

*Herewith*

*(and belatedly)*

*is the latest*

*On-line*

*Scott*

*Newsletter*



**Amazing what comes to light isn't  
it!**

**The above Scott has just surfaced in  
the North of Scotland**

**(More information below)**

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**EJP**

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# A “New” Scott

A few weeks ago I had a visit from a nice chap who had just bought a Scott from a local pal. It had been in the family since new and had been stored for the last 40 years in a well built garage. Just the sort of bike one dreams of getting!!!!!!!!!!

I had a close look at it and it transpired to be an absolutely completely original 1934 Scott Tourer. Legshields, Magdyno, switchgear, lights, seats and panniers etc etc.



I advised the owner that he had discovered a jewel of a Scott and asked what he intended to do with it. "Restore it of course!" I replied that the bike was so original that perhaps a better course of action would be to strip it down carefully and do the minimum to get the bike on the road.

I took a rag and some T-cut. Applied it to the frame tubes and with a light wipe revealed the original Scott enamel! The tank had been painted at some time unfortunately but it would serve to do its job and would be in keeping with the overall look of the machine.

We found all the old tax discs in the holder so no problem with getting the old registration from the DVLC via the SOC.

**It gets better and better Huh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Now for the bummer!!!!!!!!!!!!!! The engine was solid and nothing we could do would free it. Even the side covers were immovable. I suggested the normal stuff of oil down the barrels and leaving it for a while. Maybe trying to rock it back and forth on occasion. This he agreed to do and I left him to it.

Six weeks later I had a phone call and was told that the engine would still not succum to all this work so could I have a look at it. "Of course!" I replied. So the owner, who by this time had removed the engine, bought it down to

Parkin Engineering (*A somewhat **very** loose description of my engineering abilities!*)

I tried everything I could, No joy!! So had a cup of tea. *The owner had by now left it to me.*

Fortuitously I had been given an old electric cooker, which, after I took off the engines' water jacket, fitted quite nicely within its oven! *The joys of being single eh!!!!!!!!!!*

3 hours later (*after the smoke had cleared*) and with some asbestos gloves I removed it and tried again. "Gordon Bennet!!!!!!!!" still nothing! Hum! **More tea needed.**

Eventually I managed to remove the oil pump driveside engine cover to reveal the cause of the problem! (*Those of a nervous disposition are advised to look away now*)





It may have been in dry storage for the last 40 years but at some time it had stood with a copious amount of water in the bottom end.

The owner visited me later in the week and I revealed the mess and bad news . He was quite sanguine about all this. Especially so after I explained that he could probably save the crankcases. Flywheel and, with a lot of luck, the barrels. The bottom end looks to be a write off to me but I may be hopefully wrong as the owner is a decent chap. I wished him well and he left.

**By the way. The frame is undergoing a re-spray as we speak!!!!!! Sob, Sob, Sob!!!**

Ted

## From Willie Stewart. Aberdeen



Hi. Roger

I have attached some pictures of the Scott eng no FY3168A, fr no 348017, reg no VC 7147.

I believe it to be a 1930 600cc Squirrel ? The machine is in pretty good unrestored condition and has not had a hard life,





The bike belongs to a friend Steve Nairn, he had the magneto rewound and this gives a very good spark!!! The timing is miles out,

I will need to start from the beginning and retime the mag. I can also see that there is an issue with the spark plugs they look too short, ie short reach plugs in a long reach head, Are spark plugs a problem? Will keep you posted with the bike, also any help would be much appreciated.

Best Regards Willie Stewart

# Late season racing

As the racing section of the VMCC now called “British Historic Racing” are faced with declining entries, especially for rigid / girder bikes, then it was inevitable that the “Vintage” up to 1934 class would be combined with what we used to call the Post Vintage up to 1948 class. Even then the entry is sparse and so we are combined with another category of approximately similar speed.

Those of us with a few years under our belt can only remember and wonder at the changes we have seen in our lifetime. For me I remember a full grid of perhaps 30 Vintage bikes on the grid at Brands Hatch, followed by three heats of about 30 riders per heat of Post Vintage riders.

Richard had got his 1930 Sprint Special type bike on alcohol and it was now producing about 45 bhp.



To help cope with this, I had made special clutch plates laser cut from GSF (Ground flat stock, an 01 high carbon precision ground tool steel) On top of this I have made a near copy of the Scott works race clutch pressure plate, as the standard pressed unit tends to deflect out of flat under pressure..

The BHR had a meeting scheduled to Lydden near Dover on the same weekend as there were two Classic type track days at Cadwell Park. One of these track days was hosted by the Morini Riders Club and the other by the Trident and Rocket Three Owners Club and titled The Beezumph

I have been attending the Beezumph for many years now and my Scott has assumed the status of the Regimental Goat! I have over the years been awarded the prize for best competition machine twice and Man of the Meeting once. On one occasion from the hand of Doug Hele himself. It is great fun having a thrash round a beautiful circuit like Cadwell Park doing battle with mid 1970's Triumph Tridents and BSA Rocket Three's. Richard and I enjoyed ourselves hugely, but I started to hear a rattle from my engine. As I was busy and felt it would be unfair to customers who were awaiting their rebuilds, to take time out for a private rebuild, I just hoped it would last another few days racing.

A few weeks later saw Richard and I at Cadwell again. This time there was a classic track day Friday followed by a BHR two day race meeting Saturday and Sunday. Before this I had made contact with Steve Smith at Avon Tyres

competition dept. To order two new rear tyres. These are 90 x 90 x 19 AM26 Roadrider which are a front tyre for a modern bike fitted to the back with direction reversed.

This really suits the Scott as it equates to the original 3.25" tyre originally fitted but with a rounder profile. During our discussion, Steve informed me that at last they had an alternative 21" tyre to the venerable Speedmaster.

Now I should be fair here and say that I have never lost the front with a Speedmaster, but admit that I use intermediate race compounds. Objectively though, the Speedmaster is a tyre from a bygone age, when bikes were never cranked over to the angles we use today. I had to raise my footpegs again as I was wearing out my boots too quickly! The Speedmaster has tread on the top but almost nothing on the sides and after some hard use the sides are like slicks. Now this is fine if it is dry, but one's digestive system can become rather precariously unbalanced if, at the tail end of the season, you have cold and rain combined.

Steve told me that Avon now make a 90- x 90 x 21 AM26 and what's more, I could have just one in race compound. The slick sided Speedmaster was removed and new tyres fitted both ends. I was sorry I could not get one for Richard, so he was using the Speedmaster. My first outing with this tyre at the Friday track day was a revelation. The previous rather twitchy handling was absolutely transformed into a rock solid secure confidence giving ride.

It reminded me of the long wheel based 750 Ducati round case racer I had in 1975 which was No 17 of the original homologation batch of 200 built in the race shop under the supervision of Fabio Taglioni assisted by Franco Farne. That bike genuinely handled as if it was on rails, thanks, of course to Colin Seeley who designed the chassis.

Richard had a ride and was mightily impressed and so when my engine expired, the tyre was stripped off and transferred to his bike. Please do not be alarmed, my engine is a rather elaborate design that was produced before I had found the special high strength steel from which I have made all interchangeable cranks since 1997. Richard's bike has a standard overhung crank in this material and it can handle much more than we can throw at it.

Richard had two excellent second places on the Saturday and similar results on the Sunday. He was still wearing a smile ear to ear when he set off home to Devon, but then I wondered later if the fact that my nice new tyre was still on his bike had anything to do with it. Fathers will recognise philosophically the mantra "What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own"

**roger moss**  
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# **Wanted / For sale section**

**Silk motorcycle wanted. An example needing attention as a project would be ideal.**

**Dale Jones. 07730007670 / 01924 514223**

## **More Scott Racing from Roger**

8.30 pm Wednesday September 18th and it is time I wrote some Scott news for the next newsletter. I decided that I could not write in our small kitchen, as Marina has just fired up our vintage solid fuel Rayburn and it is so cosy that I feared I would fall asleep.

So out into my office with two photos in front of me. One is me riding the Scott that son Richard now owns and rides, and above that a photo of Mavro on his Scott. I hope that these will keep me focussed!

To give an account in order, let us start with the BHR meeting at Three Sisters near Wigan. I had not competed there for a few years but BHR with dwindling entries and finances in current circumstances, decided to have another meeting at this small but less costly circuit.

My racing boots have had to be resurrected at regular intervals by my very supportive cobbler. One of the reasons for this is that to race a rigid bike then if there are bumps, they tend to launch the whole bike upwards and both wheels become clear of the ground. If you have power on, then the rear wheel spins faster until it hits the track again, when it tends to tear lumps of rubber from the tyre. To reduce this tendency, it is necessary to reduce tyre pressure and to take your body weight on your legs so you are no longer being supported by the saddle. Your legs are thus acting as suspension units, but to do this, you need to be planted with the footpegs in your instep. As it is impossible, at least for me, to take my bodily weight on my toes, then the boots are prone to track wear. The stock racers mantra is that if you want to corner faster, then raise your footrests, so I did just that. This brings with it one other slight drawback.

Your legs are now in a position similar to squatting on your haunches, except that you must now raise your body from this position a few inches and maintain it in this position whilst the bike is bouncing around like a mad thing! I have never been an athlete and at 72 my weight is more than I would prefer and my bodily strength less.

We go to Three Sisters circuit that is built on the waste dumps of three closed collieries, hence the name. Unfortunately the track was bumpier than I remembered it.

The Scott has lots of power and first lap saw me leading the pack, but it was necessary to stand on the footrests almost all the way round and I soon was unable to maintain this stance. I sat on the saddle and immediately the bouncing became wilder so I had to back off the throttle to stay in control. To be honest, it was not a pleasure and I will admit that perhaps self-preservation becomes more important to us as we grow older. When I returned to the paddock, some Scott owners commented that I had not finished at as high a position as they had expected and perhaps my engine was not as powerful as they had understood.

Oh dear. I ride for enjoyment and accept that there are more effective riders than I, but we now had the situation where my ability to build a strong engine was being judged by my finishing position.

The bouncing and rear wheel spinning when free the hitting the track again, was tearing big lumps of rubber out of the rear tyre and it was necessary to go round and cut these off after each outing. All in all, Three Sisters was not a memorable experience.



Next was the Scott Owners Club “Gathering” at Abbotsholme School. Due to spinal damage, I cannot ride a rigid bike on public roads for any long distance. Due to financial constraints, our local council decided that traffic calming would be good if it could be afforded. After costing out the price of road humps and deciding they were too expensive, they arrived at a master plan. If they allowed the road surfaces to deteriorate further than usual before repairing them, they would save money, whilst the pot holes, as a sort of mirror image to a road hump, but much cheaper would slow down all who wished to avoid damage to their vehicles, or their back!

I like to ride out with the Scotts and so take my old Douglas Ninety Plus that I have had for over forty years.

Like a Scott, the design shows originality and I replaced the original thick stiff torsion bars that control the rear suspension with softer bars from the Mark Five model. This event is always very convivial with lots of old and new friends to meet and some outstanding machines. The weekend is organised by Eddie and Margaret Shermer and is a great credit to them and I would commend it most highly to everybody.



Bob Collett had his four cylinder Scott engine bike there which was not yet in perfect working order, but today he



called in to tell me it was now functioning well and he hoped to take his first ride on Sept 21st. I told him that if possible, I would ride over on the Douglas and ride “Shotgun”

The Monday following the Abbotsholme weekend, Carl Stormer and his wife Lilibet had arranged to visit us at South Croxton. Carl had told me that he was bringing a Scott engine that had seized. I had already rebuilt two high spec engines for Carl and was racking my poor brains for what could possibly have gone wrong. When Carl arrived, he told me that it was not one of my engines.

What a relief! Perhaps he had told me and I had not listened properly. Marina went off with Lilibet for a visit to the historic city of Lincoln while Carl’s engine was stripped. All fastenings seemed to have been fitted with



Loctite, which slowed things a tad, but this was a minor matter compared with what we saw when the barrel was removed. The RH piston had signs of a hard seizure on the upper RH side, but no corresponding marks opposite. Now if every force should have an equal and opposite reaction, then where was it? OK let us take off the rods. Not so easy removing the crankpin screws fitted with Loctite, but then watched as the crankpin bush walked off on its own. Oh dear quoth I. Something wrong asked Carl? Well Carl, I think I know someone who will not go to heaven!

Next remove the central crank screw. Now this component has a shallow hexagon head and there is a definite limit to how much force you can apply before you shear off the hexagon. Yes, you were there before me! Loctite again and I was having visions of setting up the job to drill out the screw as it would be impossible to get enough heat to the middle of the flywheel to help.

This time fate was kind and bit by bit the screw was extracted, at first by just enough to free off the cranks (see website instructions) Finally the centre screw was fully extracted and the cranks removed. Now you remember me quoting that bit about every force must have an equal and opposite reaction, well there it was! The RH cup was blue and cracked. To be perfectly honest, I was devastated for Carl. Carl is one of nature's true gentlemen and deserves better than this.

I explained that the cups would need removing, the main bores skimming and facing, new cups ground to suit and

fitted, then finally the cups jig ground in situ. Then add new cranks slugged with heavy metal to help balance, Recon rods, pistons etc. This was going to be very expensive and I was truly sorry.

I accept that my labour rate is the highest of the Scott rebuilders, as I try and fund the manufacture of components not available from the Scott Owners Club. I inspected alignment of gudgeon pin bores in piston and rods which all told the same sorry tale of chronic inaccuracy.

I told Carl that I would not be offended if he wished to enquire round to see if he could get the work done more cheaply, but he said that the engines I had built for him had given no problems and he would prefer I undertook the work, so another job on the pile.

Now I hope that you will forgive me expressing my anger at what I had witnessed. If a man does a job wrong, then we must be understanding, as we are all human and prone to failure at times. However the work should be checked and if incorrect, done again till it is correct. A job such as this clearly showed one of two possibilities.

Either the rebuilder had done the work without checking, which demonstrates complete lack of care, or the man had done a substandard job, knew about it and gave it to a trusting customer.

This latter is rank dishonesty. So there is your stark alternatives, the inept or the dishonest. It all comes down

to discipline in all steps of the necessary work. That is why modern cars and motorcycles perform perfectly straight out of the box for long mileages with no “running in”

**Roger Moss**

# Vincent to the North

© E J Parkin 1995

**Cologne (Koln), Germany.**

We begin. It's mid June.

Everything is loaded up and packed securely.

**Is everyone sitting comfortably?** Then off we go.

We are both aware that this will be the shakedown day. The roads will be autobahn all the time, mainly because that's the quickest way to get to Denmark, so we are resigned to a certain amount of boredom. Also, I have designated the first one to be a full riding day. Then if Liz decides that this

trip is not for her, there are various major towns where she can avail herself of a fast train back to Geilenkirchen.

We hit the main drag to Hamburg. Traffic is light and fast, *normal German driving*. We are one of the slowest things on the road but are in no hurry as we have a long way to go, there is no rush. I have yet to find a cruising speed I am happy with also, I may need to modify things to take account of Liz's needs. Her leg is by no means recovered and I have to take this into consideration.

**Consideration**, there is a novel concept and a great step forward for single cell creatures! As I mostly travel on my own I have not had to consider anyone's wishes for a long time! This could be the start of a steep learning curve for the both of us.

Liz is also of a strong-minded disposition who considers that men leave quite a bit to be desired in the common sense and maturity stakes.

**This is going to be interesting!**

We increase speed, the bike likes 55 to 60 mph, not bad considering all the stuff we have. The camping gear is stowed at the front of the sidecar, the cooking stuff next, wet weather gear last and Liz's crutches (*I know it's not funny but I still have to smile every time I think of it!*) are strapped on to the side of the bike so as to be handy when she hops off (*sorry!*) to the loo.



The stares we get from the old hausefrau's and their husbands keep us amused and prompts a brief soliloquy on the German character. Things, people or actions which are out of the ordinary are often frowned on. Not that I don't like Germans, in fact I frequently take a German girl by the name of Helena out to dinner, it's just that there is a rule for everything in Germany! Let me give you a couple of examples.

Walking through Cologne at 3 in the morning I saw 6 young people waiting by the side of the road, at the pedestrian crossing, for the red man on the crossing sign change to green!

*Come on!*

*Get a life!*

*It's 3 in the morning for goodness sake!*

There isn't a car, any Police or Traffic Wardens visible for at least two miles but still they wait. "Vorshritt ist Vorshritt" (Rules are rules) it's a national obsession!

Another one; Helena and I are returning from a New Years Eve Party in her beat up Renault 5. It's half past 4 (AM) and we are approaching Geilenkirchen. Now! There is a 2-mile straight as you come into the town from the direction of Heinsberg and you can see the sequence of traffic lights from the beginning of the straight. Helena announces that she is going to jump the lights if they are on red! This is

unheard of for a well bought up young German girl to flout the rulebook in this way. This could lead to complete social and political ostracisation, it could shatter the very foundations of the post-war German Miracle. Her family would never be able to hold their heads up in the village again! I can't believe that she will do it but raise my eyebrows in wonder as we approach the lights.

She keeps her foot hard down on the accelerator, which means, in a Renault 5, we are doing about 60mph. She actually means it!

The lights are on red and she is going to crash the lights! I don't believe it! A rebellious German and a woman as well. German men like to keep their women under control. *Kuche und Kinde (Kitchen and children)* are the watchwords. We hurtle up to the lights.

At the last possible moment she stamps on the brakes as I frantically try and hold on to something solid, *a very difficult undertaking in any French car*, as we fishtail and slide to a screaming stop!

I never said a word. She looked at me with tear filled, defeated eyes and said, "**I just can't do it. What would my parents say?**" She was 25 yrs old. Do you know, I felt **really** sorry for her. That what would be just an irresponsible act in Britain was construed as such a heinous crime in the Bundesrepublik! I learnt a lot about young Germans that night. **Not to mention nearly filling my pants!**

A tap on the back. Goodness! We are south of Hamburg! I lost two and a half hours there! Liz needs the loo and the bike needs petrol. Rest time!

I fill up, Liz gets her crutches off the sidecar and limps away to carry out her business. The bike looks fine, chain in good condition, no oil leaks (*surprise, surprise*) and I am getting in tune with the trip. I wait, nothing happens, I wait some more still nothing. Liz emerges at last from her toilet, limping along at half a mile an hour. There is really little I can do to help except make comforting noises. I don't dare smile of course. She arrives at the bike, flops down, and tells me of her adventures at the loo.

Liz is toggled up in her leathers and boots with her normal short haircut and, although I was not aware of it at the time, was in reality an androgynous person. She, not unnaturally, entered the ladies portion of the toilet to be greeted with a torrent of abuse in German from the concierge. The cutting wit of this woman passes over Liz's head as she doesn't understand the language at such a speed. This frustrates the attendant who bars her way. The situation now is quite fraught as Liz **really** needs the loo and has to remove all her riding gear without bending her legs. She decides to ignore the concierge and uses her crutch (*oh shut up!*) to move her out of her way. The safety of the convenience is reached with the attendant in close, by now, almost incandescent line astern. "Bang" goes the door as privacy and sanity reigns. Liz is safe and can attend to her needs with slow deliberation, all the time pondering how she can

escape her cubical without having to hit the attendant with her crutches. She decides on a cunning universal plan! As she opens her door the woman charges forward, Liz opens her leather jacket and points to her boobs. The concierge collapses in voluble embarrassment. In fact she is so apologetic that Liz has to fight off her offers of help.

Liz pays for the petrol.

*Here endeth the first loo halt.*

We move off again and press towards the North.

The rhythm is broken. It was only a 20 minute stop but we are restless. Liz fidgets around on the back trying to get comfortable, this breaks my concentration and I start looking for things to do instead of just relaxing.

A tap on the shoulder, "Coffee time OK?" **Too true mate!**

We glide off the autobahn to find a cafe' with more atmosphere than those gigantic, plastic, soulless autobahn monstrosities. We come across 'Cafe Frieden' (Cafe Peace)

As soon as we dismounted from the outfit I knew this was not your run of the mill German cafe. There was a large "Atom Kraft? Nein Danke!" (Atomic power? No thanks!) sign plastered across the entrance hall. As we walked and crutched in we were greeted with low lighting and candles lit at all the occupied tables. Ushered to our seats by a buxom lady wearing a pink flower above her left breast

with 'Trudi' emblazoned thereon. She bad us "Welcome to our Cafe', sit yourselves down." Bent down and lit our own personal candle. "Oh how nice!" said Liz. Trudi told us that the Cafe always lit candles on customer's tables to, "Keep the love burning." I didn't wish to disappoint her but had to say that Liz and I were not in love. Trudi looked at me for a moment, then at Liz and promptly leaned forward to blow out the candle! With a terse "Now then, What can I get you?"

We were disappointed!

We ordered two coffees and two slices of German Gateau, the ones that are made with a cream base, stuffed with a flavoured cream filling, black cherries and cream piping on the top. Oh Yes! Nearly forgot, you get this with a gigantic helping of whipped cream. (*This was getting to be like the Monty Python Spam sketch*) Trudi marched towards the kitchen, stopped, turned towards us and shouted in a loud voice obviously still upset because we were not in love, "Do you want cream with the coffee?" Are they trying to kill us? **We didn't.**

Liz leaned towards me.

"Why do you think she is only wearing one shoe and sock?"

I looked. She was absolutely right!



Our coffee arrived, Trudi placed the Gateaux on the table and turned to walk away. "Excuse me!" I asked, "Could you tell us why you are only wearing one shoe and sock?" Trudi turned and smiled, "Well, I am letting my right foot get in touch with the earth and comparing it with the sensations from my left. That way I can work out what vibrations are being blocked by my shoes and socks."

***Right! Thank you!***

The floor was solid wood. You meet all sorts!

We enjoyed the coffee, the cake was brilliant.

The break did us good, we were refreshed and ready to carry on.

Trudi wished us good luck as she limped past, her worldly-wise foot in contact with the floor, to clear our table with a smile.

We were now pretty tired and as we approached the Lubeck turnoff ready to call it a day. We had done well but enough was enough. A camping place loomed just off the motor way, just right! We pulled to a stop.

It would not win any prizes for a scenic or quiet camping site but being so close to the Autobahn meant that we could get an early start in the morning and try to get through Denmark in one go on the morrow.

We ate, chatted, I fixed a couple of problems on the bike (*charging circuit*) as darkness drew near. Liz had paid for the coffee halt and suggested it was about time I spent some of **my** cash in the near future. **I agreed!**

Bedtime, listening to the traffic thundering by.

**EJP**

Please note SUPPLIER LIST IS NOW ON  
THE FOLLOWING LINK.

<http://www.mossengineering.co.uk/newsletter/supplierlist2013.pdf>