



"It was stripped into its smallest parts"

FUNNY how Scotts make the Scott enthusiast go all lyrical! I just had to use a literary heading for this article, and when Omar Khayyám said about something or other that he would "remould it nearer to the heart's desire" I thought that that was Okay by me, too.

As I say, once a Scott lover always a Scott lover. A man from the Argentine whom I met at the last T.T. summed it up perfectly. His English was not perfect but his ideas were priceless. We had been talking about various models and the Scott was mentioned. He knew all about them. "Ze acceleracion ees wondrousful," he said, "and ze noise—oh! veerie fast!" And then suddenly, "You like Scott, eh?" I said I did. "Ah!" he replied, "Ze man who lov ze Scott lov ze Scott more zan e lov ze moto-cycling!" And I have to admit that there is something in that!

Rough Specimens

However, to get down to brass tacks. Years ago, when we were very young, and when the late Alfred Scott still lent distinction to the motor cycle world, I got bitten with Scott-mania. Those of us who rode the old two-speeders mostly believe that it was the first (and perhaps the only) real motor cycle. It was original from first to last, and it did not grow from the motorised bicycle, to which almost everything else on two wheels owes kinship.

True, it had its defects, but they were born of its period. It came to an end five years or more ago, and yet enthusiasts still ride them—"lov zem" (as my acquaintance from Buenos Aires would say) and are unashamed.

How nice it would be to get a two-speed Super, I thought, and try to bring it in line with modern ideas, still preserving its inherent charm.

For a year or so I kept my eyes open, but all the models I could find were rough specimens that had been hardly used (not "hardly used" in the small advertisement sense) or that had been maltreated by amateur "mechanics."

Then I saw it. Leaning against the wall of one of those dealers who seem to acquire models that everybody has finished with.

"Nearer to

How a Derelict Thoroughbred
Life: An Enthusiast's Interesting
speed Scott.



"... a 596 c.c. Super Squirrel, dirty, neglected, rusty. But beneath all it showed itself to be the real thing"

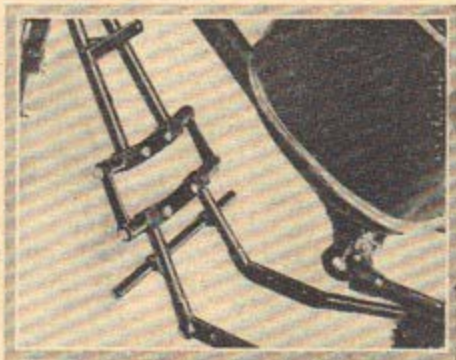
It was a 596 c.c. Super Squirrel, dirty, neglected, rusty. But beneath all the grime it showed itself to be the real thing. No one had forced Whitworth thread bolts brutally into those lovely 26-thread bolt holes. No one had ever tried to touch up that Rexine-covered oval tank with sticky paint from the household stores.

We discussed a price. I pointed out the difficulty of getting it home (about six miles), and I paid the figure demanded without chaffering. It was fifty-five shillings—plus a two bob tip for delivery "in plain van."

After I got it into my garage it was stripped into its smallest parts. Engine and gear bearings were perfect. One wheel ball race was spoilt by rust. The brake linings were almost unworn, so were the sprockets. When I got the licence book it proved to be a 1927 model and it had plainly been taxed for the summer quarters only.

Everything was scraped and cleaned and polished ready for re-enamelling. The radiator and other parts were chromium plated. The beaded tyres were scrapped and I rebuilt the wheels with new and heavier spokes, wired rims, and fitted a pair of John Bull "Deep Grips."

Next, I thought that detachable-head cylinders would be desirable. And came upon the first snag. I enquired about the Hemmings' "Paramount" cylinder block

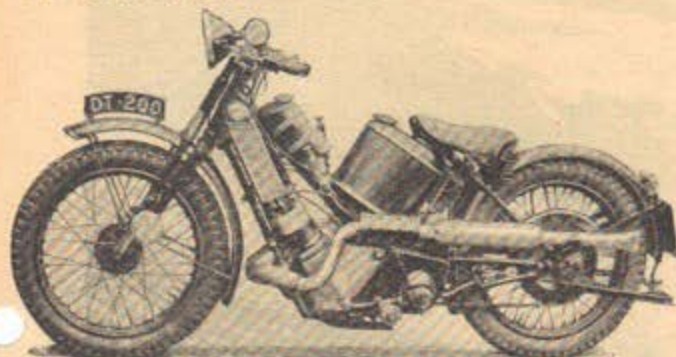


How the front down tubes were bridged to allow the exhaust manifold to be fitted

the Heart's Desire"

was Given a New Lease of
Alterations to a 1927 Two=

By "WHARFEDALE"



It became "my 1927-1935 'Wharfedale Special' Scott, which has no like in the wide world"



"A surgical operation on the frame followed"

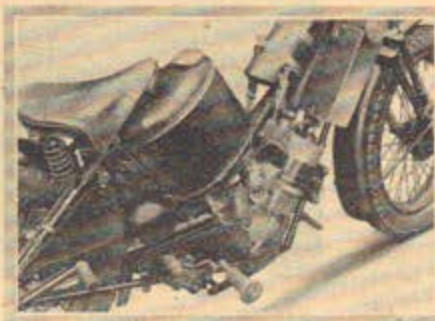
for Scotts, and found that it would not suit the Super because the exhaust manifold and the frame tubes both wanted to be in the same place.

However, a thing like that was not going to stop me. A surgical operation on the frame followed, and the Paramount block, manifold, and exhaust system went on after the frame had been re-enamelled with Robbialac "Esinth."

Next came the transmission. The one real drawback to the Scott two-speed gear was lack of a hand clutch. How was this to be



The machine completed. The exhaust from the "Paramount" detachable-head cylinder block is led through the modified front down tubes



Hand clutch control necessitated a redesigned foot-change mechanism. Note the improved foot-rests and unobtrusive fitting of the battery box

overcome? Hazily I recollected some details of a hand-clutch conversion carried out by a reader years ago. The queries department expert confirmed my recollection and gave me the date I wanted (the item appeared in 1926) and told how to operate the low gear by hand lever). I improved on this, and now have foot change, with hand-clutch control on both gears. Incidentally, I converted the two-speed's ball bearings to rollers.

The dream began to take shape—everything went together again. Nothing of the original had been messed about; and any of my gadgets could be removed and the model, apart from the frame, reverted to *status quo* if desired.

Nearly three months had gone in all this work, and I thought it would be fine to take the machine over to Douglas for my transport during the Manx G.P. practising period. How about lights? I had an old Scott Magdyno, but had no time to fix it up, so one of those excellent Beta dry-battery lamp sets was fitted, and a couple of hours after the last nut was tightened I was on board the I.O.M. steamer heading for the start of the 1935 Grand Prix proceedings.

The run to the landing stage at Liverpool had been sufficient to give me an idea of the machine's capabilities, and I was eager to try it out on the excellent Island roads.

Something Unique

Everything went according to plan. My 1927-1935 "Wharfedale Special" Scott, which has no like in the wide world, did its stuff as required. A new Amal carburetter and an overhaul of the B.T.H. mag. had made the starting as certain as one could wish.

The hand-control clutch had made a somewhat frightening model docile, and that lovely Super Squirrel steering—oh boy!

There were many Scott enthusiasts at the Manx, and not a few of them were puzzled when they saw my model, particularly as to its age. Well, really, a good thing is ageless. And there must be many other models, of different makes, that are worth "remoulding

nearer to the heart's desire." They can be bought cheaply, too, and if one has tools, materials, and "hands" available, there is great joy in rebuilding and remodelling a forsaken thoroughbred into something unique, something that no one else possesses.

Moreover, it will lead to an appreciation of the wisdom in the summing-up of my friend from the Argentine.