

**2014 December Scott  
Online  
Newsletter!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

**The Return**

*(This Time its  
Serious!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)*



## **Roger Moss on Holiday in Spain**

*(“Cor Blimey Guv’nor Aint that a Cadwell  
Park At??”)*

It has been quite a while since Ted Parkin and I sent out our last Newsletter which had somewhat run out of steam! It had been our intention to use the newsletter to share a lifetime's hard won technical information with fellow Scott owners and fans, together with stories to hopefully bring a smile to the collective face. It had been hoped that we would receive enough interesting requests for information or assistance to give us a subject to answer, hopefully for the benefit of all. Without this stimulus, it became a monologue and we lost our sense of purpose:

However, We have missed creating this humble offering and the feeling that we are part of a community, so we decided to compile this offering, for you, our friends, in the hope that you might have time to peruse it at your leisure during the Christmas holiday.

Recently I felt that I would like to issue another Newsletter for Christmas 2014 and started to consider what subjects I should include.

In November Marina and I took a late holiday in Spain and Portugal and I took my laptop.

I am used to being busy in my workshop seven days a week, but age, I am afraid, tends to creep up on us, so that when I finally return to the cottage, I often feel too tired to write.

So, I found myself in our camper, which has no TV with time on my hands in the evenings and decided to write an account of my initial experiences with the JZR.

After the ignition system had failed, we left it and first travelled through beautiful mountainous areas until Marina requested to see the sea.

We got to the sea, but the weather was breaking, so we headed South for Portugal.

Battling a heavy storm we were crossing a mountainous area when the exhaust blew

This effected the turbo, so we were down on power.

Headed for a bigish city, first was Oporto and found a real old fashioned repair shop who fixed the exhaust

A day on a camp near the sea and a further day in Oporto

Then the rain caught up

We fled South to the Algarve

Found a nice beach for Marina, but again the rain found us.

OK, go East to the Marbella region. Not that I like the haunts of ex Pats.

Got as far as Seville, it was evening, so decided to stop over and see Seville the next day

A sultry night so we opened the top hatches / skylights moderately

During the night a downpour so awoke at about 2.0am with a wet duvet

Nobody promised us life would be easy!

Went into Seville and walked about and visited "The Alcazar" a world heritage "Moorish" palace

Walked around amongst hushed visitors, but Marina looks unimpressed

I enquired what she thought of it

"It's a stable" she replied

A Stable, how can you say such a thing? It is a World Heritage Site

"It's a stable" she repeated

I spent my life amongst much better than this in Tashkent and if you had seen the "Registan Gate" in Samarkand, you would know that this is a stable.

OK I replied, what do you want.



I want a nice beach without rain

A beach I can promise, but as for the rain, I fear I am unable to promise that.

I headed South to near Gibraltar where I found a long beach called Tarifa

It was about three miles long and apart from local windsurfers it was deserted and without rain.

The site was immediately adjacent to the beach and Marina declared that she could stay there forever.

I mentally sighed at this as a man can only stand so much fun!

However I figured that even Marina could only walk up and down a beach

for so many days, so better I was patient

I realised that all is judged by comparison and whereas Marina had lived amongst the best Islamic art in the world, and thus to her, the Alcazar was a stable, she had lived in a landlocked country and so the sea was a wondrous dynamic experience.

I explained that I had lived on this small island for 73 years and so, to me, the sea was no novelty.

Whilst waiting for Marina to get fed up with Tarifa beach, I fell to writing an imaginary exchange with the Basque man who was looking after our JZR.



*Before the rebuild. (did Ted find it on a scrapheap?)*

Once I started it just became more and more fun and more and more outrageous. I hope you enjoy it!

As we get older, our interests tend to change a little, together with our physical strength, so this ramble through our year will naturally feature Scotts, but not exclusively. They are, after all, a part of life, not all of it! At almost 74 years of age, I find that I can work less hours per day and maybe a little more slowly. I console myself with the thought that like the parable of “The old bull and the young bull” perhaps I have learned to consider more completely the implications of what I have in mind to do, before I do it and thus avoid pitfalls more completely. I decided that it was time to pass several bikes to my son Richard who has inherited the interest in Scotts and the youthful enthusiasm to go with it



**Before Rebuild of course!!!!!!!!!!!!1**

And so I said goodbye to my faithful old 1939 500cc Triumph racer, My 1936 Norton model 18 with Swallow sidecar and the Silk Scott project. Richard has a blog in which he relates his progress to build a workshop and make progress on his bikes including his Super Squirrel Scott. I recommend you visit this site as I am sure that you will find much of interest. <http://www.racingoutoftime.co.uk>

## **The value of our Scotts**

A few words about the market value of our Scotts and what influences it.

We must first recognise that at the time of its greatest impact, immediately before WW1, the Scott was by far the most technically advanced motorcycle concept in the world when viewed as a total package. It is also likely that the purchase price was similarly only within the reach of those with deep pockets. They did, however, sell quite well, despite having a minority market. I would guess that in common with other "Top of the market" products, that the value fell appreciably when passed on, but not more than would be considered normal. If it had lost a great proportion of its value, then this would have had a serious adverse effect on new sales, as nobody, however rich, wants to be seen to lose too heavily in a sale. We can continue till the end of the 1920's, with Scotts still enjoying a reputation as a quality, if a bit pricy machine. One aspect above all others would have ruined this regard and respect in the marketplace, would have been if the reliability was poor.

Despite the fact that some aspects of the design might have been unusual to some owners, the fact was that Scotts were reliable and durable. Now let me go forward in time to the late 1950's and 1960's, when I was starting to take an interest in this unusual machine. Naturally, as a result of my lifelong love affair with things mechanical and the great good fortune to be born into a family engaged in precision engineering, my interest was focussed on the engine unit. This fascinating compact design was clearly the product of a very gifted mind of rare distinction. But in such a case, why was I reading in the leading periodicals of the day, that Scotts could be very troublesome and certainly not for the inexperienced owner. How had it transpired that the magazines who were the primary opinion formers, had come to portray Scotts as unreliable? The direct result of this popularly tarnished image, was that the market value of Scotts became depressed compared with other makes of certainly no greater merit. At around this time, the only work I was doing on Scotts, was on my own machines and with the great assistance of a plant and team of very skilled precision engineers. I would point out here, that our paramount philosophy was that a job was either totally correct or it was not useable. The rule that customers would pay with good money and were under no circumstances were any substandard product to leave our works. We decided that in a world where many are looking for a cheap option, that there had to be enough potential customers who wanted a true quality job and would be prepared to pay for just that who could form a viable customer base. In fact, if the more senior readers will cast their minds back to the terrible financial losses inflicted by labour disputes and strikes to



those firms involved in high volume continuous production manufacture of such products as cars and trucks, then it is obvious that the items of special capital plant that were part of that type of manufacturing system needed to be reliable and durable to a very high degree. Failure of any such item of plant would result in a similar financial and organisational chaos to that caused by a protracted strike. We had in former years been suppliers of precision equipment to the defence industries which carried with it the need to have strict inspection and traceability of the products. The same philosophy was carried through into our later product line of special purpose high volume production machine tools. I think you will have got the picture by now that quality and a black and white quality philosophy was part of our DNA by design and personal conviction.

Now let us consider the Scott Engineering Company as it was styled before and during WW1. In 1914 the Iliffe trade magazine "Automotive Engineer" published an article on the innovative design features of the current Scott motorcycle. In 1916, the same magazine published an article on the production equipment and machinery laid down for the production of the current model. It made especial and most approving note of the very central technical role played by Alfred Scott in all aspects of the production plant. Not only had he designed the product, but was central to the conceptualisation and specification of the plant. The type of plant and the methods employed were very much at the leading edge of production technology at that time, to such effect that these techniques and machine types, in time, became the norm and were current in industry generally till at least the early 1960's. The magazine went on to record that in addition to Alfred Scott's input into the plant design and production planning, that where no machine tool was available to carry out a specific operation, then he would design such a machine and have it specially manufactured locally.

These included the machinery for the production of the square thread quick action clutch levers for the two speed gear, the grinding of the main bearing cups in situ and the production of transfer port cover seating faces on the crankcase. After all these inputs were recorded, the magazine went on to conclude by recounting that the installation of machinery and proving tests on all items of plant, was carried out by Alfred with the assistance of Tim Hunt. Truly an engineer's engineer and I make no secret of my great respect for such a man.

Before moving on, I think that it would be fair to mention another facet of

this remarkable man. We can see by his numerous patents, that he loved the engineering adventure and that if he had not been restrained by the financial realities of a business that was to make a defined product in volume, rather than a series of “one off” special products, then he would have continued to develop his ideas quite quickly. With his departure from the company at an early stage, we are left with a concept, which other following engineers modified in detail only step by step.

So where has all this brought us to? Well, the first thing that we should recognise is that the design of the Scott was not really a design made for easy mass production using the machine tools of the day. It was, in fact, a design that needed the equipment and skills of what we term a “Toolroom” It required a degree of accuracy and discipline in its manufacture that was not the norm in production manufacturing of that era. So, in fact, what we have is a scaled up toolroom to produce the Scott. When I was engaged in modifications to the engine to give it greater endurance to withstand the punishment of racing, I had some failures, but not so many given the circumstances. I was therefore at somewhat of a loss to understand why the reputation of Scotts had become a little tarnished. It was not until several years later after our family machine tool business had succumbed to a declining manufacturing base in the UK that I set up a modest one man business producing laser beam manipulators and work piece manipulators as a contractor.

The fortunes of my main customer fluctuated wildly and as the first rule in life is survival, then it was necessary to look elsewhere and my son Richard proposed that I should turn my hobby into a business. My first interest was to find what sort of hourly rate was being charged by the then current rebuilders. The findings were a shock as I found it impossible to believe that engineering of the type I believed necessary for a durable outcome, could be done for that price. Having made a resolution that I would not touch Two Speeders out of respect for Ken Lack, I started to accept engines. Now, please bear in mind that these engines were brought to me in a distressed state. I had not conjured them up.

Very quickly I realised the acrimony that could be created in any club if tales such as “Roger Moss said this about your engine” were bandied about, so a “House Rule” was created. It is a condition of accepting an engine that the identity of any previous rebuilder is NOT disclosed. When I started examining and measuring a majority of the engines I received, it became

evident that significant inaccuracies in sizes and alignments had been introduced during a previous rebuild. In several cases this had resulted in accelerated wear and premature failure.

I remember with fondness receiving an engine that was well past its best and on stripping and measuring found that it had never been apart since it was built at Shipley. It had done a very high mileage so we could expect bore and piston wear on an engine with an unfiltered carb intake, but on very careful measuring of the alignments, it was clear that this engine had been originally built to the highest standards of accuracy at Shipley and that this was the cause of its long and faithful life. The majority of engines in distress that I received had significant errors introduced since the engine had left Shipley or Birmingham. As the value of our machines is to a large extent dependent on the reputation of a Scott for reliability, then it is beneficial to all if repairs and rebuilds are carried out to a standard at least similar to that practiced by Shipley and Matt Holder during original manufacturer.

In 2014, we are in the fortunate position that there are more professional rebuilders of quality than for many years past. It now falls to you to do your bit by accepting that it is logical that if you want a good and reliable job, then you should be prepared to reward the specialist accordingly.

And now on a lighter note -----

Have you noticed how, as the years pass, that the bikes get heavier and heavier!

In 2000 I bought a Honda 800 VFR and was enthralled by the excellence of the design and manufacture. The only problems were related to my short legs and declining strength.

I could only get my tiptoes down at rest and if I had to stop on a slope, then if the slope was on the wrong side, then over it went. We next needed at least another two strong men to lift it back up.

Initially, my wife Marina would go on the pillion, but this only compounded my problems, until Marina refused to ride pillion. I do very little road riding in the normal course of events, but travelled to see Ted Parkin on the Moray Firth and Richard in Devon on it. A great long distance bike on good roads,

but not for B roads with lots of stops! It sleeps under a dust sheet in one of my sheds while I reconcile to sell it. To sell it seems like an admission that I am getting old and this is a little hard to accept, even if it is true! In another shed is a Yamaha RD350YPVS, an excellent light bike that enlivens parts other beers cannot reach! However, Marina eschews the dolly perch that masquerades as a pillion.

The ability to share outings was solved when Ted Parkin found a Morgan styled three wheeler called a JZR powered by a 500cc Honda CX engine. You can sit in this little car, put your arm over the side and touch the road surface. At this height the sensation of adventure and speed is much enhanced and I confess it has become a great favourite. It gives all the sensation of driving a racing sidecar outfit, whilst not having to put on all your riding kit. Apart from using it for my personal local journeys, we have taken to putting it on a light trailer behind our faithful old camper for our holidays. We find a good site amidst an attractive area and leave the camper then tour around in the trike.

This format is most enjoyable and encouraged by this, we decided to take a late holiday in Spain by taking advantage of the ferry service from Portsmouth to Santander. Unfortunately, everything did not go completely to plan and I started to write a somewhat whimsical account of our adventures. However I did get totally carried away and wrote a pastiche along the lines of Gulliver's Travels. Please understand that this is another example of low comedy and is not intended to offend anyone, so please just laugh with me!

## **Travels with the JZR**

And it came to pass that the little red car was beset by the ague and if it was asked to run and forget to take care on account of its venerable years, it would become seized by coughing. Many sleepless hours were expended pondering the meaning of this, until during one such bout of insomnia, I chanced upon the writings of a learned scribe in the testament according to notable JZR pilots. He told his flock to fear not, as this affliction was caused

by congestion of the contraption called a fuel filter.

This had, he advised, but a short life and before its eventual terminal demise, it would afflict the little car with much coughing. This message of glad tidings brought great rejoicing with many days feasting and drinking, dancing and singing, whilst the monks of David Silver did render forth a new fuel filter wrought especially by the sons of Nippon in the fuel filter mines of deepest darkest Hammamatsu.

The afflicted fuel filter was removed and tested by trying to blow through it like a magic flute, but music came there none. The new golden filter was played and gave a gentle whistling as a light breeze on a spring day. Verily it was not beset with asthma and would be an aid to the previous infirmity of the little car. The optimist is disposed to look upon life as a series of blessings purposefully arranged from on high for the reward of the righteous. Unfortunately, having passed into that part of life often referred to by optimists, as the golden Autumn of life, I had eventually deduced that the high controller of our lives had a sense of humour bordering on the sadistic. I do realise, of course, that this is merely another test to prove our strength of character and resolve, even though by now this should have been proven an hundredfold.

It was decided to examine the aged fuel supply system fashioned by the aforesaid sons of Nippon to discover if any extra little celestial jokes had been arranged for my further delectation. The fuel tap was removed and a piece of white plastic pipe about four inches long fell out with it. I reasoned that the fuel tank of a CX must have been much deeper than that of the little car and so this pipe was originally intended to pass fuel in the original CX tank until such time as all fluid sustenance above the pipe had been exhausted for that depth of fuel tank.

At this time, by switching the tap to a position inscribed as “reserve” much distress was hereby avoided. The pipe was shortened in accordance with the diminutive fuel tank of the little car and the fuel tap closely examined. It had had a hard life and its sealing washer was clearly in the final stage of its life. We entered upon a search for a perfect seal in accordance with the parable of “The three Bears” until a round seal of a white hue was discovered in the dark bowels of our drawer mystically labelled “Dowty washers and fibre seals” Patently, this was neither and I should have immediately cast it forth with great scorn, but being human and thus heir to

all the imbecility that goes with that condition (Thank you Mr Swift) my hand was stayed as I will presently relate to my great sorrow. Despite the teachings of a lifetime that would to any man of even the most wretched sanity, indicate that pessimism might be by far the most prudent guide. I pressed forward with my plans to venture forth to the lands of the heathens and take the sacred message of the three legged car to lighten their darkness. For the wise man, who fashions a stool with three legs, will sit securely in peace forever. His foolish neighbour, who fashions his stool with four legs will rock in torment on two legs forever. And so it came to pass that the little car went on a pilgrimage to Spain. One's good lady wife remained silent about the wisdom of this enterprise, but the close observer might have seen her lip curl a tad. The female of the species has an innate ability to hold in reserve that moral dagger of "I told you so" until the moment of most exquisite piquancy.

At first all was promising. The car went fine, although thronged with amazed spectators with mobile phone cameras when stopped, tailgated in motion with folks leaning out of trucks and cars to photograph this apparition. Unfortunately, the clouds of reality and gloom were starting to appear with rapid wear of the outer edges of the front tyres. Attention to the tracking was needed, especially as even during the last days of October in Northern Spain, the daytime temperature was 32C. We were referred to a large company which was a sort of Spanish Quick Fit tyre emporium. It was morning and there were no great signs of activity. Little change in activity came during the afternoon siesta either. A man eventually emerged to tell us in Spanish that "You don't have enough wheels mate!"

You need to take it to our main depot in Hozneyo, many leagues distant, as they can cope with a car with three wheels.

There is a word in the English lexicon that should strike terror into the heart of any person that reads or hears it. That word is, UNFORTUNATELY.

Unfortunately, having refreshed our little car with that particular fluid that passes muster in those parts for "Motor Spirit", the fuel tap had started to leak steadily. This was soaked up by my wife's favourite fleece, With this problem in flow, we travelled to Hozneyo to find that the enterprise had stopped for a two hour lunch. Across the road from this hive of inactivity was a Citroen dealer with a mechanic still working. At first I thought that he must be a foreigner, but no, he was a Spanish man. I went across and after

some linguistic difficulties and mime, bordering on low comedy, I begged the loan of a washing up bowl into which I could drain the fuel tank. With this done, I removed the fuel tap, but where was the sealing washer? It had disappeared, or rather it had dissolved! A small area of sticky slime was evident in the washing up bowl full of fuel as the final evidence of its fate.

Back to the Citroen man. Please Sir, do you have a sealing washer to suit this tap. He rummaged through his little box of sealing washers and came up with an O ring that fitted. I was aware that the original Honda seal was a flat washer, or at least that seemed likely from the mangled remains that I originally removed. I had an O ring. Would this seal AND allow the passage of fuel? Would it also be resistant to the aggressive fluid sold as fuel thereabouts?

As they say, it was Hobson's choice, so it was fitted and the fuel, less what had been absorbed by Marina's fleece was returned to the tank. No leaks and good fuel flow to the carbs. I allowed myself one small sigh of relief.

"Tyres R US" had returned from their two hour lunch break, or for whatever other vitally important activity they preferred.

I was waved into a bay behind a big truck and two men started to measure the distances between the wheel rims and the wishbone pivots with a tape rule for about 20 minutes.

Finally I became tired of this Spanish entertainment and suggested that they put two straight ladders against the wheels and measured between their extended parts.

This seemed to have evoked some kind of spiritual regeneration within the older man who then proceeded to prostrate himself in the manner of a devout follower of Allah.

He then arose with new purpose and went to get some alignment equipment.

His helper brought a small trolley jack and proceeded to lift the front of the car to put swivel plates under the front wheels. It would seem that the hapless youth had failed to count the number of wheels and that lifting the front was no surety that the car would rise evenly.

Luckily, I applied body weight to stop it falling over sideways until it was lowered again. Please note that no special ramps were used, just the good old fashioned FLOOR!

Finally the reason for the older man's apparent devotions became clear. The little car was so low that the optical alignment apparatus could see underneath the immobile truck in front to the master alignment console which displayed the current disposition of the wheels.

The alignment was concluded and the day finished with the fuel leak solved and the wheels tracked. At last we could proceed with our holiday adventure with confidence.

Ah! The naivety of fools!

The next day saw us embark on a longer exploration. It was at 32C rather hot, but with moderate speeds the temperature could be kept to around 90C except for hills and towns where much use of the leg baking radiator fan was resorted to.

Fate, of course, conspired against us in the form of a slug of an agricultural tractor on a long hill on the outskirts of town with a tailback of traffic behind and no pull off areas.

The little car did not laugh to see such fun. It coughed and died. We waited about 20 minutes and it started and went 500 yards and failed again.

When allowed to cool again it started then stopped with an almighty bang, as an incorrect spark impulse fired the crank in reverse against the starter sprag clutch, or so I would surmise. Ah, this was not vapour lock, it was a failure of the electronic ignition system aggravated by temperature in its failing state. We needed to get the car to where it could be safely stored until recovered. I found that if I used the fan and the electric circulation pump I had fitted, that given time the temperature would fall to below 70C when it could be nursed along for about a kilometre. After one enforced stop on a motorway section, we got it to a town and parked it in a municipal free car park.

I should explain at this point that we had gone on holiday with a camper pulling a light trailer with the JZR on it. We had taken the ferry from



Portsmouth to Santander with the intention of moving progressively westwards along northern Spain and then southwards to Portugal. The plan was to base the camper in an area of interest and use the little car to explore that area.

We were about 50km from our camper base, so we hired a taxi to return there and hitched up the trailer and returned to collect the JZR the same evening while it still had wheels.

Marina said that she had lost confidence in the JZR as it was old and unreliable. She said that I should sell it and get something new. This was very unwelcome news to me as when it is going well it is surely one of the most satisfying vehicular experiences I have had in my life and I have had quite a few. I explained to Marina that she had married an Englishman and that no true Englishman could walk away from an unsolved problem and ever hold up his head again. I reminded her of our previous "Difficulties" with our cousins who were once, or rather, twice our enemies but were now officially our friends. Without this failure of the British to accept defeat in the face of the most dire difficulties, our present retention of our lifelong traditions would have been impossible.

So our holiday continues without the JZR and I must fix the ignition problem on my return home and I think it would be good to fit an oil cooler to this rather taxed engine. Of course it would be good to find another engine to strip and rebuild completely, but even then the electronic ignition is in the lap of the Gods. I earn my living rebuilding and making new replica Scott motorcycle engines which are, on average about 85 years old, so a Honda engine of some 36 years old should not be so difficult. Rebuilding Marina's confidence in the JZR may be a longer and more difficult task. As if my problems were not enough, having enquired of Marina what date this was, she informed me that it was November 1st and that she had waited all day in vain for me to remember it was her birthday! This is just not my day! Or hers apparently!

It was obvious that the little car could play no further part in this escapade, so it needed to be left in safe hands until we returned from our projected perambulations around Spain and Portugal. We were encamped at a site for motor caravans at Somo near Santander, whence we had arrived by ferry, and so I enquired of the owner of the site if I could leave it there. He was very helpful and it was put away from inquisitive eyes to await our return.

Within the bounds possible by my very rudimentary Spanish and his equally rudimentary English, a fascinating dialogue then ensued which went after the following fashion.

He asked where we intended to travel, to which I advised that we would pass amongst his fellow countrymen and learn of the countryside, the culture and the people.

I had hoped that this simple explanation would require no further expansion and would be acceptable, but his visage darkened with anger and I feared that perhaps I had inadvertently used a word that was offensive in his language. Luckily this was not the case as he protested that he was of the Basque people, who were a pure and noble people, but pointing towards the mountains to the south of us, explained that beyond those mountains were people who were neither his brethren nor his friends. I realised that I had unwittingly opened the floodgates of his passion and that I could do nothing other than listen in silence and learn.

He told that these people were a mixture of Arabs and others from North Africa and that in times within the memory of a man in single lifetime, the fascists led by General Franco had invaded Spain from North Africa and proceeded to wage war in order to conquer all the people including the Basques. He explained with, reddening face, that the Basques had no wish to be conquered and fought with great courage and ferocity, but Franco made a pact the arch fascist devil Hitler, who sent his Luftwaffe to bomb the towns of the Basques, such as Guernica, whereby very many women and children were killed.

This base act will be related by Basque mothers to their children for a thousand years and more. Do not call those low dogs my fellow countrymen. There have been those amongst the Basques who powerless to overcome our oppressors, formed a group called ETA to assassinate the politicians of our enemies wherever they had the chance. Unfortunately, this had not been a success, as their victims were few, whilst they multiplied as the flies round a horse's tail on a hot day. Finally it seemed that he had vented his passion and was becoming calm, but he then sadly supposed that the British lived in enviable peace and mutual friendship.

I pondered some moments as to how I should reply to this, as the man was

doing me a considerable service and to hear that others lived in a state of communal bliss by comparison, would make his grievances the harder to bear.

I decided that I should recount a parody of the truth, but as with all humour, it had a seed of truth at its core.

I assumed a sad face, as seemed suitable, and explained that his high beliefs were not entirely true. I reminded him that the British were known for having a strange sense of humour. At this point he cast his eyes in the direction of the little car with three wheels, but I continued that the “Great” in Great Britain had been a joke of the greatest irony for the last century at least. However a greater joke by far was the word “United” in United Kingdom, as I would explain. Whereas as he described, his country was divided into two groups (Although the Catalans would beg to differ) ours was divided into three main groups.

I was sure that when at school, he had learned of that previous warlike nation known as the Romans, who had conquered and occupied many lands and had come to believe that their soldiers could defeat any enemy. The Romans had also invaded Britain and conquered our tribes as they marched to the North where they met their nemesis, the Scots. The Scots were the most fierce and warlike people they had ever encountered and very many of the previously invincible Roman soldiers were slaughtered. But while the men of Scotland loved to fight and if there were no convenient enemies, would fight each other for pleasure and practice, their womenfolk were even more terrible than their man, as they would creep in disguise at night amongst the weary Roman soldiers with knives beneath their cloaks and dispatch them in their sleep.

The Romans called them “The Night Witches” and were terrified even by their name. The mothers of Rome begged the emperor Hadrian not to send their sons to the Northern Front where many were called and few returned so he gave thought to a solution that would save the face of Rome. His thoughts turned to similar problems in history and remembered the Great Wall of China. He instructed that a similar wall be built across Britain from sea to sea to protect the Roman soldiers from the Scots.

This wall still exists today and the people of Scotland are still a fearsome people by their nature.

My Basque friend thought that the people of Scotland were similar to his people, but what about the other regions.

Ah! I replied, these are mainly in two parts, the people in the lower part of the island we call the Darnsarthians and they live below the border city called “Whatfor”

These people are mostly comprised of the usurers and moneylenders who, in ancient times were thrown from the temples and their close friends and protectors the politicians, who mostly congregate in a city called London.

The politicians take much in taxes and give little in return.

You ask if I am of these people? Certainly not as we regard them as you regard your enemies in Madrid.

No Sir, I am of the middle lands who are known as the Oopnorhtians. We were and still are, if the opportunity presents itself, a hardworking diligent people who eschew working in offices, which is for women. Instead we used to work in mines and in great works to make steel and iron. With these metals we laboured in countless manufactories to make excellent goods which were exported worldwide. Verily it was on account the industries and work of the Oopnorthian people that the great leap forward known as “The Industrial Revolution” occurred and by this means the word “Great” was added to “Britain”

But you said that this was a joke, retorted my friend.

Sadly so, I replied, because there arose from amongst that political army of cockroaches in London, a female devil called Thatcher, who decided with her friends that greater profit could be made if the mines and manufactories of the Oopnothian people were closed and the goods they had made be purchased for coins from the Chinese people. These goods they could sell again at much profit to those who could not buy from our people.

Thatcher sent soldiers into the land of the Oopnorthian people to close our mines and there was a big conflict at “The Battle of Oregreave”, but we had no weapons and were defeated.

The miners then had no jobs and their women and children were left in rags and hungry. Our Plants had no coal to make iron and steel and so most of our manufactories became idle. The young people also could find no work and cried for revolution. The hated politicians in London told that they should all attend university and after this they would have a certificate like a passport that would guarantee that they gained a job with a good salary in an office with which they could buy a house, drive a fast German car, as all our car plants had been closed, and raise a happy family with many holidays in foreign lands. For this advantage, the students must borrow money to pay the fees of the Universities, but this was no matter as the great salaries they would get would make the repayment of debts no problem.

Unfortunately, when the legions of students emerged from the universities brandishing their certificates, it was discovered that there were few jobs, as these could not be created by politicians such as Cameroon, Clod or Millibean. A few were able to gain very modest employment in supermarkets or purveyors of donkey burgers and their anger at being tricked was great. But then, who but a fool believes the word of a politician who will say anything to get elected again to his well-paid job again. Without such a job, their talents would only suit them to selling second hand cars.

I should explain that many years ago a group who were angry at the damage that was being done by the politicians, led by a man named Guido Fawkes, had a great plan to fill the cellars below the chamber where the politicians sat and brayed their empty promises, with gunpowder and at a stroke to despatch the whole pernicious brood.

Unhappily, they were betrayed, the enterprise discovered and the leaders executed.

To this day there are celebration held on the fifth day of November each year to commemorate these saintly men and to keep alive the story in the hope that one day this plan might be repeated with more success.

And so, you see, the Oopnorthian people cry out with one great voice to the politicians of the Darnsartians that our island is like unto a great ship that is sinking.

The politicians reply with tears of the crocodile that they understand this

problem but that they, their friends and families are all safely in the lifeboats.

Unfortunately, all the lifeboats are full and there are no more lifeboats.

And we remembered the Titanic and understood.

My friend stood silent, as if struck dumb for several minutes and said that he would never complain so much about his lot again, as compared to our luckless and divided people, the Basque people were indeed lucky.

And so, my friends, you see that we could not improve the lot in life of this man and his people, but we could, by example, make their lot a little more bearable.

## **Low Comedy**

If we have an abiding interest in life, it is my belief that we should take every opportunity to publicise that interest. To this end, I have for years done my best to promote Scott motorcycles and British Historic Racing, which is the modern name for what used to be the VMCC Racing Section.

In October 2014 I was again invited to take my bike to the Stafford Motorcycle Mechanics exhibition, where the BHR had a stand in what is termed "THE GP PADDOCK" This is an outdoor display area which has near it's centre a display ring similar to those used for pony shows. The format was to invite a few selected bikes and request their owners to bring them to this ring. In turn, each bike was brought forward and its history related. It was then started and the onlookers could savour? the noise.

I had been asked to present the Scott and realised that I must make the most of this opportunity to promote our Scotts. Whilst waiting, I observed that the bikes before mine were somewhat anonymous as the onlookers could only really see plastic fairings with adverts. Of course at some past point in time, each of these bikes had been amongst the most successful types, but as progress had passed them by, their days of glory were behind them. I also noticed that their present owners, although perhaps rich, were not natural

communicators and their display on average lasted about five minutes.

I reasoned that the Scott was more interesting as it was naked and totally open to view and that if I embraced low comedy, I might hold the attention of the onlookers for about ten minutes and get a good plug in for Scotts and BHR. It meant rolling out all the old jokes, but it was a chance not to be missed.

The Master of ceremonies was Steve Plater who had been a TT winner and British Superbike Champion until crash injuries forced his retirement. At this point, I suggest you go on the internet and see Steve Plater interviews Roger Moss or <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8e9LOqaoMLI>

Please excuse my rather earthy language as I was “Playing to the gallery”

Shortly after this circus, after I had returned to the BHR stand, Steve Plater came and sat on the bike again asking questions. I asked him if he wanted a ride next year and he accepted with pleasure.

I realised that whereas his injuries might prevent him from competing at the highest level, then he might be missing the “Buzz” of competition and a ride on a light modest powered bike like the Scott might be fun. The next day I was asked to show the bike again and Steve told the onlookers that he would be riding this bike in 2015. The plot thickens, as Steve Plater is helping Mortons Media with the blessing of my old racing colleague Malc Wheeler by acting as Master of Ceremonies at the shows promoted by Mortons. I suggested we have an early season test day at Cadwell which is local for Steve for him to test and get used to the bike. If this is all acceptable, he might compete in some BHR events.

It was decided that this new experience for Steve could form the basis for articles which drew attention to how much bikes had developed in eighty years in all primary aspects and what maybe had been lost in the process. As far as I am concerned, the chance to have a rider of such pedigree ride a Scott and have it featured in Classic Racer magazine must represent most agreeable publicity for Scotts and BHR.

As for myself, then I have plenty of work and do not need any publicity for the purposes of attracting extra work.

## **On the work front**

I continue to make more equipment to enable me to produce Scott engine spares with more accuracy and efficiency in my nice warm workshop now son Richard has installed a most efficient new heater.

I do not know what drives me to believe that it is my sacred duty to ensure that all engine spares within reason are available. I frighten myself sometimes, but it gives me great pleasure to be able to solve a problem for a fellow owner.

My latest bit of arch foolishness is that I have decided to resolve the problem of non-availability of 500cc pistons. I have decided to have new dies made for the cores of 500cc size pistons, but to use the outer die set I have. This would give a good piston die cast blank with the inner profile of a 500cc piston but the outside of a 600cc piston.

It is a simple and quick job to turn the outside down to 500cc size and thus finally to make these pistons.

To be truthful, I have no idea how many folks have 500cc barrels on their shelves that are unusable for lack of pistons. The new dies will cost me about £2200 and the chance of recovering this is slim indeed, so let me throw pride to the wind here.

If there are amongst readers any person who has been financially fortunate in their lives and has a wish to help lighten my self-imposed financial burden in the wish to help fellow Scott owners both now and future, then any such help would be most gratefully received.

**Roger Moss**





**Fancy an *Electric Start*  
Scott??????????????/**



[http://scottownersclub.org/phpbb\\_3/viewtopic.php?f=1&t=2677&sid=82d44e4d3cec50bb0e9502df4957370c](http://scottownersclub.org/phpbb_3/viewtopic.php?f=1&t=2677&sid=82d44e4d3cec50bb0e9502df4957370c)

<http://youtu.be/vAe3YmEHSVg?list=UUyqnRwQnXTh6dmKFnTboq1g>

If our reader (*joke*) would care to access the following links there is a good deal of gen about my latest acquisition. An electric start 1930 500cc Short Stroke Scott housed within 250 Kawasaki running gear. Not only that but it has twin discs, a reliable oil pump (adjustable) and a 12v alternator! Now I have to tell you that I did not build this marvel but “Big Kev” did, who could supply all the technical gen.



My slight input was confined to fitting a Scott raditor and exhaust system for looks more to my liking.

To my mind however it does seem a trifle slow compared to my Short Stroke Flyer (75mph). So how does it go at the moment? Very well actually. Smooth and chuckable. Great brakes as one would expect and great fun to ride.

I may experiment later with a bigger carb. More to come on this!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## **Ted Parkin**

**BTW!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Have fun over the festive Season! Its NEVER too late to enjoy Life!!! Roger and Ted**