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THE JOURNAL OF THE  
SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB



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## EDITORIAL

As time goes by I am coming more and more to understand the point of view of those people who trailer their machines to Rallys. Up until quite recently I had been carried along in the torrents of righteous indignation of the pro-riding all the way group, but found that halfway through a marathon run to a rally I was not enjoying the ride anymore, and when the time came for the rally itself it was a positive endurance test, especially on a light Two speeder or Three speed Super which would insist on leaping about and curdling my poor internals.

No! Enough they cried (my internals) a nice trip to a local pub, or round to see a local friend is to me much more enjoyable than doggedly keeping in the saddle at all costs.

I used to use a '28 Flyer for regular transport back and forth to work, but found that by the time the weekend came I didn't want to know. But now I use my machine selectively my enjoyment of motorcycling has increased enormously, and they will last longer, so there. (Exit with stamp of foot and pout).

On the grape vine is heard that Keith Rhodes son of the man who was connected with "The Scott Engineering Company" in the early days is busy rebuilding a 1913 model Scott—and that Stan Greenway is busy tearing his apart with re-storation in mind, going to out John Lyall. John Lyall indeed.

I think that this year I shall again spend the majority of the festive season break out in the garage—a refugee from Wilfred Pickle and the inevitable parties on the television.

I find much more contentment out in the garage along with Caroline, (on 259), my fan heater, and possibly a touch of the old Dubonnet rouge. I must confess to picking my jobs, ones such as fitting a clean newly polished water dome on to new ferrules in a freshly lacquered cylinder block, or dismantling, cleaning and reassembling an oil sight feed, something really strenuous you know. I leave the easy jobs like cleaning Scott stove enamel off an early frame to less special occasions. I admit to coming in for Christmas lunch, and possibly tea, but now that the traditional atmosphere seems to have evaporated to be replaced by that evil dimly glowing eye, my paradise (well nearly) is out amongst my old muck (as Mother calls it). Oh yes, and a very Merry Christmas I quite forgot.

NICK.

### V.M.C.C. CADWELL PARK—SEPTEMBER '67

Not wanting to bore you with endless rally and race meeting reports, I will dwell only on points which will I hope be of some interest to the Scott owner. I think the meeting merits a mention because of the emergence of a possible new contender for the position at present held by the Waye/Williams equippe.

I first saw Dave Lecoq at the last V.M.C.C. organised motorcycle race at Oulton Park when he did very well, but this time at Cadwell Park he had really got going and left all possible challengers behind, until his final chain broke in one of the latter races.

Chris Williams wasn't riding at this meeting so it was not possible for a direct comparison, but I would judge that Lecoq, although not as fast as Williams, was a very good second in the current group of vintage racers. Eleven Scotts (nearly 14½% of the total entry) were entered.

Having arrived a little late at the meeting we missed the vintage standard machine race which was won by F. P. Heath on a 1926 H.R.D., the Scotts of Greenwood and Allen not figuring in the results. In the second race which was for post vintage machines, the pretty 1934 Flyer of M. E. Patey came third after a nice bit of professional looking riding. By the time the third race came we discovered that half our picnic had been left in my V.W., so as I was nominated to return for the grub I can't tell you much about this one, except that I don't think there were any Scotts in it.

The fourth race however had me jumping about a bit, as it was the first time the aforementioned Lecoq appeared. He shot away from the pack at the start but hastily reconsidered things after a fair amount of rear wheel hop, lock, skid antics at the lead in to the first hairpin. On the first lap he was passed by I. Thomas on a 1929 Velocette, and A. J. Teasdale on a 1929 Norton, but by the second he had vanquished those two and everybody else, and was sounding like the customary infuriated bumble-bee. He romped home a well deserved first to the great satisfaction of our party. This machine has the rather unusual, to me anyway, capacity of 520 c.c. Heaven knows what ghastly concoction of long and short stroke bits has brought this about.

In the fifth race we had the usual tricycle acrobatics, with the Morgan of R. J. Edmonds locking its inside front wheel at the hairpin every time round, Morgan owners often seem to overestimate the roadholding of their machines. The race was won by M. J. Broom on his remarkable Norton outfit making the larger capacity machines look a bit sick. I. P. Findlay's Norton/J.A.P. was second and Archie Beggs was a commendable third on his delightfully smooth sounding o.h.v. Douglas in spite of I'm told clutch slip (or did he left it up solid). Race six which was for vintage racing machines was won by the Scott frame of R. G. Collett with a little assistance from a o.h.c. Norton engine. He must have got rather over enthusiastic for he fell off soon after the end of the race, quite spectacularly with several complete somersaults evidently. Ivan Rhodes was second with C. K. Luton on his Norton third.

Race seven for post vintage machine passed the time quite pleasantly if not spectacularly with M. Patey coming an unfussy third, Rayner on a Norton and Voice on an Excelsior preceding him. Race eight was, if I remember rightly quite the opposite, spectacular that is, as someone un-named had left a dollop of oil in a strategic place on a bend, riders going all ways. Fortunately damage to machines and riders, although perhaps not prides, was light. The race was won by A. J. Teasdale on a Norton with P. Neal a Scott mounted second, and I. Rhodes managing a third on of course a Velocette. This is the race in which Lecoq's final chain thought better of continuing its unequal struggle, and as previously mentioned stopped being endless. Race nine which brought back the trikes was won by one of those vintage bitzas a Brough-Superior bravely wrested round by R. Milne and R. Caunt, this was followed by the Norton/J.A.P. of Findlay and Teasdale, with the Morgan of Edmunds and Guess a most entertaining to watch third.

By the time the final race of the day which was for vintage racing machines, had arrived the "Feet aching, let's go and have a look around the paddock" time had arrived for the majority of the spectators, it was won by R. B. Burnett on a Norton, with Ivan Rhodes on a guess what second, and E. G. Luton on another one third. A most enjoyable day with Scotts taking one first, second, fifth and sixth and two each of third and fourth places.

N.S.

### A CHANCE FOR ALL MEMBERS

Appearing in a popular motorcycling magazine recently was an article on speculative purchase of "Vintage" motorcycles, (the original title being just too blatant to reprint).

It appears, for example, (theirs) that if you buy a 1947 "Scott Flying Squirrel" for £35 and spend around £100 on restoration, your ship is just about to come home in a big way. The magazine reported that the Scott was thirsty (35 m.p.g.) but would "hold its own on acceleration" against what it didn't say.

It recorded that "the water-cooled power unit kept the 600 c.c. two-stroke twin at the right temperature all the time, and that the "Doughty" front forks gave the bike a really smooth ride" (obviously written by a Scott rider of long experience).

## VINTAGE MUD PLUGGING ON A SCOTT

by *John Hartshorne*

When I casually mentioned to fellow Vintage M.C.C. members that I intended to build a Scott for the winter's round of mud plugs . . . the reaction was really something! Most of them looked pathetically at me, with an obvious "The old lad's really gone off his chump this time . . . all those Scotts have finally sent him up the wall" look. Then came all the reasons why it couldn't possibly work out. "A Scott, never," . . . "The motor is too smooth" . . . "You will never get it to plonk" . . . "It will rev. too much" . . . "No grip" . . . "What about the radiator, oil pump, weight, ground clearance, etc. etc., etc."

I had expected these questions, and the odd looks, but I was determined to carry out the plot, and the comments were just the spur to get me cracking.

I am not completely without experience of Scotts in trials trim, as some 14 years ago I had a Flyer in use with a Watsonian trials chair. I had always wanted to try one solo, and also to try out a few pet ideas at the same time.

Perhaps a word or two about Vintage "mud plugging" would not be out of place at this stage, to put Scotters not in the V.M.C.C. in the picture.

As with Scotting, you have got to be more than a bit balmy to take part in it. Briefly, the drill is for about 30 of these old people to gather on a Sunday morning, on some suitable rough ground, armed with pre-1930 bicycles, variously modified (to the correct V.M.C.C. specification). Then all you have to do is to ride through the marked sections without stopping (5 marks), footing (3 marks) or dabbing (1 mark). The worthy winner being the one to lose least marks, . . . or bribe the observers the most! There isn't really a best machine for this type of event, although certain ones (or riders) consistently do well, such as 500 sv. Sunbeams, Ariels, Ridges, Velocettes . . . never Scotts you will note. For the past few seasons I had ridden a 350 o.h.c. Velo., with reasonable success, although the power tends to come in a bit sudden on this motor for trials use.



Who is this Sammy Miller ?

This all sounds a bit flat on paper, but it's truly enjoyable, and one big laugh from start to finish.

Back to the hare brained Scott scheme!

I had decided to build it completely from bits which were cluttering up my garage, remnants of old forgotten Scotts and virtual scrap parts, judged too good to throw away . . . the residue of almost 20 years of Scotting. From start to finish the job took about two months of fairly concentrated effort, with only the odd weekend off to ride my old Sprint Special in a few events.

As a basis for the plot, I used a rather special single down tube frame, which I had bought from Harold Caunt some years ago. It is supposed to be a speedway job, but it differs quite a bit from another one which I used to have. As this one is stamped No. 2, it could be a prototype or something? The head angle is very steep like a speedway frame, but the two down tubes are straight, instead of curved. The length of the head itself is very odd, it is of Super type, which are usually of two lengths . . . 6 ins. or 8 ins., mine is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ins. The rest of the frame accepts normal Flyer . . . Replica parts. Apart from a good clean up and the welding on of odd lugs etc., two major jobs had to be tackled. The sub frame was missing, and I made up a new one, in simple hairpin shape from  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins. M.S. tube. The other job was a bit more drastic and was intended for a better ground clearance. This was the welding on of a pair of new fork end with dropped slots. The overall effect, in conjunction with fork mods. was to provide a good honest 7 ins. of ground clearance when the bike is laden and tyres reduced in pressure.

For front suspension I used an old pair of wide Super forks from a 1928 Two-speeder. I got over the problem of the odd head length in rather a crafty way, which provided me with another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ins. of ground clearance at the front. If you recall, the head length was  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ins. . . . the Super forks are 8 ins., an easily turned up distance piece  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ins. long under the lower fork race lifted up the frame . . . get the idea?

I gave a lot of thought to the limited amount of movement on this fork, and eventually, amongst other things, discarded the standard fork spring, replacing it with a barrel type from a Vintage A.J.S. Whilst it is still not up to Bultaco standards, I am quite pleased with the result. The front wheel is a 5 ins. braked Super type with a 2.75 x 21 ins. Dunlop trials tyre, on a 21 ins. rim, which I laced on myself. Front mudguard is of 3 ins. steel type from some long forgotten make.

At the rear is an Enfield cush hub wheel with a 4 ins. trials tyre. The only modification to this has been the welding on of a ring of teeth (47), from an Ariel, in place of the worn out 40 teeth, which were turned off. Rear brake operation is by a cable to a nearside brake pedal from a 1930 Velocette. Rear mudguard is of wide section alloy pattern, suitably painted black, and the saddle is a Dunlop rubber one of a type produced in the Vintage years.

For a petrol tank I used a 1929 Super oil tank, which has proved quite adequate for the job which doesn't entail much mileage. Radiator is a perfectly standard Super one, albeit a very old and battered one, but it has proved very suitable! I don't know if I have been lucky . . . but in all the years I have ridden Scotts I have never dented a radiator! The trials bike has been no exception, plenty of falls, but no dents. I have only loaned it once to someone . . . he then proceeded to drop it on the only rock for miles, which altered the shape of the radiator somewhat . . . we spent a fortune in "Holts Loy" that day on emergency repairs.

It is very important on cold days to only half fill the radiator on this bike, otherwise it never gets warm enough, and tends to spit back at the most awkward moments . . . I am more than ever convinced that the Scott engine spends most of its time overcooled! On the Sprint Special I use a tiny little radiator from a speedway Scott for every purpose . . . racing, sprinting, hill climbs, and touring, and it has never boiled yet.

The magneto is a standard B.T.H. with manual advance and retard which, in my view, is essential for trials work. Plugs are Lodge C.3 an old favourite of mine for slow speed work. People who complain of plug troubles on Scotts will be surprised to learn that they have never been out since the bike was built . . . not even cleaned, in fact, they have probably rusted in by now. I attribute this mainly to the type of oil I use (advert . . . see last month's "Yowl!").

Gearbox is from a 1927 Flyer, to which I have fitted a foot change conversion set (not strictly Vintage, but permissible under V.M.C.C. rules). It contains wide ratio gears and a 17 tooth outrigger sprocket . . . producing front wheel in the air, house side climbing antics . . . and about 40 m.p.h. flat out in top! The clutch is from an old Sprint Special, with Ferodo inserts and an extra ring of teeth to drive the magneto.

Footrests I decided to make up myself from 1 ins. x  $\frac{1}{4}$  ins. mild steel bar, and I mounted them well back to assist wheel adhesion as much as possible.

The engine is a 1930 short stroke 600 c.c. which has had quite a number of mods. done to it, in fact, it's really a travelling test bed to try out various ideas. At the moment it runs on Petroil (oil pumps are out for trials work). The packing glands have been discarded and Payen gas seals substituted. Port timings are standard as are the pistons and rods, but certain other things have been "tuned."

To obtain good low speed pulling I use a 1 ins. carb. set a little on the rich side, primary and secondary compressions are kept low for the same reason.

The exhaust system is modified 2 in 1 with a short absorption silencer.

And that's all! . . . Weight about 235 lbs., wheelbase 52", seat height 29 ins., handlebars 31 ins. wide, footrests 11 ins. high.

Right from the start it's been a success, and virtually trouble-free. It took a couple of trials to acquire the technique . . . 2nd gear for most sections, 1st for the fiddly stuff, don't descend hills too slowly, tweak the grip V E R Y slowly etc.

Tyre pressures have to be very low for optimum grip, 5 p.s.i. in the front and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  p.s.i. in the rear . . . or, as Phil Heath puts it, "Pump the front tyre up FLAT, and let the rear one down 'til, 'THE AIR RUSHES IN.'"

With plenty of rubber sheeting over magneto and carb., it will go through water up to my knees, and will climb anything. It's a real thrill to waft it flat out in 2nd gear through some of the bottomless mud sections that abound in my country!

From my last 18 rides the old Scott has provided me with 15 awards, including two premier awards, and the critics have said no more! If you want some "fun" in an old-fashioned way, build a trials Scott and come and join in . . . but you must be more than a little "balmy" of course!

### S. R. KEIG, LTD.

Whilst Hugh Harrison was in the Island this year, he managed to find time away from his sunbathing, to visit S. R. Keig Ltd., who are a firm of photographers and to judge from the period covered by their range of pictures must have been at it fair while. All the photos included in their list, a copy of which they kindly sent me, are of T.T. motorcycles, in action and posed from 1911 to 1939. Hugh picked out all the Scotts of course, but there are many other makes, some rather unlikely such as Dunkley Precision, Lestor and Massey-Arron. If you are interested in makes other than Scotts, as I know many of you are, I suggest that you drop this company a line. Their full address is S. R. Keig Ltd., Castle Hill Photographic Works, Douglas, L.O.M.

### LONDON CLUB NIGHTS

The 'Red Lion' in Whitehall will be loud with the jolifications of typical S.O.C. meetings on the following nights:—Jan. 27th., Feb. 24th. & March 30th.

### C. E. MILNES

The recent death of Geoffrey Eli Milnes at his home in Ilkley robbed us of one of the foremost makers of Scott history, for Geoff was one of the very few enthusiasts who never wavered from his loyalty to the name of Scott. He lived almost the whole of his life within a mile or so of the edge of the real Scott Trial country of Middleton and Denton Moors, and almost next door to Frank Philipp, one of the very first great names in Scott history.

In his younger days Geoff Milnes was a road tester at the Scott Works and he rapidly showed his skill in competition work, not only in rough-riding trials but also in sand and circuit racing. In more recent times of course he was better known to a new generation of Scott enthusiasts for his famous Service Depot in Leeds where, with Harry Langman, he kept many an old Scott on the road and also handled the agency for the new productions from Birmingham.

Geoff possessed both riding ability and skill as a mechanic; he was one of those riders who got the most out of his mount, sometimes breaking it in the process but almost invariably being able to patch up a makeshift roadside repair to get going again. These qualities proved invaluable in his activities in connection with Scott Trial course hunting; for, with the late Billy Moore and myself, Geoff spent most of his leisure (?!) time in the late 1920's and early 30's exploring every moorland track between the Wharfe, Nidd and Washburn valleys. Many was the time when only Geoff's brawn, muscle and ingenuity succeeded in extricating a half-submerged Scott from a moorland swamp. There are several illustrations of Geoff in such circumstances in the book "The Greatest Of All Trials."

He was friendly and easy-going in the extreme, and he possessed some unusual qualities and habits. Without wishing to sound in any way unkind I could describe Geoff as a "night bird." Not that he indulged in riotous night-life—far from it, but after commencing business on his own account he seemed to let the whole time-table of his life slip half a day; he would get up in mid afternoon, go to work in the early evening and carry on working into the small hours of the morning. He possessed the extraordinary ability of being able to relax suddenly and go to sleep anywhere at any time, and this characteristic reminds me of an incident on the ride down from Yorkshire to compete in an inter-club team trial in Buckinghamshire. Six of us were riding in line astern on a main road near Bedford . . . six Scotts all buzzing along in harmony, and six riders all beginning to feel a little sleepy after a late night of tuning and preparation. Geoff was leading the procession when, at a sharp bend, he just carried straight on across the grass verge, motored serenely through the hedge and disappeared. Five other Scotts came to an abrupt and startled stop; but there he was sitting in a field unscathed, blinking up at us and asking what had happened. He had by then presumably wakened up! His Scott was undamaged and the following day we won the team trial.

In fact the name "G. E. Milnes" appeared frequently in the Ilkley & District Motor Club winning teams, usually all-Scott, in both the M.C.C. Inter-club Team Trials and the Yorkshire Centre A.C.U. Team Trials. He competed regularly in open trials usually astride a two-speed Super, but sometimes on heavier models or as sidecar passenger to the late Wally Clough, another Scott maestro.

Geoff collected first-class awards in many open events, including the Scottish Six Days, but perhaps his greatest success was winning the first and only notorious "Leeds £200 Trial," the newspaper sponsored illegal "open" trial which led the Auto Cycle Union to reshape its regulations regarding sponsorship and the control of motor cycle sport.

In recent years Geoff maintained his interest in the sport and he rode in at least two of the Ilkley Re-union Trials . . . on a Scott of course. There are few makes of machine that inspire life-long dedication and even fewer men who remain devoted to a single make; Scotts are such a make, and Geoffrey E. Milnes was such a man.

C.H.W.

## OVERIPE FOR RESTORATION



Pictured above is a recent discovery unearthed by the editor, who is not sure what to do with it.

It was used, along with Vintage Rudge and Douglas machines as aggregate when a rockery was built in the back garden of an Essex Garage owner. When the rockery was demolished a short while ago in the process of a development programme, the remains of this Scott saw daylight once again. Unfortunately, just before we got there an excavator dropped its 5 cubic yard bucket on the machine, not improving same. I imagine the Scott must have thought it hardly worth coming out after 40 years peace.

After grabbing hold of the exposed portion of the Scott, which was sticking out from the rubble, and pulling it clear, the owner standing by and looking thoughtful, stated that there were new races in the steering head!

### POTTYS "CAM BOX"

It appears that our intrepid member Mr. Glynn Chambers, sold a Thompson Bennett Magneto to some poor unsuspecting bod at the recent Evesham Rally, and has reason to believe that this magneto has changed hand once more since. When originally sold by Glynn the "Cam box" (I think he means slip ring or slip ring housing) was missing. Anyhow, he has now had a "Cam box" (shudder) made up, and would like to pass it on to whoever has the unit now. Contact Glynn at 80, London Road, Knebworth, Herts.

### A CONTEMPORARY SCOTT CHARACTER

There has recently been a series of articles in "Motor Cycle Sport" entitled, if my memory serves me right, "Characters of Motorcycling"; although idiosyncratic Scott owners both to-day and in the past have been legion, none have featured in this series. It is, perhaps, then appropriate to record an account of the luckless "Doctor Fritz" during the period I knew him. Let me say at the outset that I doubt very much whether his name really was Fritz or, for that matter Otto or Hans or any other name that we English fondly imagine that all Germans without exception are called. It is just possible that I have erred about his nationality. He did tell me his name whilst starting his Scott, but the sole word "Doctor——" emerged from above the flurry of chain noise and the din of the exhaust. But to begin at the beginning.

The scene from the third floor windows of a building in one of those now characteristically eroded Georgian squares in the West End three years ago was, as now, very much one of apparently arbitrary bustle with people and vehicles performing their ant-manoeuvres below. In two places in the square were areas defined for motor-cycle and scooter parking, and amongst the anonymous plastic-clad users that collected there daily, I was aware of a man who cast a somewhat anachronistic note by wearing a beret and stormguard and riding a long-stroke B.S.A. "Single." At the rear of the machine where pannier bags are normally fixed, were what appeared to be two enormous post office mailbags; these were so large that their humpy form almost dragged along the ground when the machine was on the move. At the front of the machine was that rather trim kind of fairing that curves from the headlamp to the handlebars. But the most compelling aspect of the man was his size; he was probably six seven or thereabouts and this compelled an unusually splay-footed riding position.

One day during 1965, an unfamiliar—and yet, familiar—noise came from the square. There was a newish Birmingham Scott with enormous mailbags on the back and a modest headlamp fairing. I decided to make myself known as a fellow Scott owner. I have mentioned that I worked on the third floor of a building in the square and this building had an area separating the face of the building from the pavement. Such was the peculiar layout of the building that having spied the owner preparing to start the Scott, I had to rush down four flights of stairs to get to the basement and then out to the basement area and up to the pavement via a spiral staircase. This taxing manoeuvre was performed many times and reached a state of perfection before, panting and dizzy, I finally caught him one day.

An introduction followed that characterises the meetings of owners of strange breeds of vehicles, and that to the public-at-large must appear so un-English as to be almost indecent. In a rather clipped, unconvincing English he told me that he had owned a hundred or so motor-cycles over the years and motorcycling was his favourite hobby. The Scott was the nicest machine he had ever owned; however, there was a defect which he felt should not have happened with such a new machine. Here, he pointed to an area of about a square inch where the red paint was peeling from the base of the cylinder barrel. I pretended to look

appropriately shocked over this but privately felt relieved that the "defect" was no worse. At this stage in our conversation, he unbuttoned his coat to draw a silver cigarette case from the folds of a morning dress which was now revealed, the white expanse of waistcoat and the glint of mother-of-pearl buttons contrasting incongruously with the far from impeccable Stormguard. Very soon after, he left the square leaving a leaden haze amongst the traffic.

I saw Doctor Fritz on the Scott many times after that both during the day and once or twice in the evening. On the latter occasions, the Scott's healthy exhaust note and the plume of smoke mingled with the theatre-bound traffic of Charing Cross Road. A woman pillionist clung precariously on the back almost submerged by mailbags.

The next time I saw him he was rather distraught and told me that the bike was proving rather expensive to run; petrol consumption being in the region of 25 miles per gallon and oil consumed by the gallon. It appeared that he had paid an expensive bill for repair work on the distributor recently; all in all, it seemed more expensive to run than his Rolls-Royce. The bitterest pill was yet to come, however. He had been stopped by the police for making excessive noise and smoke. I suggested that he was burning too much oil and showed him how to adjust the pump. There was a look on his face that suggested that I was one of MacBeth's evil witches with her cauldron and that he could never be equal to such a task or sorcery. Now, all this was happening embarrassingly close to my employers' windows in the square and I was aware that it was not only about 3 p.m., but my colleagues were clustered around the windows enjoying the spectacle of my ministrations on the Scott and so I decided it was time to call it a day. His last words on that occasion were an avowal of faith in the Scott in spite of the trials and tribulations, but it seemed to me that his words lacked conviction. I began to wonder if the Scott's days were not numbered.

Some days passed without his appearance in the square, and as he had said that he had shortly to make a business trip to Czechoslovakia I assumed that he had now left the country. The bike was being left with a garage to have one or two points attended to whilst he was away. Just as I had decided that this must be the explanation he appeared again for some days consecutively; unfortunately, I didn't have a chance to speak to him before he disappeared again.

Many months later whilst I was taking an after-lunch stroll down Duke Street a large, looming figure in an ex-officer's fawn overcoat, a silk muffler and blue-tinted hexagonal-shaped spectacles was revealed as Doctor Fritz. In answer to my questioning about the Scott he unfolded the following story; he had gone to Czechoslovakia and had left the machine with the garage as planned. On his return, he found to his astonishment that the garage premises were no longer in existence. Enquiries revealed that the garage had become bankrupt, and the owners had vanished taking the machine with them. He seemed very depressed by this latest event, and small inefficient English garages understandably came in for some abuse from him. However, he felt confident that his solicitors would trace the Scott again.

It would be pleasant to record that Doctor Fritz was again soon back in the saddle adding his exhaust smoke to the scenery of the West End, but this was not to be. The last stage in this tragic saga was recorded at the top of Bond Street tube station escalator at the peak of the rush hour; this was the last time I saw him. Yes, the machine had been recovered and it had been up to the Midlands for an overhaul but a mechanic who had been riding it down for him broke a "shaft." (I wonder if he meant a crank?) It was now in the West country and he would be selling it, when further repairs had been carried out. I hadn't the audacity to persuade him otherwise. He said that his next machine might be a 650 c.c. B.S.A.; they were rugged and reliable—above all spares were available anywhere.

I'm sorry that this story has such a sombre ending; it is the antithesis of a heroic Scott tale but then Doctor Fritz was not a heroic Scott character. It may well be that such a story has no place in a circle of Scott enthusiasts but I would suggest that it has, even if the moral of the story is unpalatable. It has been said that owning a Scott is a kind of religion; I suppose we in the club are the converted ones, but now and again a seeker goes away disappointed.

There must be all sorts of gaps in this saga, and it would be interesting to hear of these, or indeed, any sequels; perhaps somebody in the club now owns the Scott. I mentioned the club to him on several occasions and put some back-numbers of *Yowl* in one of the mailbags one day; however, I can't imagine that the coterie of the club would have appealed to him. I wonder where Dr. Fritz is now—I have left that locality now and work in the Euston area. However, I expect I shall run into a big B.S.A. bumbling along sometime with enormous post office mailbags on the back.

TOM BELLAMY.

### FRANK BUSSEY ON JIM SHELDON'S BOOK VETERAN AND VINTAGE MOTOR CYCLES

Some of you may disagree with my printing the following criticism of the late Jim Sheldon's book by the late Frank Bussey, on the grounds that Jim Sheldon is unable to explain or defend his writings. But on the other hand I would hate to be the one to conceal facts which may help present and future motorcycle historians in keeping the records straight. I trust that the majority of you will join me in the latter view.

Scotts only are covered, and seldom have I seen a more detailed and I hope accurate setting down of Scott lore. It is incidentally an extract from a letter and so starts and finishes rather abruptly. Read on.

(1) In describing the early hill climb won by a Scott in 3 classes, you attribute this to good acceleration. Actually the Scott was very slow, and next to slowest of all machines present. It won its 3 classes on formula only (i.e. Callenders Formula).

(2) I fail to see how the fact that Alfred was one of twins and the tenth of 12 brothers should be responsible for his unorthodoxy. The Abbotsholme myth should have been squashed years ago. Alfred was only there one year (footnote on p.84). In the same footnote you give some incorrect figures Alfred got his 1,600 shares for his patents, *machine tools and leasehold of his workshop*, not patents alone. He also got £100 in shares for his loose tools, office furniture etc. E. D. Myers did not undertake to work for £100 a year plus £500 in shares. He *bought for cash* £500 in shares, and agreed to be commercial superintendent for £600 a year—payable in quarterly £150 shares instalments.

(3) You have captioned the pic. of E. S. Myers incorrectly. It was taken at Brooklands in 1910. The factory (which was not making anything at all in the same months of 1909) made 2 only 640 c.c. racers—71.5 x 73.5.

(4) P.92. Alfred Scott's first patent was taken out in 1897 (January 21st), and not 1899, as you have stated. Patent No. 12369 was his *third* patent application, and did *not* refer to a "weird rotary." It was a four cylinder radial with 2 working and 2 pumping cylinders.

(5) P.70. *Alexander Anderson* Scott of America (not Archie A.) *never* took out any motor cycle patents—mostly trucks and plastics. *Alexander Archibald Scott* of Glasgow only patented firebars.

(6) P.115. Selling price of S.E.C. in 1919 was £3,000 higher than you have stated.

(7) You have described Alfred Scott as a "Bradford Tyres technician." He never was.

(8) Also as an "odd little bachelor." "Little"? at 6 ft. tall? And never odd—a charming man by all accounts.

(9) P.155. The factory at Lidget Green was *not* built on capital. It was an old building (The old London Small Arms Co.) which had produced munitions during war. The Autocar Co. brought it ready made—and all the ex W.D. machine tools. (Some were still there last year).

(10) Your brief account of the Scott Sociable is completely wrong from start to finish, and gives quite a wrong picture of the commercial failure. There was never a shortage of orders—production was the fault. Scott's death was neither here nor there—he was pushed out of the company in 1921—broke. He was *completely* disconnected from then onwards, and spent his time potholing and designing his last four cylinder engine, and building prototypes.

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### THE SCOTT OWNERS CLUB TIE

I am glad to report that the Scott Club tie is now available. Let me first take the opportunity to apologise to those several members who were sufficiently keen to support this project for P.O's. to be arriving throughout October! Perhaps if I explain that the hold up was, in fact, due to the examination, return, and re-examination of the motif to be incorporated, and eventual conditional order to the manufacturers, it will be at least some consolation. As announced earlier, the tie has a deep purple terylene background and all over small (approx  $\frac{3}{8}$  ins.) limit gauges in silver and blue. Supplies are limited so please order your now. Orders to Geoff Lee—note new address. 15/- including post.

G.L.

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### FUEL TANK CAPS

Mr. Dolman, of 15, The Croft, Fulbourn, Cambridge, has made the most beautiful pair of fuel tank caps for a friend's Scott, the snag being that the aforementioned friend has hopped it, with Scott, without trace, leaving Mr. Dolman lumbered with these caps. I say "lumbered," but these really are a symphony in tank caps, and any member whose Scott has a tank needing caps, or better caps than at present, is welcome to contact Mr. Dolman.

They are  $2\frac{3}{8}$  ins. inside diameter, and have a central bar running across the top, which, in a fraction of a turn locks the cap to a couple of small pegs which have to be inserted either side of the filler neck. I believe they are to an original pattern once fitted to Scotts in the early thirties.

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### THE SCOTT CARBURETTOR 1912-1914

by *Stan Greenway*

From the earliest days Alfred Scott manufactured and patented his own design of carburettor. His final development of the original design and the subject of this article was first produced with the 1912 model and was discontinued after 1914.

As will be seen from the accompanying illustration, besides the functional design of the instrument itself, close attention was given to the general neatness and maintenance of clean lines of the complete engine, together with the simplicity of control and the use of warm air from the vicinity of the crankcase.

The carburettor consists basically of two units:—

- (a) the mixing chamber.
- (b) the Automatic Air Valve.

Within the mixing chamber the throttle valve comprises a pair of contra-rotating sleeves (14a) and (14b) operated by the actuating crank (15) (i.e. a disc plate with two protruding pegs) via the throttle lever (17). This gives an excellent iris opening throttle, directly in line with the jet (13) and also enables a right-angle turn to be achieved within the carburettor; a necessary, although by modern standards, undesirable design feature.

Cast integral with the mixing chamber are the float and needle chambers and here lies the design "bogey" which has given rise to criticism of the carburettor as a whole, and earned for it the reputation of relying on a "delicate equi-poise of springs." Although true from the design point of view, providing care is exercised in tuning, the whole thing can be both accurate and reliable as proved on the winning 1912 T.T. Scott where, owing to the position of the rotary valves, it was necessary to fit the carburettor outboard on the nearside and connect to the engine with a rubber hose.

Referring to the drawing it will be observed that the "float" needle (4) is housed in a separate chamber, and is held down on to the needle valve seating nipple (6) by the needle spring (5). The needle is lifted by the weight of the float (8) acting upon the float rocking lever (2) (via the 5 to 1 advantage). Obviously the more weight required to counteract the needle spring, the lower the petrol level must fall and a weak mixture will result. Hence the instruction to fit a weaker spring to obtain a richer mixture.

It is interesting to note, the needle must be lifted to flood the carburettor for starting, and that the float chamber is vented by a saw-slot across the base of the float guide milled nut (10).

The final fitting on the mixing chamber—the jet cover (12) is used solely to gain access to the jet for cleaning. The cover is swung through 60 degrees to permit the cut-away to line up with the port, and the jet removed with a special key of "turn and grip" design provided with the carburettor. (Incidentally, this key was one of the first items manufactured by Tom Ward on contract for the SCOTT Engineering Company).

Within the automatic air valve (in its closed position as shown on the plan view) the grid seating (23) seals against the front face of the mixing chamber, therefore air entering the carburettor via the slot in the air valve body (21) passes through the cut-outs in the grid seating and lifts the dash pot spring loaded air valve (24). This acts as an automatic choke when the engine is cold and compensates the jet over the lower throttle opening when the engine is hot.

For normal cruising the air valve lever (28) is operated. As the grid seating is rotated it is moved away from the front face of the mixing chamber, via the air control screw (30) thereby permitting the incoming air to by-pass the valve (as shown on section A-A).

The carburettor cost £1 19s. 0d. (without cables etc.), at a time when the complete engine (without carburettor) sold for £15 15s. 0d. the complete machine was 59 guineas and a ploughman was paid 4d. per hour.

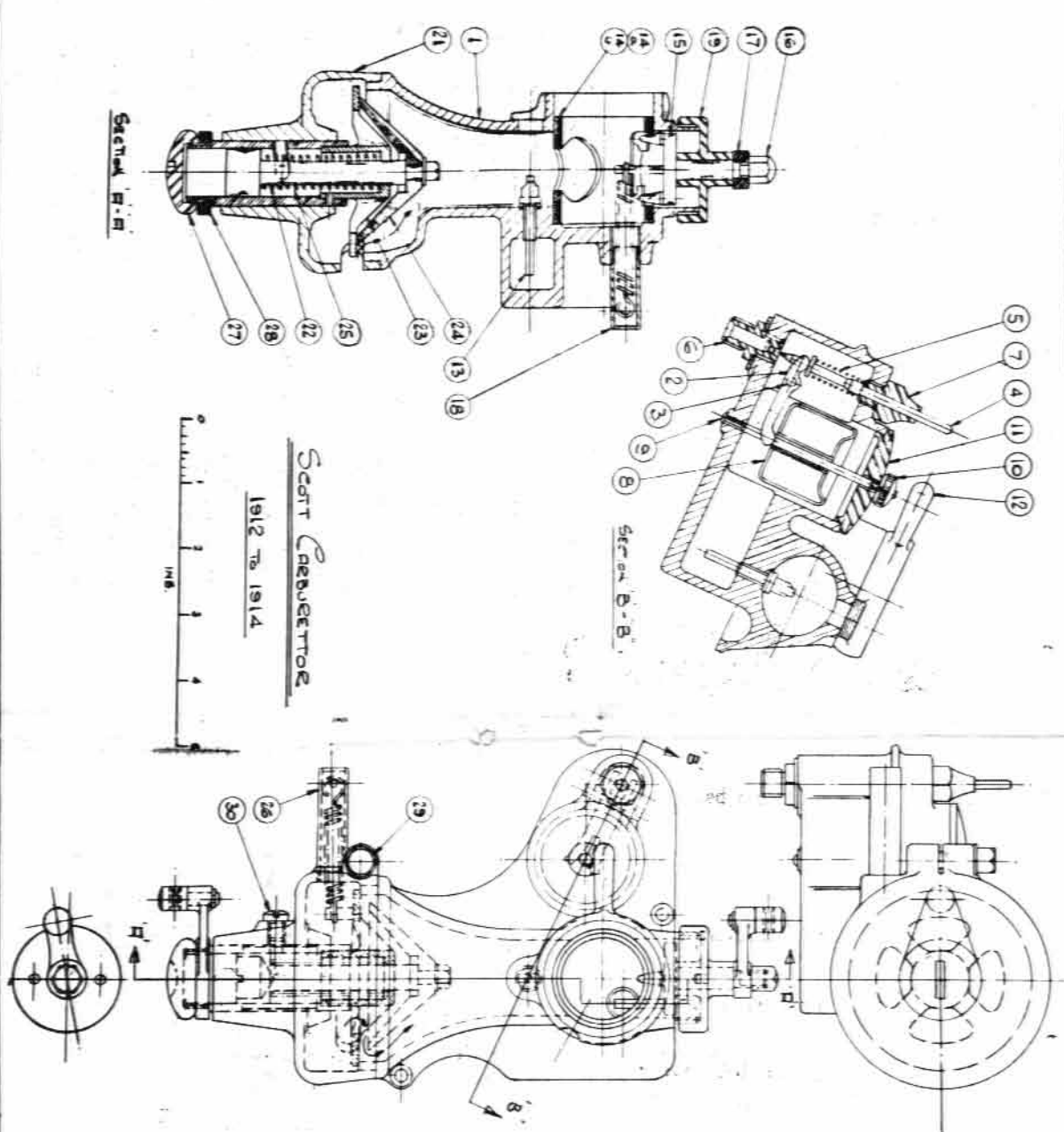
Contemporary specifications quote a maximum speed of 55 miles per hour and a petrol consumption of 60-70 miles per gallon. Like present day specifications, the speed is realistic, the fuel consumption optimistic.

Experience shows that the use of a proprietary carburettor of the time would improve the m.p.g. considerably, but tractability at lower speeds would be seriously impaired.

On criticism of the carburettor for the credit side, it was Alfred's intention according to his patent specifications of February 1904, to mount the float rocking lever above, and attached to, the float. This would obviously have given the positive action required in the float chamber, but doubtless proved too intricate and costly.

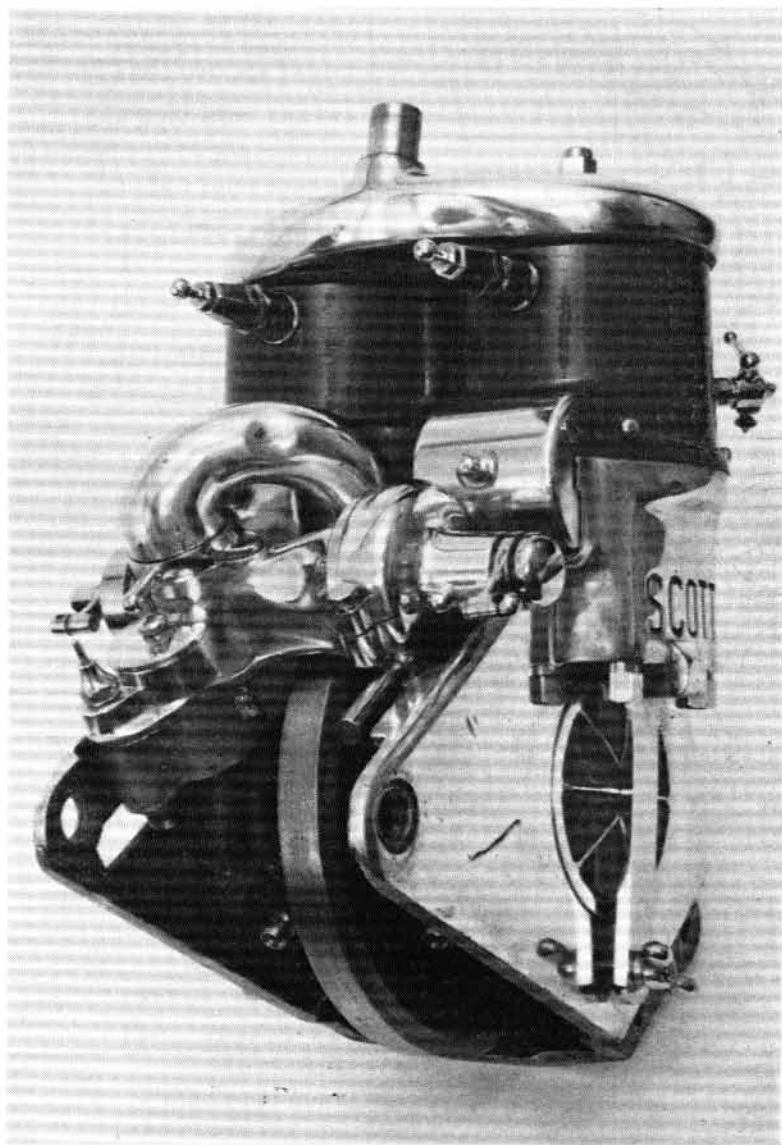
In all design principles, as his contemporaries tell us, he was a stubborn man, prepared to bend, but not give way. Despite criticism from his own competition riders in the matter of the carburettor he made no exception as shown on the 1914 T.T. machine where he retained the "Scott" carburettor but cut-away the float chamber and fitted a conventional bottom feed one, replaced the contra-rotating throttle with a conventional slide, and mounted the finished instrument on the "straight-thro" principle.

In conclusion it can be said—despite the fact that Alfred was attempting to perfect the obsolete in following the "controlled vacuum" principle of carburation; he can certainly be credited with yet another original and never to be repeated design concept in regarding the carburettor as an INTEGRAL part of the engine.



- |     |                                |
|-----|--------------------------------|
| 1   | CARBURETTOR BODY               |
| 2   | FLOAT ROCKING LEVER            |
| 3   | FLOAT ROCKING LEVER PIN        |
| 4   | NEEDLE WITH STOP & WASHER      |
| 5   | NEEDLE SPRING                  |
| 6   | NEEDLE VALVE SEATING NIPPLE    |
| 7   | NEEDLE GUIDE                   |
| 8   | FLOAT                          |
| 9   | FLOAT GUIDE                    |
| 10  | FLOAT GUIDE MILLED NUT         |
| 11  | FLOAT CHAMBER LID              |
| 12  | JET COVER                      |
| 13  | JET WITH WASHER                |
| 14a | THROTTLE SLEEVES               |
| 14b |                                |
| 15  | ACTUATING CRANK                |
| 16  | LEVER CAP                      |
| 17  | LEVER WITH BOWDEN STOP         |
| 18  | PULL-OFF SPRING WITH CASING    |
| 19  | THROTTLE CHAMBER END CAP       |
| 20  | AIR VALVE COMPLETE             |
| 21  | AIR VALVE BODY                 |
| 22  | AIR VALVE PLUNGER NUT & WASHER |
| 23  | GRID SEATING WITH BARREL       |
| 24  | AIR VALVE ONLY                 |
| 25  | DASH POT PISTON SPRING         |
| 26  | PULL OFF SPRING WITH CASING    |
| 27  | DASH POT SCREWED CAP           |
| 28  | AIR LEVER WITH BOWDEN STOP     |
| 29  | AIR VALVE CLAMPING SCREW       |
| 30  | AIR CONTROL SCREW              |

R. N. PENPRAZE



**1912 AND THE SCOTT CARBURETTOR**  
Shown mounted to engine.

## PISTONS

As I believe has been mentioned before John Underhill has been carrying out some painstaking research into the possible sources of new pistons for Scott motorcycles. A recent letter received by John is published in full below and is self-explanatory.

B. & C. Pearson,  
Wilson Works,  
Warwick Road,  
Knowle, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your letter of the 7th, and regret the delay in replying due to annual holidays. However, with regard to the supply of pistons for use with the Scott range, you will be pleased to hear that we do and have made such pistons for many years.

Many Owners of Scott machines approach us, together with Motor Cycle Dealers, but in no case do we manufacture for Stockists, who prefer to wait until they have firm enquiries themselves.

Pattern equipment is available for all types, and if as you say, the actual Owners can provide an old piston as pattern the possibilities of supplying wrong types etc. is avoided.

Normally we can supply replacement pistons in 7/10 days from receipt of order. The cost varies from 95/- per piston to 120/- according to size and type, all complete with piston rings, and gudgeon pins. Also they can be made in standard size and/or any oversize. In addition, we can carry out resleeving of barrels, as we manufacture all types of two stroke cylinder liners.

Therefore, we do suggest that your readers should be given our name, and that they contact us either direct and/or through your Club, a system which works well with many "Veteran Car Clubs" and completely avoids the need to carry stocks.

Our Piston Service extends to all known and obsolete types, plus high compression pistons for cars and motorcycles for racing and sporting use.

Thanking you, and awaiting your further instructions.

We are,  
Yours faithfully,  
B. & C. PEARSON.

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### IS THIS THE LAST OF THE LINE ?

Reg. No. GO5793

While chatting recently to a fellow V.M.C.C. member, I happened to mention two-speeder bits and pieces. I knew he had had two-speeders in the past, but I thought that he was down to his last Scott, a 1936 model.

It transpired, however, that he had most of another two-speeder, which he had used until fairly recently. Then for some unknown reason, he started to rob it of parts for other people. The oval petrol tank apparently went to somebody in South Africa, brake pedal and kick-start gear to somebody else and the rear sprocket and drum, because of its size, went on a trials iron.

Eventually came the words I had been waiting for: "Give me a few bob for the bits and you can have them. I don't suppose I shall do anything with them now."

We arranged that I should go over the following week to see him. I naturally made it the Monday. On arriving, we decided to dig out the frame first. We moved a couple of petrol tanks, various wheels and about four frames before we dragged the Scott into the open. I noticed immediately that it was a short head model, which pleased me to start with because I had acquired most of another 1930 model earlier in the year.

Then we went into another shed to fish out the engine and rear wheel.

Strange as it may seem, I didn't study the engine very closely then, just noted that the flywheel had been put in backwards. I was more interested in finding out how complete the machine was.

We went on to yet another shed for the two-speed gear, plus a spare one, the carb. and mag. etc.

Then a real bit of luck, we fished out a 6 ins. brake-hub, just right for the 1930 model I mentioned earlier.

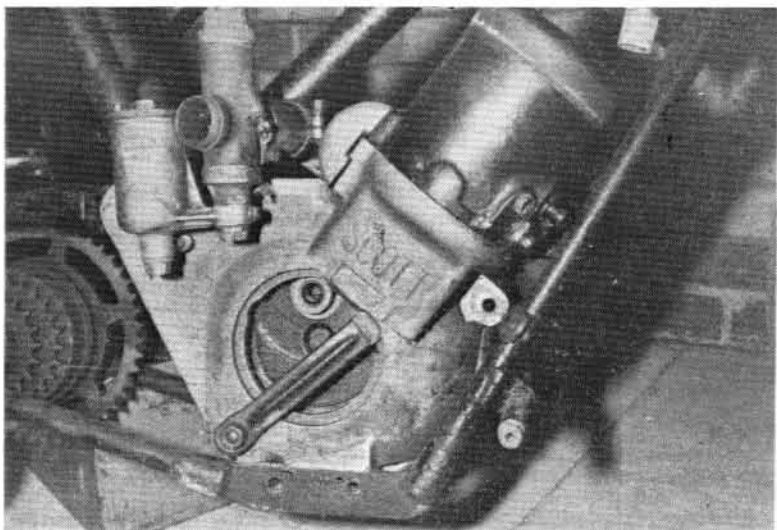
For the final bits, radiator and front wheel, we went across the village to a lock-up garage. Having got everything, we loaded up and set off home. Incidentally, I had talked my brother (complete with van) to come along for the ride.

When we arrived home, we put all the stuff in my shed, except the engine, as I wanted to check the engine number. It wasn't until now that I noticed the crankcase had the fourth point fixing lug on the front. This really made my day. On checking with the list of engine numbers, I found that it was a 1931 engine, the number being 23678A. Now, by my reckoning, that is two short of the last number for 1931, 3680A. Which brings me back to the beginning.

Is this the last of the line ?

REX WILLS.

Rex has asked me to put a note to the effect that if any member has any information or parts for disposal, or pattern relating to this rare machine, he would be very glad to hear from them, a rear stand being particularly required.



The Rex Wills four-pointer!

## THE RON MOUNTAIN TROPHY

As it looks like the flood of postcards has dried up at last, I think I can announce the winner of the above award, who is our rugged pioneer member "Lofty" Avis with 55.5% of the poll, he was followed not particularly closely by Geoff Lee with 18.6% and George Stevens with 7.4%, the others in the running were D. W. Lawrence, G. Bennett, P. Taylor, S. Thomas and R. Cordon-Champ all with 3.7% each (i.e. one card), the card voting for Stan Thomas having a Birmingham postmark and rather familiar handwriting.

I think the above proves that the technical articles are the ones which appeal most, so if you've a hankering after the Ron Mountain Trophy you know what to do.

## MIDLANDERS VIEWPOINT AND THE EVESHAM RALLY

As I haven't received one, you won't be receiving the benefit of the "Midlanders Viewpoint" this month, this also applies to a report on the National Rally which was promised but hasn't arrived at the time of writing, still I'm sure it will all be worth waiting for.

## BOB CORDON-CHAMP ON UK 6640, THE EXPENSIVE MOTORCYCLE

The accompanying figures may, to the casual reader seem far in excess of the amount that should be spent on restoring an old machine: I find it difficult to believe how it could have been done for less, given a machine in the same condition as was UK 6640 when it joined the stable.

I admit to having a horror of skimped work, particularly on the frame and cycle parts of the machine. I do not believe that, with the present conditions of traffic in this country, a restorer can afford to turn out a machine with anything less than "new" steering, brakes, wheels and suspension. I imagine therefore, that the cost shown for these items are higher than those of many restorers, judging by the state of some machines seen in the vintage movement. Fortunately this machine had not suffered at the hands of the "improvers" and thus all the work was restoration not manufacture, but the restoration to 100% original has undoubtedly raised the cost by a small amount.

When purchased from Derek Cox, UK 6640, a Flyer De-luxe of 1929, was in a condition commensurate with having been ridden every day from 1929 to 1964 by its one owner. That is to say every part needed attention. The work itself took almost exactly a year and was done mostly in a small shed and the boxroom of my house. You can't sleep in 'em all: All the painting, with the exception of the wheels, and frame undercoat was done by hand using Teckaloid, hence no painting costs are shown. All polishing for the nickel plating took place in the engineers shop of my place of work, during many lunch hours, this being on the advice of Jim Bowen who handled the plating side (who the plater was I do not know). I have included in the costing, items marked \* which I already had or were given by friends. I think we all have windfalls of this type during a rebuild and I have given a figure for their probable cost. I also had the good fortune to have the services of Messrs. Brineton Eng. Ltd., Walsall, who are motor enthusiasts (fanatics?) and very willingly performed many otherwise impossible tasks at reasonable cost. I would also like to thank many other friends without whom the job, and the very high standard of much of the work would have been impossible—particularly Tom Ward, whose help and encouragement to a "new boy" has been invaluable.

Finally, hide the magazine, before your wife reads this. Mine is an accountant and has never believed in £30 rebuilds, but yours may still view old motorcycles through rose-coloured spectacles.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Purchase of Machine	25	0	0	Carb., slide, bore	2	10	0
Front Tyre	2	10	0	Carb. cables*	0	5	0
Front Tube	0	16	3	Carb. needle	0	1	6
Front Wheel Build	1	10	0	Exhaust pipe	1	4	6
Front Wheel Stove	2	0	0	Front silencer (new)	5	0	0
Front Brake Lever	0	5	0	Footrest rubbers	0	4	6
Front Brake Rod*	0	0	6	Rear light*	0	7	6
Front Brake Linings	0	5	0	Rear numbers	0	4	6
Front Wheel Cups, Cones	1	0	0	Rear mudguard work	0	12	6
Front Brake Cable*	0	2	6	Rear wheel, rim (new)	1	9	6
Front Fork Legs, Trued	7	10	0	Rear wheel, nuts	0	5	0
Front Fork Legs, Bushes	3	0	0	Rear wheel, build	1	10	0
Front Fork Legs, Bushes, Nuts	0	14	0	Rear wheel, stove	2	0	0
Damper springs, (Velocette) 6	0	11	6	Rear wheel, cush rubbers	0	12	0
Damper nuts	0	2	6	Rear wheel, cush plate	0	13	6
Damper bolts	0	1	0	Rear wheel, brake linings	0	5	0
Fork centre guide, S.H.	0	2	0	Rear wheel, brake lever	0	5	0
Fork centre guide nut, S.H.	0	1	0	Rear wheel, tyre*	2	10	0
Steering damper	0	7	6	Rear wheel, tube	0	16	3
Twistgrip rubbers	0	2	0	Battery	1	10	0
Frame straighten, bush	4	10	0	Battery carrier	0	4	6
Frame sandblast, undercoat	1	10	0	Petrol tank paint, test	6	0	0
Cylinder, pistons, S.H.	2	10	0	Saddle top*	0	7	6
Cylinder, clean	0	7	6	Pillion seat*	0	12	6
Rings (4)	0	16	8	Hand pump*	0	5	0
Plugs (2)	0	3	0	Transfers (5)	0	10	0
Ferrules (2)	1	10	0	Nickel plating	10	0	0
Ferrule nuts	0	9	0	Electrical cable	0	7	6
W/C Head	2	15	0	Bulbs (3)	0	7	6
Little ends	0	14	0	Copper pipe (1/3 foot)	0	7	6
Exhaust studs	0	4	6	H.T. Lead	0	6	9
Exhaust nut	0	1	4	Oil pump cable*	0	2	6
Flywheel sprocket	0	17	6	Decompressor cable*	0	2	6
Flywheel sprocket rivets	0	2	0				
Engine rollers	2	0	0	Plus one year's spare time, and quantities of paint and elbow grease.			
Primary chain*	1	10	0				
Mag. chain	0	9	6				
Oil pump* (new)	6	15	0				
Magneto rewind	2	10	0	TOTAL	122	7	3
Magneto cable	0	2	6	Gratuities—several dozen pints			
Clutch springs (6)	0	7	6				
Clutch cable	0	12	6	Spares.			
K/S screw	0	1	0	Block (S.H.)	1	0	0
K/S spring, cover	0	9	6	Rad, C'case, G'box, Block,			
K/S stop	0	3	6	Tank, Clutch, Cranks, Rods,			
Hoses	0	7	9	Pistons, S.H.	5	0	0
Rad. bolts, tubes, buffers	0	11	9	Magneto	5	0	0
Undertray bolts/nuts	0	7	0				
Engine bolts	0	18	6				

C.H. (Harold) Wood kindly loaned me the original manuscript of the following article written in 1931 by the late Peter Chamberlain. Cyclops of "Motorcycling."

Parts of this article have appeared elsewhere, but this is the first time it has appeared complete and unedited.

The article arrived from C. H. Wood complete with the covering letter by Peter Chamberlain on an *original* 1931 sheet of "Motorcycling" headed paper all held together with an *original* rusty paper clip, oh ! agony of delight.

MC/PSC.

August 21st, 1931.

### SILMING AND SWIMMING

#### "Cyclops" samples the rigours of the Scott trial course on the latest Sprint Special Scott.

"Cycy," said the little pest "Cogwheel O," my right hand thread, "Cycy," my boy, you are getting disgustingly fat. When did you last take exercise except for footing on the tram lines on road test machines?" True, I thought, true. "You walked part of the way up Weem in the 'Scottish.' On several occasions you tottered from the Paddock to the Dunlop tent in the Isle of Man. When otherwise have you taken any exercise? Do I see on your desk a letter from C. H. Wood about the Scott trial? That's the sort of thing you ought to be doing; do you the world of good."

Wood's letter, as a matter of fact, had set me thinking for it contained a number of statements which were only too justified. I had never really seen the "Scott" course. It was impossible to do so on the day of the event. I really ought to know what it was all about. True, true. "You're afraid," hissed Cogwheel O. That, of course, settled it. "Nonsense" I replied, "I was only wondering if I could spare the time." "Sez which!" he jeered. "Write to Wood and tell him I'll be up" was my only possible response. So there I was nicely trapped; the manly thing was forced upon me. "It *will* be good for the figure" was his parting shot. It was.

Having taken the plunge, metaphorically, (the literal one was to follow shortly), I thought I might as well do the thing properly. In the best tradition I ought to use a Scott for the job. My friends up at Saltaire immediately agreed. The only thing was to put the ordeal off as long as possible. Here I was aided by the Rich, and the imminent advent of the glorious Twelfth. Oddly enough it appeared that the men who had spent some £5,000 on hiring a grouse moor were reluctant to have all the birds driven off for somebody else to shoot at just when they themselves were present, armed to the teeth and hidden in the butts.

A moment's thought would have told me that the date finally chosen was the very worst in the calendar, for on the preceding week-end there were two test matches, on the dirt at Wembley, and on the grass at the Old Trafford, Manchester. So what more certain than that there would be something special in the way of rain, an element with which we were already "tolerably familiar," this "Summer." "Skimping nothing," as they say when they describe a 350 c.c. model coming within the 30s. tax, there were some pretty cloud bursts and a hurricane or two. For three or four days it never stopped teeming down. It seemed that the whole of the Midlands was under water. The floods were out. And how they were out! Outsize, outstanding and outrageous.

Arrived in Bradford, it tumbled down harder than ever. Through pools of water Wood and I splashed our way to see my model. Glittering with chromium was one of the most handsome Scotts you ever saw, all that was latest and smartest in the way of Sprint Specials. The Scott laddies had thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing and had fitted a wide-ratio box and competition tyres fore and aft. It looked lovely, almost too nice to get all dirty, I thought. "May

get a bit battered, too. But rather heavy for the hauling which I know will be necessary. Still they know what is likely to happen to it" I said to Wood. "Yes. They have an idea what will happen to you, too," he replied grimly. "Both Roley and Langman begged me to see that you went over all the worst parts!" Bless their little souls!

Morning dawned wan and watery, but with a high wind and little rain actually descending; for the moment the sky had cried itself out. As final precautions I cut some rubber bands from an old inner tube and Wood took off the fish tail, so that we could stuff cotton waste into the exhaust pipe for negotiating rivers, and off we set.

I am sure that those people who are always telling us that there is no sensation in the gamut of motorcycling like riding a modern "four" have not had much experience with something hot in the Scott line. I should say that this two-stroke gives one at least as much thrill as the hottest "four." It is really the most delightful main road model that one can possibly imagine. The acceleration was breath-taking, the maximum speed extremely high; it managed to combine real pulling powers with the ability to trickle along slowly on a highish top gear and yet was ready to leap away still in that ratio at a touch of the throttle. The four-point Brampton forks seemed to give better steering than any Scott that I have previously ridden. In short, no other word except "delightful" is adequate to describe its road performance; it is the long distance riders' machine par excellence.

But I was only allowed to enjoy the thrills of this for some fifteen miles, when out went Wood's hand and we turned off the road—on to Denton Moor, itself.

Now more than any other slice of Yorkshire, Denton Moor is in the tradition of the Scott trial. There is no one place that you can remember as being particularly fierce, but all of it is the type of going which tires. In the ordinary course of events, Wood assured me, and I can quite believe him, it is all rideable, but on the day that I chose to inspect this cruel affair there was more water about than is right and proper. Stretches which in the ordinary course of events are fairly straightforward, just had that dampness which means wheel-spin if the throttle is opened too wide, and some hard slogging if it is not opened wide enough.

And here and now I must hand it to my companion for the clever way in which he manipulated his rather special two-speed Scott, a real veteran which he built up himself exactly to his liking. Despite being without practise in the art of solo riding over real rough stuff, he went like a winner and he kept his feet up remarkably well too.

Behind him I struggled, making no attempt at neat riding. ("You could not have managed it anyway," says Cogwheel O: which, of course, is true). While I could foot gently I was more or less happy; in fact while I was all right I was all right, but when I wasn't, I was rotten.

Quite soon I was hottish, and when I had to do a little hauling and shoving I became a good deal hotter. I began to appreciate the veracity of the remarks about the state of my training, especially after I had been bogged once or twice. So unusually wet was the ground that I stuck in places, which Wood, who knows the life-history of every boulder (and believe me there are several), assured me he had never seen so slippery.

My only breathing space came when Wood stopped to take a photograph or two of my struggles, but as he only did this when I was more than usually in trouble, it was hard to know whether these halts were welcome or not. Anyway, I consoled myself, it was all being very good for me.

After passing an absurd signpost, stuck right in the middle of the moor, calmly pointing the miles to Ilkley, which pleasance seemed by now in another world, we started the real climb to the summit. About now I began to feel that I wished I had got a job as a man who sat and watched the cable go by when trams ran on his system, and by the time that the top actually was reached, I was more or less whacked.

We had only done some five miles, and yet every few yards it seemed that the Sprint Special was becoming heavier and heavier, and its beautiful crankcase was getting nearer and nearer the ground, so that it now stuck on the smallest pebble. When I stuck with wheel spin I only just had the strength to paddle feebly and I found it increasingly difficult to control the throttle delicately, for such was the Scott's urge that a touch too much meant either violent spin or the model lurching off at a pace which nearly left me behind. I must, I felt, have lost quite a stone already.

I might not be the first to remark that there is an end to everything, it has probably been noted before by some other sage: suffice it to say that after a breathing space to admire the view from the top (Wood was quite enthusiastic about this) we at length negotiated the descent and, wonder of wonders, reached a road. I will draw a veil over the long slither to the foot; I only say that I should like to *watch* the lads try and climb it.

I may say that it is not advisable (as it is private you will be gaoled in any case if you do) to go dashing about Denton Moor without knowing what you are doing, for on the slither to the road we had skirted a morass which a farmer informed us had "taken" (a jolly way of putting it) sheep, horses and not a few men! Only the tolerance of the organisers prevented it being in the trial!

Having lost my cigarettes during the excitement, I prevailed upon my guide to let me purchase some more and slipping into a pub (slightly off the route, my friends!) I was able to knock back a pint shandy in what, there can be no possible doubt, was well inside the record.

Starting off again, puffing a cigarette so that my guilty secret would not be guessed, we covered a lot of mixed going. Some fairly main-roadish, some not so. Because of the water (and, of course, only for this reason!) we made one or two short cuts and then we arrived at a beautiful river, probably the Danube or the Vistula, with its black water swishing along and hiding goodness knows what terrors.

Stuffing oily rags in everywhere possible, we pushed my model across. There were some terrible holes to negotiate and it took us time. Arrived at last at the other side it was, of course, full of water. I began to learn a good deal about Scotts (See chapter II—swimming). Luckily the magneto was not affected and Wood's model fired straight away, so that the delay was not so terribly long.

Followed various sorts of going, one obstacle being an old man mending the road (?) and then it was suggested that I should go in front for a bit. As this was on the open moor I might have guessed that there was some foul intent behind this bright idea. There was, for it was the famous "paving stone" section, which has never been in the trial, having to be cut out last year because of the depth of the water preceding it. Some maniac has, for reasons best known to those skilled in the study of the more advanced forms of lunacy, carefully placed about a thousand huge grave stones more or less (or less) flat on the ground. It may be argued in extenuation of his crime that he hardly expected motorcyclists to ride over them. Maybe not, but they must be more than unpleasant even to walk upon. Suffice it to say that I got very hot again after my immersion and that Wood, behind, had a hearty laugh at my expense.

The umpires, seeing my condition, then very kindly declared a lunch interval, which was more than welcome.

Refreshed we started off again, after almost losing myself in the bracken, to another enormous river, undoubtedly the Ganges or the Euphrates. Here we held council. The beautiful bridge would not take a' cyke; the water was a couple of inches below the tops of our waders; should we turn back or push through? Finally, after carefully prospecting the flood, and finding a couple of submerged Jungfrau's and the remains of what must have been a shaft leading

to one of the deepest coal seams in the world, we decided to risk it. It was here that I began really to get some inside knowledge about Scotts. Towards the end of my course I became quite interested in my work and grew thoroughly to like the place. I had ample time to get used to it—we were there over two hours.

Let me give you some idea of the procedure. Take a Scott motorcycle and a flood. Place a rag covered with Castrol into the carburettor intake, the throttle being previously closed. Proceed in a similar manner to bung up the silencing system. Push the machine across cataract. How easy to write, but how difficult to effect. I suppose it took us nearly ten minutes to get my heavier model across. Now you can kick it once if you like, but it is entire waste of time (as was the sertion of the rags) for the entire model is absolutely full of wet water.

Take off plate on near side and empty: easy. Lay Scott flat on it's side in mud; loosen nut securing front stand (losing same in slush) and push stand out of way. Undo drain plug off side, thus more or less disclosed. Empty that compartment. Clean plugs; see if there is a spark (there isn't). Empty majority of water from contact-breaker; see if there is a spark (there isn't). Take off pick-ups, first removing chain case and chain-oiler in the way. (Better leave this job to Wood; it isn't too good). Dry carbon brushes as much as possible and push rag in orifice, if possible. Replace. (Certainly leave to Wood). See if there is a spark (there is a slight one). Cross bridge and get dry plugs out of Wood's machine. Kick. Kick. Kick. Slight spasmodic results. Take carburettor to pieces; soak everything in petrol and clean. Kick. Kick. Kick. Repeat whole process (leave entirely to Wood). Wonder of Wonders, machine runs. Increase pump supply (try and avoid oiling plug). Everything O.K. "I'd quite forgotten what a Scott sounded like," remarked the chief conspirator.

Light damp cigarette and struggle with second machine across Tigris (only remembering at last minute there were no plugs in it!) Having gained the other side of the Tiber, kick once and start straight in on the whole job again. Well not quite, for in this case his mag. was O.K. and only the engine full of water.

At length we have both engines running and collecting the tools we find a pretty post card which, if neatly filled in and entrusted to H.M. Post Office, will bring you an instruction book (a useful item) and the engine test card of the particular machine. I consign it to the waters of the Rhine.

Now then, where is this Scott trial they speak of so arduously? But within a mile my magneto packed up entirely, both carbon brushes disappearing inside the instrument, and so that was the end of that. We had taken about ten hours to cover just twenty miles!

So for the moment my Yorkshire trip was over, except for the "joy" of being towed back to civilisation. Summarising the results: losses, about 1 stone 7 lbs. of surplus fat, the majority of a Scott tool kit, any pride I ever possessed; gains, marked improvement in the breast-stroke, increased knowledge of twin-cylinder water-cooled (and filled) two-strokes, a firm adherence to the policy of "leave it to Wood," immensely increased admiration for the blokes who actually hurry over this sort of thing and do not teeter along it as I had been doing, and (to be noticed for the next week) a certain stiffness in every joint in my body.

Looking back (how much nicer these things are in retrospect!) I thoroughly enjoyed myself and am very glad that I allowed myself to embark upon this Yorkshire adventure. "Cogwheel" hints that it is easy enough to say that in comparative safety, a hundred-odd miles from Denton Moor, but I did genuinely enjoy myself except for the short time early on when I was exhausted.

Now I wish to make two things quite clear. The Scott was a splendid machine and it was not in the least to blame for refusing to run after its bathing activities: short of a very specially prepared job, no motorcycle in the world would have gone on working after the soaking it had. And secondly, it must

be appreciated that I saw the course (or some of it!) in a worse condition that it is likely to be on the day of the event after quite exceptional floods had done their worst with it. It is obvious too, that the organisers would never have dreamed of asking competitors to cross the two splashes which proved our downfall: they would have been cut out as altogether too deep, and a number of alternative routes are available especially for the purpose.

Finally, many thanks, C. H. Wood, for all the trouble you took for my little outing. And on behalf of the racing men too, many thanks for I know quite well that without your keenness and the terrific amount of time you devote to the job, the Scott trial would never be held.



"Every few yards it seemed that the Sprint Special was becoming heavier and heavier, and its beautiful crankcase was getting nearer and nearer to the ground . . ." Cyclops well and truly aground on Denton Moor.

*Photo by C. H. Wood*

#### NEW MEMBERS

- Alan Mitchell, 147, Yoxall Road, Shirley, Solihull, Warwickshire. 284.  
Albert Thompson, 99, Deacon Road, Bitterne, Southampton, Hants. 283.  
Albert C. Bishop, 104, Monmouth Road, Dorchester, Dorset. 290.  
John Mealing, 5, Harcourt Avenue, St. George, Bristol 5. 291.  
Denis Barton, 7, Ullswater Road, Congleton, Cheshire. 251.  
Keith Fretwell, Sergeants Mess, R.A.F., Brampton, Huntingdonshire. 299.  
R. H. Webb, 22, Southbank Road, Kenilworth, Warwickshire. 301.  
P. W. Hollyman, 20, Beach Avenue, Severn Beach, Nr. Bristol. 302.

- R. Taylor, 69, Forster Street, Roker, Sunderland, Co. Durham. 304.  
John Joiner, 93, Ruskington Drive, Wigston, Ley, IL2. 202.  
Henry G. Ordish, Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorset. 307.  
Maxim Garland, 2/4, Ludgate Circus Buildings, London. E.C.4. 308.  
John Turner, 156, Choreley Lane, Charnock Richard, Nr. Chorley, Lancs.  
309.  
Herbert Bailey, 35, Gillingham Road, Winton, Eccles, Manchester. 311.

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**RESIGNED**

D. J. Ryland, "Fayre Port," Thorpeville, Moulton, Northants.

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**CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

David Rhodes, 4, Tanpits, Winstanley, Wigan, Lancs. 74.

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**SUGGESTED THROTTLE-CONTROLLED OILING FOR  
ELECTRICALLY EQUIPPED SCOTT**

Being one of those wot sits and thinks but slow to put ideas into practice, maybe some of our engineer types could make this suggested system work before I get around to trying!

Briefly, the scheme is to utilise the full stroke of the Pilgrim pump by mounting it separately from the engine and driving it at reduced speed through a small worm drive by an electric motor (6v. windscreen wiper motor?) the speed being governed by a rheostat operated in conjunction with the throttle.

It seems to me that the pump would work efficiently in the manner that it was intended to by being opened right up, and the oil supply to the engine would be in proportion to work performed. No adjustments would be needed for town or country running once the initial pump speed setting had been obtained by experiment.

Any comments please?

GEOFF MAYES.

(Yes, I've a sneaking suspicion that this has been thought of before, and something published, but I can't find it as yet—Ed.).

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13. Union St.,  
Sodus, 14551.  
New York.  
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Sloan,

I would like to thank, through the pages of *Towl*, all club members who have dropped me a line, although I am unable to take part in club activities of course I have never felt left out of things, at any time. Thanks also for *Towl* it's a great magazine.

Fellow member Graeme Sharp paid me a visit this week, Graeme has been to Montreal to see Don & Joan Avis, needless to say Graeme and I consumed a large number of cans of beer, talking Scotts into the wee small hours. Yesterday Graeme met my American neighbour who has a nice collection of vintage Harley and Indian machines. Graeme left for his home in New Jersey last night, but we are planning a get together in the near future.

I have not had the pleasure of meeting Don and Joan yet but hope to take a trip to Montreal as soon as possible. Graeme informs me that the "MONTREAL SCOTT" is running very nicely. Many thanks to yourself and all club members. I trust that the club will grow from strength to strength.

Yours sincerely,

RAY EVANS.

303, Manningham Lane,  
Bradford 8,  
Yorkshire.

Dear Mr. Sloan,

In the August issue of *Yowl* I was surprised to see what I thought was an old split crankcase that I've had for some time, origin unknown.

I then realised it couldn't have been mine, I've never had one in such a polished condition. It must have been Walter Green's ! ! ! !

So, on scraping off the grime and grease, I found the number 68, but not in the usual place. No other markings—just the name SCOTT.

The cranks are pear shaped and have narrow bearings, the brass oil unions are as illustrated, one long, one short and the innards appear to be in good condition.

I have had so many Scotts since 1924, I've lost track with the origin.

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST LISTER.

(Mr. Lister has asked me to add that his crankcase is definitely not for sale, if any of you had thoughts in that direction).

Old Conduit House,  
Lyndhurst Terrace,  
Hampstead,  
N.W.3.

30th July, 1967.

Administration  
"Yowl"

Dear Editor,

I note in the June issue of "Yowl" that C. Tunstill has made reference to a certain type of Champion spark plug which is still available.

May I, through your pages, advise riders of another Champion plug which is really excellent. If one has a decent magneto (surely the very life blood of a Scott) then a virtually "uncookable" plug is the 18 m.m. U.K.10. I was advised by an extremely courteous member of Champion's technical department to buy this particular sparking plug.

It is now just twelve months since I fitted a pair of U.K.10's and I have never experienced one moment of trouble from the plugs during this time; I have "yowled" many times to the Shuttleworth Trust—plus fairly high speed runs to Gloucestershire and Bournemouth and a grand tour of Derbyshire, somehow ending up in Leeds. In addition I am "on the road" as it were, nearly every week-end my pleasure being maintained in no mean way to the marvellous U.K.10 (18 m.m.).

Yours sincerely,

DENNIS HOWARD.

(Note—I think readers will find that U.K.-10 plugs are suitable for use only in non-detachable head blocks, for, with the superior cooling of the alloy head the plugs will oil up. This is from experience—Ed.).

The Vicarage,  
Eaton Socon,  
Huntingdon.

Dear Nick,

Shame on you! The third Scott rider in the series of Royston photographs is Phil McNair of Thame, who rides the most original T.T. Rep. in the business.

Was that photograph taken at the 1964 meeting? (Don't remember, Ed.). If so, it is possible that Phil's tense expression is due to the appearance of a celebrated Rudge rider coming towards him down the hill, under the mistaken

impression that the event had finished. To make matters worse he had a small boy on the tank, and you should have heard the racket he got from Percy Chilvers.

No harm done, though.

Yours sincerely,  
BOB TORRENS.

21, Reform St.,  
Gomersal,  
Cleckheaton,  
Yorks.

Dear Mr Lee,

When you next publish *Yowl* I wonder if you would care to comment that I am manufacturing a limited number of new Left Hand Exhaust Pipes for Replica etc. and will supply to the first requests. Price unknown at the moment.

Also I have a good supply of  $\frac{3}{8}$  ins. dia x  $\frac{1}{4}$  ins. main bearing rollers (these seem in short supply) also  $\frac{3}{8}$  ins x  $\frac{3}{8}$  ins. big end rollers if required.

Regards,  
KEN RAMSDEN.

WANTED: For 1923 Two-speeder—carburettor, oil tank with two sight feeds and saddle. W. J. McComb, Whitestown, Muckamore, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.

FOR SALE: R.H. gear shield for Two-speeder, with curved part to cover mag-sprocket. (See "Made to Limit Gauge" "part C." illustration 99, which appears to be an identical type) £1. Flange fitting carburettor, Amac 3 jet, very heavy brass type, but very rough, 35/-. 1946-50 type rear wheel. Prefer to exchange any of the above for a Flyer rear carrier. B. Scholes, 35, Knowle Avenue, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancashire.

WANTED: For 1925 Two-speeder Squirrel, Tool boxes, footrest "D" bar, handlebars either complete with stem or suitable for fitting to existing extensions, rear chainguard, rear mudguard, rear stand, stem fitting saddle and all gear shields, or loan of any of these parts for pattern purposes. Would exchange for the above, pair of "A" bars complete with grips, magneto platforms, rear wheel back plate (needs alloy welding at brake fulcrum) Brooks saddle (needs recovering) etc. Ian McBride, 4, Glencairn Park, Glengormley, Newtown Abbey, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.

WANTED: Anti-clock (Clutch driven) mag-dyno. E. Scott, 24, Ashway, Corringham, Stamford-le-Hope, Essex.

WANTED: Pair of original forks for 1914 Scott. F. Serjeant, Davids Lane, Werrington, Peterborough.

WANTED: For 498 c.c.s. block, 60 thou pistons, new or good used. Robert Kerr, 4, Urmston Road, Liscard, Wallasey, Cheshire.

FOR SALE: Best quality engine packings 6/6d. per set. Water dome rubber rings 3/6d. per pair. Transfers (Scott, Shipley) 2/6d. each (5 for 10/-). Any other enquiries for repairs and parts S.A.E. please. Ken Lack, 5, Norton Lees Square, Sheffield S8-8P, Yorks.

WANTED: Suitable sporting sidecar and chassis (preferably Scott) for 1926 Two-speed Super, also radiator, drive box (26 tooth pinion 3:1 ratio) and other drive parts for Bonniksen speedometer. P. A. Fraser, 15, Westwood Glen, Tilehurst, Berks.

WANTED: 1928 Three-speed Super with Flyer type hand change, preferably unrestored, or any parts thereof. Apply Ed.