

**“Can we get
anymore speed out
of her Scotty?”**

**“She canna take
much more
Captain!”**

**Now! I don't know about the Laws of
Physics but herewith the latest On-line
Scott newsletter!**

**And havent the big boys been having
fun!!!!!!!**



(Pics from Ken Barker)

Your esteemed Editors (*having reached an age where they really should know better*) enjoying a Big Boys day out at the Morini Owners Club track day.

**Cadwell Park
June 2011, and enjoying every minute of
it!!!!!!!**



Yo! My Man!

*To keep on the racer theme here is a pic
of Emily on the TT Replica!!*

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EJP

Email from Rob Perry

Hello Ted

You may be interested to know that I am the person who made the drawing referred to by Roger Moss in the recent online Scott Newsletter No 3.

I never saw Roger again until one of the last Scott Rallies held at Stanford Hall, but when I did bump into him, we got on like a house on fire (well, who wouldn't?)

Having so many things to do in my life as an artist (not to mention all the usual , full-time job, marriage , mortgage, kids, divorce etc) I've never had enough time to devote to motorbiking culture, race meetings, and all the other aspects. (I think I've only managed to do about four vintage runs in my life.) My motorbiking has been almost exclusively devoted to commuting and only rare runs for pleasure. So my old Scott has had to work hard for a living.

I bought it (1930 500cc short stroke Tourer) in 1960 when I was a sixteen year old Art Student and couldn't afford a Tiger Cub or anything like that. Those were the days, of course, when old bikes were almost being thrown away in favour of chromium-plated new machinery, and the first Honda 50s and 125s were only just beginning to appear. But my Dad had owned a Scott outfit in the 1950s so I had a genetic affection for the marque and as soon as I had passed my test on a beat up old Excelsior Talisman (which my uncle said I could borrow if I could get it running) I went to see Matt Holder and he put me on to the Hendry brothers who had got one for sale.

And so, VC 4749 came into my possession on the proceeds of two weeks student holiday work (£30) at Darby's Bakery. I do remember saying to my Dad that I would also like to try and get hold of one of those "Broughs". To which he said "Don't be stupid, you'd probably have to pay 150 quid for something like that!"

I should mention that when I was in the Isle of Man about five years ago I got talking to two Scotsmen who asked me how long I'd had the bike. They then asked me how much I'd paid for it and when I told them "Thirty quid" they said "How would ye like te mak a hundred percent profit?"

I've ridden the Scott constantly with no real trouble apart from the occasional re-bushing of the Web girder forks, rewinds of the magdyno etc although I did have a broken crank about five years ago. It has always been absolutely reliable and a good starter, usually first kick. The tales of Scotts being pernicky, unreliable bad starters is quite a mystery to

me. Perhaps its the fact that I use it constantly. It obviously likes the way I drive it (I certainly don't nurse it !) I'm not too bothered about originality, more interested in rideability. I've got modern sticky tyres on and wow doesn't she corner!

The Scott did receive reinforcements over the years in the form of a Sunbeam S7 and sidecar MTV 431 which I had to let go during one of the traumatic phases of my life (where is it now?) a little Yamaha DT 125 (gone to the great big motorway up in the sky) and the 1977 860 GT Ducati which I bought in 1986 and also still have.

The Scott, which I still use all the time, gives me amusement when I come into contact with younger bikers. "What are all those levers on the handlebars?" to which I reply "That's the engine management system"

"You should have a go on my bike since I've bled all the hydraulics!" to which I reply "That's nothing, you should have a go on mine when I've oiled all the cables!"

Anyway I attach a few images which you might be interested in
Regretfully I DO NOT take commissions for drawings/paintings of bikes.
If you want to know the reason just take a look at my website
www.robertperry-artist.co.uk

Best wishes
Rob Perry

Morini Track Day Cadwell Park 16th June 2011-07-2011

After a long 500 mile trip from Scotland I arrived at Cadders to meet up with Roger. He was esconced in deep conversation as usual with fellow racers and I joined him, instantly being given a glass of red wine (*I was amused by its Audacity!*) and a plate of sherry trifle. (*What trifles we have to put up with eh!*) by a most attractive young lady..

We later repired to our respective vans for the morrow where I was to try out the MPG Scott and Roger to check out his racer with the uprated engine.



The morning dawned bright and clear but with a dismal forecast for later in the day. So! Better we get moving! Scrutineering was a formality but my bike was picked up as having play in the steering head bearings which, of course, need some attention. That's the bonus of having an "independent check".

This having been attended to it was time for the testing on the GP circuit. I was somewhat concerned as to how the bike would perform on the track. For having tested beforehand in Scotland I was limited in my hooligan behavior but after some delay getting running, due to flooding the bike in my excitement, I gave it a gobfull!!

"Wowee baby" This was great! Loads of poke from the motor and quite amazing handling from the ultra lightweight bike. The brakes however were something of a disappointment and let down an otherwise good package. But let's look on the bright side. All was well with the world. Although the bike was overgeared it was a great start!



Roger was out next. He disappeared after a couple of laps. Here's his tale via the SOC Forum:

The only way you can know when you have reached the limit as regards tuning is when your next development step fails to work. Cadwell was just such a time. I had built an engine with a slightly bigger bore, bigger ports and a slightly higher compression. I took it to the Morini club track day the week before and it seized. I had noticed it getting hotter than usual. I stripped it and saw the fuel height in the remote float chamber was a bit low, so took pains to measure and mark everything so I could get the fuel height spot on. I then rebuilt it all in the bike and ran it up. It was still getting hotter than I liked and it sounded harsher than normal. It was midday Thursday and I needed to go Friday pm, but I stripped out the engine again and checked all the matching of the water passages between head / gasket and block. I used air tools to match everything up and had the engine rebuilt by 2 am Friday. I got a few hours sleep and got up at 6.30 to build it all into the bike again and load the trailer. At Cadwell it was hard to start and was getting hot. I went to the line and it stalled before the sighting lap and we could not start it.

You can understand that this was an exhausting, expensive and very disappointing experience. To be honest, with all the late nights and rushing and pushing, all on my own, I did start to feel my 70 years a bit.

I have the block and pistons I used last year and will rebuild the motor with these components. Of course, I should note that as far as I know, I am the only competitor still using unleaded petrol rather than alcohol or avgas. Even the difference in inlet port size and timing will permit more gas to be transferred and this effects the pressure of the charge at the point of ignition and thus the speed of flame propagation. I feel sure that I had just gone too far and I was getting detonation. The next step is to measure carefully the head volume. I know the piston to head clearance was about as before so I suspect the effect of the bigger inlet ports and larger port areas pushed it over the edge. When it is rebuilt with last years block and pistons, which were nearer road spec, I will measure everything to get a good comparison. Any man can stand



Roger on the MPG Scott

success, but you need to be realistic when things go wrong. It is an opportunity to learn. The racer is used to try and find out how far I can push the envelope (this experience has shown me!) always bearing in mind that everything is well within the known safe zone.

I never pretended to be a genius, but do my best with what I was born with.

Roger.

So there we were. One bike left. What to do? Well to me it was obvious . Do another session myself then hand my bike over to the engine builder and get good, informed feedback from his racing years and engineering background. An honour!

Roger confirmed my impressions about the motor, instant poke, undergeared, crap brakes and it needed a QR throttle. All was well therefore in Scotland!

Worth every penny of the cost of getting there. Roger suggested making and fitting a heavy flywheel ring to iron out some vibration so I was well pleased with the test session. Therefore having achieved our aims and commiserating with Roger about his bike we swiftly loaded the bikes away just before it threw it down with rain! Lucky or what!



Not that there's any oil dripping out you understand!!!!!!!!!!

Ted Parkin

Scotting

It is really all Peter's fault! We've been friends since we were toddlers before WWII and 70 odd years later, believe it or not, we are still friends, and in regular contact.

As teenagers, growing up in NW London, (Harrow to be exact) we rambled around on push bikes - nothing strange in that except Peter would on occasion yell "LOOK! THERE'S A SCOTT" It took me a couple of these outbursts to cotton on to what he was on about but when I did I quickly began to appreciate the Scott yowl - a very unusual sound at a time when nearly every other bike seemed to be a big 4 stroke single, and a sound which caught my imagination - **I had to have that sound!!**

Times moved on and in 1953 as a reward for my efforts with the old GCE O Levels my dad bought me some powered wheels (well as a successful ex sprinter - 350 McEvoy/Blackburne - from the 1920's he could hardly do less could he?). OK I didn't start with a Scott - my little 197 Ambassador was enough of a handful for tyro Cooper, and provided me with both go-to-work transport and weekend fun.

A family move from Harrow to - wait for it! - Shipley, brought me to the home of Scott and, wanting to upgrade, I was soon scanning the local paper, eventually finding EYG 269. This was (and still is according to Club records) a Whittingham Special. '47 registered it had a 596 fixed head engine and a BTH mag/dyno (the one where the dyno is at an angle to the mag) , three speed footchange gearbox, Webb girders, lights but dynamo not functioning. In my (then) inexpert view it went like a bat out of hell but, it did need a few jobs doing.

Now I am the one who is always saying "they are made to go, not to stop" but the rear anchor did bother me a little - SO spongy. One day as I was sitting on the bike, stationary I hasten to add, I looked over my shoulder as I applied the back brake. To my amazement I saw the drum expand as I applied pressure. NOW I know why that brake is no good!! Fortunately by some means or another I was already acquainted with Geoff Milnes' establishment in Leeds so I trotted over there and picked up a ribbed drum - WHAT a difference, now I could stop if I really had to!!

The BTH mag/dyno was fine but as the dynamo didn't work another trip was made to Geoff Milnes and netted me a very good secondhand Lucas magdyno for - wait for it - £10. A snip nowadays but in 1954 it was 2 week's wages for me, working as a ligger-up and doffer at the local woollen mill (That's loading a spinning frame up with empty bobbins and taking the full ones off - a very technical task! - touch of sarcasm there). I kept the BTH and swapped it back to EYG 269 when I sold it, using the Lucas unit to replace the Miller on my newly acquired 1935 496 Power Plus - see below.

There were lots of other niggles to be sorted out on EYG - like 7/8" bars with 1" fittings. WHY DO folks do these things!???? I saved the fittings and bought new bars but all the cables were tatty and rusty - have folks got no soul? - so they all had to be replaced too. The footchange, although built into the gearbox endcover was quite worn. However, in spite of throwing lots of new parts at it I never really got it down to less than about 4" or 5" of movement in each direction and as a result I suffered endless bouts of cramp in my right hip which necessitated riding standing up until the cramp subsided. The footrests were another puzzle. They were mounted on upright cast hangers held to the frame by the large bolt which passes through the back of the crankcase and the front of the undertray -BUT THERE WERE NO SERRATIONS TO ENABLE YOU TO SET AND SECURE THE POSITION!!!! so, of course, if they were not excruciatingly tight (and sometimes even if they were) they would slip when you were riding over a bit of rough road. GREAAAT!!

Oh yes! and there was the time I scared the living daylights out of a Bradford bus driver. He was behind me while I waited at a road junction looking for a suitable gap in the traffic. As soon as one appeared I snicked into first grabbed a handful of throttle and started to let the clutch in only to discover I was going the wrong way rather fast - poor bus driver, he was sure I was going to ram his lovely bus - backwards!

A couple of other points still stand out in my memory. With family now having moved to Manchester from Shipley (you might be forgiven for thinking the bailiffs were after us), and with me now in the RAF doing my National Service at Uxbridge Air Traffic Control Centre I now found I was making trips up and down the A5/A34 from Uxbridge to home and back.

I recall the time I was driving from camp in Uxbridge to the training school in Stanmore along what was the North Orbital Road. Now, as you

well know, Scotts make that sort of noise which suggests they are travelling a helluva lot faster than they really are. Just as I passed an almost hidden entry on my left I spotted out of the corner of my eye John Law (alias the Fuzz) on his Speed Twin ready and waiting to jump me - he'd obviously been listening and thought he'd got a surefire chance of issuing a ticket. **No He hadn't!!** I shut down to 25 mph in top, quiet as a mouse, and pattered along for another half mile or so while he tailed me in the vain hope of clobbering me. In the end he gave up. Good fun rozzer baiting!

Then there was the occasion when, battling down the A5, somewhere in the Midlands, the bike seized up without much warning. I tracked this down - eventually - to having added oil to the petrol for the express purpose of PREVENTING it seizing up. The oil was displacing some of the petrol leading to an overly weak mixture. The impact of that stoppage broke the rear drive sprocket outrigger bracket and I unwittingly finished the journey with a primary chain like a steel rod. It says a lot for the sturdiness of the drive side main bearing that no harm came to it. No more petroil after that - whatever the shortcomings of the Pilgrim pump it was the only source of oil supply from then on.

On another occasion, going home after a 12 hour night duty and no sleep, I nodded off somewhere around Stoke on Trent but somehow woke up with the front wheel just inches from the nearside kerb on a right hand bend. The adrenalin kicked in just fast enough for me to take wild late corrective action and I certainly stayed awake for the rest of the journey! Well, you do don't you?

So! EYG survived with me from 1954 to 1956, while I was still in the RAF, but I started looking for a replacement - even looked at a Rudge amongst others (aye, and it could clatter on a bit too)!!. Eventually I found out about DYH 12, the 498 Power Plus - a private sale in Kenton. It was a combo - ooops! I hadn't reckoned on that!!

Anyway the bike was too good to pass up so I bought it and quickly learned to handle a three wheeler. My first trip up the road in which the seller lived involved negotiating a small roundabout which was on an incline - it leaned over to the right (chair up, bike down). As I approached I almost froze in the saddle (My God, it was scary!) but I somehow managed to get round without panicking or putting feet down - or stopping! I think that was a really good experience because after that on my way back to camp at Uxbridge, apart from feeling a little strange I had no issues with controlling the beast and I soon found that I could get

around almost as fast as I did on the solo but with the added advantage of being able to carry luggage easily.

This was a pretty original bike which had not been mucked about and was sporting the Amal carb with which it was fitted at the factory. It went well enough I suppose but I got to hear of another Scott-fit carb brand new in a "junk shop" in Wealdstone so I dropped in to have a look. He wanted £7 and wouldn't budge, saying if he didn't sell after 7 years he chucked things out. Too good to chuck out I thought so I invested 8 weeks of RAF wages and bought it. When I fitted it to DYH it made a considerable improvement to responsiveness, acceleration and top speed. This was a three jet BINKS and I hold them in very high esteem as a result of the performance that one gave.

Thanks to the carelessness of an American serviceman driving an old UK model Ford and making an unsignalled right turn from the left gutter late one night I almost ended up in a shop front having mounted the pavement to avoid him. I say 'thanks' because in the fullness of time I was able to claim for a replacement front rim and for a Woodhead Monroe hydraulic unit to replace the by then coil bound fork spring - big improvement. The Yank got a £20 fine for driving without due care, failig to stop and failing to report!

Posted to The Moray Firth for my last three months service, I rode DYH all the way from Uxbridge to RAF Kinloss in three stages. The run from Manchester to Edinburgh up the old A6 over Shap (no motorways back then remember) was done in pouring rain and half way up Shap the engine went onto one pot. Plug removal revealed one Lodge C3 had completely lost its central electrode. I had spares somewhere in the chair but, tired, cold and wet, I didn't fancy rummaging about to find them so I tapped the three outer electrodes down until they touched the insulator, put the plug back and it worked. In fact it worked well enough next day as well and took me all the rest of the way to Kinloss!

DYH 12 and I did quite a bit of running about in the County of Morayshire (county registration letters AS - significant ?) and on the flat road between Forres and Elgin we managed to hold a steady 60 mph 3 - up, not bad I reckoned for an old Scott. There were also trips out into the hills but as it was winter time the roads could be decidedly slippery and there were several hairy moments on bends in the glens! My 2 year term ended in February and the weather was then so bad it was almost impossible to ride the outfit back home so I put it on the train which took

a good three weeks to get it home to South Manchester (but only 12 hours if you were a human passenger). Maybe I should have travelled with DYH but it might have been troublesome as a couple of changes had to be made.

Anyway, in the meantime I got a free lift on a Shackleton all the way to Avro's main base at Woodford, south Manchester from where I got a fourpenny (old money) bus ride home, arriving several hours sooner than expected. No home comforts in the Shack by the way - you sat on the floor, back against the mainspar and you could see through the cracks and the not too well shut bomb bay doors right down to the ground 5000 feet below - and it was FREEZING cold! - The top skin of the wing wrinkled alarmingly when under load in flight and fuel was syphoning out of one of the wing tanks, but hey! I was not going to pass up ANY chance of a flight in anything that had wings so I was having the time of my life.

Once I had DYH back home this is when I made my BIG mistake. I decided it needed a de-coke so off with the head, and the barrel and get everything cleaned up. Immediately two things went wrong - one I never even spotted - the head warped, and the other I disregarded - there was a 1/16" thick solid copper extra gasket on top of the copper asbestos one to reduce compression ratio. I damaged it getting the head off so had to discard it. The un-noticed warp was more of a bend across the centre of the head and I was not aware of a problem until I'd put it all back together and became aware of overheating plus loss of compression.

Exact details get a bit hazy here as I remember the engine developing a rattle which turned out to be a gudgeon pin rattling very loosely in the piston. Charlie Meakin - the Manchester Scott man bushed the piston for me but there must have some other work done previously by Charlie who had re-bushed the little ends. I thought they were a bit tight the way he'd done them and relieved the right hand one (should have done the other as well but didn't). Anyway the left hand pin to bush fit was tight enough to force the pin to run in the piston, whilst siezed in the rod, and I think that's when it wore rapidly and started rattling.

It must have been after Charlie bushed the piston to cure the problem that the gudgeon pin end pad came adrift and ripped a groove up the barrel just under 20thou deep by full gudgeon pin width. A re-bore was now unavoidable but the bores up to that point were standard so a 20 thou oversize should be possible. Here we make a trip to Geoff Milnes again. I cannot now recall why I didn't on this occasion go back to Charlie Meakin

Before going over to Leeds I had made enquiries in Manchester and knew it was possible for a local company to bore the engine 20thou and fit Hepolite pistons and rings 20 thou oversize. However I obviously still felt that perhaps it would be better to use a Scott specialist. Another big mistake coming up! I took the bits to Leeds and showed the problem to Harry Langman. Harry seemed to have a rather take it or leave it attitude on him that day and said "we can give you a replacement block and pistons, rings, etc. bored 60thou off the shelf - sorry but we can't bore your bock 20 thou 'cos there aren't any pistons" I replied that I knew I could get Hepolite pistons at 20 thou oversize to which he said "Well if that's what you want you get 'em but they are not as good as Scott pistons and I won't use 'em so don't bring 'em here". The point here is that I was trying to preserve originality by retaining the same block AND by boring it only as much as absolutely necessary so there would be room for more re-bores later. I don't think Harry saw much point in that approach so I had no option but to take the job elsewhere.

The company which did the rebore also skimmed the head for me as I had by this time discovered the problem but taking about 15 thou off the head plus the absence of the extra copper head gasket put the compression ratio up to a point where the engine was totally lacking in flexibility and had to be revved hard most of the time - hard work pulling a chair as well. I bet you can see the next bit coming , Roger, - a broken crank - crankpin sheared straight off! I was only about half a mile from home but it was all up hill. Not too bad a push (combo remember!) as I was fit then - wouldn't like to try it now, already had one heart attack, don't want another, thanks!

Got a replacement crank and fitted it myself but thumped it up too tight and it ended up rubbing on the case - why DO these inexperienced amateurs take on specialist jobs instead of leaving them to those who know what they are doing? Well, in those days I suppose we were not that well heeled and did anything we could to save ourselves a bob or two, and, let's face it, to the uninitiated, the Scott engine SEEMS simple enough to work on - false economy but I seem to recall facing a bill of around £100 to have it professionally re-built, and that was 15% of my annual salary at that time! Anyway it was a case of back to Harry Langman, cap in hand to recover the situation - he was not very complimentary but he did get me out of trouble.

During the time I had custody of DYH 12 I made several trips to London to see friends and to attend the SOC AGMs. One morning quite early - in the Midlands again as it happens - I stopped by the roadside for a cuppa.

Looking down at the bike I noticed that the mag chain was very slack. Investigating further I discovered that the Miller magdyno (which incidentally I had re-fitted for some reason) had come loose. It had a thick detachable ally plate on the bottom and it was that which was slack. Without more ado I whipped the tools out of the chair to remove the mag and sort things out. I'd just got it out and resting on the front of the chair when a guy on a BSA Star Twin stopped. "Got a problem mate ? need any help?" Then he took one look at the bike, said "Oh, bloody hell it's a Scott" and bugged off at high speed as though he was about to catch the dreaded lurgy. Funny old world!! As it happened I was not worried in the slightest as I had the job well in hand and was back on the road in half an hour.

I think, on mature reflection, had I had the resources to have all the technical work done by the experts - Harry in particular - I might have had more success than I did because from the initial decision to do the de-coke the performance and reliability of DYH deteriorated over a period of about 2 years. I really should have NOT done that de-coke. If it ain't broke don't try fixing it is a very good maxim!!

In the end, in about 1960 I passed the outfit over to a work colleague in part exchange for a Mobylette moped (YUK!) and never saw DYH again. Subsequent contact with John Underhill revealed that it was eventually exported to California but I (and John) knew nothing more of its history in between.

Around this time I had also joined the VMCC and a local member - avid collector and Scott enthusiast Bernard Hughes from Stockport - lent me a two speeder, 29AMK, to use on some of the Manchester and High Peak section events. Some folks are critical of two speed Scotts but I took to this one and did quite a bit of mileage on it both on events and personally as a "go-to-work" bike, and I don't recall it ever being a problem - it was great FUN, but I do recall one day trying for about 20 minutes to break into heavy traffic on a roundabout at Old Trafford - the 20 odd thousand Metropolitan Vickers employees were on their way home and there was not a gap long enough for me to get a 2 speeder into, bearing in mind its relatively high first gear. I had a similar problem coming home same day - had to pass Bolton Wanderers ground and they were playing at home - very congested!! According to Club records 29AMK now resides in the Bristol area.

Fast forward now as there was no further Scott involvement in my life until 2008 when, after selling my BSA Sloper solo to friend Nigel, I was

looking round to something a bit more suitable for pulling a chair. Having once had an outfit for some time I always find a solo a bit, how shall I say?, not disappointing, that is the wrong word, more unsatisfactory perhaps. As I have got older I am finding solos getting heavier to manhandle around and they do not carry much kit so a combo still has its attractions - though hey! they are even heavier, although they don't generally fall over. For vintage work hauling a chair, my thoughts turned to Scotts once again and investigations were instigated. I could have used the Sloper because it was already sidecar geared and had been a chair tug in an earlier life, but 493cc Slopers are not blessed with as much power as a Scott (well a good Flyer anyway) so Nigel, having already tried it out was more than happy to take the Sloper off my hands and he's having a lot of fun with it - even his wife rides it!!

John Underhill, bless him, came up with a bit of information about a possibly suitable machine way down in Plymouth. However he did point out that it was a 3 Speed Super which in his opinion was too light a bike to hang a chair on. Notwithstanding that I followed up with a letter to the owner and received a positive response. At the same time, I placed an ad in Yowl for a late vintage Flyer - a more sturdy machine (some would say TOO sturdy and I tend to agree - they are B----y heavy. As an instance last week I took the front wheel in to my MOT man because I needed his help to bed a new tyre in and his immediate reaction on picking it up was "Bloody Hell this is heavy"). As it turned out both Scott buying opportunities came good. I bought the Flyer first from a local seller and then did an overnight trip to Plymouth with a couple of friends (Terry and John) to view the Super and the two Speeder which accompanied it.

Terry and I bought both bikes, as seen, while linkman friend John looked on. Terry took the 2 speeder and I the 3 speeder. Although they had not turned a wheel in 50 years they were in fair condition and between September 2008 and June 2009 we both managed to get our respective Scotts roadworthy and entered in the 2009 Banbury Run - and both finished the course!

I am very pleased with my little 3 Speed Super. Although I spent quite a lot getting it roadworthy, the cost of repairs plus initial purchase price is still within the insurance valuation Bonhams gave me.

Like all these projects, even nearly three years down the track work is still ongoing. I have only just wired up the electric lighting and fitted a battery, and I am still in the throes of getting the engine oiling right - Pilgrim fed of course as befits a late '20s model but it has been suggested

that I convert to manual drippers. There is a certain appeal to this as it frees up the magneto platform from the restriction of the plumbing, making chain adjustment easier BUT it would be a departure from original and I think it would be harder to find a more original bike than this one.

Talking of originality, I have the factory despatch records and am surprised to note that every serial number (even the Lucas magdyno and the Amac carb!!) except the gearbox, tallies with the despatch note. The gearbox differs in that the actual is a close ratio unit whereas the serial number on the despatch note, whilst not many numbers different, refers to a wide ratio box. The actual box has every appearance of having been there all the bike's life but one can only speculate that perhaps the buyer changed his mind at the last minute and the records were never altered - we shall never know!

So, just WHAT have I done to DK4900? Well, during the first year of ownership I was plagued by quite a lot of vibration but on Roger's suggestion I took the engine to Ken Lack for full overhaul - My! Oh My! is he thorough? I thought I'd got a brand new engine back when he'd finished with it!! However to start at the beginning, on getting the bike home and out of Terry's van, one of my first jobs was to remove the magdyno and send it away for full overhaul. That done I turned to the wheels which were more than a bit rusty. I had to cut one tyre off it was so hard but the other came off with levers although it was still totally un-useable.

The front wheel cleaned up OK so I repainted it after having taken the brake to Saftek for a skim and re-line. The rear wheel cleaned up but once the crud was gone I found a rust hole right through the bead edged rim and decided to condemn it. A call to Pat Davy at VMCC head office gave me much encouragement. Although not shown in the VMCC catalogue he said they could supply a replacement rim of the right size drilled dimpled and painted BUT, was I sitting down? It will be expensive!! OK it WAS expensive but it is a good rim, an exact match for the front which is more than can be said for the old rim and it was re-build ready. The three long bolts securing the brake drum/sprocket had been nibbled by the rats and were about half their proper diameter so I whipped them out and gave them as samples to a local friend who machined up some excellent stainless replacements, without the nibbles - I think rats don't really care for stainless..

Both wheels now went over to my friend John (he who stood by while Terry and I paid our money) for a rebuild with new spokes. I should have mentioned that John had already checked them to measure the offset and the spoke lengths so he was ready to build when they came back to him. New tyres came courtesy of the VMCC and in spite of all I had been told I did not find 3" X 26" beaded edge tyres that difficult to fit (the 2 1/2" x 26" tyres on my CW Douglas are another thing altogether - Oh Boy! are they TIGHT!!).

I decided to modify the clutch to have adjustable thrust pins and my local machinist friend very kindly did this for me giving me 40 tpi fine adjustment. Adjusting the pins is easy enough if you have a long thin screwdriver and a suitable tube spanner. As you have to insert the screwdriver through the tube spanner it is not possible to use a conventional tommy bar so I welded in a tommy bar and then drilled out the middle to give screwdriver clearance. Not the neatest of welding jobs - I'm no expert - but it works very nicely!

Sprockets all looked pretty good but chains were unhappy. I changed the primary and the mag chain but ran the original final drive chain on the first Banbury. The mag chain is seriously problematic. Taking its drive from the clutch basket the mag sits almost on top of the clutch so the logical adjustment for the chain would be up or down - but it's not. The mag sits on a three legged platform which adjusts fore and aft. This gives very little effective adjustment and my attempts to fit a Wipperman chain (which will not theoretically seize) failed because I could either run it drum tight or, with one more link, hopelessly slack - nothing in between. The present chain is one I pinched off one the pushbikes lying about. I know the side plates can drop off the roller and jam but they looked to be a bit sturdier than normal bicycle chain and so far have not done so - keeping fingers crossed!!

Setting up this mag platform for optimum chain tension is a veritable nightmare. For a start there is no fore/aft adjusting screw as on later Scotts, so you have to pull/push the mag by hand to get the chain tension where you want it. GREAT! Now, as soon as you very carefully start tightening up the platform securing bolts the chain goes slack. Bother!!!! - or similar expressions of annoyance! To achieve and maintain a reasonable chain tension while you tighten the platform bolts requires the canny use of a bit of wood to wedge the whole thing in the optimum position while you carefully go round tightening the three bolts. It doesn't always work - a lot depends on where you apply the bit of wood and how hard you lean on it. All highly technical stuff but probably NOT in the

handbook (if only I had one!). Incidentally it doesn't need much slack in the chain before it starts clattering on the ally cover so I have rivetted (sorry chaps, pop rivets) a slab of shoe sole leather inside the ally cover to subdue the clatter when the chain slacks off a bit. Seems to work but I think a bit of hard rubber would be more durable!

Still on the subject of chains, later on, working on the rear of the bike to fit a chainguard - a part not on the bike when I bought it, I had to remove the original final drive chain and finding it had not two but several connecting links I replaced it with a new one - feel much happier now, just have to worry about that mag chain!!

To tie in with the overhaul Ken Lack did on the engine I asked my machinist friend to make me up some more engine mounting bolts and at the same time bush the oval holes in the undertray. All this done to get the engine as tight in the frame as humanly possible. It has worked well - there is still a bit of vibration, but Ken says this is endemic with the 596 engine especially in such a light frame. At least it is at an acceptable level now and I feel all that can be done has been done. Thanks due to Roger here for inspecting the beast at Abbotsholme in 2009 - his was sound advice.

At first I accepted the radiator as found - externally it was in good condition apart from a small header tank repair on the nearside. There were no blocked tubes and no leaks. It proved adequate for most events so long as I took some water with me but on a Taverners run last August my carefully cleaned out overflow pipe had, unbeknown to me, blocked up again. Topping a steepish hill I decide to stop a moment and pour a drop more water into the system. I didn't realise what pressure the system was under - there were no signs of a leak anywhere - so I whipped the cap off only to get a 6ft high geyser of scalding hot water. The system lost more than I had in bottles in my pockets (this is where a chair is handy for carrying things) but I filled up with what I'd got and rode on cautiously ever on the lookout for a horse trough - funny how you cannot find ANY water anywhere when you want it!! We actually finished the run without a nip up and I was relieved to be able to roll down the drive at home without having had further trouble.

Now comes the interesting bit! I guessed - rightly as it happened - that the system was coated with lime scale so I went out and bought a few bottles of VIAKAL - domestic de-scaler - which I tipped neat into the system until it was full and left it over night. Now VIAKAL is a blue liquid but what came out of the drain tap next morning was creamy white and there

were traces of VIAKAL having oozed from some of the tubes so I concluded that the system was full (or had been full) of lime scale and that it must now be largely clear. After a good flushing out I found there were very slight weeps here and there on the core so (sacrilege) I treated it to a dose of the less expensive Radweld (there are two types - one is relatively low cost, the other, more expensive one, looks to have fine sawdust in it rather like Bars Leaks). That one does not work so well but the cheap one does. I ran the engine up and left it on fastish idle for about half an hour and there was no sign of it wanting to boil over - which it would have done before I Vyakal'd it.

I make no claims for this being a miracle cure as I have yet to test it on extended road work but it may just mean I can preserve the originality by continuing to use the original rad. However I do still find that you can fill the rad only to find in 10 minutes it needs a top-up - and another one later. I guess it just takes time to get all the air out of the core. What did puzzle me a little when I drained down for the winter was getting only just over a cupful of water out of a system I had fondly assumed was virtually full. There was no trace of damp on the outside of the core and no evidence of water in the engine and compression seems good on both pots so WHERE did it go? Since then - winter being over - I have re-filled the system and found there IS a slight weep from the core - never enough to drip - so maybe another dose of the dreaded Radweld will keep it watertight for another season, or maybe I can just run with it as it is as there should be no pressure in the system if I make sure the overflow pipe is always clear..

While at Abbotsholme in 2009 one member mentioned to me that the Scott forks on two speed and three speed Supers could collapse at the bottom of the steering column with serious consequences. I would happily have handed the forks to either Roger or to Ken for modification but I was, and still am, totally unable to find a way to remove the rebound spring and so cannot remove the forks from the rest of the bike. This means I ride at my peril in fear and trembling of the forks collapsing. Let's just hope it never happens - any helpful advice always welcome here please! I suppose the bottom line is to take the whole bike up to South Croxton - it's a lot nearer than Sheffield - and ask someone (Roger) who knows what they are doing to strip the forks off for me and modify them.!

Having brought the Super up to something like a reasonable standard - it is far from being concours but I do like to have a reliable runner - I have more recently turned my attention to the Flyer to which I plan to add a

chair. The Flyer looks to be generally in better shape than the Super did when it arrived, and cosmetically, it is. However, what started as a simple check over, giving attention to important essentials, has spread to a slightly more comprehensive overhaul.

First things first, off came the magdyno to go for full overhaul. First shock occurred as soon as the platform was off the bike - only 3 setscrews instead of 4, holding the mag in place and although they had imperial threads they did not have corresponding imperial hexagon heads. Shock number two came as soon as the setscrews were removed! The holes in the mag platform were roughly 1" square (hacksawed out) - not at all what was expected and some very large penny washers were in place to cover these holes. So big were the holes - and the washers - that someone had decided to support the washers to prevent them collapsing, by inserting bits of sawn off 5/16" stud between them and the base of the mag. I cannot see how anyone could hope to make the mag secure with that arrangement and with the mag chain already seizing up in places I had visions of imminent disaster.

BUT THAT WAS NOT ALL! My mag repair man soon got back to me with the incredible news that the mag was fitted with a cam ring for a 50 degree V twin - now how would that sound on a Scott I wonder? - better check the engine to see if it has been set with cranks at 50 degrees!!!! Fortunately my repair man was able to supply a new old stock 180 degree cam ring (bought in an American autojumble no less!) This is a later (later than the bike) model Lucas magdyno - separate units joined at the drive end, except the dynamo was not properly joined - an interesting clumsy bodge using all sorts of odds and ends and non matching fasteners. Fortunately again during the re-build all this was returned to original.

Graham Moag very kindly - and very quickly too - sourced me a used but sound mag platform which he exchanged for mine with the big holes, but even this had an interesting "twist" to it. I could enter the platform holding down bolts into their respective holes no more than about 2 to 3 turns before they tightened up. As far as I can establish, the holes had been drilled and partially tapped with a first taper tap but never finished off with a plug tap so I wonder how this platform had been used in the past? Anyway I carefully and gently persuaded my 5/16" plug tap to the bottom of each hole with the aid of a little lubrication and frequent

removal to clean out the swarf and it now accepts the bolts as it should. It's not a material I feel very happy tapping holes in.

This time I have been able to replace the old, kinky, chain with some new Wipperman and set up the adjustment fairly easily, although there is no adjusting screw on this frame either.

Talking of chains, the primary was really slack and the adjustment already near the end of its travel - as was the final drive - one of those situations where, if I had adjusted the primary and then followed up taking the ensuing slack out of the final drive chain I'd have needed a frame extension to catch the back wheel. Scrap both chains was the only answer - they exhibited a lot of play in the joints so were obviously well worn. Fortunately the sprockets were still reasonable.

New chain for the primary brought the gearbox forward to a sensible position except that on the offside it fouled the footrest bracket (raked back flat plate variety bolted on the frame). I overcame this little snag by offsetting the bracket with a 1/2" packing and longer bolts. However, as you might expect, that was NOT the end of the matter. Having fitted a 19T sprocket for sidecar use and replaced the single row non aligning bearing in the outrigger with the correct double row self aligning variety I now found that, with the gearbox in its new forward position, the outrigger bracket lined up with only one of the securing bolt holes. Obviously a mismatch here between the outrigger bracket and the undertray. It appears the undertray may be a short one (I can't even remember, now, if there are differences, but I'm sure someone will be happy to tell me) as there is a sizeable gap at the back between it and the rear mudguard. Anyway, it was my turn to bodge a little and I carefully elongated the appropriate slot in the outrigger bracket by about 3/8". Even THAT was not the end of that little saga as I had to send off to Graham again for the proper Scott bolts, nuts and washers to replace the rubbish ones which I had taken off.

This brings us nicely to the bottom front attachment of the rear mudguard - a long bolt inserted from the wheel side with some sort of spacers to fill the gap behind the undertray, and a nut in the awkward position under the undertay. Now to get the wheel out it is easier if you take the mudguard off first but you can't take the mudguard off first because you can't extract that long bolt until you take the wheel out, but you can't take the wheel out until you.....well you know the rest. I cut the bolt through and silver soldered a nut to the face of the mudguard, and inserted a new bolt through from the front (with spacer) - much easier to work on although you still have to put a spanner on the bolt head under the tray.

The handlebars with which the bike was fitted when I got it were 7/8" diameter (with packers in the pillars) and of the short straight Vincent variety. Yes they look great but they make manhandling the brute around in the garage very difficult (and are totally unsuitable for driving a combo) so, having already got a pair of 1" Scott bars on the shelf I fitted these in place of the short straight ones. OK they are black painted, not chrome but look very appropriate for the period. The Super, DK4900 had arrived with clutch and brake levers which, being of the folded variety, looked to be of later vintage so I had removed them at an early stage to replace them with period levers and I fitted the "folded" ones to the Flyer where they look much more at home. I already had a 1" twistgrip from another bike so that easily replaced the 7/8 unit and all I had to buy was a secondhand combined lever throttle/mixture control for 1" bars. This takes the mixture and advance/retard cables. A little unconventional but gets the job done so to speak.

The front wheel has an integral brake drum laced in with the spokes - but it needed skimming so off to Saftek again as they can skim with rim in place. Picked up two days later with newly lined shoes all matched up - EXCELLENT! However to centralise the wheel they had stripped out the bearings and I got the cups, cones and balls back in a plastic bag. I made up a simple bearing puller tool to draw the cups back into the hub but decided after examining them that, as they, the balls and the cones were pitted, as well as the cups being cracked at the back, it might be better to replace them. At this point I enlisted the help of Phil from Vintage Bearings at Burton on Trent, who set me up with new taper roller bearings. Snag was he needed to machine a few thou out of the hub, but no-one in the area had a lathe which would swing a 19" wheel so it had to be de-spoked to get the hub out. If I'd known I'd have had the skim job done afterwards but I have to say Bob (see below) has done such a good job pulling it back together again that I cannot detect any ovality.

Machining done Phil handed me the hub and the bearings and I did the fitting, being extremely glad I had made up the hub bearing puller because they were a very tight fit. Some modification of the tubular spindle was then needed to accommodate the cones and then the wheel had to go back to the wheel builder in Leicester - Bob Warner - to be re-spoked. It went to Bob rather than my wheel builder friend John as John was not well at the time. At least Bob Warner comes highly recommended in the bicycle fraternity and did me a very good job at reasonable cost!

When it came to fitting a new tyre this was one wired edge rim which nearly beat me! Even though I'd cleaned the rim thoroughly to give the tyre a good smooth seat, one sector simply refused to rise up and settle in the right place. I stripped it down to see if perhaps the tape was misplaced - it wasn't - and tried again but no luck. In the end, as I was taking DK4900 for MOT, I dropped the wheel off with my MOT bike shop man and sought help. His first remark was "Gosh this is heavy!!!. Well we all know Flyers ARE heavy - too heavy!! Anyway with the power of a decent air compressor and a splash more tyre lube, he was able to do what I could not with my little footpump which started to stall at 60 psi. Bet it's a b....r to get off again!

I have not really looked at the engine on the Flyer yet, apart from taking off the crankcase doors to see if there are still cranks in there, so I am hoping it will not need any major attention when the time comes. At least the radiator is a nearly new one of Graham's manufacture so I am grateful for that and not expecting any problems with it. Sadly the block has the usual frost damage on the back and I'll just have to wait and see how that performs.

The cables to the carb have a very tight bend to clear the underside of the tank but are free enough at the moment so I shall run with them and see how we go. You know, you learn something new all the time - I didn't realise that the angled induction stub and stub fitting carb was correct for a '28 Flyer until I saw others at Abbotsholme - must have been blind when attending the old Scott rallies at Stratford on Avon in the '60's because I don't recall ever seeing one there!!

Anyway, thinking ahead and in case of problems I was delighted to be able to pick up a Scott flange mounting 3 jet Binks at Abbotsholme with a view to working it up into a serviceable unit to fit in place of the existing arrangement and get some better cable runs. You will understand why I could not pass up this opportunity if you read my comments above regarding the fitting of a Binks to my 498 Power Plus combo way back in the 1950's. I hope the results will be as good but, if not, well, hey ho! you win some you lose some - that's life - at least the cables will get an easy time.

Now, I've talked about hitching the Flyer up to a chair. As the bike is 1928 and Banbury eligible I really needed a period chair. Not only are a

any outfits pretty rare these days but it is even harder to find a vintage chair either complete or even just a chassis.

Over a period of time through advertising I have amassed 4 basic chassis of which only two have wheels, only one has swan necks and none has a body. I also have half a hundredweight of assorted fittings of which probably the majority will no doubt be totally unsuitable when the time comes!! I have had to buy a mudguard separately (brand new at Stafford!!) and I can see quite a bit of fabricating work coming up there before it fits.

Two of the chassis are so rusty I have only been able to recover the C springs for the rear body mount from one of them plus a couple of coil springs for the front from the other but I really bought this job lot for the fittings which are serviceable, and the price was very reasonable. I figure there's quite a bit of work still to do on this project AND I shall have to modify the bike trailer to take an outfit so don't expect to see it on the road yet awhile!!

Latest news as of yesterday is that I took a shuftly at the inside of the Super tank which I lined a couple of years back and guess what - Yup! the dreaded ethanol has softened the lining which now hangs on the sides like sticky curtains. I don't have time to sort it before Banbury so I shall ride and just hope it doesn't clog up on me. Sort it when I get back and have a bit more time.

Cheers

Roger (Cooper) SOC member 892

From: Pavel Simek
[mailto:simek@sonnet.cz]

Subject: Scott runs well

Dear Roger

How are you? I am sending a few pictures from the Kralovedvorsky circuit (25th – 26th July). I was with my TT Replica the first to finish. The engine runs very well. Perfect. Thank you.

Best regards
Pavel



Great Shot, Great photography Eh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Thanks Pavel! Charming pics! Well done!



This is what I like to see! Open roads and flat out!

“Triumph in the West”

Chapter 2



First assembly of the bits and before sidecar fitment. Check out the 12 spokes in the rear wheel! A little optimistic Eh!

Trial

In 1917 a conversation took place between General Ludendorff and Colonel Max. Hoffman, Ludendorff. "Colonel, the British soldiers fight like Lions." Hoffman. "Yes General, But they are led by Donkeys!"

Every time I look at the Triumph I think of the men and boys who were slaughtered in the First World War. Owning, restoring and primarily using, a 1914 Motorcycle leads inevitably to an appreciation of the history of the Edwardian era. For a long time I read about **WW1** looking for a scapegoat but, after long consideration, I came to the conclusion that no single person was responsible for the blind allegiance to orders and lack of imagination displayed by all sections of the Establishment. Sure, Generals were living in the past. Politicians were, in the main, a self serving elite. But people were content to "Know their place in the world, and in Society." If anything was to blame for that insane waste of life and heartache bought to millions of families it was this rigid adherence to the English class system. A population which was content to let its leaders, both military and political, get on and do the job. After all, the reasoning goes, they must know what they are doing because they are in charge. Thank goodness for a sceptical population and the work done by the media in cutting today's leaders down to size!

So! here we are with a usable Triumph and Sidecar. Now! to see if we can ride it, and will it pull two people up some sort of incline? Ten miles to the West of Hopeman is Califer Hill where the belt and brakes can be tested to the limit. I had the idea that a six hundred mile round trip to the West Coast of Scotland, taking in some of the Scottish Six Days hills of the twenties, would be a good test of both the outfit and me.

The first problem to come to light was finding a rear belt which would stay in one piece under the load of the sidecar. I had one from the local scrap heap but this, of course, would not be suitable for long term use. Nothing daunted I headed off to Califer Hill. Half a mile outside Hopeman is a slight incline. As I turned off the main road and accelerated the engine revolutions soared, and with a snap like a schoolboy's catapult coupled with a punch in the back, the belt exited to the rear and skywards. Now! when a link belt breaks it will need at least two new links fitting. Firstly, I did not have **new** links but a selection of very old, and oil stained ones. Secondly, before you can fit these links you have to find the belt! Next time you see a Veteran rider looking in hedgerows or running down the middle of the road with a wild look in his eyes. He is not the latest casualty of 'Care in the Community' but is trying to pick up his belt before it is run over by following traffic. I once saw a Premier rider with the grace and agility of Rudolph Nureyev jump, swerve and leap past following riders in a vain attempt to salvage the remains of his belt before his "mates" snaffled the links for their own use. It's a Jungle out there!

Having found the remains of the belt and fitted new links the next job is to try and remove the oil and grease from your hands before continuing. This is of course a pointless exercise as, sure as eggs are eggs, it will break in the next two hundred yards. I tried running the belt loose but the pulley slipped and resulted in smirking children on mountain bikes passing me on the way home. The engine at high revolutions and the bike going nowhere. More tension and it snapped, the same kids passed me with a laugh. When I ran out of spare links I pedalled the outfit home but could not keep up with the, by now, hysterical children. At first I used to wonder if it was worth giving all this hilarity to the local youth but found that, with time, I cultivated patience and sometimes the youngsters would relent and tow me home with only the odd snigger at this sad person on his old bike.

By now I was getting used to all this physical effort and instead of collapsing into a sweating jelly at the first sign of exertion was able to pedal and push for quite a respectable distance before exhaustion set in. (Remember Colin Missen's exercise regime?) These belt problems, however, were a serious setback to the proposed trip and I needed a brand new link belt at a reasonable price. Phoning around produced a consensus on price of £8 per foot. As I needed 7ft 6 ins this was going to be a major outlay but, since we were going nowhere without one, I took the plunge and ordered £60 (plus VAT) worth of belt from Belts R Us. Snag! they would only supply it in rolls of 50 metres! £1200 for belt! Come on, get real! Through a friend in Ipswich I bought 6ft 6ins of new belt for £20 and swapped a spare Triumph bit for the other foot.

Now! let's try again. The local youth heard that it was "show time" and gathered at the incline. By now enterprising people were hiring out chairs for the visitors to this latest tourist attraction. The local ice cream seller parked his van there when word spread that the "crazy man" was making yet another attempt at the hill a two year old would have no difficulty in walking up. A beautiful sunny day, the serried ranks of spectators seated comfortably, old ladies' knitting needles clicking furiously (shades of the French Revolution) and street entertainers juggled, blew fire and stilted around 10ft high as the Triumph hove into view.

A faultless climb ensued!

One hundred and fifty-eight people were disappointed.

Six street entertainers were instantly unemployed.

Ice-cream futures fell 26 points and the local kids couldn't keep up with me!

Victory!

I was later approached by the ice cream seller who offered free ice cream if I would fit the old belt to the bike for the next month as he had booked a holiday in Florida on the strength of his income of the last fortnight. Sadly, although his ice cream was of excellent quality, I had to decline as summer was approaching and I still had lots of development work to do. The state of the bike was as follows, we had a very good engine, the rear belt problems were behind us, no pun intended, and we had brakes front and rear. The front are push bike type of course. Most of the ancillary bits were now staying in place and the outfit was handling well. Now! lets see if it will climb anything!

Califer is a single track hill approximately 2 miles East of Forres, it climbs 600ft in half a mile. Approaching it the road climbs and sweeps to the left, 50yds later it doubles back to the right and climbs steeply for 100yds before bearing left for the final quarter mile to the top. With the new belt fitted I tried the bottom section. Engine revving, it staggered around the left hand bend and just made it to the second before it expired. Gearing too high. Clutch out and the outfit was ridden to the bottom with the engine silent. An artist was just setting up on the first bend as I made that attempt and looked bemused as I swished silently past her down the hill. Back at the bottom I opened the pulley to allow the belt to drop further down the groove, thereby lowering the gearing. I had to remove a couple of links, of course, to keep the tension constant. Second attempt! maximum revolutions, lots of smoke and off we go!

Pedalling like mad I sweep round the first bend, swoop around the right-hander and climb as the engine revolutions drop. Another failure and back down the hill past the artist, who came here for peace and quiet, to have a think about the problem. I had been advised that early pedalling was essential. So, past a by now frowning artist my legs going like Fred Flintstone we flash up to the bends. Left hand easy! Right-hand not so bad and, as the weight of the outfit comes onto the thigh muscles, we start to climb the final quarter mile. A young girl in a large white Volvo comes around the last left-hand kink and forces me into the ditch imperiously raising her left arm in gratitude as she squeezes past. Rats!

I learnt on Califer Hill that as soon as a Triumph outfit loses forward momentum it will reverse its direction almost immediately. Brakes will

not stop it. A twelve foot tree laid at the rear might but, not having one handy, off went the bike dragging me with it. A contemptuous shake of the handlebars soon got rid of me and "free at last, free at last", it careered down the hill into the hedgerow at the second bend. As I caught up to the smoking remains and heaved it onto the road. I glimpsed a terrified middle-aged artist running towards Forres dropping bits of Artist Materials behind her. I courteously picked up her tubes of paint and tried to give them back, but she didn't want to stop and said I could keep them. Aren't people nice! Pam paints and I gave them to her, but how did she know that?

I had earlier made up a very short belt for maximum power at high revolutions. So, opening the pulley, I fitted it and with a run at the hill made a final attempt. The gearing was, by now, so low that we moved at a snails pace with the engine revving freely. That means lots! This proved to be the answer on Califer Hill. The technique is as follows; if possible take a run at the hill. Let the engine take you round the hairpin bend on the overrun. Accelerate again while still on the bend and pedal to keep the engine revving. Use the same technique on the second bend but try and get the power on as quickly as possible. Leave the throttle open and concentrate on keeping the revolutions up with lots of pedal power. One of two things will now happen- firstly, and best, the engine will pick up and take over from your flailing feet. Whereby a grin will spread from ear to ear as your heart rate settles back from it's pre-coronary attack mode. Or secondly, the engine revolutions falter, the weight of the outfit comes onto your legs and decisions have to be made on how high you wish your heart rate to go, and how important was the hill in the first place? It is always worth going back down for another try. If this happens I always tell my friends that the first attempt was a reconnaissance trip, Oh yeah!

Still! we proved that the Triumph could climb, we learnt patience, tolerance and became fit. All at no extra cost. What other mode of transport could give you all this? Mind you! don't expect to arrive anywhere on time!

It took a while to get used to the strange front fork behaviour. As the fork is pivoted underneath the headstock and restrained by a double spring at the top of the forks, instead of going up and down it bobs backwards and forwards! Most disconcerting! A modification carried out by Despatch Riders in the First World War was to tie a leather strap around the top of the forks, thereby restraining them if the spring ever snapped and the forks folded underneath the bike!

I came down the hill with the engine ticking over, dabbing the brakes now and then to check the speed. I was surprised at the fine control which was available using this technique and found that the more we rode up and down the easier putting this into practice became. Anticipation was the keyword.

There was time now to appreciate the countryside, look at the bird life, trees, be aware of changes in road surface and generally slow down to a more relaxed frame of mind. There is a lot to be said for this type of riding. Because speed is not great and the only job to do is pump oil to the engine now and again. A great peace settles on the rider. The longer you ride these Veteran bikes the more mellow you become, it has been said that some riders may be comatose at the end of runs but that is cruel, they are normally comatose at the start!

A blast of air coupled with the raucous noise of a car horn frightens me back to reality as an 18yr old driver pulls in by my right shoulder with his XRi Escort. He is doing a mere 95mph which, by his standards, is a fast walking pace. I pull the trembling bike back from it's headlong dash to the safety of the nearby ditch with a pithy comment on the young driver's lineage. I used to ride the bike well into the left-hand side of the road but, after having been cut up by cars, lorries, buses, vans, Old Uncle Tom Cobby and all, I now place myself squarely in the centre of the carriageway. Thereby extending my life and forcing other vehicles to swing out to overtake me. This may cause some frustration to other road users but, as I tend to pull in now and again to let the traffic pass, they can live with it. Well! actually, they don't have much choice because it's the only way to survive on a Veteran bike in today's traffic conditions!

Having said that 95% of road users are very good and love to see old vehicles being used. It's just that the pace of modern life is so fast for people. Their lives are lived by the clock and the illusion is that if you can get to the destination quicker you can cram more into the day.

Sad, sad, sad.

EJP

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tdoyle@alphalink.com.au

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**Authentication of Scott Motorcycles by SOC Registrar. Send details
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**Ian Parsons
Musterpit House
Winwick
Northampton
NN6 6NZ**

ihparsons@tiscali.co.uk

Literature

**Technicalities – Bill Jamieson’s compilation of technical articles
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**Please note that Amy is the granddaughter of Matt Holder who
rescued the Scott name**

and produced the Birmingham Scott's.

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

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