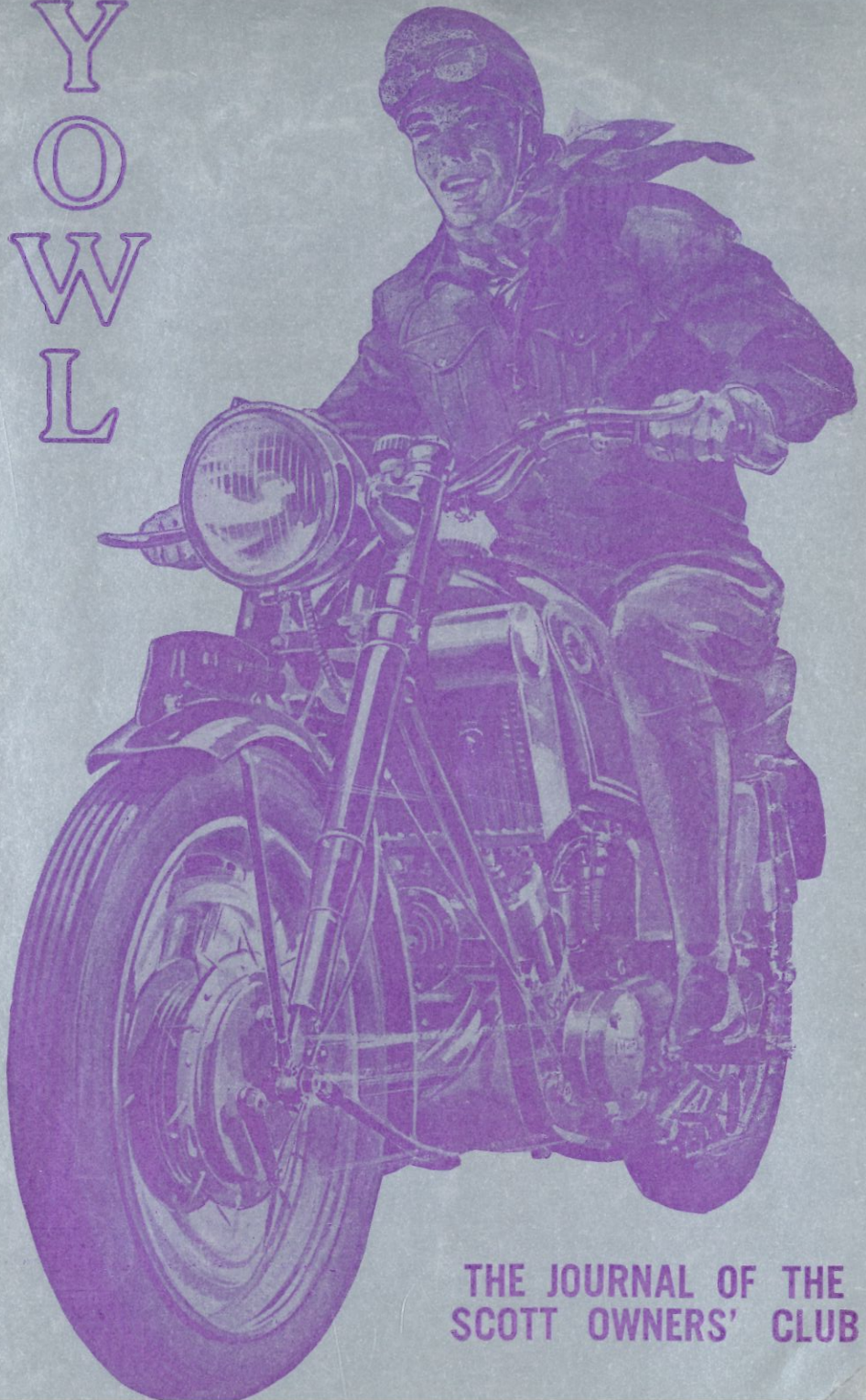


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THE JOURNAL OF THE
SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB



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EDITORIAL.

Alas and alack—there can be few Scott fans at the Ministry of Transport, otherwise they MIGHT have been just a little more generous with their decibel readings in the proposed new Tests.

'Twas a howling, snarling, yowling monster of a Scott that first rivetted my attention to the breed, as it screamed its way around the local grass track. It could hardly do otherwise, the local populace for miles around knew when 'R——' was performing! The well known Banshees from Hades seemed mute in comparison, and would have been required to have a few quick jabs from red-hot pokers, to simulate anything like the urgent clamourings from the 486 cc's of that monster, which at the time was the idol of the local tracks.

I say "monster" because equipped as it was with 28" wheels borrowed from a Douglas, then current vogue on the dirt-tracks (we hadn't heard of Speedway then) it looked truly gigantic. The beaded edged tyres were studded at three inch intervals with carriage bolts, held in place with nuts and washers, the bolts protruding for at least an inch from the outer circumference. On reflection it may well have been that all the howling did not come solely from the cut-down exhaust pipe, as the Scott bounced, bucketted and broadsided it's way around the Meadows.

Sad to relate—all that is now past history, but in any case the Scott was performing on a track, the only place for noisy machines and well away from public roads.

To one who grew up with sloper B.S.A.'s, chuffing side-valves and the skirling drone of the early two-speeders, it is quite evident that in this respect many manufacturers have taken retrograde steps, and it is a source of wonderment that the authorities have been so tolerant these past few years.

Certain new 'sporting' two-strokes have under certain conditions failed the new noise tests, so those members whose machines are fitted with non standard or "modified" silencers are warned. The new regulations are not to the liking of all Chief Constables and there have been outspoken comments upon the 'unworkability' of enforcement. In days gone by, Shipley made great play about A.C.U. 'approved silencers' in their advertisements, so there is nothing new in this line.

Provided your machine is fitted with 'standard' silencers you should have nothing to worry about, even if you are stopped in one of the new meter tests, but you will make the task of the Police much easier if they can raise comment on the 'mods' to your silencers.

Motorcycling is expensive enough—don't add to your costs.

CLUB TROPHIES.

At the Annual General Meeting it was discovered that certain current holders of trophies have not yet received them, and to them we extend our apologies.

This has only occurred because the previous holders have failed to return them. May we appeal to those who have failed to return trophies to do so as soon as possible in order that the current holders may at least have a sight of them before the Jubilee Rally.

A reminder to all holders, please ensure that they are returned to John Underhill now, busily planning the Jubilee Rally in time for that event. Thank you.

RAMBLINGS ON THE REPLICA

On the demise of the side valve Nortons in the early 50's, there was much comment in the weekly magazines that the 16H and Big Four models had had a longer production run than any other machine in motorcycle history. That may be strictly true, but there is little doubt that the 600cc Panther and the Scott Flying Squirrel (both Yorkshire products) would have given the 'Brum' firm a run for its money.

However, there was no resemblance other than the name on the tank between the first Big 4 and the last of the line. The engine had been re-vamped more times than could be counted as had the frame and other fittings and the same could be said of the Panther. Both makes were bread and butter sidecar machines, and although the Panther may have been the best ever devised for that role, it never seemed to make the grade, in any event neither machine roused the loyalty, devotion, the camaraderie or inspired so many lost causes than our Flying Squirrel.

Throughout its twenty-six years of production, from first to last, the Squirrel maintained a strong family resemblance, and this was one argument put forward at Vintage Club meetings when the question of allowing post vintage machines into that Club. What WAS the difference between a 1929 and a 1939 Squirrel?

Even today there are those who think that Matt should never have 'mucked' about with the frame and tank!

WU 6864 now in the hands of Midlander Alan Cooper can be reckoned as the grand-daddy of the line. It must be one of the most publicised machines in the world. In countless articles ranging from design to speed, from the unorthodox to two-strokes, no machine had its photograph reproduced more times than WU 6864.

This was the 1926 T.T. machine and ridden in that race by E. Mainwaring, and as was the practice in those days, the lessons learned were put to the production models, and the frame and layout formed the basis of the new addition to the range—the Flying Squirrel, still though with a strong family resemblance to the models that had thrilled the crowds in the Island in '26

From this sprang other models—the T.T. Replica—the Sprint Special, but each (in certain guises) bore a strong resemblance and in some cases only the initiated could tell the difference at a glance.

The Sprint Special has already been covered in Yowl, so we will consider the Replica.

Many younger members of the Clan may think that Shipley was optimistic in so christening a model, or that it was just a name tagged onto one model so let us try to recapture the mood and events which preceded the birth of the Replica.

For this we must go back to 1928 and the practising periods prior to that T.T.

But first, let us have a look at Scott successes in sporting events throughout the country. No matter what branch of the sport you followed, racing, (sand, grass or road) sprints, trials etc., Scott successes were such that it inspired real pride in the Clan. Remember that 1929 was to prove a record production year for Scotts', and for that to have happened with the huge motorcycle industry as it then was, Scotts' must have made an impact in the period leading to that.

Even the writer can recall over 50 British machines offered on the market in '29. Some makes are now long forgotten, but a fact that is often overlooked is that some of the machines of the smaller manufacturers although often dismissed as "assemblers", produced machines that were almost 'handbuilt'. Look around any vintage meeting and you will see what is meant. For Scott's to have cleared the way in that year for record production speaks volumes for the impact of Scott's in competitive events during 1928.

To recall a few successes :

Ilkley Grand National	A. Jeffries, E. K. Langton, & O. Langton gained special first class awards. J. Dickens 2nd in side-car class.
Lincoln Shower Trial	D. K. Ward premier award.
Morley Track	E. K. Langton 1st.
London—Edinburgh Run	9 'Golds' 1 Bronze. All Scotts completed)
Dublin Sprint	1st, 2nd, 3rd, in sidecar class.
Manchester Grass Track	W. E. McClure wins Unlimited Class
Yorkshire Centre Trial	for 5th year in succession an all Scott team won event. (G. E. Milnes, A. Town, C. K. Wood).
Ilkley Novice Trial	J. Binns 1st Class Award.
Experts Trial	G. E. Milnes Silver Cup. Best performance in acceleration tests.
Walsh Cup Trial	R. Sanderson.
Knock 12 hour Trial	Best performance
Dublin University Sprint	2nd in sidecar class.
Untali M.C.C.	H. Welch 1st.
Rosedale Abbey Driving Tests	Scotts 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Scottish Six days	G. W. Sheppard best sidecar performance. (It is said this outfit weighed 9 cwts. Can anyone give further information?)
Ilkley Non-Stop Trial	C. H. Wood best performance.
Bienne Boujean Races	1st in Amateur & Expert classes.
M.C.C. Inter Club Trial	Ilkley & District M.C.C. 4 solo and 2s/car Scotts the winners.
Middleton Sands	D. Buckley two 1sts and three 2nds.
Saltdean Speed Trials	K. Langton two 1sts.
Irish End to End	1 gold, 1 silver
Leinster 200	J. Dunne 2nd 500cc Class.
London/Barnstable Trial	Sleightolme & Hinds Silver Cups. Sutton silver medal.
Ulster Grand Prix	K. Langman lead for first seven laps in Unlimited class. (out with mechanical trouble). E. Mainwaring 9th in 500cc class.
Barrow Sand Races	G. Buckley four 1sts.
Omagh Road Trial	Palmer gold medal.
Calder Valley Grand National	V. E. Milnes premier award.
Talbot Sand Racing	E. Bennet 1st s/c class.
Ilkley Club Sporting Trial	C. H. Wood, C. Thackray 1st and 2nd.
International 6 Days	A. Sheppard gold. W. Moore gold, W. Clough s/c gold. A. Jeffries gold. C. K. Wood, gold.
Bristol/Lands End	J. E. Kettle 1st class award.
Southport Sands	2nd, 4th, and 5th.
50 Mile Race	2nd.
Ilkley D.R. Trial	C. H. Wood best performance.

In the Senior Amateur T.T. (forerunner of the Manx) W. T. Carlisle made history skidding for 150 yards at Sulby with a jammed brake, but continued to finish 11th.

Well—there you are—just a few of Scott successes in 1928 from the well known events and take no account of successes in minor club events throughout the country.

What was the atmosphere prior to the 1928 Senior? Let us examine "Motor Cycling" for 6th June, 1928. In the large and artistic headings for their articles of the period they ask "Who will win the Senior? Will the premier event resolve itself into a two-stroke versus four-stroke battle?"

After discussing and dismissing the chances of the smaller manufacturers. teams or entries including Montgomery, S.G.S., New Hudson, P & M, Cotton. Raleigh, Rex Acmes, A.J.S., Triumph and even Ridges, the pruning left Scott, Douglas and Norton teams, and the Rex ridden by the incomparable Wal Handley'

"The Scotts are a terribly thorny problem. Their acceleration is terrific. Their riders are all potential winners. The Langton brothers the most vivid, Mainwaring and Hatch the safest and Langman the most cunning. I feel that one of them must be near the front."

Several comments were made during practising of the Scott acceleration and there is little doubt that the Scotts were a factor to be considered and compared more than favourably with the best machines of that year.

Just recall some of them! The Sunbeams, the cammy Nortons, the four valve Ridges, the Duggies (even forgetting that they were headed by the one and only fearless Freddie Dixon).

The results of the race are now too well known to bear repetition. Tommy Hatch was 3rd, but although the Island story is full of "ifs"—what might have happened if O. Langton had not hit that greasy patch at the Gooseneck and E. K. had not punctured

Mainwaring treated the crowds, passing Graham Walker (Rudge) at the grandstands, and at one point Harry Langman was leading the redoubtable Stanley Woods, but the final placings were Woods 5th, Langman 12th.

Mainwaring was the only member of the team to suffer real engine trouble, and by a freak at the same spot as O. Langton's downfall.

An interesting point is that when later recovered by mechanics, the two machines which had been left by the roadside, were reduced to mere skeletons having been stripped by "souvenir" hunters amongst the crowds. (To dispel all rumours—I was NOT there!)

So the road was paved for the introduction of one of the finest models to ever leave Shipley, but with the rapid development of the four stroke engines of other manufacturers up to 1930, perhaps to be hopelessly outclassed by sheer speed at an early stage, though not in other factors. The lives of certain replicas of the period were very limited, being designed solely for the length of the Manx circuit and are extremely rare in vintage circles, but as can be seen at motorcycel events throughout the country, our good old Replicas live on.

The T.T. Replica was introduced at the latter part of 1928 for the 1929 programme, and explains the 1928 sometimes seen in adverts.

The first Replica with narrow guards was a compact, cobby and business looking machine. Later models were to be given deeply valanced guards, aluminium guards over the outrigger, and so perhaps a more 'civilized' appearance, and the black tank identical with the '28 works machines, was to give way to purple panels and later to white panelléd tanks, but the original Replica—that was THE machine.

In early days, its longstroke engine was to be made readily identifiable by the letter 'R' following the engine number, though this was later to be dropped as the engine took the title 'Power-plus'.

I don't know whether the photograph I have will re-produce for the journal, but we will have to find something to give the impression of the first T.T. Replicas.

To quote from the catalogue of 1929 :
Designed essentially for the speedman, the T.T. Replica is the outcome of years of

racing experience. The engine has a longer stroke and for power is in advance of any previous Scott engine. It is a replica of the machine finishing third in the 1928 Senior T.T. Race. In its design are embodied many original features and like all Scott machines is built to an ideal. Its road holding and cornering capabilities are a revelation.

Engine: Scott twin cylinder two-stroke of entirely new high efficiency type Water-cooled head. Straight through exhaust pipe with the Scott Tail Silencer. Centrally mounted carburettor, racing type, bolted direct. Alloy pistons. Wide big end bearings. Bore and stroke: 498cc Bore 66.6m.m. Stroke 71.4m.m. Mechanical lubrication; pump mounted on magneto platform giving individual adjustment to each crankcase. Auxiliary oiling to each cylinder.

Gear: Scott three speed constant mesh box of new design with extra heavy gear wheels. Ratios 4.4, 5.8 and 9.35. Other close or wide ratios to choice. Kick-starter incorporated. Large clutch of asbestos insert type. Chain adjustment by draw bolt. Clutch control, finger adjusted.

Frame: Immensely strong, triangulated in every plane and duplex throughout. A complete unit with no loose parts. The centre section of the girder construction is braced by the massive crankcase, and its three widely spaced fixing bolts.

Forks: In principle the same as the original Scott type, but of full girder construction and designed for increased spring movement controlled by one massive spring. Integral steering damper.

Tank: Unusually handsome racing type neatly filling the open part of the frame. It is built around a frame tube that bolts between the head and seat lugs, the whole being exceptionally robust, yet readily detachable. This feature provides excellent accessibility. Petrol capacity three gallons. Separate built in oil container - gallon. Large filler caps side by side. Non-clogging petrol filter. Filler cap's quick grip type rapidly operated hinged lid, with special air vent.

Wheels: Extra heavy hubs containing extra large internal expanding brakes 8 in. diameter, rear provided with cooling fins, 7 in. diameter front, both finger adjusted. Rear hub embodies transmission shock absorber. Brakes are fitted with water deflectors. Tyres W.O. 26 x 3.00.

Saddle: Special flexible top saddle mounted direct on frame giving extremely low position.

Footrests: Individually mounted, fitted with round rubber pads.

Handlebars: Comfortably curved and adjustable, fitted with long racing rubber grips. Twist grip control to throttle.

Mudguards etc.: Light pattern racing guards. Extra deep chain guard. Special drop forged steel rear stand. Front stand. Equipment includes tool kit in capacious metal box. Tyre repair outfit, inflater etc. Grease gun lubrication.

Chains: Primary $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x .31 in. Driving 5 x .378 in. A separate oil tank is provided for chain lubrication.

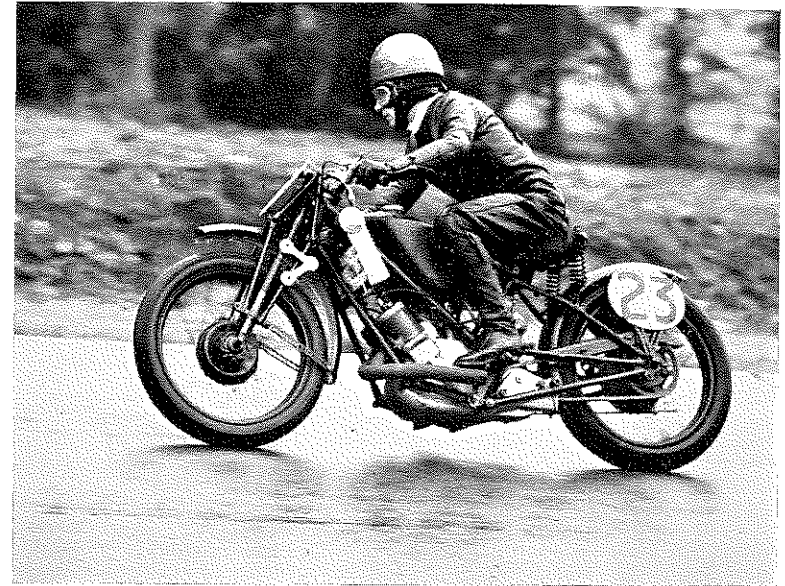
Finish: Finest black enamel, tank artistically panelled. Radiator plated. Handlebars, ebony black.

Oil and petrol pipes: Petro-flex tubing.

Weight complete 330 lbs. Price 498 cc £88, 596 cc £91.

A REMINDER.

Don't forget the Jubilee Rally—15th September, 1968, at Crown Meadows, Evesham. Make your plans NOW!



Not a Replica, but sufficient to re-capture the era. Hugh Harrison, President's Award winner 1968.

PETTY!

Whilst I was a firm believer in the old adage that sport and politics should never be mixed, as the latter impinges more and more on our activities, it gives us little choice.

Things ARE looking up in the Scott world, what with the rumour that Matt is burning midnight oil about to produce a batch of 1968 Scotts, Murphy Motors back in the fold, and the news from the North, but never in my wildest dreams would I have ever considered that there was anything in the contents of *Towl* that could have influenced international relationships, but it would appear that the H. M. Postmaster General or one of his underlings has that opinion.

If there are any admirers of 'King' Harold and his Whitehall minions left within our ranks, I think that they should be made aware of the latest petty restriction on Club activities.

Since our May edition we have on two occasions tried to forward the magazine to our Rhodesian members, but both times they have been returned, without even the courtesy of an explanation.

Bearing in mind the example set by Wallace the Bruce and 'if at first you don't succeed——!' we have now despatched them for the third time.

To our Rhodesian members we give the assurance that we shall do our utmost to get *Towl* to them, and if the latest attempt does not succeed, we feel sure that we shall be able to call upon the assistance of South African members to help out.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY VISITS TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

by Reg. Summers.

Continued:—

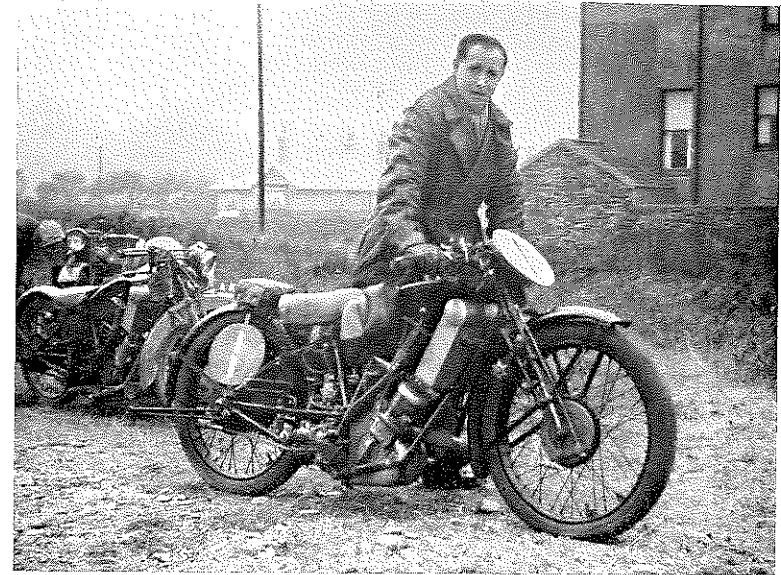
1926. The works decided that the day of the two speeder was past for racing purposes and introduced the heavy three speed Flyer with Scott gear box and girder forks, the publicity photographs being WU 6864 which Cyril Wright renovated a few years ago and is now owned by Alan Cooper. The usual visits were paid to the Bay Hotel and when the team came to weigh in on the Monday, I tried to keep up with them over the Mountain.

The Junior on the Monday was as usual a good race, Handley leading on the first lap but with only top gear left he could do no better than finish fifth. Alec Bennett (Velocette) won with Jimmy Simpson (A.J.S.) and Ferddie Dixon (Douglas) third.

The lightweight on the Wednesday which I saw from the Greeba bends opposite Hall Caines Greeba Castle was won by Paddy Johnson (Cotton) with F. G. Morgan (Cotton) second and W. Colgan (Cotton) third. P. Ghershi (Guzzi) being disqualified after finishing second owing to a technical breach of the rules. He knowingly used a different make of plug from that specified. This caused scenes at the Villa Marina in the evening unparalleled in the history of the races. Fred Povey and Jack Knott were out in a boat near the Tower of Refuge and they could hear the uproar from that distance. This is all recorded in *Motor Cycling*, dated June 23rd 1926, and the *Motor Cycle*, June 24th. Friday and Senior race day with high hopes of a good performance by the new three speed Scotts, I went up to the bungalow on the electric train and walked down to Hillberry. Scotts did not cover themselves with glory, Harry Langman reached Ballaugh on his first lap (broken crank) and also on the first lap Ernie Mainwaring looked down at his plugs on May Hill Ramsey to hit a kerb landing in a potato field. Welsby finished eighteenth. Handley rode a wonderful race. His twin rex Acme was a terror and was a sight to be hold as he came down the mountain using practically all the road. After a wonderful effort and after plug trouble he came up from about twenty-second to second place. I saw Archie Birken come off at the 33rd and roll down the side of the mountain. Stanley Woods (Norton) won his first Senior with F. A. Longman (A.J.S.) third.

In Spetember I was lucky as Harry Langman asked me to act as pit attendant for Paul Stables. Four Scotts were entered one No. 7, "A Menace" did not appear on the Island at all. The other three No. 18 the same Paul Stables, No. 23 H. V. Prescott and No. 42 M. N. Mavrogordato were riding the June machines and were looked after by Harry Langman and Jim Capstick, the works mechanic. Paul went up to the works and built up his own machine and describes his meeting with Harry, "I met the man I admired most in the T.T. world. He put me on, I think, Ernie Mainwaring's T.T. machine, took me out into the country and told me to go. Harry was on a battered old side-car outfit. The lanes were twisty, I thought I was good, Harry was right on my tail the whole time and then I learnt that he could teach me all the things I knew." Race day was mostly wet and all the Scotts finished. Paul Stables was 6th, Mavro was 7th, and Prescott 15th. I managed to fill up in 35 seconds according to the great man standing behind the pits with a stop watch, this included filling with three gallons of petrol, a large gun full of oil (about half a gallon) a look in the radiator and telling the rider his position. We all went to the Palace at night for the presentations, Harry staying one more night especially to be with the lads. In those days there were some charming dancing partners living in Douglas.

The race was won by "A. Reserve" (Rex Adams) on an A.J.S. Later on he joined Scotts but was unfortunately killed in a road accident at Bradford, involving a tramcar, another vehicle and his own bike.



1927. Ernie Mainwaring leaving Bay Hotel, Ramsey, for the weigh-in Note short back crankcase and special forks.

1927: Scotts last year at the Bay Hotel, Ramsey. This year the work's machines were special short wheel base models, with short back crankcases, the forks were similar to the 7" Super Squirrel but with an external spring. In my humble opinion, they were the best I.O.M. racers produced. Probably six were made of which five may still be in existence. The machine was far lighter than the '26 machines and siamesed pipes were used for the first time, in 1926 two short pipes were used. For the Monday's Junior Race, I went to the bends by Greeba Castle, in those days it was possible to sit on the walls. Although Wall Handley led for six and a half laps, the race was won by Freddie Dixon (H.R.D.) with Harold Willis (Velocette) 2nd and Jimmy Simpson (A.J.S.) 3rd. The Lightweight on the Wednesday was won by Wal Handley who led from the start to finish with L. Arcengeli (Guzzi) 2nd C. T. Ashby (O.K. Supreme) 3rd.

Thursday the Senior weighing in day was awful, wet and misty. I went over to Ramsey and came back with the team, but not over the mountain. My photographs of Harry Langman and Ernie Mainwaring shows them in oilskins and waders. We came back via Ramsey and I did manage to keep them in sight without ending up in Noble's Hospital. The race was a big disappointment for Scotts. A crowd of us went up to the Bungalow on the electric train and gradually walked down. H.L. did two laps and retired and Eric Langton punctured his tank after six laps, and Ernie Mainwaring who was lying fifth at the end of the sixth lap, retired after running out of petrol. (Float trouble—*Motor Cycle* report) Alex Bennett (Norton) with Jimmy Guthrie (New Hudson) 2nd and Tom Simister (Triumph) 3rd. Geoff Milnes' name appears on the official programme but Eric Langton rode instead.

September once again with plenty of Scotts entered. No. 14 J. Nash, No. 30 H. V. Prescott, No. 46 D. de Ferranti, No. 47 G. Limmer, No. 54 J. E. Lomas, No. 55 M. N. Mavrogordato, No. 57 D. G. Bird and No. 59 Paul Stables. Several of these stayed at the Bay Hotel and Harry Langman and Jim Capstick were over again to keep a watchful eye on them. I was pit attendant for Paul Stables once again and a friend acted for Lomas. We went to town on it and prepared flags of various colours to signal this that and the other. Paul Stables and Lomas rode two of the work's machines with short crankcases. Lomas used the special Super type forks but Paul Stables fitted girdes. In an article in *Motorcycling* some time ago on racing Scotts stated that Limmer rode one of the special work's machines, but this is not correct. If a check is made with the photograph of him after the race is examined on page 546 of *Motorcycling* dated September 21st 1927, this shews a standard Flyer. Prescott may have ridden one but I am not sure. A photograph of D. de Ferranti appears in the same issue of *Motorcycling* but again shews a standard Flyer. (Perhaps if Prescott sees these notes he will advise me) "Mavro" did not start as he was injured in practice.

Race day was simply awful and never has a race been run under worse conditions. It rained and rained! If my memory serves me correctly, seven people came off at Appledene where some cows had fouled the road. Limmer was 3rd and Lomas 6th on the first lap, but on the 2nd lap, the special forks on Lomas's bike broke on Hillberry but he was able to walk back to the pits. On the 4th lap, A. Mathews (Norton) fell in front of Paul Stables just above the Gooseneck and he hit the Norton and went through the wire fence. This put him in hospital for a time and he never raced again, he could always see the Norton in front of him. Limmer led on the 4th and 5th laps, but the brakes faded and he finished 2nd behind Tim Hunt (Norton) with D. de Ferranti 3rd.

Thus the most gruelling six laps over the T.T. course finished. The weather had to be experienced to be believed. 1927 was the last year that practice was done on open roads and Archie Birken was killed near Kirk Michael in June, swerving to miss the fish cart which went from Ramsey to Peel. (Fancy meeting a fish cart when doing 80).

(To be continued).

Allan A. McConnell,
3 Doctors Lane,
Hutton-Rudby,
Nr. Yarm. Yorks N.R.

Dear Sir,

I have obtained a 1939 Scott Clubman Special, which appears to be original, apart from the front forks (now Dowty Oleo.) and the ghastly red paint, which although horrific to observe, has preserved all metal parts par excellence.

As yet, I have done very little in the way of renovating, except cover everything in "Gunk" and penetrating oil, apart from stripping the paint off the petrol tank. It appears that the tank was originally coloured gold!! Could this be correct?

I have never seen any information on the 'Clubman Special' at any time, and wonder where the engine internals differ from other Scotts. What sort of performance did they have, etc., etc., compression ratio? Did the Clubman pistons have three piston rings? different porting. I would be most grateful for any information.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN A. McCONNELL.

P.S. How many Scott Clubman Specials were made in 1939?

The 1939 Clubman Special Scott.

This has been previously covered in *Towl*, and the sheets now on sale in the club, shew an exploded drawing of this engine.

Three piston were fitted, and the main difference from the standard engine lay in the porting, and of course the additional oil pump for the cylinder wall oiling.

I would say that your tank is far from original—all the articles of the period speak of the gleaming ebony black finish and highly polished alloy in contrast. I somehow cannot imagine Shipley turning out a highly polished engine and finishing the machine off with a 'gold' tank. It all seems wrong and "out of harmony!" I would think that this was more in keeping with the red paint referred to.

Perhaps other readers can assist.

THE WAL PHILLIPS SCOTT J.A.P.

Most Club members will have heard of this model, but few I believe have many details of this model, which made history in the early days of dirt-track racing.

Dirt-track racing, later to evolve as Speedway, was introduced into this country from Australia where it had 'swept the boards' in the mid-twenties.

Before big business realised that there was a fortune to be made from this as a spectator sport, was in those very early days much a club activity as grass racing was a few years ago.

The tracks in those days were loose cindered at the bends, and the Aussies who had developed the broadsiding tactics for the bends, soon found that a long wheel base type machine was the most suitable for this spectacular form of riding, and soon the flat-twin Douglas became the standard wear for the sport.

The Aussies and a few home grown experts, whose names soon became household words in the late twenties, found themselves soon challenged by Yank invaders on strange cobby Harley machines, which cut in whilst the Duggie were losing time but thrilling the crowds with the spectacular broadsiding.

Soon every manufacturer was turning out a speedway (or rather Dirt-track model) but the error in many cases was the additional bracing to the frames, and when this was removed allowing the frames to flex on bends, a new style of riding evolved and the newcomers, notably the Rudge, began to clean up on the tracks, the Duggies rapidly disappearing.

Soon the Rudge fitted with JAP engines became the standard wear for the tracks, and design stagnated. Until recently, the speedway machine was the only racing machine that had seen no development since those early days, and technical interest soon waned. By the mid-thirties Speedway hardly rated a mention in the motorcycling press.

Among those quick to see that a special machine was required for the new sport was Wal Phillips and that neither a hashed up road machine nor a long wheel based machine was the answer, and so the Scott JAP was born.

What is little known was that the frame was a 1912 Scott and was fitted with a 1922 side valve JAP engine, with a 3 speed Moss gear box filling the transmission.

A twist grip and steering damper were the only 'modern' (for those days) items. The small section tyres and hard saddle were found to be ideal for the track.

The antiquated J.A.P. engine was fitted in much the same position as the original engine. The same petrol tank served its purpose, but the oil tank was fitted in the position normally occupied by the radiator, so it remained somewhat "Scott" in outline.

I believe the Scott J.A.P. was in action fairly recently at a re-union meeting at the Belle View track in Manchester not so long ago.

THE SCOTT OWNERS CLUB TRAMPS SUPPER

—which was held on Saturday, March 23rd, by invitation at the clubhouse of the Leamington Victory Motor Cycle and Light Car Club, Bishop's Tachbrook, Nr. Leamington. Not so posh and not so large as last year's 'do' at 'The Wheatsheaf' but just the right atmosphere for a tramps supper. The organising committee decided that this year we would go for something a bit smaller, and after last year's near financial dead loss, it was agreed to cater for 60 tramps and "dressed up" folk. However things did not quite turn out as we expected and having had the tickets printed and distributed to several clubmembers for sale in their respective 'catchment' areas, yours truly alone managed to sell 54 tickets for 5/6 each, and as the reports came in it was obvious that this was going to be a 'sell out'. At the final count we had sold over 100 tickets in addition to the dozen complimentaries dished out, for a do in a room where 60 would be comfortable. Where were we going to put everybody? Revised catering arrangements were hurriedly arranged but there was not going to be enough chairs, the tramps would have to sit on their rears.

The night dawned: yours truly in a suit set off with 'wiffy' who was fancy dressed to suit the words of the song 'I followed on with my old cock linnit'. She had decided after last year's 'do' that my tramps gear stank too much and that it was about time to cremate it—hence a suit of all things. On the way over we managed to lose ourselves, and the thought struck us that if a few of those who had brought tickets could do the same we should not be overcrowded after all. We also thought that we had seen our catering van flying off in the wrong direction—God forbid.

We were the first there apart from a few of the Leamington lads who wondered what had kept us. They had stacked the bar up to overflowing and certainly did not intend for anyone to be thirsty. Then came Colin Smith and Barbara for door duty. Slowly the lads and lassies turned up, and then the most realistic arab walked in—spoke to me—but I did not recognise him—neither did the others for about ten minutes; it was George Silk. When there were enough, to start the ball rolling our M.C. John Pinkerton, who incidentally also did the catering and was most suitably dressed as a high ranking officer in the Army Catering Corps, commenced the proceedings.

We all had fun and games—The newspaper game, the chocolate parcel game complete with large dice, knife and fork and boxing gloves. Passing the long balloon game (between your legs, lady and man alternate) oops! The polo and match game, the blind man, buttons and candles, and several others that I cannot remember. Lads and lassies arriving all the time and getting more and more crowded.

Then supper time, a real grand supper and excellent value for money provided by our M.C. John Pinkerton. Chicken legs—yes! Pork pies, sausage rolls, buttered rolls, pickles, cheese, etc. After supper, judging of the tramps and fancy dress, prize giving, drawing the raffle and lucky ticket prize. Our judges this year were Tyrell Smith, famous T.T. winner of the 30's and Bob Currie, Midland editor of 'The Motor Cycle'. The prizes were presented by Mrs Tyrell Smith—as follows:— Best Tramp, John Tavener, for the lord knows how many times; Best Lady Tramp, Mrs Maureen Shaw; Best Tramp couple, Ron Evans and Janet Coates; Best Male Fancy Dress, George Silk (The arab) and well deserved; Best Lady Fancy Dress, Jean Evans, A breathalizer; Best Couple, Cliff and Bill Whitehead, Spanish dancers.

Then another game or two and then our usual final celebrity spot 'Stan "George Formby" Thomas' with his uke, giving us a few 'coloured' jokes some blue, some others, and a few from his repertoire 'Riding in the T.T. Races', 'His ukelele in his hand', 'Mr Woo' and all the usual favourites.

Then it was time to be kicked out, a pity because everyone enjoys listening to Stan who is very popular at the 'dos' of ours. Thanks Stan.

As we went home we both felt that we had had a 'right good do' and a few days later when two or three letters were received from people who wrote to say how much they enjoyed themselves, made all the efforts of the organisers worthwhile—Here's to next year.

J.U.

JUBILEES AND JUBILEES.

Scotts 1908—1968

Scott Rallies 1958—1968.

Don't forget to be in Crown Meadows, Evesham to take part in an event you will long remember! The Diamond Jubilee Rally, and THE event in the Club's calendar.

"TWO STROKE RAMBLINGS"

My introduction to two-stroke motorcycles as a young teenager was probably quite by chance. Five pounds was the limit of my finances and a 1930 Coventry Eagle 196 c.c. Villiers, with pressed steel frame was the machine that presented itself at the time. Apart from a disconcerting habit of jumping out of second gear, due to advanced tooth decay in the gearbox, this was a pleasant enough machine and was a reliable if placid runabout. A period of "unpleasantness" around the 1939/45 mark called a halt to my motorcycling and was followed by a period of experimentation with one, two and even four cylinders. All, I regret to say, operated by noisy little devices called tappets, push-rods and rockers in the "suck and blow" department.

The last ten years aroused an interest in machines vintage and the opportunity to acquire a derelict, but complete, 1925 Levis 211 c.c. for the sum of £3 0s. 0d. was taken very smartly. Six months "hard" produced a roadworthy, if not concours, machine and I spent a happy two years enjoying the mixed pleasures of belt drive and carbide lighting. The Levis company had one thing in common with the Scott Clan, they were firmly against the petroil method of lubrication, insisting upon pure petrol in the carb. and undiluted oil in controllable quantities direct to the big end. Sad to relate but the only major engine trouble I had was due to a failing in the lubrication set-up. In short, I forgot to turn off the oil regulator at the sight drip-feed, slight syphoning took place and at the next start a liberal quantity of oil went up the transfer port. The engine fired just once, a hydraulic lock was formed by the oil in the combustion chamber and the result was a broken piston gudgeon pin bosses, bent gudgeon pin and con. rod shaped like a letter "S." This on the eve of the Chiltern Run, 1966. I had a spare piston, but could the con rod be straightened? It could . . . and was . . . after a long session with "V" blocks, dial gauges, etc., and the whole engine was boxed up, running again before midnight and completed the run next day without trouble . . . but I did subsequently fit an "on-off" oil tap!

Scotts had always fascinated me, but what went on behind those closed and barred crankcase doors was a bit of a mystery and the chance to obtain a 1930 Two-Speeder as a non-runner came my way in late 1966. This machine had been part of a complicated part-exchange deal in which a veteran Levis, the Scott and some cash had come down from Yorkshire to secure an almost unique flat-twin Brough . . . no, dear reader, . . . not a George Brough Model, but a W. E. Brough (father of George). Pushing

the Scott up and down the road until near collapse proved two things . . . the machine was a real non-runner and to "run and bump" start a Two-Speeder you need about three legs and a fair sense of balance. Spark was there, so was juice, but not a cough . . . bear in mind I had no yardstick to judge the degree of compression, or lack of. Nothing for it but to lift the block and strip the engine (longish pause to consult the Book of the Scott). Right, here goes! Out with the water, off with the hoses, rad., and assorted bits. Block holding down bolts out, proceed to lift the block . . . when suitably suspended in mid air an ominous click and complete immoveability and there I was, lumbered! Frantic shouts for help produced the wife, two neighbours and a policeman! Wife and neighbours pressganged into supporting block whilst I took apart the big-ends and in due course the block complete with pistons and dangling rods was teased out of the frame. Broken piston rings had clicked into the ports, but removal was no problem on the bench, the only puzzle was where had all the bits gone! I can only assume that they were neatly ejected through the exhaust ports when the engine reached its last gasp but hardly any damage had been done. At this stage Frank Banks suggested that Glyn Chambers was the lad to see for "gen" and indeed Glyn couldn't have been more helpful. I visited his home and was permitted to peep into "Aladdins Cave" and advised to write to Tom Ward. By return of post I got rings, gasket sets and also a front fork spring. . . how about that for service . . . bearing in mind that the 1930 Model was the short steering head version! A careful rebuild and an interesting two hours trying to wangle a complete Super Engine back into the frame (I dare not tell how I did it in the end) produced the basis for a grand machine which, suitably renovated to my well-known non-concours standards has given me a great deal of pleasure and no trouble at all in eighteen months running.

A prolonged bout of back trouble made it seem that RH 1774 would have to go, but at the last minute a part exchange deal with Scott Club Member Mike Jackson presented me with a splendid 1930. Three Speed Flyer (GH 3190). The theory is that the extra weight and undoubted increased movement in the Webb forks will give me an easier ride. I can't wait to try this bike out when my "vintage season" starts, my sole annoyance is that its general excellent condition and appearance deter me from pulling it apart and the agonies of a fervent Scottite with "itchy finers" are well known I'm quite sure. However, after a near escape I'm still Scott mounted and that's the story to date.

HAROLD TOMLINSON.

(P.S.—I cannot tell a lie! To get the Super Engine installed, I hack-sawed a quarter inch off the exhaust stub . . . there, the truth is out and maybe I can now sleep at nights!).

A DATE TO REMEMBER.

Sixty years of Scotts and Scott history will culminate in the DIAMOND JUBILEE RALLY at the Crown Meadows, Evesham on Sunday 15th September, 1968.

You have just got to be there—it is an event you cannot miss THE Diamond Jubilee of the century. The Midland Section are working hard to plan a day you will remember, but all that YOU will have to do, is—BE THERE!

Don't forget—15th September—see you at the SCOTT JUBILEE RALLY.

JAPANESE JUNKET, NIPPONESE 'NOSH-UP, or just plain sauce..

An astonishing claim has been made by a certain Japanese firm, on the introduction of their 500 cc model into the American market, where it is claimed to be the world's first 500 cc dual stroke' (Steady Harold—relax Matt old boy!) As their initial letter is the same as our beloved model now celebrating it's 60th year, hereafter they shall remain nameless in our Journal.

It may be however, that S—— may have thought that this claim may have gone unchallenged in the States, but I am pleased to note in the American *Cycle world* that S.O.C. member Graeme Sharp has now fully enlightened them, and I quote his letter:—

FIRST 500 cc TWO-STROKE

"With reference to the center page advertisement for the new S——/Five motorcycle (C.W. Oct. 1967) I think that S—— may have been a trifle hasty in claiming it to be the "world's first 500 cc Dual stroke."

As a member of the Scott Owners' Club, I wonder how S—— could have overlooked this famous and long lived marque, winners of the Isle of Man T.T. Senior Races in 1912 and 1913. Scott Sports Squirrels, Super Squirels and Flying Squirrels were produced in watercooled form from 1912 to 1939 and 600 cc watercooled twins have been produced from the mid-twenties to date, the Scott now being in limited production by the Aerco Jig & Tool Co., in Birmingham, England. Other large interesting two-stroke motor cycles produced by the Scott Motor Cycle Co. were a 750 cc three cylinder in 1933 and a 1,000 cc of similar design from 1934-1937. A two liter two stroke six cylinder car engine also water cooled was produced in prototype form, together with some 650 cc air-cooled two-stroke twin light aircraft engines prior to World War II. More recently in 1958, a few prototype water cooled two-stroke twin Swift motorcycles were produced by the Aerco Co., though the only model available to the public is the 600 cc water cooled two-stroke twin Flying Squirrel, which is in limited production. At the present time, I own a new Flying Squirrel. By the way, there is absolutely no truth in the rumour that the squirrel was chosen as the Scott mascot so that it could follow the motorcycle and pick up any nuts that dropped off.

Numerous other unorthodox two-stroke designs also were produced by the Scott factory from time to time, but space does not permit me to describe them at this time.

From my library of motorcycling books, I have made up a short list, which is by no means complete, of 500 cc and larger two-stroke motorcycles which were produced prior to the S—— 500.

DKW German 500 cc twin 1920's. Dunelt, British, 500 cc single, 1917-1927. Grote, German, 608 cc twin, 1923-24. New Paragon, British, 500 cc, 1919-23. Orion, Czech., 600 cc single, 1920. Puch, Austrian, 500 cc twin, 1039's. Reynolds, Special, British, custom built, 500 & 600 Scotts, 1933-34. Stellar, British, 784 cc twin, 1912-14. Schila, German, 500 cc single, 1927-32. Stranger, British, 538 cc V twin, 1921-23. Velamos, Czech., 500cc single, 1927-30. Vis, German, 500 cc flat twin, 1921-24. WAGA, British, 500 cc twin, 1924-25. and W & G, British, 500 cc twin, 1927-28.

The above is not meant to detract from the new S—— 500 which is obviously an excellent, good looking motorcycle, but merely to draw your reader's attention to the prior existence of other 500 cc two-stroke motor cycles, and also to the fact that the most famous of them all, the Scott, lives on.

I would be extremely grateful if you could give this letter some of your precious column space, and should any of your readers be interested in the Scott Owners' Club, I will be happy to put them in touch with the membership secretary."

J. Graeme Sharp,
c/o Airwork Corp.,
Millville, N.J.

WITH SCOTT TO THE ELEPHANT

This year I was determined to go on the Elephant Rally, having been unable to other years because of my work. The only bike I had on the road at the time was my Birmingham Scott which has had rather an unhealthy appetite for pistons in the past. However it had been going reasonably well since August, and so I attached my Monza sidecar and changed the gearing. Let me say that I do not consider the Scott an ideal sidecar machine, but a chair is practically essential for the Elephant, that is unless one is a better rider on two wheels than I am (which is not really a very difficult accomplishment, come to think of it).

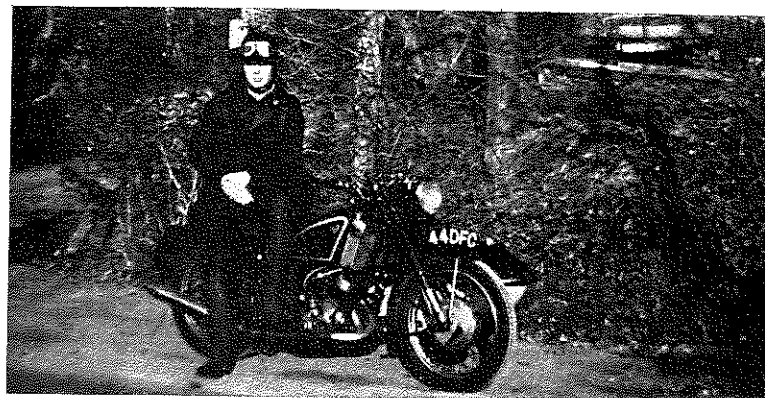
My preparations consisted of very little work on the bike, for me anyway. But I did spend some time considering what clothing to take. The Elephant is by reputation, cold. In the end I wore—in addition to normal clothing—sea-boot stockings, 'long johns', a string vest, two pullovers including a very large Norwegian one, an anorak, and my motorcycle over-suit. I also carried as extra, foam rubber 'inserts' for the knees, and one of those ex-W.D. despatch riders coats which have recently come on to the market again, and very cheaply too. As I had no windscreen I wore a full face mask.

I left on the Thursday morning and had an uneventful ride to Dover arriving shortly before mid-day. There I met the rest of the party with whom I was travelling, numbering nine persons and five bikes, in addition to myself. We had a reasonable crossing to Ostend on the 'Arteveldt'. Formalities at Ostend took longer than normal because I had no green card and had to buy state insurance. This was deliberate as I fail to see why I should buy a green card costing a minimum of two pounds plus half my annual premium for four days on the Continent, when by buying insurance at the frontiers it costs less than thirty shillings for both the Benelux countries and Germany.

For once it was not raining in Northern Belgium and we had a good run down the motorway to Brussels, with me heading the column. This was not a very satisfactory arrangement from the others' point of view and I had several complaints about air pollution, but I was thinking of the pistons. We reached our hotel about eight o'clock.

I was on the road again shortly after nine the next morning. I remember about five years ago I took an old 'plunger' Ariel to Austria how atrocious was the road surface between Liège and Aachen, with cobblestones and great undulations that made riding like being on a switchback. Now a new motorway cuts all this out. Every so often I would pass or be passed by more motorcycles, mostly combinations and mostly British. I did however see a few Belgium, Dutch and French registered machines. Other things I kept passing were roadside hoardings which depicted a man blowing into a little green bag, under the eagle eye of a motorcycle policeman. They have the breathalyser in Belgium, too!

The scenery had been dreary and monotonous. After a while on the motorway I began to see patches of snow in the fields, steadily becoming thicker. I left the motorway at the Eupen exit. Here the scenery changed abruptly becoming wooded. Eupen itself, formerly in Germany, looked a pleasant town and I stopped to take some photographs of the new gradually increasing contingent of motorcycles passing through. A friend on a Triumph pulled in on one cylinder, but got it going on two after a bit. The road from Eupen to the German border climbed steadily but not steeply, and was covered with four inches or so of loose snow. A quick stop at the border post and then on into Monschau. Here I joined the main 258 road which was free of snow and had been salted. Monschau is a superbly picturesque town with buildings of grey stone, many with fairy-tail like spires, made more impressive by their covering of soft, white snow.



One Man's Elephant

The banks were shut in Monschau and I needed some Deutschmark for petrol. I found out that they opened again at two o'clock, but it was now only about mid-day. I decided to push on to the next town—Schleiden. Here the banks operated the same hours and I was forced to wait because I was so low on fuel. It was whilst wandering round Schleiden that I met two more riders also waiting for bank-opening time, one of them was a girl whom I had last seen in Moscow whilst on the F.I.M. rally. (I did not use the Scott for the Russian trip). I must confess to owning other makes of motorcycles. The one in question, a modern, four stroke paralled twin, broke one of its con-rods near Smolensk—but that's another story).

Schleiden is only about thirty miles from Adenau where our party was to stay, and the nearest town to the Nürburgring. Hardy types camp, but I will freely admit that I do not put myself in their category. We stayed at the Hotel Historisches Haus which I can strongly recommend. It is a delightful hotel, very old, with weapons and other brass and iron implements hanging on the walls or on shelves. The stairs are spiral and at one point lean over at an angle that makes you wonder if you have not underestimated the strength of the local brew. Another good point about the Historisches Haus is the food. I had the "Paprika Raumschnitzel" which went down very well with a bottle of the local (Mosel) white wine. It made the discomforts of the journey seem all very worth while.

The next day, Saturday, was the day of the rally, and the weather was damp, misty, unpleasant and very cold. Machines were rolling into the town every minute, nearly all German. These would have been the local riders who had only taken the week-end off to attend the rally. I saw my first 'Green Elephant'—the machine from which the rally takes its name—outside the hotel. It is the old German army side valve Zundapp with optional sidecar wheel drive and optional high and low gear ratios. We went up to the Nurburgring shortly before lunchtime. It was a very impressive sight, the whole of the pit area packed with machines from practically

every European country. B.M.W.'s were in predominance of course, but there were some interesting hybrids. One, based on a Zundapp frame, had a 1000cc D.K.W. engine; the sidecar was made from the body of a Mescher-smitt cabin cruiser, and the radiator was in the sidecar nose. I saw one other Scott, a recent Birmingham job with a double adult chair, but I failed to find the owner. Both Scotts aroused considerable interest and were being continually photographed. It made me feel ashamed that my bike, which is a bit scruffy, was not a better example of the marque.

I am afraid that our party must have confirmed most Continentals' opinions of Englishmen. Who else would have had a pic-nic lunch at sub-zero temperatures? Still the hot soup and tea brewed on our portable stoves went down very well, and any way the Sporthotel's prices are notorious. One German was so impressed that he took a ciné film of us.

The afternoon was devoted to looking at and discussing motorcycles with, I suppose, what amounts to some of the keenest riders in Europe. It was surprising how quickly the time passed, I made sure though that I collected my badge and souvenir rubber elephants. Despite the somewhat icy conditions, the Nurburgring was opened to those who wished to take their machines round the circuit. The antics of some riders were, shall we say, interesting. The highlight of the Elephant Rally is the headlamp procession round the 'ring'. This we decided to forego. Previous experience by some of our party had shown that one can do considerable hanging about waiting to get on the circuit, and due to the mist we decided it was not worth while. It is possible that memories of our meal the previous evening may have had something to do with this. I was certainly feeling decidedly hungry.

We awoke on Sunday morning to find it snowing hard. Six inches had already fallen in the night. Departure was planned for immediately after breakfast, as we were due to catch the 7.30 boat from Zeebrugge the same evening. It was obviously going to be a hard ride, and I was particularly apprehensive as by this time it had become apparent that a bearing was going on the Scott, and I had doubts about its lasting qualities (I suspect the alternator bearing, but I still have not taken the bike apart). I made a bad start from Adenau. There is a steep hill out of the town and the Scott went onto about one and a half cylinders near the bottom. I lost traction and was forced to a stop at the side of the road. Then the snowplough went past and left me the wrong side of a mound of snow. I finally extracted myself with the help of a local, found that the Scott was now on two cylinders, and continued, albeit somewhat slowly because of the difficulty of finding grip. I slithered my way the fifty miles to Monschau in a steadily worsening blizzard. From Monschau there is a steep climb to the border post. I got round the first hairpin O.K. and then stuck. Here I picked up a tip from a rider on a trials outfit, put the rear wheel in the soft snow at the very edge of the road, turned the bars to the right and proceeded crab-wise up the hill. This got me about half way up and then I stuck again. The surface was like glass and I found it difficult to stand, let alone push the bike. I was deliberating whether to try putting rope round the rear tyre, or make a fifteen mile detour via Aachen and risk getting stuck again, when my problems were solved by the arrival of a German motorist. He was driving a Renault with studded tyres and very sportingly gave me a tow for about half a kilometer. It was a bit dicey from the border down into Eupen. The snow was quite thick on the road, and the blizzard was so severe that I could not see properly.

Once on the motorway the snow slowly gave way to sleet and then stopped altogether. I sat on that Scott for mile after mile with a self-imposed speed restriction of forty m.p.h. and listened to the bearing grinding itself to pieces. 'Would it make it?' I kept wondering. After an age I arrived in Brussels where I only got mildly lost and found my way onto Ostend

motorway. I thought that the Brugge exit was never coming but, of course, it did. I saw a signpost for Zeebrugge and began to feel confident. It would be too bad if I broke down at this stage. I finally made the boat with half an hour to spare. There was slight consternation amongst the port officials at Zeebrugge as the leader of our party, on a Triumph outfit, had failed to arrive, and he had the tickets. We subsequently learnt that the insulation on one of his coils had decided to become a conductor in the vicinity of Liege, and he had been forced to stay overnight. He bought a new coil the next day and crossed on the evening boat.

The Zeebrugge-Dover crossing deserves to be better known. Apart from our group of six (minus one) outfits, there were only two other machines aboard. Both were Triumphs—a modern solo and a fairly old Thunderbird with large, blue, 'ovoid' sidecar whose crew were apparently opposed to compulsory passenger insurance, to judge from the notice on the back. The boat was modern and fast, and Dover was reached all too quickly. The ride back to London was incredibly cold, worse than anything I had experienced earlier on the rally. I arrived home at about half past two in the morning to enjoy a five hour sleep, and then the prospect of work.

PETER GODWIN.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCOTT MANIAC

My story goes back just after the 1914-18 war, I can't remember before that as I was born in 1913, but I am sure I heard my Father talk about having Scotts prior to this in the years when I was old enough to understand so I would say that the Scott craze was handed down to me. While looking with envy at everyone who had a Scott, I acquired my first motorcycle, a 1921, 300 c.c., S.V. Wolf JAP with Sturmev Archer gearbox, 2 speed chain cum belt drive which was owned by my elder brother. He pranged it against an undertakers car and then left home to work down south, so leaving the Wolf in my tender hands. I had just started to serve my apprenticeship as a marine fitter and turner at 14 years of age and I took the Druid forks to work, where, with the aid of the large lathe bed, bars, drawboits and two large blowlamps I straightened the forks and for the princely sum of 8/3d (3 months tax) I had the bike on the road. I already had my driving licence for my 14th birthday. Followed two weeks during which I virtually lived on the bike, then I took the flu. During my two weeks in bed my father sold the Wolf, to my utter dismay (obviously no room for fourstrokes). Prior to this my Father had sold his 1914 Scott combination to a master plasterer who literally drove it into the ground carrying builders materials and his employees. The Scott eventually came to my Father for a complete rebuild, it was stripped and the engine boxed up to go to Scott's for complete overhaul. The owner then fell on hard times and the project fell through. So the Scott through the years steadily deteriorated, and when the Wolf was sold I decided to start on the Scott for the experience. Much midnight oil was burned or should I say candles and carbide. The frame was broken at the nearside gear lug and this was welded up. The bracket on the seat stays was broken, and a letter to Scotts produced the reply that they could braze a secondhand bracket to my seat stays for 8/6d. This was half a quarter's tax, and at 1/6d a week pocket money, less 6d for "The Motorcycle" and "Motor Cycling" this was big money, so I set to work on a piece of 1" thick mild steel plate. After three weeks sweat and toil with hack saws, files and

hammers and chisel I had a good sound bracket made and fitted, then it was time for the engine. The cylinder jacket was cracked from plughole to plughole, and after several attempts at electric welding which always lifted on, I soldered it after veeing and cleaning out the crack. This repair proved completely successful and never gave any trouble. The bike was now completed but I could not start it up. There was a Cox Amos carburettor fitted and this had a variable jet among other points of adjustment. After three days of kicking, checking plugs, timing, etc., I had to give in and get Dad on the jet, and after two kicks he had it going, I still don't know what I had done wrong but it never failed after that.

I persuaded the owner who still believed it to be a heap of rust to let me have it for £2. 10. 0., and then on the road. I shall never forget that ride. I bought two 2 speeders for 10/- each, one with the vertically split crankcase and curved fork members, the hollow hub in the gear was in two parts bolted together. I ran the 1914 model with the assistance of spares from the other row for nine years without further outlay, except for the odd tyre and chain. I fitted my own lubrication system to this machine consisting of a nonreturn valve in each crankcase connected to a teepiece with a single pipe to a union in the oil tank, which in turn had a pipe ending just under the filler cap, the air vent in the cap was plugged. A single pipe was taken from the tank to a four way $\frac{1}{4}$ " gas piece which was fastened to the hole in the frame which took the original hand pump, the two drip feeds were fitted either side, once the correct adjustment was found this system worked O.K., the oil being pressurised according to the amount of throttle being used. Next modification was to shorten the tank tube and make a flared tank as per T.T. Rep. out of galvanised sheet, this when finished held $4\frac{1}{2}$ gal. petrol and 9 pints of oil. The tank was built around two $\frac{3}{8}$ " O.D. tubes bolted to the sidecar bracket at the steering head in a straight line to the rear frame lugs Cotton style, braced at the seat tube this made the frame very rigid and enhanced the already good cornering. So much so that I fitted folding type pillion footrests to special brackets, which enabled me to lay it over so far that half the lettering on the front tyre disappeared. I could go on for ever about this Scott and the things I did to it. I managed to wring 72 m.p.h. from it, but due to the brakes, and increasing traffic I finally scrapped it.

I then bought a 486 c.c., 1926 Squirrel and had some fun with that. This was easily the most economical Scott I've ever had, it would do over 100 m.p.g. This in turn gave way to my first 3 speed Flyer, a 1927 job which was my first experience of the pilgrim pump, which did not seem to work right. It turned out that the cups were going round in the crankcase and just dropped out when I stripped it. The bottom end was packed off to Scotts for a complete overhaul. I next purchased a Paramount cylinder assembly from Hemmings and Sons of Hale, Liverpool, who were producing Scott spares at the time, some of them quite good, especially 3 speed final drive gear sprockets at 17/6d. After fitting this bike up I ran it in very carefully over 3,000 miles and it was wonderfully smooth and flexible. When I tried it for speed, 55/60 m.p.h. and that was it. I wrote to T. B. Ward asking his advice and he told me I had a longstroke block on a shortstroke base, no wonder it was flexible. I then exchanged the shortstroke base for a T.T. Rep. one with T.B.W. and this pushed the speed up to 85-86, but Hemmings had informed me that due to improved porting the performance was far in advance of Scotts. Another letter to T.B.W. who kindly loaned me a compression gauge and advised me that 150 lb. was best for 596 engine, mine was 135 lb. and T.B.W. advised $3/32$ " to $\frac{1}{8}$ " off the head, $3/32$ " was decided upon and the gauge which went to 175 lb. was pushed past the stop.

T.B.W. said he had calculated wrong, but as long as it didn't detonate it would be O.K. Esso Ethyl was the petrol in those days and there was no pinking. This transformed the machine, the speedo needle would rocket round to 93 m.p.h. in a very short space of time. I had a new heavy duty 4.00 x 19 Goodyear tyre on the rear, the tread of which disappeared in three months of pleasure riding. At night, with the headlight on, at anything above 40 m.p.h. banging the throttle open the beam could be used as a searchlight such was the pickup. The only trouble with the Paramount block was seizing on the exhaust side unless the oil supply was very copious. Later, cylinder head gaskets became obtainable.

I visited the 1938 Scott rally at Donnington on this machine and saw the 3 cylinder Scott with the pannier type petrol tanks, and the Reynolds specials. The air was rent with Scott sound and the smoke screen was very thick. I entered for the Scott rider travelling furthest to the rally but was beaten by a chap from 50 miles west of Dublin. I think I am right in saying that T. L. Hatch gave a display of how to ride a Scott on grass, all in all a wonderful day, 426 miles in 8hrs. 10mins. riding time with 32 stone aboard. I did not part with this Scott, but bought a 1930 2 speeder which I reconditioned, and converted to coil ignition with an Austin seven dynamo, and skew driven distributor. I sold this when called up for the army in 1943 little knowing that I would never get another. I was invalidated out of the forces 12 months later and when I got myself pulled together I bought what I believe is a Scott built for the 1928 Amateur T.T., Eng. No. FZM58R. The frame No. is not known as this has been damaged and replaced with another and the machine registered in 1942. The engine is a beauty and just goes on building the revs up and is dead smooth at all speeds. I had the cylinders reground at Shipley and the pistons are normal 498 c.c. rev + .050". conrods are drilled and knifedged. I made a bevel drive for the racing B.T.H. mag. from a bevel box portion taken from a Morgan JAP engine and mounted on the near side crankcase door. The gearbox is the full roller bearing gear sleeve type with no kickstart, hollow mainshaft and layshaft and backed out gear pinions and clutch back plate. To this I am grafting a footchange of my own design, AMC teleforks and a Mark 2 Triumph spring heel.

I next purchased a 1949 Flyer which had only done 17,000 miles and I was assured that it had been maintained by Murphy Motors and it did look good. I rode this machine from Crawley, Sussex, home with great misgivings, wondering if I would make it. I did and stripped the engine to find big end piston bosses and bores in a bad state. I reconditioned this and it goes quite well. Next on the list is a very much carved up and modified 1927 3 speeder, rebuilt and registered as a Scord by a Mr J. R. C. Ord, known to his friends as Robin. This is rather unique and must have had a tremendous amount of thought and work put into it, I will try and have some photographs taken of this as without them I can't explain fully the facts. This covers more or less 41 years of Scotting except for three weeks after I sold the 486 c.c., 1926, 2 speeder. I had a job then which entailed driving an Austin Seven van and I would call 46,000 miles in 8 months quite a fair share of motoring so that I welcomed my Sundays at home, but I couldn't bear to be without a Scott and it was then that I bought my first 3 speeder, just to feel that I owned one again.

I feel that I must mention that wonderful woman, my wife, who through our four years of courtship and 31 years of marriage has been a tower of strength to me and would never show the white feather whether it was hail, rain, or snow and ice, she would be on the pillion and would never turn back, much as I would have liked to at times.

CLIFFORD HORST.

SCOTT SERVICING.

(Or 'Do it yourself for beginners!').

by a *Veteran Victim*.

If in light hearted moments you can recall 'burnups' with Silent Sixes or Blue Princes (and we offer no prizes for guessing those makes) the following will have little interest for you. If you are old enough to know that a Harley Peashooter is not a new fangled schoolboy's missile launcher—you are too long in the tooth and cynical to receive any assistance from this article. No, it is indeed for the downy faced youth standing in his wide eyed innocence and lost in rapture and admiration before his Scott, whether half clapped or otherwise, blissfully unaware of the harm and havoc the dreaded bug 'Scottitis' will wreak on his system with the passing of the years. You would be well advised to stand back at the Jubilee Rally and study the gnarled and grizzled veteran victims of the scourge and its effects on the human mind and system as they struggle and straggle from one model to the next, glassy-eyed; mouthing "No that's not original", "Didn't fit that 'till '22" and other strange phrases.

If they ignore this warning and with the determination of youth decide to press on—then where to start?

If the internals of the Scott are just a mystery, then the Membership Secretary for the modest sum of one shilling PLUS postage, will forward two excellent exploded drawings which simplify things to such an extent that even the Editor can see which bit goes where.

You may be toying with the idea that at the time of overhauling to round off the picture with a spot of super tuning—well at this stage I would say 'forget it'. Put such thoughts firmly from your mind, unless of course you figure you are just the man to shew Harry Langman a thing or two. Why Harry? Well recall his words—"the performance of a two stroke engine is determined more by the original design and construction than any subsequent tuning!" First and last it is accurate workmanship that controls the results. You cannot tinker with a two-stroke like you can with a four-stroke".

In any case, Scott blocks are rare and scarcer than Vincents at a Midland Scott meeting.

I suppose the engine should be the first item and we can deal with the gear box and cycle parts later.

So having armed yourself with the exploded drawings offered, we will take the plunge. (Although the drawings offered for sale are of the 1939 Clubman Special engine, with the exception of the porting and the additional pump and cylinder wall oiling, it is more or less identical with engines fitted to duplex framed Scotts since 1927).

Even the earlier engines bear a resemblance and the drawings will simplify these, but I should add that in the earlier Super engines only thirteen rollers were for the main bearings as against fifteen in the Flying Squirrels. During 1927 wider bearings were employed but these can be distinguished by a slight swelling of the crankcase near the doors, instead of flush fitting as the narrow bearing earlier engines.

We will assume that having moved exhaust pipes, radiator, oil pipes cables or other items that can get caught round the neck as the engine is dropped out—not literally of course, otherwise Matt will be doing a booming trade in crankcases,) and the engine is now removed.

If you are satisfied that the gasket between the head and the cylinder block is in good condition then there is no need to struggle with the sixteen studs, should any difficulty be found, as decoking etc can be carried out with the head in place.

The block is held by four bolts, the heads of which protrude by the side of the Scott lettering cast in the crankcase, but before the block can be separated, the transfer port covers at the rear of the cylinder must be removed. The washer or gasket at the cylinder base, as also the transfer ports will require replacing, but no difficulty need be found in obtaining supplies of these, as there are several sources of supply.

The big-ends can be dismantled through the crankcase doors and withdrawn through the mouth. Drive the gudgeon pin from the centre of the engine. In some earlier engines, circlips were used but in later ones pads are employed.

Small end bushes can be renewed by even the most unmechanical minded, but if big ends are worn then renewal entails grinding so Aercos Jigs are the people.

If it is just a question of small end bushes which must be reamed after fitting to .625-.00075-.001, then remember to file the top of the new bush to fit the con-rod cutaway.

Big end bearings consist of twelve $\frac{3}{8} \times \frac{3}{8}$ ins. rollers running on a sleeve and held in place by drilled side plates.

Should it be necessary to separate the two half shafts from the central flywheel, it will be necessary to slacken the LEFT HAND threaded nut of the through bolt. Unscrew the nut a few turns, and a sharp blow on the head of the nut should dislodge the right hand crank, and after removal of the bolt and crank, pass a drift through the flywheel to remove the left hand crank.

REMEMBER TO SUPPORT EVERYTHING PROPERLY whilst carrying out these operations.

If the outer main bearing races require renewal, then again a job for Matt at Aercos Jigs.

If the rollers of the main bearings are "scuffed" in any way they should be renewed. Never change them over from right to left etc., and whilst dismantling ensure that none fall through into the crankcases.

The keyway in the cranks and flywheel must be sharply defined and if there is any wear in the groove, it should be fettled before reassembly.

The Pilgrim pump is driven by a slot in the extension plate and operates on the total loss system and expels shots of oil trapped by the reciprocating plungers. These are driven by a cross member keying into the mainshaft extension. The plungers rotate and because of the cams on the ends of the plungers are caused to reciprocate. The stroke of the plungers can be varied by adjusting the external adjusters. There are several kinds of these, which are the knurled wheels at the side of the pump. Some of these are numbered, but have no bearing on the adjustment other than a guide for setting. Screwing these in limit the movement of the plungers, hence less oil collected and forced out, whilst screwing outwards has the opposite effect. The pipes from the pump outlets are taken direct to the crankcase chambers and is directed to the main bearing. The oil is admitted through a hole in the packing gland and these register with the oil orifice. The intake of oil is timed to occur during the crankcase depression when the transfer port is closed. At this point oil not only passes on to the main bearing but improves crankcase compression by acting as a seal. The mist caused by shaft rotation lubricates the lower part of the cylinders and the big end via a drilling. Surplus oil drains to a well in the base of the crankcase which acts as a "splash" system when the engine is first started.

Oil should be SAE 50 for Summer or SAE 30 for Winter, though I have no doubt that we shall have other recommendations should this be read by seasoned Scotters.

On reassembly, (though perhaps before this, check the security of the sprockets that are rivetted to the flywheel and ensure that there is no looseness there,) after fitting together each main bearing assembly and crank and inserting the shafts into the keyway of the flywheel, working from the crankcase doors. After

fitting the holding bolt test for end play which should be between .012 and .015 and is adjusted by shims between the screw collar and the face of the packing gland.

If the cylinder is badly worn — do not overlook "sleeving". There are several firms that will undertake this task.

FOR SALE, ETC.

FOR SALE or prefer exchange, my three Scotts 1929 T.T. Replica, (£120), 1938 600 Flyer (£100), 1949 600 Flyer (£100). Required one very good modern Scott in exchange.—Len Shepherd, Grenaby, 1 Kilburn Avenue, Eastham, Wirral, Cheshire.

CLUB FIXTURES.

Any members or Scott riders will find a hearty welcome at any of the following meetings:—

LONDON AREA: Meetings: The LAST Saturday of each month at the RED LION, Whitehall, London. 7-30 p.m.

MIDLAND AREA Meetings: FIRST WEDNESDAY of each month at the FORREST INN, Lickey End, Nr. Bromsgrove. 7-30 p.m.

SUSSEX: You are welcome to join the combined meeting with the Vintage M.C.C. at the BEAR INN, Horsham, Sussex on the FOURTH Tuesday of each month, 7-30 p.m.

No news from the North at the time of going to print.

We shall always be pleased to print news of new sections being formed.

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