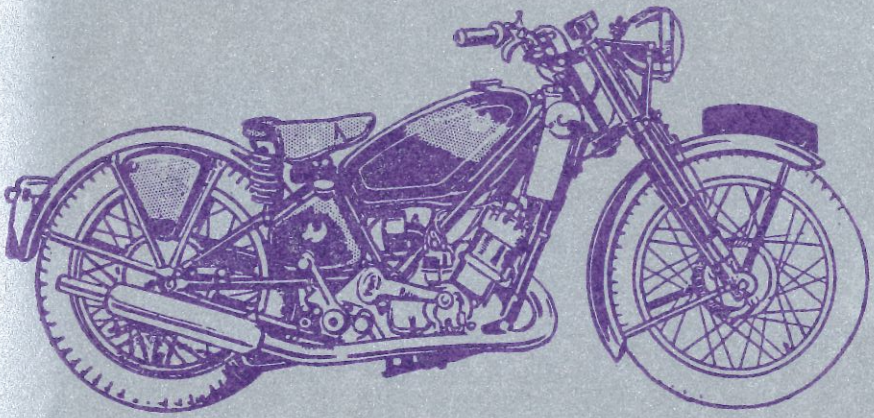
YOWL



Vol. 5. No. 3. **DECEMBER, 1966.**

Optimistically assuming this December issue will be in your hands before Christmas, may I take this opportunity to wish all members, whether new or old, the Compliments of the Season on behalf of the Committee and a successful year's Scotting in 1967.

I shoul like also to apologise for a few comparatively minor "clangers" in the October *Yowl*. "Monte-Carlo" composed, of course, by "Lofty" became somehow mixed up. As members will probably have realised, knowing the song or at least the tune in its original form, each verse should have seven lines, the last ending, in each case with "Monte-Carlo." They are, however, in their correct positions. What happened, in fact, was that in a genuine effort to avoid any further delay, the galley proofs only being returned towards the end of October, the printing staff of the *North Wales Chronicle* decided to skip returning to me the "page proofs." This is the usual and naturally virtually foolproof system, ensuring as it does a double-double check for errors. They then proceeded immediately with the complete batch. The other mildly confusing point concerns Peter Taylor and for those puzzling as to why Peter should adopt such an extraordinary name for his machine, I hasten to explain that "The Belfrey" refers rather to the location, "at" being intended. I'll try to ensure fewer mistakes in future.

Now, on a completely new subject, I am convinced several of our members, myself included, who love Scotts for their own sake and just the way they are . . as Dennis said last issue, beautiful, exasperating, capricious etc., are becoming increasingly alarmed at the growing popularity of the cult of "butchering." It is my personal view that whereas this sort of thing was perhaps permissible in the days of Catchpole etc., and even till a few years back when, if a "porting" experiment went wrong it was a comparativcly simple matter to procure another block and start again, nowadays it's a different story. Whilst on the subject of modifications of this type, I'm reminded of one of Les Shelley's remarks to a group of admirers around his 2/speeder outfit after a brief demonstration ; he'd been asked what he'd done to it. His reply—"I've left it alone mate ! " Then again, some time ago one of our older members was recounting some of his earlier experiences with the marque. On one occasion he recalled he'd indulged in a little mild tuning and removed 1/16 ins. from the base of the piston skirts—"What had he got ? —9 m.p.g." The moral of course—Scotts themselves weren't complete novices and spent a great deal of money gradually developing both engine and ancillary parts to an effective compromise of power and torque output, fuel consumption and reliability.

I quite realise that our "vintage racers," one in particular, have done splendidly in recent years, very effectively proving that the Scott is by no means out-of-date even by modern standards, as far as performance goes, anyway !

Certainly in the light of present day knowledge there are some slight modifications that can be made both internally and externally and these will perhaps fractionally increase the power-output or performance of a particular model but almost certainly they will be accompanied by the loss of some other equally desirable characteristic.

We should all realise, I think, that a great deal of joy can be derived from a standard unmodified machine. It's the pointless, even rather stupid, conversions that we've seen so much of in the past that I feel should be condemned especially. The replacement of the original steel guards by aluminium ones and the fitting of dual seats, telescopic forks, etc. Quite often such modifications are merely fashionable for a period and can be regretted a few years later, perhaps when the removed parts have been lost or become unobtainable.

At one time it was of little concern, there were plenty of Scotts to be had and for the "vintage" enthusiast i.e. the type that wants a machine, any make or year which takes his fancy in its original, "as produced" condition, he could still

if he was fortunate, locate a bike with just a handful of owners from new. But not now ; one founder member of S.O.C. a past owner of numerous Scotts of different years, has been quite unable over the past few months or so to procure a suitable machine for restoration and he's a resourceful type too !

So may I make a plea on behalf of a growing enthusiasm for proper Scotts of all vintages. Let us concentrate more on the genuine bikes as they were produced—the Vincent owners are campaigning vigorously in this direction also and instead of reaching for the hacksaw (vide October's "Sprintmen" article) think rather about the reconditioning of the existing components first, or if you're that set on a conversion make it a "reversible" one. And, of course, although I hesitate to mention it, from the financial standpoint almost regardless of age where the Scott is concerned you'll be better off "leaving it alone, mate."

Geoff.

"W.M.3853"—MY SECOND SCOTT

by *G. E. Clifford*

About twenty years ago, before I had quite as many commitments as I now seem to have acquired, one of my many "diversions" (for want of a better term) was to scan the "classified advertisements" section of "Motor Cycling" as soon as it came on a Wednesday morning in the habitual search for a particularly interesting Scott. I found and saw many but the ultimate at the time, in my view, was a 1928 De Luxe 596 c.c. Flyer with the short-stroke engine.

For this "device" I braved the ice early on one Wednesday morning and set off for Leavesden, Hertfordshire, instead of going to work. The vendor of course was away at his occupation but his wife allowed me to see the bike, a beautiful long-wheelbase machine with Scott girder forks, the hand-operated cylinder-wall oiling as the illustration in the "Book of the Scott" :— . . . "showing lubrication details of Power-plus T. T. Replica and all later models." The forks had stabilisers brazed on, the tank was the original Scott purple, the original "knife-edge" rims were fitted and amongst various other exciting details the carburettor was a 3-jet with "Binks 1920" die-cast on the float-chamber's top.

I, of course, was first in the line for purchase and arranged to call back at the week-end when I was allowed to try the machine in some college grounds. This was complete ecstasy for the gear-box proved to be one of the racing "ultra close" types on which one could play a delightful tune with the twist-grip throttle in the right hand and the gear lever in the left, in the traditional Scott manner, whilst the left-hand twist-grip, correct for the period, operated the ignition advance and retard. A purchase had to be arranged, £60 was asked and £40 was finally accepted, the machine being driven home the following week-end without mishap.

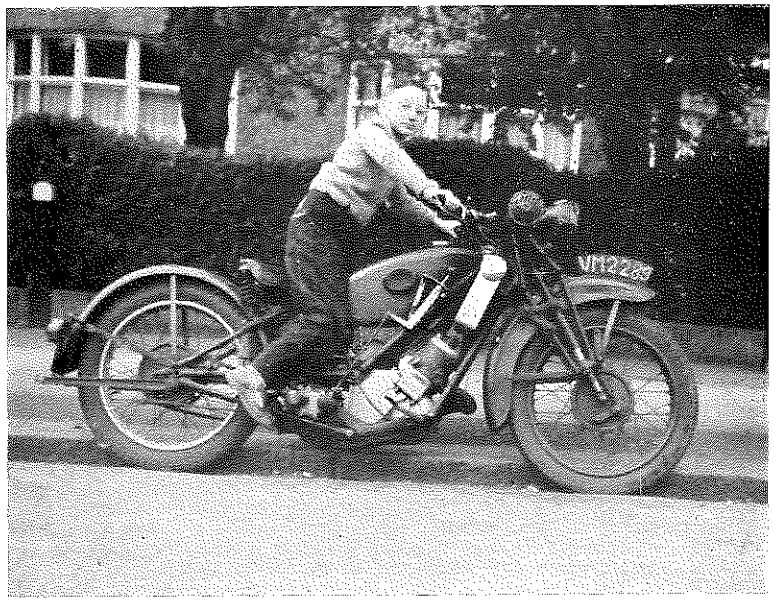
The week-end after that, the machine was given a run out when, of all things, a flywheel key sheared—one half of the engine rotating whilst the other half remained static—the result of some "mechanic" assembling the engine with too many flywheel spacing washers and not driving the tapers on the cranks fully home in the flywheel.

A complete rebuild then followed which was done to a very high standard, not like the accompanying photo. which is of a similar machine with my son aboard taken before rebuilding.

In this rebuild a front expansion chamber was fitted, with a 1½ ins. dia. exhaust pipe terminating with a "Carbjector" spiral baffle in the normal position. A 19 tooth sprocket was used even though 596 c.c. and a 19 ins. x 4.00 ins rear tyre ensured exceptional comfort before the days of rear springing, the long wheelbase frame obviously contributing to this end. Moreover, I really did not consider that the cornering potentialities of this device were by any means inferior to my 1929 Flyer (498 c.c. with the Webb forks) and the shorter wheelbase which, although of better appearance gave a rougher ride and more real wheel hop in my experience (until I fitted an 18 ins. x 4.00) rear wheel and tyre.

I was very much appreciating this improved road-holding when on the T.T. course in 1947, some fellow enthusiasts and myself were showing not a little exuberance on the Sulby Straight on one occasion when, thinking I could do a little better than my friends, I succumbed to the temptation to "turn the wick up further" overtaking all and sundry. This almost proved disastrous as very shortly after this, whilst completely airborne, due to over-enthusiasm on a hump-backed bridge, I discovered it was imperative to navigate a sharpish right-hander immediately. This latter operation was duly performed without mishap although it was never again attempted at the velocity achieved at the first attempt ! (not by me anyway). As a matter of passing interest, this 1928 596 c.c. De Luxe Flyer, virtually standard apart from port polishing, 1 m.m. removed from each piston skirt and the slight deviations previously mentioned, had overtaken a 1939 Triumph Tiger 100 on the Sulby Straight. The rider afterwards informed me that he had then been clocking 87 and his speedo was not calibrated for kilometres !

I think this machine almost proved to be my final defeat although perhaps not completely in a motor-cycling sense. Whilst on my daily run to work, from Neasden to Highams Park at that time, I got caught out by the usual lorry-driver's booby-trap—he turned to the right without any warning as I was overtaking—which bent the Scott, broke seven of my ribs and led to me getting married to one of the nurses at the hospital I was sent to ! The Scott was repaired and eventually came into the hands of another Scott enthusiast, who in due course gave me back the petrol tank for a potential rebuild of a similar machine, but what happened to the rest of it I really would not like to say.



Gerry's young son astride a similar machine to the one forming the basis of this article. He presumably feels a great affection for the "marque," this particular machine being responsible for his very existence, as narrated above.

FROM THE TECHNICAL CORRESPONDENT'S POSTBAG

Dear T.C.,

I'm in trouble with my Scott's transmission. At first I thought the gearbox was at fault but it now appears the clutch is to blame. The take-up is like a midnight wanderer's rattling chains. I have tried every setting of the cable adjuster but there seems to be no point at which I can get a smooth take-up of the drive. I feel there must be other adjustments that should be effected and would be glad if you could give me suitable instructions on the subject.

How much throttle should I use ? She is pulling a sports sidecar and will reach 60 on the level but on hills the power fades right away no matter how much throttle I give her. The pick-up in top is also poor, one must resort to second gear to get any acceleration. The mixture, however, appears O.K.

Dear Mr. M.,

The Scott clutch will always appear noisy to some extent ; remember, it is not enclosed in a sound-proof case. Nevertheless, there are some faults which can make matters worse than they need be. Chipped balls and pitted tracks in the thrust race is one cause, loose inserts and buckled plates are two more. They can only be checked by inspection.

The other two troubles to which the Scott clutch is heir (in common with many other makes) are slip and drag. There is a third that it shares with the Velocette, which it resembles, surging and snatching on take-up. Eliminating this last one is difficult but the best method known is as follows :—

(1) Remove rear chain, speedo drive, drive-sprocket assembly and clutch cover. CHECK THAT THE CENTRE SLEEVE NUT SECURING THE CLUTCH IS TIGHT. There should be a locking tab washer.

(2) Slack off the cable adjuster so that the return spring on the worm lever, behind the clutch, pulls the arm to the rear as far as it will go (leaning toward rear of machine about 40 degrees from vertical).

(3) Slacken off the nuts on the 3 thrust-pins set between the clutch springs. (Removing alternate springs may help here). Old clutches do not have adjustable pins.

(4) Screw in the thrust pins until you feel resistance as they meet the thrust race.

(5) Operate the handle-bar lever so as to pull the worm lever forward. Observe the position at which the worm lever starts to lift the clutch. This should be before the vertical position. If past the vertical (in spite of taking up a bit more on the thrust pins) it is probable that the worm is worn and it will require replacement.

(6) Pull in the handle-bar lever to just past where the clutch starts to lift. Fix it in this position with a wedge in the lever, or other such device. Screw down the steering damper hard to lock the steering head (movement affects cable adjustment).

(7) Leaving plugs in the engine, rotate the clutch-driven members by means of the kick-start, to bring one thrustpin to the top. (The insert plate assembly should remain stationary).

(8) Slack off this thrust-pin and screw in so as to just take up the weight of the springs and the pressure off the plates. Lock lightly with the nut.

(9) KEEPING INSERT PLATES STATIONARY, further rotate clutch until the next thrust-pin comes to the top position and repeat the adjustment exactly as for the first pin.

(10) Repeat (9) for the third pin.

(11) Do all three again since the settings interact to some extent.

(12) Remove wedge from handlebar and set cable adjuster for $\frac{1}{2}$ in. free play at tip of handlebar lever.

(13) Test clutch for freeing by pulling in lever and operating kick-start. It should be quite free by the time the worm lever is 10 to 15 degrees past vertical. If not, try screwing and relocking thrust-pins in or out by EXACTLY half a turn

at a time. Test for smoothness by holding lever at the position at which drag commences ; when kick-start is operated the clutch should slip evenly and not go tight and loose. If the clutch waggles about the back-plate is probably buckled or the thrust-race in the final stage of decay. Strip and check.

(14) If O.K. so far, release handlebar lever, check free play as before, then check that there is clearance in the clutch. Do this by pulling clutch body toward you then attempt to revolve the bronze ball retaining ring and steel thrust-washer behind the clutch. This should be possible using a screwdriver. If they will only revolve with the clutch, the race is under pressure, clutch slip and a worn out thrust race will result from lack of clearance here. With a worn thrust worm (as indicated in 5) it is possible to have over an inch of play at the handlebar but no effective clearance on the clutch thrust.

(15) Note position of slot and lock each thrust-pin tightly in turn. Check that they have not moved, if so, reset and relock to observed correct position.

(16) Replace springs and adjust evenly with studs protruding from nuts.

Notes. All Ferrodo clutches may benefit from soaking any oil off the plates with carbon tetrochloride or trichlorethylene. When removing plates hold the toothed plate hard against the thrust assembly or it will allow the clutch race rollers to drop behind. This friction plate may be wiped over with a rag soaked in solvent whilst "in situ." Check for bent plates and very loose inserts. If toothed plate has to be removed, stick rollers in cage with grease to aid assembly.

Cork clutches are sometimes used but suffer from severe drag unless the corks are pared down close to the plates and lighter spring pressure is used. (The clutch spring nuts may foul the rear of the drive-sprocket if slackened off too far).

Corks 1/32 in. proud are best but an extra steel plate will have to be put in somewhere or the pressure plate will rest on the centre drum. For a permanent, modification it is a good scheme to reduce the height of this drum by 3/32 in. ; this automatically gives less pressure since the pressure plate itself lies further in. An occasional dressing of "3 in 1" oil, run down between the plates, will give a very sweet take-up and will only cause slip immediately after application if pressures are right.

As to your "Amal Antics," you have hit on one of the difficulties with two-strokes, namely the difficulty of maintaining a good torque as the revs. fall. The trouble occurs at both ends of the system, namely intake and exhaust; sometimes also in the middle as well if the compression is poor. Look at the list below and see how you are going "agin" nature :—

(1) Inlet port stays open just as long after B.D.C. as it opens before it. At low revs. and large throttle openings the mixture bounces right out again and starts to digest the wiring !

(2) Poor compression loses mixture all the way up the stroke ; on the power stroke power packed gas is lost to the crankcases where it helps to displace newly induced charge as above in (1).

(3) The exhaust-port is enormous on the "Power Plus" engine to clear gas at high revs. At low revs. the newly transferred charge is partially lost because the exhaust closes so late.

From the above it is not difficult to deduce a suitable driving technique. The critical points to watch are throttle, gearing and engine condition. The first means using only as much throttle as she will usefully take ; the second means changing down early and keeping her in the rev. band where she is working efficiently. The second gear on a Scott is the same at the top on most 500 c.c. four-stroke twins—the revs. are more apparent than real. As to the third, a good motor, when hot, will stand the weight of 12 stone on the kick-start for a couple of seconds or so. (Don't compare directly with four-strokes since they have higher geared kick-starts). Your recent oiling troubles could mean a bad state of affairs in the "squeeze and sneeze" department. A strip down and check-over here is indicated if the compression is not up to standard—it makes a big difference on a "chair." I have often thought that one of the short-stroke blocks, newly bored and fitted to the longstroke crankcase, such as yours, would

make a good sidecar engine. The short exhaust period would be an advantage, also the restricted inlet ports. The capacity would work out about 630 c.c. or so, giving the punch lower down (below the "belt" ?) where it is needed. Old Len Pease and I have often chatted this one over.

One point regarding gearing. You should check the drive-sprocket when you do your clutch. Eighteen or nineteen teeth is as big as you want with a chair. 19 t = 4.64 : 1in top.

REMEMBER, OVERGEARING MEANS EXTRA FUEL CONSUMPTION ON A SCOTT ! !

SOME NOTES ON GIRDER FORKS

by *Paul Myatt*

On investigating the various girder forks fitted to Scotts, some variations in sizes become apparent. These notes, which are certainly not comprehensive, may encourage others to tell what they know.

The steering head bearings used from the early 'thirties onwards (can someone confirm the exact date ? "The Book of the Scott" infers 1933 onwards) were of the cup and ball bearing type, 20 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. balls used in each bearing. The point to note however is that two different sizes of cups have been used. The earlier type is of 1.987 in. diameter and later this was changed to 2.000 in. diameter. Tom Ward's records show that the diameter was changed in 1935 but he remarks on this point "you never know with Scotts ! " This point is illustrated by the fact that my 1937 Flying Squirrel has the smaller diameter. Both sizes are stocked by Mr. Ward.

The Webb girder forks with the steering damper below the steering-head were fitted to many Scotts with taper-roller head bearings also and were, I believe, basically dimensionally similar to the more familiar pattern with the damper on top. They are, however, of a slightly different type from the later ones, as fitted to machines with the cup and ball type bearings, there being several minor variations apart from the bearings but the important one is that the centres of the adjustable spindles on the girder part are placed at 8$\frac{1}{2}$ ins. apart on the earlier forks and 9 ins. apart on the later ones. In both cases the centres of the wheel spindle to the lower of the adjustable spindles are at 16 11/16 ins. (taken by direct measurement).

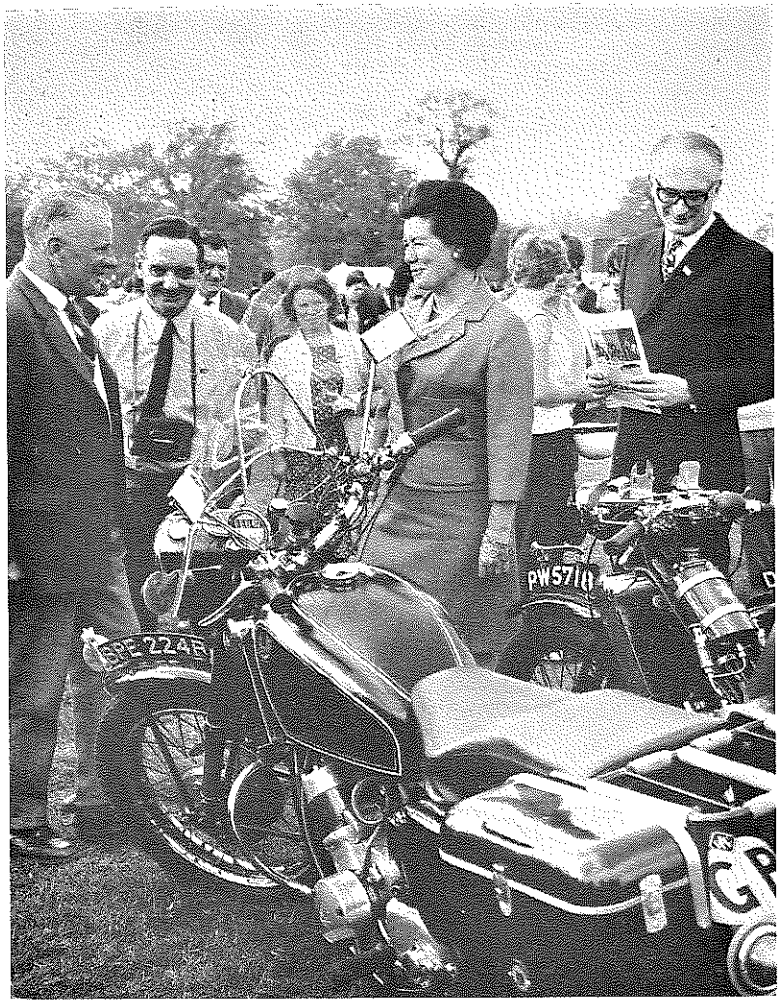
For both types of Webb forks the centres of the top links are 3 11/16 in. for solo use or 3 3/8 in. for sidecar use. Lower links are 3 9/16 in. centres in both cases.

The Brampton girder forks (i.e. 637 type, not the "Monarch" bottom link type used from 1932) used in 1933-4 vary slightly in dimensions from the Webb forks. For sidecar use 3 3/8 ins. centres top links and 3 11/16 ins. centres lower links were used. I do not have the exact figures for solo use but presumably the lower links would remain the same. The girder section differs in length from the Webb component.

Recent news is that there is now a Koni damper available for Vincent Brampton forks. Members may remember that there was a Woodhead-Monroe conversion available for Scott Bramptons and Webbs so perhaps this Koni might be suitable if the spring rate was right. Can anyone tell us what the Woodhead-Monroe conversion was like to ride ?

(Roger Cooper, a founder member of the Scott Owners' Club and responsible for my introduction to Scotts, fitted one of these conversion units to his 1935 combination (with period "launch" type sidecar) shortly after its purchase and was I remember most enthusiastic. The company concerned was Percival Bros. & Webb Ltd., (I think I'm right in saying there is no connection) who made a fine job including stove-enamelling for £7 10*s.* 0*d.* (£6 12*s.* 6*d.* without).

As Paul says a conventional Woodhead-Monroe unit was utilized (a shrouded coil spring embodying a co-axially mounted velocity-conscious shock absorber). Three different spring rates were offered for Lightweight and Heavyweight machines or sidecar application—*Ed.*).



Better late than never ! The picture reproduced here was tken at the British Motorcyclists' Federation rally at Woburn Abbey in May. It shows our Secretary Robert Rawlins "receiving" the Duke and Duchess of Bedford at the Scott stand, with a representative cross-section of machines present, as can be seen. The chap with the camera is Jack Wiley, Secretary of B.M.F., and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Wright of S.O.C. are in the background. A "blown-up" version was displayed prominently on the Federation stand at the recent Motorcycle Show.

CONTINENTAL RALLYING

by *E. J. Lemon*

1,200 motor cycles lined up Le Mans-style on both sides of the road is quite a sight. Such was the scene enjoyed by riders taking part in this year's Chamois 2770 Rally, organised by the B.M.W. Club of France at Val d'Isere, at the foot of the Col de l'Iseran in the French Alps.

This small ski-ing resort was already seething with motor-cyclists when I arrived on the Saturday morning. Naturally, my machine (the only Scott among the 69 G.B. entrants) aroused enormous interest and I was kept busy answering questions for some time. One of its keenest admirers was a Frenchman, a Vincent rider, who showed me photographs of his 1934 Scott to which he had fitted Dowty forks. He also owned a very early Ner-a-Car which he used at vintage events.

In the evening bonfires were lit and all entrants were entertained to a wine and cheese party. Memo for future occasions :—take an empty bottle, it holds more than the paper cup provided.

The following morning the machines were assembled for the local priest's blessing before the ascent of the Col de l'Iseran which, at 9,088 feet, is the second highest in Western Europe. The morning was cold with more than a hint of rain and the peaks were hidden in cloud. About 11 o'clock we all set off headed by a rather excitable Frenchman in a Citroen and Jean Murit, President of the B.M.W. Club of France, astride an aptly named Mammoth fitted with a four-cylinder N.S.U. car engine mounted transversely in the frame.

On the ascent we ran into cloud, cold rain and eventually snow as we neared the top of the pass. The congestion at some of the bends was rather worrying and I stopped at the roadside a couple of times to allow the Scott to cool off a little—even so, I arrived at the summit in a cloud of steam—at least the Scott did, I was quite a few degrees cooler ! Manhandling 400 lbs. of motor-cycle on to hard ground for the stand can leave one panting for breath at this altitude. I stayed long enough to find out the result of the draw for a brand-new R50 B.M.W. Needless to say, I'm still Scotting !

The return run was "free," in other words, every man for himself. Taking the precaution of first cutting back the setting on the Pilgrim, I decided to leave in advance of the "racers" and descended on Val d'Isere well in time for the excellent picnic lunch provided by the organisers.

The following morning, in company with a Swiss couple on a Norton, I set off once more up the pass to start a leisurely trip towards Bormio for the Turin B.M.W. Club's Stella Alpina Rally on the following Sunday. We started out in rain which turned to snow as we neared the summit. Never have I seen, much less ridden through, such snow. The flakes were the size of pennies !

It is not a pleasant experience to have one's vision momentarily obscured by snow striking the eyes just at the crucial moment of entering a slush-covered hair-pin bend, with driving snow blotting out a sheer drop of 1,000 feet on one's near side. Sodden gloves and frozen hands added to the discomfort and despite wearing full winter riding gear I found myself shaking with cold on the long, twisting run down. Stopping at a cafe for lunch and hot drinks we met other G.B. riders, one of whom had fainted from cold after the ride over the pass—unfortunately he was not prepared for weather such as this in July !

After a few days lazing at Lovere on Italy's Lake Iseo, we made our way to Bormio for the Stella Alpina. Here, we had welcome sunshine and warmth and on the Saturday evening congregated at the camping site for a "noggin and natter." Many of the Chamois crowd were here, it was like greeting old friends.

We were informed that only those riders who reached the top of the Stelvio Pass (9,042 ft.) on Sunday morning would qualify for rally badges, so after the traditional blessing and "vin d'honneur" we all set off, taking our own time. The Scott performed quite well though; after winding it up a little through the last few hairpins it once again arrived in a cloud of steam, much to the consterna-

tion of a German rider who gasped "Nicht goot." I tried to explain that steam meant water and when there was no more steam *then* I would begin to worry! After another night in Bormio we ran up this magnificent pass again and this time a short halt before the summit ensured no boiling.

The run home through part of Austria and across Switzerland was somewhat marred by an on-the-spot fine of £5 for speeding between Zurich and Basle. The police also caught a G.B. car while I was being booked. I was not told where I had been timed or over what distance, merely that my speed was 43 m.p.h. in a 37 m.p.h. area. So be warned, if you plan to ride through Switzerland, the police are in business and the limit signs mean precisely what they say.

On this holiday the Scott gave me 2,000 miles of mechanically trouble-free running, in conditions which at times were pretty grim. Despite the long descents of some of the highest Alpine passes it never oiled a plug (K.L.G. F75s) although there was a little more than the recommended blue haze by the time I opened up on the level. Finally, as a matter of interest, petrol consumption for the trip (Shell Super) was just under 64 m.p.g., and oil (Shell 40) 1,040 m.p.g.

IS THAT SO!

The engine which has been fitted to the well-known Scott motorcycle for the past twenty-three years, is a three port, two-cycle, two-cylinder inclined model with a centre flywheel and cranks at 180 degrees apart. In the earlier models (prior to 1930) the chain sprocket for the rear drive was placed between the two crankcases.

The Scott engine employs water-cooled cylinder jackets, a neat design of twin honey-comb pattern radiator being fitted at the top of the front frame down-tube.

In the more recent model the flywheel is enclosed, four bearings being provided instead of two for the crankshaft; the chain sprockets are now placed on the outside of the crankcase.

From *Automobile Engines*, Vol. 1 by Arthur W. Judge, 1931.

I am informed that our new member John Whale has recently overcome a spate of magdyno trouble, replacement trouble that is, regarding his recently purchased post-vintage "flyer." Apparently John, stuck for a satisfactory replacement unit, eventually purchased new from Pride & Clark a Lucas machine of "Douglas" pattern for, I understand, a reasonable figure. These are, of course, "spark-wise" identical to the Scott pattern, it being only in respect of the dynamo drive gearing where "ours" is unique, being designed for crankshaft and not camshaft (½ engine) speed.

I've seen this arrangement applied to Scotts before, the only modification required being to regulate the dynamo output to balance satisfactorily the head-lamp main-beam discharge at cruising speed. If this is not done the ammeter will be damaged and long-term, I suppose, the battery would become over-charged. Perhaps one of our electrical wizards could explain exactly which of the adjustments inside that "box of tricks" the C.V.C., is the essential one. I am assured, however, that providing the dynamo bearings, commutator etc., are initially in good condition, then the higher rotational speed will have no ill effects.

Finally, if any other member, having read the foregoing, is encouraged to investigate further or is faced at present with one of those Lucas £15 overhaul bills for his existing instrument, I have a couple of these "Douglas" type units available (one brand-new with a suspect dynamo, the other in good working order) for a nominal figure.

It came as a complete surprise to me to receive my first copy of "Unity" the B.M.F. journal and indeed to realise that in my capacity as "*Yowl*" Editor I was, in fact, entitled to one at all! However as each new issue is delivered (or as soon as I have a spare moment) I dutifully scan the pages. The majority of content is, I frankly admit not of the nature which seizes my particular attention, being that of general "motorcycling" (rather than "Scotting"). I believe there is still a "hard core" of "real motorcyclists" still attempting to convince themselves that in their two-wheeled "out in all weather" state they are still happier 100% of their travelling time than the man who also runs a car!

Mercifully I'm not one and the enjoyment I absorb from my Scotting (very occasional I regret just at present) has increased immeasurably since the days when the Scott had to be relied upon for "ride to work" duties. I like to think that there are perhaps a larger proportion of Scott riders who share the above view. This then is my immediate re-action to this "clubman's chat" etc., (and incidentally to much included in the weekly periodicals but *never* "Motorcycle Sport").

However the article reproduced below really made me sit up and I was initially amazed to find another who shares my own views so precisely (on my part always a little guiltily as well) and much impressed with the honest way it was printed.

I feel sure most of our members will agree with the contributor; perhaps because the Scott (with a few exceptions) generally demonstrates its disapproval of traffic jams and procrastination on the part of the rider, ("they do hate being mucked around don't they"). They are certainly happier "motoring" and I humbly suggest that when you next have to negotiate dense but fast flowing traffic, you follow Mr. Brown's advice.

On the same note, talking of Mr. Browns I recall a brief biography of this sprint exponent "par excellence" recenly published in the aforementioned motorcycle monthly. His everyday machine is, as one would perhaps expect a "Black Shadow" but, wrote the biographer, surely no-one could detect his true vocation from his daily riding—always considerate in the extreme and courteous to all. I forget the precise wording but remember thinking on this at the time —bear in mind the weight of the machine, the low-speed handling and gearing at walking speed. It must have been "hell."

By the way I've resisted the temptation to de-Americanise so please excuse the vernacular.

THE MAGICAL MYSTICAL MOTORCYCLE

An article on "How to Succeed in Enjoying your Motorcycle," by Barry Brown reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of the American journal "Car and Driver."

It's no fun to get hurt and even less fun to be always afraid of some pre-ordained, imminent doom which is bound to befall you as a motorcycle rider. Motorcycle riders are constantly exposed to a prevalent public opinion that they are courting hideous deformation in the form of some cataclysmic, disastrous accident.

Actually, motorcycle riders face no more disaster than the average motorist —but the national automotive attitude cannot admit it imminent danger, so it is ignored. The motorcycle rider is in a minority and is thus subjected to the subconscious fears and anxieties so well suppressed by the automobile-driving fearmonger, resulting in over-emphasis of the dangers inherent in motorcycle racing.

The motorcycle rider, by his very vulnerability, finds it almost impossible to kid himself into feeling safe. He is not surrounded by supposedly protective (actually lethal) metal. The motorcycle rider, taken on an individual basis, is probably safer from a psychological standpoint because of his honest and reasonable acceptance of the danger of entering the battle of traffic. There is danger

in blindness to danger and even more danger in over-emphasis of it. The proper attitude towards driving is an aggressive one, moving within traffic as a separate yet an integral part of it.

I immediately sense out there a horror of the word "aggressive." Aggressive bully ; compulsive in the egomaniacal, "I don't exist unless I constantly shove my personality down the throat of everyone within sight" attidude—that's one kind of aggressive. There's another aggressive, though—all too rare : when I'm acting in my own interest, doing what's good for me. No-one ever hurt himself or anyone else while *truly* acting in his own interest.

The application to riding is obvious. Make your own road for yourself. Dont be a "good guy," because getting shoved around on a bike is very dangerous. Stay out of people's way by moving faster, sooner and sharper than they do. Ride in your own space, in your own time and your own rhythm. It is impossible to do this without being very, very wide awake. Don't worry about being alert, when you ride aggressively, you'll be alert, I promise. Be a little ahead of everyone and everything. When the light changes, be gone. If you do this properly, you'll find yourself fanatically aware of last-minute light jumpers crossing at right angles from left or right. The same applies to changing lanes. Ride in the middle of a lane, occupying it entirely for yourself—selfish but safe and entirely in your own interest. When you do change lanes, do so with a positive movement and entirely occupy the new lane. You will find that by moving positively and aggressively from lane to lane, you will automatically look back and make sure you are not trying to occupy a space that has an automobile in it already. By moving confidently from one lane to another, you are also asserting your right to maintain your own piece of the highway and are discouraging the motorist behind you from crowding the space you occupy. They are less apt to force you into a difficult or dangerous position.

A sluggish rider has a lot to remember about self-preservation. An aggressive rider acting in his own self-interest has an enormous fund of subsonscious self-preservation insight that acts for him without his even being aware of it.

Some specific details are helpful. It is not dangerous to pass immobile cars. They would have to jump sideways to hurt you. There is a part of any car, though, that can and often does, move—almost always while the rest of the car is standing still : the door. Beware of the man inside the immobile car —he can open a door right in front of you. No man in car, no door opening suddenly. Beware of cab riders. They feel that because they're not driving they're not responsible. They are quite capable of exiting right in front of you any time, any place. The one exception is when the cab is moving over 10 miles an hour. I make a practice of looking into the rear-view mirror when I am near parked trucks. You can usually see if anyone is intending anything destructive.

It is safer to pass than to be passed, so move faster than the stream of traffic. A motorcycle rider who is hit from behind has only himself to blame. If you pass through a tight situation, accelerate while doing so and make sure you are near the power peak of the bike. It is terrible to have to shift down for power when you needed it a second ago. It's dicey, too.

Sippery road conditions affect bikes more than cars, so if you can, avoid rain, snow, or sandy roads.

Don't enter a blind curve flat-out—you may have to slow down suddenly. Always keep enough adhesion so you can do some braking if necessary, even though heeled over. Remember—when bikes lose adhesion they don't spin . . . they drop.

Clutch cables are among the first things to wear out. Never use the clutch unless you have to, which means only while shifting. Don't ever hold the clutch out at a stop while blipping the throttle. If the cable breaks, the bike will lunge forward. Always shift into neutral while stopped. Some bikes yield up neutral if you fish for it while rolling the last few feet to a stop.

Carry your brake foot directly over the pedal, applying the front and rear

brakes smoothly together. Bikes transfer a very high percentage of weight forward when stopping because of the rider's high centre of gravity. Beware of locking brakes. It is very hard to lock the front brake of a production bike in the dry but it is easy in the wet. This is the most dangerous condition of all. The front brake should never be touched unless the bike is upright and proceeding forward in a straight line.

Downshifting is more important on a bike than in a car. It is essential to keep power instantly available for safety. Apply the brake lever with the first two or three fingers in opposition to the heel of the thumb. Roll the throttle with the palm of the hand. With a little practice one can apply full braking and also rev. the engine for downshifts.

All this is a rationale for constant daily riding with skills suitable for a race track. These skills are the best assurance of safety—and they're a great deal of fun besides.

AUCTION SALE—"Red Lion" October 8th

The "Red Lion" auction sales have now established themselves as a popular annual (approximately) event and that held on Saturday Oct. 8th was no exception.

Primarily as a result of a few reminders from Robert Rawlins there was a good response and a varied but fortunately not overwhelming supply of bits for sale in aid of Club funds.

No count was made but at the end of the evening I'd estimate a good forty in attendance, including even some stalwarts from the remoter parts. And to any member still under the impression that these are merely "jumble sales"—well, that's true in part but on Saturday we had a 4 gallon "Clubman" tank, some early control levers and parts of an original transverse expansion chamber amongst the more prosaic items.

The task of auctioneering was allotted to our new Spares Registrar Nick Sloan and an admirable job he made of it. Nothing was left unsold (a special word of thanks here to "Potty" Chambers who warned that one or two of his purchases might be paying the return journey at a subsequent sale !) and Nick went so far as to "auction off" a remaining cardboard box (for 5*d.*) for transporting the stuff home !

I think six Scotts were present (not bad considering the location) and as they "yowled" off at the end of the evening they made a fine sound, alongside Scotland Yard be it noted and good reason for embarassment on at least one previous "Red Lion" gathering.

Some £9 10*s.* 0*d.* was raised for the Club, gratefully borne away by the Treasurer at the end of the proceedings.

Judging by the number of enquiries received following the mention of some odd "Cyc-Auto" bits by "Potty" in the August issue, the demand for these "in betweens" seems to be growing rapidly. The Secretary informs us that one was for sale at 2, Queen's Road, Newbury, Berks., at the end of September, which might be worth following up. I've little knowledge of them myself but seem to remember they were made in their various guises (the fuel-tank position was altered at least once) on the Uxbridge Road at Ealing. I believe they were originally a subsidiary company of Scotts themselves and later severed this connection. Included in the "range" at one time was a Commercial Carrier (the chimney-sweep, ice-cream man, type of thing) and that I should think really would be a collector's piece. The last I heard was of a small dealer in Finchley (Winsmith ?) who had purchased the remaining spares and had dozens of worms and wheels. I bought two "Cyc-Auto" transfers which in fact, suitably modified, provided a fine oversize Scott scroll ! If anyone has further knowledge of this interesting off-shoot I'll be happy to absorb all forthcoming "gen" into a subsequent note in the February issue.

ILLOGICAL CONVERSION AND PARTIAL RECOVERY

by *Nick Sloan*

The Ner-a-car is an excellent machine, designed by a man whose mind wae obviously unfettered by the compunction that a motorcycle should be a cycle with a motor therein and manufactured by the great Sheffield Simplex Car Company, whose ideals were higher than those of the car which is usually acknowledged to be the "Best in the World." These cars, which were developed from the Brotherhood cars of the pre-1905 period (which as we *all* know had the distinguishing feature of a horn-bulb protruding from the centre of the steering column) had extremely handsome circular radiators and were produced in 30 and 45 h.p. editions both of 6 cylinders. In 1912 a Sheffield Simplex completed the Lands End—John O'Groats run in top gear, following this with a Brooklands lap at 70 m.p.h. 1920 saw the introduction of the 50 h.p. model which remained in production until the demise of the Company in 1926. One of these 50 h.p. vehicles survives, but I deviate.

Many years ago I became the owner of the first one and eventually seven Ner-a-cars. I was quite convinced then that these were the machines which suited me down to the ground, beautifully made, excellent roadholding, completely enclosed machinery, (this is progress you see) and quite a good performance when they were in the mood. Designed by an American, Carl A. Neracher (yes, that's where it came from) they were designed to meet an ideal and as described in the sales booklet were "A New Amenity in Life for All." There was no plating whatsoever on the machine, everything being stove-enamelled black to ease the labour of cleaning. The single two-stroke engine, the crankshaft of which ran in line with the frame, drove a cross-shaft through a fibre disc which was pressed onto the face of the flywheel by a twist-grip on the left-hand bar. This was, in fact, the clutch and as the twist-grip thread was rather fine it necessitated some rather frantic wrist-work at traffic lights to disengage. The disc was moved on the spined cross-shaft, across the face of the flywheel by a right-hand frame-mounted lever to obtain the infinitely variable gear-ratio. Once one grew used to the machine, first gear could be used to start, the lever being immediately placed in the high gear position. With judicious use of the throttle lever the disc would wind its way across the flywheel with the machine's speed increasing and the engine's speed remaining constant.

Although it sounds alright in theory, the fibre disc tended to slip on the engine flywheel and while ascending Clamp Hill in Stanmore one Sunday the machine's progress became slower and slower, although the engine's speed wasn't affected. I decided to get off and run alongside until enough momentum was reached to hop back on. The ensuing farce wouldn't have been so bad except that I was dressed in my best R.A.F. "Blue," funny hat and all, for Church Parade at Stanmore R.A.F. Camp where I was stationed for the majority of my National Service. Having gained sufficient momentum, I decided the best method of mounting was to place my left foot on the left running board and cock my leg over, as I had done with conventional motorcycles. However the Ner-a-car is not a conventional motorcycle and the relationship of handle bar and footboard is definitely not the same. Somehow I contrived to get the gear lever up my right trouser leg, ripping it up to the knee and ended up in a conveniently placed ditch. The Ner-a-car which had really got motoring by this time passed an incredulous roadsweeper and eventually came to rest against the kerb with motor still running.

This machine was exhibited along with some other lesser vintage machinery on the R.A.C. stand at the 1960 Motor Cycle Show (the Golden Jubilee Show at which, of course, the Scott Owners' Club had their own stand also—*Ed.*) and I'm proud to say, when it came to collection day after the show, I was the only one who turned up with a can of petrol instead of a lorry for collection purposes.

It was while working as an apprentice at the cylinder head bench in a large commercial vehicle manufacturers in West London that the first sign of impending doom made its appearance. A tall gangling youth came across to me and

enquired if I was the chap interested in vintage motorcycles. He said that he had a 1928 Scott which he had just finished rebuilding. I remember that the mention of Scott motorcycles recalled a picture of a Scott engine with what I thought at that time to be the connecting rods on the outside (I'm not so sure now). He started extolling it's virtues and I became quite interested in a superior, condescending sort of way, being sure that my allegiance to Ner-a-cars only was quite correct and unshakeable.

He was soon using the machine regularly for work, as regularly as it wanted to be anyway and finding out the hard way the quirks that are Scott's alone. I recall being appalled at some of the troubles he experienced with this newly re-built machine. I would be in traffic outside the works with the Ner-a-car burbling contentedly away beneath me when the Scott would come alongside invariably boiling hard, blowing blue smoke over everyone and quite often stalling. However, this machine did have a certain fascination which I found difficult to resist.

The period came after buying my first Scott, a 1928 3/speed Super, when I was running Ner-a-cars and Scotts together and the comparison was just not fair. Soon, all Ner-a-cars but my first and best had been disposed of (shame) and I too was experiencing the very same quirks and, although not really enjoying them, accepting them as inevitable. The most outstanding feature about the 3/ speed Super Squirrel is it's roadholding. Mine was shod with far from new 26 in. x 3 in. beaded-edge tyres, in fact the rear one would not have had much use for a tread-depth gauge. The controlling factors when laying the machine down for a corner were the very low-set footrests which were on a bar hung from the high rear engine bolt. Vibration was rife at just the ideal cruising range, about 35-45 m.p.h. I had hoped to cure this by fitting a bronze undertray but sold the machine before I bought the undertray, (which I still have incidentally). The gas lights fitted to this machine were quite reliable, if not blinding, the worst snag being having to wash the generator out every evening in the winter when arriving home and mother complaining bitterly at the smell.

Once, when motoring strongly home from a fortnightly pub. meet of the Vintage Sports Car Club in Barnet, (the strength being about four pints of bitter) I came as usual to the Barnet by-pass which is long, straight and well lit and, again as usual I reminded myself of the condition of the tyres, the age of bike etc., and, as usual, had a flat-out "bash." About half-way down the by-pass I noted that the lights had gone out but in my alcoholic 85 m.p.h. paradise I was past caring and anyway vibration was sometimes the cause ; it was only when I got home that I found that the bottom of the acetylene generator had fallen off, causing the aforementioned failure. It was then, two o'clock the following morning, that found Colin Thomas, Geoff Lee and myself grubbing about on a fast becoming dew-laden grass verge of the Barnet by-pass. The bits we found, although the centre perforated tube had been modified by a passing car. It was all worth it though because I had beaten Colin Thomas's 1932 3-litre Lagonda down the length of the by-pass. This 3/speed Super is now in the hands of another member but still shuttles back and forth between this member and myself at times of economic crises, i.e. his impending marriage—Scott to me, my bank manager foreclosing—Scott to him. It has only risen £5 in price over many years and that nearly caused a row.

Soon this machine was no longer enough, especially for long journeys, and a hankering for a Flyer became apparent. Two derelict Flyers were located in the Harrow area, one a '28 and one a '29 Replica. My last beautiful Ner-a-car went and I purchased the Flyer and set-to rebuilding it. All went as planned and the machine was used as reliable daily transport for a couple of years, this machine giving me my most enjoyable and memorable journey from the V.M.C.C. Royston hill climb to home in a remarkably short space of time with a pillion passenger in situ, the handling and performance of the machine being impeccable. It was only when taking the engine block off for a decoke a long while

later that I found that one of the pistons was reversed! Several Scotts followed this Flyer including just post-war 2/speeders and a 1939 Clubman's Special.

All thoughts of Ner-a-cars had by this time passed and the occasional reference to them in a vintage magazine produced very little regret at having sold them all. Years have passed since then and now, due to present domestic conditions and to outlay on my vintage 1924 Crossley, I am down to my last two Scotts, a 1919 2/speeder and a 1929 Replica and both these in need of rebuilding in the nearish future. As one seems to do at various stages in one's life, I had decided on the contents of my stable lasting me the rest of my life. The above Scotts, the Crossley and my 1925 Ceirano car, plus enough spares to keep them running, would have seemed a few weeks ago to have been ideal and yet, visiting a vintage vehicle auction near Camberley a short while ago, I came face to face with a beautifully shaped front mudguard and there were three Ner-a-cars, all in need of care and attention and the funny thing was that I longed to give it to them, especially one which had escaped the ravages of the restoration monger and was still in its gloriously tatty original finish. I poked around this machine and was quite overcome, whilst remembering all the features I knew so well all those years ago.

As time passes and I become more mellowed with age, the comparison between the Scott and the Ner-a-car does not seem so unfair after all, as now the performance offered by the Scott is not so important as it was in my youth. I discovered at this auction a niche into which the Ner-a-car at some later date would fit admirably and both makes of machine be complementary to each other.

And so I look forward to the day when I purchase what will be, I expect, my last machine, a 1923 (their best year) Ner-a-car. In fact, I think I will write this minute to the chap to whom I sold my last one.

TIP FROM TOM WARD

How to put a Super engine into position without removing the enamel from the frame :—

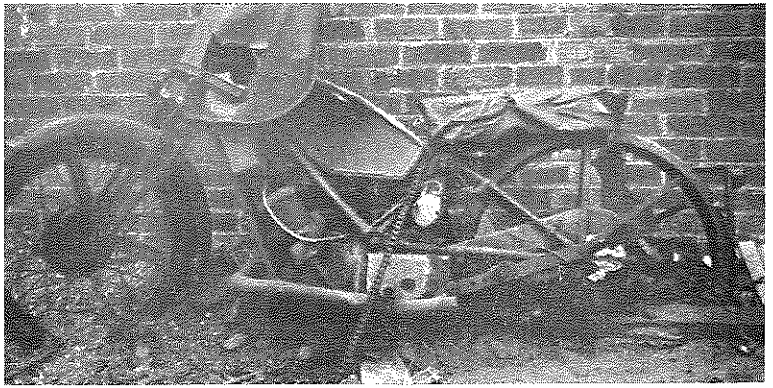
(1) The exhaust stub should be the correct short tube and project only 1 in.
(2) One transfer port cover and one exhust port cover must be removed. (Better to remove both).
(3) Then start by putting one cheek of the crank-case through the frame (so bringing the flywheel rim close to the main down tube). The job is then as good as done. (The Master's own words)!

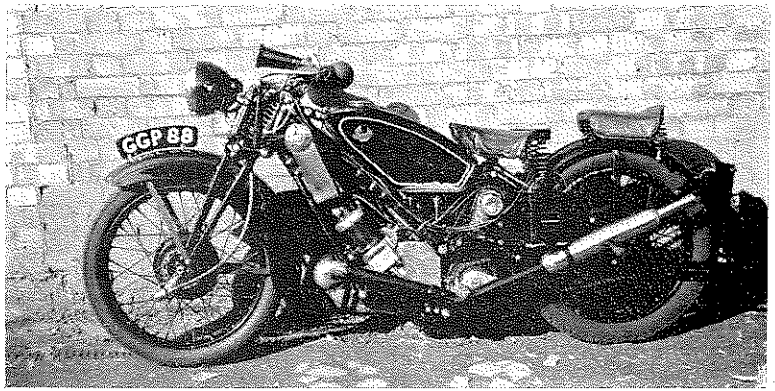
Midland members are reminded that regular meetings are held—first Wednesday of each month at the Forest Inn, Lickey End, Nr. Bromsgrove.

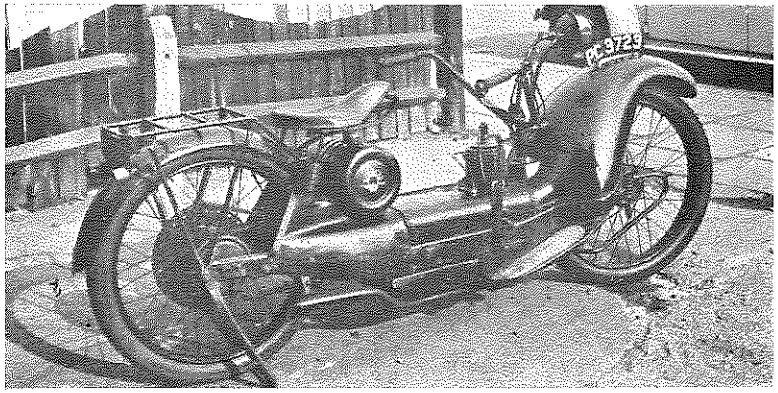
Opposite :—

Three of the machines "featured" in Nick's article ; the 1928 Flying Squirrel Tourer in popular "before and after" conditions. Both snaps were taken against the same wall where the bike had previously lain neglected for a number of years. The magneto was from a tractor. Although not shown the rear wheel was in fact still available. When the second picture was taken the Scott was suffering a slight tank leakage. The Ner-a-car shown is Nick's first and most desirable 1923 machine. It's so different from conventional two-wheelers, including even the Scott, that it's difficult to pick out any particular point upon which to comment. There is little doubt however, that the arrangements for steering the machine are, I suppose, the Ner-a-car's most revolutionary departure from the orthodox.

We've had Scott engined Rolls, Morgans, Nortons and Douglases (have I missed any ?) Surprising, I think, that the marriage of Ner-a-car and Scott was never attempted—or was it ?







COMMITTEE NOTES

A Committee Meeting was held in Oxford on October 29th when many matters of Club concern were discussed, including the following:—

It was agreed that for a trial period of one year "FOR SALE" and "WANTED" advertisements in *Towl* would be inserted free, as a service to members. These advertisements should, however, be limited to a reasonable size.

Our President, Mr. Harold Scott, has recently presented a new award. The Editor made a suggestion that this be given annually to that member who, in his and the committee's opinion has made the most valuable contribution to *Towl* the Club magazine. This was agreed.

The Committee are in favour of the economical production of a Club tie. This will take the form, almost certainly, of a deep "Royal" purple background studded with small silver "limit gauges." If an acceptable quotation is received these will be available to members some time next year at a figure to be announced.

Provisional dates have been fixed for the 1967 Main Road Trial & National Rally—these being 7th May and 10th September respectively. As it is the 10th Rally also (the Tin one ?) this should stick in your memories.

In spite of Nick's insistence that no tears were shed when his first and best Ner-a-car was finally disposed of, I recollect with amusement the time when the actual decision was made. The usual channels were utilised for the purpose of selling the machine which was certainly "ready for the road," the primary requirement being for a new owner anyway, as Nick has explained, merely for him to adapt himself to the machine. I forget the price asked but it was by no means extortionate and I think Nick was quite prepared to "bargain" a little. One of the first interested parties arrived outside with a V.W. transporter loaded high with early machines, including a large Enfield combination at the bottom. Several other bikes were merely bundled on top in careless fashion. The would-be purchaser gave the Ner-a-car a very superficial examination, agreed almost too readily to the advertised price and announced his intention of adding it to the pile, prior to his journey home to the Midlands, if I remember correctly. Nick was not at all satisfied with this arrangement claiming, quite rightly, that the machines were not properly protected and his Ner-a-car certainly wasn't going to be dumped up alongside like so much old "tat." There was quite an argument, the buyer claiming that having produced the money it was his business as to what he did with the bike and how it was transported away. Nick, however, was adamant and eventually calmly stated that he'd changed his mind and the Ner-a-car was no longer for sale, whereupon the irate (by now) purchaser was sent on his way.

Eventually the Ner-a-car went to a far more suitable home amongst a stable with Scotts included. It is there still and I'm glad to report that in my previous capacity as Spares Registrar I was able to be of service to the new owner just a short while ago.

THE V.M.C.C. COVENTRY RUN

This year's event was held on Sept. 4th and attracted a record entry of Scotts, ten in all. By the time the run started at 11 a.m. there was a gale-force wind and the rain was coming down in torrents. In the afternoon the sun did come out for the Concours and John Lyall won the award for the Best Veteran Scott with his lovely 1912 model and Roger Lane won the award for the Best Vintage Scott with his 1926 model. Let's see still more Scotts next year.

London Section Meetings. January 28th, March 4th. 7.30 p.m. "Red Lion," Whitehall. S.W.1.

AIR-COOLED BARRELS

by *D. W. Lawrence*

A 1910 Scott had disappeared but there were rumours that indicated that perhaps it was still in existence—this was indeed the situation which presented a challenge to me. My enthusiasm for Scotts was caught from my father who had been an enthusiast since World War 1. We had, at the time of this story, already found a 1923 model and an actual 1929 T.T. machine so I was keen to locate a veteran Scott in order to compete in the Pioneer Run with my father, who was a regular competitor on his 1910 Triumph.

This story really started as I was casually looking through Mr. Les Shelley's well-known album of motorcycle photos when I saw a 1910 Scott, the snap taken at the start of the 1936 Pioneer Run. Mr. Shelley said that it was last heard of in the late 1930's somewhere in Sussex near the coast and as this covered quite a large area it did not immediately raise to a lot of enthusiasm on my part and, in any case, it may have been taken as scrap metal during the war. However, by pursuing the matter further, additional information came to light and it appeared that it was last owned by someone who had a garage in Chichester.

I had often chased-up rumours and followed clues but a large percentage turned out to be quite disappointing, so it was with pessimism that I journeyed into Sussex on the following Saturday morning on my 1929 T.T. Scott, armed only with a list of Pioneer Run entrants for some of the pre-war years. I felt that the best initial plan was to travel round to all the garages but would I, perhaps, miss some as I was unfamiliar with the town ? I then decided to do the job more logically and hope that one of the pre-war entrants in fact owned a garage in his own name—this was undoubtedly the "long-shot" and if it didn't reveal anything then at least it eliminated one method of approach.

The telephone kiosks were all occupied but after a long wait I eventually got in to browse through a local directory. Surprise, surprise ! there was indeed a garage with a name identical to one on my entrants list. This all seemed too good to be true, so feeling rather doubtful I went on the short trip to the garage.

An elderly gentleman in the office, at the mention of Scotts, was keen to chat, particularly when he discovered that I was searching for an old Scott with air-cooled barrels. Did he know of one ? He looked very thoughtful and then said he had a rusty Scott in the loft but added that it was difficult to get at or even see. By this time I was prepared to move anything anywhere in order to see the Scott although I could scarcely believe that it was the 1910 Scott I was trying to find. The loft trapdoor was duly opened and there, amidst the dust, rust and cobwebs of many years was *the* Scott with its narrow radiator and air-cooled barrels. Next to this there was another veteran (a White and Poppe which is now used also in the Pioneer Run) and they were both surrounded by hundreds of old push-bikes. I clambered over the push-bikes and in my excitement several fell on top of me but I could still see all I wanted to see—the open magnet type of Bosch magneto, the curved front fork blades, the small cylindrical tank, the narrow radiator, the finned water-cooled head and the air-cooled barrels but with the fins chipped off as shown in Mr. Shelley's photograph. There were even the remains of the 1936 Pioneer Run number tied to the rear mudguard. Rust was thick, both sparking plugs were missing and the engine was solid.

After some time checking other details I returned to the owner but to my disappointment he refused to sell, saying he intended to restore it himself one day and he had a friend who was keen to help. Feeling very despondent I left him but not before I had impressed upon him my great keenness to buy and restore the machine. I left my address, just in case he changed his mind but I certainly didn't intend to sit back and wait too long before another visit. Outside the garage I noted an obvious Scott enthusiast on his knees studying my T.T. Scott and he told me he was the keen owner of a Clubman's Special. However, I could not really bring myself to be interested in that, my mind being still on the gem discovery in the loft. Keeping my "find" to myself we had an interesting

discussion about Scotts and I quietly hoped he would never hear of the one in the loft. This chance encounter was to have a strange and ironical sequel later.

After only a week of waiting I was both surprised and elated to receive a letter from the garage owner saying " . . . would you care to make an offer for the Scott" ; there was no explanation as to his change of heart but who cared ! Accompanied by my father I drove down the following Saturday and made a magnificent offer of £5 which was accepted ! (the year was 1951).

Our real problems started when we tried to lower the Scott down from the loft. I still see the machine dangling in space on the end of a piece of rope on its way down, rear wheel first. However, eventually it was loaded onto the boot lid of the car where it certainly looked a pathetic sight, all rust and corrosion. We were then ready for the homeward journey when suddenly we were accosted by a gentleman who demanded to know where the motorcycle had come from. He was understandably upset when he heard our story, as he and his son, who lived just round the corner, had been searching for a veteran Scott for years in order to compete in the Pioneer Run. His son owned a Clubman's Special !

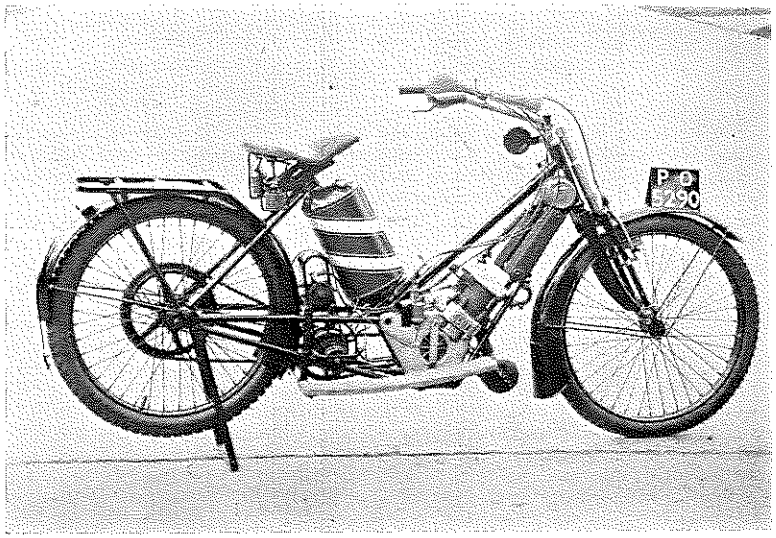
The Scott was duly taken home and photographed immediately to record its state which was almost exactly as shown in Mr Shelley's original photograph, plus a lot of additional corrosion everywhere. It had been put into retirement after the 1936 Run for a reason that was to become clear during dismantling.

I will not go into all the details of restoration but only mention a few interesting points. It should be remembered that at the time of the restoration I was an engineering apprentice and the job was done as well as possible on limited finances. There was also less of a "concours fever" than there is today. Consequently, my restoration was not to concours-winning level although I would attempt a higher standard now if I were to re-restore, as the original 1910 nickel plating on the radiator header-tank and front fork bottom end is wearing a bit thin.

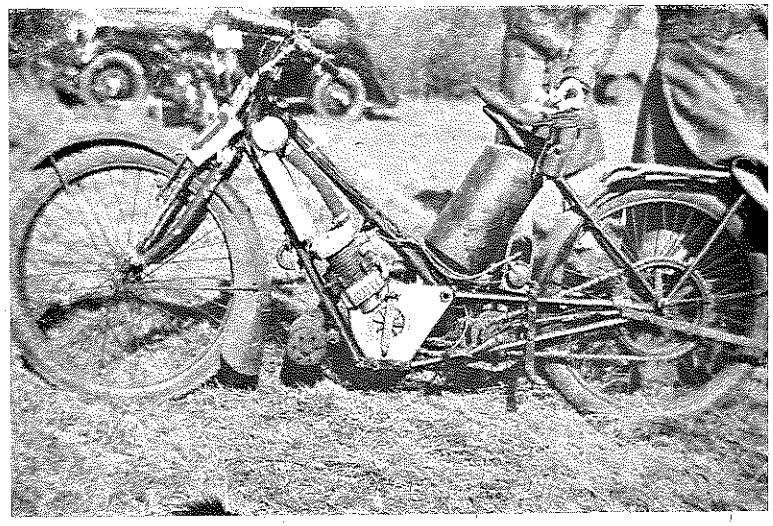
The first job was to free the engine and after penetrating oil had been inserted the engine turned, so I was quite relieved on that point although the state of the bores was still unknown. The cylinder barrels are air-cooled but perhaps this is an overstatement as all the fins had been neatly chipped off by some long-distant previous owner who must have thought it ran too cool or else had planned to put a jacket round to make it fully water-cooled. The barrels were left in that state and the engine now runs very hot—copper plugwashers turn blue after only a short distance and I think this overheating resulted in the trouble described later in this article.

The restoration of the crankcase revealed the reason for the abrupt retirement in 1936 as there was a hole in the inner side near the top, next to the flywheel flange, where, presumably, a stone had wedged. In this old engine there is a large inspection hole 4 in. x 4 in. at the front of the crankcase and stones could easily be thrown in amongst the chains and flywheel unless a cover was fitted. This was promptly done using the four small screws which must have secured the original cover which had later been removed. The hole in the crankcase, of about ½in. diameter, was repaired with LOY "plastic metal" and a patch built up carefully. As I did not wish to remove the flywheel due to the mangled state of the centrebolt head and the apparent good condition of the bearings, this hole repair was a tricky job due to the clearance available. This repair lasted for several years till it blew out when I had a series of blowbacks and combustion in the crankcase. The next repair was similar to the first but with a thin metal strap tensioned such that it held the patch of LOY in place and this has lasted to this date.

The petrol tank was rusty but there was just a trace of the original lining, the position of which I marked on a full-scale drawing to ensure exact positioning when it came to re-lining. The 1936 photograph also helped as the lining and two silver strokes were clearly visible. The colour of the tank worried me as I found only green paint at the base where oil had prevented the rust. There



1910 in 1966



1910 in 1936

was no trace of blue or purple which I always thought was the proper colour. I matched some paint to the green and to this day I have not changed it as no other evidence has come to light to prove that the green was incorrect for 1910—Does anyone know ?

The front "Clincher" knobbly tyre was used as it appeared sound with only surface cracks on the rubber, although a new one was eventually fitted to avoid possible M.O.T. test failure when those tests came into force.

Eventually the bike was ready and several Pioneer Runs were successfully completed until trouble set in. I made several minor adjustments to timing, oiling, sealing air leaks etc. and at the same time I had been lucky to acquire some ancient K.L.G. plugs with a very large diameter central electrode made of copper which I felt were ideal for the old Scott. A short trial run showed that it ran no worse than before. The next Pioneer Run was dreadful—the bike just would not pull on hills at all and would jerk, giving the transmission severe stresses each time. Plug changes did not improve this as I only had the large electrode type with me and in any case it did not seem to be connected with plugs, as there was no jerking when on the level. After further checking on mixture, timing, transfer gauzes and even trying water injection as I thought overheating was the real cause, I did not cure the jerking. I was on the point of not entering future Pioneer Runs when my father arrived with some new plugs (Lodge C3) which I felt couldn't possibly be any better than the original veteran K.L.Gs. Needless to say it immediately improved the situation, although there was still a trace of jerking when the engine and plugs got very hot. After further experiments with plugs and gap-settings I found that the best plug was the old fat Lodge C3 with a long central electrode and the internal insulation way up inside the plug body. I was aware that Scotts were touchy to plugs but I just didn't think that they could be that touchy. What I really want is a set of Splitdorf plugs, so if anyone has some I would be pleased to hear of them, or the old Lodge C3 type mentioned above.

The bike runs quite well now although the jerking occasionally sets in mildly if the engine gets hot and another endearing characteristic of this Scott is to have the internal combustion in the *crankcase* due to blow-back even though stainless steel gauzes are fitted in the transfer ports (copper ones burn away). The result of this is quite spectacular as the crankcase door either flies off sideways into the hedge or into spectators, or just falls out and rolls along the road in front of me whilst I slow down. Each time, the door strap, which is 1 in. wide and ¼ in. thick, is bent, due to the pressure in the crankcase acting over the large area of the door and producing an enormous force. It is quite a job to bend that strap straight in a vice. I'm sure Splitdorf plugs would cure this as well !

HINTS AND TIPS

Weight does not matter when the engine is at work but it is of considerable account in wheeling the machine out of its shed, lifting it onto the stand etc. Weakly riders should select the lightest machine that is powerful enough for their locality. Sturdy riders may indulge their personal fads.

Remember that the bad accidents always result from some unexpected incident e.g.

A traction engine round the corner.
A motor 'bus skid.
A lot of cattle on a hairpin.
Passengers dismounting from trams in motion.
Pillion riders toppling over under your headlamp.
The road suddenly going crazy.
Speed-man's wobble.

Swerves of passing or oncoming cars especially when handled by ladies or novices, or on greasy roads.
Opening the throttle when you meant to shut it.
Attempted suicide by dogs, poultry, children, old ladies, drunken men and timid cyclists.
The sidecar tickling your ear round a corner.
Cap throwing by small boys.

Behind carts, shout "ay--y-y-y-y-y" pitching your voice on a high note if the driver is asleep or cannot hear the bass grunt of your hooter.

Dogs have caused many accidents. Pass a lively dog rather cautiously and if he evinces an inclination to charge you, swinging the arm up as if to hurl an imaginary stone is more efficacious than cursing him or addressing him as "*good dog*."

See that you have everything that you need for a journey, including overalls strapped on behind, . . . tobacco . . . and card in pocket for identification in case of fatal accident.

An unaccustomed metallic sound in an engine should bring a motorcyclist to a standstill faster than a mad bull or a police trap can do. Under no circumstances should he proceed till he has accounted for the noise.

Adjustment of the Scott carburettor is possible at three points :—

(1) *Jet.* If too large, engine takes all the air supply with throttle partly shut. If too small, starting from cold is obstinate, engine does not run as fast as it should and the weak mixture fires back, carbonises the gauzes on the port covers and eventually burns them out.

(2) *Air valve.* This may be weakened a trifle if the rider is *sure* that the engine asks for too much air *via* the extra air lever ; and *vice versa.*

(3) *Level of petrol.* Altered by weakening needle-valve spring for higher level ; by stiffening spring for lower level. If too low, engine will be obstinate in starting ; if too high it will over-heat and the carburettor will flood.

If a Scott gear slips it will be due to one of two causes—excess of oil and lack of grip on pedal. For the former inject petrol through holes in clutch drum. For the latter tighten the bolt and nut of the clip which secures the pedal to its drum.

Always stop if you see a brother motorcyclist in trouble. If you lift the valve and shout a question, he will probably shout—"All right—go on ! " But in most cases he will relish a little company whilst effecting his repairs and you may learn some useful tip, or make a friend.

Reproduced from "Hints & Tips for Motorcyclists" published in 1912 by Iliffe & Sons, price 1/-.

AK—73

This is the Registration Number of an early Scott details of which are requested by Harold Wood (C. H. Wood (Bradford) Ltd.) If any member can provide any information, Mr. Wood can be contacted at 282, Manningham Lane, Bradford 8.

Further to the chain-oiler of Tim Massey. (April "*Yowl*," page 11). This can be improved upon if the copper tube is connected by a plastic tube to a tubular ¼ pt. oil-gun which in turn is firmly fastened to the machine, preferably out of sight. The oil-gun thumb-operating lever can be controlled by a Bowden cable and lever on the handlebar. This method allows a little oil to be given when required and not a tank full if the tap is forgotten!

Would the member who enquired recently for a '49 frame, please contact Nick Sloan who has now located one for him.

NEW MEMBERS

Cordon-Champ. R., 20, Claredon Place, Pelsall, Nr. Walsall, STAFFS.
Evans, Ray. 13, Union Street, Sodus, New York, U.S.A.
Hart, R. A. 190, Hillsborough Road, Glen Parva, LEICS.
Kirkham, Alan. 13, Braeside Gardens, Upton, Wirral CHESHIRE.
Rhodes, D. K. "Capri," 8, Vardon Drive, Glenrothes, Fife, SCOTLAND.
Sims, Michael J. 46, Woodlands Road, Stratford-on-Avon, WARKS.
Williams, C. E. Valley View Cottage, Harrington, NORTHAMPTON.
Williams, H. H. 26, "Adwyr Nant," Bethesda, Caerns., NORTH WALES.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Heath, C. W. 4, Cobham Close, London Road, Maidstone, KENT.
Mountain, R. 102, The Ridgeway, Woodingdean, BRIGHTON. 7.

All members who change their address should notify the Membership Secretary, Mrs. Avis, (and her only please) immediately at 3, Bosworth Road, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex. *Yowls* are distributed from this address also. Back numbers are available for any months '64 or '65 at 3/- per copy.

FOR SALE. Genuine "Binks" carburettor as fitted to early flyers, polished brass, complete with new cables and twin feed pipes (reserve). Fully reconditioned, new slide etc. R/H float chamber. £3/10/-. R/H aluminium cover (footchange gearbox) 10/-. Straight K/S crank (needs bush) 15/-. Outrigger bracket, bearing and cover 10/-. Gearbox tray for long flyer frame—perfect, 30/-. Apply—Editor.

FOR SALE. 1963 600 c.c. Scott, low mileage, £190 o.n.o. R. J. de Pledge, 9, Forge House, Ickham, Nr. Canterbury, KENT.

WANTED. Pair longstroke 596 c.c. + 0.060 Scott pistons. State price. R. J. de Pledge, 9, Forge House, Ickham, Nr. Canterbury, KENT.

WANTED. Scott lapel badge, not later pressed type. Nick Sloan, Spares Registrar.

WANTED. Clubman's Special twin-float carburettor, L/H outrigger shield for '36 machine, also pillion seat to suit without drilling guard. Thomas —66, Avenue Road, Tottenham. N.15.

WANTED. 16, 18 & 20 tooth outrigger sprockets—must be in excellent condition, 3.50 x 21 tyre, original Squirrel mascot. Apply—Editor.