

**Here we are again
with yet another
on-line Scott
Newsletter !!**

(courtesy of Nick Sloan etc)

**I thought we would try something a
little different this time.**

(and More articles are welcome)



**Appropriate garb for a TT Replica
eh!!!!**

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EJP

Musings from South Croxton

The mention of the Bentley and Draper dampers reminds me of an experience from about 1979

My dear old mum's demise from cancer was distressing to her family and left a wish to do something positive in her memory.

We live near Leicester, which had at that time a vibrant and varied manufacturing culture.

Typewriters, Cameras, Measuring machinery, Boot and shoe making machinery, a large boot and shoe manufacturing industry and several renowned machine tool makers.

However I noted the great number of knitwear and hosiery factories and of course the huge plant of Corah's who at that time made all the cotton underwear for Marks and Spencer.

The spouses of readers of mature years will perhaps remember when the usually unfailing high quality of M&S underwear took a dive.

The story goes that M&S decided to source from cheaper third world suppliers and whereas the limited number of samples were acceptable, the bulk production were not exemplary

Corah's had all their eggs in one basket and when M&S withdrew their orders, Corah's went bust laying off well over a thousand skilled workers.

When M&S found their cheaper suppliers could not produce comparable quality to a company that had the accrued experience and knowledge of years,

they asked Corah's to resume manufacture.

Too late came the cry, the whole organisation is finished.

Corah's, of course had the manufactures of the most modern textile machines on their Leicester doorstep and this had helped to refine cotton textile production to a high art.

I do believe it took the new M&S suppliers quite a time to raise their game to a more acceptable standard.

What is this to do with Bentley and Draper, well I apologise for going off at a tangent, but, as I have remarked before, I do not write articles, I just talk with a keyboard and have an unfortunate habit of following interesting side issues.

OK back to the plot then. I wrote to all the makers of hosiery, knitwear, stocking and tights and anything else I could think of to beg donations of goods to be sold to raise money for cancer research.

You should understand that the textile fashion industry had their designers produce a new range every year for offer to the big retailers and they selected the designs they thought would sell and placed orders for bulk supply.

The original samples were generally disposed of cheaply as were "Seconds" with almost imperceptible faults as it was before the era of "Factory shops"

Our village, South Croxton, had at that time an "Art Festival" running for three days over a Bank Holiday so there were many visitors who were in the habit of attending already.

In our large garden we erected tents borrowed from the Scouts, and had a refreshment area in a barn run by ladies of the village who had baked cakes .

The mountain of donated goods were set out in the tents for sale at about 50% of retail price.

We had a large pond in the garden with ducks and visitors would sit around with their children with cakes and tea.

On one occasion we had the Mayor of Charnwood visit us and the Loughborough town brass band playing in the sunshine amid the happy chatter.

It seemed that life could not get better than this, but it did. I heard that most evocative sound of multiple Merlin engines and looked up to see a Lancaster, a Hurricane and a Spitfire fly low overhead. I could have wept for pleasure.

I have omitted to mention that as the original village enterprise was an Art Festival, I had on previous years noticed the men trailing round behind their ladies with perhaps less enthusiasm for the art, some of which was of the "Modern" variety.

I decided to put out my motorbikes and borrowed others from friends so we had about twelve of which four were Scotts. I figured that this would give some interest for the men whilst the ladies were doing a fair impression of "The first day of the sales" The previous day, a lady had come to me and said that her elderly father would have loved to see the bikes and she would ask him if he wished to come the next day.

Well, this was the next day and after the euphoric fly past of the "Battle of Britain" flight on route to a nearby air show, I noticed an elderly man looking at

the 1928 TT Replica Scott that I owned at that time and now owned by my close friend and editor, Ted Parkin. I went and introduced myself and asked him if he was interested in motorbikes. Oh yes he said and I used to be involved with the motor cycle trade many years ago. He then added rather wistfully "but I doubt anyone would remember now". "What is your name Sir I asked" Mr Draper he replied. Dear Sir I ask if you will wait here a few moments, as I have something I would like to show you. I quickly went to the workshop to collect the pieces I had in mind and returned to him.

I held out the pieces and said, You Sir are Mr Draper of Bentley and Draper company and you made this friction damper.

I tell you honestly, if you had given this man the gift of eternal youth, he could not have looked more happy. The river of passing humanity had not forgotten him after all.

It was a profound privilege to have the opportunity to bring such pleasure to another human being.

He then went on to tell me that when the factory closed and they were throwing much unsold items away, he took a pile of friction discs home and used some to pack up the castors on his daughter's piano, as it had been rocking about on an uneven floor.

Now THAT is what I call a great day!

Roger Moss

Restoration Unfettered

By Nick Sloan

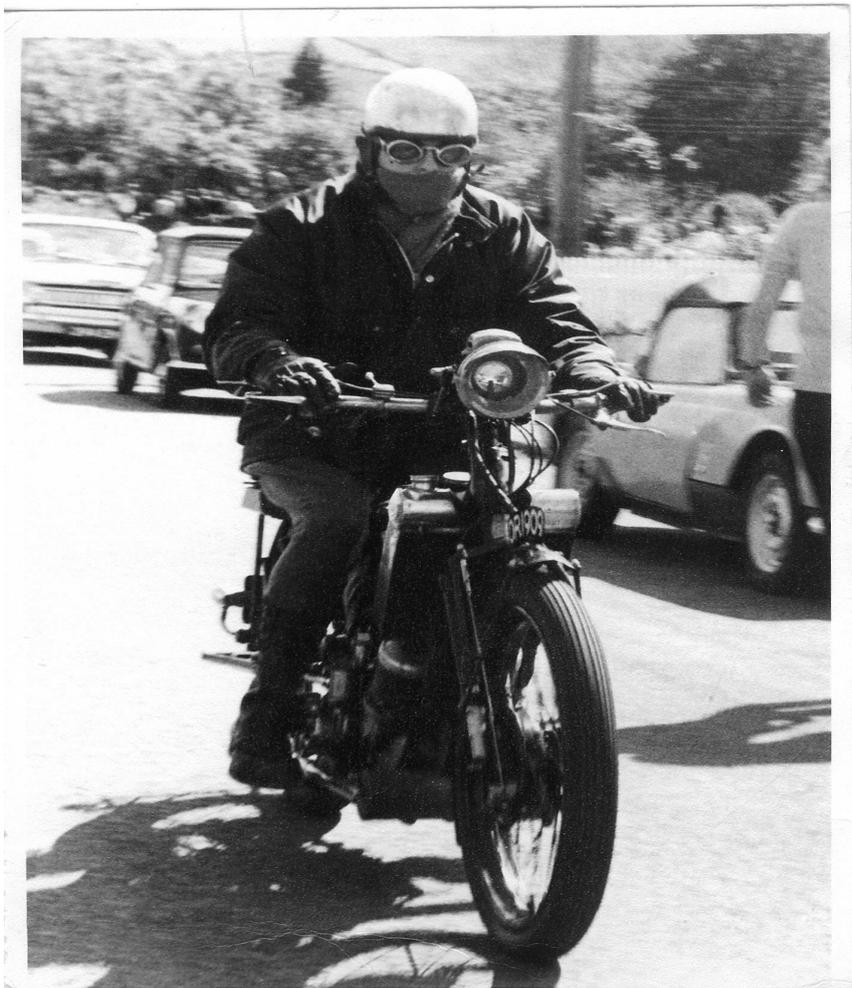
The problems of keeping a machine strictly original, during a restoration, whilst trying to achieve aesthetic acceptability, can be very difficult, and many, to my eyes, fail.

And when that machine is a Scott, these problems are never more clear, as there have been some extremely ugly Scott's produced by the Shipley factory.

Of course, the aesthetic appeal of a machine is indeed 'In the eye of the Beholder', but even the most dedicated Scott fanatic will, I'm sure, agree that some to 'catalogue specification', and indeed some a long way from it, leave a lot to be desired.

I have owned many Scott's in the past, since replacing my Ner-a-Cars with my first in the fifties, but gradually they were all sold, my last a delightful 1928 Three-Speed Super of 1928, Reg. OR 1909, which I had built up from parts collected over a period, went to take the family to Disney World in 1987.

This was the second Three-Speed Super I had owned the first, KX 1221, I bought from Eric Cliffe in the late fifties, which took me to and from the R.A.F. Camp where I was stationed during my National Service. I was still regularly using the gas lights fitted to that machine, even though my Mother complained of the acetylene smell in the pantry, which was connected to the garage.



When I built up that second machine, I was told by those who knew, that it would be impossible to find sufficient parts from scratch to build up such a machine, but I persevered, and by the dint of much letter writing, 'phone calls, and general begging and nagging, I achieved my goal, and a very fine machine resulted, taking me to the Isle-of-Man year after year with unfailing reliability, and much enjoyment. It had the very desirable cast bronze undertray, which was very strong, and very heavy, compared to the standard crack prone aluminium version, but at least the weight was in the right place, as it couldn't get much lower down.

After many Scott-less years I again felt the urge, and not being able to justify the cost of a complete machine, decided on an attempt to once again build one from parts I would collect. As I had sold most of the major parts it was more or less from scratch, and as it had worked so well previously, I thought I would employ the same letters/'phoning/begging/nagging method as before.

By this time Scott owners were even less ready to give up their precious parts, but I was determined, and over a couple of years had the basic making of not one but two plus Scotts.

Traveling the U.K. and Ireland for the company for whom I worked, DAF Trucks, was a great help, as parts came from all over the U.K. and some even from abroad.

It is said that 'Beggars can't be Choosers', so I was careful to refuse nothing Scott, as if I didn't use it, it could well be used for exchanging purposes. I had no clear intentions as to what model I would build up, as this would depend on what parts turned up, but it soon became clear that it could be possible to produce examples of both a Two

and a Three-Speeder, both tending towards the mongrel, but using all genuine Scotts parts nonetheless. Not being fettered by the needs to stick to an original factory specification, I could concentrate on getting the aesthetics 'just right', as the late lamented Dennis Howard used to say.



That is not to say that I don't have my own rules when building up such a machine, as I do; rules such as not using any part that wasn't available in the general period of the machine; no plastic parts or pipes, Simmonds or Nyloc nuts, Socket screws, or bolt-heads with 'bees' or anything else stamped on them, for example. I was discussing this subject with my life-long friend Geoff Lee recently, and neither of us knew when the rolled thread bolts with stamped heads were introduced, and whether or not, it would be right to use them on his 1949 Flyer, the actual machine which was on the Scott stand at the Motor-Cycle show of that year.

Bolts must have plain shanks where they pass through plain holes, and the thread protruding from the nut must not exceed more than one or two threads.

Dennis used to spend many apparently contented hours in his garage in Hampstead, sitting on an upturned box, puffing on his Sherlock Holmes pipe, and looking at his Scott project, trying to decide how to make the machine aesthetically correct. 95% looking and considering, and 5% actually working on it, he used to say.

Dennis had a passion for pre-war racing DKW's, and dreamt of producing a Scott which had at least the appearance of one, although his desire to reverse the block on the crankcase so that the exhaust exited from the rear came to naught. He used up a lot of cardboard sheeting making patterns of how he wanted the Scott to look, but that usually was as far as it got.

Now it has been completed by its present owner it looks almost 'just right' although I think Dennis would have had reservations about the rather incongruous (Electrified) Gas Headlamp, as he didn't like lights being fitted at all, and hand operated horn looking rather uncomfortable standing up high from the handlebars. I do like many things about it however, the folding kick-start, the neat positioning of the drip feeds, the apparently excellent finish and attention to detail, and the Ariel (?) hubs, which look perfectly at home on this machine, even with the Webb forks.

I approached the assembly of the Two-Speeder first, confident that the machining at Shipley was first class, and that interchangeability would therefore be not a great problem, and generally, I was right in that assertion. Some parts I had to buy from the excellent Scott Spares scheme, such as the oil tank, rear chainguard, transverse front exhaust expansion box, tail pipe, side castings for the rear stand, and side covers, but most of the parts came from Shipley.

When a fellow Scott owner decided to discard an original triangular tool-box, as it had some rust pinholes in the base, in favour of a new one from the Scott spares Scheme, I quickly stepped forward and snapped it up. After de-rusting and painting, I lined the base panel with some vulcanised fibre, a vast sheet of which I bought from a musical instrument manufacturer at the base of Harrow on the Hill in the fifties. It is a delightful material, and will be found throughout my restorations both motorcycle and car; and I still have a lot left.

At Stanford Hall one year I saw a Two-Speeder fitted with a leather covered Pan Saddle, and thought how nice it looked, and comfortable too, I imagined.

I found a rather tatty one, from a 1925 Sunbeam, at a Jumble, and Jack Butterworth, who also made a new radiator for both machines, repaired it for me. I eventually had it recovered in leather by a saddler in Hungary, where I live at the moment; not perfect, but much better than bare metal, and only £30.



As can be appreciated from the foregoing, I am a little remote from most of the services U.K. residents take for granted, so had the incentive of finding local solutions to the various problems I encountered, although I had collected together most of the parts I thought I would need before moving over here.

I have a couple of well stocked 'scrap metal' bins (Ammo. Cases actually), as I delight in making useful parts from the discarded rubbish of others, which fits in well with being a tightwad.

For example, the water pipe ascending from the front of the cylinder block and the one descending from the bottom of the radiator did not share the same axis, and I really don't like bending straight hose over such a short distance to compensate for this unaccountable discrepancy.

The solution lay in the selection of Wartburg car parts which son Frazer had collected for the Wartburg Knight Estate he was running at the time; a moulded hose, of 25 mm I.D., with just the right curvature to join the two pipes without strain.



And would you believe that footrest rubbers made for the lowly, but really excellent, 50c.c. Simson Motor-Cycle are just the right size for the Three-Speed Scott, and look right too, albeit with radial rather than longitudinal ribbing.

It is possible, in Hungary, to use an up to 50c.c. Machine without any number plates, tax, M.O.T. etc, so they are very popular and very common, with spares stockists on (almost) every street corner. Son Frazer and I have a couple, and they go like stink, and handle and brake very well indeed. Mine is a Moto-Cross version with knobbly tyres and high mounted exhaust!

Incidentally, and this really is incidentally, both the Wartburg and Simson (German for Samson, the legendary chap who lost his hair and his strength with it), were made in the same I.F.A. Factory in Eisenach, which is in the old East Germany, and which was also the home, some three hundred years previously, to Johann Sebastian Bach, and one hundred years before he was around, Martin Luther who translated the Bible into German from Latin or maybe Greek, whist he was there in hiding; isn't that interesting?

The only real incompatibility I found between the Two-Speeder parts, was when I fitted the rear brake pedal, marked 'Brake' so presumably an early one, and the frame lug around which it pivoted.



Later pedals have a cast in stop to hold them in the horizontal position when not in use, but the one I had did not, and as another of my restoration rules is to never modify an original Scott part, I made up a minimalistic little frame to do the same job, and which later proved useful as the front mounting of the chainguard.



In my intense collecting of Scott parts I had obtained examples of both wide and narrow Two-Speeder forks, the latter coming with the quite early frame, and decided on using these on the grounds that they look more cobby, and also that I really can't see the point of wide forks, as the weak point at the base of the steering head still remains. In fact, the use of the wider forks enables the use of a later and larger front brake; not a good idea unless the brake reaction is raised to the fork crown, and even then the weak spot is still there just above it, so although the delicate fork leg is better protected from bending, the weak point is not.

I experienced the failure at this point on my first Three Speed Super KX 1221, but fortunately wasn't going very fast at the time. The repair was effected by Tom Ward, as young

Roger Moss wasn't offering such a service in 1960, and Tom stamped the repaired forks with the date of repair, perhaps as he knew that the fatigue life of the forks at that point was limited; I can't remember, if I ever knew. I wonder if the present owner of this machine has found the date stamping, and wonders why it is there?

I have yet to fit the mudguards to the Two-Speeder, with my last slim and delicate steel blade made for racing B.S.A. Bantams, when they were first in vogue some years ago. At 2³/₄" they are not much wider than those fitted to heavy duty push-bikes, but match with the narrow forks and 2.75" x 21" front Avon Tyre admirably, in my view. The last time I used one was on my Three-Speed Super OR 1909. I do have a lovely original front mudguard from a mid-twenties Two-Speeder, but at 4" it is far too wide to look right, so someone to whom originality is more important will be able to make use of it, I'm sure.

The rear mudguard I have set aside for the Two-Speeder is around 3³/₄", rather larger than I would like it to be, so I must look around for one nearer 3" - 3¹/₄" to suit the 3.00" x 20" block tread rear tyre. Unlike the DHI Special, I was able to choose the tyre sizes on the Two-Speeder, as I was just starting with bare hubs, and these are the sizes I chose; I do like a nice skinny section but large diameter rear wheel.



The fact that the sprocket on Two-Speeders and Three-Speed Supers is incorporated around the open side of the rear brake drum, stiffening it nicely, makes for a very good rear brake, in my opinion, but the sprocket on the drum I had was dreadfully worn, and down to gums rather than teeth. Fortunately, amongst the left over parts from my Ner-a-Car days was a 72 teeth sprocket of the correct width and chain link pitch, which, unmodified, bolted on to the Scott item after I had machined off the worn sprocket, and drilled some attachment holes. At 72 teeth the final drive ratio is nicely between the 66 teeth solo and 75 teeth sidecar ratios, and ideal for tootling around as I will be doing.

The 5" Webb front brake, of the circlip return spring under the linings type, and kindly donated to the Scott building cause by Ken Lack, is quite the reverse of the rear, and truly dreadful; the sort of brake that when applied makes it seem that your speed has increased, rather than slowed.

I was very pleased that I had a genuine Webb, and stamped to prove it, device which fits onto the camshaft lever, and clamps the brake rod which descends from the fork crown, making brake adjustment very easy, but I think that it makes an extremely puny brake even worse, as on application, the brake rod bends. I don't want to change to a simple fork end, but at the moment can think of no satisfactory solution whereby I could retain it.

The rear stand side castings I had made up into a full stand by machining the pivot holes, and brazing in the cross rod, but it took an awful lot of elbow grease to file the stand stops



to the right angle.

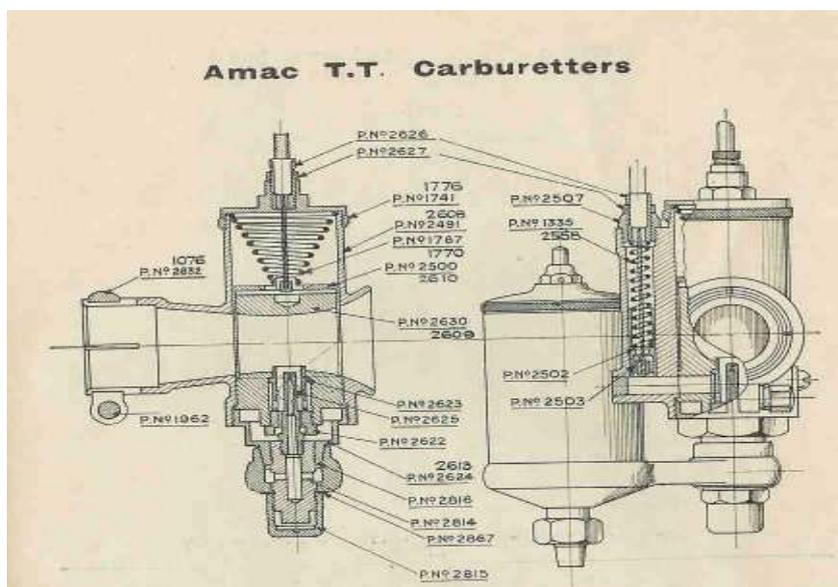
I am not a fan of Pilgrim Pumps, and their usually crude and messy drive arrangements, so I used, as I have always done from my second Three-Speed Super, drip-feeds, this time inserted into the side of the oil tank in the usual fashion, but an awful lot of oil still remains in this tank when they start drawing air. On the Three-Speed Super, where space for the drip feeds is very tight between the gear change quadrant and oil tank, I arranged a horizontal brass pipe below the tank, into the ends of which were screwed the drip feeds; it worked very well, and drained the oil tank fully.

The carburettor fitted to the Two-Speeder at the moment, and which works very well, if a trifle on the weak side, is a Two-Jet Binks, or maybe Amac; I'm not sure which as there is no stamping on the mixing chamber at all, and

the float chamber was missing, so I had to 'borrow' one from another carburettor. The only clue I have is that one of the square shank jets is stamped '8', which suggests Binks, I think.

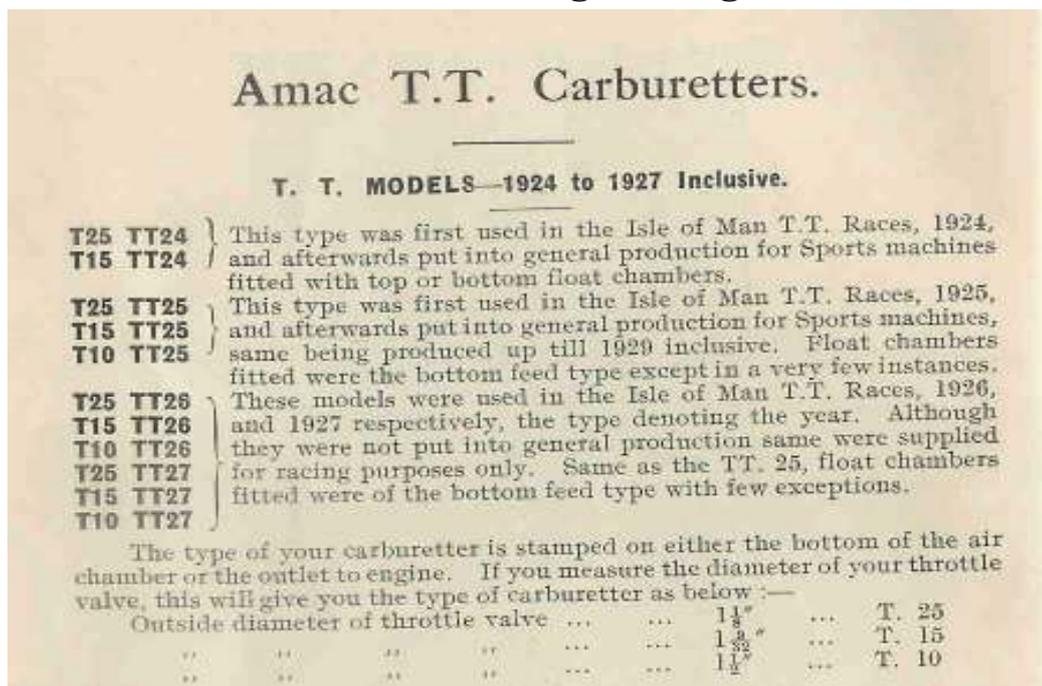
I have a magnificent alternative in the shape of an Amac T.T. Carb, which was apparently produced between 1924 and 1927 according to the very useful little illustrated booklet I have on the subject, and which was published by Amal in 1930. This carb, which may well be unused, or very little used, it is stamped: 15 TT 26, which according to my booklet means that it was produced in 1926 and “was not put into general production, but supplied for racing purposes only”, so that's exciting, to me anyway.

The reason I bought it, at a Beaulieu Autojumble some years ago, is because it fitted the angled inlet stub from my Two-Speeder, which I was carrying with me in my pocket, just in case, but it really is a lovely item, and came complete with four spouted jets threaded onto a wire, stamped 42,44,46, & 48, sizes, around 175 to 230 in Amal terms, but which don't appear precisely in my list of equivalent jet sizes, as all the Amac ones in that range are odd numbers, most confusing; I need an expert.



It looks rather large for the delicate little engine, and I will have to make an adaptor to space it away from the crankcase to prevent a conflict, but I must try it, even though it may be a dismal failure.

I had the choice of two crankcases, one with narrow, and one with wide big-ends, and used the former, even though it was in virtually scrap condition when I got it, and had been heroically rebuilt by Ken Lack, as I think that in this form it is far nearer to the engineering ideals of Alfred



Angas, and also that it looks better without the wide big-end bulges. Some of the crude welding on this crankcase was, I believe, carried out at the factory; waste not want not, in those days.





I suppose that the wider big-ends should last longer, but at the expense of increasing the rocking couple; not a good thing in my view

Scotts produced up until the widening of the big-ends reflect, in my opinion, the balance, decided upon by AAS, between the width of the flywheel, big end and main bearings, and the need to keep the rocking couple to a minimum.

Later 'full' crankcases were far more rigidly held in a far more substantial frame and the wide big-ends seemed more acceptable somehow than the same wide bearings in a crankcase on the Two-Speeder frame, which had far less mass.

But then the later Duplex framed Flyers were a different animal altogether, and although sharing many design features with the Two-Speeders, such as twin two-stroke water cooled engine, and properly triangulated straight tubed frame, were catering for a different motorcyclist, with

different needs, and were really excellent but for different reasons.



But, as I do so often, I have rambled away from my main subject the rebuilding of my two Scotts, one Two-Speed and one Three.

After making good progress with the Two-Speeder, and actually getting it running, I decided to attack what I consider to be my Ultimate Scott; the one for which I have been collecting 'special' parts for very many years, including: nicely matching handlebar levers, for Throttle, Air, and Advance/Retard, A perfect pair of straight-pull inverted levers, and no non-inverted levers, to conceal as many of the

ugly cable runs as possible, rear brake with three ribbed drum and long reaction member, plus a long brake lever, Clubmans Special deep transfer ports, and a 'Binks' twin float chamber T.T. Type three-jet carb. from the same machine.

This carb. is stamped 49/121 and has three jets stamped 100, 40, & 35, the smallest being at the engine side of the mixing chamber. As it came from a Clubmans Special, I am hoping that the jetting should be somewhere near right, although who knows with today's petrol?

The intake is quite close to the adjacent frame tube, but I will not be machining off the thread for the bell mouth, but may well make a ring to cover the threads

I also have a very nice Swashplate Oil Pump which I should like to try out as an alternative to the drip feeds, when I have some spare time.

Based on the parts which I had managed to collect together, it was going to be a sort of late twenties Flyer, but with the beautifully contoured T.T. Replica tank, with cast alloy filler caps and little brass breather tubes facing to the front, in the fashion of ships ventilators.

However, I then found that Dennis Bowman in Rugby had a Monoplex frame, as opposed to a Duplex, probably from an early thirties Tourer, which he would happily swap



for my Duplex frame, so I was drawn into the the grips of the affliction which affects Scott fanatics at my time of life; the desire to build a quasi Sprint Special.

Rather than call it just that or even worse, make out that it was the genuine article, I decide to name it the D.H.I. Special, as it was the late lamented Dennis Howard who had inspired me to appreciate the basics of motor-cycle aesthetics, with his 'just right' and 'just not right' comments.

The frame looked straight and true, and turned out to be so, but what I hadn't realised, until I got it home, was that it was ex-Peter Taylor, the Scott racer from Cherry Hinton, near Cambridge, and had been lightened by the removal or modification of most of the frame lugs, even the steering head had been shortened, and the rear stand spigots had gone.

Whilst it was down at Eastbourne in the capable hands of Barry Jackson, he built up the butchered lugs, and added the outrigger on the main frame downtube to take the gearchange quadrant.

I do like this type of frame as truly all tubes are straight, with the two running from under the saddle to the rear wheel lug being brazed into a substantial casting at the front end, this casting also serving as a nice rigid front saddle mounting, and with two little sub-lugs with $\frac{1}{4}$ " holes to take the tubular chain oiler tank.

On all of the 'genuine' Sprint Special frames I have seen, this rear subframe is a rather flimsy, but lighter, affair, with bent tubes, which, not being so rigid a structure, would not have helped the handling I would have thought, although I have never heard a Sprint Special owner complain; not that I know that many.

I think that it is probably an understatement to say that not everybody will like the style of my Scott, mainly regarding the exhaust system and mudguards, especially the front mudguard.



Firstly the exhaust system, which is I 'loosely' based on that fitted to the prototype Sprint Special, and which is pictured in the excellent John Underhill 'Scott Selection' from the bottom photo of page 76 to the top photo on page 78, but rather more accentuated. From an appearance angle, I've always preferred the transverse front expansion box to the siamesed pipes from the exhaust ports, and using it makes it far easier to position the rest of the exhaust system where it is thought it looks best, by pivoting around the expansion box central $\frac{1}{4}$ " stud.

Perhaps I have overdone the 'kick-up' ending in the Howarth silencer, and fishtail, both of which are totally original, apart from the main Howarth body being from new tube, as the left hand footrest is now under rather than over the pipe connecting front expansion box to the Howarth, so,

for the sake of symmetry, I shall have to extend both footrests outward slightly, and contrive some form of heat guard to prevent my left trouser bottom from getting singed.



Trying to get the front mudguard to look half reasonable, it not moving with the wheel, is very difficult and in it's present state it is really an experiment, as it is the offcut of the main mudguard blade which I intended to use, and still may. I think that it may be a little too abbreviated at the rear, but I really think that the front protrusion from the Scott Girders is just right, and the cut-off rear is growing on me.

The mudguard stays both front and rear are in the personal preference category, inspired by those fitted, as original, to my 1934 Grand Prix Scott, AYW 36 of Alan Lombard Howitt, but I have used a variation on the tapered

nuts of the Two-Speeder era, as I like the way that they cover the unused part of the stay thread; very neat.

The front stay for the front mudguards isn't really necessary with the short protrusion from the forks, but as I don't like unused fixing points I fitted this one to use the two tapped holes in the fork frame meant for the purpose, keeping the angle of the stay similar to that of the fork members behind it.



Another fixing point which became redundant was the frame lug for the rear brake short reaction plate, as I had decided that I must use the back plate with long reaction plate. Rather than reposition the existing lug, beyond my rather limited facilities (and capabilities) I chose to make up a heavy gauge 'P' clip to clamp the front end, and will have to devise a suitable clamp for the original reaction bolt position, as the holes do not now line up, as I had to keep the long reaction plate level, so that it looked right.

Both wheels, with brakes, came complete, and as they use matching Jones rims, (I think, but then so does Brian Marshall)

I will, as I have mentioned, stick with the 3.00" x 21" front and 3.50" x 19" rear, even though I would have preferred a 20" rear wheel fitted with a 3.25" x 20" tyre.

If I can find a Jones rim of 20" I will change, but in the meantime use the 19" rim, which I expect will be more comfortable for my aging frame.

The front brake stay is of an 'improved' design, made and fitted by the previous owner, I presume, using two widely spaced stays rivetted to the back plate, which come together at the top with the socket end fitting welded in place and fitting over the standard fork reaction lug. This forms a triangle, and appears to be far stronger than the original plate set-up.

The radiator had to be specially made, by Jack Butterworth, as I was using Scott Girders, rather than the more usual Webbs on this type of machine, with the top tank having to be scalloped to clear the fork top tubes. There is no intervening steel plate between the three mounting holes and the frame lugs, the mounting ferrules in the radiator core being positioned by Jack Butterworth precisely to match the frame lugs. It is of the same 11" width as that on the Two-Speeder, which, once again, fits in with my desire to keep the machine as narrow and lithe as possible.

If I am honest, I think that the Webbs are a far better fork than the rather clumsy Scott forks, but at least the latter are Scott made, and anyway they were what I had available. They do, I'm pleased to say, have the optional Bentley & Draper side dampers.

The under-saddle fuel tank was made up, again by Jack Butterworth, using new top and bottom pressings, with a central tube of larger diameter at the bottom than the top so that it would slide over the tapered top of the main central frame casting.

This, of course, means that the tank will be hanging from the top keyed ferrule, but it seems well up to the job, I

hope. Top and bottom pressings are parallel to one another, as the appearance of the sloping top factory Sprint Special tank doesn't appeal.

Fuel taps are all of the little round Two-Speeder 'Enots' variety, one on the Two-Speeder, and two on the DHI, although they do look a bit puny to feed the twin float chambers of the latter, especially when I'm Harry Flatters, with just the top of my pudding basin showing above the handlebars.

Another decision that had to be made; more time sitting and looking before doing anything, but now on a comfortable folding chair rather than an upturned box, was which type of Steering damper to use. I had two choices, an original conical, and surprisingly unchipped, Bakelite Andre Knob, or a brass, Nickel plated 'butterfly version, which is presumably still of Andre manufacture. The Bakelite example was in fine original condition, and I wanted to use it, having saved it for this occasion so many years ago, but the butterfly one won in the end as it just looks better, being much lower and more sleek than the Bakelite version, which looks more like a little umbrella perched on top of the forks.



The saddle on this machine will also be of the leather covered pan pattern, the underframe for which was hewn from a solid block of steel by my friend Geoff Lee, with the help of some machine tools, I hasten to add.

Some more work needs to be carried out on this installation, and in the meantime I have fitted a quite serviceable, but not so attractive, 'Lycett' fabric covered saddle, taking some time to provide a horizontal seating for the bottom of the rear suspension springs, as the fixings on the rear subframe are sloping, and curving the bottom of the spring to suit the slope would never do, and make me wince every time I looked at it. The pivoting front mounting is on an extension of the tank top casting which itself carries the twin straight tubes to the rear wheel lugs, so a nice rigid saddle mounting; I really don't like saddles which float about.



The engine I shall be using is a PY of 1930, and apparently in excellent condition, although dismantled at the time of writing.

I shall use the long 'T' section crankcase door straps on both sides, which apply pressure centrally on the crankcase door, rather than the rather crude small rectangular ones, unless, of course, I use the swashplate pump, but even then, I hope to be able to fabricate a 'Monocle' type of clamp, to hold the pump in place, using just the single stud. A previous owner of this engine also seemed to have had a preference for the long straps, as just discernible it may be seen that the threaded holes to take studs for the small straps have been beautifully plugged with aluminium, and polished flat.

Whilst this engine is being rebuilt I may well use a short-stroke engine with straight backed crankcase, of presumably 1927 manufacture, although the digits stamped on the crankcase are a little enigmatic, as described recently in a Yowl article.

PZ – CE S.S. where the number would normally be, with a minute Y stamped a little higher up, all using stamps of a different pattern to those normally employed at Shipley, and no sign of a date indicating serial number.

In spite of the PZ prefix the crankcase is, I'm sure, short-stroke, and was fitted with short-stroke cranks, and the block I will be using is stamped F 5 49/64, the fraction using those extremely small number stamps which must have been very difficult to wield.

The block for the PY engine has provision for cylinder wall oiling, which I shall probably just block off, unless I fit the swashplate pump which has separate outlets for feeding oil straight into the cylinder. I could, maybe, fit a brace of drip feeds at either side, but that would possibly be a little OTT, and leave little time to look at the road ahead.

The close ratio gearbox had been expertly rebuilt by the previous owner, and the only change I shall make from standard is to the kickstart, which will be of the folding pattern, as the standard item does literally stick out like the

proverbial sore thumb, and spoil the overall narrowness of the completed machine.

This kickstart lever is an original Scott item but modified, by whom I have no idea, to take a B.S.A. or Triumph maybe, folding top end; the type where a spring loaded ball dropping into an indent, holds the folding portion in folded position.

For convenience I decided to fit a rear stand, although I have to admit that they are very ugly when clipped up to the rear mudguard, and would never have been fitted by Dennis, who preferred to carry a small block of wood in his knapsack, for one of the footrests to rest upon.

It took me some while to decide which undertray to use, short or long, although I can find no evidence that the latter were ever fitted to any Scott model apart from the long frame, straight backed crankcase Flyers of the 1927 era.

Both undertrays were fitted and removed many times, along with the rear wheel and rear mudguard and attendant bracketry, and, much to my surprise, I found that the long tray was most suitable, and, as a bonus, makes access to the inky depths where lurks the primary chain, so much better.

I was very fortunate in finding not one, but two square B.T.H. T.T. Magnetos, so both machines have one of these delightful little instruments. I think that at least one of them was fitted to an actual T.T. Scott, but the person from whom I bought it couldn't remember the identity of the rider unfortunately, and has now passed away. A number of other T.T. Scott items came from this same source, and from the same T.T. machine presumably, most of which have now gone to Brian Marshall who seems intent on finding every T.T. Scott that ever existed, and rebuilding them to his high standard.

I'm not one for hanging Christmas Tree like baubles on my machines, but to finish them both off, I have a nice pair of Bonniksen Speedo's, and an original pre-war Scott Pennant with a clip for the handlebars (Offered up until the Second World War, as far as I know) on the DHI.

Both Bonniksens are of the early type, one I've had for over fifty years transferring it from machine to machine over the years. I still have the letter from the original owner of this instrument, telling me that he had removed it from his Zenith Gradua in the twenties, and that my offer was accepted even though it wasn't the highest he had received, just because I told him it was going to be fitted to a Scott; how very satisfactory.

Both of Them have the lovely 'turned from the solid' type of bezel, rather than the later pressed ones when they were produced, on a more commercial basis, by Rotherhams.

And lastly a brace of cast brass squirrel mascots, again probably handlebar mounted, and one for each machine. These are not those offered by Shipley, but were produced between the wars by Cutlery manufacturers Budd's of Sheffield, the brothers Eric and Barrington Budd being great Scott fanatics. The original Shipley example I had will be going on the 1949 Show model of Geoff Lee as I thought it more fitting for it to grace an original Scott, and one of the last produced, to boot.

It's really nice to have one of each, even though my Three-Speeder has the Sprint Special/Tourer type of Monoplex frame, more similar to the early machines. Both have endearing qualities, but are two oh. so different motor-cycles. As age takes its toll, and I find I am having difficulty in manhandling heavier motor-cycles, the Two-Speeder has its attractions, and is a real delight to ride, but I haven't actually got the 'Ultimate Scott' running yet, so must get on before I am absolutely too decrepit, and have to rely on Son Frazer to ride my Scott's for me, as he has been doing with

the Two-Speeder, and enjoying every minute, I'm pleased to say.



Dennis Howard gave me the nicely engraved oil tank strap of stainless steel from his own genuine Sprint Special which proudly proclaims 'T.T. Winners 1912 & 13, Wass Bank 1908', an awful long time, and two World Wars ago. It will go on the DHI Special; quite appropriate, I thought; I hope he would agree.



Thought that I might pop in a few chapters of "Triumph in the West" if that's OK with you all. Just email me if you don't want anymore.

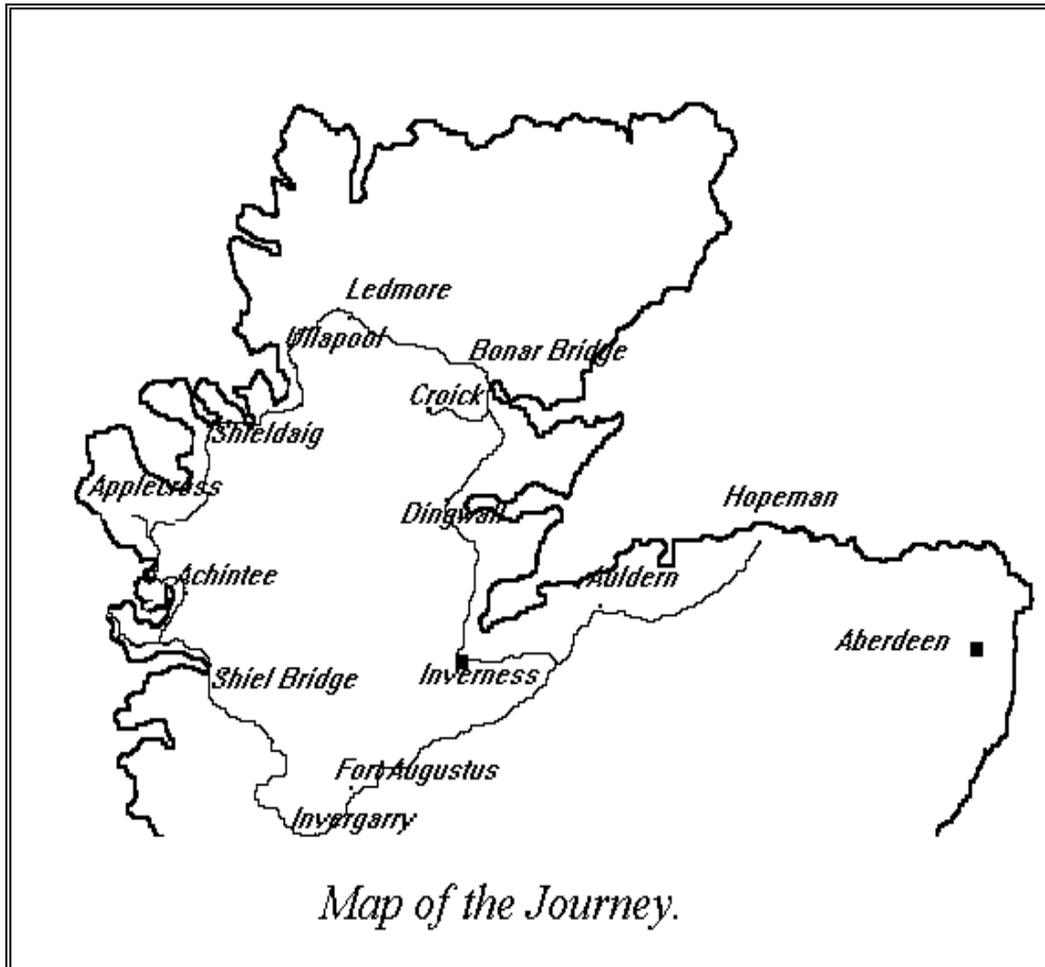
Ted



Triumph in the West

Travels on a 1914 Motorcycle and Sidecar

© E.J.Parkin (1995)



Temptation.

The cloudburst of late afternoon was a two hour memory as the sun blazed down, drying the roads and encouraging that day's midges to start the endless search for food, the endless mating and dying cycle. Six hundred feet from the summit of the highest road in the British Isles, **Bealach Na Ba** (the pass of the Cattle) in Wester Ross, silence again reigned and small rocks settled further down the pass, moved by the undermining action of the recent downpour. Around a left hand bend screamed a 1914 Single Speed Model A Triumph Motorcycle and Sidecar, the engine roaring at maximum power, a cloud of blue smoke trailing behind. The belt slipped now and again as it protested with the

load and heat, causing the engine revolutions to climb before it grabbed again and helped the outfit lurch a few more feet towards the summit.

The rider was off the pan saddle and hunched over the handlebars as he helped the tortured combination gain height by pedaling with the last of his rapidly ebbing strength, the engine revolutions dropped, the rider's heart rate soared to new heights as, with a final heave, he tried to forestall the inevitable moment when the slope, the force of gravity, the lack of engine and leg power equalised and the outfit would stop. Two more agonising yards were gained before it slithered to a halt. Quick as a flash, he was off the bike and slammed the rear stand down as the combination tried to reverse its direction and go backwards down the 35° incline. With a sigh of relief the rider felt the stand dig in, the bike lift and the hard-earned ground was saved. The engine was silent and the oil smoke now rose in a vertical cloud, covering the outfit and rider in an acrid blue haze. His heart rate lowered, his sweat rate increased and -----dinner was served for 523 West Coast midges!

It had taken two and a half hours of effort and pain to get this far on the hill and a full years work since a day in August 1993 when he saw another Triumph climb another hill without stopping. This was the first section in the Scottish National Trial organised by the **VMCC** at Blairgowrie, by Perth. The Triumph was a 1911 Single speed model ridden by that doyen of Veteran Triumph riders Colin Missen. This time he was sweating and I was marshalling. He was jubilant in having climbed a two mile hill without changing to his (small) spare belt, and I was impressed by the impossibility of what he had just achieved, on what was basically a motorised push bike with minimal power, minimal brakes but with maximum enthusiasm. I had to have one. Colin didn't know me but I was soon to know Colin and benefit from his help, incomparable knowledge of Veteran Triumphs and the odd spare part.

Its easy to get a Veteran Triumph, like its easy to get anything else in this world, all you need is lots of money and a phone. Well I had the latter but unfortunately not much of the former. If I was ever to get one I would have to buy one in bits and build it up myself. At least this way you know the condition of what you have, and when the chips are down, you only have your own mechanical expertise to blame if things go wrong. So! the inevitable search started, phone calls to guys who had two, three or even four Triumphs but none would part with any. "If it is this difficult to get one they must be good". I thought. After a couple of months I saw a 1921 Triumph advertised in Old Bike Mart but in small letters it said. "Also available, 1914/12 Triumph in bits".

Have you ever seen those cartoons where the heroes' legs are running forward so fast that the body is left behind? Well! That was me, as two burn tracks scorched their path to the phone, the fingers pressing the digits in a blur too fast for the eye to see. The seller explained that his late father was collecting the spares for a Veteran Triumph before he died, and these were the bits that were for sale. The Triumph was in Lymington Hampshire, I live in the North of Scotland, but my daughter's partner lives fifty miles from Lymington. So with another frantic phone call "the game was afoot" and although I had to wait until the seller returned from a business trip, on Sunday night I was, at last, the owner of a Veteran Triumph.

A bill of sale and lots of cardboard boxes arrived at my cottage in November 1993. Pam Gander and I assembled the rusty bits in the front room, the coal fire casting a lovely rosy glow on the elegant remains. The bike came with loads of rare spares and was well worth the money, I even had two veteran Bosch magnetos, new levers, new wheel, belt and brake rims. It even had new tyres! What a find!

Pam and I have spent the last five years Vintage Motorcycling. We have done a double Lands End John-O-Groats and endless rallies and road runs on **BSA** and **AJS** outfits, all unsupported and with no back up vehicles. This, we feel, is in the spirit of the Vintage movement and maybe will encourage more people to follow our example. Mind you, this does pre-suppose a degree of give and take on both sides and a partner whose priorities are not new clothes, carpets, kitchens and keeping up with the Jones's! But someone with enthusiasm and a sense of humour. A rare combination these days!

I received a letter from Colin who told me that I had acquired a 1914 Model A Triumph with a 500cc side valve engine, direct belt drive to the rear wheel and a Sturmey Archer clutch in the rear hub, he ended with "Welcome to the Veteran Triumph ranks!" that is what enthusiasm is all about. The fortuitous find of a Veteran sidecar chassis and the acquisition of a Loydloom chair at a local Antique shop provided the basis of a low cost sidecar. Most of the Sturmey Archer clutch had to be made using the 1908 Triumph Patent application and, with lots of work and patience, in February 1994 a running and basically complete 1914 Triumph was taxed and ready to start the long and exhaustive sorting out procedure. Exhaustive, not in the sense of sorting out mechanical problems, but of being physically exhausted when running, pushing and generally getting

fit enough to operate the thing! I did hear that Colin Missen runs up and down stairs at work and that Olympic Athletes use his method to train. These stories may be apocryphal of course!

Now! lets talk about brakes! Most Veteran riders are a bit reticent about this subject. In these enlightened days of substance abuse and lying politicians there is no need to be. Come out of the closet riders! If more of us protest that we too do not have brakes we can then hold our heads up high and be treated like ordinary people.

Here is a typical Triumph outfit descent. You approach a downhill grade with fear and trepidation. The heart rate increases and the sphincter muscle tightens as the brakes are applied. Using engine braking, throttle and choke closed there is, usually, no discernible reduction in speed. Firmer pressure by the left boot on the rear brake results in the dust being lovingly wiped from the brake rim, accompanied by a soft squeak from the rear of the machine. The sphincter muscle now squeezes shut as the hobnailed boots hit the road in a shower of sparks. I have found that half inch studs are more than enough to cause good retardation on the outfit but tend to damage floors in four star eating establishments, not to mention that grip on these floors is low and an involuntary execution of the splits is not unknown. Mind you, hard men in shopping malls back out of the way when I walk down the aisles.

I once walked into Boots having recently bought a long brown leather riding coat, a pair of Despatch Riders boots shod with hobnails, a pudding basin helmet with Mk 8 goggles and a pair of black leather gauntlets. Dressed in this get up, the goggles raunchily perched on the helmet, the crowds parted in front like the Red Sea parting before Moses. A young child saw me and screamed for its mother, an elderly woman staggered into a display and was grabbed by a passing youth, obviously trying to help. This was construed as an attack by the elderly lady who retaliated with her walking stick. Past the C.D. counter a young girl dressed in black, silver jewelry dripping from her ears, nose and throat glanced up. Her eyes opening wide at this Neo-Nazi apparition and vowed to keep off the Ecstasy tablets forever as I sidestepped her frozen body. Three assistants watched me carefully from the photographic counter, a frenzied whispered conversation-taking place as they decided who would serve me. The smallest girl was reluctantly pushed forward as I reached the counter her knuckles white as she awaited those dreadful words, "Are my photo's ready?".

Now where was I! Oh yes! At this point the sphincter muscle goes into spasm, the eyes open wide, teeth are clamped together and then exposed as a grimace contorts the face

(As an aside, there is some lovely orthodontic work being done on the teeth of Veteran riders in the south of England, just look next time you see one descending a hill.)

Back to the braking, with everything locked and feet firmly on the road a slight retardation can be felt and, with a bit of luck you will not need to run into that nice Hawthorn bush you saw near the bottom of the hill. It only took me three weeks to identify most of the types and varieties of hedge indigenous to the British Isles and only needed the Lesser Hawthorn once.

We came up with the idea of using a Grapnel Anchor on a long rope tied to the sidecar, the theory being that on a long descent the passenger could throw this out and as it sliced through the undergrowth, it would slowly arrest the downward swoop. This had snags.

One, courting couples do not like being dragged out of hedgerows and a rapidly disappearing partner in the throes of passion led to the termination of one such relationship and a black eye for the rider.

Two, spectators, especially mothers, are irate when their offspring are wrenched from their loving grasp by a Grapnel around the ankles. Besides which the coefficient of friction of small children being dragged down hills is not very great, unless of course, they can be persuaded to use their fingers like hooks thereby helping considerably.

Finally, the sidecar body took exception to being abruptly halted from thirty miles per hour by snapping a few bolts and casting the passenger into a bramble bush. The scratches weren't that bad but clearly a solution had to be found.

A large whisky saw a possible solution, a second whisky saw a way to do it and a quick phone call to Colin confirmed that Ivan Hart-Davies had the same thought in 1911 (*must have been the same whisky*) and we reversed the rear brake to allow it to "wedge" into the brake rim thereby increasing power.

We road tested the modification and Pam shot forward like a bullet as the rear brake was applied and only saved herself from being run over by her own sidecar by lightning reactions and a left hand body swerve. Harder braking material was the answer. But don't try this at home children, as a locked rear brake system could be embarrassing, and dangerous, in the extreme-----get an adult to do it first.

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