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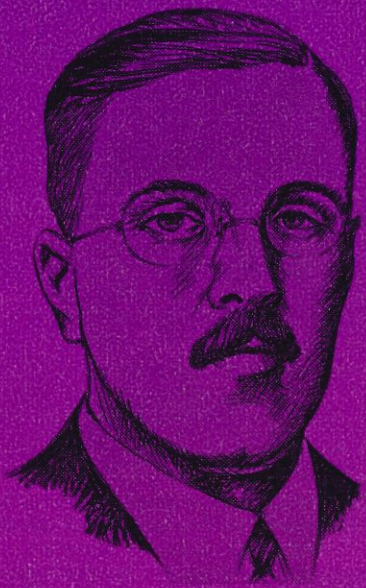

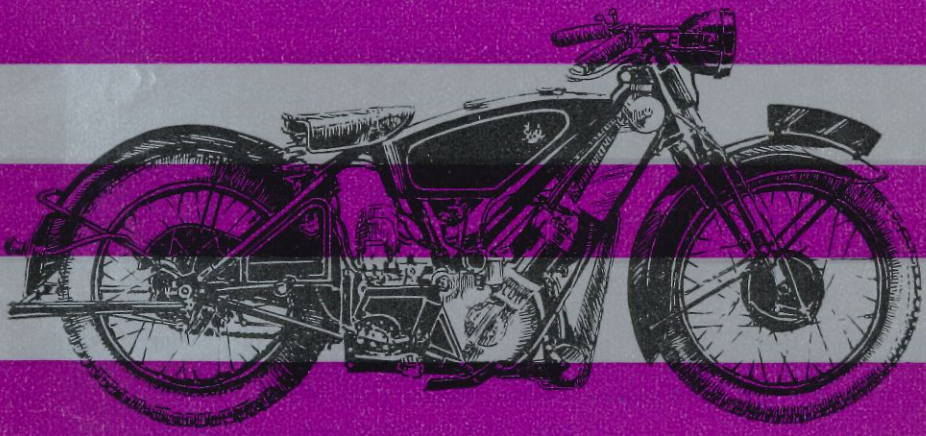

JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

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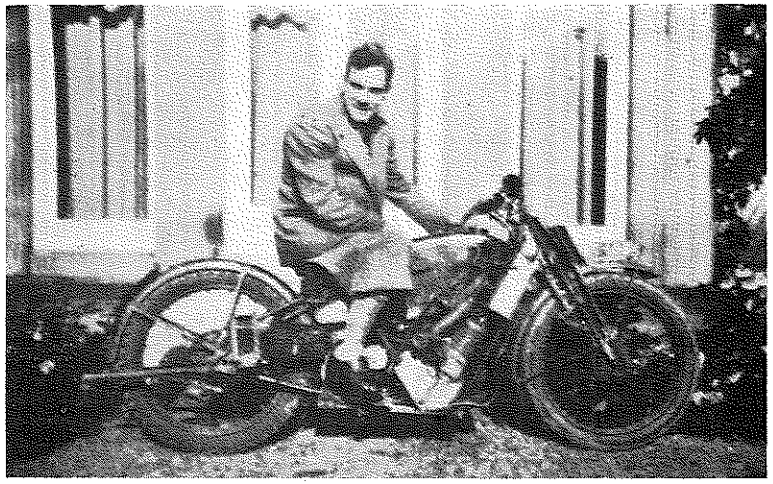


Philip Smith, author of "The Greatest of All Trials", ready to enter the 1930 Scott Trial. Photo: Mrs. Dorothy Smith.

JOURNAL OF THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY

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

IN THIS ISSUE

COMMENT

If all things were perfect there would be a report of the 1983 Annual Gathering in this issue. Unfortunately this is not possible in the time available for publication, but thanks to our tolerant printers it can at least be recorded (in this "stop press" column) that it did not rain at the Gathering. A few days before the meeting there were signs that the wonderful summer was coming to an end. The wind was rising and the sky was grey, and by Saturday gales and torrential rain swept the whole country. But we were lucky; Sunday was a fine, bright, windy day at Stanford Hall, and if Saturday's storms perhaps reduced the attendance slightly, this did not prevent the Scott owners and their friends from enjoying another splendid Gathering. We were particularly glad to have with us our President, Harold Scott, now recovered from the illness that caused him to miss last year's Jubilee meeting. A full report of the event will appear in the December issue.

* * *

An interesting thought about an old problem came up at a recent Section meeting: motorists frequently run into motorcyclists but motorcyclists only very rarely run into other riders.

The scene is a Liverpool street, wide, straight, and unusually deserted for the time of day. A motorcyclist is travelling at no more than 30 m.p.h. along the street. From the left a side road leads into the street and at the junction a small car is waiting. The motorcyclist sees the car and expects the driver to see him. Then, just as he is about to pass in front of the car, it leaps forward. The machine, a six-cylinder Honda, hits the car amidships doing it no good at all. Miraculously, in this case, the rider is not seriously hurt. This is a true story and we all know almost identical ones. Stan Kirkham, whose first article about an epic journey is in this issue, had a similar experience last year, but he was more badly hurt and the driver did not even stop.

Now, do motorcyclists see more because they have better eyesight or are they simply more careful? The answer is not difficult to find. The motorist is *too* secure on his four wheels and surrounded by metal; it brings to mind the suggestion (who first made it?) that the only effective safety device would be a six-inch spike projecting from the steering column.

After his accident the Honda rider was earnestly advised to give up motorcycles. "Those machines are too dangerous", he was told. The *machines* too dangerous? No. Not the machines — unless, of course, you also blame the pheasant for the shotgun and the fox for the pack of hounds.

AN APOLOGY

The report in the last issue of *Yowl* of the Northern Section's meeting at Bradford Industrial Museum on June 19th contained an unfortunate error. The sentence beginning "By kind permission of Club member Griff Hollingshead" *should* have read as follows:

"By kind permission of Mrs. C. H. Wood and the services of Club member Griff Hollingshead, C. H. Wood's famous 1912 Scott, AK 222, which is on display in the Museum, was brought out into the Museum precinct for an airing."

We apologise sincerely to Mrs. C. H. Wood for the omission which was entirely due to an oversight by the Editor, and take this opportunity of thanking her for her kindness in making this historic machine available for members to ride. We also apologise to the Bradford Museum Industrial Museum and to Mr. Griff Hollingshead for any embarrassment caused by the omission.

1983 NORTHERN RALLY

Bill Peake

The run was a great success with sixteen Scotts covering a 55 mile route in glorious sunshine.

Our President presents the Ron Mountain Shield to Martin Hodkin at the 1983 Northern Rally.

Award winners were as follows:

Harold Scott Trophy — best post-Shipley or special Scott — went to Alan Waller, 1957 Birmingham Scott.

Tom Ward Cup — best 2-speeder — went to Maurice Akroyd, ex-Harold Scott 1928 2-speeder.

Camelot Trophy — best Shipley 3-speeder — went to Ken Reavley, 1929 Sprint Special.

Ron Mountain Shield — furthest ridden to Rally — went to Martin Hodkin, 80 miles.

Nixon Trophy — combined ages of bike and rider — went to Ivor Slack, total of 124 years.

The awards were presented by our President, Harold Scott.

THE MATT HOLDER TROPHY

The Matt Holder Trophy was presented for the first time at the 1983 National Gathering. It was awarded for the Best Birmingham Scott. (Results will appear in the next issue of *Yowl.*)

Many thanks to all those who generously made donations to the fund specially set up to provide the Trophy, which is a particularly fine cup.

Stan Kirkham getting down to it on his 1928 Flyer.

MELK MARATHON (1)

Stan Kirkham

Last year I entered the F.I.M. Rally representing Great Britain as part of the Vincent Owners' Club contingent. The rally had worked out very well for us; it was conveniently close in Switzerland and it fell in the week between our French and Dutch rallies. It was my first experience of this event and I enjoyed it so much that I resolved to enter again one day. To quote Robert Morley's complaint in *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*: "The trouble with these international affairs is that they attract foreigners" gives the reason why I like the event. I found the atmosphere both stimulating and friendly and made many friends in the three days of the rally.

A few weeks after my return I was the victim of a hit-and-run crash in which I suffered a compound fracture of the left tibia with the attendant double fracture of the fibula, plus two breaks in the left hand. This kept me off a motor cycle until June of this year. (My Vincent was wrecked, and as the driver of the vehicle which hit me was not qualified I have not received any compensation, so, one year on, the Vincent remains a wreck.) For a long time I have had an ambition to ride an old bike a long way, and entered this year's F.I.M. rally in anticipation of permission being granted to resume riding. I told the specialist exactly what I intended and to my surprise he said "You go, and have a super time".

A decision had to be made on which bike to use, although I had actually entered the Scott, but that was subject to some doubts. For one thing it had not been used for five years, and I knew that some work needed to be done on it. The alternatives were my Moto Guzzi V50 or a 1928 o.h.v. Ariel, this like the Scott belonging to my son Alan. The Guzzi was too modern to fulfil my ambition, and the Ariel needed more work doing on it than could be done in the time available. We knew that the Scott was reliable, so I set to work on it with the immediate object of getting it through the M.o.T. test and riding it in the V.M.C.C. Colwyn Rally. I achieved the former with fifteen minutes to spare on the Friday before the event, and set off on the following Sunday for Colwyn Bay which is fifty miles from my home. I set out quite deliberately to flog the bike as hard as possible so that any latent faults would be exposed, but all that happened was that the rear brake warmed up and caused grease to leak onto the linings. I also needed to know how I myself would cope after a year out of the saddle. All went well, and with the Ernie Lister Tankard duly won I returned home to start some serious preparation. The Colwyn Rally was Ernie's favourite event and he always arranged his holiday to coincide with it, spending a week touring North Wales.

Had I taken the trouble to look at a map before sending of my £65 I might have had second thoughts; Melk is on the Danube about fifty miles short of Vienna and within an easy day's ride of Budapest and Bratislava. It is considerably further south and east than Prague, but having stated my intention there was no going back. There was nothing for it now other than try to ensure a trouble-free ride, so I systematically went over every part of the bike.

My first task was to fit a new clutch worm, and while on the job I de-greased the linings and filled the gearbox with grease. The outrigger bearing showed some signs of turning in the housing so this was re-fitted with Loctite bearing fit. New chains were fitted, Japanese I regret to say, but I had no time to go searching for Renold products. The retaining springs on the split link of the Jap chain was a slightly different pattern from the familiar horseshoe type and I found them much harder to fit, but I assumed that they would be that much harder to dislodge. The front wheel was rebuilt to eliminate a slight buckle, and a patch on the front tube didn't seem a very good risk in view of the anticipated higher

temperatures than are normal at home so a new tube was fitted. One of the bearing cups in the front wheel was slightly loose, and was dealt with, as was the outer part of the taper roller race in the rear wheel. All the cables with the exception of the ignition control were replaced, and a pair of Bill Hodge's long pattern inverted levers were fitted. The third finger of my left hand will not now bend and one of the revelations of my Colwyn jaunt was that I could not easily operate a clutch lever. The inverted lever can be worked with the index and second fingers and these levers proved to be a sound investment.

The old saddle springs were a bit weak and a bumpy road gave the rider a series of spine-shattering blows as the rear of the saddle frame struck the rear mudguard, so stronger springs were fitted.

Next, and of paramount importance for a trip of this nature, was the problem of carrying luggage and camping equipment for a fortnight's holiday, as well as all the spares that I could possibly need. I decided against a tank bag because of the inherent weakness of the Scott tank against twisting round the top tube, and I had no intention of inviting trouble by increasing this torsional effect. A length of good quality conduit was fashioned into a carrier, arranged so that the Craven panniers from the Vincent would fit and still clear the silencer and rear stand. My arc welding has given rise to ribald comments about pigeon droppings, but that didn't bother me as long as the whole thing held together.

The last job was to fit a rear view mirror, one which I could fit to the left side on arrival at Zeebrugge. To attempt to ride without a mirror on the Continent is, to say the least, foolhardy, and if a modern chrome-plated component looks out of place it does not matter if it keeps you out of hospital.

This trip was to be a solo effort, without any back-up or accompanying riders, so I had to equip myself with everything that could possibly be needed. Spares included a magneto, Pilgrim pump, lengths of chain, spare links, various nuts and bolts, a complete set of gaskets, wire and sparking plugs, though it was my aim to complete the entire trip without using the took kit in emergency. I was particularly anxious not to clean the plugs, as I have consistently maintained that a Scott does not *have* to oil plugs and can run on a wide variety of grades if the oiling is correctly adjusted. My spares were taken from two Lister Stationary engines. Tools included tyre levers, chain link puller, hand vise, grips, and every size of spanner that could possibly be needed. The weight of all this was considerable, but when you are a thousand miles from home the spanner you need is no use to you if it is in your shed. Now the only component about which I had misgivings was the radiator. I had ideas of buying the new one advertised in *Yowl*, but the £350 quoted was way beyond my means. Some years ago, I think it was at the first Founder's Day Rally of the V.M.C.C. at Mallory Park, I met Stuart Wallbridge. He had ridden from his home in Hampshire and he told me that on the way he had had a radiator leak which he had cured with Plastic Padding, so a tube of this went into the pannier, together with Loctite, Radweld, Araldite, Solvol Autosol (I had to make some effort!) and, very important, a new tube of rubber solution. I buy a new tube every year, knowing from bitter experience that even an unopened tube can contain only a useless hard residue after too long in the toolbox.

Lastly I found a board to fit on the carrier to save chafing my new holdall, and also to act as a base for the rear stand in case of soft ground. To leave no doubt as to its ownership I sprayed the registration number on it. Such bits of wood are like gold on a wet camp site! To prop up a bike near a tent is a very risky practice, as rain during the night can cause a bike to topple on the sleeping occupant.

I had booked on a boat leaving Felixstowe at 11pm, and had a cabin reserved so that I could start out fresh the following day. First I had to

get to Felixstowe, a mere 280 miles by the best, if not the most direct route.

All that remained now was to fill up and load the gear. The heavy stuff, tools, mag etc. were put at the bottom of the panniers. The big yellow holdall and the tent were secured to the carrier with numerous bungee cords, and a gallon container of oil plus a litre of water in a plastic bottle were the last items to be loaded.

At last I'm off! I decided to travel down the A41 and A5 leaving a short ride on M1 before heading east on the A45. The bike handled well, but I was glad of the repair I had done on the steering damper. This was one of those jobs which never get done, for the very good reason that the bike steers perfectly well without it. However, I wasn't too confident about riding with a load behind me so I re-cut the central thread to ½in B.S.F. and fitted an extra long seat bolt.

At 20 miles I glanced down to see if all was well and to my consternation and dismay I could see water leaking from the bottom of the radiator! What a start! — 1200 miles to go and the only weak link had already given way! There was nothing for it but to pour in the Radweld and keep going. All that happened was that the wretched stuff came through the crack and covered the machine and my boot with a thick deposit. I pressed on, topping up from time to time and of course not making the average speed I had anticipated.

At Watford Gap on M1 I decided to have a break. The toilet attendane very kindly provided me with a one gallon plastic container, which he very carefully washed out and filled with clean water. During this delay the Radweld began to take effect and when I got back to the bike the leak had considerably diminished. I had a brief chat with a Bee Emm owner, car bound, as he was on business, who wished me well and I shot off again, not having had time to eat or drink.

The leakage decreased and I was feeling a little less worried, but there was still a long way to go before I could spare the time to effect a more permanent repair. The flow of water through the split seemed to vary, but as long as it didn't increase I could cope with it by topping up frequently. The delays had left me behind schedule and to make matters worse the sky ahead became overcast, with intermittent rain. As I had no lights I had to keep going, but my backside was becoming more and more numb and dearly as I should have liked to stop I couldn't afford the luxury. Eventually the sky cleared and the evening became quite pleasant, and I arrived at the quay after a worrying 280 miles in 7¼ hours.

A couple of pints put me in a better frame of mind. My friends from the VOC turned up and I met a couple of lads from Merseyside who were also heading for the F.I.M. At the ferry terminal there was a party of pilgrims walking to Rome, so I wesn't the only optimist. They, however, had a back-up minibus, which perhaps made them a bit saner than me. Anyway, the only Pilgrims I was concerned about were the one on my bike and the one in the pannier. Most of the twenty-odd bikes which embarked were heading for the Belgian G.P., but that was only half a day's ride on a modern bike. Child's play!

Once on board I secured my bike with the nylon cord which I always carry with me on ferries, and then headed for the restaurant. Next on the list was a bottle of "The Famous Grouse", then a session in the bar before settling down for the night, not forgetting to advance the watch by one hour. As the boat was not due until 7am I reckoned on a good night's sleep, but no sooner had my head touched the pillow than the stewardess was banging on the door with tea at 5.15am! I had reckoned on a full night's sleep but the best-laid plans . . .

After a good breakfast I disembarked and as there was a long queue for the customs and passport check I pushed the Scott to the boundary fence and re-packed the carrier, making sure that the "Grouse" was safely

cushioned against road shocks. Amid all the racket of the juggernauts a skylark sang overhead. I wondered where it nested, for there didn't seem to be anywhere in that noisy vicinity. My next job was to change the position of the driving mirror, which I finished just as the last of the heavy lorries was passing through the customs. The bike aroused a lot of interest among the customs staff, and after a friendly chat they waved me through and I was on my way across Belgium, having reached my first foreign country. The lark was still singing as I left.

I had spent almost a year of my war service in Belgium and remembered with affection the friendly and kind people. All my service was at the then civil airport of Evere, and I found it strange to see huge motorway signs for Diegem and Zaventem, at that time only small villages on the fringe of the airport. Sitting on the bike at 50 m.p.h. leaves plenty of time for contemplation, and I wondered what those villages were like now. If I wrote all the things which caused me to wonder I'd need twenty copies of *Yowl* to myself!

Travelling down the A41 and A5 I very quickly realised that to get to Austria, I should have to ride most of the way on motorways. It was not realistic to imagine that I could put in my daily average of 230 miles on roads which passed through towns; the country roads were fine and sometimes more direct than the motorways, but in the towns the road surfaces were usually poor, sometimes apalling, and what was a trunk road outside the town often threaded its way through mediaeval gates and narrow streets once inside the town boundaries. In any case, neither the clutch nor the cooling system were up to crawling in traffic, and also the concentration required to manage an old bike in busy streets added to the danger of missing a signpost and the consequent waste of valuable time.

At a motorway stop in Belgium I spent some time talking to a French-speaking Belgian H.G.V. driver. He advised me to seek the "petites routes" and that if I stayed on the motorways I must keep well to the right, and even then a "pneu creusé" could be hazardous. Later, seeing lumps of tyre tread of about 20lbs wt. on the hard shoulder I could see his point. The heavies travel as fast as they do here but they do not seem to bunch as much. They are, however, very reluctant to move over due to the fact that the autobahnen are often only two lanes wide and the cars in the outside lane travel at phenomenal speeds. I simply adopted the tactic of pulling over to the hard shoulder when I saw one of these monsters in my mirror.

The temperature had dropped and I regretted not having put on my heavy pullover, but there was no time to think about that now for the "Zoll/Douane" sign appeared ahead, warning me that I had just 2km to go to the frontier. I got into a slow-moving queue and stopped the engine as there didn't seem to be any point in letting the engine overheat for the sake of riding a yard at a time. Suddenly the queue started to move more quickly, so I lifted my right leg to start the engine but caught the top of my boot on the kickstart pedal. The bike toppled to the left, and my gallon container of oil slipped under the pannier. A large tin of radiator sealant, bought at a filling station in England (a "special offer") shot from under the elastic cord into the path of the car behind me. I picked up the bike and pushed it to the fence, and turned in time to see the car quite slowly and deliberately, run over the tin. Had the driver understood English he would probably run over me as well, but I left him in no doubt as to his ancestry. I picked up the tin and to my amazement found that although somewhat modified in shape it was not leaking. The carb had flooded when the bike was on its side, and it took an eternity to get going again. The queue was by now about 500 yards long, but a friendly English driver let me in and I was eventually waved through. Third country in twenty-four hours!

What I wanted to do now was to ride for as long as possible and then to find a decent camp site, so I settled down to more serious riding. This autobahn is a two-lane road with tall hedges on both sides, giving a curious claustrophobic feeling. Sitting dreaming, as usual, I was startled to hear a sudden "bang bang bang . . ." I looked down at the engine in alarm, but it was only one of the German 100 m.p.h. family cars hitting the expansion joints in the road. Well, I'm a worrier, and after all, most people would be at least apprehensive, or would they? Then it started to rain so I decided that it was time to put on my waterproof overall. I leaned the bike against the Armco and reached for the waterproof, only to find it covered in oil. A closer examination showed that the plastic container was split, so all I could do was to fill the oil tank to the brim, clean up the mess and ditch the best part of a gallon. So much for saving money on oil . . . 420 miles humping that gallon, all for nothing! By the time I had finished, the rain had stopped so I pressed on once again, leaving Aachen behind and heading for Bonn, where I left the autobahn and set about looking for the camp site. Seeing a sign for the youth hostel I went there, half hoping that they would have a bed but knowing that they could direct me to the camp site. It was a superb building, more like a film star's residence than a youth hostel, but I got my directions and after going about 15 miles out of my way I got on the right road. Then, in a field to my left I saw a llama, yes, a llama — well, it may have been an alpaca, or even a guanaco, but whatever variety it was it was sufficient to convince me that I had ridden enough for one day. I was in fact completely shattered, having had a poor night's sleep and the inevitable, for me anyway, nervous tension.

The camp site was in a pleasant spot on the bank of the Rhine. The boss of the site was an ex-racer and told me he had ridden in the Island in 1952. With his limited English and my limited German we managed to communicate after a fashion. After a couple of bottles of beer I set up camp and then had a big dinner, after which I attacked the "Grouse". It did me no good at all. The river was still swollen after the heavy rains had flooded large areas a few weeks before, and at this point was slightly narrower than further upstream and downstream, resulting in a rather faster current. The constant barge traffic went on all night, the throbbing of the diesel engines reverberating through the trees. I had walked along the river bank earlier in the evening and found that I could easily walk as fast as the fastest barges at this point. The vessels are very big: almost all have the family saloon on one of the hatches and a sun deck with potted plants, all immaculately arranged and cared for. Downstream it is another story, it is in fact downhill, as Basle, the upper limit of navigation is about 1000ft above sea level. It must take considerable skill to navigate downstream; their brakes aren't even as good as mine, even with all my luggage.

The dawn chorus woke me up. There were a few bird songs I didn't recognise, and I wished I could spare some time to investigate further. I asked the camp boss, but all he could tell me was "Here plenty vogel". The day was very bright and warm, but I was determined not to get up until forced out by the heat. I lasted until 10am, and after a good breakfast I started on the essential maintenance. The new chains needed taking up, and lubricating, the brakes needed adjusting and finally the worrying leak stopped with Plastic Padding. The weather had made a dramatic change, and by noon it was extremely hot. I packed and loaded, and when I reached down to turn on the fuel I found that I had left it on all night, so it was a case of taking off my riding gear, draining the crankcase, wash and drink three glasses of water before finally setting off.

It was Saturday and to my relief there was no heavy goods traffic on the autobahn. It was a pity in a way that I had to make this day an easy one, as I could have covered a long distance given an early start. Still,

I was now enjoying the ride. I rode for about two hours, after which the fuel began to run low and the dread numb bum syndrome appeared, followed by runs of about one with stops varying according to how I felt and whom I met. This emerged as my daily riding pattern. So many people wanted to talk about the Scott that I sometimes found it very hard to escape. They were all astounded at its age and the fact that I had ridden it from the north of England. I reached Wurzburg in the late afternoon and found a good camp site on the bank of the Main. The barge traffic was light and the current barely perceptible, so I slept like a log.

(To be continued)

THE FASTEST SCOTT AT BROOKLANDS

Ted Beckham

A few days ago a very old friend of mine, Les Shelley, gave me some back numbers of *Yowl* from the days before I became a S.O.C. member and exceedingly interesting they are. In particular the September 1961 issue caught my attention because of the article by "Swashplate" entitled *Twenty Pounds to a Penny* in which he asserts that L. C. Williams' Flying Kilo of 95.6 m.p.h. at Clubman's Day 1935 was the fastest ever achieved by a Scott at the track; I was there at the time and saw the bike in action.

I do not propose to challenge that assertion, but there was another very quick Scott performing at Brooklands in the 30's which deserves a mention, a 498cc Grand Prix model ridden by Noel Christmas in B.M.C.R.C. races — yes the same chap who is generally considered to hold the record for a leap over the hump at Ballig Bridge on the I.o.M. circuit, not officially measured, but he came down with such a jolt that the rear wheel of his Scott collapsed (Noel Christmas was a big man) and that ended his race. I do not claim an infallible memory and Brooklands has now been closed for very many years, but to the best of my recollection Noel Christmas' best lap on his Scott (he also raced a 350cc Velocette) was at 94.86 m.p.h. achieved during a race and was a quite remarkable speed for a two-stroke at that time.

Now one can only conjecture the maximum speed required in order to lap at nearly 95 as there are a number of factors needing consideration, such as the direction of prevailing wind and the actual line taken by the rider on the two bankings. Even the official lap distance measured on a line at a fixed distance from the inside edge of the track was changed at least once and was not the same as that used for motor cars. An expert rider on a 250 could hold the inner edge for the complete lap so that, his speed being calculated on a theoretical line, he would in fact be credited with a slightly higher speed than that actually achieved if it had been possible to measure the exact distance covered. But bigger and heavier machines, being also faster, could not be held to this inside line except round the Byfleet banking perhaps, and the fastest big twins were perilously near the top of the banking most of the time, so that Noel Pope's accredited all-time record lap of 124 probably does him rather less than justice.

Does anyone know whether Christmas was ever timed over a Flying Kilo or Williams over a flying lap? Without such knowledge no direct comparison is possible, but I suspect that there was very little difference between the speed capabilities of these two machines.

TWO REEVES WRINKLES

George Reeves

A thick felt washer fitted to the distance piece on hollow bolt will help to keep the wet out and the oil in.

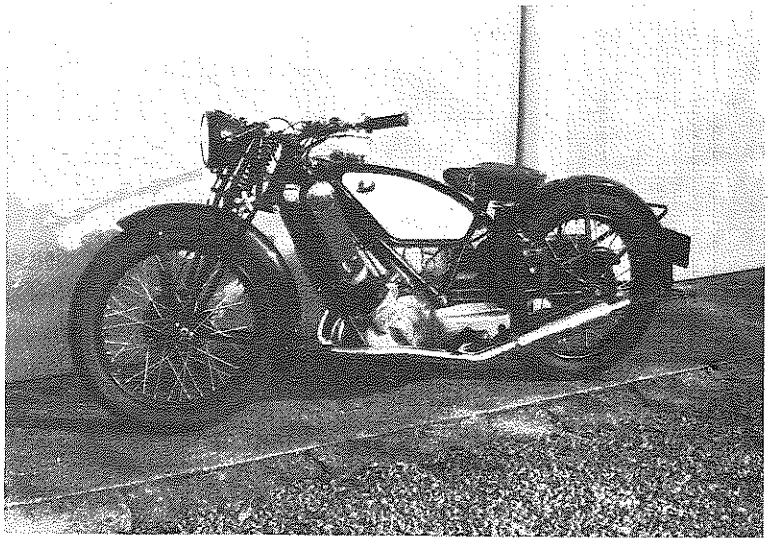
Fitting high-gear chain spring-link without a chain puller: tie a piece of string to footrest bar, loop it twice round chain rollers and pull the other end.

COMPLETION OF A REPLICA

Les Heath

Having been awarded the Runton Trophy during 1981 for building most of an engine, radiator, and frame for my 1930 TT Replica (see *Yowl*, August 1981), I thought it appropriate to send a photograph and notes of the finished article.

Wheels were built up from odd hubs and rims, one being Enfield, the other Matchless. Girder blades for the forks were finished by making new spindles, side plates, stem and fittings, spring mount, handlebar extensions, and handlebars. Guards were cut and adapted, the rear one, starting out, was 7½in wide with a large hinge, so this was split up the centre and 2¼in removed together with the hinge and rewelded. The tank was made in steel all welded from paper patterns and then coated with a special epoxy resin. Fillers and caps were turned from brass and painted with Dulon.



The 1930 Replica built by Les Heath.

The gear change was made from notes and drawings supplied by another member of our Club, the nearest Scott of this era being 150 miles away. The professionally drawn plans which I had obtained from the U.K. were hopelessly incorrect both in dimensions and plan layout; even the rivets on the lever were shown wrong side out. The ignition system is now a Miller generator driven off the clutch drum which in turn drives a small distributor, all being fitted in the usual magneto position to enable the gear cover (which was also cast in New Zealand) to fit correctly. The magneto that I had originally intended to used proved faulty.

In the early stages, a throttle controlled oil pump (Mikuni) fitted into an enclosed box and was driven from the R/H crank, but due to difficulties of relating feed to throttle position this idea has temporarily been abandoned and I have reverted to petroil with no external oil pipes

and so far it is trouble-free. Readers will recall that I made internal alterations to suit this lubrication when I built the engine.

The exhaust pipe is the second I have made for this bike. The first one was copied as closely as possible from an original photo plus other data but I made it of 1¼in tubing instead of 2in. Try as I might, nothing would stop it from turning blue even over short distances so I made another pipe with longer curves and near-equal outlet lengths. Success followed, all this being done before plating.

The carburettor is made from a brass No. 6 body with a Scott three-hole flange welded to it. The float chamber is a die cast Amal twisted to fifty degrees and changed from bottom to top feed by using a car needle valve.

The plating, the seat cover, and the gear shields are the only pieces not made by myself. All other parts including all the domed nuts, the kick-start and cover, brake parts, stands, toolbox, rear chain guard, Scott squirrel horn and so on, have all been my own work, plus of course all the pieces mentioned earlier. The frame, etc., is sprayed in enamel, the tank and lines in Dulon.

Work left to be done includes fitting the Bonniksen speedo and drive, fitting a cush drive and 8in brake, a return look at the coupled pump, and perhaps a fishtail.

How does it go? Extremely well, handles exceptionally well, even better than I had hoped, less wheel hop than my 1949 model and does not deviate from course regardless of road surfaces and can be ridden hands off almost anywhere.

How long did it take to make? About three-and-a-half-years of odd moments and many hours.

THE PERILS OF ADVERTISING —
Ron Mountain

High pressure American salesmen would tell us there's a sucker born every minute, whilst at home, many people have warned us of the perils of advertisements, and their invidious influence on us.

Well believe it or not, it was the following article that eventually inflicted Geoff Harland with a severe dose of Scottitus, and of course eventually transmitted that dreaded disease to poor Muriel. For his sins of course he has now been sentenced to a full time unpaid job in the role of our Treasurer, and the only compensations for that has been years of interest and a large number of lasting friendships, and of course is now in touch with every member of our world wide flung Clan.

— SCOTTS
Scott Motorcycle Company, Shipley, Yorkshire

Scotts have exercised a strong fascination for the motorcycle enthusiast for over 30 years, for the Scott has always been a unique machine with its own devoted band of admirers to whom the four-stroke cycle is a heresay and the ownership of any other make of machine unthinkable

The Scott has undoubtedly a charm of its own, for the water cooled two-stroke parallel twin, with its crank throws at 180° has an exceptionally smooth torque, magnificent road holding, a first class performance and an absence of clatter and vibration, and the familier powerful purr of the Scott exhaust is one of its more endearing features. Needless to say, a strong spirit of camaraderie exists among Scott riders, who can almost be described as a Clan

The latest 596cc 1950 model Scott retains the characteristic lay-out and appearance of previous machines and is still known as the Flying Squirrel. The Scott twin cylinder powerplus replica type engine is water-cooled, has wide roller bearings throughout and a detachable high efficiency

alloy cylinder head. The bore is 73mm, with a stroke of 71.4mm giving a power output of 16 b.h.p. at 2,500 r.p.m. and 30 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. A central Amal downdraught carburettor is fitted.

Coil ignition has now been adopted in place of the magneto, and as the magneto chain drive has now been discarded, it has now been possible to give better enclosure to the primary chain drive between the two crank-cases and this is carried out by shields and alloy castings. A Lucas 6 volt 70 watt dynamo is mounted on the outside of the crankcase and is driven by the crankshaft which also drives the vertically mounted distributor. The ignition is controlled by automatic advance and retard mechanism.

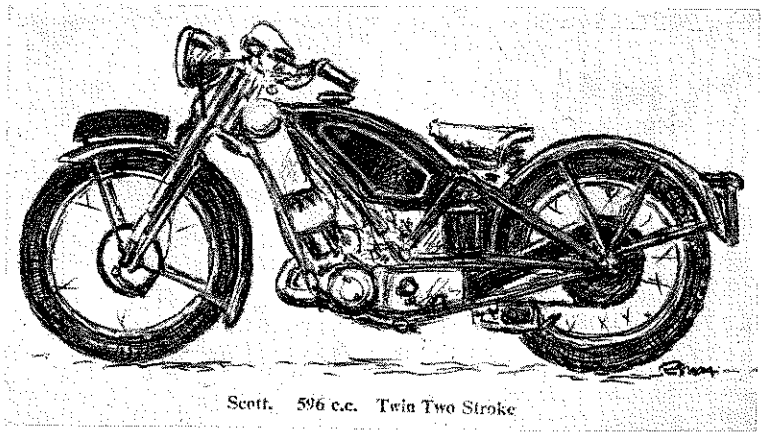
The gearbox is a Scott 3 speed constant mesh type with close ratio gears and positive stop foot change. Standard ratios are 4.18, 5.50 and 8.90 to 1, and 14.62, 6.72, and 13.30 to 1 for sidecar work. Wide ratio gears can be fitted if required. The footchange mechanism is integral with the gear box end cover.

The well-known Scott Duplex frame, triangulated in every plane is retained and this frame has always been notable for its low centre of gravity, rock steady steering and freedom from vibration. Scott Telescopic front forks are now fitted, giving 6in of progressive springing with oil damping. An adjustable friction type steering damper is included.

Twin 6in diameter brakes are fitted to the front wheel one each side of the hub and balanced by compensating mechanism neatly housed on the front mudguard. The hub shell is of light alloy, deeply finned for cooling. Ball journal bearings are fitted. The rear wheel has an extra heavy hub, with a powerful internal expanding brake 8in diameter, finger adjusted and thoroughly waterproof. The drive is taken on a very large and efficient cushioning device in the hub which has deep groove, non-adjustable ball journals. The hub shell again, is of light alloy and finned for cooling.

The petrol tank, which has a capacity of 3½ gallons, from a unit with the quickly detachable frame tube and has a two level tap with self-cleaning filter. A separate oil tank holds 5 pints of oil, and the primary chain is lubricated by means of an adjustable drip feed from the tank. The two-in-one exhaust pipe is fitted with an efficient silencer.

Equipment includes a high frequency horn, 80 m.p.h. internally lighted speedometer, a front and a central roll on type stand and a full complement of tools and the model is finished in chrome and black. Engine shield



Scott. 596 c.c. Twin Two Stroke

Drawing by Ron Mountain.

and chain covers are in polished aluminium. A 5in front and 6in rear mudguard are fitted and the rear guard hinges from stays; it can be quickly detached to facilitate wheel removal.

This fascinating motorcycle has a cruising speed of from 60-65 m.p.h. with a maximum of 75-80 m.p.h., with a petrol consumption in the region of 70-80 miles per gallon.

Specification

Scott "Flying Squirrel" 596cc twin two stroke

Engine: Make Scott; Bore and stroke 73mm x 71.4mm; Compression ratio 6.9 to 1; BHP 30 at 5,000 r.p.m.; Twin cylinder watercooled two stroke; Detachable alloy cylinder head; Sparking plus 14mm.
Lubrication: Twin mechanical pump.
Carburettor: Amal downdraught.
Gear box: Scott 3 speed constant mesh close ratio; Positive stop foot change; Ratios: Solo 8.90, 5.50 and 4.18 to 1; Sidecar: 13.30, 6.72 and 4.62 to 1.
Clutch: Multi plate.
Transmission: Primary chain ½ x .305in; Secondary chain ⅝ x .38in.
Ignition: Lucas coil Automatic advance and retard.
Lighting: Lucas 6 volt 70 watt dynamo; Constant voltage control; Electric horn.
Petrol capacity: 3½ gallons
Oil capacity: 5 pints.
Tyres: Front 3.25 x 19in; Rear 3.50 x 19in.
Brakes: Front, two 6in internal expanding; Rear one 8in internal expanding.
Frame and suspension: Telescopic forks and duplex triangulated frame.
Saddle: Flexible top type; Height from ground 30in.
Wheel base: 57in; Ground clearance 5in.
Overall length: 7ft 4in; Width over bars: 28½in.
Weight (dry): 376lbs; Finish: Black enamel; Bright parts chromium plated.
Equipment: Front and central stands; 80 m.p.h. internally luminated speedometer; Steering damper; Tool box; Number plates and tools.
Maximum speed: 75-80 m.p.h.
Fuel consumption (at 30 m.p.h.): 75-80 m.p.g.
(Note: Here's a gem of knowledge for prospective van buyers — length 7ft 4in.)

COMPARISONS: EXCELSIOR

Ray Evans, U.S.A. Representative.

Excelsior, Rudge, Rex Acme, Montgomery, Francis Barnett. All of these were well known motor-cycle manufacturers at one time in Coventry, the City of Spires. Alas! They are no more and remain as just memories of a sometimes forgotten era.

The time is 1874. Three citizens of Coventry, Messrs. Bayliss, Thomas and Slaughter were assembled in their Lower Ford Factory, proudly admiring something which, to modern eyes, was certainly a strange device. It was a "Pennyfarthing" bicycle with a forged steel backbone, radiused spokes screwed directly into the hub and the whole thing finished in bright steel. As these three gentlemen stood silently looking at their machine they were deep in thought. Choosing a name for their creation was very difficult indeed for they required a name that would truly reflect all their combined efforts that had been put into the design and manufacture of their first bicycle. They were also, though they probably did not know it, making

history, for it is now generally accepted that they were the first people in England to consider the possibility of manufacturing bicycles commercially and their company, Bayliss Thomas and Company, was almost certainly the first to be engaged in this type of work.

Let us picture the scene. Bayliss, the "gaffer", wears a silk hat and without a doubt, a double albert across his waistcoat. Thomas favours a billicock, a four inch choker collar, and Slaughter, the youngest of the gentlemen sports a Norfolk suit, strapped leather gaiters, and a cricket cap, with a little round button on the top, truly the mark of a "Coventry Kid". "The Pinnacle of Perfection", suggests Bayliss, stressing the second word. "The Summit of Achievement", counters Thomas. Doing likewise, "Ex-cel-sior!" cries the lyrical Slaughter. Out into the world went the first Excelsior!

Let us stay awhile with the "Excelsior" Company in 1874. Picture a typical Victorian "sweatshop" with about one hundred men and boys engaged in the task of forming and making metal components into all kinds of cycle parts. The normal work week was six days long, fourteen hours per day, apart from Sundays. The only other free day was Christmas Day. Here we see the "Pennyfarthing" bicycles as they were nearing completion and having the badges affixed to the machines, the badges showing the mountaineer with his Excelsior Banner with the words "Bayliss Thomas Cycle Co." printed underneath "The Pinnacle of Achievement", each badge carrying with it a phrase from Longfellow to the far corners of the world.

The Excelsior Bicycle was a well-made product and sold well on the world markets. Despite keen competition from other manufacturers who quickly joined the Pennyfarthing boom, like Singers and Rudge and many others. Remember, the watchmaking industry was on its decline at the time. Bayliss Thomas and Company remained in the forefront with new designs and methods of manufacture to the real cycle boom of 1885-1896, when the Safety Bicycle arrived on the scene. The Excelsior Company then continued to produce bicycles for the following twenty years with modest success. By 1896 the motor car was chugging along the English country lanes in small numbers. Some of these motor vehicles were, to be more descriptive, motorcycles. Also at this time there was available on the British market a Belgian built Minerva Engine of one and a quarter horse power. This motor had been of some success on the continent, being used to power bicycles. Most manufacturers of bicycles in England showed very little interest for such a form of motive power. Thanks to the very vision and foresight and credit of Bayliss Thomas and Co. who had the courage to accept the idea of a motorised bicycle and stake the firm's future on what appeared, to many other manufacturers at that time, an impossible machine, with no foreseeable future, the decision had been made and Excelsior Bicycles were made with Minerva Engines fitted to the Safety Bicycle. And again the firm became pioneers in their field and the first manufacturer to market a British motorcycle. The Excelsior proved to be satisfactory and was shown at the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1896. Not before the Crystal Palace management had at first refused to allow the Excelsior to be shown inside the building due to the possibility of an explosion. However, after the Excelsior had been demonstrated to the crowds of people in the Exhibition Grounds by one Harry Martin, who was still with Excelsior sixty years later when he was over ninety, without even a minor disaster, the management relented and the Excelsior was allowed to be shown inside the building.

The Excelsior, even with its hot tube ignition and twisted rawhide belts, proved to be a crowd pleaser at Crystal Palace and orders were taken which more than enough pleased Bayliss Thomas and Company. By the turn of the century Excelsior was producing machines featuring the larger British made M.M.C. Engines. Harry Martin, who had at one time made his

mark as a bicycle racer, commenced his career as a motorcycle racer, his rivals of the day being Charlie Collier on the De Dion Powered Matchless, and Tessier on the B.A.T. The Excelsior was very fast and in 1903 took the record of the world's fastest motorcycle—covering the flying mile at the Dublin Speed trials in fifty-nine and four fifth seconds, despite the fact that Excelsiors were still uncertain as to where to place their engines in the frame of the machine. The first years of he century passed and Bayliss Thomas and Co. continued the manufacture of motorcycles in small numbers for sale to the public.

So we leave the first decade and leave Coventry and move to the big manufacturing city of Birmingham.

In the district of Tyseley resides the old established firm of R. Walker and Son. Their main trade was in the production of cases and cabinets for clocks and ships' instruments. Apart from this side of the business the firm was engaged in the motor accessory line and supplied tanks and mudguards to over thirty motorcycle manufacturers. In 1910 they made their own machine, the Monarch. Bayliss Thomas and Co. had always been a good customer of R. Walker and Son and about 1910 the firm's title was changed to the Excelsior Motor Company. The Excelsior Motor Company began to stagnate, a little due perhaps to the fact that Bayliss-Thomas were getting on in years. In the years leading up to 1914 several attempts were made by Walker's to take over the Excelsiors, the post war boom created an upward trend in the industry, and in 1919 R. Walker bought out the Excelsior Co. and everything was moved from Coventry to Tyseley and the reorganisation of Excelsior began. The new firm of Francis-Barnett moved into the vacant Lower Ford Street premises.

The Walkers, father and son, firmly believed in the value of competition success. Just as Bayliss and Thomas had done twenty years earlier, with the Monarch Walker Senior had taken an A.C.U. Gold Medal in one of the earlier pre-war trials. The take-over of Excelsior allowed competition participation to really blossom.

As part of the reorganisation a large and comprehensive range of machines from sizes from one horse power to an enormous V-twin of eight horse power were introduced. Proprietory engines of firms such as J.A.P., Blackburne, and Bradshaw ensured that the engines were competitive and reliable. In a couple of years Excelsior began to support the T.T. Races and other major events. 1923—Ninth in the Lightweight T.T. 1924—Seventh in both Lightweight and Junior. 1925—Fifth in the ultra Lightweight Class. 1927—Sixth in the Junior. 1928—Fourth in the Junior. Sid Crabtree on his J.A.J. engined model came home first place in the Lightweight Class at the then record speed of 63.87 mph, more than five minutes ahead of the second man.

The prices of everyday Excelsiors were also competitive. In 1925 the new Excelsior "Minor" Model 1.5 h.p. Villiers engined two stroke sold at just £25 10s. Considerable numbers of this model were sold. The 1928 models were finished in a variety of colour schemes including unusual black and white chess board designs. There were models from 150cc and 172cc both two strokes, Villiers, of course, and 246cc, 346cc, and 500cc side and o.h. models. The slump by this time was just about to arrive on the scene and at the 1929 show the smallest Excelsior model of all sold for just less than £20. The 1930 reverted to sanity in the paintwork department, the black and white chess board finish of the previous year proving to be one of the most unpopular finishes of all time.

For 1931 Excelsiors produced no less than fifteen different models, the largest model being a 600cc s.v. The Sports model was offered with a foot-change gearbox if so desired. The 250cc T.T. Replica model had interconnected brakes. The 1932 Range included a small machine of 98cc at the low price of £14 14s. This was a motorcycle and not a power assisted bicycle. Also offered was the new B-14 model, a T.T. replica with a four

gallon tank, hosts of extras for the "Speed demon", capable of over 100 mph. On the racing scene after 1929 and the success of Crabtree in the lightweight T.T. made the firm realise that their machines fitted with proprietory engines were only as fast and reliable as their competitors using the same type of power units. Blackburne was approached and the end resultwas the incredible "Mechanical Marvel". Only six were made and they beat the opposition in the 1933 Lightweight T.T. with Syd Gleave a worthy winner, taking the record lap at over 71 mph. However, the "Marvel" was not suitable for Replica production.

The factory would be able to cope with the temperamental side that the "Marvel" had where private customers would not. Therefore something else would have to be found.

For 1933 there were a total of twelve domestic models. Four Villiers two strokes from 98cc to 247cc, six J.A.P. engined models from 346cc to 600cc and a couple of Excelsior powered models of 150cc and 250cc. At the 1932 show the all Excelsiors were announced but not shown. But the 150cc was a neat attractive OHV with an inclined engine and upswept exhaust. Priced at only £28 10s the 247cc was also quite startling for it was water cooled. The model the following year featured full enclosure of the engine and rear wheel. 1935 was the year of the worthy successor to the "Mechanical Marvel", the OHC "Manxman" model, a truly great classic which started Excelsiors naming its range of models after Nordic titles. The water cooled two-stroke became the Viking. 1936 featured the new four speed 250 OHV Norseman, and the Manxman now had a brother of 500cc. Also two other new models were introduced, the Warrior and the Clubman, the latter having an upswept exhaust and megaphone silencers. The Manxman was the highest in the range of price selling for £75 for the 500cc.

In 1937 there were six versions of the Manxman offered to the public in racing, semi-racing and in standard trim. Bronze heads were fitted to some versions. The water-cooled Viking was no longer in production. The new Excelsior Autobyke, the pedal assisted cyclemotor sold in its thousands being splendid value at £19 19s.

In 1939 Excelsior fitted the Manxman with spring frames, the Norseman and the Warrior continued along with the two stroke models. In the last of the pre-war T.T.'s Excelsiors finished 3rd, 4th, 6th, 12th and 13th in the Lightweight event. The end was approaching for the Tyesley four strokes. The outbreak of the war in 1939 meant that the factory changed over to participate in the war effort for the conflict ahead and no more four strokes ever left the factory. Although in the hands of enthusiasts Excelsiors were still racing in the T.T. in 1958, twenty years after the last one was made. During the war came the Welbyke, a folding miniature motorcycle designed to be dropped with and used by the airborne forces. After the war this machine became the Brockhouse Corgi in modified form, but still with the Excelsior Sprite engine, one of the most popular runabouts in its day.

Excelsior continued after the war with a range of two strokes culminating with the Talisman side-by-side twin. These post-war machines were unable to recapture the exciting era of pre-war days. Thanks to Messrs Bayliss, Thomas and Slaughter, Thomas Walker and son, they will be remembered forever, for helping to create the Golden Age of Motorcycling.

SHEFFIELD SCOTT CLUB — CHANGE OF VENUE

The new meeting place of the Sheffield Scott Club is — the Victoria Hotel, 248 Neepsend Lane, Sheffield. The time and day of meetings is as in the past: every Wednesday at 9pm.

CLUB SPARES SCHEME

Jim Best

Please quote your membership number when ordering from the Spares Scheme.

On Order

1927-28 Toolboxes, fitting between mag. and mudguard. Price not yet fixed.

By the time you read this a new batch of blind-head water dome ferrules should have arrived.

JIM'S JOTTINGS

Jim Best

Corrections

There were a couple of misprints in my article in the August issue of *Yowl*. The letters MDH, in engine numbers, stand for Matthew David *Holder* (not Scott, as was printed), and the suffixes on 1927-28 and on 1928-32 engines should read: M for 1927-28, and A for 1928-32.

Continued from last issue:

10) L/S cranks can be recognised by the knife edge oil groove round the inside face and the small oil hole in the crankpin. S/S cranks have an oil hole by the side of the crankpin. 1934 LF motors (one year only) had different cranks. They are L/S with neither the hole in the crankpin nor a hole at the side of the crankpin or the oil groove round the inside face.

11) It is worth getting cranks X-rayed or crack tested before you use them. A test you can do very early is to remove the crankpin bush, hold the crank on the taper, and strike the crank on the pin with a piece of metal. It should give a definite ring. If you get a dull sound, suspect a crack.

12) Soak the cork cylinder base rings in oil overnight before you use them as it is possible they might split when you tighten the block down if fitted dry.

13) Taper head bearings were used from 1927 to 1933. After that cups and balls were used.

14) Armours, 784 Wimbourne Road, Bournemouth (Tel: 0202 519409) have informed the Spares Scheme that they have R/H exhaust pipes in stock. Price £35, chromed.

15) The centrepunch mark just below the small end goes to the inside as the con-rods are offset.

16) I personally remove the 5 B.A. screw in the small-end bush as it is questionable if it serves much purpose. I once stripped a motor in which the small-end bush had turned; the head of the screw sheared off and got trapped in the inlet port as the piston came down. It pulled the skirt of the barrel off.

17) I don't use the $\frac{5}{16}$ L/H UNF nut on the crankcase bolt. I feel this is just another thing that can come adrift. I just put Loctite on the bolt when I tighten it up.

18) Setting up the big-end is something that needs to be right or you get blue big-end that so many people complain about. When putting together a motor from scratch it is best to do this before you put the cranks in the crankcase. If you put the crankpin bush on the crankpin, put on the inner roller plate and then bolt up the outer plate. Slide a roller into the gap (I have .005in side clearance), then slide the con-rod into the gap (I have .005in side clearance). This proves you are not going to lock up the rollers or con-rod. Remove the outer plate and crankpin screw, put on the rod, and insert the rollers. I am happy when I can put a .002in feeler between roller and the con-rod ring and then can turn the rod and it will go over the feeler. If you are using second-hand rods don't do this at the top as the rods wear oval due to the explosion at TDC. DON'T FIT TIGHT ROLLERS!

John Underhill

Registration	Year	Model	Frame	Engine	G'box	Comments
G 2166	1914			2534		Holder Special.
GC 1614	1930			PY2878	1751W	1930 Reg. 1929 engine.
GC 3580	1928	Flying Squirrel	3239M	FZ1955A		1927 engine, eng. was reg 17/1/30.
	1930	Flying Squirrel	2745M	FZ3319A		FY2903A.
GC 1822	1930		3252			1929 eng., Feb. 30.
GC 6253	1930	Flying Squirrel	1427M	FZ1260A	5	
GC 6397	1930	Sprint Special				Short strg. head.
GC 7495	1930	2-Sp Super	78	Y2934A		
GC 7497	1930		3005M	27TT4		
GC 8592	1930	2-Sp Super	31	Z2794A		Short strg. head.
GE 9425	1930	Flying Squirrel	3495	FZ3189A		
GF 2317	1930	Flying Squirrel	3149M	DPY3868		Reg. 25/3/30, later engine (1932).
GF 3083	1930	Flying Squirrel	3382	FY3048A	352W	Tourer.
GF 3387	1930	Flying Squirrel	2064	FY4098A		Magneto on c/case door, rubber-mounted petrol tank, 1935 engine.
GF 3388	1930	Sprint Special	10	PY2912		Now in Holland, 1951 MGP entr.
GF 6761	1929	2-Sp Super	807	Z3122A		1930 eng., now in Canada, 1930 reg.
GF 7552	1930	Sprint Special	16	PZ3031	C2300	1930/1932 MGP entry.
GF 9917	1930	Flying Squirrel	3491M	FY3089A		Tourer.
GG 2726	1931	Flying Squirrel	3532M	FZ1406A	205C	Tourer 1929 engine.
GH 2497	1930	Flying Squirrel	3589M	FY3635A		Tourer 1931 engine.
GH 3190	1930	Flying Squirrel	3484	FZ3208A		Reg. 12/7/30.
GH 3786	1930	Flying Squirrel	3640M	FZ2418A		
GH 4115	1929	Flying Squirrel	3530M	FY3248A		
GH 5460	1930	T.T. Replica	3798	PZ3408		1930 reg. & engine.
GH 7355	1930	Flying Squirrel	3478	FZ3209A		
GJ 1456	1930	Flying Squirrel	3325	FY3014A	2320W	
GJ 3665	1930	Flying Squirrel	3507	FY3252A		
GJ 3873	1930	Flying Squirrel	3423	FY3107A		
GJ 4942	1930	2-Sp Sports	166	Z3343A		
GJ 4944	1930	Flying Squirrel	4129A	FZ2633A	313W	
GJ 4950	1930	Flying Squirrel	3610A	FZ3387A		
GJ 7109	1930	Flying Squirrel	3537	FY3130A	419W	De-Luxe.
GK 1357	1931	Flying Squirrel		FY3568A		
GK 2006	1930	2-Sp Sports		Y2930A		
GK 2009	1931	Flying Squirrel	3672	FY3580A	1172W	De-Luxe.
GK 8643	1930	T.T. Replica	3450M	PY3148	32C	Reg. 11/12/30.
GN 4045	1931	Flying Squirrel	2505M	FY3585		
GO 125	1931	Flying Squirrel	200	DPY4780		1939 engine, single down tube.
GO 5787	1931	Flying Squirrel	131	FY3646A	2836W	Single down tube.
GO 5793	1931	2-Sp Sports	3721	Z3678A		4-point crankcase fixing.
GO 5798	1932	T.T. Replica	8577	PY3766	2925C	1931 registration.

POSTBAG

Concertaina hoses for Brum Scotts

Dear Sir,

I had previously found it difficult to acquire a concertina-style radiator hose for my 1957 Brummie Scott until a recent visit to the Isle of Man. While I was there, I got talking with the owner of a 1967 Brummie Scott who told me that he had acquired his hose from a garage. It appears that the garage owner had searched through a box of old hoses and discovered that the appropriate hose was that from an old Morris Minor Traveller.

So, on returning, I went to my local garage and ordered this type. To my delight, all I had to do was to cut about ½in from either end to attain a perfect fit.

I sincerely hope this information will help Scott owners who have had the same problem.

Eric Blyth

Blobs and gurgles; lubricating a '29 Flyer

Dear Sir,

Further to my last article a few months ago entitled "Return to the Fold", I have persevered with re-building the '29 Flyer and now have this on the road after some minor setbacks. At one time I almost despaired but after fitting 18mm NGK A6 plugs the engine has not missed a beat. It's a pity they're Japanese but they really are good as regards not oiling up.

When purchased, the bike had been converted to petroil but, encouraged by Dennis Wray's article some years ago (copy obtained from the Club) I have fitted a Pilgrim pump, gearing down 3: 1 with a Sturmey Archer set-up. So far the system seems to work admirably, as the pump setting can be more easily controlled and it all fits quite neatly behind the magneto cover which I have cut away to accommodate the extra bulk. I presume that if the normal setting with the pump running at engine speed is, say, one blob to six gurgles, then I ought to have one blob to two gurgles as I am running at ⅓rd engine speed. I suppose the critical factor is how many blobs per minute. Could any member, who has a conventional set-up running at engine speed, help me here by advising me how many blobs per minute they get at fast idling speed which I suppose would be about 1000 r.p.m? One member has suggested that one blob every five seconds should be about right.

At the moment I use approx. one pint of Silkolene Super Two every seventy miles, which seems quite high but there is only a very light haze from the exhaust. I do get quite messy oil streaks from the exhaust ports down either side of the crankcase despite grinding the manifold flat to achieve a good fit, but I am loath to cut the oil supply down as the exhaust haze is by no means excessive. At the end of a run I usually check the crankcase wells and these are always just nicely full with clean oil.

If any member could help with these queries I would be much obliged. In the meantime I am enjoying my "Scotting".

Ted Hancocks

Ted Hancocks enclosed with the above letter a reply he received from Silkolene Lubricants to his enquiries about Scott lubrication and related matters. The following extracts are taken from that reply:

Dear Mr. Hancocks,

I would like to make the following observations which I think may be of equal interest to other Scott owners.

First of all, the additive system incorporated in Silkolene Super Two SAE 40 has several benefits in that it enables the oil to mix more readily with the petrol and also to provide a much enhanced load-carrying ability which protects the piston rings and cylinder bores more e: ectively. It

also promotes a cleaner and more efficient burn which reduces the combustion chamber deposits and prevents ring stick. The additive also reduces port fouling and plug whiskering.

Secondly, the combination of the correct SAE 40 viscosity oil and the load-carrying ability of the additive provide excellent lubrication to the main bearings, etc.

The fact that we now include a dye in this lubricant is of obvious benefit to users of two-stroke engines using a pre-mixed petroil fuel; they can readily see whether the mixture is correct. The dye used is only likely to be objectionable if neat oil exudes onto painted surfaces where the ultra-violet effect of sunlight can cause lighter paints to discolour.

There should not be any benefit in using too much oil — the optimum fuel/oil ratio eshould be about 35/40: 1 although following rebuilds running-in should be effected at about 25:1.

R. S. Shead,
Technical Services Engineer,
Dalton & Co. Ltd.,
Belper, Derbyshire.

AN UNBEATABLE BARGAIN

Muriel Harland

The best news of the year must surely be that the annual subscription for 1984 remains unchanged at £8.00. Might I suggest you all rush to pay your subs. on the 1st January 1984 while stocks last! The Treasurer and his Plumber's Mate were delighted that many of you paid so promptly last year. Keep up the good work, please. It is such a help.

As always, please send subscriptions to the Membership Secretary, Harry Beal, whilst money for spares should be sent separately to Bill Hodge, both of whose addresses will be found on the inside front cover of *Yowl*. Members overseas may send all money to Harry Beal if they wish and we will arrange for it to reach the appropriate destinations. However, you could help us greatly by sending either a money order in sterling or a cheque in sterling drawn on a UK bank.

Lastly, many thanks for all donations received. They are much appreciated and each one is shown against respective members' name in the Club's account books, a permanent record of your generosity. Every little helps — we are not a rich club and each expenditure must be very carefully considered.

YOWL BINDERS: NEW PRICE CONFIRMED

Doug Wright

The new price for *Yowl* Binders is confirmed at £3.15 for UK members and £3.50 for overseas members. (Address is on inside of back cover.)

TO FILL A CORNER

T.W.

When Beethoven was a young man he applied for a job in Mozart's motorcycle factory. Before accepting him, Mozart thought it would be a good idea to test his aptitude so he sent him, as you would a young lad, to get some parts from the stores. Now on the Mozart machine the wheels were held on by special rings, and these rings were coded by giving them letters according to size. A was small, Z was very big.

'Go to the ringers', said Mozart, 'and get me a size U ring.'

Beethoven was very pleased to be asked to do this and felt bold enough to ask if he had got the job.

'I can't tell you yet,' was the reply, 'but remember — down t'ringers, wheel ring U.'

COMPETITION RESULT

By comparison with the previous item the following verses might reasonably be considered as masterpieces but they are in fact the winners (and indeed the only entries) of the bad verse and limerick competition. Perhaps we should point out that the poet 'Jim' is NOT Jim Best! For further comment, see page 125.

LIMERICK
Jim

This chap, not starting his Scott,
Got frustrated and terribly hot;
A young lad with his dad
Said "Sparks jump into rad.
He's just doing it for kicks, is he not?"

O — WILL YON PRIZE BE MINE?
Robard McGanicle

A poor old harrassed Tom Wess,
Thought "This mag is a bit of a mess.
What it wants is a verse,
Either humorous or terse,
Or something like that, more or less."

So come on you men of G.B.,
Or from one of those lands oversea,
Just drown him in verse
For non could be worse,
Than this effort — don't you agree?

If you don't then I'll win it,
"Cos there's no one else in it,
There'll be no competition
In the following edition,
And that'll be a shame! Now innit?

(Robard McGanicle has found a rhyme for the Editor's name that has been with him since his earliest schooldays! — Ed.)

FOR SALE AND WANTED
(A free service to members)

Wanted: Size 50 jet for Amal-Binks carburettor or any spares. Ted Beckham, 4 Queens Retreat, Cheltenham. Tel: 0242 39601.

For Sale: 1932 Scott, Brampton forks, detachable head motor, foot change, needs some attention. Please see notes under Squiribblings, p. 125. Mrs. Y. D. Gaiger, 28 Pellhurst Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Wanted: Webb wheel/hub for '29 Flyer with Scott forks. M. H. Brockwell, 212 Hawthorn Road, Strood, Kent. Tel: Medway 70249.

Wanted: Scott in running order (need not be original), reasonably priced, please. **For Sale:** 1954 Velo LE, 200, £225. 1952 James 98cc, £300. 1954 James 98cc, £150. **Wanted:** for 1929 Flying Squirrel 596cc — piston rings, rollers and big-end bushes, mudguard (front) stays, oil tank cap. Birditt. Tel: 01-622 2673.

Wanted: Speedo drive for outrigger 1949 600cc model. D. M. McCarthy, 6 Cedar Close, Southella, Hull. Tel: 0482 655968.

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 (2-speed & 3-speed Super), N. Pickup, Chaddesley Manor Cottage, 20 Chaddesley Glen, Canford Cliffe, Poole, Dorset BH13 7PE.

Club Spares Scheme (3-speeders, Flyers, etc.), Bill Hodge, 1 Tilstone Close, Eton Wick, Windsor, Berks. SL4 6NG.

YOWL BINDERS

Binders to take five years issues. Doug Wright, 9 Elm Close, Long Bennington, Newark, Notts. Price £3.15 inclusive of postage for UK members, and £3.50 inclusive of postage for overseas members.

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, Billinghurst. 4th Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.

Sheffield Scott Club, Victoria Hotel, 248 Neepsend Lane, Sheffield. 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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