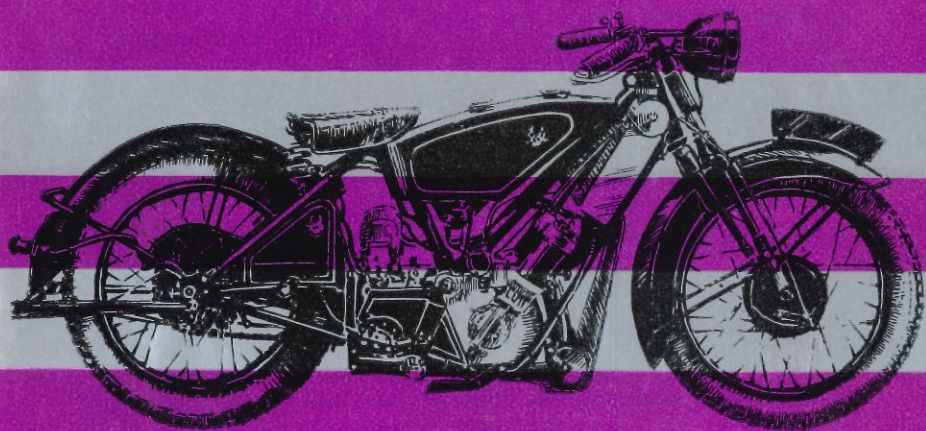
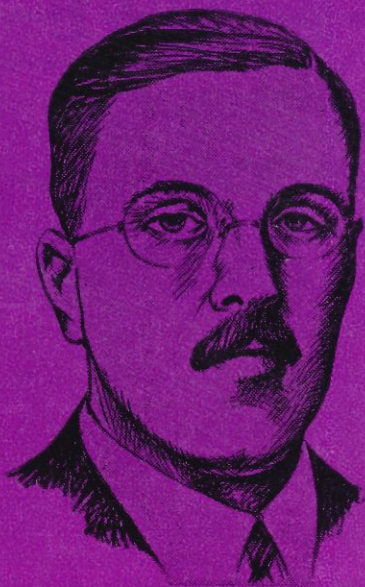


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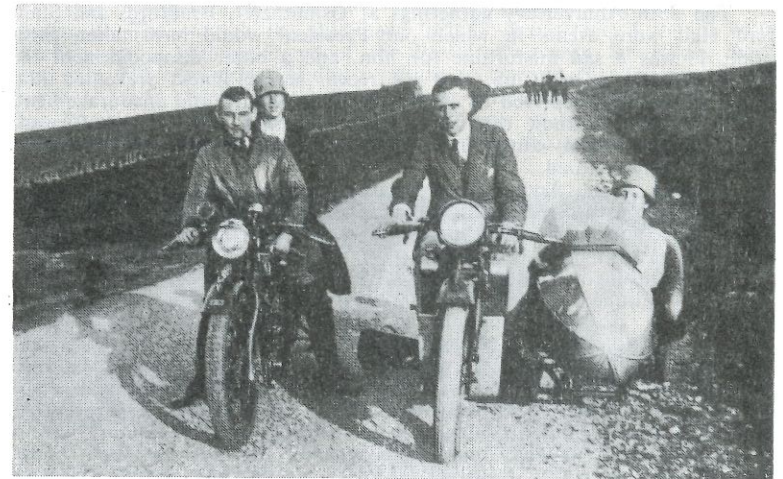


JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

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YOWL



Sir Hilary Scott, cousin of our President, aboard the sidecar outfit near Hawath. See page 263 for details).

JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

"For enthusiasts and those interested in the Scott motor-cycle"

IN THIS ISSUE

| | Page |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| SECTION NEWS | 263 & 267 |
| NORTHERN JUBILEE MEETING | 264 |
| THE HOME OF THE SCOTTS | 268 |
| THE GLORIOUS OBSESSION | 271 |
| CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY | 273 |
| GLORIOUS GOODWOOD | 277 |
| SPARES SCHEME | 278 |
| S.O.C. REGISTER | 279 |
| POST BAG | 280 |

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Harold Scott wishes to thank most warmly the many Club members who so kindly sent 'get well' cards and the many others for their thoughtful telephone calls which were so much appreciated. He is out of hospital and now getting stronger, slowly but surely on the road back.

COMMENT

The 25th Anniversary gatherings at Osmotherly, Bradford, and Stanford Hall were events in which our President would have taken great pride. It was a sad misfortune for him, and a bitter disappointment to all his friends in the Club, that his recent severe illness prevented him being with us and deprived us of his unfailing warmth and encouragement. But it is good to know that he is now recovering and we look forward to seeing him again—albeit in a 'lower gear' as he has said—when his health is fully restored.

Reports of the Annual Gathering at Stanford Hall (too late for this issue's deadline of September 1st) will be in the December 'Yowl'. The Northern Rally at Osmotherly and the Jubilee Meeting at Bradford are covered in this issue.

Peter Davenport's question started a lively correspondence which seems likely to continue for some time. It is good for the magazine to have an exchange of views and opinions on such topics—a fact that made me wonder why so few contributions seem to be concerned with the actual running of a Scott. We have excellent reminiscences, technical articles on detail modifications, reports of gatherings; we publish spares lists and we have a for sale/wanted/exchange section. All these are of great value, so keep them coming in. But surely somebody somewhere must have a problem. Surely someone must be struggling through the dark hours, cursing fearfully, in a desperate effort to get a machine onto the road and to keep it there. Healthy Scotts are a true delight, but some will have ailments. Don't keep them to yourself—they are unlikely to be contagious. Write! A second opinion might be all the patient needs.

I remember a strip cartoon years ago. The scene was an ENSA concert at which long-faced troops were being entertained, if that is the word, by a very large soprano. After two or three fruitless attempts to get a response, the lady finally invited the audience to join in with a song. Result: broad smiles and hearty applause. Moral: people enjoy most what they do themselves. So wouldn't some more of our readers enjoy reading their own articles in print? The answer, as before, is—write!

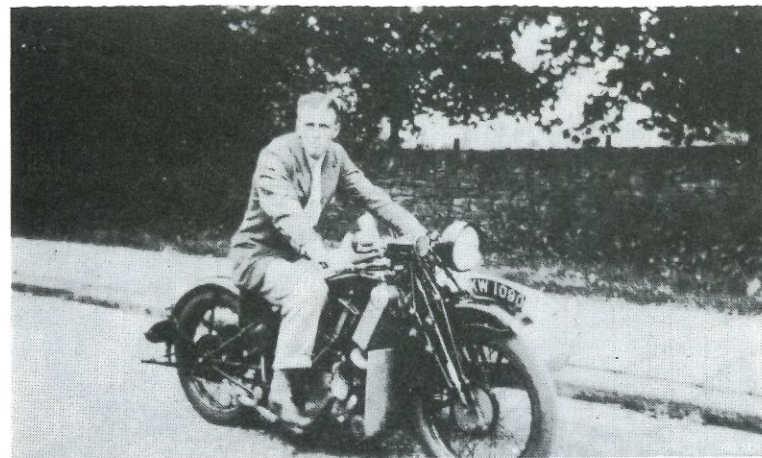
Reading Arthur Judge's book 'Automobile Engines' the other day I was pulled up short by a paragraph about the Scott engine. 'In the more recent model' it said, 'the flywheel is enclosed, four bearings being provided instead of two, for the crank-shaft; the chain sprockets are now placed on the outside of the crank-case.' Then a memory began to stir. I had seen a photograph of a prototype, shown, I think, at the 1930 Show, in an old copy of *Motor Cycle*. A quick reference to Tragatsch confirmed this, and there was a photograph of the 1930 TT model with enclosed primary chain and vertical cylinders. The Show model was a 648cc version of this layout but only a few were made—and no wonder. A Scott with vertical cylinders, indeed! But what interested me more was the way in which a short-lived experiment, by mere coincidence, can perpetuate wrong information. Judge published his book in 1925, and obviously revised it carefully for his second edition in 1931 when he added the part I have quoted.

Unfortunately, in the 1937 edition, which is the one I have, this part is still there; the vertical-engined Scott, at least in this book, has established itself. And what, you might ask, would a future historian make of that? Well, in this case later evidence is so plentiful that no confusion could exist, and it might be argued that if Judge had said 'a more recent model' instead of 'the more recent model' no-one could grumble. A pedantic point, perhaps, but it does show that historians can't be too careful.

Any memories of these models?

SCOTT FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS

Our President has sent two splendid family photographs for the magazine. The one on the title page (p.261) shows, from l. to r. Willie Mactaggart, a lifelong friend of the President's cousin Sir Hilary Scott, and Sir Hilary's sister Audrey, on the AJS; and Sir Hilary and his mother, Madge Scott, on the Scott sidecar outfit. Sir Hilary is the son of the President's uncle Charles who was a Director of the early Scott works. The other photograph shows Sir Hilary Scott on his sidecar outfit in 1927.



Sir Hilary Scott on his Scott outfit, taken at Heaton, Bradford, in 1927.

LONDON SECTION NEWS

Ron Mountain

Circumstances have forced the London Section to change their Headquarters from the Hoop and Grapes, Faringdon Street, to the Clock House, Leather Lane. This is not far from the old H.Q., and to find it proceed along Faringdon Street from the Hoop and Grapes, under Holborn Viaduct until you come to Clerkenwell Road. Turn left into this road, and Leather Lane is the third turning on the left. The Clock House is just down on the left.

The October meeting will take place at the Clock House, Leather Lane.

RANDOM RAMBLINGS ON ... THE NORTHERN JUBILEE MEETING

Ron Mountain

"When I was a lad, nearly as big as me Dad", as we used to sing, I suppose I can say that I saw Scott reach its peak in production, and then quite rapidly decline as the depression of the thirties began to bite.

Sprint Specials were always very thin on the ground, and about the only chance to see a genuine one, was if you were fortunate enough to see Mavro in action.

I suppose we all have our own "special" Scott—the one model that made such an impression, and for me it was the Reynolds Special, which I first saw in those far off days of '33. However, having no rich aunts on the verge of passing over, and no "Ernie Bonds" from which spring dreams eternal, the price range of the Reynolds placed this beyond the dreams of ordinary mortals, but the last of the line of TT Replicas, the 1933 edition produced for the Show, was a different thing altogether, and I thought that was magnificent—no matter what Italian designers may have had to say about the Reynolds.



Enthusiasts engrossed. Jubilee photograph from R. H. Platt.

The TT Replica differed from the others in having Brampton Bottom Link forks, and with duplex frame, flared petrol tank, and of course the ONLY finish for Scotts, ebony black enamel work, polished alloy and white lining to set things off, it looked so much better than the Light Sports of the previous year, fitted with the same forks.

So, with a soft spot for the Bramptons, the appearance of a Scott fitted with such forks set my mind racing back to the days of yore. However, this was not a '33 model, but a much earlier machine of '29 vintage, with the narrow, unflared round top tank that we all know so well. This one was beautifully refurbished, with purple panelled tank, correctly lined, and I don't mind admitting took my vote (even if the judges did not agree) I'm not positive about the owner, and I had better not guess unless I make a mistake, but I do hope that the owner of 510 JWE will forward a photograph to the Editor—for it is a machine worth viewing by all! He really is to be congratulated on his workmanship.

Cliff Horst's Scott JTN 483, must contain many secrets (he should pass some of them on to Ian Reaveley, who will need them) for it has a petrol consumption of 100 mpg! A fact vouched for by Ivor Slack! Amongst the many modifications noted were a reduction gear from a Sturmey Archer hub gear, concealed in a neat aluminium shield, between the crankcase door and the Pilgrim pump.

A treat for chair fans was VV 6942—how THAT pulled at low speeds, gives the lie that Scotts are unsuitable for chair work. However, this machine has been extensively modified, with spring frame, Clubman tank, and the largest box exhaust system seen on a Scott. Perhaps that is the secret of its pulling power!

Ernie Scott's 1923/4 Standard and chair, created interest wherever it went, and was perhaps the oldest machine present. He will have to get Joyce busy with the Silvo and wax polish though!

The latest Reaveley masterpiece was perhaps having its first public outing. It looked so good, that a young Kawasaki 'Customs' owner, who saw his first Scotts at the Shipley works on Sunday, 4th July '82, felt like kicking his Nipponese masterpiece, and now HAS to have a Scott. Incidentally—if any of you require leather fronts for tool boxes, or modern pannier leather bags—he's your man. He produced some of his work to show us, and he is a real craftsman in leather. We think that he could help many members, and you will find a separate paragraph regarding his work elsewhere in this Journal.

I suppose at this stage, I ought to try and describe Ian's Scott Sprint Special, ... well, that's easy—turn to your History of the Scott by Jeff Clew, look up page 149 where you'll see Dennis Howard's masterpiece, now in the hands of Glyn Chambers. Look up your BMS First Scott Scene, and turn to page 46/7. O.K. ... have you found it?

Now picture it in its pristine glory, faultless ebony enamel, highly polished alloy, a work of art in the beautifully plated 2-inch left exhaust, sculptured by Ken Lack to really fit alongside the bike. Lightweight Webb forks and 21 inch wheel at the front end, all make up a picture of really light workmanlike and truly desirable machine—surely one of the best looking in the Club today? It deservedly took one of the awards, which I am certain will be the first of many.

The bike was built up after closely studying photographs of the ex-Howard machine and I am sure it will now be closely copied by others. Single down tube frames may be in very great demand! Save one for me, somebody!!!

There were two speeders of every type, including an early Squirrel type with "air-cooled" head.

Several Flying Squirrels of all years, from the late twenties to the the fifties, in very nice order.

The Sheffield Scott Club turned out a very strong supporting Squadron, with Ivor Slack at the head.

The London Section was presented by Ernie Scott ('24 Standard and side-car) Eric Bayliss ('39 Clubman Special) and J. Barney, and all did very well indeed, in that they took home three awards.

John Underhill with two speeder represented the Midland Section, who I must confess were thinner on the ground than I would have thought.

Colin Smith—all the way from Spalding, but obviously enjoying every moment, whilst a certain person from Lancashire will have a confession to make when he meets up with his comrade from Co. Antrim. (There you are, M.A.—I said I'd blow the gaff on you!)

The run took the riders through the beautiful North Yorkshire Parks area, Hawnby, Reviux Abbey, Sutton Bank, Horse Bank, and Carlton Bank to name but a few, and if you haven't made that trip yet, you really are depriving yourself of a sight of old England at its best. Just ask anyone who has made the Run. Better still, make an effort for 1983.

Of the Rally and Run—well all I can say is, you'll meet some of the friendliest people you'll ever meet—real Scott fans... every one.

Where but in Yorkshire would you meet two Directors of a firm, having no connection with Scotts, except the fact that they now occupy the old Scott Works, barbecuing lunch for about 60, and providing the beer too. Or turning their place over for inspection, as in the case of the present occupiers of A. A. Scott's birth-place?

You can't know what hospitality means until you have met some of these Yorkshire folk.

Give it a try next year.

Eric Langton, of T.T. and Speedway fame, now on holiday from Australia, was one of the notables at the Rally, but unfortunately he cannot spin it out to include our September National Gathering.

So you missed your chance of meeting one of the real characters of the old Scott world.

Our President, Harold Scott, after making all arrangements to attend, was rushed into hospital, just a couple of days before-hand, but we are glad to report that he is now making progress. I'm sure I speak for all who attended, when I say that we missed you just as much as you missed your chance of attending. Do get well soon... remember there is always another year!

As has already been stated, the Northern Rally started with a line up of machines, and a chance to view and natter, followed by a run of about 50 miles through glorious scenery, back to the Pied Piper, where riders voted the winners of each class.

Our thanks go to Bill Peake, Robin Steavenson, Brian and Shirley Cummings and all the others for the part they played in putting on one of the most enjoyable events in the Scott calendar. (Speaking of Scott Calendars—have you got your 1983 Calendar from Ernie Scott yet—just the thing for Christmas presents to motor-cyclist friends!) (Is that plug enough Ernie?)

The following day had something for everybody. Meeting at the Bradford Museum, a place full of interest, not counting the Sociable, Felix, Bill Bradley's old six speed trials sidecar outfit, and the late C. H. Wood's 1912 trials bike. This was followed by a run to the Scott family home, then on to the old Shipley Works (reverential pause...) where the present occupiers (Crystal Yarns) provided lunch, then a run to Burnsall via Cow and Calf rocks, Ilkley.

For myself, and I'm sure the feeling was shared by others, at the end of the two days, a sense of loss... anti-climax... nothing else really. Scotting to look forward to, until September, but I hope to be back next year!

We have also to thank all those who brought their machines along, and so made the weekend for the spectators. Who was riding?—Well, I think it is important, and we don't do enough to record these events fully. Someone asked me who was at the first 1958 Rally at Stratford, and I could only think of three others, who still regularly attend our events, and a check of my photographs of that early event yielded no further help. So, here it is for posterity—the lads (and lasses) who made the Northern Jubilee Rally, one to long remember.

M. Hodkin, Sheffield; I. Slack, Sheffield; J. Minns, Alsager; J. Toseland, Sheffield; J. Underhill, Leicester; D. Williams, Northallerton; A. D. Fogg, Oakenhall; C. Smith, Spalding; T. Sharp, Bingley; C. Pinder, Ilkley; N. Jay, Sheffield; R. Bayliss, London; J. Barney, London; B. Peake, Stockton; E. Scott, Stanford le Hope; I. Reavely, Blyth; C. Horst, Blyth; R. Steavenson, Middleton St. George; J. Hoble, Stockton; N. Metcalfe, Darlington.

AWARDS

E. Scott ('23 Standard Scott and sidecar) Best two speeder and (Nixon Tankard) J. Barney (Longest distance travelled to Rally) Mountain Shield. R. Bayliss ('39 Clubman Special) Best Shipley model. Camelot Trophy. I. Reavely (Sprint Special) Best Special. H. Scott Trophy.

As Messrs. Mountain and Rawlins, who had been hopelessly lost in the wilds of Yorkshire, and "never saw owt" as they say up there, they were, as consolation, allowed to present the Trophies. (R.R. blames it on a bunch of youths who said they "went thataway" at certain cross-roads—but I have my doubts!)

Our sympathy to D. Williams who sheared the flywheel rivets, and to N. Metcalfe who suffered a broken chain, on the first days run.

LEATHERWORK FOR TOOL BOXES ETC.

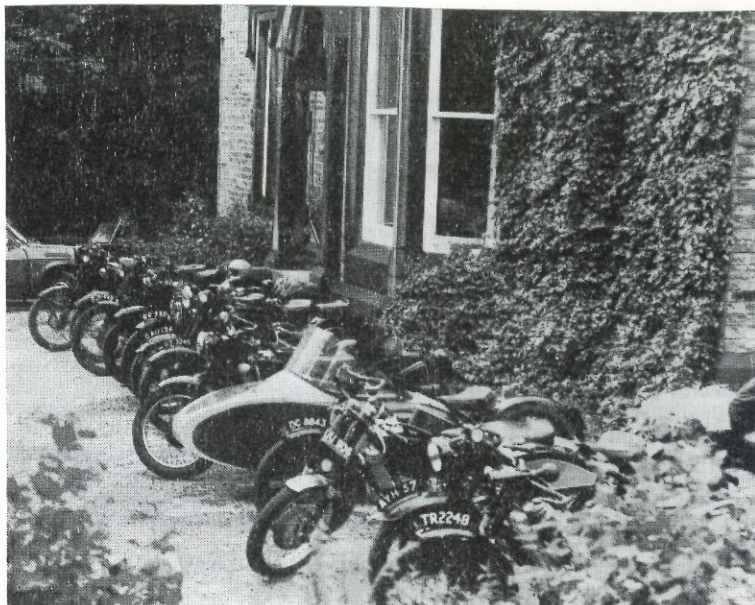
Should any member require leatherwork for tool box fronts, or modern leather pannier bags and so, they should contact J. R. Connor, 30 Hurstwood Road, Shipley, West Yorkshire. (Tel. 594606) giving details, measurements etc. of what is required.

NORTHERN SECTION NEWS

Shirley Cumming

This year's Burnsall Run was a bit of a fiasco again, weatherwise anyway. This did not preclude a good turnout though—19 Scotts of all ages arrived for a run round Wharfedale. As usual the weather was extremely bad and the short course had to be used again, although somehow or other Tim Sharp missed being told this and went all the way round with his combo. Unfortunately his 'totals' didn't add up to enough to gain an award as he lives too near. (Totals are the combined ages of bike and rider, plus distance ridden, plus 20 for sidecar, plus 10 per passenger.) This year's winner, of both 'totals' (227) and distance award (140), was Gordon Bell who rode from Prestatyn where he was on holiday. The runner-up was C. Horst whose 'totals' were 103 for ages of bike and rider, plus 112 miles ridden. By a vote, the award for the most popular bike was won by Norman Jay of the Sheffield Scott Club. We must all get our prayer mats out for better weather next year.

The June meeting—a mini AGM—was attended by 12 members. Maurice Rispin (Chairman) opened by saying that he thought the Section was now well established and had had some very interesting meetings, but ideas for future meetings were always welcome. All the Committee retired and were replaced by Colin Pinder (Chairman), Mark Hodkin (Secretary), and Tim Sharp (Assistant Sec.). We wish them all the best in their endeavours.



A fine line-up of Scotts outside the house where Alfred Scott was born. Photograph, from R. H. Platt, taken at the Jubilee Meeting at Bradford on July 4th.

SCOTT OWNERS VISIT THE HOME OF SCOTTS

R. H. Platt

Whoever thought up the idea of a visit to Bradford to see, and actually enter, the house where Alfred Scott was born, deserves a medal, and if that was not enough to keep you happy, a visit to the Industrial Museum, then along to the Scott Works at Shipley... the mind boggles. I will subscribe to the proposition that the person concerned, be presented with a silver 'Limit Gauge'... but I am going too fast.

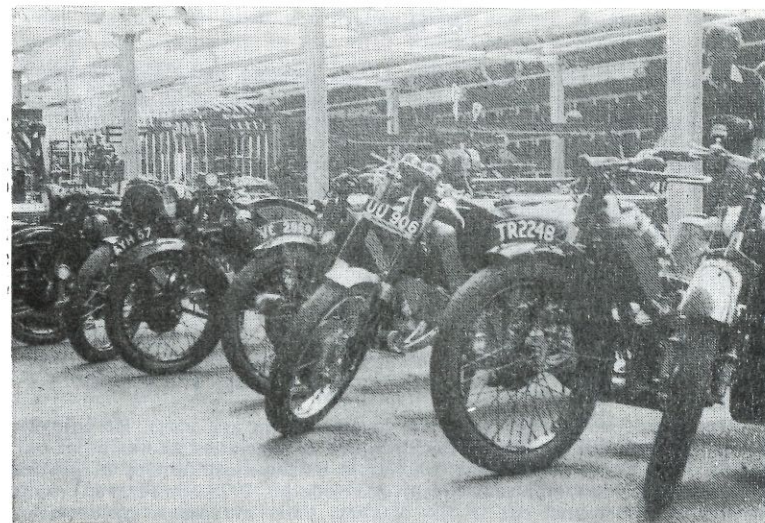
At 10.00 a.m. on the 4th July, the outing started at the Bradford Industrial Museum, which has a special interest in things made in and around Bradford, which of course includes Scott motor-cycles and Jowett cars. The exhibit which gave me the most pleasure was Bill Bradley's famous Scott, known all over the World as 'Felix'. This machine started life as a 1925 two-speed Super Squirrel, but because of an accident to Mr. Bradley's right ankle, some means of operating the clutch by hand, had to be arranged. Bill was interested in the rough trials so popular in the North of England during the twenties, so it was necessary to obtain a lower bottom gear ratio than was possible with the normal two-speed arrangement. So our friend evolved a brilliant idea of lengthening the frame between the engine and rear wheel, so that a Sturmey Archer gearbox could be incorporated. This gave him a hand controlled clutch and also enabled him to have a high and low gear for each of the three Sturmey gears, giving six in all. Modifications came thick and fast including reed valves, banking sidecar, braced front forks and a petrol tank which filled

the frame, long before the 'Flyers'. They also had on view, a good example of the Scott 'Sociable' three wheeler car which Alfred Scott produced after he left the motor-cycle business. Also in a glass case was an engine from one of Scott gun-carriages, which were made before the 'Sociable' and in another case, a veteran 'Umpleby' rotary engine on which Scott had done the machining. This was the forerunner of the modern Wankel engine.

A move was made at 11.30 to visit the house in which Alfred Scott was born. The convoy departed to the glorious sound of 12 Scotts, followed by various cars and when we arrived at 'Oakleigh' Oak Avenue, Manningham, the bikes were all lined up across the front, for a photographic session. This beautiful Victorian house, which had been a Private Hotel, is now a Club, and we were allowed to see the ground floor rooms, which conveyed the grandeur into which Scott had been born. The room sizes, ceilings and fittings, were all from a different age, when quality was the thing that mattered. I have passed this house, hundreds and hundreds of times, never knowing of its association with Alfred Scott, and I do think that we should try and erect a plaque saying that 'Alfred Scott who created the Scott Motor-cycle, was born here on the 5th October 1874'.

We were expecting Harold Scott, our President, to come with us on this wonderful day, but sadly, news was brought that Harold had been taken ill and was now in hospital. We hope that by the time he reads this, he will be fit and well again.

Then came the great moment—we departed for the Scott Works, which I had not seen for 20 years. Do you know, it's had a face lift! The yard at the entrance—the one in the old picture where Alfred Scott was inspecting the bikes before the first Scott Trial—it's been resurfaced, a new roof covers the area, and it's full of textile machinery. The Works is now used by Crystal Yarns, who are Scott enthusiasts. Two directors of the company, Mr. and Mrs. R. Firth, amazed me by the manner in



Where they were made. Inside the old Scott Works, now owned by Crystal Yarns, our generous hosts on July 4th.

which they produced a delightful meal of eggs, sausage and bacon, tea, bread and butter for the visitors. They used a barbecue stove with great efficiency. It was a wonderful two-person production line! They then took us round the Works, and I was fortunate, because I had collected Eric Langton who had worked for Scotts as Tool Room Manager, so he knew just what had been where. He showed me the little building at the rear, which had housed the Dynamometer, used for testing engines. The Works canteen which was on the second floor. The Drawing Office. The Machine Shop which was extended in 1929 and all the pre-1920 spares were thrown on the floor and concreted over... and we were actually walking over them! This was certainly a day to remember.

What a pity that Bill Bradley couldn't have been collected from Ilkley to enjoy this wonderful day. Colin Pinder could have brought him, but he had to dash off to a posh wedding in Leeds. And what do they make at Crystal Yarns? I asked that question and the answer is, they are worsted cloth manufacturers, with the mainline being Yashmagh, which they make in the tens of thousands. These are the head squares which are worn by Arabs, so next time you see the Arab delegates at the oil conference just remember that the head covers may have been made in the same factory which built bikes to limit gauge.

John Underhill thanked Mr. and Mrs. Firth on behalf of all fifty of us, and our visit was over, but after leaving the yard we turned left, then second right up Tower Road, where the Scotts were tested up this steep street. I remember Geoff Davison telling me about collecting a Scott for Road Test when he worked for *Motorcycling*, and he had to bring it up Tower Road, but that story will have to wait for another issue.

SCOTTS INVADE THE BANBURY RUN

R. H. Platt

The classic Banbury Run, which brings together more vintage motor-cycles than any other event in the world, was once more organised by the Vintage Motor Cycle Club and took place on 20th June, in glorious sunshine, starting from the Automotive Products car park in Coventry Road, with the Mayor of Banbury, Mr. Martin Carter, starting them on their way. The Scott brigade arrived in style, with no less than 26 entries and not a scruffy example in sight. Some had dry heads, others had water-cooled ones, some were two-speed—quite a lot had three, but I didn't see one with the three-speed gearbox in the open frame—yet at the Burnsall Run there were two or three nice examples of the three-speed Super... perhaps they are scarce in the Midlands. Glyn Chambers was there with his lovely 1911 model which took the Len Wills Trophy for the best pre-1915 machine, and Owen Tyler walked away with the award for the greatest combined age—82 for Owen and 69 for the bike. The Best Scott Award was won by J. Best of Feltham with his 1930 T.T. Replica.

Our President, Harold Scott, was around bright and early. He enjoyed the day surrounded by such a lovely bunch of machines and a lot of old friends, including Eric Langton who must be the most famous of all the Scott riders still around. John Greenwood rode his 1926 open-frame Flying Squirrel, but it retired out in the country, short of sparks. Incidentally, there were more Triumphs than any other make, but Scotts were second, beating the old faithful BSA's—AJS's—and the Sunbeams. That was really astonishing. Looking forward to seeing you there next year, and perhaps we may beat the Triumphs.

THE GLORIOUS OBSESSION

Brian Stephenson

It all began in about 1935 when a friend gave me a lift on the back of a 1927 Flyer—I remember it had Scott girder forks and a multi-coloured copper exhaust pipe. I could not forget the gliding feeling nor the singing sound of the exhaust and knew then that I should not be truly happy until I owned one of these 'dream' machines.

I had been motor-cycling since May 1932, starting with a 172cc Baker Villiers, next a 350cc 'Pouncy' Villiers 'TRIPLE S' (that was a rare one—even in 1933), then a 250cc 'GTP' Velocette followed by my first 4-stroke: a 150cc OHV New Imperial.

I was in Eric S. Myer's Motor Cycle Depot one day when I heard of a Scott for sale at Asquith (in Wharfedale). The only other information was that it was an old one and should be cheap. It turned out to be a 1926 596cc Super with a B & L oil pump and the owner made much of the fact that 'she were double trottled'. This did NOT mean that it could go twice as quickly but that a twist-grip throttle was fitted in addition to the normal throttle and air-levers on the right handlebar. Well, I bought it on the 29th December 1936 for £5 which, in those days, was far too much money for a ten year old machine.

It was a nightmare trip home with the flickering gas headlamp and almost dead battery on the tail lamp. The engine had hardly any power and bottom gear slipped badly unless I kept my weight on the low gear pedal all the time. I found out later that the machine had the close ratio gears, also the solo sprocket on the rear wheel.

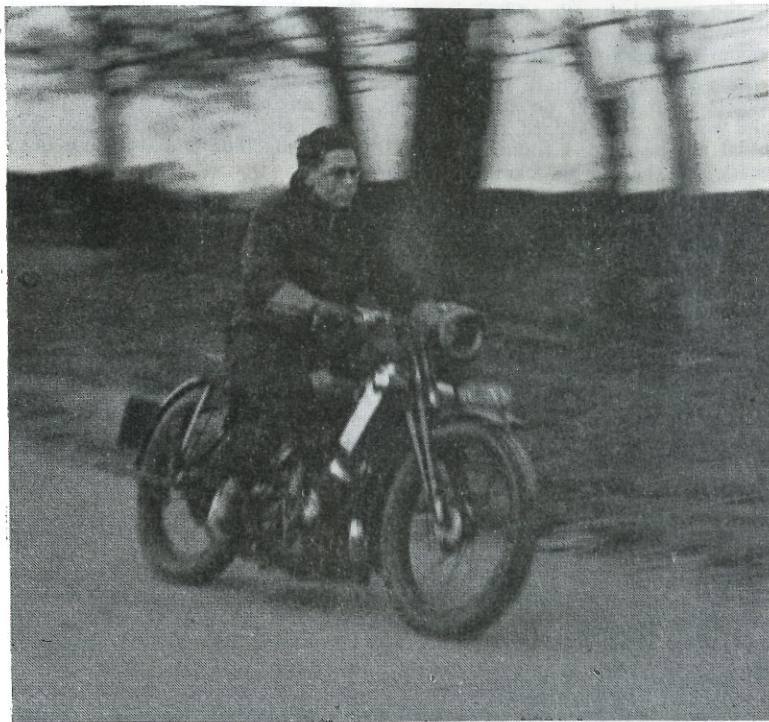
On 10th January 1937 I started the overhaul. I had no idea how the gear worked so I removed it from the frame and took it to Tom Ward who only lived five minutes walk from my home in those happy days. (That was my first meeting with Tom Ward and we remained friends all through the war when he was with Rolls-Royce at Derby and until he retired and came home to Bradford. I was with him only a few days before he died). Then I removed the cylinders and pistons. I have never seen so much carbon deposit! When the exhaust-port covers were removed there was a small hole in the carbon through which it might have been possible to insert a lead pencil. Many hours were spent removing all carbon from ports and pistons. I even completed the job with metal polish. Then, with pistons and cylinders in a strong bag I set off by trolley-bus and tram to Hepworth and Grandage. While I waited, they fitted and gapped new piston-rings—there was one on each piston below the gudgeon-pin as well as the two above.

Home again, and in the warmth of the dining-room I tried to assemble the engine. After a long struggle I had to enlist a friend's help to get the cylinders on. I found it impossible to get the piston right into the bore on one side then go round to the other side as, each time I tried, the bottom ring came out again. One of us each side did it, however. I collected the overhauled gears from Tom Ward and eventually the machine was ready for the road.

What a lovely machine it was. 55 mph in bottom gear but only about 65 mph in top gear. But with a friend on the pillion we did the 60-plus miles from Bradford to Morecombe in 1 hour 20 minutes one morning and came home for lunch in 1 hour 25 minutes. So when people talk about the unreliable old machines of the 1920's I know that they never had a Scott. I had the machine for over two years—about one year solo, then, with wide-ratio gears and a side-car sprocket on the rear wheel, about a year with a chair which I bought from Harrison Town.

Troubles? All I can remember are a nearly useless front brake (5 inch Webb?); a broken stem on the front forks—while I had the side-car. When I phoned Scotts about this they said the trouble was not unknown but the stem always seemed to break 'just as one stopped' and that, as far as they knew, 'nobody had yet been killed'. The last trouble I remember was a crack on the slip-ring in the BTH mag. which caused one cylinder to keep cutting out. Once located, this was soon cured by a visit to Tom Ward—who also sold me some second-hand forks. Drip-feed oiling was fitted because Tom did not like the B & L pump. He said not only was correct adjustment difficult but over-oiling was often caused by the pump leaking through the off-side crankcase door.

So I was lucky. I doubt if I had more than 30/- per week (£1.50) wages in those days yet I had some wonderful times on my Scott. The roads were quiet and one could travel miles without meeting another road user, petrol was 1/4d a gallon (6.4p), I had a Scott, and Tom Ward was five minutes walk away, Scott works about five miles and Harrison Town about six miles away, so how does that make the present members of the S.O.C. feel?



Brian Stephenson, Super Scotting in 1937.

At the end of 1938 Tom Ward bought a damaged 1928 3-speed Super which he agreed to repair and sell to me for £20 plus my 2-speeder. This was the start of my spending many hours at Hustler Street working on

the 3-speeder Super which was eventually just ready for Easter 1939 when it looked like a new machine.

After a lovely summer, the war started on 3rd September and at the end of September I put the Scott away for 'the duration'. But it did not work out like that—on 1st April 1940 I got a new job which was reserved. Within a week the Scott was taxed and back on the road, and on 10th April I became a part-time D/R in the A.F.S. (to become the N.F.S. on 18th August 1941). Building and modifying the 3-speed Super and the year it served in the Fire Service in air raids and on numerous convoy duties is another story—as is the fact that I was 'Ward Motors Ltd., Bradford' for Tom Ward for most of the war.

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY—1962

R. Sougnez

Our interest was fired by Ken and Mollie Craven and their many accounts of continental tours in the 'Green 'n'. How they stirred the imagination of so many motorcyclists in those austere years after the war. We saved up our £50 (£25 each was all that was allowed) plus a good deal of loose change, and decided after many hours poring over continental maps and the cross-channel facilities existing at that time to fly from Eastleigh (Southampton) airport to Cherbourg.

My 1936 workaday Scott had routine checks over the weeks leading up to take-off. The Scott was entirely original except for removal of the magdynamo and mounting and fitting of a V-belt driven 36 watt Miller dynamo, two contact-breakers, and two coils. Ex-D/R pannier bags were strapped to home-made light-alloy frames, two new contact-breakers fitted, and the old ones added to the spares list. What was likely to fail? Not the engine, gearbox or clutch. Electrics? I looked longingly at a small Miller 24 watt dynamo. Why not? So it was taken, with a spare V-belt and the usual spares. A few extra tools completed the survival kit. The Belstaff was strapped to the tank and was to remain there for the whole fortnight except for one night near Epinal.

Came the morning of departure and we were greeted by a typical ex-R.A.F. type who checked our luggage and who was also at the controls of the Bristol Freighter (Silver City Airways) when we climbed aboard. We sat at the rear, with the Scott and a Bristol 400 car strapped to the floor in front of us. About half way across, the captain asked us if we would mind being a little late on arrival since he wanted to show his friend (with the Bristol car) the invasion beaches. This was an interesting start to our holiday. We had seen the great armies leave Southampton and now we were to see where they had fought for a bridgehead. The beaches were still littered with the remains of tanks and other rusty hardware, and large chunks of Mulberry were still lying offshore. Since we were now some twenty minutes late at Cherbourg, our captain was last seen arguing with French ground-staff and pointing at his watch which of course was now showing exactly the E.T.A.

We headed south for the old port of Granville after which we sighted the fortress Abbey of St. Michel. It was market day at Foujères and while Margaret looked for fruit, etc., I went off in search of 'essence'. I asked for *dix litres*. Something was wrong. Was it the strange motorcycle? the man disappeared and returned with an elderly gentleman who spoke a little English. There evidently was a problem so far as they were concerned, but why not just put ten litres in the left-hand filler? They then brought out the chief. He knew his two-strokes. No 'essence' without 'huile'. Final. This *contretemps* was attracting other attention by now. Then suddenly, enlightenment. He was staring at something on the right-hand

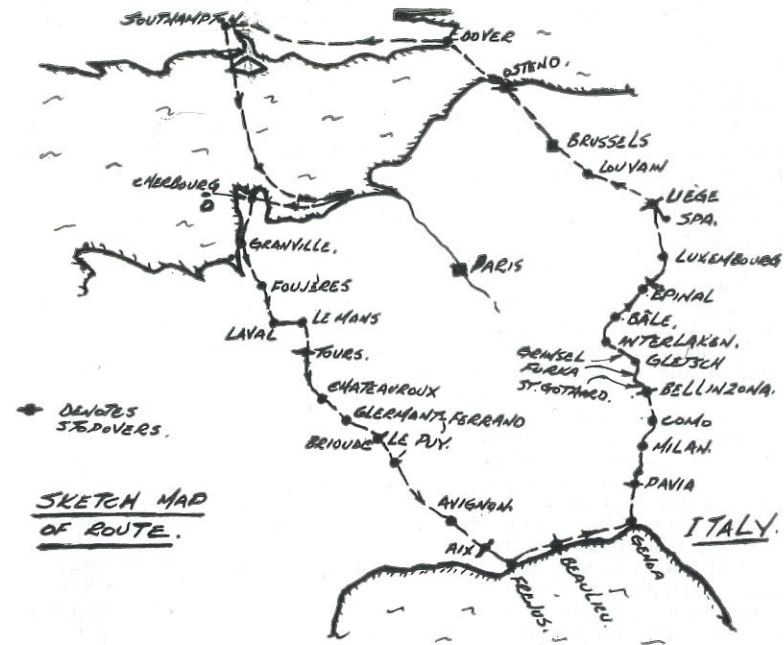
crankcase door. 'Ah, vous avez une pompe. Bien, dix litres.' Apologies all round and 'bon voyage'. Our intended route was through Laval to Tours but we decided to go *via* Le Mans so the heavily laden Scott motored along the 200 mph Mulsanne straight at a steady 50 mph. We spent our first night at Tours after a wonderful first day's ride, the weather was marvellous, the coffee excellent. From Tours we headed for the Massif Central *via* Chateauroux and Clermont-Ferrand. We just had to stop at Chateauroux to purchase sun-tan lotion; we had not anticipated such a heat-wave. Whilst in the *pharmacie* I noticed a rather rotund and important looking *gendarme* scrutinising the Scott which was leaning on the kerb. Was this illegal? He disappeared. When we emerged he approached us rather diffidently, enquired about the Scott, and proudly told us he owned a B.S.A.

We were now climbing continually, and somewhere between Clermont-Ferrand and Brioude (where we stayed) the Scott cut cleanly on one cylinder. One of the new contact-breakers? Yes. O fibre heel had broken off. We climbed through Le Puy, and gradually we left the more rugged terrain behind so that by late afternoon we were having an excellent meal in Avignon. The little café was near the river and everything was so peaceful and beautiful in this historic walled town. Reluctantly we decided to push on to Aix-en-Provence by the N7 route national. The traffic had increased considerably. My most vivid memory of Aix was the sight of lads and lasses driving scooters at frightening speeds and always with the girls sitting side pillion. Since our home address at that time was near Beaulieu (Hants.) Beaulieu-sur-Mer on the Riviera had been a must from the word go. Fréjus was the magical point where the Mediterranean was first sighted, and after pausing for a rather expensive coffee at Juan-les-Pins we pottered along to Beaulieu where two dirty motorcyclists were made most welcome. It seemed a rather grand hotel, all white paint and ornate with gold decor, but managed by very gracious people. The speedo told us that we had now covered more than 700 miles. Next day a Velocette was spotted at Menton. The owner was bathing so we carried on and soon crossed into Italy, then through San Remo, Alassio, and Genoa where we turned north on our way back to the U.K.

At Alassio two young Italians came off their mount in front of us but no harm was done. The bike was one of those beautifully engineered Rumi twins.

Two incidents marked our passage through Genoa, the first when we took a short cut up a closed road to be lectured by a policeman at the other end. However he loved to exercise his English which he'd learned while working with the British Army, and after a friendly chat he directed us to the Giovi Pass. We climbed and climbed then suddenly the second incident. A large open car overflowing with noisy Italians waving flags screamed through the S-bends and left us in no doubt that we were in the b... way. We had been forced off the road, and as we wondered what all that was about, the explanation came down the mountain—a horde of racing cyclists.

On the way across the Lombardy plain to Milan we opted to stay at Pavia since it was extremely hot and all three of us were suffering. I was particularly concerned about the Dunlop Universal; these conditions were not anticipated. An A.A. sign was spotted—this seemed to be an obvious choice. The little autocratic proprietor received us with little enthusiasm, although on seeing ourselves in the mirror our sympathies were with him. We passed through Milan and on to Como where all sensible people were in the lake. The heat was intolerable. We joined them. It seemed to be worse when we came out so we crossed Lake Lugano, through the rocky Chiasso customs post, and climbed to beautiful Belinzona. This was Switzerland.



SKETCH MAP
OF ROUTE.

The next leg was the most taxing of our tour—to cross the St. Gothard, Furka, and Grimsel passes in a day. A G.B. sports car with two young Englishmen swept past with hoots and waves on the lower slopes of the St. Gothard. We reciprocated near the summit; they were feeding snow into the radiator. The S-bends on the gravelly Furka pass (8,000 ft.) were designed for something between first and second gear. However, the clutch gave no trouble, attributable to the cork inserts I always fit on the clutch drum, i.e. under the primary chain. At the little town of Gletsch (5,700 ft.) we were all fed and rested, and although the Lodge C3's had done well a set of clean ones was fitted. A young Dutch couple we met were following the same route, their mount an ex-W/D Royal Enfield still dressed in khaki. It was a long arduous descent to between lakes Interlaken, mainly due to the pillion rider's insistence on taking over the driving seat.

After a much needed rest at Beau Sejour we travelled on through Bâle and Epinal and were caught out in the country by a thunderstorm and spent the night in the lee of a cafe wall. We used the table and chairs, also the parasol, and of course the Belstaff was used for the first and only time. We set off again before daylight to Nancy and Luxemburg, but by midday I was dangerously sleepy so we decided to have a break and pulled into a small stand of pines and slept.

We were now in the Ardennes and soon we reached Micheroux and Fleron near Liège where we had a terrific reception from relatives. My cousin Michel had a very hairy-looking 500cc F.N. (naturally) and it was with some reluctance that I offered him the expected ride on the Scott. Thankfully he brought it back intact after what seemed to me an exceptionally long ride.

After rounds of dining—there seemed to be dozens of relatives—we were ready to visit Spa-Francochamps for the Grands Prix. This included the 500cc race where Geoff Duke and Ray Amm on their Nortons were to take on Nello Pagani and the up and coming Masetti on the faster and now reliable Gileras. Looking back on the race I regard it as a great privilege to have seen it. Our vantage point was on a bank at the top of La Souree hairpin. The Norton riders kept with the Gileras, positions continually changing, until finally Duke and Masetti arrived at the last corner together and the Gilera's edge on acceleration got it to the finishing line by a wheel or so. Geoff was to say later that he hoped he wouldn't have to ride like that again. No wonder. In the paddock I listened in to a question and answer session between Graham Walker and world sidecar champion Eric Oliver. Eric was explaining his problems with the Gileras and then simply said, "If Geoff can't do it, nobody can". Tribute indeed.

Between races a Scott was spotted amongst the spectator bikes. A Belgian lady approached and when she discovered that I was from England and also a Scott enthusiast she begged me not to go away while she found her husband. They were a charming couple and lived in Liège, and I had regretfully to decline an invitation to visit them there since our time was by now getting short. For them there was only one motor-cycle—the Scott.

Our tour was now nearing its end. We had met a lot of wonderful people, including the Dutch couple on their R.E. always within an S-bend or two as we climbed the passes, the three young Australians doing a five week tour of Europe, and their marvellous collection of silk badges and pennants. We always will remember the excitement and the interest taken by young and old enthusiasts everywhere in the Scott. 'Grand Bretagne', 'radiateur', 'deux temps', 'trois vitesses' were exclamations which became very familiar to us.

We paid a final visit to all aunts, uncles, cousins, etc., to say our goodbyes and promised to return again. We did visit Liège and the Ardennes on two subsequent occasions. So we set off for Ostend via Louvain and Brussels, stayed overnight at Ostend, and caught the ferry to Dover in the morning. After leaving Dover we headed west, promptly took a wrong turning, and got lost.

We were back in Grand Bretagne.

CONGRATULATIONS

Jim Best

I opened the Daily Mail on Friday, 13th August, and there was a small snippet that said Club member Owen Tyler from Hook was celebrating his 83rd birthday by riding in the London Run on 15th August on his 1913 Scott.

On the Sunday at the London Run a film crew were giving Owen all their attention and Owen was in his element telling them how his two-speeder worked and giving them a demonstration of how the bell on the footboard worked.

Earlier this year Owen got married and celebrated this by another entry in the Pioneer Run.

Congratulations on this, Owen, and keep on surprising us.

GLORIOUS GOODWOOD (Sunday 31st May 1982) Sussex Scott

Well, I used to think that the Banbury Run was the greatest motor-cycling event ever, and a real pageant of the vintage days of the British motor-cycle industry, but I was wrong—the greatest event without a shadow of a doubt ever to be organised is the VMCC's Goodwood Section "GOODWOOD DAY."

Norman Broadridge and his band of helpers are to be well and truly congratulated, and in fact they put their money down, to ensure the days' rental of the course—a colossal gamble, but one which paid off, and the day without a shadow of a doubt will now be an annual one. Our eternal thanks to them.

To those who didn't know—Goodwood track is situated in the heart of the glorious Sussex countryside, the home of His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

So we had a wonderful background, glorious weather, and one of the finest parades of motor cycles seen, and not just static, or chuffing along, but enjoying a blind around the race track.

Spectators were transported back to the twenties and thirties—how long is it since you saw Nortons, Ridges, Sunbeams, AJS, Velo's, Scotts, Cottons, New Imps (the list is endless) battling it out on the road?

Practically every type of bike was there, from A.B.C. to Zenith, seven classes ranging from veteran, down to—wait for it—cycle motors! Even they had their chance to blind around the track!

To have seen MAVRO yowling amongst the Nortons, Ridges, Douglas and various J.A.P. engined bikes, was a sight that took us all back a few years, but then came a reminder that motor cycle sport can be dangerous, Mavro's famous yellow pullover was not to be seen as the batch of Nortons he was battling with swept into view. There were a few heart stopping moments, and a real damper when one rider pulled in and reported to the marshalls that "an elderly bloke with a beard had come off his Scott." We all waited with heart in mouth as the riders were flagged down and the ambulance swept to the scene, followed by the Marshall's van and a young doctor who was on the scene. Poor Dick Sougnez, who had brought Mavro to the meeting was in the depths of despair, but as the ambulance returned to the entrance and reversed into a side-road. I tried to cheer him up by saying, "It can't be too bad otherwise the ambulance would not still be waiting here, they'd be on their way to hospital." And so it proved—to the amazement of the crowd, and loud cheers and applause, Mavro stepped out of the ambulance, and walked towards us with a great big grin, giving the thumbs down sign. The only damage to him was a torn shirt sleeve! Damage to the famous Sprint Special, was a dent in the oil tank and a slightly bent footrest! Which of course proves that the Mavros of this world are not as we ordinary mortals. I don't know what speed they were doing, but they were certainly not dawdling, and to have hit the tarmac at speed and walk away, says something for his reflexes and discipline! (Is he now in his eighties?). "Never could take a right-hander", was his explanation!

Fifteen Scotts were in the list, which also included Ossie Neal works outfit, (ex Langman) his sprint chair, and his daughter, Sheila Norris, with her racing Scott.

Two Scotts stand out—the first being D. J. Dunford's 1923 Squirrel, stark and simple, and P. McNair's 1927 Flying Squirrel which yowled around in fine style, and was a delight to see and hear.

Other Scotts ranged from 1927 to 1935, and the Clan was represented by D. L. Franklin, I. M. Parsons, D. A. Belcher, S. Broadbridge, N. Broadbridge, P. Myatt and R. S. Denman.

Interesting two-strokes included a "Brooklands" engined S.O.S. 172cc and a 250cc water-cooled S.O.S.

Every make of motor-cycle was represented in some form, and the entry list looked something like the small ads section of the "Motor Cycle" for 1929. You name it—it was there.

As Len Williams of Brooklands fame was heard to say: "This has been a most memorable day for me" (—and he must have had many of those!). I could only echo the sentiment.

So if you TOO want a memorable day in 1983, then make Goodwood a MUST. But keep it to yourself and the clan—don't tell too many. We don't want too big a crowd! After all... remember what the Duchess said... "This is far too good for the working class!"

CLUB SPARES SCHEME

Jim Best

With your money we have been able to purchase the following second-hand (unless otherwise stated) spares:

Front & rear Brum wheels, not complete, £15 each.

596cc detachable head, fair, £10.

R/H exhaust pipe, good chrome, £18.

Vintage gearbox tray, repairable crack, £10.

Rear chain-guard, good, £6.

Carb complete, type 6, L/H float-chamber, £15

Front stand, good, £5.

Magdyno complete, two brush, £30.

Mag, Bosch type ZA2, clockwise, no pick-ups, £20.

Mag casing, 1932-46 type, plus armature and end-casing, £10.

85mph speedo, new, £15.

6 inch D section rear guard, new, £5.

Gearbox & clutch, h/change, wide gears, good condition, £40.

L/S detachable-head engine, good condition externally, no pump, carb, or door, DPZ 4632, £100.

L/S detachable-head engine, good condition externally, complete with doors and pump, LFY 4017, £120.

Frame, approx 1932, duplex, h/change, good condition, £60.

Frame, approx 1946, duplex, good condition, £60.

Pump and door complete, £20.

Brampton girder forks, complete, £55.

Enfield rear wheel, no fin brake drum, complete, with 19 inch alloy rim, £30.

Webb front wheel, possibly not Scott, with alloy rim, £22.

Full block radiator, modern core, dent in domed end, appears good, £15.

Armours repro saddle, new, complete with springs, £20.

Pair L/S 3-ring pistons, standard, £5 pair.

Mag platform, drilled for oil-pump mounting, good, £10.

Cranked kick-starter, £10.

NEW SPARES ON ORDER:—

Rear wheel (Enfield) spindles and complete set of nuts.

Rear brake bronze casting, fits on brake-rod.

The 'beefed up' brake plates advertised in the June 'Yowl' should have been 'beefed up REAR brake plates'. These are for '46-'50 full-width hubs and are available from the Spares Scheme at £23.75.

As from 1st October there will be a ten per cent increase in spares prices. This will bring in more money to expand the Scheme to include more second-hand spares, and we feel it is justified by the great demand from members for second-hand parts.

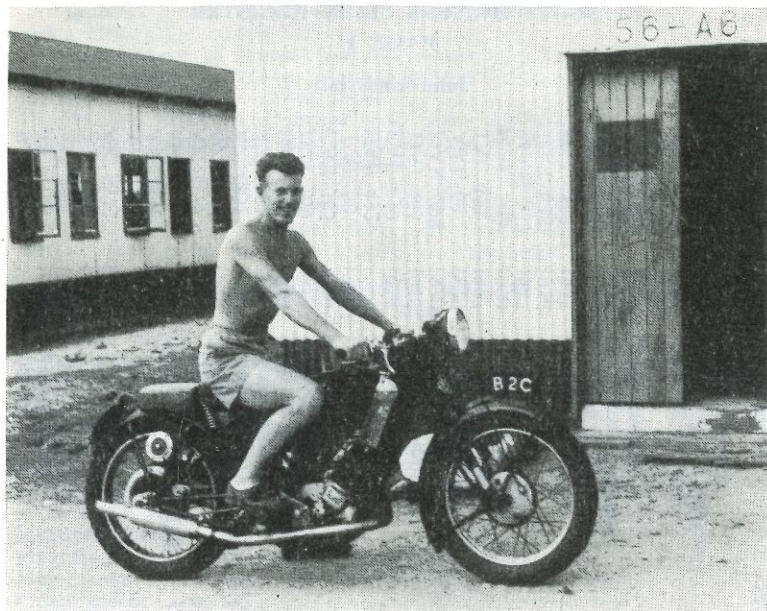
Bill Hodge did a check on 1st July. Since he took over last September he has answered over 250 letters and sold just over £6,000 or spares. I know we would all like to thank Bill for the hard work he is putting into this mammoth task on our behalf.

SCOTT OWNERS CLUB—REGISTER

PAGE 1

John Underhill

| Registration | Year | Model | Frame | Engine | Gearbox | Comments |
|--------------|--------|----------------------|--------------|-----------|---------|--------------------------|
| AE 4776 | 1911 | 2-Sp Standard | 238191 | 945 | | Bradford Museum |
| AK 222 | 1912 | 2-Sp Standard | 1964 | 1450 | | 532cc ex C. H. Wood |
| AK 2098 | 1921- | | 21 | 431 | | Approx Jan 1912 Reg |
| AK 5572 | 1919 | | | | | |
| AK 8656 | 1919 | | 1740 | 5046 | | 1920 P. Black's Museum, |
| AR 7831 | 1928 | Flying Squirrel D.L. | 194 | 3569 | | Registered 4-8-28 |
| AZ 1260 | 1929 | Flying Squirrel | 1667M | FZ168A | | |
| AZ 2177 | 1928 | Flying Squirrel | 2154 | FZ1681A | | |
| AZ 3247 | 1929 | Flying Squirrel | 2910M | FZ2203A | | |
| AZ 4831 | 1930 | 2-Sp Super | 147 | Z3118A | | Short Steering Head |
| AZ 5381 | 1930 | Sprint Special | 29 | PZ3336A | | Single Down Tube |
| HAA 204 | 1949 | Flying Squirrel | 5174 | DPY5039 | 4468CM | |
| JAA 269 | 1950 | Flying Squirrel | 5282 | DPY5378 | | |
| CAB 385 | 1930/5 | Flying Squirrel | 3636M | DPY4119 | | Re-registered 1955 |
| FAE 901 | 1938 | Flying Squirrel | | | | 1 1/2 SU Carb |
| EAF 432 | 1938 | Flying Squirrel | 4512 | DPY4573 | | |
| EAF 659 | 1938 | Flying Squirrel | 4550 | DPY4610 | | |
| DAI 965 | 1946 | Flying Squirrel | 4734A | DPY5209 | 3741CM | Coil ignition. Two coils |
| DAK 298 | 1930 | 3-Sp Super | W.1. | Y3334A | 3492CM | Twin OB Swinging Arm |
| AAL 60 | 1929 | Flying Squirrel | 2637 | FY1962 | 2285 | Bronze Undertray |
| JAL 151 | 1947 | Flying Squirrel | 4853 | DPY4950 | 1145C | |
| MAN 502 | 1930 | Flying Squirrel | 4835 | FZ3084A | | Re-registered 1952 |
| MAAL 237 | 1947 | Flying Squirrel | 4805 | DPY4903 | 4075 | |
| DAT 633 | 1926 | 2-Sp | 4029M | Z3809A | | |
| BAU 543 | 1935 | Flying Squirrel | 4151 | DPY439C | 4020W | Fitted with Flyer Block |
| CAU 134 | 1936 | Flying Squirrel | 4706 | DPY4219 | | In Mod Frame |
| GAU 697 | 1939 | Clubmans Special | S1139 | DPY4795CS | 3920W | |
| RAW 45 | 1958 | Birmingham | | DPY5556 | | |
| RAY 755 | 1938 | | | | | |
| FAY 476 | 1948 | Flying Squirrel | 5062 | DPY5162 | | |
| 143 LAB | 1925 | 2-Sp Flying Squirrel | 1793 | S7594 | | Re-registered |
| 350 MAF | 1961 | Birmingham | 2083 | DMS1284 | | |
| DAD IC | 1926 | Super | 365 | Y7200 | | |
| JAC 606L | 1972 | Silk Scott | SE 6/172/005 | DPY4726 | | Re-registered 1965 |



One of the 'two Scotts in Southern Rhodesia', and a question for George Reeves. (See letter)

POSTBAG

Dear Tom Wess,

Yowl, August 1982, page 246, this Scotting Enclosed photograph may be of interest—this is "one of two Scotts in Southern Rhodesia" pictured at Heany Aerodrome with its airman owner in 1952. That particular machine has disappeared. The other one, after passing through many hands, eventually got back to Bulawayo and I heard last year from its present owner that it is now restored and running once again. I wonder if George recognises the rider of B2C?

Sincerely yours,
Neil Smith.
Harare City, Zimbabwe.

Dear Tom,

I thought the Jubilee Meeting at Bradford on July 4th was a splendid day and I much enjoyed meeting so many people who never usually come to our Northern gatherings. It was particularly gracious of the new owners (Crystal Yarns) of the old Scott works to make us so welcome with a barbecue and to show us the looms at work—so many people could have been completely passive and uninterested. I, for one, was fascinated in having the mechanisms of the looms demonstrated to me. It seemed even more hit and miss than a Scott is at times.

Those of us from this area all had a very pleasant run home via Kettlewell and Coverdale—and the following day when I rolled the Scott off the stand the rear tyre was flat—yet it was quite alright when I was riding the previous day—ah well.

Yours sincerely,
Robin Steavenson.

Dear Editor,

My wife and I had been down to Ascot to attend a gathering of the Association of Pioneer Motor Cyclists which as usual was a very pleasant occasion because people have time to sit and talk about motor-cycles and motor-cyclists of a time when British bikes and riders were the best in the world. We are all getting older, but haven't we lived through a wonderful period?

On our way home we called to see our President, Harold Scott, at his home in Leamington Spa. As you know he has had a very rough time since the Banbury Run, but he has made a remarkable recovery and was really bright and chirpy. He was full of praise for all his many friends who have sent him "Get Well" cards. Did you know that he gets great pleasure from receiving the coloured post-cards which are on sale in every town, showing the main street, the local park, or places of local interest—will YOU send him one this week?

He realises that it will be necessary to prune his many activities because although the spirit is willing, commonsense says take life much easier. He does wish to retain his love of the Scott Owners' Club, but as President he can no longer do all that he thinks necessary to be a good one. Can anything be arranged that will enable him to carry a much smaller load—perhaps enrolling a Deputy President who could do all the donkey work? It is an idea we really must do something about in the very near future. Please give this matter some thought.

R. H. Platt.

Member Fred Johansen of San Francisco needs a magneto, head light, hand controls, and a tyre pump for his Scott, engine No. DPY 4854. The number suggests a 1946, 596cc model. His account of finding it reads, if he will not mind my saying so, like J. D. Salinger or something from a W. C. Fields film.

Dear Mr. Wess,

I write to you in hope of sharing my Scotting history. I promise to be brief.

I first encountered my Scott while searching for old car parts. The old Scott was buried deep in a cellar and was very apart amongst the sacks. I immediately was in love and had to have it. I mocked it together realising that I am missing a magneto, tyre pump, head light, and hand controls, but it is still beautiful.

Living on a hill at the time I would push it up and coast it down (smiling madly the whole route). I can sense the bike's handling and I can hardly wait to hear the so-called "yowl".

I live in the USA and had never heard of the Scott. The entire machine is foreign to me. I also own a '47 Indian Chief, but the Scott is entirely different.

I realised I had a work of art, so I roosted the Scott in my bedroom. It was beautiful. I awoke to it every morning until my father threw me out. It now has living room priorities in a home I am renting with friends. However (here's the disgusting part) in de-roosting my gem from my bedroom with the aid of my girlfriend, the Scott escaped down the stairs and received a nasty dent in the radiator. Help, I am in desperate need of repair. The Scott is in extremely good original shape. It is purple with gold trim, with 4932 original miles reading.

Fred Johansen.

Dear Mr. Wess,

In my opinion the sort of rough running experienced by Mr. P. J. Davenport ("Yowl" February 1982) is unacceptable, as this is not characteristic of a "Scott" which is in good running trim. When idling there will, of course, be erratic firing, as in all two-strokes, and vibrations are transmitted through the frame. Added to this are further cross frame vibrations due to the inherent "couple" or rocking motion of a vertical parallel twin engine in which one piston is down whilst the other is up. The "Triumph" 4 stroke vertical twins (and similar type engines) in which both pistons go up and down together, do not suffer from the "Scott" type rocking motion, but they do, alas, suffer from their own peculiar form of vibration or roughness. Nothing, it seems, is perfect in this world.

In Mr. Davenport's situation I would first set the idling speed of the engine as low as possible (when cold), just a little faster than the stalling position. I do not think it is a good idea, or necessary, to have complete throttle "shut-off". If this fails to achieve the desired improvement, more drastic measures are required, as it seems to me that an air leak (or leaks) is the culprit—especially the crankcase seals.

John S. Madren.

A CONUNDRUM FOR 'YOWL' READERS

John Madren

Which English-made post-World War 2 vehicle had two sparking plugs, fired as a twin, yet had six cylinders and six pistons, and a rotary valve in the induction tract?

Answer on page 284.

A query from 'BIKES AT BROOKLANDS'

by Peter Hartley.

From Chapter 2 dealing with 1910, sub-heading "The Scott makes its Brooklands debut Meeting held on Wednesday, April 27th . . . including as usual two motor-cycle handicaps in its programme. Several newcomers to Brooklands appeared on the starting lines for those races. They included Bob Dicker, 372 Chater Lea, later to achieve fame on Norton and Ridges. Eric Myers on one of the 636cc Scott twin cylinder two-strokes which he helped to build . . ."

No more information is given; which raises the query. Does any one know more about this foray into Brooklands, and what an odd size for a 1910 Scott . . . did it finish . . . or what happened?

OPPRESSED MINORITIES

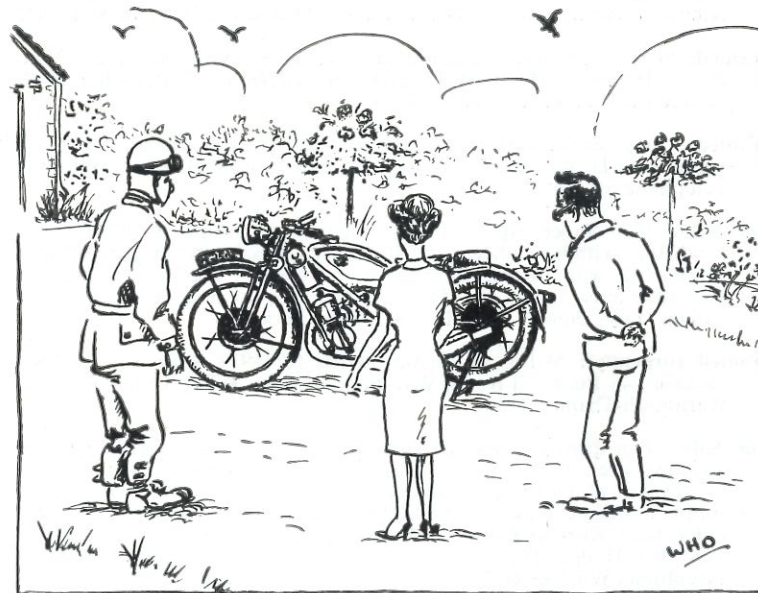
Lee Collin

A dusky-skinned gentleman walked into a newsagent's shop, beamed at the proprietor and said 'Ach, the top o' the mornin' to yiz, your honour'. An' insn't it the foine day that's in it entoirely, it is so? Would yiz be so kind as to be sellin' me, if ye have such things in the stock that's at yiz, a copy of *Motor Cycle Weekly* and a copy of the *Jewish Chronicle*, if ye playze?'

The newsagent stared at the customer, then he leaned forward and said in sympathetic tones 'Look, my friend, don't you find it a hard enough world without being a motor-cyclist?'

A LEG PULL

Ron Mountain has sent what he calls "a little leg pull" on Muriel Harland who, with Geoff, has just completed the rebuild of a 1931 Tourer—and very proud of their work—



Muriel: 'We did just what you said, Jim, advanced the ignition, but it hasn't made the slightest difference.'

Jim: 'What exactly did you do?'

Muriel: 'Well, I cut at least three inches out of the plug leads, but it hasn't made any difference.'

SCOTT FANTASIA

T.W.

Mozart and Beethoven thought they would like to do some short circuit racing. They travelled about the country taking part in all kinds of race meetings. Mozart had a two-speed Scott, Beethoven a Norton. Although Mozart couldn't keep pace with Beethoven on big tracks his agility gave him a clean pair of heels on the very small ones. One day, after a particularly close race on a very small circuit, Mozart emerged the winner by a few yards. When the race was over Beethoven told Mozart: I was right behind you all the way. What a marvellous sound you made round all those tight corners. Ah, said Mozart, ah yes. Das ist Meine Kleine Tracks Musik.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

(A free service to members.)

Wanted: Parallel tube side-blades for Scott forks. (Can swop taper side tube blades). Cast alloy spoked steering-damper knob (Andre). 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ in or 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in AMAC carb with Scott flange or clamp fitting; if clamp fitting three hole to round alloy casting. (Can swop 3 jet Binks). Rear wheel with brake-drum as part of hub. (Can swop Enfield rear wheel 2-fin drum, complete). I pair single hole packing glands. Jim Best, 86 Kingston Ave., Bedford, Nr. Feltham, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-890 3922.

Wanted: Scott centre-stand, about mid-1950. T. R. A. Johnson, 136 Ware Road, Hertford, Herts. SG13 7HR, or telephone: Potters Bar 54413 between 7.30 and 5.45, ask for Tom.

Wanted: Long stroke L/H crank, Pilgrim pumps, foot-change for three-speed box. D. Renwick, 156 High St., Cranford, Middlesex TW5 9PD. Telephone: 01-570 2855.

For Sale: 1930 Super Squirrel, 500cc short-head frame model in good condition, with b.e. wheels and Bonnicksen Speedo. Not registered until March '32, with interesting history and original log-book, and engine and road-tests signed by H. Langman. £1,400 ono. D. Northcliffe, 'Green Lea', New Lane Hill, Reading, Berks.

Wanted (urgently): Miller headlamp switch for 1939 Scott Squirrel. Syd Jackson, 46 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames KT12 4AJ. Telephone: Walton-on-Thames 45387.

For Sale: Top quality inverted clutch/brake levers, made from polished stainless steel. Two lengths made, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 6 $\frac{1}{4}$. Spigot can be machined to suit i.d. of customer's handlebars providing necessary information supplied. (Close match to nickel plating, but can be electro-plated if individuals wish to do so). £26 and £27 per pair inclusive of p&p in U.K. Bill Hodge, Tudor House, Eton Wick, Windsor, Berks SL4 6NG. Telephone: Windsor 60915.

Wanted (desperately): 1929-30 Replica tank in good or fair condition. Jim Best (address above).

DEADLINE

All copy must be received before the end of the month in which the previous magazine appears.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM (page 282).

The Trojan 15cwt van, fitted with a 'split-twin' petrol 2-stroke engine, and two separate cylinder compressors instead of crankcase compression. The pre-war Trojan was a 'split-twin' 2-stroke with crankcase compression and no rotary valve. It had, of course, four cylinders and four pistons, but fired as a twin.

SOURCES OF SUPPLY

Scott Motorcycle Co., 558 Bromford Lane, Stechford, Birmingham.

Silk Engineering (Derby) Ltd., 12 Cranmer Road, West Meadows Estate, Derby DE2 6JL.

Sam Pearce Motorcycles, St. Mary's Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

K. W. Lack, 5 Norton Lees Square, Sheffield S8 8P.

K. W. Swallow & Sons, 21 Station Lane, Golcar, Huddersfield.

Scott Spares, N. Pickup, Chaddesley Manor Cottage, 20 Chaddesley Glen, Canford Cliffe, Poole, Dorset BH13 7PE.

YOWL BINDERS

Binders to take five years issues. Doug Wright, 9 Elm Close, Long Bennington, Newark, Notts. Price £1.80 postage inclusive in U.K. Overseas postage 75p (totalling £2.55).

CLUB BADGES AND REGALIA

The Badge Secretary supplies machine badges, transfers, lapel badges, club ties, fluorescent headlamp covers 7 or 8 inch. 'T' shirt transfers etc. Stamped addressed envelope for details.

MONTHLY CLUB FIXTURES

Midland: British Legion Rooms, Rubery. 3rd Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

London: 'Clock House', Leather Lane, London. Last Saturday, at 7.30 p.m.

Sussex: Join in V.M.C.C. meeting Six Bells, Billingham. 4th Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

Sheffield Scott Club. Old No. 12, Exchange Street, Sheffield 1. Every Wednesday at 9.00 p.m.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS

Northern, N. Western & S. Western Sections. S.A.E. to Secretaries for information.

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