

It's the New Year!!!!!!!
Herewith the new newsletter.
The boys wish you all a fun
time and lots of Scotty
riding!!!!!!!!!!!!



**And now for something interesting and completely
different!! (See Below!)**

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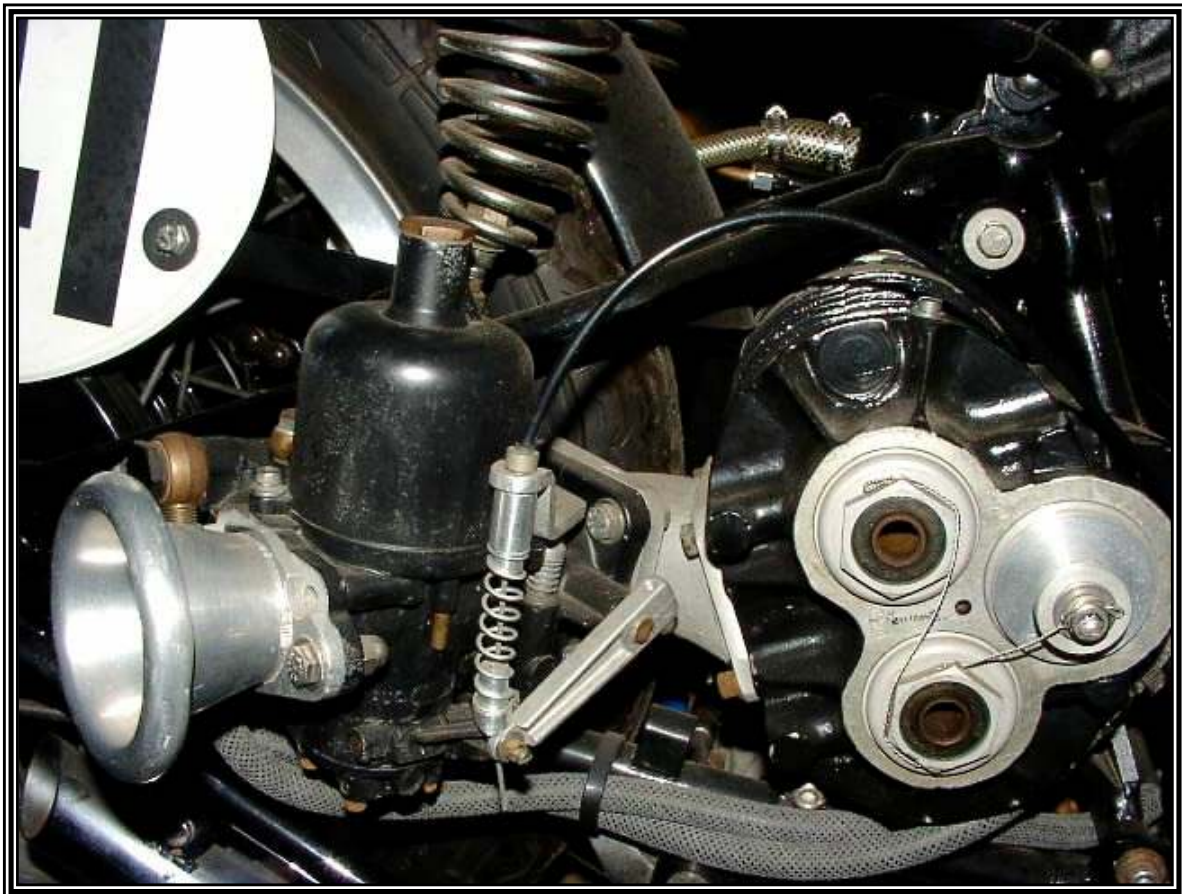
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Supercharged Scott!!!

Greetings Mr. Moss

Well the infamous Supercharged Scott has again surfaced and at this moment resides in my shop in California after a cross country trip from North.Carolina. Upon inspection after arrival it was determined that the engine is just an empty shell as shown in the attached pictures. All of the accessory drives attached to the engine are complete internally. "Jock", who crafted it is deceased. The bike has been stored in his widows garage and unfortunately she does not seem to know anything about the whereabouts of the missing parts if in fact they ever existed in the first place.



We are in the process of determining if we are going to proceed and attempt to make the bike a runner or pack it up and send it back to Noth. Carolina or keep it as a piece of garage art.

Its clouded history asside the bike is a very unique piece and it deserves to be taken forward to completion, if possible, but then as always reality and costs of proceeding rears its head.

What I would like from you if possible is to give me somewhat of an idea of what it would cost for you to build a complete engine for me if I sent the engine shell to you minus the external parts he fabricated. Assuming our parts reusable. Please understand I only need a guesstimate of cast not a number I would hold you to should we proceed. A worst case senario if need be.

On a personal note I must tell you I am quite taken with this bike. I have been aware of Scott's for years and always appreciated them for there uniqueness but never had any interest of considering taking one up as a project untill this one came along. I have been involved in the dirt side motorcycle racing since the 1960's with most of the British singles and twins and am currently keeping a stable of Harley 750KR's running in vintage dirt-track.

Anyways at the very least I thought you would be interested in what happened to this bike since the eBay fiasco. Please note any help in these matters will be greatly appreciated.

Regards

Mike Sinnott USA

Dear Mike

Jock exchanged his Alfa Romeo Spider for this bike owned by Clive Waye.

Clive knew about blowers, having built a drag bike with a flat four VW engine called the Drag Waye which took several records.

Clive worked in Santa Barbara in a small company called TWM (The Weber Man) but I forget the name of his partner. I was invited over to do a bit of work for them years ago and met Jock and saw the bike.

I realise that the world is full of well engineered bikes, but once I had one, I got hooked.

I soon realised that, if considered in the context of the known technology of the early 1900's, then the original design was the creation of a man of rare genius.

To have a factory to make his bikes Alfred Scott had to sell his soul to the devil in the shape of the financial investors.

Alfred was fascinated by the engineering adventure in which nothing stood still in the quest for improvement

The bean counters did not want changes and once they had paid to set up the plant, they just wanted to churn out product and make profit.

Alfred quit at the end of WW1 and leaves our scene, after which others, whose talent fails to raise my admiration, scaled up the basic design within the original parameters.

I started racing Scotts in Vintage racing in 1970 together with racing the Superbikes of the day (Laverda and &750SS Ducati)

The famous weakness of the cranks soon reared its head and I started a long crusade to overcome this problem within the space constraints imposed by the original engine setup

The cranks I make that are interchangeable with standard Scott components are used in my son Richard's racer which with a resonant pipe puts out about 45bhp at the crank

A standard 600cc Scott engine puts out 19bhp

My guess is that these cranks would handle up to 55 bhp but if they were used continually at this figure I would change or at least ND test them every three years

So the joke about Jock's bike was that if it were ever to be finished, then if it had standard Scott cranks in it, we were taking bets if it would make the end of the street before a rod went through.

My own racer had a trick four bearing crank with titanium rods in 1977, all in a lookalike case of high tensile alloy with alloy barrel and special head and carb.

It has been a lifelong passion which, perhaps like Jock, paid no account of economic logic.

I suppose that first we must consider what is achievable

As it stands it is an interesting museum or shop front window exhibit I could make an engine capable of say 55 bhp, but as I usually never sell to customers anything I have not made and tested to about plus 50%, then I could give no warranty

I rebuild standard Scott engines of 19 bhp when new and supply an engine that is about 29 / 30 bhp that is more smooth and strong.

There is a limit that you can achieve with a Day cycle two stroke (Deflector Piston) engine, due to the gas flow characteristics.

The engine gives strong torque at low to medium revs (2000 to 3500) but fades above 4250

It is very different to a Schneule loop scavenge type but the power band is wider.

Of course I was lucky to persuade our vintage racing organisers to allow me to use a resonant exhaust based on Gordon Jennings data which hiked the output from 30 to about 44 / 45bhp

Naturally we make our own bigger vintage look alike carb which from experience we size between 34 and 38mm dependant on the exhaust used.

We also use a vee twin carb manifold which gives good results.

So a motor could be either made new or rebuilt, but that leaves the blower side.

In this you are far better placed than I to cope with this aspect as there are lots of knowledgeable folks in California who could cope with this

Options

A new Moss replica sports engine with all new high tensile case, alloy barrel chrome lines as old TZ's, with carb would cost perhaps \$17000

A top spec rebuild on an existing engine with new cranks, pistons, bearings, would be about \$10000

A basic standard rebuild without upgrades but with cranks and new pistons perhaps \$6500

As regards the value of the bike, then I look at it from the basic of having a kit of most of the parts from which you could make a decent sporty reliable

USEABLE Scott

In the UK, if you valued what Jock did as scrap, I would value the bike at about £3500 only

If you fancy finishing the project, then you have to ask yourself if the project was viable in the first place

I know a bit about the list of things that break as you hike the power output and if the project is continued, prepare yourself for grief and poverty

What would I do if it were mine?

Take lots of photos then strip it all out and fit a decent standard or sports motor

You would then have a bike you could use that would be a decent ride and certainly always a focus of attention

I suggest you contact Mark Scott in Austin Texas and have a talk with him.

Mark has a few good bikes and can give you a pretty objective opinion.

I supplied a completely new motor from original components but built to a good spec to give a nice brisk ride at under top price.

We also updated the clutch and gearbox which would need much work to withstand the power that a blower could give

My regards Roger Moss

Herewith, from Roger Moss, an article written by the late Paul Dobbs who tragically lost his life racing at the TT in the Isle of Man a while ago

Scott Report

By Paul Dobbs (RIP)

As someone who until 18 months ago had ridden and raced only modern(ish) Japanese bikes, I would like to convey my new-found enjoyment of the sport.



This was brought about by a chance meeting with a bloke by the name of Roger Moss and his Scott Squirrel. I have raced, worked on bikes and run workshops around the world for 12 years and I thought I'd had enough of bikes after several goes at the Isle of Man TT.

I'd promised my wife I wouldn't spend any more money on racing and I was ready to retire my leathers. Then I had a call from an old friend of my dad's in New Zealand. He asked me to build a Goldstar race bike for him before we moved back to New Zealand. This, along with a call from Tony Harris asking if I'd like to race a Scott, changed all our plans.

At this point I discovered that all I knew about working on and riding bikes would count for almost nothing. The month I had allowed to prepare the Goldy turned into a year of swear words and bleeding knuckles.

My first race on the Scott had me convinced that tree surgery would be a better move. Coming out of Gerards at Mallory Park the Scott would suddenly go into the most terrifying tank slapper, which continued the length of the straight. The skid marks left by the front wheel were almost as good as the ones left in my pants. Roger's comment was "She does that - you just have to relax." This I was having a little trouble doing.

After a passing comment from Roy Sherwood and an evening studying photos of the bike from the meeting, we set about taming the Scott. We decided there wasn't enough weight on the front wheel. At this point I heard a rumour that a journalist of note had commented after riding the bike "It's the most evil thing I've ever ridden". This made me feel a little better about being intimidated by the Scott.

After the option of smaller wheels was dismissed (it had already been tried before to no avail) the only option left was move the rider. I suggested: to the pub would be good. A set of straight bars and new seat mounts moved me forward and over the front wheel by about 3". This dramatically converted the Scott into the most confidence-inspiring bike I have ever ridden. We were instantly on the pace.

With good results came a mass of interest - the bike draws a crowd after every race. The sense of achievement when you make so-called superior bikes pay their respects to the Scott is great. In the wet the bike is a real giant killer - being passed in the rain by a bike with a 21" front wheel and

no suspension must be hard to swallow. And all this on a bike old enough to be my grand-dad.

The 2004 season was a mixture of me learning the bike and Roger fine tuning the motor and brakes. A disagreement on which tyres to run was sorted out at Pembry where the lap-times and a first class win made the decision for us. The rest of the season was mostly highs with the occasional low when things, as they do, went wrong. The racing was hard and close with Ian Bain, Ian Cramp and Mike Farrel putting up stiff opposition on Nortons, Velos and Ridges - all supposedly superior mounts.

We missed Anglesey. Roger was setting a new land speed record for a Scott at 114mph. Not bad for an old lady (the bike – not Roger). We finished third and fourth in our classes at the end of the year. Not a bad effort, all being considered. The 2005 season started badly with a broken gearbox shaft putting us out in the morning practice at Mallory.

On closer inspection, it appeared that the shaft might have been broken for a portion of the 2004 season. This goes to show how tough these bikes really are. We missed Pembry due to commitments at the Isle of Man TT so battle proper commenced at Lydden in June. A second place in the first race followed by three wins had our hopes up for Sunday - if the rear tyre would last the distance.

Sunday dawned and we struggled to two third places with the Scott running hot and very slow. Roger found the problem: the ignition timing had slipped. We missed the third race while it was put right. For the last race the Scott was back with vengeance: a class win and third to a BSA Rocket and Norton Commando in the Open Specials.

If we'd had two more laps I think we could have seen them both off. What all this has proved to me is that these bikes – when put together properly - are reliable, fast and loads of fun. Old bikes need to spend their weekends at the race track or on the road doing what they were built to do. It's a shame there is so much history in museums and back sheds wasting away. Get them out and play with them! Many thanks to Roger for letting me ride such a wonderful bike that makes even me look good.

Paul Dobbs (Dobsy)

A few words of advice from Roger Moss

If you or anyone you know, is offered a Scott and the name of Roger Moss or Eddie Shermer is associated with it, we strongly recommend that you check with either or both of us before making any commitment.

We both hold records regarding the jobs we have done and can advise the nature and extent of work done, or if we actually had any involvement or not with the machine offered.

Chasing the Genie

I wonder how many of you share the problem of lying awake at night with the mind like a wild teenager roaming through the endless inviting alleys that each open out into a dazzling vista of an endless choice of subjects to investigate. At 3.30 am, I have decided that this is singularly non-productive and so I creep out of bed carefully so not to wake Marina and descend the little wooden hill and so into the kitchen to make a cup of tea and fetch out the laptop.

Rex, our elderly dog opens one patient eye to see what foolishness this Roger is doing now, and returns to his slumber. In some ways I envy him his peace, but we have to live with the nature we were given as best we can. The tea was very satisfying as were the three chocolate biscuits, if I can banish from mind the nagging thought that I am officially diabetic, but then, we are none of us going to live forever.

Before me over the screen is the Rayburn Regent kitchen range of about 1950 that heats our little cottage, provides hot water and is a cooker also. Very efficient and economical, with the kettle quietly chattering to itself on the cooler end of the hob and above it is a drying rack where my red padded

overalls, washed last evening will be warm and cosy to put on later, ready to venture out the seven steps to my little plant in our yard. Ok Roger, now what are you going to chatter on about.

After sending out newsletter 44 with one of my philosophical rambles on the intro page, I received several emails from friends who had enjoyed this reverie and Steve Enticott my soul mate from Australia asked for a picture of the cottage. I sent him a couple of pics and suggested he went on Google maps and put in the address. This was a workers cottage belonging to an estate with a substantial mansion at its centre. The landed gentry did not wish their eyes to be offended by the sight of the humble dwellings of their servants, you know, those who were in fact their brothers and sisters in this club of humanity, but were in fact considered as a sub species. Ah, pride, the seeds of our own destruction!

The dwellings of the workers were thus positioned out of sight on the fringes of the estate and at the end of each day the valuable power units in the shape of teams of horses were brought back to the field behind our cottage, where there was, and still is, a barn, a stack yard and drinking pond for the horses. The two semi-detached brick and timber cottages were named "Fox Cottages" and a rather nice metal plaque of a fox is fixed over the door. It was, of course, long before houses were given numbers to aid postal delivery. Water was drawn from a nearby well and other necessities of life were catered for by earth toilets.

If memory serves me right, I believe Steve would term this a "Dunny". At one end of the building was a separate wash house with a copper water boiler and a very large but shallow earthenware sink, which I found in the garden and could not bear to throw away. I have in the outhouse a very nice domestic kitchen range from about 1880 with open fire and oven with swing in trivets for the kettle to simmer.

I shall never install it now, so if anyone loves old things like me and fancies it, please contact me. You will have realised long ago, that I do not write in the accepted sense, I simply talk to my invisible friends with a pen, or rather a one fingered keyboard.

I have been worried that the newsletters could become dull, even if informative. That is as regards my input as Ted Parkin's contribution could NEVER be described as dull. I will ask Ted to include this in the body of

the next newsletter to give a bit of variety and if you find it of interest, please let me know and I will try and throw together a mental ramble on a more regular basis.

OK where do we go from here. Some variety methinks. The Roman invasion brought military discipline and order to most of Britain and one of their military roads, the “Fosse Way” runs from Leicester north to Lincoln passing through Syston our nearest small town about 5 miles distant via a bronze age ridge track of which perhaps more at a later date if you are interested.

Let us travel to Lincoln with its magnificent cathedral standing with great majesty on the edge of a ridge overlooking a valley gouged out by a glacier in the last ice age. South East of Lincoln are great tracts of flat productive arable land, but these tend to be rather soft and wet. In the heroic days of our mainly artisan led Industrial Revolution, Lincoln was a vibrant manufacturing town producing steam driven machinery of all types, especially for agricultural use.

As the internal combustion engine was developed, this power source was embraced with zest as it gave the possibility to produce a lighter agricultural prime mover, to add to which, the development of tracks to spread the load on soft ground became a major leap forward. Now fast forward to the First World War, that madness driven by the pride and self-interest of the few, to the great destruction of the lives of the many. If I seem cynical, can you really blame me?

The trench war stalemate and development of the machine gun as a killing machine of industrial efficiency, had finally, after millions of lives had been uselessly expended, convinced our glorious leaders that perhaps another strategy was needed. There were a few fringe thinkers with the ability to think laterally who thought about an armoured machine to advance upon the equally hapless enemy and the agricultural tracked tractor seemed a good starting point.

The leading companies in Lincoln were instructed to make such a machine, but it was necessary give it a name that did not give away its intended purpose. The name chosen was mobile “Water Tank for Mesopotamia”. Hence the name that has endured “The Tank”. A prototype of lozenge shape to be able to cross trenches was constructed and the great and the good

(Cynical again) of the military were assembled to witness a demonstration. The “tank” was to climb a small hill and then come down the steep decline. When it went over the point of balance, it came down with a great impact and stopped. After a while, the onlookers asked why the delay, to which some quick witted engineer from the construction company said that they had arranged this so that the onlookers might have a good chance to survey the machine.

The truth of the matter was different, however. The impact had concussed the crew as the tank had no suspension and as the crew access door was on the opposite side and out of sight of the military observers, they managed to extract the dazed crew and install a fresh crew and drive on to complete the demonstration. How do I know this?, personal contact with old engineers from the makers. If you are interested in history, I do recommend a visit to Lincoln to visit the cathedral and see an early tank in the museum of country life. Sadly Lincoln has lost much of its industry and is searching for direction.

We are told that we are now a post-industrial society, but if we train graduates for whom insufficient jobs exist then perhaps another rethink is necessary. We cannot all be managers, in truth we try to support too many already and I look at Germany who nailed their flag of industry to the mast and remain successful. If you listen quietly, you will hear my teeth grinding, but individually we are impotent, so I set up my little plant and rejoice that I actually started at the bottom and thus garnered an understanding in enough depth for safety. So here I am, an elderly survivor of a once proud army of British engineers sitting rambling in this ancient kitchen at 6 O clock in the morning.

I think another cup of tea and then creep back to bed.

Perhaps Marina will not notice.

Roger

Finding the 1928 TT Replica Scott

This piece is to set out how I found my 1928 built Scott TT Replica.

It is really saying “Forget all the negative waves” from those who tell you that you have “No Chance”

The circumstances were that my father was a Victorian authority in his house and factory and unless you felt like sleeping in a ditch, you had to bite the bullet until you were in a position to survive independently. In late 1963, I had barely survived a crash on a BMW and father sold it whilst I was in hospital and an unwanted car was supplied. In due course I fell to thinking how I could get back on two wheels, but knew a new angle would be necessary. Fate eventually lent a hand as father was in touch with an old school friend from their time together at Loughborough Grammar School. The friend was Arthur Tyler, who was a TT factory rider for Raleigh when they were competitive. In these much later times, Arthur had eschewed motorcycles and had an 1898 Decaville car. In 1967, Father had been to some rallies with Arthur and had become interested, so while the spirit still burned, I artfully struck to enquire if he would contemplate me having a Historic motorcycle. Although I mentally ducked and covered my ears for the rejection, a rejection was not forthcoming.

This would be the way then, but what bike. I knew it could not be a Norton or Velocette as these marques were makers of racers and he would certainly object. Some years before, I had learned of Scotts and had attended rallies at Crown Meadows, Evesham. It is difficult to know exactly why any particular marque resonates with a person. It could have been that the wish to have something different was part of the attraction. It could also have been a respect for a designer who, in today’s parlance, “thinks outside the box” and conceives his design solution from base principles and has the courage and conviction to ignore the herd.



I was always attracted by original thinking and quality engineering, so immediately after my enquiry to father, I remembered an article in Motorcycle Sport Magazine (of revered memory) from about two years previously. As consolation, during my years in the four wheeled wilderness, I had continued my subscriptions to MCS and had a pile of back issues in the attic which I fell upon eagerly. Soon I had the two issues from 1965 that I remembered, and believed it was by Val Ward of Nottingham, but talking to him recently, he said that they were not from him and suggested either George Stevens or Nick Sloan, both valiant keepers of the sacred flame. I must check this up one day as I am sure I never ever threw a MCS away! Most Scott owners will be aware that Albert Reynolds was a main Scott dealer from Liverpool and who commissioned special models from Scotts during a period of great economic difficulty, which were marketed as "Reynolds Specials". Albert Reynolds was disappointed that Scott did not develop the three cylinder model to be a credible alternative to the Brough and so produced his own lightweight in the late 30's whilst still selling the twin cylinder Scott models. The article covered this history in two parts featured in consecutive editions of MCS, but the important piece I had remembered, was in the final paragraph.



It noted in passing, that the writer was taken into an attic store room where there was a Scott Two Speeder and a “Most Desirable” TT Replica that had been left for repair in the early days of the war and never collected. Totally undeterred that this magazine article was now at least two years old and working on the principle of “nothing tried, nothing gained”, I wrote to A E Reynolds of Berry Street Liverpool and expressed my interest to buy the TT Replica if it was still available. Some days later, I had a response from Albert Reynolds stating that they had had many request to buy this bike over

the years that he had refused, however he was now prepared to sell it at what it stood on his books which was £48. It seemed a little expensive, but I borrowed a Bedford CA van (sliding side doors and snub nose) and with my brother we rattled our way up to Liverpool on a Saturday morning. Having found the Reynolds emporium, we went round the back where a cloud of smoke was billowing out of some open workshop doors. We went in and were asked if we needed help. Not really I replied but we are here to pick up the Scott, which was standing on a traditional wooden work stand and had obviously been started recently. How did you persuade him to sell it came the response. He has had lots of offers over the years and has always refused. We have worked here for years and the story that has been handed down, is that it belonged to a merchant seaman, who having had a problem, left it for repair in 1941 whilst he was in the crew of a merchantman taking munitions to Murmansk to aid the Russians who were taking the full onslaught of the Nazi offensive with very unequal resources. The seaman never returned and it was assumed that he was one of the huge loss of life attributable to the U boats. (He who lives by the sword) They told me that every six months they were instructed to go to the main office and collect they key to the attic. They would then go up three flights of stairs to the attic and unlock the door. Once inside, they would remove spark plugs, squirt oil into the cylinders, kick over the bike several times then replace plugs. Finally they would take an oil soaked rag and completely wipe down both bikes, before locking the attic and returning the key to the office. This ritual had been practiced from 1941 until 1967. One of the mechanics took me round to the office to meet Mr Reynolds. I would have been 26 at this time and my guess would have been that Mr Reynolds would have been about 65. He asked me about myself, I suspect to assure himself that I was not just a dealer looking to make a quick buck. He then explained that Scotts had been a big part of his life and he had kept the two Scotts to hand on to his two sons in the hope that they would continue the family association with the marque. Unfortunately one son had “Disappointed him” and the other son was only interested in cars. He had finally decided that it would be better to pass on the bikes to those who would value and care for them. To me, he looked a man whose spirits had been much dampened by unwelcome problems, as to have done what he had done in life would have taken much spirit to achieve.

Nobody promises any of us that life would be easy and he had skippered his company through the difficult waters of the recession and helped the Scott company along the way. A man without spirit does not achieve such as this.

I paid and returned to the workshop and loaded the bike, but just before we finally departed, a further bit of theatre occurred. A man ran out of a nearby premises crying "Where are you going with that bike?" I told him that I was going home with the bike I had just bought. "Oh No, Oh No, Oh No" he cried, I have been begging him to sell that bike to me for twenty years and he always refused. We arrived home and I took a photo of both sides. Having been stored during that period of its life where it would have been just an old motorbike and prey to being abused as many were, I realised that this was a uniquely original specimen and I was very lucky to own it. Albert Reynolds, in common with Matt Holder, was a lover of Alvis cars as well as Scott motorbikes and within three months of purchasing RY 1373 / UE 7373 we learned of the death of Albert Reynolds. As told to me, it happened thus. Albert was in his Alvis and negotiating a rather acute blind bend when half way round he saw a young child toddler immediately in his path. The child had broken away from the care of its mother and run into the road. Albert Reynolds made an emergency stop using all the strength at his command. Fortunately, he just managed to avoid the child, but unfortunately the stress and adrenaline rush caused a heart attack from which he died. So ended the life of a man who had played a significant part in the story of the Scott company

As an aside. The history of UE 7373 is available (*as an MP3*) from editorejp@live.co.uk Free!!

Travels on a 1955 Vincent Shadow and sidecar to the Arctic Circle.

© E.J. Parkin 1995

Out of the Dark.

Geilenkirchen. Germany.

Three weeks later the flat, and the children, (*two lovely girls, aged 9 and 5*) were mine, everything I had wanted. Amazing! I had been expecting fireworks and nuclear explosions but it ended with a whimper.

The Vincent was dead. Thank Goodness for that! I had sold a brilliant BMW and sidecar to buy this bike. What a mistake to hang onto that rubbish all these years. I must be really gullible to have been taken in by all those journalists with their rose tinted spectacles. Rose tinted! these chaps were so blinded by the myth of the "Worlds Fastest Motorcycle" they were almost hysterical in their nostalgia and praises. A Vincent is only a motorbike! A pretty poor one at that!

Not long after my domestic dispute I approached the local bank manager and asked him to lend me 16 thousand, big, spanking new, still in their packaging, German Bank notes and took the pride of the German railway to Bonn to buy a fat, shiny, fast, still in its packaging fluorescent green Honda Gold Wing. 1000cc's of civilised transport. I threw, *and I mean that most sincerely folks*, the Vincent down into the cellar and banged the bloody door. One of the nice things about smashing your head against a brick wall is that is **so** nice when you stop! Good riddance!

Gladys, the Honda, sidecar, children and I went for a ride.

Over the next 3 months she behaved as a large, slightly overweight matron should. She was reliable, didn't throw tantrums, started when it was hot, cold, raining and snowing. She liked the odd drink. In fact her thirst for the hard stuff was quite spectacular! We were in Northern Holland and were blasting along in silence and comfort at a sedate 95mph on the autobahn. I had been watching the petrol gauge on the tank drop with increasing rapidity and thought there was a leak. I looked as we travelled on but found nothing wrong. She certainly loved her petrol at high speed.

I had discovered an organisation called the Touring Kalender. This listed all the motorcycle rallies and meetings it was possible to attend on the continent. I went along on the bike to have a look. What a revelation! The meeting places, campsites and barns, were full of well behaved motorcycling men and women, absolutely brilliant! The characters you meet! Here is a quick summary of the nationalities. By no stretch of the imagination is this an exhaustive or complete list but some of my personal impressions.

Germans; neat, clean, correct, wealthy, fast.

Italians; smooth, cannot possibly tour without a woman on the pillion. This in no way cramps their style when they see a girl who takes their fancy. It is the Italian man's God given right to proposition any female, young, old, toothless, hairless, fat, forty, sixty or six. After all isn't this what women were put on this earth for? One withering glance from those large brown eyes have to instantly seduce, any refusal is interpreted as a direct attack on the Italian male race as a species and is, of course, the reason he carries a pillion passenger. To soothe away those rare moments of female scorn and derision. Poor Boys!

Dutch, laid back, cool, reasonable, have some good ideas with respect to personal freedoms. Seem to smile at the Germans.

French, oh dear!

Scandinavians, serious, dedicated, friendly girls.

Americans, all seem to be looking for something. I don't know what it is but there are absolute armies in Europe looking for it.

Then there was Stan.

Stan was 62. Stan had worked all his life before discovering motorcycles and sidecars. Stan was retired and came over to the continent in April. He travelled to all the rallies until it got too cold or the invitations ran out. Stan had been here a long time. Stan was the mascot. Everybody knew him and he knew everybody. It was Stan who suggested I go to the birthday party. *What party was this?* "M.C.Touring in Fredericia, Denmark." *When would this be?* "Why, next Saturday of course! I'll send Lisle along to tell you about it."

He did.

Indeed he did!

Lisle was one of Stans 'Girls'.

Stan knew this posse of young ladies who had adopted him. They made sure he was looking after himself, was not drinking too much, partying too late at night, having to sleep in cold tents or generally harming his health. They loved Stan. He thought there were 'about 15 of them' but, as they were always coming and going and naturally introducing more of their girlfriends to Stan, he was a bit hazy on the precise numbers. Hence the reason Stan hadn't been back to the UK. for three years!

Lisle came along soon after and explained that her club were holding a birthday party at the clubhouse they had been given some years before. It started this coming Saturday and would continue 'to about Tuesday', would I come?

Would I come!

Is the Pope a Catholic?

I certainly would!

Lisle was glad, her laughing blue eyes sparkled with suppressed merriment and she turned to go. My wide open, grey ones, popped back into their sockets and I told my gaping mouth to close three times before lifting my hand to shut it manually. Lisle was twenty two, tall, blonde and slim. She

wore hand tooled cowboy boots, faded Levi's and a crumpled red 'M.C.Touring' tee shirt tucked into her waistband. =

Sob!

Which was why I was on my way to a birthday party on a beautiful, bright blue, sunny morning. Crossing the Danish/German border.

Travelling.

Denmark.

First time in Denmark. Over the German border to have a virginal encounter with a sex shop. Interesting!

Denmark is made for relaxed travelling. While you are in Germany there is a thrusting, aggressive attitude on the road. All this ceases at the border. The roads are empty, with a population of only 5(?) million traffic is sparse and a relaxed, tranquil style of riding emerges. Speeds drop, enjoyment increases and motorcycling can be enjoyed as it was meant to be.

Before leather boys, hooligans, mods and rockers it used to be a fun, cheap mode of transport for impecunious youngsters and ride to work transport for artisans. Because most people started their motoring life on two wheels there was an inbuilt camaraderie among the motoring public, an awareness of road conditions and on the limitations of adhesion and personal safety. When you are as vulnerable as we are on bikes this becomes second nature. A hurtling car weighing a ton paying you even a fleeting visit can be a painful and

expensive experience. An experience most riders would prefer remained a unique and rare occurrence.

Riding bikes was always a mucky, wet business but I remember that after a few soakings steps were taken to keep dry. With the advent of modern riding gear, pioneered by the French I am ashamed to admit. Things improved by leaps and bounds, the French have such a rabid aversion to dirt and being wet that they turned riding gear into an art form with their use of bright colours and modern fibres. The British always were much too conservative in their acceptance of colour.

Danish roads are long and straight, we sweep through the flat, clean countryside, through neat villages resplendent with the Danish flag. There is a pride among the Danish people in their country and culture and here once again it was time to let go and drift. A vague thought. What to do about the old Vincent? Time mellows old hatreds, the cuts and oil stained hands were by now a far memory and perhaps there **were** good times on the old thing.

I had always wanted to race sidecars and maybe here was the perfect opportunity. I had reliable transport, time for myself and the debts were clearing slowly. If I did the work myself I could use the rebuild as a long term project and have something worthwhile at the end of it, not to mention the fun! This was only a fleeting thought, for now it was;

Party time!

Approaching Fredericia I saw a friar walking along the side of the road carrying a petrol can. I stopped and offered him a lift. Throwing back his hood revealed a motorcycle helmet and Lars hopped aboard. Didn't I mention this party was optional fancy dress! I had seen a couple of Viking warriors walking along the street earlier but assumed that there was some ancient Scandinavian fertility festival on at the same time, but no. Two **very** nice nuns passed me as I dropped off Lars at the petrol station, straddled aboard a Harley Davidson, suspender belts and habits flying in the wind. Good job I had packed my outfit. As languages may have been a problem I had decided that my costume should have it's own instantly recognisable message without the use of words!

A flying Finn, *Biggles actually*, picked me up as we approached the clubhouse, handing me on to the Lone Ranger and Tonto. The Lone Ranger

had problems finding enough fish netting to make a complete set of blue tights and various parts of her anatomy stood out. I wasn't bothered as I could see that Tonto would be taking care of her.

I camped, I'm sure there is a joke there, among the other visitors and put on the kettle.

Laying out the sleeping bag I was hailed by Stan, for some strange reason on his own, who joined in the tea and buns. He had ridden over from Belgium throughout the week stopping en-route at various friends houses. A slow but satisfying trip. He had been contacted by a friend in England who had also bought himself a bike and sidecar and Stan was expecting to see him sometime today. His plans for the next month were, over to Sweden for a rally, down to Switzerland for a bit of sightseeing and he would quite like to see Venice sometime.

Oh yes! Stan was dressed as Donald Duck!

I cooked myself some Trout with new potatoes, lovely. Washed up and put on my costume.

Ten minutes later Charlie Chaplin emerged from my tent, complete with rattan cane and a walk which had taken 3 weeks to perfect. I'd had to hire two video's to get it right.

With a waddle I set off for the clubhouse passing rhinoceroses, tigers, red indians, strippers, dogs, cats and some **very** weird aliens.

The great attraction of Charlie Chaplin of course was that everything was in sign language! A quick tip of the hat to the barman and a large lager was mine, free of course.

Isn't that Myna Loy and Tallulah Bankhead with Rudolph Valentino! I trotted over and mimed an introduction. What great people! They responded instantly with silent conversation and laughs with lots of preening and prancing.

What an actor was Rudolph Valentino! He swept Myrna Loy off her feet and ran through a complete reel of the 'Sheikh', the guy on the piano picking up

the tempo after a couple of minutes. What passion from one who had been dead for the last 50yrs!

An encore was called for of course and Tallulah Bankhead and I ran through the old 'picking up the lady's handkerchief' routine until a large Construction Worker from the Village People arrived and whisked her off her feet to a round of tumultuous applause.

The music started as I relaxed in conversation with a Dutch couple I knew from Roermond. They had just returned from a trip to North Cape on their Harley, no problems and they inspired me with their talk and stunning photographs of the trip. The germ of an idea was born.

It's a long way to the North Cape from Germany. The roads were good 'B' class, just right. These tend to keep speeds low with their twists, turns and mountains. If I tried it would take a bit of planning, not least trying to wangle the time off work. It had possibilities though and I filed it away under 'S' for stupid idea's.

The party wended it's way through Saturday, through the Gymkhana, through the whole pig roast, the beer the dancing and laughs. I seem to remember an impromptu session of acting with Marilyn Monroe, she did a very breathy rendition of "Happy Birthday Mr Chaplin" and I blushed a lot. Marilyn was six foot four and had a flowing moustache. She was one of the Village People.

At four in the morning I gave in and went to bed leaving them to it!

The subject of work raised it's ugly head about lunch time on Sunday, after a chat to Stan and saying my thank you's to the organisers I reluctantly set off home for Germany.

Stan later told me his friend took one look at the assembled merrymakers and immediately returned to England. The party was still going when he left for Sweden on the Wednesday. Yes indeedy do!

EJP.

Cups

We never stop learning if we are curious and come across things that we do not fully understand.

The temptation when we are busy, is to accept traditional folklore without question, especially when to delve deeper might unearth more trouble and expense.

I have written a general survey of the crankcase but I have not really been fully truthful about the cups. I think it would be good to air my thoughts more fully on this subject. Before I do so, I would like to stress that I have no wish to cause unnecessary worry or expense to owners or more work for myself. At the start of my voyage of discovery with Scotts, if I had problems, I would create a solution which used top quality materials and procedures. When finally I started to rebuild engines for others, it was natural that I would only receive engines in distress and many of the problems were new to me. I had a dilemma in that I knew that other rebuilders would repair engines at prices that were totally uneconomic to me if I worked to standards I was happy with. Not only was it necessary to work at very bare margins to prove what I could do, but it was necessary to restrict myself to producing a very basic but sound engine and try and close my eyes to the considerable opportunities for improvement that would have hiked the price.



What has all this to do with crankcase cups? At an early stage I was asked to repair an engine that was in fairly poor condition and amongst the list of problems was a report that there was considerable leakage of oil to the chains and obviously leakage wherever it was parked.

Having learned that cups tended to become looser as the years passed, the crankcase was warmed and the rear face of the cups tapped without any looseness becoming evident.

On examination, however, it was obvious that Scotts had had difficulty with leakage from the rear of the cups, as they had gone to extra work to “Spin” a vee groove in the aluminium around the cup to try and force the aluminium more closely against the cup. The engine was rebuilt but we had to put a bead of silicone around the rear of the cup to try and restrict oil loss. It was

only later when I was obliged to remove and replace loose cups that I had a chance to measure the "Parent" bores of the crankcase. To my great surprise, I found that the metal had compacted so the bores were much bigger than originally produced. As originally produced, the bores in the crankcase are 2.625" diameter and the cup to be fitted is five thou bigger at 2.630" diameter. The case is heated to above operating temperature and grows so that the cup can be dropped in. When cool, the cup is then gripped with an "interference" of five thou (0.005") The steel shrink rings are produced to be nine thou (0.009") smaller than the inner face of the shrink ring groove. They are heated to red heat and dropped in to the grooves. This action is not the same as the interference of the case bore on the cups. In the case of the shrink rings, they act on an overhanging ledge that deflects with a bending action as this 1/4" thick ledge section is clamped against the cup by the action of the steel shrink ring contracting.

I have fitted new Moss cranks to many engines now and it is essential that the main bearing inner ring that fits on the crank is a light tap fit so that it does not swell up. It is usual to make new rings so the size and shape of the cup must be precisely established. It soon became obvious that the size of the cups was different if measured in line with the bores to that measured at ninety degrees to the bore axis. The latter varied but was normally between 0.0008" and 0.001" wider than the in axis measurement. When I was a young man I worked in an inspection department under a man who had been chief inspector at an Armstrong Siddeley aero engine plant. IF I remember correctly they made the Double Mamba engine that went into the Gannet aircraft. The method we used for measuring bores was to use two calibrated precision rollers and calibrated slip gauges between them. A difference of 0.0001" in the fit and rock of the slips is easily detected by this method and all without electronic transducers!

Now we consider a 1929 Replica case where if we warm the case and tap the rear of the cups, they seem quite sound and so it would be reasonable to conclude that the cups were secure and not need replacing . On inspection, however, it would seem that the engine had been left in damp circumstances and a sector of the bearing surface of the cups had suffered from erosion. Oh Damn! I will have to fit new cups. I drill to cut the shrink ring and then heat the case to remove the cups. Next let us measure the bore in the case. Remember that the original bore was 2.625" and the cup was 2.630". The size of the bore in the case is now found to be 2.6285" or almost the same size as the cup. It would seem that the two methods of retention do not work

together. From observation I would estimate that at operating temperature the bore in the case for the cup will grow about 0.003” In this case the bore in crankcase we have would have grown to be about 2.6315” to leave a significant gap between the cup and its parent bore. As the oil feed hole has to be very close to the rear of the cup bore so as to pass the rear of the shrink ring groove without breaking through, then the oil feed is within 0.156” of the rear face of the case bore. Any clearance will result in significant oil loss at this point. The cup had been retained by being strangled by the shrink ring but without the stabilising support of the main bore. We certainly live and learn, but what more is there to learn?

Something quite surprising actually! You remember how I recounted that the seemingly secure cups I measured were always wider in cross axis compared with the bore axis. I made new cups and re bored the cup bores in some cases and then fitted them finish ground. It was then found that the bore of the cup was about 0.0012” oval. Oh dear! How come? Looking at the case it is clear that the structure is significantly more stiff where the block will fit and so when it contracts after warming to fit the cups, then there would be greater force and thus distortion in this axis.

I will tell how we attacked this problem in the next epistle from the workshop.

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