# Somewhat belatedly herewith the Dec 2016 Scott Newsletter


Bill Swallow and Roger Moss at Cadwell Park with Bill's Scott

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**EJP** editorejp@live.co.uk

# The rebuilt Scott at Anglesey

In our last Newsletter, I told how I had finally got my Scott racer operational again after it's unfortunate crash and took it to the Cadwell Park meeting to commemorate 50 years of VMCC racing.

The brakes had not bedded in and the fork action was far from perfect, so I just had a reasonably brisk ride round with some old racing colleagues on 1939 500cc Triumph Tiger 100 bikes.

After this I stripped the front brakes and saw that the re machined linings had only bedded in about 70% to the re machined drums. You may recollect that when the bike cartwheeled down the track, it made brake drums and even brake hub bearing bores all oval, so everything had to be re machined. I had reduced the width of the operating cams by 50% so as to impose more pressure of the linings on the drum. This was also because if you fit twin brakes, then given the same pressure at the handlebar lever, then each side

only gets half the effort it would have got if it was a single drum. So the halving of the cam width just restores the effort each side. I looked at the braking system and reasoned that the cam pushes on both brake shoes, but on the Scott / Webb / Enfield back plate I had, the rear of each shoe was located on a separate post. I reasoned that this was not very stiff and so I measured the distance between each post, removed the split pins and washers and made steel strips with the two holes for the posts, to take the place of washers and replaced the split pins with new ones. It could not make the braking worse and it could improve things as the rear pivot of the shoes now leaned on each other rather than having a tendency to lean backwards as a reaction to the effort the cam was exerting.

Then a few adjustments to the forks and all was ready for Beezumph 25.

I have told of the Beezumph before, but for those new to the newsletter, This is the annual track based rally of the Triumph Trident and Rocket Three Owners Club. It consists of graded track sessions plus a BBQ and a band. Of course, most bikes are the famous triples of the mid 1970's that I used to race against when I rode Laverda and Ducati production bikes in those far off days. I sometimes contemplate that if I had put the Scott out in such a field then, I would have been laughed off the track.

The Scott is a match with an average Trident on acceleration and would out accelerate a nice Laverda 500cc Montjuich. The members of this club (TR3OC) always make me very welcome and I much enjoyed the event. The day before when I travelled to the event, the weather was very windy and when I arrived at the circuit it was raining heavily. I did not even go outside. I just parked up, made some food and went to bed. As if by a miracle, the next day was bright and dry, so how would the bike perform? The brakes were immediately improved, but the real surprise was that whereas normally the power is fairly constant from about 2500 rpm to 4700, tailing off to 5000 rpm, it now had an extra power surge at 4100 running through to 5100 rpm. My estimate is that it was producing about 44 bhp. So what was different? Well, the only thing I could think of that had changed was the fuel. Some years ago, I finished a racing season with the bike running very well, but when the next season started the performance was poor. I stripped the engine but could find nothing wrong. I was using the same BP Ultimate unleaded fuel from the pump, but it did not perform as previously. I bought some old 4 star leaded petrol and added to each gallon of fuel, 220cc of Castrol R40 oil, plus 15cc of an Australian octane booster

called NF. This immediately restored the performance. Last year my son Richard had decided to try AVGAS ,but having experimented with this, had decided to revert to Methanol, as this had been more suitable to his bike with it's very small "Speedway" radiator. He then very generously donated the Avgas and cans to me. Thank you Richard!

*Down by the Seaside!!*

For this meeting I had mixed some existing 4 star mixture 50:50 with Avgas, also with 220cc Castrol R per gallon but no NF octane booster. The only down side was that in the excitement, I missed a gear and the revs went very high. I then noticed oil seepage with a black colour from the RH side, so a strip and rebuild over the winter, but we have learned a little extra this year.

It is well known that my engine has a four bearing crank arrangement, but it should be appreciated that this was in an effort to overcome crank breakages with the best steel I could source at that time. If I had available the special steel I have used since 1997 to make high strength cranks, it would not have been necessary to make a four bearing crank. In fact there are some weak points in the design and I might well decide to change my race engine to use a conventional overhung crank in the high strength steel. This would be quite easy, as the last batch of high strength cranks I made included about 5 sets for use with ball bearing main bearings and tapped for tungsten heavy metal balancing slugs.

So some head scratching this coming winter. One of the most satisfying aspects of this job is meeting some very nice people and I should tell of a customer who had spent time in Antarctica but was living in

St Helena, then moved to Ascension island. This week he called in to advise me that he was going to Tristan Da Cunha for 8 months. Given it's isolation, I suggested that if he sent me a memory Stick, I would load up as much Scott info including films, for the coming few months. Of course, fair exchange is no robbery, as we say, so it occurs to me that I should ask him if he could write a little about Tristan da Cunha and perhaps supply a few pics for the education and enjoyment of other owners who will never experience such exotic locations. Please do remember that I try and help anyone with information when asked and this takes quite a bit of time each week. You could help me and our other readers by writing a bit about your bikes, your interests and your area with some pics. Ted and I do this newsletter for you, I do not need to advertise, I have enough work thank you. I would not need to write so much. Come on, fair's fair! Or are we just wasting our time?

I was told this week that there had been some lack of communication between BHR (British Historic Racing) and the organisers of the Stafford

Show on October 15th and 16th, the result being that there was no stand space for BHR. I like to attend Stafford to see old friends and to make sure that there is at least one Scott on show. On learning this, I phoned Eric who is local section leader of "The British Two Stroke Club" who have a stand at Stafford and believes he has space for a Scott. The BTSC are another very friendly bunch and they were founded years before the Scott Club, in fact Albert Reynolds used to advertise that Scott owners joined this club. I went one better, I joined both!

**Roger Moss**

# Scott-Morgan-special-racer

*Bob Woodman (bob.woodman@btopenworld.com)*
Have you seen this Roger?

http://www.bromyardspeedfestival.co.uk/blog/scott-morgan-special-racer.html#comment-106

**Hi Bob..**I know this machine

The chain drive that couples the engines and transmits power to the prop shaft is rather convoluted and has a short life.

A previous owner gave up on it and I was in communication with him on the suggestion of a prominent member of the Morgan Owners Club.

Unfortunately I did not have the money to make an offer for the car, but offered to redesign the drive to a more durable workable arrangement.

At this point the car was sold to the Milne-Taylors, to whom I made the same offer.

With the help of Ted Hills who did design work with me at that time, a design for a geared transfer box was produced.

The Milne-Taylors decided not to go this route, so the car was put back as originally created and, if you will please excuse the term, is what I believe is called a “Trailer Queen” that is taken to exhibitions.

It would have been very satisfying to turn it into a truly viable working car, but it was not to be.

Of course the thought had crossed my mind that Bob Collet’s 4 cylinder Scott based “Phased Transfer Engine” would drop straight in.

Like most people, I find the drama of such things very stimulating, but being an engineer by nature as well as profession, then the drama must be given life by the application of sound engineering.

As the song goes “Ah yes, I remember it well”

Kind Regards

**Roger**


**I recently came across my "Claim to fame" from The Sun newspaper** *(from a long time ago)* **..**

**Wot Larks eh!!!**

*Forgiving the hyperbole of the Journalist.*

We thank Andrew Ward for the following memories of working with Maurice Patey. If any old friends wish to contact him, just email me for his contact details. We do not give out readers contact details without they approve of this beforehand. Andrew lives in the USA now but visits the UK from time to time.

# Maurice Patey

I began working at Silk Engineering at the tender age of seventeen, I responded to an advert in the Derby evening telegraph for an apprentice. I had just been made redundant from a company called Dupar Pelapone who then went bust.

After an interview with Mr. George Silk I was offered the job, I just had completed on year training with the Engineering Industry training board doing Milling, Turning, welding, sheet metal work, Electrical and fitting.
On my first day I was told to work with this older guy called Maurice by one of the directors Hugh Cundell. Maurice was a nice guy to me we drank coffee together he smoked a pipe and back then I smoked cigarettes. We started working on these old Scotts, as an owner of a brand new Yamaha RD200 electric these bikes were junky old relics from the past and I had no interest in them.

The first thing I learned about Maurice was lifelong bachelor and was rather anti female, "Women are a necessary evil" he used to mutter under his breath when one of the ladies from the office asked him about the status of a bike. He was well educated, he came from Scotland he knew Latin "how does Tempus fugit" he used to ask and he knew things like the Greek alphabet. He was very eccentric also, first time I noticed this was to my surprise he asked me for a "revardworks", I was totally befuddled until someone said "oh he likes to say things backwards he means screwdriver" –( revirdwercs). So I had to quickly become acquainted to what a "chneb" was, and where the pair of "reilp's" were!

He fondly called me "boy", and gave me instruction on how to work on these to me weird old Scotts. I found he was very messy, stuff was everywhere. Boxes and Tabaco tins full of parts but no labels on them or customer names. I think at one time this was because he had a very good

memory, I later found this was fading with age and that's why the ladies kept coming out of the office because most of the engine rebuilds were very late on delivery. Sometimes we used parts from one customer's engines to get another one out the door, I did not know any better and thought this was normal. One customer turned up to see the progress on his bike and it turned out it had been sold to someone else!

I used to go the the coffee shop at break time in the morning and Maurice always asked for a "pussy cat" (kit-cat) and a mug of tea, we would sit down and he would light his pipe filed with St Bruno Rough-cut (it smelled awful). After being asked "are you ready boy?", We used to go to the transport café on Alfreton road, and have lunch usually baked beans on toast and a mug of tea. It seemed like we got six slices of buttered toast and a can of beans the portions were massive. Then we would trundle back to the shop Maurice on his home made favorite bike the "PV" (Parilla-Villiers), Parilla frame Villiers engine, and me on my Yammy trying hard not to beat him. Maurice had a penchant for adventure, he had a wooden rowing boat that we would take out at lunch time and row up the river Derwent. I remember a few lazy timeless lunch outings would end up with George coming out at yelling at us from the river bank for being late back to work.

When he rode the PV he wore a very large beaten up and fraying WWII trench coat and large wellington boots, a cork helmet called the "corker" and his pipe still between his teeth. For racing he had a brown leather one piece suit that he said was a German submarine captain's suit. He owned an old blue Austin for when the weather was really bad, most of the time he rode bikes. Maurice lived with his aging mother in a large Victorian house with many very large rooms. His brother was the famous rock climber Tom Patey who died in a fall on one the sea stacks off the Scottish coast. Maurice showed me his brother's bird's egg collection, hundreds of bird's eggs blown nestled in cotton wool with labels and stored in large wooden cases with thin wide drawers. He proudly showed me a large dark metal lantern in one of the rooms that he said was on Nelsons flag ship during the battle of Trafalgar, I have no reason to doubt him.

As things got more and more disorganized Wendy Silk asked me to take over with administration of the engine rebuilds. Wendy and I spent a long time sifting through piles of old boxes and bits of paper trying to find out whose parts were whose. We finally got a list of names and addresses and engines and parts in cardboard bins together, Maurice did not seem to notice

this. I also took over sending out and ordering spare parts form the likes of ken lack and his dad. That was a very cool part of my job writing letters to people all over the world, and then packing their spares in boxes and taking them to the post office and wondering what those places were like that I was sending parts to.

The Silk 700's started to take over and time to repair Scotts was less and less, Maurice and I concentrated on building the Silks to the lofty target of one per week (it never happened because we never had enough parts.) The Scott spares were located in a room off the main building called "the Scott stores". It was filled with dozens of old boxes full of roller bearings, crank oil seals, pilgrim pump parts and old pistons some covered in rust. The little room was illuminated by one old lightbulb. . I remember having to fill little cans of Scott purple touch up paint for cylinder barrels and mailing them out to customers. One of the things I had to learn the difference between the 500 and 650 long stroke and short stoke stuff! All very confusing to a 17 year old Jap bike rider.

We eventually spent most of our time on building and servicing the Silk bikes, at the time there was a massive push to get the production going. An Engineer called Paul Hudson was hired who used to work at Jaguar. George spent a long time coming up with the Mark two or Saber. We had a competition to name the bike and were told the winner would get a prize. My name the "Saber" was picked but I never got a prize. The stores were stocked with parts, and a parts schedule was made for the engine and cycle parts by Paul Hudson and Alan Taylor, this was because most of the parts and how everything fitted together was in someone's head.

Special memories come flooding back when we used to finish a Silk and it needed a road test, Maurice used to say, "Are we going to the dams, boy?" We would then put our gear on and ride up to lady bower dam and other dams in the peak district. We would stop at road side cafes and drink hot tea and eat biscuits, we would be out for hours on end. Maurice was so happy out riding bikes. Sometimes the bikes would breakdown and we would have to find a call box and Alan Taylor would come out with his VW and trailer to get us back.
Sometimes when it rained the whole workshop was flooded because of the old mill building we were in and Maurice and I had to put sawdust down to mop it up and then clean all the left over dust, and then management wondered why production was so slow! I remember when we got older we

used to play tricks on old Maurice by hiding his wellington boots at clocking off time, he always took it in good spirit. My other apprentice graham Rhodes and I bought pipes one lunch time “if you can’t beat them join them “. We went to the old man’s pipe store in town and insisted we have ST Bruno rough cut Tabaco to the shop owners surprise and raised eybrows just like Maurice, he never said a word about two stupid kids trying to smoke a pipe. We lasted about two days with the pipes and threw them in the river that ran by the workshops. We used to play tricks on Maurice about his pipe, because the bench always had ash and bits of Tabaco on them and sometimes a dirty pipe cleaner would be left in the vice by Maurice. So Graham and I would put drops of two stroke oil in his pipe and then laugh as he lit it up, Maurice never batted any eyelid at the plumes of blue smoke coming from his pipe, his taste buds must have been shot.

Maurice became very quiet and we learned his mother was dying. Eventually she did die and Maurice bought himself a small bungalow. He enjoyed living in his new bungalow and was happy for a short time until one Sunday morning he tripped and fell and hit his head. He was admitted to hospital and we learned he was in a coma. .

After some time I visited him with Tim Pywell a Scott customer from derby. We used to take tape recordings of old Scotts to see if that would snap him out of the coma. Unfortunately he passed away, I am glad I visited old Maurice in hospital it does not remove the many happy memories of the times we spent, riding out to the dams ….

## Techno Speak – Ignition Timing Procedure for Scotts

The first task is to define the "Top Dead Centre" position and to put a clear mark on the periphery of the flywheel in relation to a known fixed point.

If you have some tools, you may decide to make a "zero pointer" see pics of examples

If you do not have tools, then you can use an existing feature on the crankcase as a sighting line.

If your engine is a three speed type, then look at the top edge of the crankcase just below the RH transfer port cover.

At this point, the edge runs inwards at right angles to the RH side face of the crankcase.

It is possible to look along this edge and line up a mark on the flywheel quite accurately.

Having decided on our fixed reference point, the next job is to define and mark a line on the periphery of the flywheel that indicates the position of Top Dead Centre relative to our fixed reference point.

For this we use a simple setting tool as per the pictures. This is easily made, but if you prefer, I can supply these ready to use at a modest cost. This is a universal tool applicable to almost all engines with a 14 or 18mm spark plug hole.

Screw the tool into a spark plug hole and rock the flywheel back and forth in the general region of TDC while screwing in the inner screwed probe of the timing tool.

When you feel contact, turn the flywheel away from the contact position and advance the inner screwed probe approx. 2 ¾ turns and nip up the brass lock ring to prevent further movement of the screwed probe.

Rotate the flywheel steadily until you feel it stops due to the piston crown coming in contact with the radiused end of the screwed probe.

Look along the datum edge of the crankcase and put a fine chalk mark in line with this edge on the periphery of the flywheel. If you have decided to make another reference point, put your chalk mark in line with your own reference pointer.

Now, without disturbing the setting tool, rotate the flywheel in the opposite direction until it again stops when the piston hits the screwed probe

Now make another chalk mark as before.

Remove the setting tool

You will now have two lines on the periphery of the flywheel approximately 90mm apart

You will now need either a flexible rule to measure and mark the mid point between the marks, or use a pair of dividers.

Mark the mid position by making a small notch with a file or any means you prefer.

Some might query if this is actually the correct point for TDC, bearing in mind that the Scott engine uses the DeSaxe principle of design. This means that the crank is not directly in line with the cylinder bores, but the angular error between the TDC marked by this method and the theoretical true position, is only 2 minutes 46 seconds so can be discounted.

We now need to mark the actual ignition point (AT FULL ADVANCE)

We are lucky, as the Scott flywheel is 9 inches in diameter and so each degree of rotation is almost exactly equivalent to 2mm along the periphery of the flywheel.

We therefore just need to decide how many degrees of advance is applicable to our engine.

The advance figure traditionally given is 35 degrees BTDC, but this setting was arrived at when the octane rating of the available fuel was only 60, with a much slower burning rate than our 97 octane fuels.

For a standard engine without any modifications, a setting of 31 degrees BTDC is a reasonable starting point

For an engine with a flowed inlet tract, which admits a greater volume of gas to the combustion chamber, try 28 degrees.

Loosen the mag sprocket

Set the flywheel at the chosen ignition advance

Set the advance / retard lever to FULL ADVANCE and make sure the lever is stiff enough so it will not vibrate back to the Retard position when the bike is in motion.

Check that the contact breaker points are free of pitting and are opening 0.015" on BOTH cam lobes. If not, just note the difference.

Rotate the mag until the contact breaker heel just contacts the cam ring.

Push the sprocket on the mag taper firmly and nip up the centre nut.

Rotate the flywheel backwards a few degrees

With a small screwdriver, open the contact breaker points and put a small torn piece of Rizzla cigarette paper between the contact breaker points of the mag or distributor and remove the screwdriver.

If you pull the paper gently, it should be held by the points which have not yet got to the point of opening.

Rotate the flywheel forwards very slowly whilst maintaining a gentle pull on the cigarette paper until the paper releases.

Stop rotating the flywheel immediately and record how near you are to your target position.

Remember, if you want to know the error it is 2mm per degree of deviation.

Now do exactly the same exercise but rotate the flywheel one whole turn so you will discover the current setting for the second lobe of the magneto contact breaker cam. They are very seldom the same and your final adjustment objective must be to have an equal deviation on both cam ring positions.

The final proof is the test ride and you should alter the advance and retard lever to confirm that the engine gives lusty power without roughness or excessive vibration at full advance. These latter two characteristics usually indicate excessive advance and should not be interpreted as the engine giving extra power.

If you take time to carry out this operation carefully, you will be rewarded with a smooth and efficient engine.

Iv'e had a request from **the fan**! I was asked what happened to “Vincent to the North”. Well not a lot is the answer... Herewirth as requested the continuation... I think!!!

BTW I had an email from the new owner who has restored the bike. I gently asked him what I sold it for.. He told me 3k.. Worth today 35k.. What a businessman I am  Eh!!!! Read on fan!!!..

# Vincent to the North..

## Hard Work Time!

Morning! Grim, grim, grim!

How I hate getting up! It's the crack of sparrows, 6am, no dawn of course the sun hasn't been to bed! My turn, again! For the tea!

I roll from my lovely down sleeping bag and start the cooker. Fill the kettle and walk away to carry out those necessary ablutions in peaceful isolation.

Total peace! Twittering sparrows or some such small, brown flying things. I suppose they could be bats?

Back to the kettle singing away in bubbling chuckling merriment, the only giggling thing for miles around.

Liz arises.

Dishevelled again, *(what does she **do** in her sleeping bag?)*

Even less words this morning.

She says, "Watch this!" and walks away with no limp and without her crutch!

Amazing, "What happened?" I ask.

She tells me about Nordic!

Nordic is Liz's 'Boss of the Anti-bodies' his job is to sort out Liz's aches and pains during the night. He is summoned before she goes to sleep and given a list of jobs to do. He then marshals his team of under anti-bodies and gives them their individual instructions. They carry on throughout the night and are assessed by Liz the next morning.

Depending on the success, or otherwise, Liz tells Nordic that evening whether she is satisfied or not with the team's performance. Nordic lives a precarious life, his job is on the line if things are not done and he has lots of stress, never knowing how good the team's performance has been until the next briefing.

Liz has to be 'cruel to be kind' keeping him up to scratch otherwise there are always up and coming under anti-bodies to take his job. Nordic's team had been working flat out for the last two weeks and are almost exhausted but Liz is pleased and tonight will give them their first night off for a job well done.

No wonder she always looks as if she has done 3 rounds with Frank Bruno every morning! Poor girl!

We start our hard work today, this is the beginning of the spectacular scenery. We never have a fixed objective. Just take it as it comes. That way we are never in a hurry and can tarry awhile if anything attracts our attention.

We intend to skirt Oslo and carry on up the E6 all the way to our destination. Passing through Trondheim to Mo-I-Rana. We will decide what comes next when we get to the Arctic Circle.

The bike, while basically sound has had a couple of problems, nothing drastic just mudguards cracking and the odd fractured bracket. I put these to rights as Liz volunteers to cook breakfast. Bacon and eggs this morning, stoking ourselves up for the day. I finish the jobs as Liz shouts that the grub is ready. We get out the map to measure our progress.

We are a long way from Cologne and feel we have just got into our stride. The map of Norway looks really interesting with lakes, mountains and woods scattered everywhere. It's quite exciting to see the Arctic Circle scribed about 700 miles from this mornings campsite, time to go!

Back down the wooded track the bike bouncing all over the place with Liz holding on and giggling, things are looking up. We hit the main road and turn left to go North. Overcast sky but, as yet, no rain. The bike rev's up to its normal cruising speed and we each find comfy positions for our legs, backsides and bodies. It really is amazing how many positions it is possible to get into on a motorcycle and sidecar. *(Keep it clean Missus!)* Much more than is remotely possible on a solo. The sidecar combination is a forgotten form of transport, one of the safest types of vehicles on the road. Stable in snow, on ice, in rain and most adverse road conditions. Able to carry amazing amounts of gear, not to mention it's passenger carrying capability, thereby increasing the riders enjoyment. The limiting factor these days is finding someone to teach a newcomer how to ride the damn things! Plus of course finding a bike capable of putting up with all the stresses and strains of the loading.

A Vincent may not be the ideal bike in all respects but it is well suited to a sidecar role. Plenty of low down torque, strongly built and, with the modifications which we have made to get rid of some of it's major shortcomings, an adequate performer. The propensity to break spokes with monotonous regularity on normal 19" rims when belted around the unmade roads of Europe being one. The Suzuki disc is a great leap forward in maintenance free riding for, although the original brakes may be quite adequate, there are approximately 50 bits to them. All of which wear and need adjustment with amazing frequency. Fit a disc and forget about it. All our modifications have been fitted with the overriding criteria of reducing roadside failure and routine maintenance. Riding is what these things were designed for and is what we are doing! It is, unfortunately, not possible to do much about the horrendous oil consumption (150 miles per pint) even with it's new pistons and liners by that brilliant Vincent specialist Tony Maughan. Neither is it possible to do anything about the silly valve rocker design nor the amazing cacophony of noise these things generate when they are running. It's one of those things you have to put up with. Nobody is perfect!

Certainly Ted and Liz are nowhere near perfect as they both stare at a massive elk which wanders into the road, forget to look where the road is going and end up running straight into the wood. The road turned sharp left, we didn't see it and found ourselves running out of road. No choice but to slam everything on and push ourselves backwards to regain the road. No problems, there is zero traffic and we couldn't care less as long as we don't do any terminal damage which might threaten the successful conclusion to the trip! We have by now been conditioned to the travelling and would hate to have to call a premature halt!

We arrive at Lillestrom, have a quick coffee and 'head fer them thar hills' Now we climb! A steady increase in height all the time since this morning have lifted us into the cloud belt with it's attendant mists and fog. Not for long though! We rise above the low cloud and see higher and higher hills, not yet mountains, before us. We are floating above the mist with only the black ribbon of road, empty of traffic, to give us a reference point and to remind us that there is a point to all this travelling. In the remote distance, a destination is beckoning us on. Solitary riding induces introspective thoughts and we both wander

away in our minds to think of other topics and other travels to come.

A short shower just dampens the road and suddenly stops. We put on the water-proofs not because we need them but because it is getting bloody cold! The sun comes out giving us a reason for our spirits to soar.

Lake country, cold but sunny, we slow. What gorgeous views! Travelling by bike means that you are there, actually 'in' the scenery. This is real Norwegian air hitting our bodies. Real Norwegian fog and rain. Real Norwegian cold affecting us. All this is just a pale panoramic film when you are in a car. With the bike you are a part of the country. Not wrapped up in warm, isolated comfort. Mind you. It's cold hard work!

It's lake land! An endless procession of lakes unfold to our left. We slow even more, bang goes our riding day but when the opportunity arises you just have to stop and admire the views. I suppose one can get lake blind after a time!

The rain started, we had been expecting it and are not disappointed. It's not heavy but penetrating, unceasing, far and away, however, out performing all these is it's coldness! Never have I been so cold in so short a time! We are at over 3000ft so I don't suppose we should be surprised at this.

Lillehammer passes, we climb and climb, the rain eases for which we are thankful. Small hamlets pass, Tretten, Oyer, Faving, Ringebu, as we ascend into the Rondane National Park. Evening draws in and Dombas hove's into sight. Buy the food for the evening, as always, chat to a surprising number of interested tourists. Indeed we have to cut the conversations and photographs short, it's most flattering but quite intimidating to be surrounded by crowds of people, there seem to be lots of Japanese for some strange reason.

We make our excuses and leave. We don't wish to go much further and keep a look out for a suitable sight. Two hairpin bends tax the bike and ourselves as I see a forest to the left. I decide to have a look. 100yds in I see a lovely green bit and elect to stay, roll off the throttle, instantly sinking into a 2ft bog! That's why it was very green of course!

We get off the bike and sink up to our knees, the bike sinking all the time! It's now halfway up the spokes. Think fast!

OK! we can't go forward, that would only get us in deeper. So we huff and puff, puff and huff getting nowhere. A handy branch comes into play and we manage to move the bike slightly. Liz has the idea of unloading the outfit, thereby lightening it. All the time we are doing this we are getting covered in mud, moss and lots of wriggly things. What they are I daren't look. Not that I had the time of course, as Liz finishes throwing the camping gear out. We try again! It moved!

Again.

Again.

We are gasping for breath, air rasping in our throats, sweat breaking out as we toil to save the bike from a wet, sticky fate. We strain and strain as it suddenly pops out with a deep sucking squelch. Good Grief! What a performance! We push out of the bog as a Chinaman walks past with rain dripping off the end of his nose! Yes! We were surprised too. He nods in our direction, inscrutably wiping the drips away!

We are too tired to bother. The tent is erected, as two large steaks, potatoes and vegetables restore our equilibrium. A couple of beers set the seal on an exhausting day. The rain hammers down and we find we are camped next to the railway line so have to endure the endless goods trains rattling and banging throughout the night.

Pretty good choice Ted!

To be continued.....

## RODS...

Email to David Holder...

Hi David

I assume that you have finally consigned most of the old partly fire damaged stock to the skip.

A pity as a few years ago I saw rods in a stillage I would have been very happy to buy from you.

If I cannot get enough second hand rods to make a worthwhile batch, then I shall have to investigate having some made, so it was worth checking with you first.

As the originals must have been not much better than mild steel, I am wondering if a modern high strength aluminium alloy would serve and

machined CNC to a beam section.

Barrels.
If you throw enough money at a problem, then almost anything can be made. I was asked recently, if I could make a new magnesium Scott crankcase to replace the one that had been on Noel Christmas's 1935 TT Scott. This definitely comes within the description of "A Passion" where time and cost become entirely secondary considerations, if the owner has been rather financially fortunate in life.
For most of us, however, cost is an important consideration and expenditure on a Scott is usually weighed against the market value of the whole bike.
New DPY barrels are not difficult to make in iron or high strength aluminium with Nickasil bores like a Moto Guzzi and go nicely with new pistons and heads, not cheap, of course, but all manufacture problems sorted.

Blind barrels are more problematic. They can be made, but costs are higher.
I have a nice semi finished long stroke blind barrel in aluminium in my stores from when the upper age limit for vintage racing was December 31st 1930.
I made these with chrome plated bores like a Yamaha TZ racer, until the upper cut off date was changed to 1934. This opened up the specification possibilities, so I changed to DPY type barrels with a new cylinder head with revised combustion chamber profile. It also made it possible to make and use a Scott type four speed gearbox with some internal design shortcomings eliminated.
However, I ramble on a bit, as my intention was to talk about blind barrels, especially long stroke types. I am needing some of these for a customer, but I cannot find any, (so please remember me if you have a spare)
I finally have found a company in Northampton who have done a nice job in sleeving a blind barrel back to be bored to 2.875”dia. The price is reasonable, but I need to cut out the ports and bore it yet.

With friends and colleagues, our ambition has long been to give Scotts an indefinite working future, rather than sit back and watch a decline caused by lack of support. To make replacement components for rebuilds is expensive compared with modern automotive prices, as the quantities are very low and so usually cannot be produced with high volume modern production machinery. Hence, we do our best and in turn, much appreciate your understanding.

Advert
Scott for sale

1928 Scott Flying Squirrel Reg: BF 4514
An all matching numbers 600cc Flying Squirrel in immaculate restored condition.
Very little use since 'Roger Moss' rebuilt engine, new cables, brand new 'Graham Moag' Radiator and 'BTH' Magneto.
Rebuilt by Brian Ritchie for lightness and agility. £10,000 ovno
First to see will buy! Please contact Mike Wilson (SOC Member 251)
Telephone 07976 224676 or email: historiclotus@aol.com1

So final plea reminder.  If anyone has a blind long stroke barrel size not important and or some long stroke rods for reconditioning, please contact Roger.

Ted, Roger and all our colleagues supporting Scott Owners worldwide, send our most sincere best wishes for Christmas or whatever festival is dear to you.