which all whirled away busily, all adding to a sort of demented grandfather clock talking to a spin drier in which a few nuts or bolts have been flung.

Dear Ian, we shared many adventures, always (nearly) revolving round old motor cycles or bits of them. Musically too we had a lot in common, story telling and enjoyment of a tale from some strange source, almost the same strength of pipe tobacco too, but I could never match the contents of a small one time khaki-coloured bag which went everywhere the bike went. Roadside stops for "mechanical adjustments" held no fears as the bag was searched yet again for a solution.

Anent the Scott and its chain collection, Ian sagely pointed out that I would have to carry three different sizes of chain spring links, and I ruefully counted the cost of all these spare parts, then brightened when I remembered a box in the garage with

about 200 of in it. Saved !!!! I cannot at this distance recall clearly whether I had anticipated a lengthy Scott ownership, but I suspect not, as I was never a one make freak, variety was all, and God were they just that . . . to explain, late 60's at least in our area, very few people were actively searching out old motor cycles.

Several older established dealers were closing as the Japanese bikes arrived, some of their spare part stock came my way, well quite a bit actually; if I recall correctly, I was flogging new boxed control cables for 20p and still making money. I had acquired 500 or so and have a couple left still. Think about this, the "Motor" Cycle magazine, 1929-30-31 nearly complete, sundry other instruction books, car and motor cycle light bulbs, sparking plugs, etc, in the day before the demolishers were due, in the County Garage, Balloch. £5.00 for the lot!!! I have the M.C. copies today. It was a good time for a few of us. Meanwhile I was about to be parted from BSG 745 in bizarre circumstances.

I have changed one or two names but not by much. I learned a lesson and shed some of my naïve notions about always trying to help folk out.

Anyway I Scotted around locally for a while trying to establish some feelings (positive) for this make which had at that time a cult following worldwide, and duly used the Scott to convey myself to the TT races in June on the I.O.M. There she attracted some attention and not a few comments. The tactful were along the lines of "Gosh an unrestored and original Flying Squirrel. Not many to be seen like that now" These folk I talked to as they tactfully ignored the close up tattyness and the decaying rubber covered wiring which I had just wound plastic tape round (yellow) to stave off a complete incineration.

Others of the "restored to a state of functional uselessness" brigade, usually trophy hunters too (UGH), I avoided.

The Scott behaved until midweek and then really got her own back. Remember what I used to stop the radiator leak? Well from Ramsey back to Douglas there is a marvellous climb round the side of Snaefell, and after the roads opened at the finish of the day's racing I set off with, I think, Ronnie Fleming on a sunny evening thrash, back for tea, on what is one of the greatest race circuits in the world. A couple of pints may have helped too, I remember no spoken challenge, but this was Scott V Rudge, and Ronnie set a fast pace, so the Scott's neck was well and truly wrung and she rose nobly while I kind of hung on and tried to forget worn out forks etc.

Now prior to this idiocy, the radiator had been boiling a bit so to prevent any pressure build up I unscrewed the pretty chrome plated cap which was just in front of my right knee (that is important) and put a bit of wire through the small vent

hole attaching this to the front forks. Think of James Watt and his kettle. I did as we got up near the Guthrie memorial and the boiling, bubble, bubble noises suddenly became gloop, mega gloop, and the radiator discharged a portion of hot, stinking, organic, sealant, very close to my, ahem, crutch area.

I had to stop, Ronnie disappeared, thankfully, while I did a sort of roadside jig with the very hot Scott thrown or dropped against the banking. A sidecar couple did slow down, sniffed the breeze, thought it was something very personal and went on. I gingerly crept up on the bike, got it to run after a fashion, and at a sedate pace, trying hard to look casual made it to the digs. Dinner was in progress, but Mrs Cooper sniffed twice as did the dog, and asked what bog I had been in or something similar. She was right, I was stinking and required a shower and clothing change before a late tea. Met the lads in the pub later on, where the Physics and chemistry of what had happened were gone into. Someone drew a cartoon of the moment which I have still, but I was thinking "stuff Scotts" if they all do this to you (5 pints later on).

Move on by about a year after the above, and the Scott had been dumped in the back of the garage, partly because I knew by then that she was original, no question, but shagged out too, and needed EXPENSIVE repairs before an M.O.T. could be passed. The baconfoil reflector inside the headlamp threw an interesting pattern, but I tried not to use the lights too much until the wiring had been revamped. No road tax could be obtained without an MOT test so a Mexican standoff developed. I reasoned that I paid tax on a van and one other bike so ventured out with a nearly clear conscience.

Harry kept BSG 745, has it still. I tried it after the rebuild, a transformation indeed. Every bearing, engine, wheels, etc had been clapped out, some dangerously so. Cracks were found inside the crankcase. When I remembered how I had flogged



that poor old thing up to 70 I needed a drink!

Jim Dale

February 9.6.04

Musings from Roger

I am sure that I can not be the only person for whom the pace of life just seems to get quicker.

In support of our stalwart editor, I set down some recent experiences.

I was phoned by Classic Bike, who were doing a series about marque “experts” and could they do a piece on my Scott work. Now although I do not like the term “expert”, as in my opinion, we never know enough to warrant that term, I never turn down the chance of publicising the Scott marque.

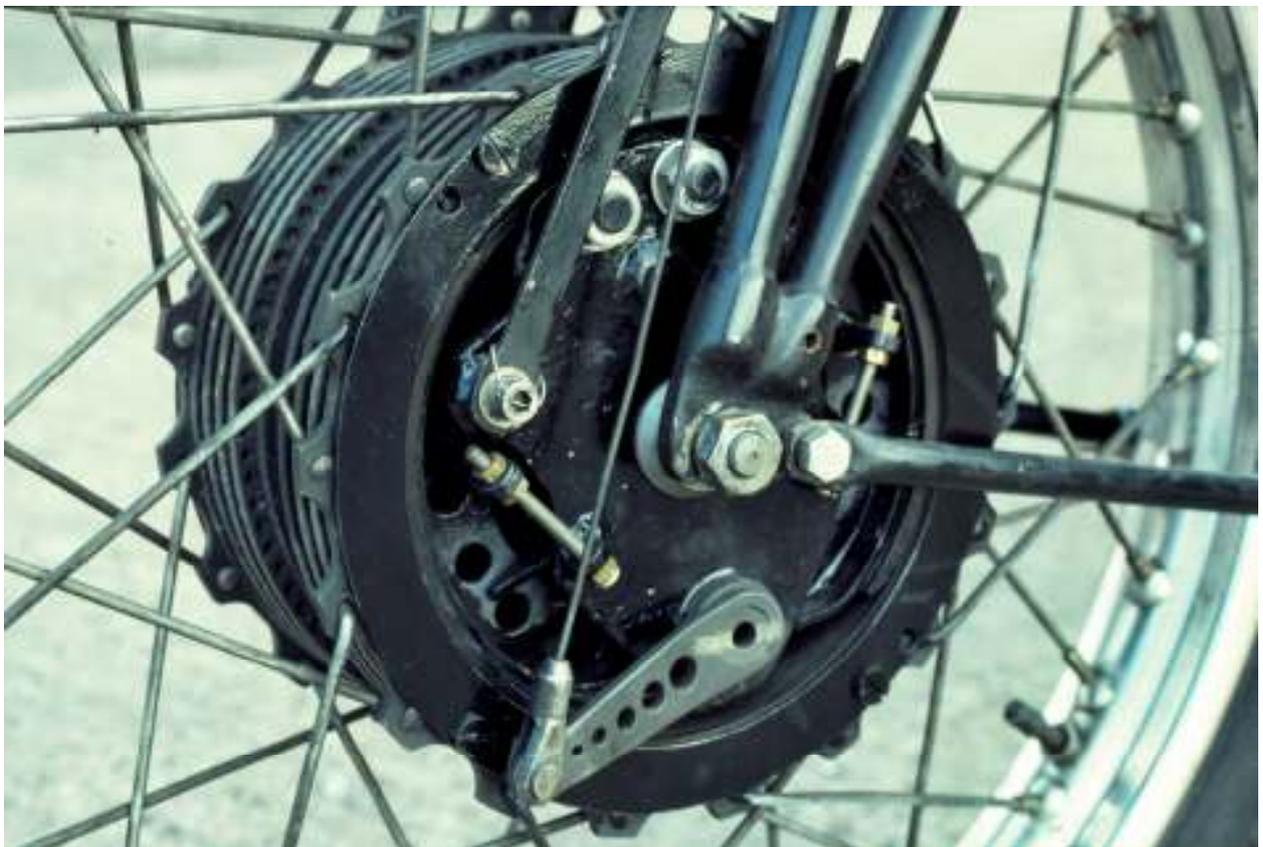
Of course, I earn my modest living from repairing Scott engines, so the publicity is helpful to me also. I was interested to demonstrate that rebuilding a Scott engine is best done with the help of toolroom type machinery and precision measuring equipment. I was a little disappointed to find that the photos were mostly of the assembly, which, of course, is the easy bit after all the individual components have been accurately re engineered. Soon after this, Jim Reynolds, invited me to attend the anniversary meeting of “The British Two Stroke Club” at Market Harborough. I took the Scott special on my trailer and was made most welcome. The meeting was at the grounds of the Market Harborough Rugby Football club and their catering facilities were excellent and an excellent lunch was taken at a very modest price.

I was joined at this meeting by Bob Collett, who, you will recollect, I have given some help with his remarkable four cylinder Scott based “Phased Transfer Engine” Bob arrived on another of his unique creations. A bike with a 500cc sleeve valve uniflow two stroke engine, entirely of his own design and manufacture. To an

engineer, this is a fascinating machine and it's overly modest creator is deserving of considerable respect.

Would I, I was asked, start the Scott and give a brief demonstration run in the large car park, so folks could both see and hear it in action. I duly obliged, but was told afterwards, that it was feared that I would crash into the perimeter fence.

They obviously did not appreciate the efficiency of my home made brakes.



I had been obliged to pension off the cylinder block of my racer that had served since 1975 and as I am 68, I decided that it would be good to give the engine a full rebuild so that it would be reliable for a good period ahead.



Most of you know the story that there were a good number of Scotts racing up to the early 1970's, but one by one, these were retired, either due to advancing years of the owners or by crank breakage's exacerbated by unsympathetic racing use. I also had this problem but as I did not know of a strong enough steel at the time, I overcame it in 1977 with a design incorporating four main bearings, albeit made from steel of quite modest strength. When I made the last batch of high strength long stroke cranks in 2007, I put through two sets of the four bearing design in the same super strength steel. The engine was rebuilt with these cranks, a weighted flywheel and the block I had made for the Silk Scott new engine.

I wanted to test out the bike and found the solution in a complimentary copy of Classic Bike they had sent with the previous article in it. I found that the magazine was promoting a "Classic Burn Up" at Cadwell Park on the full circuit.

I duly entered as directed in the oldest, up to 1970 class. Now, I will be the first to admit that circuit knowledge does help and after 40 years I could almost ride the track with my eyes shut. I will also admit that my bike has had many years of loving care and development lavished on it.

I do accept, that in the eyes of a purist, it is not a “Proper Scott”, but then this term was often applied to Birmingham Scotts, which caused Matt Holder to become apoplectic with indignation after he had expended a small fortune trying to keep the marque alive.



What I do claim, is that I have tried to realise more of the latent potential within the genius that is the original Scott design, without making a Yamaha dressed up as a Scott. I think that those attending the “Burn Up” were not accustomed to the potential of a well sorted Scott with an experienced rider. Indeed, the “Burn Up”

turned out to be more of a “Smoulder Up” as we (I count my bike as a person) steamed past all and sundry.

The only real interest was the sole Triumph Trident, who had been given a ride in this group as his correct class was full. To be truthful, he had about a 5 mph top speed advantage down the longest straight, but this was more than comfortably offset by being faster round the rest of the track.

I noticed that every time I went out, the group of onlookers became bigger, until Hugo Wilson, the Editor of Classic Bike came and asked if they could do a special photo shoot of the Scott and it’s mature rider. Sure enough there was another two page feature in the following months edition.

Other events, not in order, were the VMCC Festival of 1000 Bikes where 4 times World Champion Tony Rutter rode my Scott in the Past Masters demonstration. There was the usual great time at the Beezumph at Cadwell Park, where the Scott has become a regular favourite and now with almost 44bhp at the rear wheel, it is certainly never disgraced. Especial thanks to those stalwart Scott owners who came along to share the fun. Lydden had a small grid of Vintage Bikes, so I got a couple of second places and a few third places despite handling problems.

I think the handling has been adversely effected by the winding up of the frame with the extra power. I have long used a snail cam to prevent the gearbox outrigger being pulled rearwards, but I recently found the drive side of the rear wheel being dragged forward deforming the adjuster. The solution was to fit another snail cam to the rear wheel. With modern track surfaces and sticky tyres, it is necessary to remove the bottom frame rails to have enough cornering clearance to be safe.

The combination of a revised frame, an aluminium cylinder block making the front over light and more than twice the original power output can result in some pretty frightening handling, especially on bumpy corners. I have removed the 19" GP tyre on the back and am trying a 90 x 90 Avon Roadrunner front tyre on the back with rotation reversed. Naturally I use softer racing compound tyres with pressures 31 front 33 rear with a couple of pounds less in the wet. I am hoping that the smaller Roadrunner will not grip quite so firmly as the GP and if it slides a bit, it will perhaps not wind the frame up so much. When I get time, I will machine up a stronger undertray for myself, as this might help stiffen the frame. I am still using a reinforced original item that is starting to show it's age.

On the work front, Ted Hills has designed a main bearing design using Scott main bearing cups, but replacing the gland and using synthetic seals. This was shown in the last Yowl and the first examples have been successfully installed. Where the cups and / or their housings are no longer useable, Ted has designed a very nice ball bearing alternative main bearing assembly which will help me to recover crankcases and give them a long durable future service life.

Finally Abbotsholme For those who were able to stay over the weekend, there was, as last year, great camaraderie, great food and a magnificent ride out.

Due to spinal problems, I can not ride a rigid bike on public roads and luckily race tracks are usually fairly smooth and you spend much time standing on the footpegs anyway. My road mount is a Douglas Ninety Plus with soft torsion bars in. You can see the engineers love of inspired designs, but the Scott is my first love. The revelation of the weekend, was the chance to ride Eddie Shermer's newly rebuilt

Scott. It has been my pleasure to show Eddie all I have learned over 40 years and how I have incorporated these ideas.

Eddie built his engine with the same gas flowing, heavy flywheel and one of my HC heads. Eddie and I had discussed the efficiency of the gas flow routing and we agreed that there was good logic to suggest that a vee type twin carb manifold with two Mk1 Concentric carbs could bring improvements.

Eddie made pattern equipment and machined one up to test on his bike. I was vastly impressed with the sheer power of this bike. It felt like a 750 Triumph twin that had been very well breathed on and it delivered it's power smoothly and



evenly. If I forgot the rigid back, this was no Vintage Bike, but a fully modern lusty roadburner. When I returned from my ride, I congratulated Eddie with the words “You have full racing power without the use of an extractor exhaust” Please make me a copy for my proposed Silk Scott engine.

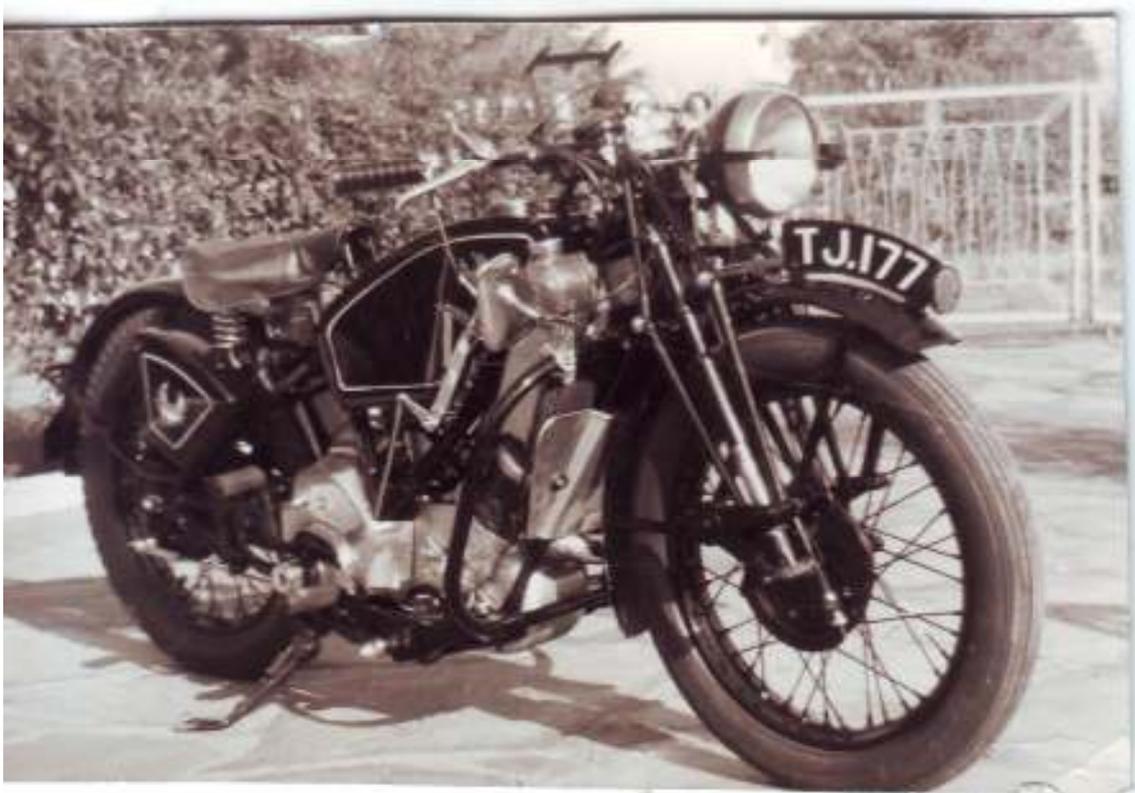
I tell you honestly, with such an engine in a Silk Scott, it would fully live up to its potential. I am encouraged! Of course, it is a non standard feature and every owner will make his judgement on what is right for him, but if Alfred had been riding with me, he would have had a smile from ear to ear!

Roger Moss.

The Scott scene in the Fairest Cape.

There are currently two Scotts based in Cape Town. Oddly both are housed in Durbanville, on the northern edge of Cape Town's suburban sprawl. But adjoining the rural scenery and roads which are ideally suited to our older motorcycles.

Ken Mercer and myself hope that Richard Tann, who recently joined our local vintage motorcycle club and is a regular visitor to Cape Town is thinking about stationing a 3rd Scott in Cape Town.



I have owned my 1929 TT Replica for two years and I understand that I am the 3rd owner. The seller, Mr Ainsley Collet, handed me a collection of all the machine's licence disks (except 1970) from 1929 thru' to 2007. I, of course, will continue to add more disks to the collection during my remaining years as a motorcyclist.

This is a precis of the Rep's history as compiled by Ainsley.

'Arthur Botting first owned the Scott for 40 years and used it daily for 32 years. It was at first fitted with a sidecar and carried the Jo'burg reg.no. TJ 176. He, and later a friend used it to go on honeymoon to Durban some 600 km distant. In 1932 the sidecar was removed and it became TJ 177. It was sold to myself (Ainsley Collet) in 1970. It has since completed several DJ's(annual run from Durban to

Jo'burg for pre '36 motorcycles), Magnums and other rallies. Finishing 1st motorcycle in the Rand Daily Mail rally as well as completing several holiday trips, two up, from Jo'burg to the Kruger Park some 400 km away.'

Ainsley also told me that the TT Rep had been brought out to race at East London in the Cape. The assigned rider couldn't handle the dirt race tracks of the time and crashed the machine; badly bending the forks. The bike stayed in South Africa and was dumped at the Scott agents in Jo'burg where Botting found and purchased it. The machine is fitted with a headlamp but has no dynamo. I will remove it at some stage. Legislation does not require a lighting set but a stop lamp is required for public roads – I have fitted an LED stop lamp and intend for my own safety to fit LED powered indicators.



Needless to say the bike stands proudly in the garage alongside it's new found younger 'classic' friends from Germany, Japan and Italy.

Why, you may ask, did I want to own a Scott.

In 1954 my father had decided that he could upgrade from his 1 speed bicycle to something with an engine and a gearbox. He had a Scott in mind. So I was sat on the crossbar and we toured the south of London looking at 2 speeders with 'biscuit barrel' tanks. But, alas, the asking price was always out of reach. The motorcycle shop in Croydon High St. was never passed without him (& I) gazing at that Scott in the window!



He did buy a two stroke; a '49 rigid frame BSA Bantam which eventually was passed on to my mother, an elder brother and thence to myself. That poor bike suffered with 4 learners.

In the spirit of Scott ownership I have been assisting Ken to learn some tricks of 'knocking up' the crank assembly and to get the crank endplay

within 8 – 12 thou'. Working to Roger's words we repeatedly 'knocked up' & 'down' several times. We were busy for some time; how a single person can do this task alone I can't imagine.

This very afternoon I assisted Ken to get the cylinder block in place. Another job that requires two pairs of co-ordinated hands - I'm learning fast! I also appreciate more Alfred's design and engineering skills.

Bill Hoskin

Cape Town

Scotland Vol 2

A nice little trip to Mull!

There is a point at which the moving human body is in perfect equilibrium. The falling moment is completely compensated for by the forward moment of inertia. In practical terms this means that Pam had done a great job pushing the Scott down the slipway to the ferry to Iona (*what a woman!*) and when the bike eventually started she had carried on running forward. Unable to stop or she would fall on her face and unable to slow down as she needed the forward momentum to stop herself keeling over.

An interesting academic problem when viewed from the serenity of the classroom or human physiology resources department of one of our major centres of learning.

Myself, I could only watch with terror and astonishment as my darling girl slowly ran, doubled over, towards the end of the slipway where waited invitingly the Sound of Iona in all its dripping, wild and wind whipped splendour.

The Scott's engine was now running after three vain tries to start it and it did seem rather a shame to stop it after the combined effort of two middle-aged motorcyclists getting it going. Indeed, we had decided that if it had not fired on this

last desperate effort that we would abandon the attempt for the time being and repair to the local tea shop. Therein to assuage our well developed and exercised thirst.

I looked anxiously in Pam's direction. I certainly would not be able to reach her in time and would gain nothing by trying. So reluctantly decided that I should stay on the bike and keep the engine running until it warmed up a bit. It might then be easier to subsequently start.

Pam started to slow but it would be a damn close thing!

Still! Looking on the bright side, the rain had stopped and it had the makings later of a rather nice day with the clouds starting to break up in the West allowing a watery sun to peek fitfully through the scudding overcast.

Also, as a bonus, the midges were noticeable by their absence and we had been told only this morning that there were no midges on Mull. This being a well known decree by none other than St Columba who landed here in the 6th century and brought Christianity to the heathen Scots.

Yes! There was a definite slowing of her footsteps but this meant that she was even further off the vertical and nearly ready to hit the slipway or plunge into the Sound. If it were me I think that on reflection I would tend to favour the slipway as a grazed knee or two would be preferable to the cold waters of the Atlantic, even in September. Yup! I would definitely favour stopping about now.

Actually I thought that she should have stopped a couple of giant steps ago as she was certainly leaving things rather late! A mere five or so steps to go to the end. Ah well! She probably knows best and the Scott certainly was singing it's yowly song to the waiting pilgrims now standing open mouthed with astonishment as they watched the floor show with appreciative rapt attention.

Aye! It looked as is she is definitely going for the Sound!

No doubt about it now!

The seagulls rise in a flock screaming their excitement. Mingling with a low shout from the waiting passengers as Pam takes a final deep breath before the edge of the water.

And a misty arm snakes out from the side of the low stone wall, sweeps her up and and halts her two steps from the edge.

Good old Saint Columba!

It's a miracle!

Her savior, the bearded CalMac seaman who had stopped her, gently lowered her to the ground. I couldn't quite hear the conversation over the noise of the engine

but knowing Pam she would be thanking him politely for her escape from a watery grave and expressing her appreciation for her deliverance.

Well I thought that was what she was saying but she seemed to be directing her words in my and the Scotts' direction. Her somewhat angry persona, together with an uncharacteristic, dark furrowing of her brow was combined with a rather determined walk in my direction rang a deep bell somewhere within my subconscious telling me that perhaps all was not going to be well with our relationship in the next few minutes!

The Scott and I were in a difficult position here. Jammed as we were with the front wheel against the wall of the slipway, stopping the bike from slipping over into the heather covered bog to my left. Pam approached nearer and she seemed to be gathering pace. Her arms raised in a threatening gesture convinced me that she was a tad upset about the earlier proceedings.

Errrrrrrrrr, what to do?

The passengers, lately robbed of the spectacle of a rather beautiful young lady going for a swim wearing full autumn riding gear, had immeasurably cheered as they appreciated that an even more entertaining scene was about to unfold with the enactment of a "**domestic**" right in front of their eyes.

All this entertainment inclusive of their tickets over to see the cathedral on Iona.

Bliss! O Praise the Lord!

Shall I stop the Scott?

Difficult one that!

I decided that I'll take it like a man as Pam arrives like a Galleon in full sail.

Three steps away.

Two.

One.

As with a kick of her left riding boot she lunges at the Scott shouting, "Bloody Bike!"



And this would have been effective and certainly understandable in the circumstances had she actually made contact with the bike but, sadly, a slight twitch on my part had let the clutch out and with a jerk we jumped forward upsetting her timing somewhat which meant a miss in the kicking department, with a pretty spectacular spin on the muddy ground as she deposited herself in a rather unfortunately positioned puddle. Her helmet slewed over her eyes.

A happy sigh from the crowd completing a perfect morning as they congratulated themselves on having had the foresight to arrive at this spot on a “Dreich Highland Day” concluding that today's entertainment had been worth the wait and sacrifice.

And all at no extra charge!

Ted Parkin.

An interesting pic of a nicely done Scott carb mod!

*(Don't you just love all this engineering tinkering! **EJP**)*



(I understand that this bike is, or was, Roger's brothers' at one time.)

Scotts at Banbury.

(with with kind permission from Gristian Guislan and Motos d'hier)

61^{ème} BANBURY RUN

Une des 22 Scott du

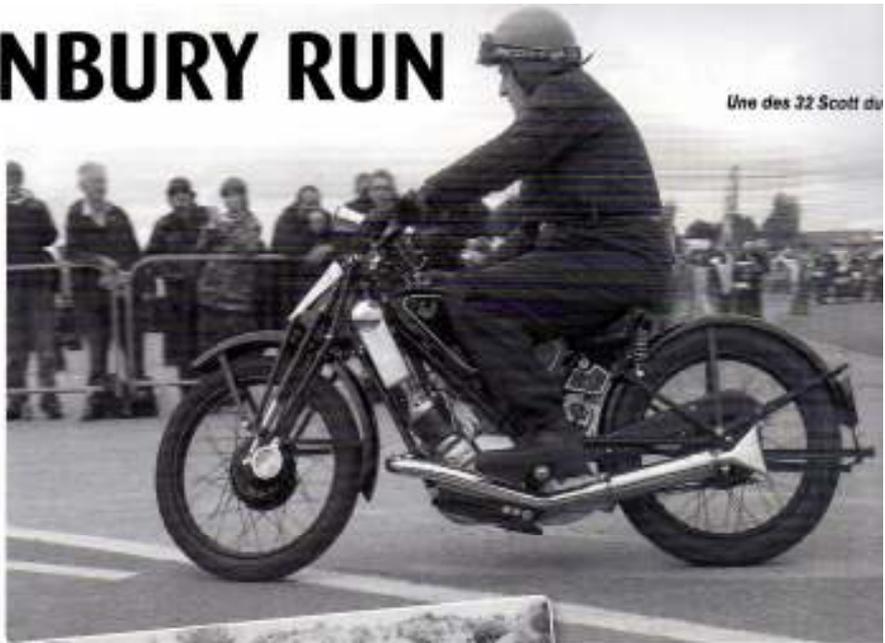
► par Christian Guislain

600 participants se sont alignés au départ du dernier Banbury Run, en Angleterre. Parmi eux, un Français !

Campé derrière sa petite Terrot, Marc rayonne, et c'est non sans une certaine fierté qu'il répond aux questions que suscite sa moto: seul Français engagé dans cette 61^{ème} édition du fameux Banbury Run, il vient de boucler son parcours, le « C », le plus long, presque sans encombre, en compagnie de son ami Alan, qui chevauchait lui une Ariel 500 de 1928. Certes, l'embrayage de la 250 française deux-temps a quelque peu souffert dans Sunrising, mais cette fois, c'est fait ! Après une première tentative l'an passé au guidon d'une 175 Motobécane, qui s'était soldée par un échec, nullement découragé, Marc est revenu et a vaincu l'adversité.

■ Le «Banbury», qu'est-ce ?

Fort de ses quelque 15.000 membres, le VMCC (Vintage Motor Cycle Club) n'organise pas moins de 800 événements «roulants» par an au travers de ses sections régionales ; le Banbury Run est organisé à l'échelon national – si j'ose dire – tout comme le TT Rally, l'International West Kent Rally, le Festival of 1000 Bikes et le Manx Rally. Le premier «Banbury» eut lieu en juin 1949, trois ans après la fondation du VMCC, et consistait en un rallye en direction de Banbury au départ de la banlieue de Birmingham, au cœur de la région des Midlands, le berceau de la plupart des marques de motos anglaises ; la région de Banbury, avec ses nombreuses côtes, fournissait aux constructeurs autant d'occasions de tester les capacités de leurs machines. L'accroissement du trafic routier conduisit à ce que le petit bourgade de Banbury devienne à la fois le lieu de départ et d'arrivée du Run. L'an d'après, suite à la décision de porter à 600 le nombre de participants, il fallut se résoudre à trouver un nouvel endroit, ce qui fut fait, à une vingtaine de kilomètres de Banbury, sur les terrains d'une quarantaine d'hectares autour du Heritage Motor Centre à Gaydon. C'est un musée consacré aux voitures anglaises situé juste à côté de Tusine Jaguar. L'endroit est superbe, permet amplement l'exposition des machines, le parking des participants, et autorise la tenue d'un «autojumble» (bourse d'échanges) avec cette année plus de 150 exposants. Et ici, vous ne trouverez pas de pièces pour votre moto japonaise des années 80, mais bien de quoi redonner vie à votre ancêtre !



Marc Pétronin rayonnant au terme de son « Run ». (Photo A. Bailey)

En signetto, la belle Siooper aura besoin d'une poussette pour dé



Démarrage sur béquille pour la Triumph 550 de 1974



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