

Ey up Lads and Lasses!
It's the last newsletter of 2010!

In This Fab issue!

Disclaimer

Ed's Bit!

Rogers Blog

Touring

Scotland

2 Speeder unveiled!

For sale and wanted

Spares and Services Suppliers

Tedz Bit!



As you can see from the above. Scotland has been a bit snowy of late! Hence the tardiness of this newsletter. (Excuses! Excuses!)

Actually. at minus 12 I didn't feel like braving the cold workshop etc etc.

However! The snow is thawing and we are gearing up for the new year and the new racing season.

The MPG Scott is now ready after a disasterous swallowing of a washer down the Moss motor when on full chat! Ouch! Etc. But with lots of help from Roger Moss we saved the aluminium barrel. The pistons were a write off (see enclosed) and I have to admit it was all my fault. I had wire locked the bolt above the carb but the thread stripped and apparently the washer dissapeared straight down the carb.



Anyhow, I have rebuilt it and its been road tested (with a stainless tea strainer over the carb bellmouth). So its all go for next year. See the pic on the Disclaimer page!

Can Roger and I wish all our readers and friends a very happy christmas and a safe New Year. By the way! Thanks for the articles!

Keep them coming!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ted Parkin

Disclaimer



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Scotts in Oz.



Scotts at the national motorcycle museum of australia

From: John Giffard [mailto:jgandvr@ozemail.com.au]

Sent: 23 November 2010 22:35

To: roger@mossengineering.co.uk

Subject: Scott motorcycle

Hi Roger,

I thought you might be interested in this (see attached). A recent visit to the National Motorcycle Museum of Australia, Nabcac NSW. I let them know about you. Also, on your web site I couldn't find the movies about Moss Engineering Tool machines. I hope you didn't remove them. Trust all is well.

Cheers,

Motorcycling Spirit...

This image 'stuck' like only few others do when reading the latest *Two Wheels* magazine.



An image of mates out on their bikes - stopped in the middle of nowhere (those places are my favourite spots) looking very relaxed and content. Luggage tied on with bits of rope with no fancy panniers or water tight top boxes in sight.

In the luggage there's probably a sleeping bag with a sheet of plastic some warm beers and a bottle of 'something' to consume with the baked beans along with a squashed half loaf of two day old bread and an apple for good health.

Is it ageing that takes us away from the simplicity of adventure. What changes our focus from the spirit of motorcycle adventure to the type of bike, the destination, the accommodation, the food standard, the weather, the time pressure, the cost and so on the list can go.

Right now this image urges a desire to strap something simple on my 'kwaka' and timelessly ride anywhere. Though the reality of financial recovery from a broken marriage, spending time with the kids, being self employed, a desire to be with a new partner in love along with zillions of other mostly irrelevant matters pauses the emotion – we all have different things that stop us.

So the reality is we grab snippets of time and maximise our motorcycling within them. The image provides a reminder to where to reset my latter aims (though this time with pub stays, tents and great food) and why we should continually wrestle our time allocations – life is for a short time. Like in all images it's likely that the reality is very different to the interpretation but it's what the image does for you that is important – hope it stirred something in you.

Steve Enticott

From: John Hughes [mailto:john@wncoffman.com]
Sent: 15 November 2010 15:32
To: Roger Moss (roger@mossengineering.co.uk)
Subject: FW: Motorcycle Board Track Races | 1921 | Motorcycle News

Hi Roger ,you may like this one.Thanks for your email,looks like you had a great year of racing.Winter setting in over there,this has been a crazy weather year here,grass is all green now,and the deer have been eating my fruit trees,had to go get bullets for the gun,that did it, the deer have not returned.

Hope All is Well

John

Subject: Fw: Motorcycle Board Track Races | 1921 | Motorcycle News

This track was located in what is now Beverley Hills.>

<http://www.ultimatemotorcycling.com/1921-motorcycle-board-track-racing-video>

Subject: Re: Starting a Scott and the power of prayer

Via John Hughes

This morning I took the silencer and exhaust manifold to pieces. Noted that the cast end of the manifold with the exhaust pipe leading from it had been over tightened and now had a crack from the central hole. Cleaned out the gundge, or more accurately drained it out, gave it all a quick polish and reassembled onto the Flyer. I thought I might as well make sure that last night's fire up was not a fluke so little tickle this time and great...four kicks later off she went! BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Much less smoke; in fact was there any smoke? Quick quick, check that the oil is on; yep. Check the pilgrim pump; drip drip drip drip. Whoa much too much! Now the smoke has started. Wind it back, and some more, and some more, thinking all the time "what are these pulses that everyone talks about?" Drip now about one every two seconds. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM; smoke out the exhaust is discernable, but not excessive. That'll do. Cut

So not too bad at all now. I will have to check the mag control and timing as it sounds a little "choked" when I advanced it with the revs. Greased up the nipples that I could find; will have to look up a servicing diagram to see what I missed.

I did wonder whether the part under the crankcase that looks like a centre stand, was just that. It was held up by a special shouldered nut on an extended footrest bolt and when I slackened it off, sure enough, it was a centre stand. When down it has pegs that lodge against the two frame downtubes and the front wheel comes off the ground instead of the rear. Why have two stands?

Brian Trevail from Illogan, Redruth rang this morning in answer to the e-mail that I sent him yesterday. I approached him through a friend of a friend, rather than the Club knowledge that you sent me. Nice of him to get in touch. He has a 1928 Flyer and a two speeder. Doesn't take it out much nowadays as his arthritis makes it awkward. He's 72. We had a good chat and he asked me a few questions about the layout of mine --and that he thought it funny that another one had surfaced in Cornwall. He

also mentioned that Peter Lee in Redruth had a Scott and that he heard that a 1940's one was for sale in Helston "a while back". I mentioned Richard Gilbert's late Scott and Brian says he thinks it has been assembled from parts after the factory closed. I've invited Brian to drop in anytime that he's down Penzance way which he said he would. I would like to see his two speeder..

Aubrey Symons from Penzance sounded like an enthusiast though sadly he sold his Scott about 4/5 years ago. Getting too old--78--and now sticks to four wheels. He says he is still a member of the Club and he asked if he could come around sometime to have a look at mine. No problem, I said and he immediately asked for my number and name again. Funny how you can get a feel for someone within a very short time. His Scott was a late one and he sold it to Brian Trevail, who sold it on again a few months later.

Haven't checked out the other Cornish owners yet.

Regards

Nick

2 Speed Scott Runs!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-----Original Message-----

From: Nick Howell [mailto:nick.pilchard@googlemail.com]

Sent: 10 November 2010 21:14

To: roger@mossengineering.co.uk

Subject: Start up....

Hi Roger,

Well I finally got her fired up! It took a while, in fact about an hour. Found some Castrol R40 this afternoon, at a bike shop in Redruth and on the way back filled up the lawn mower can with a gallon of unleaded. Last weekend I drained what remained of the straight 40 mineral oil from

the tank, cleaned any oil in the crankcase through the doors, took off the carb, cleaned it out and replaced it, so it was ready to go.

About a litre of Castrol R went into the oil tank, a capful went in to the petrol tank followed by about a litre of unleaded, in case I had a leak and had to drain it all off again. Took the bike off the stand, petrol on, tickle, tickle, tickle, oil on, wait a bit. Open garage doors wide, dark outside; this'll please the neighbours! Hmm, no petrol dripping; tickle, tickle, tiiiiiiicccckle. Drip. Hah hah, now we'll see. Not sure about the two levers on the left hand side, better push both half ahead. Kick, Kick, Kick, Kick, Kick, puff; kick, kick, open throttle wide, kick, different sound, kick kick kick kick, puff puff phew; kick, kick, adjust that long lever a bit more. Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, puffff, dear dear. Kick, kick, kiiiick, kiii.....Right then. Petrol off, oil off. Back on the stand and get the plugs out. Bit wet but not overly so. Back in, tighten up; off the stand, petrol on, oil on; tickle tickle. Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, kike, kkkiiicckk, pheww. Two Strokes!

Back on the stand. Better have a look on the Scott Owners Club site and see if there is anything about this Amal 206/151R. Yep, here's something, different to the earlier Amal, blah blah, drip or no drip, blah, blah, gosh this chap doesn't like his drip, seems to be questioning Scott's engineering. Ah, Richard has set him straight, "should drip about once a second before firing up". Right better check. Garage, petrol on,...urp...oil on as well....tickle, tickle, tickle, tickleeeeeeee, hold it down and see what happens. Wet, a drip but certainly not one a second. Petrol off, fuel pipe off, carb top off. Petrol half way down, float just floating. Note that needle has a point at the top. Should it be at the bottom? Doesn't look like much of seat down there so it can't be. Carb top has a seat,,,but no hole. Must be hole for the petrol to get in. What do you mean "no hole"? What's that on the other side? Piece of varnish, or tank lining nicely covering up the hole. Ah, right. That's it then! Great, now we're off. Carb all back on, petrol on...tickle, tickle, gurgle, gurgle..that's more like it. Hah, drip, drip, drip, drip....dear dear this going to fill the crankcase. Read somewhere about hydraulic action blowing crankcases apart.....whoa...get it off the stand, into gear and rock it back forth. At least the clutch seems to work. Phut, phut, phut.





OK. Try the kickstart again. Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick, throttle open wide, kick, kick, kick, puff, kick, kick, kick. Now what! Back on the stand, plugs out. Hmm not very wet again. Rings may be stuck? How about a little petrol into each cylinder. Just a liittle. Plugs back in, off the stand, petrol back on; oil back on this time as well...

Kick, WHAM,,,PHUT, PHUT, PHUT, BLAMMM, BLAMMM, BLAMMM, BLAMMM.

WHAHAAYYY!! It's working! Is that both cylinders, or just one? Coo some vibration, maybe only one? What's that behind me? My goodness look at that smoke! Cough, cough. But it is working!! It's more than a bit of smoke it's a pretty good cloud now. I did open the garage doors didn't I? Gosh it's flowing across the ceiling. What's that Pilgrim pump doing? BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Drip.....drip.....on one side...zilch.....zilch....still zilch on the other side. Twiddle the wheel a bit; then some more and some more. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Did I see a drip; can't see much with this smoke cloud. Just look at that exhaust. Like a bloody smoke machine! Cloud base is thickening and descending...may soon be at head height. BLAMMM, BALMMM, BLAMM, BALMMM. SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD. Not brilliant; not

quite like those Scott videos on U Tube. May be time to abandon ship. Yep. Cut out....silence. Gedouddaa here....Dive back into the house to hear remains of sentence from Mithe containing some rather unFrench and unkind expressions about men and machines....

Re-enter combat area with camera a couple of minutes later. Cloudbase has nearly cleared; mist remains. Take photo. Ponder on situation.

Took much oil obviously; doesn't even smell like Castrol R. Peer under bike to see row of black oil blobs under exhaust manifold, downpipe and silencer. Not my nice new oil either. Better clean them out sometime. Now was that a capful of R that I put in the petrol tank or a bit more? Wasn't it a splash from the can? And with about a litre of unleaded I am expecting this Scott to run on about a 10:1 mix? Better put the rest of the five litres of petrol into the tank. Bike off stand, shake it around a bit and try the kick start. Kick... BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM....heh heh! Now look at that exhaust, not bad at all. BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BALM; yup neighbours, this is the new sound on the block! BLAM BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Great two cylinders now. What's that dear? What? BLAM, BLAM, No sorry dear can't hear you.....Ho...ho...errr...ummm. Better call a halt for the evening. Cut Cut. Welcome to Scott's I can hear someone saying.

So it works. Not sure if it is quite right yet and will clean out exhaust pipe and silencer over the next few days. Worrying about one side of the Pilgrim so will keep an eye on it. Number plates arrive on Friday and I could.....oh no, we are going away for the weekend.

Some foraging, save the planet trip that she's organised. Roll on next week...

By the way I spoke to Dave Poole and it wasn't him on the paperwork. He kindly asked after you and said that when you last met you were nursing injuries from the accident. Passed on your regards and he was pleased. He doesn't do many Scott's he said.

Regards to you and Marina

Nick

Nick Howell
The Pilchard Works
Ker-Avel
Rosehill
Penzance
Cornwall
TR20 8TEHi Nick

"The little dog laughed to see such fun"

I really enjoyed your dialogue.

Would you consider allowing us to include in our newsletter?

It is so much more readable if it is about someone sharing their experiences.

I did write a piece about starting somewhere It sounds like that had not been started for a good while Always start with ignition full advanced or the spark is weak Always drain wells if it has been standing more than a couple of weeks Fuel on, brief tickle only Turn fuel off in case float needle is not seating correctly One the engine runs the vibration tends to keep the float needle seated ok A few kicks throttle 1/4 / 1/3 open If no response, open throttle and give about 1 second spray with WD40 or Easy Start down the carb Kick again as before If no response, open throttle fully and give a few kicks to clear things If you want to be double sure, take out plugs and spray spark area with Easy Start to clean off oil A few kicks to blow out the cylinders A brief puff of Easy Start down the plug holes Replace plugs Try again at 1/3 opening choke 1/2 open If no success open throttle fully and try again choke fully open Once it has started and cleaned itself out, then if the settings are reasonable, it should be much less trouble next time.

Where is the satisfaction in climbing a small mountain Welcome to the band of masochists!

It does get better, believe me!

Kindest Regards

Roger

Rogers Blog

0002 dairy 14-10-10

In order to find new copy for the newsletter without resorting to recycling old material, I will start a dairy, rather like a blog and hope that you will find it of interest.

We will go back a few weeks to the lead up to the last race meeting at Cadwell Park on 25 & 26 September

Some of you will know that that Ken Swallow was, for many years, a Scott agent located in Golcar Yorkshire. Ken was a great fan of Scotts and participated in the famous "All Scotts Race" at Cadwell Park in 1946. In around 1948/9, when he was at Manchester University, Ken arranged to have rear suspension added to his bike by Ted Wichman who was a sidecar racer from that area.

A picture in the Swallow family picture album shows Ken leaving Kirk Braddan (Braddan Bridge Church) at the 1949 Manx with his new bride on his Scott with S/Arm and Girders.



Ken and past SOC president Arthur Fogg were friends and both subsequently had their girder forks exchanged for tele forks at the Panther

works. Having seen it, I must agree that the bike looks very useable and well sorted.

Ken's son Bill Swallow assembled the first bike received from Matt Holder for their new agency and so you can see that Scotts were part of the Swallow family history like letters through a stick of Blackpool rock. As an aside, Bill would be happy to receive any anecdotes, stories, photos or information relating to his families connection with Scotts. (bill.swallow@talktalk.net)



Some time in 2008, a close friend of the Swallows, Andy Farrer came to see me at a Cadwell meeting.

Andy is a Ducati specialist and one of nature's born communicators and brought the message that Bill's younger son Chris would very much like to have a race on my Scott. He had been brought up amidst Scotts but had never ridden one. He had seen our late, much missed friend, Paul Dobbs perform in spectacular fashion on my Scott and this had much interested him. I was happy to oblige, especially considering the long family connection with Scotts and was delighted to watch him take a win and second place on his first outing. This was especially creditable as the main opposition was the determined rider Ian Bain on his mighty dope burning cammy Norton

Soon after this, Bill Swallow asked if he could have a ride. For those who might not be familiar with racing, I should point out that Bill has been a top flight rider for many years with many successes in the Isle of Man to his credit. Truly a man much respected by riders of experience, so such an expression of interest was a compliment. A race was

arranged, but Bill was injured in a race crash previously which ruined our plans.

Life can hold some terrible blows for some of us and the Swallow family lost Bill's eldest son David in tragic circumstances in mid 2010. When at the funeral wake, Bill reminded me that he would still like to have a ride on my Scott, so it was arranged that Bill would race at the final two day meeting at Cadwell Park late in September. A practice ride at Mallory beforehand was arranged so that Bill would not be competing on a completely unfamiliar bike.

The Mallory practice went well, but we had some trouble starting the bike towards the end of the session, which is unusual. When home, I turned over the engine and heard a knocking. All was not well inside, so a strip down was needed. This was unwelcome, given the amount of work I have in hand and I had already committed to repair my son Richard's engine.

At this stage I decided to concentrate on being sure Richard's engine would be finished in time for Cadwell. Two years previously, I had made some steel cup type housings to accept ball bearing main bearings as used with the race type cranks we had in stock. Perhaps foolishly in an attempt to save time and money, these were fitted in a Scott crankcase but without a shrink ring. The high expansion rate of the Scott crankcase had resulted in the steel cup becoming loose in the case when the case was warm and the fretting soon hammered the aluminium bore till it was considerably oversize. It sounded like a big four stroke with ruined big ends. I have an order from Reinhold Sprenger in Austria for a full competition engine as I use in my racer and so needed to machine up a new crankcase casting of my design, which differs internally in having larger inlet tracts. I therefore decided that while I was set up, I should machine up three new cases. One was for Reinhold Sprenger, One for Richard and one for my long term Silk Scott project, where I intend to put one of my high output engines in the rebuilt bike.

The aluminium I use for my cases is high duty LM25 heat treated to TF condition. Not only is it very strong, but the expansion rate is very much less than the type of aluminium used by Scotts. Bearings can be fitted if wished, directly into the crankcase metal without recourse to such expedients as shrink rings. Those familiar with Triumph twins and other more modern machines will know that in these engines high strength low expansion alloy was the usual choice for case manufacture.

I must here make my most sincere apologies to Mike Fennel, who is awaiting an engine.

Twice I was preparing for assembly but had to defer this. The first time it became obvious that I would need all the time I had before Cadwell to finish a new case and build an engine for Richard in addition to fixing my

own engine. Jumping ahead a little to after Cadwell, I was ready to do the final gas flowing on Mike's engine, which is done with high speed air driven tools when the pressure switch on my compressor burnt out. Was fate trying to tell me something? Having machined up a new case for Richard, I built up the bottom end with ball bearing type main bearings. As per usual practice for a quality engine, the big end has cages and the little end of the rod is shimmed in the pistons, so that the rod can not wag and thus will continue to stand vertically on the big end rollers. I assembled the barrel assembly, which was a DPY detachable head type barrel, but fitted with a sandwich bathtub head from Colin Heath's patterns and surmounted by a blind head type water jacket. When painted up the whole can be indistinguishable from a blind barrel assembly but with an improved combustion shape. Richard has not worked with me for over a year now as he has found the love of his life and is settled in Ashburton Devon. He is building a new company called "The Good Heat Company" (Plug) which, amongst many eco friendly projects, designs and installs roof mounted solar water heating systems. I knew Richard would not have much spare time, so I installed his engine and fed in the primary chain. My crankcases have a hole in the front for three purposes. The first is to allow the fitting of an internal spacer so that the front bolts can be tightened firmly without distorting the case. The second reason is that the primary chain can be loaded much more easily. The third advantage is that with the cover plate standing slightly away from the case on spacers, then there is some cooling airflow to cool the inner surfaces of the crankchambers and thus reduce thermal growth.

Alfred had a front aperture in the Two Speeder cases and this feature was carried on with the Super Squirrel range, but dropped with the introduction of the flyer type cases.

About four days before the Cadwell meeting, Richard came and fitted up the rest of his bike. Apart from needing a better exhaust system, the bike is now sound, so if I suddenly expired, at least his bike is durable and will last. Off we went to Cadwell and were joined by Richard's partner Rachel and my daughter Charlotte and her partner James. A real family get together. Newsletter Editor and great friend Ted Parkin had brought a van of Scotts to display at the meeting all the way from near Elgin on the Moray Firth. A great pleasure at these meetings is to meet up with other Scott owners who had brought bikes for the education and encouragement of the public. Bill Swallow had brought his dad's Scott and was also joined by many family members in a more poignant tribute event to his dear late son David. Bill was to ride using David's usual race numbers and I had fitted these to the reverse side of existing plates that carried Paul Dobbs name and numbers.

The bike was carrying a tribute to two very special people, lost in the same year.

We had new tyres for the meeting for which we thank Steve Smith of Avon tyres. As I have noted before, the Scott, as with many vintage type bikes, were designed for more narrow section tyres than are fashionable today. I find that a 21" x 3" Avon "Speedmaster" on the front gives optimum grip and handling, although we use this in a soft racing compound. The rear is a 90 x 90 x 19 Avon "Roadrider" front tyre in intermediate race compound, but with rotation direction reversed for use on the rear wheel. This equates to a 325 rear tyre in profile.

Folks look at the spindly looking tyres and expect that the grip is very limited. Nothing could be further from the truth as the bike can be cornered at great angles of lean with absolute security. The 21" front tyre has a great "Vintage" look and the bigger diameter gives a longer contact patch which more than makes up for the lack of section. In 40 years of racing, I have never had a front wheel lose adhesion, which is very comforting.



Bill had six races on the Scott over the two days and had six wins. Due to declining numbers of older bikes racing (Come on lads, get those bikes out) the procedure is to run two classes together. I watched with fascination a Sunday race where the first group were "Up to 1972 Specials" which were mostly late well tuned big twins. These were started at least a minute ahead of the "Up to 1934" class in which Bill was riding. Bill shot off, caught the modern bikes and was up behind the leader at the finish. If he had been riding in the big late class, he would

have won by nearly a minute. Very satisfying indeed and a testimony to the original Scott design, of which my engine is merely a refined version. Bill had the satisfaction of winning on his late son David's Ducati as a conclusion of a cathartic meeting for Bill and his family. I was pleased to have been able to add to this tribute event. Richard had some good reliable rides on his Scott and it was good to see TWO Scotts in action. Richards bike needs an efficient exhaust system, but as this will cost at least £500 and Richard is starting a business, then this luxury will have to wait. Some days later, I had occasion to phone David Holder and he congratulated us on the six wins, as he had been at this Cadwell meeting. Considering the great efforts and huge expense that his father Matt expended to try and keep alive the Scott name, I was very happy to have, in some modest way, continued this campaign to keep the name of Scott in the public eye. A good end to the season. My Scott is always invited to the Stafford Show as an exhibit on the VMCC "British Historic Racing" display stand. At this event, Bonhams have an auction of bikes and this included two Scotts. Nick Howell phoned me from Penzance and asked my advice as he was considering buying a Scott and arranged I should have free entry to the auction viewing. The bike that took my eye was a very nicely restored 1928 Flying Squirrel Tourer and I decided to look under the crankcase to see if it had the two "Flex Slots" I always put in, to see if the engine was one of mine. I suppose it was inevitable that when a 70 year old is seen lying flat on his back with his head under a bike, that some I might be asked if I was OK? Has Sir "Had A Fall" No, Just checking out the crankcase seemed a somewhat inadequate reply! Stafford is always a blur of faces of old and new friends and I tell you honestly, that if I had a pound for every picture that was taken of my Scott, then I would be a rich man indeed.

Carl Stormer was over to collect the HE5 outfit he bought from Verrals. Older members will remember it as the outstanding restoration by Walter Green. Carl had come to Stafford to see the show and collect a special set of my cranks with tungsten heavy metal balancing slugs.

Carl had two engines from me and the only difference was that one engine had slugged cranks. Carl is adamant that this engine is much smoother than the unslugged engine and wanted a set so they could be installed in his ex Jim Best Birmingham Scott at some later date. Due to the extra cost and work involved, I only made four sets in "Long Stroke" format and I have just sent off another set to John Cook in Devon.

Another visitor from overseas was Renzo Mariongoni who lives near Venice. Renzo is a keen motorcyclist and has a good mix of classic and modern bikes. He has a Birmingham Scott and is looking to try and find a good "TT Replica" Not an easy bike to find, but he wants one to ride and show in Italy, the home of motorcycle passion. If you know of one,

let me know and I will pass the info on to Renzo. I am not a dealer but like to help genuine folks where I can. As we get older, we must do our best to guard against letting our spirit decline.

In fact 2011 is a special year for me, as I will be 70 on February 1st. I shall run to my doctor in January to get my race medical before that date as after 70 there are more tests to pass. One friend told me that after 70, when you apply for a race licence, they test your sanity and that this was a test I would surely fail! I intend to have a good season's racing next year as an act of defiance to the calendar. On one account I must accept a measure of defeat though. I find it increasingly hard to push start a race bike and even sometimes to start one of my road bikes that has been standing a while. As I usually go to race meetings alone, I have occasionally begged a start from Chris and Fiona Hawksley whose company "Hawksley Engineering make the excellent range of "Solo" electric starting rollers. I saw them at the Stafford Show and treated myself to a set. What price a heart attack eh? You can just wheel the bike on to the rollers, you have a small foot switch on the floor and when depressed it whirrs round the back wheel and starting is easy. Many of us are getting a bit older and one of the difficulties is starting our bikes. Once going the riding is easy and once they have been run and got warm, restarting is usually easy. The first start can be difficult. You can run them from jump leads or have a separate battery. I want to keep riding for many years yet and this makes sense to me.

Although I spend most time at a show at the "British Historic Racing" display, I do try and spend a little time to see what is of interest at the show. I especially haunt the engineering tool stalls in case there are things that would help my manufacturing processes. This year was no exception and I found a few prizes. I also visited the stand of "The British Two Stroke Club"

(<http://www.btsc.btinternet.co.uk/>) as I am a member of this very friendly club. In my tour round the show, I found in a more remote hall a display of restored off road bikes by two brothers Andy and Ady Astle who had recently started this new business in Derby, which is not far from my South Croxton base. The standard of the preparation and paintwork was first class and the cost seemed very reasonable. I explained to them that I concentrated on Scott engine work and that Eddie Shermer, my good friend and working colleague, does transmission and carburettor work and a little rolling chassis as time permits. I put the premise that there must be Scott owners who have not been involved in mechanical occupations in their careers and that such a person might appreciate the possibility of sending his bike to be restored completely. There is an old saying, that "To be a master of all trades is to be the

master of none” I send magnetos to Sean Hawker. Carbs to Martyn Bratby, Transmissions to Eddie Shermer. Would I be correct in thinking that a collaborating company who could restore the rolling chassis and do all chroming and paintwork, might be the last stage in a complete service. In this case each specialist does what he is expert at and the only extra function is a central management control. This I am very familiar with and could supply this extra function easily. If you have thoughts on this or any other matter, please let me know. We share the same ambition to show the world what great bikes Scotts are, and if, in this ambition, the value of our bikes rise a little to more reasonably reflect their true value, then I am sure that none of us will complain.

A final recommendation seen at the show was Pete Lidster trading as Tisixtyfour. This is a reference to the most useful grade of Titanium as Pete makes lightweight Titanium fitting for the racing fraternity. He will also make in Stainless Steel and I inspected his samples with close professional care. I was most impressed with the quality and price and I recommend his products without any reservation

Well that about wraps it up for now. I must sort out some photos but not excessively as we must consider your download capacity.

I will be most grateful if you could contact me and give your comments and advice on this style of presentation. Steve Enticott, Graham Parker, Ted Parkin and myself have tried, amidst busy personal and business lives, to present information generally relevant to Scotts, that is helpful and entertaining. It would be a great pity to let it lapse now, just when Scotts are getting a greater awareness, respect and values amongst the more discerning motorcycle public.

Until next time, Live long and be happy Roger

Hawksley Engineering Ltd
“Solo”starting rollers
Bridge Works
Burningham Road
Gunness
Scunthorpe
N Lincs DN17 3LT
Email hawkeng@ic24.net
www.hawksleyengineering.co.uk

A2 Motorcycle Restoration

Andy and Ady Astle
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Scotland Volume 2

“Moss”

A while after buying the TT Rep I asked Roger Moss if he had any recollections and history of the bike. He quickly responded by sending me a copy of an article he wrote some years ago for the Scott Owners Club. I thought it so much fun an edited copy is reproduced below.

After a while a search for Scotts uncovered three in one week, none cost more than £50. They were a 1929 Flyer, a 1928 TT Replica (UE 7373) and a 1950 Flying Squirrel.

The TT Rep was taken to events, but these rallies were less restrained than the rallies that had figured in the minds eye of my father. These were in fact Vintage Race Meetings, a new era had indeed dawned. The thrill was electric, I had never experienced anything so utterly enthralling. What I figure I must have cut as I strove to rob someone of last place!

I was fortunate in that some kind person had lent me some racing leathers and together with my thick fleecy lined boots and similar gloves completed the main items of clothing. It is entirely bad form to complain of trivialities when someone does you a kindness. It was unthinkable to point out to my benefactor that our physiques each represented the opposite ends of the human frame. When I was obliged to walk, I would gather up my leather robes, which otherwise resembled a long skirt, as the onlooker could not see separate legs. This was because the crutch was in close communication with Mother Earth. The appearance was grotesque! Some persons bent on uplifting my spirits suggested that I resembled a decaying concertina, whilst other friends gave freely of their valuable time and made, especially for me, funny red noses.

Look! When you have legs like mine you almost grew to expect it, at least if it brings some brightness to someone's day if not mine!

The rapture of these times was added to by my first experiences of those endearing little Scott happenings, which eventually do so much to mould the character of the owner. The auxiliary oil pump on the replica, which unknown to it's naive owner, leaked oil into the cylinders. This made it impossible to start until one had pushed it almost a mile. A friend amused me with a graphic description of that state. He calls that twilight zone between consciousness and unconsciousness, mixed with what seems like terminal fatigue, the "Red Staggers"

You pushed the Replica until you got the "Red Staggers" and then it would start. You lay on it like a dead man when it fired and unable even hardly to think, you made your way homeward, pursued by a concentrated pollution zone or ecological disaster area if you prefer.

It had to happen of course. Reasoning that the motor was drowning in oil I switched off the oil tap so as not to compound it's misery. Please understand that due to a certain mischievous tendency the engine would always start easily at home!

It was only when you had stopped at some remote place, that it playfully required pushing. Unfortunately, I had forgotten that when one experiences the onset of the aforementioned Red Staggers with everything looking red through bloodshot eyes and one is about to pass out, that ones memory, in addition to every other faculty, suffers. When the engine fired I collapsed on the machine and by some miracle made

my way home. Beneath the tank the Binks 3 jet carb winked solemnly at the **closed** oil tap.

"By eck we've got im this time lads! It wer time ee saw inside --E knows nowt yet!"

Sometimes in the dead of night when my wife has complained of my strange activities in my sleep I realised that I have been mentally stripping a Scott engine, hardly erotic! Erratic yes! Erotic never!

The Replica and I became firmly attached rather like having a favorite wart! and with my increasing respect came a more benevolent attitude from UE 7373.

There was the time when I was pondering on my increasing weight, this followed giving up cigarettes. As the doctor told me it would ease my ulcers.

I realise now that I did not have ulcers before I had the Scott!

But that is history now.

I decided to visit an old school friend who was also afflicted with motorbikes, but not so seriously as he had not contracted Scotts disease yet.

I should have known better. It was a memorable and idyllic summers day. Nowadays I would cast one suspicious eye at such a day, quickly chalk a circle round my bed and retire there until normality returned .

It is my particular cross that I am trusting so off I set.

I admit that I was beginning to show signs off doubt in some ways, like the arsenal of tools I carried in my Barbour jacket. When I walked I clanked and if I had had the misfortune to fall into deep water would have sunk like a stone.

I suppose the seriousness of my position was becoming apparent but my feeble precautions were as straw before a storm as I was about to discover.

I admit to an ability to do stupid things occasionally although my wife would claim more regularly than that. The stage was again set for one of

these events. My friend lives hard by a motorway. I sense you rolling about in mirth already, yes, I admit that I took a Scott on a motorway. Well I did say I am not perfect.

The sun beat down, the bike purred like a cat, I should have turned back!

However I must continue lest my courage fail me and I cannot finish the tale .

From the bosom of this bliss came the impatient Postman rapping on the letter box, I awake from the reverie, so I stop and look quickly. I pulled onto the hard shoulder and with misplaced quiet confidence took out my tools.

Some short time later I was again examining my tools but no, there wasn't one to deal with a broken crank!

Have you ever seen a long stroke Scott motor smirk? You will no doubt be aware of the peculiar physiological phenomena which affects motorcyclists who break down. You become invisible to all the rest of mankind. The AA and RAC, the police, not to mention the hordes of your fellow? homosapians rushing past you pell mell. As if each were on some life or death errand.

I have now taken to packing a large roll of bandage and sachets of tomato sauce! We learn!

I had pushed that machine for several miles when I spied a turnoff. I was becoming quite wretched and the 'red staggers' were not far off. But the sight of this turnoff gave me new hope and finding new strength, I pressed onward. When I eventually arrived you can imagine my distress on finding it to be that particular abomination, a motorway fork where both are motorways!

I looked ahead in a daze and saw a punishing incline and knew that regardless of willpower, the body wouldn't make it!

I looked to my left and there, tantalizingly about a mile remote, was the house of my friend.

"There are Englishmen and others" my father always told me, *"And an Englishman never admits defeat! At least not a proper Englishman!"* I resolved to be a proper Englishman and considered my alternatives. The motorway had been perched on a substantial embankment for the course

of my journey on foot and it was bounded at low level by a very stout fence. I had surveyed this several times, but decided that I could not dismantle it with the tools I had and most certainly could not lift the machine over it!

But now, some halfway up the incline which I was approaching and beneath it, ran a road leading to my friend's village. The wooden fence also gave way to a heavy wire link fence at this point and I determined to make my final assault there.

At the position in question, alone and neglected by humanity, I attacked the fence! In truth I believe I would have bitten my way through had I not had pliers. In a short time I surveyed the ruined fence, with not one shard of remorse! The bike had to be slid down the steep bank on its side, but I managed it!

Through the wire fence on the road and I felt like a prisoner who had escaped.

The last mile I remember little of, the red clouds were rolling in, but I remember exactly my arrival! My friends house had a short drive with a slight slope, to me an eternal mountain, but this human wreck proceeded to push the bike into a small courtyard. My friends father was repairing his car and called "Hello!" I felt strength draining from me and sank to my knees still holding the Scott upright. I tried to ask him to take the bike, but the words wouldn't come. After an age he saw my predicament and took it from me.

I had lost 3/4 of a stone in 3 hours.

That round definitely went to the Scott!

REFABRICATIONS

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ce moteur utilise les cotes standard du moteur Scott, sauf lorsque les améliorations imposaient des modifications. La puissance est doublée par rapport à l'origine alors que l'endurance a été améliorée ». Roger acquit sa première Scott en 1967 et commença à produire des pièces lorsqu'il cassa son embiellage la même année. Il devint plus tard fournisseur pour le spécialiste Tom Ward, et aussi pour George Silk (Silk-Scott). Il créa Moss Engineering en 1993,

société spécialisée en pièces de Scott améliorées.

Les pièces du nouveau moteur haute performance peuvent être acquises séparément, mais il vend aussi des moteurs complets prêts à prendre la piste. Il reconstruit également des moteurs Scott d'origine.

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