

Y O W L



THE MAGAZINE OF THE



DECEMBER 1958

SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

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MEMBERSHIP FEES (Annual)

Full Member (Scott owners only) - - - - £1

Associate Members - - - 2/6d. (no magazine)
£1 (magazine supplied)

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EDITORIAL

The demand for technical articles in YOWL is growing rapidly and I feel that now is the time for our technical members to show their club spirit and put pen to paper. Do not make the articles too general but, rather, thoroughly thrash out some particular point at a time. For example, I would like to receive articles under the following headings:—

LUBRICATION OF SCOTT ENGINES
THE IGNITION SYSTEMS ON SCOTTS
SCOTT CARBURETTION
THE SCOTT THREE-SPEED GEARBOX
THE TWO-SPEED GEAR THE SCOTT CLUTCH
CAUSES OF FAULTY RUNNING AND CURES CHAINS

A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.
Happy Scotting,

A. K. KING.

FROM ME TO YOU

by Norris Johnson

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held on the 15th of November, 1958, at the Red Lion, S.W.1, the quotation for manufacture of machine badges was approved. It was decided to seek the services of a suitable person to act as Competitions' Secretary; and news was received that our Chairman is packing for Australia (complete with Scotts, of course). The Treasurer reported that paid up membership was 69, and cash at bank £20 9s. 7d.

A general club night followed, at which the Registrar exhibited all of Alfred Scott's patents—a unique collection indeed, and far too much for most of us to swallow in one night. I hope that George will be good enough to trot them out again some time in the future, but in smaller doses.

Later in the evening (we had to await the pleasure of the green men of Essex), the cup so kindly donated by Matt Holder to the winner of the 1958 Rally was presented to Mr. Wellington by the Blonde Beauty Queen of Essex. Our Social Secretary almost grabbed his award for "first" in the Kent Main Road Trial, and Mr. Burtonshaw received a miniature cup by way of consolation.

(continued on page 16)

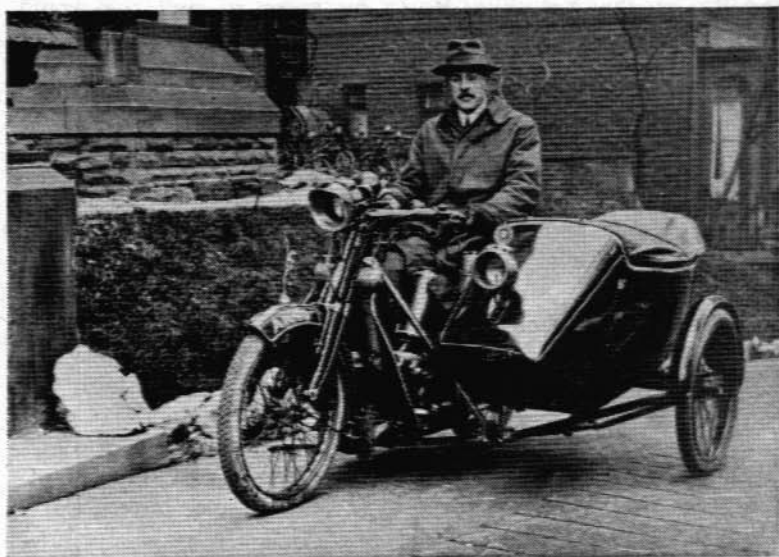
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SOME SCOTT MEMORIES

by Harold Scott

President of the Scott Owners' Club and nephew of the late Alfred A. Scott,
founder of the Scott Motor Cycle Co.

*Reproduced by the kind and ready permission of Geoff Davison, Editor
of the Vintage Motor Cycle, in which Journal this article first appeared.*



ALFRED A. SCOTT on his 532 c.c. 1913 combination.

Uncle Alfred used to come to our house in Bradford, most week-ends.

My earliest memory of him was when we lived in the Heaton district, where, by the way, C. H. (Harold) Wood, the well known photographer and Scott Trial Rider, lived in the same road.

There Alfred Scott came on his 532 c.c. sidecar outfit, both to see my late father, who was in the textile trade, and also his brother Charlie, a solicitor, who also lived a few houses away.

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Alfred, unfortunately, never married, and I well remember his patient landlady, Eliza Parkin—whom my sisters and I knew as children—and his lodgings in Heaton, Bradford.

He had some funny little ways and foibles, such as his attitude to the ladies, whom he referred to as "The so-called fair sex!" Their shoes with very high heels he called pegs, and he also thought suspenders for socks were effeminate.

None the less, on many motoring picnics over the years, especially on the Yorkshire Moors he knew so well, he would thoroughly enjoy the company of his sisters-in-law, and other ladies in the family.

A heavy smoker, he always used a curved stem pipe which had quite worn a notch on the right side of his teeth.

He never liked being formally photographed, so there are only a few pictures of him, which I have in the family album.

The late H. Mortimer-Batten once said, "His machines are his children." A cynic also once said that, "He had petrol in his veins!"

The catalogue photographs, before the First World War, were bound in deep purple, my late mother having suggested her favourite colour, purple, which was adopted, also, for the tank and leg-shields.

The registration number of the catalogue machine was AK 222, which was symbolic for: Two cylinders, Two stroke, Two speed. This actual registration belonged to a car long since broken up.

It is interesting to note that this machine was acquired by C. H. Wood (already referred to), who organised the Scott Trial during the years 1925-1934, for his 1912 Scott. Also on this machine he won the Ilkley Reunion Trial three times running: 1955-57.

Alfred had a remarkable memory for any road he had ever been over, if only once, and could remember landmarks years later. He would find out the steepest and roughest hills—such as Park Rash, near Kettlewell—and struggle up them on his machines, somehow, having a habit of leaning forward and backward in rhythm, urging the model ONWARD and UPWARDS!

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I remember his teaching me to drive his Sociable, soon after the First World War, on those remote Yorkshire bye-ways.

On one occasion, when climbing a long, steep hill (with the writer as passenger) a laminated gear wheel, which he was trying, sheared and we were stuck there, to my bitter disappointment. In a letter about such a mishap during trials Alfred wrote, "Our stoppage was caused by a jam on the flywheel, owing to failure of the arms a spring drive on the clutch, a device I have been trying out for the last three months. I have now discarded it, and fallen back on the standard arrangement. Frank Phillip towed me in by back ways (in another Sociable) on the Monday morning!" Like most perfectionists he was never content to let well alone for long, and must have been trying to those in charge of production.

Apart from his life's work, Alfred was a lover of cathedral architecture, and the writer received his beautifully drawn and coloured picture of his own design of a large church inside, with lofty and vaulted roof.

Quoting from Phillips—who was closely associated with Alfred about 1900-1920, and was a star rider of those early days, making the record lap in the 1911 Senior T.T. at just over 50 m.p.h., he says: "In the Works, everything had to be done exactly as he would have done it himself, and he insisted on designing everything, down to the smallest detail. He could go into the Works and do any job, better than our best mechanic, and would be infinitely patient with those less gifted than himself. He designed the machine throughout, got out the working drawings, designed the tools and jigs, and the racing engines."

Another extract: "In the early days I have seen him explaining the Scott to some country folk, outside a village pub, who had been attracted by the unusual design of the machine."

Our family used to take our summer holidays boating in the Kyles of Bute, Rothesay, Scotland.

About the year 1900, Alfred first fitted a M.M.C. de Dion pattern four stroke engine (then much in vogue and of about three h.p.) into a rowing boat. It had an automatic inlet valve,

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and coil ignition in an old cigar box. When she overheated it was cooled down a bit with my mother's sponge. I have a photo of this outfit afloat—and how comic it looks today!

About this time, Phillip, a cousin by marriage, wrote that, in 1897 or '98 he began on a two h.p. Scott, a light machine with the engine mounted over the front wheel, and I remember my mother mentioning this bicycle. It was, I believe, a very small twin two-stroke, and it drove direct onto the front tyre. This was before the 1902 model with the engine behind the steering column (having belt-cum-chain drive to the rear wheel), as illustrated in the catalogues.

Alfred used to detach this small Scott engine from the bicycle, and we believe it took the place of the former M.M.C. unit in the rowing boat already described.

With members of our family waiting on the shingle beach in holiday mood for a day's outing, my uncle, calm, cool and collected as ever, would be more concerned with making "Some running adjustments," much to our disappointment and annoyance. How he tried our patience sometimes!

About the year 1907 he made, in his experimental workshop in Bradford, a one off three cylinder two-stroke engine of about eight h.p., complete with kick starter in the motor boat, which I well remember in later years.

She was named "PETREL II" and was jointly owned by Alfred, my father, Norman Scott, and three others. Alfred used to claim that he had one of the very first motor boats on the Clyde. She ran up and down the lochs (with a pretty healthy exhaust through the so-called silencer under the stern) for many years; and we had a lot of fun in her.

My wife and I were last aboard this boat in 1937, though by then the willing Scott engine had been replaced by a modern Kelvin motor. I wonder if that one-and-only engine still exists in some forgotten corner.

Coming back to motor cycles, Alfred worked from first principles and liked to avoid the orthodox, and, at first, perhaps, was inclined to trust too much to theory.

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One could safely say that his kick-starter was his most outstanding patent, though there may have been others with this general idea before.

Eric Myers, then a director, created the sensation of the day by kick-starting the machine in the 1909 T.T. when the other makes were started by the usual (rather hectic) run and jump.

As so often happens, however, Alfred, who had little commercial instinct, made no real money out of this 1908 patent, which could be got round fairly easily. Of more than twenty-two of his patents, others included deflector pistons, and the two-speed foot change gear; similar to the hand change gear on the P. and M., who claimed this idea. However, as the knowledgeable veteran, Harold Karsake, has pointed out, both Scott and Phelon and Moore (the makers of that other Yorkshire thoroughbred, also made near Bradford), were found to have infringed an earlier patent of De Dion.

There was the fine duplex frame of all straight tubes (possibly inspired by the Wolfmuller of 1894), and patented in 1908, to remain substantially unaltered until 1930. How Alfred scorned those cranked rear frames, or "Bent tubes," as he called them, to allow room for the belt drives of those days. The well known front forks (he was one of the pioneers of the modern telescopic forks to be adopted more than twenty years later) were patented in 1909. Other patents included the rotary valve, and the triangular sidecar chassis with its VERY comfortable springing system.

Around 1908 the new Scott Engineering Co., having then secured enough capital, started at Mornington Works, Manningham, Bradford. Close by were the Jowett brothers (who were to develop the well known car), and who actually made the first few twin two-stroke engines for Alfred. Probably the very first was the machine (AK 1056), registered in May, 1908, by A. V. Lamb, of Bradford.

The story goes of a certain spinster, living nearby, who used to complain bitterly about that loud "exhaust music" made by the bikes.

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Tom Ward, of Derby, who joined the Company in 1909, says of Alfred, "He not only designed the machine from A to Z, but also the methods of production."

Early frame, big-end and kick-starter troubles led to these being redesigned.

The annual climb of Newnham Hill, Daventry, was a great trade event in those days.

Quoting from that fascinating book of "Ixion's," Motor Cycle Cavalcade: "Scott conquered the motor cycle world. . . . It made three ascents, and won three classes on the efficiency formula. Alfred started up by a gentle depression on a short pedal; none of that ungainly run and jump business. He had haughtily scorned to fit pedals."

Frank Phillip told me there was an outcry that two-stroke engined machines should be specially handicapped, and there was quite a fuss about it.

The original shareholders of the Company were Alfred and Charlie Scott, Adolphus Phillip, Eric Myers and Mr. Ormerod; Frank being Secretary. Later, Cecil Walker and others provided capital, enabling the works at Saltaire, near Shipley, to be built about 1913, and machines were made at the rate of thirty a week.

Credit for improvements is due to a number of enthusiastic riders, including a Mr. Lupton, of a textile mill in Bradford, for an improved honeycomb radiator, and detachable leg and gear shields; and to Mr. Reed, of York (who won six gold medals, six years, in succession, in trials—including the London to Edinburgh), for the larger and more shapely two-gallon petrol tank; and to my late mother for the two horizontal silver bands, signifying two-strokes, across the oval, purple, petrol tanks.

It was said that Scotts could have sold far more machines if they had had a top tube, and the conventional straight across tanks.

(To be continued)

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ONCE A "SCOTT"

Short story by "XQQ"

The Squirrel purred happily along beneath me and I half-consciously hummed a tune in company with it. It was Christmas Eve, or would be for about half an hour more, and my unexpected relief would now allow me to spend Christmas Day with my wife and kiddies. I felt happy.

Great as the temptation was to wind the twist grip open, the freezing cold advised me to caution. I felt sure that this year we would at last have that mythical White Christmas for which everyone has such nostalgic thoughts; with the exception, perhaps, of those like me who would have to travel some two hundred miles or so on two wheels. Thus it was that, when little flecks of driving whiteness began to show up in my headlight beam I did no more than nod happily to myself at the thought of snowball fights with the elder boys next day.

The flecks quickly grew into flakes, and the road became a soft white ribbon threading its way through the dark shadows of the forest. I drove more and more cautiously. No sense "piling up" and missing my Christmas at home after having got this far. If I did, it would probably be daylight before anyone passed by this way, for I was following my short cut cross-country route home.

Could be that that thought proved my undoing, for easing down a gradient, I felt the back end snaking a little and I decided to stop and let my tyres down. Which I did. Which I shouldn't! The Squirrel had apparently decided that it was time for a rest. I played with the plugs, and with the carburettor. I kicked until I was blue in the face, then tried a bump start and fell flat on my face. My feelings were hurt. I used language that would have frightened a guardsman, but all to no avail. I was stuck. I lit a cigarette and stamped around trying to think what best to do. It was no use thinking of making any kind of major check as I couldn't see: in any case, half an hour or so and my hands would be absolutely frozen.

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The nearest hamlet was still about three miles away in the direction I had been heading, and, after one fall I was little inclined to start pushing, and yet I was loath to leave the bike and walk on. I decided to wait a while in case a late motorist came by. I might be able to talk him into contacting the R.A.C. for me.

Thus scantily self comforted I paced up and down beside the Squirrel and kept my eyes and ears strained for the sound of an approaching engine. Nothing came. I grew despondent, and walked over to the bike to look at my watch in the headlight. I had just time to notice that it was midnight when a sound like very close lightning made me jump almost out of my skin. Strangely there was no thunderclap following, but I had little time to wonder for, wonder of wonders, I heard the faint purr of an approaching motor. I listened, then listened more, and then all doubt was gone. My luck was far from out after all. It was a Scott motor I could hear; and there was its light throwing scintillating radiance from the crisp carpet of snow between us. He came into view and I began flapping my arms about until I heard his engine die. I had known he would stop, of course, being one of the same clan; but I was relieved none the less when he pulled gently to a stop alongside the Squirrel.

"Trouble?" he asked, his voice sounding strangely muffled behind his heavy looking scarf.

"I should say so," I cried. "The old girl's gone on strike and I can't find out why. Not that I've had much of a chance without some sort of a light to work by."

He moved back a little and angled his wheel to shine his light directly on mine, then said, "Care to try something?"

"Sure," I said, "got an idea?"

The shadow that was his face turned towards me. "When you have had the experience with these machines that I have, you'll have a few ideas yourself. Take the left hand plug out and try to start."

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It took me about thirty seconds to get that plug out and start kicking. It fired on the third kick.

"Now try that plug in the other cylinder and see if it still runs on one," ordered my companion.

I did. It wouldn't go.

"You've most likely got a stuck gland," I was told. "Take the door off and tap the crankpin bolt two or three times."

I did. I put the door back on and she ran on that cylinder. I put the other plug in, and I nearly wept with pleasure when I kicked her into full-throated life again.

"I can't thank you enough," I gushed at the stranger. "Can I repay you in some way? I'd like to."

He gently shook his head. "Just think about this when you see another in distress. A true Scott lets nothing stop him from helping another. See you in the future, I've a long way to go."

Saying which he gave an expert mule kick (he was riding a superb two-speeder), waved, and made a perfect get-away. He certainly knew how to ride that bike.

I watched him out of sight, then, once more humming happily to myself, I rolled my tools up, packed them away, and started the Squirrel again. Sitting across, just ready to go, something dawned on me that took a bit of grasping. My headlight beam showed the road for a fair way, and all that I could see was snow. My stomach began to slowly revolve and tie itself in knots. I wheeled the bike backwards a couple of yards. I could see my tyre marks, and the trampled snow where I had moved about; but where the two-speeder had been stopped was unmarked snow. No tyre marks, no feet marks.

Even now, two years later, I still wonder: Who did help me?

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THE NATIONAL SCOTT RALLY, 1958

Showers gave way to pleasant sunshine on the afternoon of Sunday, September 7th, and enthusiasts had the pleasure of seeing 60-odd Scotts (not 60 ODD Scotts!) parked in a field behind Stratford Car Park. The immortal bard must have felt the earth tremble.

Machines of special interest were far too numerous to list; Cyril Wright's 1927 T.T.2, Mr. Rawlin's beautiful two-speeder, the Swifts ridden by Vice-President Matt Holder and Bill Reed, Egg-Boiler and Mr. Butler's beautiful home sprung Scott were only a few of the machines worthy of mention. Mr. L. Wellington's gleaming 1939 Flying Squirrel was unanimously selected as the outright Concours d'Elegance winner, and he receives the Matt Holder Cup. It would have been impossible to select a runner-up from the many other immaculate Scotts. (Unfortunately, Mr. Wellington left early, and later arrivals missed his absolutely perfect model. Standard, but for an hydraulic unit in the girders, his machine must have been polished every night since new! (One owner).

Particularly welcome was our President, Harold Scott, who remained—although convalescing after an operation—until very late afternoon. Let's all wish him good health this coming year.

Norris Johnson (GUV), without whose efforts there would be no club or Rally, was en-route from London when a serious engine failure stopped one of our younger members on his first Scott-running, unmodified, on petrol! (All right, he knows NOW). GUV, with six other chivalrous Scotters lost several hours in getting the machine on a homebound train, and arranging transport for two unhappy riders.

To those who had expected competitions and amusements, our apologies. It was intended as a Rally, pure and simple, with a Concours d'Elegance. Next year we hope to run a Rally, Gymkhana and 50th Anniversary combined. Harold Scott offers a silver cup for the Concours. More news next spring.

G. Stevens.

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WHY A SCOTT REGISTER ?

by the Registrar

The idea was taken from the policy of the Exclusive Car Clubs, and originally only veteran/vintage records were to be kept. But, since the Scott is surely the most exclusive motor cycle, why not a full Register? Between 1908 and 1950 the old Scott Co. turned out over 14,000 machines. Perhaps 3,000 of these have survived—and Matt Holder hasn't been idle since 1956.

Surely it's in the interests of your club to know where the rare birds are nesting? (The three's, singles, Grand Prix and Sprint Special models, etc.).

Many thanks to those who have written in. If yours is one of the few letters not acknowledged, please bear with me—I only have two typing fingers!

Some members have marvellous collections. Cyril Wright needs an entire Register to himself! He was one of the first to register his 16 Scotts. How about a note from you blokes with only one to worry about? All that's needed is the engine number in full, model and year, registration number, and present address.

Awards presented November 15th, 1958

Scott Rally—Concours d'Elegance. The Matt Holder Silver Cup:

Mr. L. Wellington. 1939 596 c.c. Flying Squirrel.

Kent Road Trial—First prize, Engraved Shield:

Mr. D. Avis. 1949 596 c.c. Flying Squirrel.

Runner-up, Cup: Mr. T. Burtonshaw. 1932 Tourer.

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WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS

(Concluded)

However, the journey was, somehow or the other, completed, and once out in the country the Scott showed that marvellous charm which this supremely handleable make possessed, more perhaps in this model than in any other they ever made. I'd crossed the motor-cyclist's Rubicon, and became, willy-nilly, a member of The Clan, for keeps—like all the rest. That summer, however, was not quite so trouble-free as the previous one.

I remember very well the sad occasion when, in the heart of the Surrey hills, I ran my first big end. I limped into the nearest town, very, very gingerly, the engine doing ker-THUMP, ker-THUMP, ker-THUMP. I stopped at the first garage, with the engine still running, and said to the resident expert: "I wonder if you can tell me what's wrong with my bike?"

He listened for some minutes with great concentration, and then pronounced his verdict. "Your clutch is slipping," he said. But even I knew better than that, and very sadly I ker-THUMPED halfway home before the unhappy engine gave up the ghost altogether.

Brooding over my highly chequered past—at least from a motor-cycling point of view—I am driven to the conclusion that a very great deal of the fun I've had has been due to the state of abysmal ignorance in which I began.

HINTS AND TIPS

by George Stevens

1. One pint of Glycerine will give your radiator absolute protection all winter. It's cheaper than the usual Glycol.
2. W.D. type convoluted gas mask hose is the finest stuff made for radiator connections.
3. Vincent 1,000 clutch cables need very slight alteration for Scotts.
4. For those who like cork clutches: Royal Enfield 150 corks fit.

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READERS' FORUM

(Neither the Editor nor the club accept responsibility for views expressed).

The Editor,
YOWL.
Dear Sir,

I would like to claim a little space in YOWL to make a plea for technical articles on Scott machines. As a very recent recruit to the marque, quite a few things are clear to me; some things I have dark suspicions about (is the oil supply right?); other things mystify me completely (why does the clutch tinkle and rattle like ball bearings in a jam jar when I disengage?).

Also, according to the facts stated by George Stevens in his article in the first issue of YOWL, there are several knowledgeable chaps around who know a considerable amount about tuning the Scott engine. How about some "gen" on this aspect of Scotting?

I hope this letter will persuade the more clued-up Scotters that there are inexperienced recruits about who are thirsting for knowledge, and it will not be a waste of time writing a technical article.

In conclusion, I would like to sincerely thank the Essex Scotter who gave me such valuable assistance in September when I broke down on the A.127, near Basildon. Thanks a million.

Yours sincerely,

M. L. Fennel,

5 Thackeray Road, Portswood,
Southampton, Hants.

Fellow members,

Are any of you two-speeder, or Flyer, owners in difficulty for spares or repair? Tom Ward, of Ward Motors Ltd., 59 Wilfred Street, Derby, went into the Shipley Factory in 1910, and Scotts have been his life's work. He is very prompt in his methods, and his work is excellent.

No connection, but a very satisfied customer.

Bill Blundy,

Rustington.

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ADVERTISEMENTS. For Sale, or Wanted, can be inserted at any length at the rate of twopence per word, or number, per issue.

WANTED. Pancake generator, distributor and drive. Fair price paid for genuinely good parts. Also wanted, 4½ gallon Scott tank.—Fennell, 66 Westcliff Pk. Drive, Westcliff, Essex.

(continued from page 2)

The large number of people present made this a very pleasant evening; we have a very comfortable room at the Red Lion, and I hope that more members will come along during the winter months, and bring along anything of interest, particularly Scott interest.

At the moment we are rather limited for space in the magazine, but hope to offer you something bigger and better in the near future. The Editor could do with more material, particularly technical articles, and I would also like to see a lively correspondence feature, so get cracking, chaps, before that summer weather overtakes us; and a Scotty New Year to all.

FIXTURES

Dec. 26th.—BOXING DAY BEANO. Meet Hyde Park Corner 10 a.m., or Cottage Cafe (on A127 at Rayleigh Weir), at 1 p.m. Evening, White Swan, Margareting.

Jan. 17th.—CLUB NIGHT. Red Lion, Whitehall.

Jan. 18th.—ESSEX FLOUR CHASE. South side Blackwall Tunnel 10.30 a.m., Gallows Corner 11.30 a.m.

Feb. 15th.—Impromptu Run. Meet Eynsford Bridge 10.30 a.m. for 11 a.m.

C. Venton, Printer, 22 High St., Melksham.

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The SCOTT MOTOR CYCLE CO.

2, St. MARYS ROW, BIRMINGHAM 4

MAKERS OF TWIN TWO-STROKES SINCE 1902

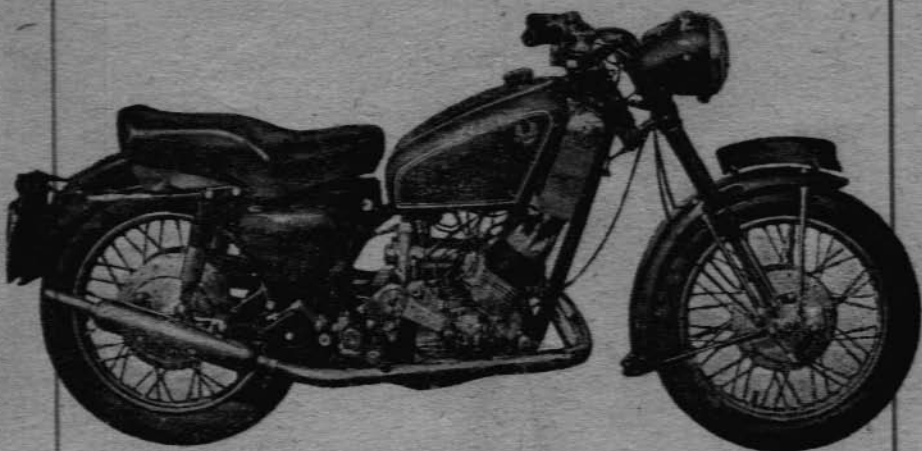


Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling"

498cc "SWIFT" SCOTT

*For 1958-9 two models are to be produced-
The Standard 596cc "Flying Squirrel" and
The New 498cc "Swift" Machine.*

The Proprietors (Aerco Jigs & Tools Ltd.) wish to emphasise that they are unable to entertain visitors or correspondence regarding Scotts. All enquiries and orders should be directed to the official service depots:

GEOFF MILNES,
74, Dewsbury Road,
Leeds 11. Tel: 22309

MURPHY MOTORS,
54 Sutton Common Rd.,
Sutton, Surrey.

Sales · Spares · Repair Service