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THE JOURNAL OF THE
SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB



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EDITORIAL

It is 4.30 a.m. following the night of the 1967 Scott Club A.G.M. The morning has never dawned so cold or light, and the chorus, so prevalent at this particular time, is offering precious little inspiration to my newly acquired post of Editor. The sobriety which returned with morning has made things painfully clear, and that "what have I done feeling" is creeping over me. However faint heart etc., so I will try to gather together from you reluctant penmen a fairly readable *Yowl*.

Criticism of this first issue from my unsure hand will be welcome, and give me some idea of mistakes made, so please use as much as possible our newly founded readers' letters section, on any subject you fancy (Scott flavoured of course).

I realize it is very easy for an editor to publish articles on his own pet likes, in my case this would be biased strongly towards Veteran and Vintage Scotts, and their originality Amen, but of course there are a lot of members, maybe the majority of members who are interested in advancements (sic) as applied to Scotts, and like to look forward instead of supposedly back. I know very little of the modern Scott with, what do they call it, swinging arm rear suspension, so if any of you knowledgeable bods know anything printable (I mean this in the best sense), please do let me have it.

Technical articles on the maintenance and overhaul of parts peculiar to these late Scotts would be useful, with the accent on any dodges which would enable owners to get by whilst spares are rather sparse on the land, you know the sort of thing—how to use a toothpaste tube as a rear wheel bearing, or something like this anyway.

Although I shall probably be forced to reprint a fair amount of material from early magazines, due to lack at present of original writings, I will not unless I have any second thoughts reprint any articles on Birmingham Scotts. This is because these articles must have been printed over the last ten years and will probably have been seen by most members anyway.

Geoff Lee has, in my opinion, set, or rather continued, a very high standard with his "Good" *Yowls*, but I shall do my best not to let this standard drop.

As you probably know, I am also Spares Registrar and elsewhere in this issue is a short note on the spares situation as far as I can discover. Spares, I think you'll agree, are one of the main problems at the present time, and I'm hoping to have more news about the availability of various specific items in the fairly near future. Although at the A.G.M. many spontaneous promises of material were made, by the time this is printed these will, in the majority of cases, have lost their first flush (and in some cases only flush) of enthusiasm. Look at yourself, are you one of these "first flushers?" If so, please "let your conscience be your guide" (Jiminy Cricket, Pinnocchio, act II, scene I).

It looks as if there is going to be a film with a high percentage of Scott material available for showing at a Red Lion club night, (see June *Yowl*). This may be supplemented by a further mainly Scott film taken by a Vintage car owning friend of mine, at Oulton Park during the V.M.C.C. race there June last. He promised, under dire threats, to concentrate on the Scotts and says that he did so. All you potential (and actual) racers will be able to study the technique of Chris Williams and see how easily it's done. All you need, you see, is a vocational knack, and a Clive Wayne.

Talking of Clive Wayne, he has hinted (nay, almost promised) an article explaining some of the mysteries of his weird and wonderful craft, so we can all look forward to that can't we. It was whisperingly suggested by an unnamed person recently (after a shifty glance over his shoulder) that the Wayne Scott was in fact now a 360 degree twin (that means both pistons up and down together, thickhead), but it doesn't sound like it to me.

Another article which I am pressing hard for is to be by an S.O.C. member, who as well as the Two-speeder at present owned has had a Morgan Three-wheeler and a 1928 Frazer-Nash. The article is to be called "My Life in Chains," (good, ay). I do hope the article is up to the title. (Subtle dig, finger out Peter).

Don't forget the auction sale on September 30th (I do hope this *Yowl* is out by then) I would suggest that this year, as well as the usual sale of bits to augment club funds, we will have a separate sale of members' bits which are too good, in their opinion, for all the proceeds to go to the club. If the club took say, 10% of any takings by auction, it should suit the member concerned and help the club, let's have your views.

A vote of thanks I think, to the outgoing and long suffering treasurer, George (Service Accounting) Silk, who in his own words is now going to concentrate on George Silk and stop subsidising the club. Seriously, though, he's done a grand job.

I trust that by the time this *Yowl* is printed (or before if possible) Jim Best is up and about again. It seems that "Unlucky Jim" came rather a cropper in the "Island" after a disagreement with a lorry. His first words, I believe, after being scraped off the road, were, "Is the Scott alright?" which sounds typically Jim. As I know for a fact that Jim is an excellent rider, I can only conclude that it was either his damnable luck, or really was the other bloke.

Well I think my waffling has dried up at last. Trust I'll see the majority of you either at the auction, the Rally, or both and remember I am quite prepared to dig my way out of the avalanche of material you are about to send me.

NICK

THE NUMBER THAT NEVER WAS

An interesting and somewhat surprising little story has come to light as a result of some Press publicity recently regarding Harold Wood's search for historical films of T.T. races for use in the new Castrol film. Reference to a film of the 1922 Scott entries in the Senior T.T. (extracts from which incidentally were screened on B.B.C. television on the Saturday before race week) resulted in an old Scott employee getting in touch with Harold, to ask where he might be able to see this old Scott film "as he was on it."

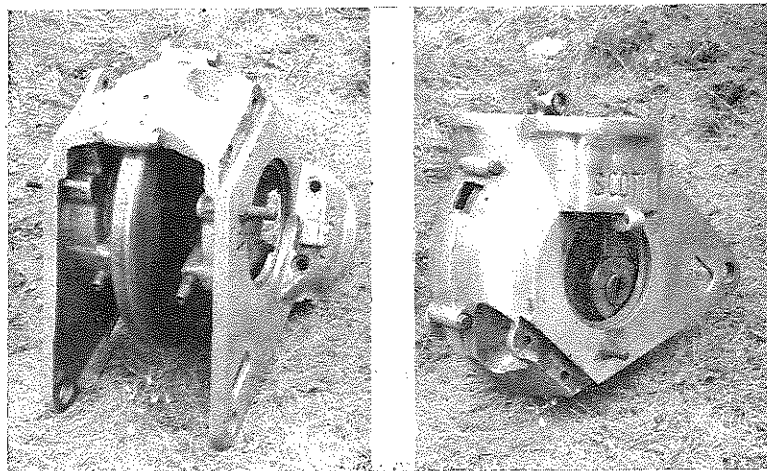
It seems that this gentleman a Mr. W. Haley worked with the late Alfred A. Scott and remained with the firm until about 1924, and he remembers taking part in the last minute rush to get the Scott machines over to the Isle of Man in time for the 1922 Senior. Not only did Mr. Haley have to hurry over with some parts, but he also took part in an interesting hustle to register the machine which was ridden by Harry Langman. Many Scott enthusiasts will be familiar with the often-reproduced picture of Harry sitting astride "No: 66," which bore the registration number "AU 155," and which of course carried him to a glorious third place in that year's Senior.

Time was so short in the last minute rush to get this machine finished and away from the Scott Works that it was suddenly realised that there would be an hour or so's delay in getting a licence and registration number for this machine if they had to send to the County Council license office in Wakefield, so it was hurriedly decided to licence it in the name of Mr. Haley, who lived in the Bradford registration area much nearer, and he was promptly sent down to Bradford to get the log book and licence. The number allocated was the Bradford registration KU 155, but so great was the rush in lettering the number plate from a note on a scrap of paper that someone accidentally painted on an "A" instead of a "K." And AU 155 the famous machine became!

When told about this very recently, Harry Langman admitted that until now he never knew that he was riding illegally under a wrong registration number.

THE AGONY OF A FINAL CHAIN

The chain pull chart opposite is reproduced from a 1915-16 Motorcyclists Handbook. The Editor was evidently pro-Scott. I believe these charts were first published in pre-war Scott catalogues. One would have thought from this graph that a Scott chain would have lasted a lot longer, especially with the later cush hubs, but mine never seem to.



UNUSUAL CRANKCASE

Several years ago I remember taking the pictures above, at a Banbury run I think it was, of this Scott crankcase reclining on the grass. Unfortunately, I have mislaid the name and address of the owner. Actually, I wrote to an ex-member recently thinking he was the owner, but got an indignant reply saying that he had sold all his Scotts and happily had a Ford Anglia.

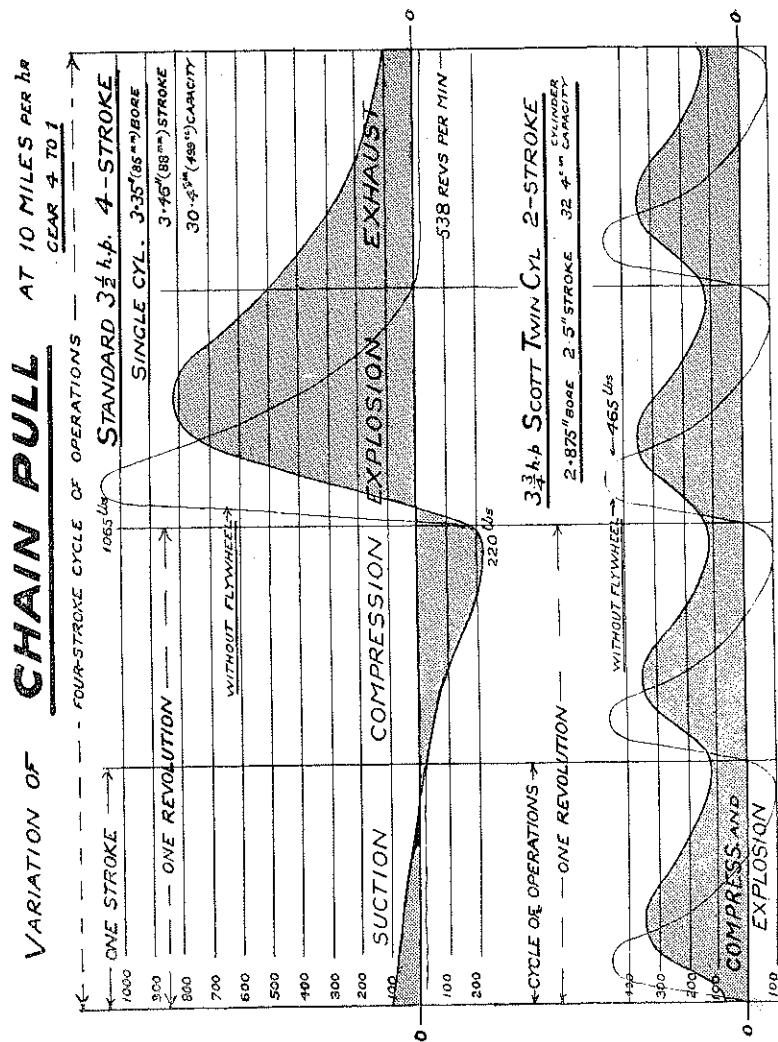
If the possessor of this 1912 crankcase (according to the number which you may be able to see in the normal place), would care to write in to the magazine with some details and known history of this relic, I'm sure it would meet with interest from the members.

I imagine the purpose of the unit was to dodge some of the complication incurred in the casting of a normal crankcase. Perhaps it is now ensconced in a frame, Dominator or Dragonfly of course.

TECHNITIP

Referring to the Enfield Cush/drive hub; for many years prior to 1939 I worked for an Enfield agent and fitted dozens of Cush/drive rubbers. I found the easiest way to refit the sprocket was to lay the wheel, sprocket side uppermost, over the open end of a box place the rubbers "propped up" at the centre so that the bottom edges make the base of a V. Place the vanes in the top of the V and push downwards. I have never failed with this method.

G. R. REEVES,



V.M.C.C. CADWELL ROAD RACES

If the second "all vintage" motorcycle race meeting at Cadwell Park, held on May 20th, was not the Scott "benefit" Glyn Chambers described last year, it was no less exciting for that.

Writing this from memory some five weeks after the event and not having the official winners' times, positions etc., I can't guarantee the accuracy of this report. However, I'm sure to both competitors and spectators, of which I would estimate there were equal complements, where this particular meeting is concerned, this aspect is not perhaps of foremost importance. All present were, I feel sure, motorcycle enthusiasts with fortunately little infiltration from the Great British Public.

Race 1 was a scratch race for Vintage Standard machines calling clearly for some leniency from the acceptance committee or whoever, but all machines were complete with silencers, mudguards etc.

Thence followed two further scratch races for post vintage machines, the second "featuring" Bob Torrens on an "Ariel!" Races 1 and 2 were won not altogether surprisingly by I. Rhodes. Race 4—again a scratch race—and Clive Wayne was riding his own Scott, he was second. Hugh Harrison was in this race also, making some delightful "over the tank" changes.

The first sidecar and three-wheeler race followed and what the Morgans lacked in quantity, with only one entry, they were well compensated with the superbly rebuilt example of J. C. Evans expertly driven. He would almost certainly have won this first race (from scratch), but overshot on two occasions at the hairpin; very nearly "writing off" Dennis Howard the second time (who afterwards commented that he really couldn't think of a better way to go).

The "chairs" performed admirably, their duties, particularly at the hairpin, being very much of the "you pull that part and I'll push this bit," if your imagination can stretch that far.

I recall particularly Archie Beggs Douglas mounted, these seem to look "right" with a sidecar and M. J. Broom, I think it was, struggling against some unseen built-in alignment handicap with his Norton. In spite of Potty's pleas last year, only Ossie Neal materialised to uphold the Scott flag with a scruffy "LE radiatore" outfit, which didn't belie its performance. He appeared only in the sidecar handicap, the last event of the day, but retired before the end. Both three-wheeler events were won by Findlay with his Norton-JAP combination.

Race 6 was the scratch race for the fast boys on vintage racing machines with Peter Taylor, Maurice Patey and Rev. Torrens Scott mounted as well as Chris Williams. Unfortunately Bob, on this first outing since the M.C.N. "blurb," was in trouble and didn't appear on the line. Williams won, needless to say. Interesting entry finishing third was R. G. Colletts' Scott-Norton (Norton engine and gearbox), which has the appearance of a Guzzi and certainly went well, handling noticeably better than the other Norton entries. In this race Rhodes was 2nd, predictably, and Peter Taylor 5th.

Then followed the handicaps with that for the standard machines first won by Tich Allen on his two-speeder with clutch. Race 8 was for vintage racing machines, albeit the slower ones with Peter Taylor on scratch. His bike always presents a concours appearance, although incorporating many modifications and an abbreviated frame. He was unable to catch the field however, and as J. P. Faben (Velocette) got disqualified for a P.V. gearbox I heard recently, that meant Hugh Harrison was third. Hugh is racing with the original 2 ins. L/H pipe from my T.T. bike last used, as far as I can determine, by Phil Vane in the Island. Miraculously, it went along with the machine when passing to its several new owners.

Race 9 was the Post Vintage handicap with 22 starters, the largest field of the day, but no Scotts—hasn't someone a fast Clubman or similar to act as our representative? Rhodes was first on a '34 Velo and J.P. Griffith (Norton) 2nd.

Race 10 was the most exciting event of the day, the "big" vintage handicap. They were just lining up when a violent thunderstorm broke; it had been fine but windy till that time; so the race was postponed whilst we took what shelter there was available. After 10 minutes or so the rain stopped and with the advent of bright sunlight, the track looked treacherous indeed—just right, for Chris Williams to demonstrate his truly professional style. On paper C. E. Allen with 1½ laps start was No. 1 and officially Williams, riding magnificently, a glorious 2nd—just not able to catch up. Colletts' Hybrid was 3rd.

I've mentioned the three-wheeler handicap earlier, Evans providing most of the excitement and coming in close behind Findlay.

Whilst enthusing generally in the paddock afterwards, Dennis commented that he felt bad at not having "Scotted" to the meeting. This view, not wholeheartedly being shared by our "beetleparty," was probably an explanation of the involuntary stop we suffered during the homeward trip. Fortunately, Sloan had his tool kit available (keyring penknife) and repairs were speedily effected!

A repeat performance is rumoured for September, so that's a Rally and a Race Meeting for Scott enthusiasts—roll on September.

G.L.

LETTER FROM DAVID DUMBLE (of the Victoria Motorcycle Collectors' Club).

I'd like to try to give you some idea of what the motorcycle "scene" is like out here, as I'm sure that most of "youse Poms" think we still live in bark huts and hop around on kangaroos in Australia.

Road regulations vary from State to State. In Victoria approved safety helmets are compulsory, as are red rear reflectors and rear vision mirrors. You can, however, register a solo here with only one brake and no speedo! A stop-light is optional but if one is not fitted stopping must be signalled by hand. The rear mudguard must cover ¾ of the rear wheel circumference, which means it has to come fairly well down at the back but a mudflap will serve. Lights are required, not necessarily electric and a horn ditto. You can ride without lights fitted in daylight hours. Number-plates are emossed white on black and are issued at the time of registration. (They are made at the local jail). A new numbering system came in about 1950, commencing AA, BA, CA, etc. etc.; they are now up to DK and it is fairly easy to date a bike roughly by its plate. However, the plate is handed in if the bike is unregistered at any time and not re-issued, so an old bike with new plates is not uncommon. My B.M.W. R50 was originally CW-444 but two years ago I turned in the plates and obtained, by request, DD-490. Most motorcycle registration is done in the city at the Registration Branch HQ, but I am lucky enough to have a local police station which handles the job. A road-worthy inspection must be carried out by an authorised person (the local motorcycle dealer) and a green slip is issued for presentation to the police, who check the engine number. If the bike is clean and tidy the law is unlikely to knock it back and so it is quite feasible to obtain full registration for a vintage job at a cost of Australian Dollars 11.50 for registration and third party insurance, plus one dollar for the plates. Veteran machines have a special plate and can only be used on the road by permission of the Veteran Car Club. As the cost of insurance has recently risen to 26 Dollars, some of the veteran boys are bringing their bikes up to full roadworthy order.

So you see things are not so bad here. Helments are not required in any other State; registration costs about 50 Dollars in N.S.W. In South Australia you can get special temporary registration for V & V machines, so if you own several bikes there is no need to have them all registered, just pay 1 Dollar to use a bike for a rally. Under this scheme a special number is allocated and must be shown at the front and left side. Number-only registrations are used in S.A., they are painted on an can be re-issued, thus it is possible to obtain an appropriate number, as with the B.M.W. owner whose R69S is numbered 69. VIC-1 belongs to our President's 1927 A.J.S.; SA-1 is on a 1910 Precision and NSW-1 is on an outfit used for marshalling at race meetings.

I have just come back from S.A. on a week-end trip to take part in the S.A.V. & V.M.C.C.'s annual two-day rally on my 1929 Douglas. Roads are generally well-surfaced all the way, though narrow in places and with a wide gravel verge on each side. The trip to Adelaide is about 480 miles and can be done in 10 hours by cruising at about 60 m.p.h. Traffic is very light except during holiday periods. We went by car, with three bikes in a trailer. This event is very popular and there were some 30 machines on the run, the oldest being a 1909 Norton (no Scotts!) We spent a very pleasant time touring the Adelaide hills, and visited the Transport Museum at Birdwood, which contains a large number of motorcycles.

Our last run here was an informal attended by only 5 members in beautiful weather but we usually get about 20 bikes of all ages on a run. While most roads are sealed, there are plenty of dirt roads left for those who enjoy them, I must admit I do, but not on a rigid frame, girder fork job!

There is no 70 m.p.h. limit here and there are plenty of long straight stretches of highway near Melbourne where you can open up with a fast bike quite safely.

We have a very simple signalling system, arm straight out for a right turn, or out and bent vertically at the elbow for slow down and stop. At intersections a "give way to the right" rule must be obeyed. Some people claim that driving manners are very poor here but I find motorists about as courteous as in other countries—which I suppose is not very complimentary at that!

Our Sunday club runs average about 70-80 miles, we just potter along and have a good time but I have sometimes covered over 500 miles in a day while touring on my B.M.W. One sees more B.M.W.'s than anything else here, the police have them too but most of the market has been captured by the Japanese lightweights.

Outside the Melbourne metropolitan area a police car or motorcycle patrol is quite a rare sight, in fact they are not often seen on the main roads. There is a nominal 50 m.p.h. limit on country roads and if you exceed this and become involved in an accident then the onus is on you to prove that your speed did not cause the accident. The speed limit in the city area is 35 m.p.h., though this is largely ignored unless a patrol is near.

SAD BUT TRUE . . .

by B. Scholes

being extracts from:

"500 c.c. RACING" by Gregor Grant (G. T. Foulis & Co. Ltd.) 2nd edn. 1952 P. 53. " . . . the first R.A.C. Silverstone race in 1948 . . ."
" . . . the original Silverstone meeting was productive of an entry of 10 series-built cars . . . and 15 "one-off" machines. These were R. L. Coward's Cowlan-Norton, Reg Phillips's Fairley-Norton . . . Denis Flather's Marrott-Scott . . . J. R. Stoop's Spink-Rudge (ex-G.S.L.) . . . and A. A. Underwood's Underwood-Scott

Of these only the Cowlan, Fairley and Spink were still running when the race ended . . .

Few of the home-built cars were eliminated by faulty design or construction, the main cause of failures was slipshod preparation and inadequate pre-race testing."

Pgs. 113-114. "The simplicity of the 2/stroke appeals to many people but it must be admitted that in unblown form the power output falls extremely short of an efficient 4/stroke of similar capacity! Underwood and Flather experimented with Scott engines and N. Pugh also tried to make his Scott-powered Pugh Special motor quickly.

I believe the idea was that the water-cooled 2/stroke would prove more reliable than air-cooled 4/strokes for distance racing. Rather the reverse happened! The three Scott-engined cars have not shown any remarkable stamina and their performance has been disappointing.

Candidly, the Saltburn-built (sic) engines have never possessed anything in the power department comparable with hemispherical-head o.h.v. 4/strokes of modern design. Their delightful "yowl" certainly does convey the general impression of dozens of horses just "rarin to go" but even the most rabid Scott enthusiast must admit that the finest 'Replica' machines could never hope to take on anything in the nature of a Manx Norton. Only Mavrogordato has made a Scott whistle along at modern speeds—and his is a pre-war veteran of many races."

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From A. E. Reynolds' 1932 catalogue:

1932 "SCOTT" T.T. REPLICAS 498 c.c. £84. 596 c.c. £86.

(LUCAS or B.T.H. MAGDYNO £6/10/0 extra).

Do you know, every time I pass through my showroom I simply have to glance at the T.T. Replica. There's that something about it that shrieks "Thoroughbred" shades of the "Island" and other places where Scotts have "moaned"! The Rep is the "goods" and with the new forks, handles like a Snowdonian." Until you have ridden a 1932 Replica you don't know what motor-cycling's like! Did you say it's alright talking but where's the money coming from? You don't need a penny! Not one! My super allowance on your present machine (I accept that as deposit) and the balance over 12 or 18 months.

1932 "SCOTT" SPORTS MODEL. 498 c.c. £85. 596 c.c. £87.

This model is the "SPRINT SPECIAL" under a new name! The oval tanks can be supplied if desired. As the "Sprint" it made its name both at home and abroad for lightning acceleration and uncanny nippiness, remarkable cornering abilities and a 90 m.p.h. maximum without any fuss. For sheer unadulterated breath-taking performance which has only one equal—another "Sprint"—this is the model!! By the way, every "Sorts Model" engine develops 30 b.h.p. and I will accept your present machine as deposit and arrange the balance over 12 or 18 monthly instalments.

My hire purchase terms are so confidential—even your mother won't know! 1932 "SCOTT" FLYING SQUIRREL Tourer 498 c.c. £66. 596 c.c. £68.

With a maximum speed of 70-75 m.p.h. the 1932 "FLYER" is wonderful value for money and with the many refinements which have been incorporated in 1932 it is really a luxury job at a mass production price. Have you ever seriously considered how little per month it would cost you to purchase a new "Flyer" if I made you a super allowance on your present machine? Supposing I allowed you £40 for it, arranged that sum as deposit and transferred your present insurance policy to the new machine: do you know you could have a 1932 "Flyer" with "Magdyno" for less than 15/- weekly for 12 months, or under 11/6 weekly for 18 months. It's worth thinking over!

1932 "SCOTT" FLYING SQUIRREL De-Luxe 498 c.c. £73. 596 c.c. £75.

The "De-Luxe Flyer" is the tourer with de-luxe fittings made especially for the man to whom comfort and cleanliness make a strong appeal. With a "Replica" exhaust system, "Brampton" forks, legshields, pillion seat, rests and carrier, hinged rear mudguard etc., it is a delightful machine which requires a minimum of attention. The "purchase-out-of-income" over 12 or 18 months system is sound and you should seriously consider it as an economic means of providing yourself with trouble-free motor-cycle transport. Why not let you and I collaborate and see if it is possible for you to own a "De-Luxe Flyer" for 1932?

I have pleasure in recommending the special adaptation of the "Master" Patent Spring Frame after extensive experiments. We have all dreamed of the SPRING FRAME SCOTT as being the last refinement on this super machine and I can now offer it in its perfected form to the "Scott" rider.

There are two ways in which the wheel can be sprung, one is by the specially built-in method which is one of the outstanding features of the De Luxe 1932 Reynolds' Special. While this system leaves no room for improvement it is necessarily expensive and a cheaper method has been devised whereby the complete springing arrangement can now be supplied to fit your machine without any serious alteration and complete with instructions which make it possible for the owner of average intelligence to convert his machine in his own garage. Or should he desire to bring the complete machine to my works, the conversions can be carried out for 30/- extra.

To those interested in this great improvement kindly write for the special spring-frame folder which will be gladly sent per return of post.

Spring frame built into your "Scott" as per Reynolds' Special £12 10s. 0d.
Spring frame attachment (complete machine required) (complete with full instructions) £6. Carriage 2/- extra.

"All roads are good roads—with a Reynold's Master Spring Frame.

THE SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB A.G.M. 1967

In the absence of any report from our secretary (I realize you must be a very busy man, Robert), I shall endeavour to relate, in brief resume form from my suspect memory, the happenings on the evening of the A.G.M.

The thing that sticks in my memory most of all is that, as usual, all the food had gone by the time I managed to get away from the bar, and again, as usual, there was only a large jar of pickled onions left and you can take it from me, best bitter and pickled onions are a revolting combination both at the time of eating and afterwards.

Lesser events included the dubbing of Geoff Lee Clubman of the year for his stirring and dedicated work on the past few *Yowls* and the decision that Clive Wayne was to get the Speedman award. (Lucky old you Clive, made it all worth while didn't it).

The whereabouts of the rest of the club awards was steeped in mystery, and so we quickly passed to the next item on the agenda, which was, I believe, a long letter of absence apology etc. from George Silk, which only George Silk could have written. It explained that he could no longer carry on as treasurer, and that the club funds were in a surprisingly (to me anyway) healthy condition. There were distributed accounts sheets, which explained everything (so George had said in his letter), but I found that just the figure at the bottom which showed how much cash we had by us sufficed, otherwise I'm afraid I got confused.

The new committee, which is shown on the first page, was elected with reluctance from some quarters, and Ginger Thomas got out his *Yowl* binders as he does every year.

The club tie farce was bundled through (see elsewhere in this issue) and Robert Rawlins read some minutes (from last year's meeting I presume.)

The suggestion by Eric Cliffe that membership forms should include details of machines owned was discussed and new Registrar, John Underhill, agreed to look into a workable formula whereby the Register of club machines could be made into a useful reference work, using the information from these forms.

Founder member, Norris Johnson, (The "Guv.") appeared, his jolly face as jolly as ever, married life certainly seeming to suit him. Several people actually came on Scotts this year, which was unusual, but of course the majority came by public and other less exotic forms of transport.

I don't remember much more, apart from a load of Scott scrapbooks being dumped in my lap and people patting me on the head like an obliging dog, and then it all seemed to dissolve into a scene indistinguishable from any public bar, or perhaps tending just a little towards a saloon atmosphere. Most of us then trooped outside with Scott tuned ears cocked, listened to the sound of the machines that began it all, and staggered off home.

(Incidentally in case members are under the impression that the "Loftys" were allowed by the S.O.C. to leave their native country without any form of parting gift from the club as a whole, Robert Rawlins stated at the A.G.M. that they were presented with a stainless steel carving set. This was of course in addition to the fine silver candlesticks presented to them by the Midlanders).

Dear Geoff,

My father was a Scott enthusiast and had two Scotts when I was very young so I was introduced to motorcycles at a very early age. I remember looking through motorcycle books and became fascinated by the petrol engine. When I was seventeen I bought my first bike, a 1954 225 c.c. James. I spent endless hours modifying the ports and generally experimenting with the engine and got quite encouraging results. I then bought a 500 c.c. B.S.A. Star Twin. What a horrible vibrating noisy monster! It didn't last long. I decided the two-stroke was a much nicer engine than the four-stroke.

Wanting a bigger bike, in 1963 I bought a 1959 Flying Squirrel. This machine was in good condition but the carburation was miles out and the ignition rather erratic. I soon sorted out the carburation but the ignition was a different kettle of fish. The distributor was a Miller and the bike would often cut out on one cylinder. I never got the distributor to work properly and in the end threw it away and fitted a Lucas which was a lot better. I fitted a larger ignition coil off a car which made the engine rev. faster. An ignition trouble I never sorted out was that if I kept the bike above 65 m.p.h. for any length of time large brown lumps would often form inside the plug and eventually bridge the gap. I would take out the plugs, knock off the lumps, refit the plugs but sometimes they would reform within four miles and other times they wouldn't re-form at all. Quite annoying. Different brands of oil tended to alter the rate of the formation of the deposits.

I did some experimenting with exhaust systems. I fitted an expansion box on the standard pipe. The box had a few baffles in the tail pipe. Top speed was identical to standard 72 m.p.h. in 2nd and 90 m.p.h. in top gear, but the exhaust note was fantastic, a high-pitched shriek. I then tried a twin, fully tapered exhaust system and expansion boxes fitted under the engine and incorporating home-made "Burgess type" silencers on the end. The tail pipes had a very small outlet. The exhaust note was a most peculiar ringing noise and the petrol consumption rose to 40 m.p.g. as compared with 60 to 70 m.p.g. on the standard exhaust system.

Early in 1965 I came out here to Australia. After a short while I sent back for the Scott. Mr. Jim Thurmer kindly let me use his shop to have the crate containing the partly dismantled Scott delivered to. I used to go to his shop after work to put the bits together and one Friday afternoon I wheeled it out

and went round the block on what I believe is the only Birmingham Scott in Australia.

The next day at dinner time I set out for Sydney on the Scott and kept the speedo on 65-70 m.p.h. all the way. The journey of 1,253 miles took 50 hours which included two nights' sleep. The only trouble I had was the mysterious brown build-up inside the plugs which had to be cleaned en-route a few times.

I didn't use the Scott a great deal here in Sydney. England is much better for motor-cycling than here. Most car drivers here seem anti-motorcycle and try to run you off the road and into the scrub! I gave the Scott quite a thrashing one day up the Pacific Highway between Sydney and Brisbane. With a pillion passenger I did 324 miles keeping the speedo reading 70 to 75 m.p.h. with occasional bursts into the 80's to break the monotony. The strange thing is that the brown deposits never formed on the plugs that day. All very odd.

I sold the bike in March this year and I return to England in July when I'll most likely get another Scott. I would like to own a Swift. It's a pity I think the project lapsed. I'm not very fond of coil ignition and I think the modern Scott is over-cooled for solo work. Mine never got hot enough. The radiator never even needed topping up for months on end, even out here where it gets much hotter than England.

Hoping you will find these notes of some interest.

ROBERT R. MATHER.

A FEW NOTES ON THE SPARES SITUATION

The availability of spares is, of course, of vital interest to all Scott owners, and with this in mind I have recently written to a few people who are associated with Scotts and Scott spares to see what they can offer to the Scott owner. I did not write to Tom Ward because it is almost universally known amongst members what a longstanding and excellent service he has given and is giving. The three who are included are John Fenton, proprietor of Salamander Motorcycles who has taken over the harness so recently, and regretfully, discarded by Geoff Milnes, and Harry Langman, Ken Lack, and Ken Swallow.

I am presenting them in alphabetical order so as to show no preference.

1. John Fenton, Salamander Motorcycles Ltd., 74, Dewsbury Road, Leeds

11. John has kindly let me have a statement covering the intended policy of his Company. It is as follows:—

"On 1st June, Geoff Milnes sold his Scott business due to ill-health. For some years, both he and Harry Langman have suffered from long periods of illness. We are sure that their many friends and customers will wish them both a happy retirement and better health.

Since 1st June, the business has been carried on under the name Geoff Milnes, but it is our intention to absorb the business into Salamander Motor Cycles. This is a new Company which will be based in the Leeds/Bradford area. The old premises at 74 Dewsbury Road, Leeds 11., are due for demolition. The new address will be published as soon as the premises are settled. Meanwhile the old address will find us.

Salamander will be primarily concerned with Scotts and spares for them. There are problems which include the temporary closure of the works in Birmingham and, not least, our experience of Scotts, which is fairly limited.

We will try to hold a wide range of both new and second-hand spares. We hope to build up a fast postal service.

This will take time to establish and it will also be some time before our stocks are properly balanced.

Apart from Scotts—if the Scott Owners' Club will forgive us for thinking that there are other makes—we hope to build up a service to motor cycle enthusiasts. All the Salamander directors are active competitors in motor cycle events.

Being owners and riders of older quality machine ourselves, we appreciate the difficulties in trying to get an understanding service from dealers who are, of necessity, concerned with modern machines. Our aim is to fill this gap."

2. Ken Lack, 5, Norton Lees Square, Sheffield 8. Yorks.

Ken has sent me a very interesting and informative letter, but warns, although he is capable of carrying out a lot of different types of work on Scotts, his time is severely limited, and if he gets rushed off his feet with enquiries, a lot of people are going to have to be very patient. Anyway, in the following extract from his letter is a selection of the various jobs which he is prepared to tackle, *time permitting*.

"Now as to the Scott cause, I'm all for it, and I am prepared to help all the genuine Scott lads to the best of my capabilities and within my limited time and capacity.

I can tackle most repairs to engines and boxes and do most of the turned parts—spindles, nuts, head races, special bits etc. Gudgeon pins S.T.D. or O/S. B/E bushes and con-rod liners (Std. or O/S). Small end bushes, pistons rebushed and dia. turned to Std. or O/S. With the latter there is now available a needle roller bush which would be ideal 2 per piston for 5/8 ins. diameter only at about 30/- per piston. Cylinder grinding—blind heads too if there is any clearance left at the top of the bore, that's if anyone has any pistons to suit!

I'd think that the proposition now is to have the blocks sleeved and use a pair of Std. pistons or + .010 ins. and 020's of which there must be a few about. I realise it means a bit of tedious filing out of ports etc., but it is at least a solution.

I have tackled flywheel/sprocket repairs too, with Tom Ward's full width sprocket this makes a much sounder job. Main cups reground and O/S bushes to suit.

With the hardened and ground items, liners and bush-s and pins etc. which, as with nearly all other Scott items are more or less 'one offs' and small quantities, I have to grind as and when the opportunity arises."

Please give Ken every consideration when dealing with him and remember the S.A.E. as requested in the advert on the last page.

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

Ken's first love is, I believe, Velocettes, from the tone of his letter, as he suggests the use of a lot of Velocette parts on Scotts where the original Scott part is difficult to come by. He can supply these Velocette cycle parts from stock, if anybody is that desperate, and hints that new developments may take place in the future of the use of Velocette gearboxes in Scotts. He can supply Scott gaskets and cables, and has at the present time two pairs of pistons on tests the results of which he hopes to ascertain very shortly. If successful (all pray hard) our piston problems may be resolved. Ken has certain electrical components in stock of Miller manufacture suitable for Scotts; and is considering having some replacement Scott cranks made up (ones that do not break he reckons).

The problems of manufacturing spares for Scotts must be obvious to us all, small quantities, difficult machining and heat treating operations, changes of design from year to year etc., so please help these people who are trying to help you, all you can. Do not expect miracles. Remember, the club has a Technical Correspondent (plus his newly appointed assistant Geoff Lec) and a Spares Registrar so bother them with your queries rather than taking up the valuable time of the spares makers.

C. P. WOOD—1924 T.T.

Clarrie Wood on his 1924 Senior Scott, looking as if in need of a rebuild (the Scott, not Clarrie), as most T.T. machines seem to. He finished 13th on this machine, actually his 1923 works entry purchased by himself and used for the last time privately in 1924.

By this time he had presumably learned his lesson and his next T.T. entry was on an H.R.D. in 1926, on which he finished 5th.

One reason I published this picture was that the machine is unusually uncluttered by leg, note also the forward mounted handlebars, beribboned mascot on the front mudguard, half inch thick high tension lead, and some odd bracketry lurking behind the radiator.

BROOKLANDS

The day dawned dry at least and we were all set for a very pleasant day at the Brooklands motor racing track of Mr. Locke-King on Sunday the 11th June, 1967, its 60th anniversary.

Unfortunately, a rather large section of the "general public" bore down on us from all sides, and in the late afternoon all speed tests had to be abandoned, along with the final parade. However, some very fine and rarely seen early cars, motorcycles and Commercial Vehicles appeared in the line-up, including a very fair representation of Scott's. The sprint/racing machines of Messrs. Waye, Hartshorne, and Silk looked very business-like, but I still can't decide whether the Waye Scott is a Three Speed Super with Duplex Flyer accoutrements or a Duplex Flyer with Super accoutrements. Nonetheless, it goes like a bat out of hell, especially with Chris Williams at the helm.

Hamish Moffatt, well known in Vintage sports car club circles for his Buganatics, appeared on a very nice two-speeder of around 1925-6 still, fortunately, on its beaded edge tyres, and with a beautiful leather Brooks saddle. There were also another couple of very presentable two-speeders of similar Vintage, and a rather tatty narrow tank Flyer, with hexagonal nuts coming up against the rather incompatible "V" on the rear brake adjustment fitting.

That well known (and oft quoted) Scott exponent Mr. Dennis, "I'm having an emotional experience," Howard delivered the motorcycle section of the tannoy commentary, and carried it off splendidly. The Scotts on show were given very fair support by a nice assortment of "other makes." Noticed were examples of A.B.C., Excelsior Manxman, D.K.W. (Supercharged of course), New Gerard, New Hudson, Federation (Have you a number Madam), O.H.C. A.J.S. and Norton. I noticed one early Norton with one of the very rare Binks Moustrap, (or is it Ratrap) carburettors, a beautifully made cast aluminium unit.

Amongst the cars on display were a brace of very fine early forward control Lanchesters, one, a green and white striped example was marred only by a thick plastic overflow pipe running down the front of the radiator. The other had the front passenger seat full of a very peaceful looking recumbent dog, which I found to the cost of my 'till then intact Sunday afternoon nerves, became a snarling monster of a thing when one took even a mild interest in his master's motor car. I beat a hasty retreat to the beer tent to restore myself, but misery, oh, misery, 3/2d. a pint.

Other makes of note on display were Gubern-Brillie, Ballot, and a very rare one in the shape of a Hampton.

The driving tests were going on most of the time in their own unspectacular way, but weren't very exciting, (when you've seen 'em once).

After a late lunch we packed the remains of our lemon meringue pie and hock in the picnic hamper and contentedly clambered up into the back of the 1928 Rolls 20 we had come in and had a nice nap on the way home, dreaming of Brooklands as it was before it became similar to a banked Kew Gardens,



A FLYING FLEA AT CAPESTHORNE HALL

(A cutting from "Cheshire Life" submitted by R. Cordon-Champ).

On Easter Monday, March 27, a "Flying Flea," discovered two years ago in the rafters of a woollen mill, will be placed on exhibition at Capesthorpe Hall, the home of Sir Walter Bromely Davenport, M.P. It will be the first vintage aircraft to be put on permanent display in the North-West. This tiny aeroplane—it measures only 13 feet from nose to tail—was built in 1936 by Samuel Ogden Whitley, a Rishworth (Yorks.) millowner. On what is believed to have been his only flight in the single-engined biplane, he is said to have scared half Yorkshire, and himself.

The abandoned aircraft was stored in the ceiling of his mill at Rishworth where it remained for almost 30 years until found by members of the Northern Aircraft Preservation Society, the secretary, Mr. Malcolm Goosey of Belgrave Crescent, Woodsmoor, Stockport, approached the builder's son, Mr. Phillip Whitley, who offered the "Flying Flea" to the society.

One of the biggest problems was recovering the machine from the rafters but this was finally managed without dismantling, except for the wings. Then disaster almost struck as it was transported across the moors to Stockport. A gust of wind lifted one of the wings from the roof of the van but, fortunately, no damage was done.

It has taken members two years of patient work in a small Stockport garage to renovate the "Flying Flea." Damaged canvas has been repaired, and an original *Scottish* Flying Squirrel engine fitted. (Our italics—Ed.).

Although completely restored the "Flying Flea" will never fly again. Of the fifty originally built by enthusiastic do-it-yourself planemakers only seven are known to survive. Several people lost their lives when the machines crashed because of design and constructional failures.

MIDLANDER'S VIEWPOINT

Over the last few months our club has been a real hive of activity. Taking events from our successful Main Road Trial, a report of which is included in this issue, we came to the next event on our calendar—the A.G.M. I dare say the Hon. Sec. will be making a report re our A.G.M., so I will leave that to him. (He hasn't as yet. Ed.). There were no real major changes at the meeting except possibly the editorship which has now been undertaken by Nick Sloan. He will, however, be ably assisted by Geoff. Lee to begin with. Let us wish him all the best in his new task, although I feel sure he will maintain the splendid professional quality of our journal as did Geoff, Val and George before him.

"The finest T.T. week ever" so claimed veteran T.T. enthusiast Reg Summers, and he should know, this year was almost his fiftieth visit! Ron Mountain was there too—complete with bandaged hand and no Scott. Perhaps the only thing to mar such a wonderful week of Bikes, Booze and Banjoliers was Jim Best's accident just outside Laxey. We all went to visit him in Nobles hospital, in fact I heard it said that on one particular evening there were so many at his bedside that the only way one club member could get in was to go in his "official" capacity as Vicar of St. Mackesons. Jim thought it was very funny—even funnier when a real vicar in a bed opposite asked him who his visitor was.

One chap I met over there was a Mr. Cutler. He was riding a very nice Brum Scott Outfit. One of the topics we discussed was the A.C.U. National Rally. Mr. Cutler got me quite interested in this event, so perhaps if any other club members are interested (I believe there are a few Scotts entered anyway) we could get together on this point, so anyone who can ride 600 miles in 24 hours without getting lost—drop me a postcard please,

In contrast to the marvellous weather of T.T. week came the Banbury Run, so the least said about the deluge the better—it was quite the wettest "Banbury" ever. Alan Cooper was sporting a brand new, very smart riding suit when he set out, but when the torrential rain came it quickly ran through the front zip causing Alan to go e-e-e-0-w half-way up Sunrising! Still, there were quite a few Scotts present, but the rain dispersed everyone at the finish point and I couldn't take enough notes for a complete article.

By far the biggest attraction this year will be our National Rally at Evesham. This is our tenth Rally (10th September) and to mark this occasion there will be some very special features on the day. The biggest and best attraction is the simplest, but hardest to organise—attendance. The Midlands who put so much hard work into this event this year are "demanding" a suitable reward from the club for their efforts—one hundred Scotts! We are hoping that his year we can encourage the number of entries to rise from the usual 65-70 to 100, and so make it a really big anniversary event. So please Mr. Clubman come along. You bring your Scott—we will get the other 99!

See you all at the Rally,

Happy Scotting,

S. E. THOMAS.

P.S.—Confucious he say:—

"I used to resent being called "Ginger"—until I went bald."

V.S.C.C. RICHARD SEAMAN TROPHIES' MEETING OULTON PARK, JUNE 17th, 1967

With a certain feeling of ease I can now give vent to my "prejudice" for Scotts in this report. From the commentator's angle of course one is bound by an ethical code not to show a particular leaning toward this rider or that machine, although being but human "I knew what I wanted."

A beautiful dawn heralded what was to become a blistering day at Oulton Park. The V.S.C.C. had invited members of the V.M.C.C. to ride in a four-lap Scratch race for Vintage racing motorcycles, the event giving considerable character and excitement to a programme otherwise devoted entirely to racing cars. The idea to incorporate "bikes with cars" was a sporty and excellent move on the part of the V.S.C.C. and smacked of those glorious Saturday afternoons at Brooklands in the late thirties. Although on reflection I recall also a closer liaison on the part of riders and drivers at speed trials in the immediate post-war period.

At approximately 2.45 p.m. (delightful informality was the order of the day) twenty-nine riders wheeled to the starting grid; this was to be race 4, following the Richard Seaman Memorial historic trophy race. Scott racers were: Chris. Williams, D. Lecoq, Maurice Patey, Peter Taylor, Charles (Titch) Allen, J. W. Greenwood and Hamish Moffatt.

Regrettably the Reverend Bob Torrens was a non-starter due to his observation of large aluminium particles in each crankcase following the Cadwell Meeting on May 20th. The field generally, consisted of some magnificent men on their racing machines in the calibre of Willie Wilshere (Rudge), Rob Collett (Scott/Norton). Rob I think should only "partially be mentioned"; Archie Beggs (Rudge); Ivan Rhodes (Velo); Ian Findley (Norton/J.A.P.) and J. R. Holmes with his beautifully prepared S.W.5 model Douglas (hand change and all).

Now coming under "starter's orders" (previously grid positions had been decided by picking a numbered tally) petrol and oil is switched on, engines, where appropriate, are pulled on to compression, goggles are pulled down (a sprinkling of brown leathers delights a certain character's eye).

The flag is down and into the lead shoots Chris Williams appropriately numbered one, followed by Ivan Rhodes and J. Thomas on a K.S.S. Velo; the other Scotts are sorting themselves out and the big twins of Ian, Findley and Tim Cameron are making their presence felt as they thunder round Old Hall corner. Titch Allen's little two-speeder purrs on contentedly but poor Hamish Moffatt is suffering one or two severe "pulls" on his two-speeder's motor at Knickerbrook; the day is hot, the pace is hot, and patent "R" savours the air of this glorious afternoon. We look along for the leader to duck his head for the "motor" bridge, Yes—lap 2, and Chris Williams is alone with now a considerable lead over second man Ivan Rhodes, third position still Thomas, going very well, but Rob Collett is now getting keen in fourth place. Maurice Patey is positioned about seventh, with Peter Taylor in attendance. An announcement comes over the loudspeaker that Chris Williams has been timed over the straight at 96 m.p.h. He is lapping at about 73 m.p.h. The V.S.C.C. boys are very impressed and watch with considerable interest the progress of the race. Lap 3 starts to reveal the third place position taken over by Rob Collett from J. Thomas, and during the fourth lap this is manifested.

Without question Chris Williams takes the chequered flag, having built up a considerable lead over Ivan Rhodes; third place man is Rob Collett.

I was somewhat disappointed that the other two or three potent Scotts did not put on quite as good a show as was expected, but there again so many factors have to be taken into account, atmospheric conditions prevailing at Oulton Park on June 17th, the fast straight, etc., etc. Rather amusingly the gentleman who was given responsibility to wave the chequered flag—didn't! at a certain crucial point, resulting in one or two lads completing six laps on a four lap race—great fun!

A first class meeting in every way—I think we may well see and hear more of this type of event, Scotts go so well with Bugattis—anyhow. D.H.

Official Results:

- 1st. C. T. Williams. Scott.
- 2nd. I. Rhodes. Velocette.
- 3rd. R. G. Collett. Scott/Norton.
- 4th. C. K. Luton. Norton.
- Winner's speed. 73.33 m.p.h. (race 9.022 mins.).
- Fastest lap. 74.29 m.p.h. C. J. Williams (2.138 mins.).

SIXTEEN MONTHS' "HARD"

An Enthusiast tries the Experiment of Totally Neglecting a Machine for 7,500 Miles.

(The following report first appeared in "The Motor Cycle" for January 16th, 1930 under the pseudonym "Favonius.")

There are those who say that a motorcycle needs far too much attention, that it has to be constantly adjusted and cleaned, and that altogether it takes up far more time in upkeep and maintenance than the average man who needs only a means of conveyance is prepared to give.

Undoubtedly, if one intends to keep a machine in absolutely tip-top tune and condition—as most of us, in theory, do intend—a lot of time must be spent in adjustments; but if one is prepared to continue riding as long as the machine can be flogged along somehow, or anyhow, one can manage to carry on without any tuning whatever for a surprising length of time.

I know, for I have just completed sixteen months without even decarbonising—and the machine has been used every day. The only attention has consisted of one adjustment of the chains and one cleaning of the plugs!

The other evening I finished up at the wrong end of a tow-rope, so it was evident that I *must* find time to do some work on the poor old bike.

SETTING THE STAGE.

At the beginning of the sixteen months I carried out a fairly thorough overhaul from stem to stern. The engine was taken down and thoroughly decarbonised, new big-end bearings etc., were put in, and new piston rings were fitted. No other new parts, with the exception of inner control-wires, were added, but everything was examined and attended to where necessary, right down to the wheel-bearings. In short, I put everything in first-class order (as much as one could with a machine long past its youth) and set out to see how long and how far the machine would go—literally "go"—without attention.

I have been using the bike, except for about five runs of 200 miles each, almost exclusively for running to and from the office, and general hack-work round about the town. The business journeys comprise four lots (two each way) of five miles each every day, summer and winter—and the variegated varieties in between—in all weathers. Every morning I hauled the machine out of my garage and put it away every night (just like that!), day after day, week after week, and month after month—and still it continued to run. It has amazed me. It has also given me many twinges of conscience to treat a motorcycle so brutally.

Anyhow, as I have stated before, it went for a year and four months in time and for at least 7,500 miles on distance, without de-carbonisation and without attention.

The chains got what oil was thrown on them from the engine and gear, the hubs carried on with the grease within them, as did the forks. The chains had the luxury, as mentioned, of one adjustment, and the plugs had one clean—perhaps, to be quite liberal, one hour's work all told.

AFTER SIXTEEN MONTHS.

Naturally, the engine had been running badly for some time, and there was no compression worth mentioning, owing, quite obviously, to the piston rings being firmly stuck in their grooves. The engine was, therefore, getting rather difficult to start from cold, and exceedingly hard to get going when hot. In fact, I was trying to restart after stopping at a shop when an acquaintance in a car offered me a tow—and, as the quickest way home, I accepted. The machine would, I may emphasise, still go, after a fashion, when once started. Nevertheless, I considered it had done nobly, so I set to work on it at last, decarbonised, oiled, greased and adjusted—and it is going like a bird again!

And finally, perhaps, as an enthusiast in the make (said he modestly) I may reveal the name on the tank—it is a 2/speed Scott Squirrel.

SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB. ANNUAL MAIN ROAD TRIAL 1967

(or—The Smokey Saga of the Stratford Road).

The great day dawned rather wet but by the time our event got under way the skies had cleared somewhat and except for an occasional quick shower the day remained dry.

Of the twenty-six entries received sixteen turned up and of the half-dozen or so promised extra entries from the Midland folk none arrived. Besides the competitors many came along to see the start. As usual Mr. Scott came as did Mr. and Mrs. Mountain—all the way from Brighton. Reg Summers came for a chat, along with John Underhill and the winner of the last two events, Mr. Eric Lemon, who had been forced to withdraw his entry because of lack of spares. George Stevens came from North Wales by van to see the start.

All sixteen moved off at intervals from 11.15 a.m. and disappeared into the Warwickshire countryside. What happened to them "en route" must remain a secret in view of next year's event and one by one trickled into the halfway stop, but not all! Mr. Lard retired with clutch trouble and Mr. Collins broke his pump drive, then a mag. chain. In fact it took him until 8 p.m. to get under way for home.

Staunch supporter Mr. Whitlock "disappeared," and I have yet to find out what happened to him! Midlander J. (vile) Lyall retired at the halfway stop as did these other competitors.

At the start of the second half only ten riders were left to pit their wits against the fiendish "yours truly" and of these only six completed the whole trial. There was at least some consolation for those who got lost, a very excellent meal provided at the finish. Whilst everyone was "tucking-in" the results were computed, as follows:—

Winner—Mr. D. Wray (London) 80%.
Second—Mr. R. Dolling (London) 74%.
Third—Mr. C. Tunstill (Surrey) 70%.

The winner, Mr. Wray will receive the Challenge Cup at our forthcoming rally in September, plus free membership for the year. Mr. Dolling will also receive free membership for the year.

There are two persons who have not received due credit for this year's trial. One is the proprietor of the cafe, who not only opened up especially for us but put on such excellent meals at the finish—for a very modest sum, so bear this in mind future M.R.T. organisers. Finally, my hard-working girl friend Pam. Among the many Scott duties imposed upon her was to type, assemble and check six dozen or so route cards, marshal's cards etc., as well as act as runabout marshal on the day—no mean feat on an unsprung high-speed moped. Perhaps competitors will recall her last-minute, triumphant and most spectacular arrival at the start as she rode through a "no entry" sign at 30 plus and skidded to a halt on the pot-holed gravel.

The support this year was better, but only half of that promised as I had quoted 36 meals at the finish, still, the numbers are growing. I have since received two letters of apology from entrants who didn't quite make it. Stan Greenway on his 1912 machine got within four miles of the start, but had run into carb. trouble and by the time he was mobile again it was lunchtime, and although he did in fact come to the starting point he was too late to meet anyone. Hard luck Stanley. John Hobley wrote also—he had troubles of a different nature. Evidently he drank too much "lemonade" (as he calls it) at a party the night before and from what I gather the next morning couldn't find which side of his bike the kick (sorry) foot-starter was on.

Still, by and large, I think everyone enjoyed themselves and I hope *You* receives a few letters to confirm or contest my claim.

Just one last thing, a competitor on the M.R.T. kindly loaned a young marshall a clutch cable at the halfway stop. In the rush of the moment I forgot to take details so if the club member concerned drops me a line I will replace same for him.

S. E. THOMAS.

ROYSTON, MY ROYSTON

by John Hawkin

The Royston Hillclimb was run under the auspices of the Vintage Motorcycle Club, and in general the Scott Motorcycle failed to compete there with much success, except, perhaps, with the exception of the ex-Catchpole sprint special. Nevertheless, this was a wonderful place to watch and listen to our favourite machines and a motorcycling tragedy took place when ownership of the course changed hands and we were deprived of the sights, sounds and smells of Royston. The aroma of the place is my finest memory, a fragrant mixture of crushed grass, Castrol "R," cigarette smoke, bacon and eggs, the local Pigsty, and the almond whiff of burning racing fuel.

Royston is in Hertfordshire and the ride from London was always a pleasurable experience, uneventful except for lorry races until Baldock, then coming out of that town with the ruined brewery to the left there are ten exciting miles. Flying from hill to hill, sweeping through the bends over the heath with only the telegraph poles for company into Royston itself. Here was a good place to refuel, especially as the garage owner was wont to ramble on somewhat while filling the tank until petrol was flowing over each side and pouring down into whichever boot was conveniently situated on a footrest. This man insisted, absentmindedly on charging for just one gallon, and would also insist that your machine was the first Scott Motorcycle to visit his garage since 1937.

The event took place in April and September of each year in a pleasant part of the countryside on the Hertfordshire and Essex border called "Flint Farm." This was about two miles south east of Royston (half-way between London and Newmarket) and was reached along meandering roads and rutted, muddy tracks. The journey discouraged the use of vans and the sporting sidecar float came into its own for the last mile or so. The riders' paddock was small but attractive and admission was informal and free, spectators mingling with competitors and mechanics.

From the paddock, groups of eight machines were sent down the hill, to return one at a time against the clock. The most exacting and difficult part seemed to be the downhill ride to the start—anyone can ride up a hill at full throttle. Each rider had to pass around a Hawthorne tree at the bottom of the hill before coming under starter's orders. Scotts were usually sent up first in order to prevent their respective plugs from oiling up, especially as there was a great lack of space to re-start if an engine failed. Every Scott owner had his favourite starting groove in between the brambles and the woods. The first thing to happen was the appearance of the official starter's mate, who would place a wedge behind the bike's rear wheel, the official starter would then make his presence known by placing his electrical hockey stick under your front wheel. The signal was given, the machine would pass over the aforesaid electrical hockey stick, thereby throwing a switch, and the chase was on, precious one-hundredths of seconds began to disappear.

A familiar sight was that of a certain two-speeder waiting to start. The engine would be running over at a speed considerably in excess of the permitted maximum number of revolutions per minute, spitting and coughing at once with the vibration, obviously disturbing the rider's already murky vision and increasing the apparent diameter of the handlebars from one inch to several feet, hot water pulsing from the radiator overflow pipe. An extremely insensitive despatch rider's booted heel was then brought down upon the gear lever with remarkable force and the Scott would rear upon its tail, clawing at the air like a frightened mule. Spectators were showered with dirt and fine grass cuttings, but within two yards the bike would promptly discard its tortured rear chain. This ignominious procedure would unfailingly occur each spring and autumn, the unfortunate owner remaining forever undismayed.

If a Scott did manage to overcome the initial diversions, then the owner could expect a glorious ride with a provoked slide to play with for several hundred yards.

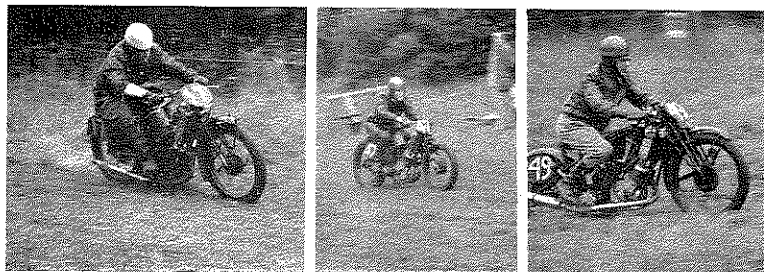
Many riders however, failed to take the shortest line up the hill, or to use enough power at the beginning. The best approach was to attempt to bite at the steepest side of the hill, where the camber was at its most adverse and the grass longest, and to aim at the idle watchers on. Keeping to the right all the way up the continuously climbing bend, using full power on opposite lock in a speedway drift, but with feet firmly upon footrests, was the surest recipe. Towards the end, the course came out from amongst the trees, into a finishing straight and on to break the timing beam. A stopping distance of a hundred yards or so was provided and this was adequate, as speeds only reached 50 m.p.h., or so.

The hill itself was a gentle one in eight, grass, daisies and buttercups all the way, a good time for a four stroke with studded tyres was under sixteen seconds. Few Scotts ever aspired to these times and were usually among the miserable nineteen seconds and upwards stragglers. The overwhelming consolation was that they sounded the fastest by miles.

Over the years the Rudge was the most successful Five Hundred, and of the 350 c.c. jobs the O.H.C. Velocette was, of course, King, and the very fastest Scotts at least achieved much honour and drew the most favourable attention.

Perhaps someone can explain a persistent fault of several Scotts which performed at Royston. Except in my own case, this cannot be explained through lack of maintenance, as these machines were usually well turned out. The trouble was that the engines would cut out here and there at high speed. Could the fuel supply have been affected by the buffeting and bumping, were globules of oil thrown between the sparking plug gaps? I don't know.

Now we are only left with nostalgic memories of Royston, a new course has been found at Chalfont St. Giles, and although, as at Royston, only machines made before 1930 compete, the charming "Vintage" atmosphere is missing.



FRAGRANT FLINT FARM

Above are pictured a wee Clive Wayne flanked by "Tich" Allen, and another Scott rider whom I must confess I cannot identify. Anyway, they have all just cleared the bushes at Royston and are about to apply anchors.

THE CLUB TIE

The club tie saga went with a swing at the A.G.M. when two sets of artists' impressions turned up, one in the hands of the secretary and one in the hands of the outgoing "Clubman of the Year" editor.

After a brief scuffle, Geoff's line was accepted by about three people at one end of the table and carried unanimously (by these three).

It only remains for the final details to be cleared up and a club tie should emerge in washable non-iron terylene at 15/- each, including post and packing. It will be of the all-over design and will consist of small silver limit gauges surmounted by either a blue or red scroll on a "Scott" purple background. (Yes, I know it won't go with anything, but I'm having a couple anyway). All orders should be sent direct to Geoff Lee.

OUR EX-PATRIOT TECHNICAL CORRESPONDENT

I received an "Expo 67" card from Lofty recently, but all he could seem to go on about was the excellent standard of girls in Canada. He didn't even mention the word "Scott," just girls, in next to nothing sunbathing on the beach, he said it could send a young boy mad.

Would any member consider a bribe to take over Editorship?

NEW MEMBERS

Nicholas Trehearne. The Wrekin, The Chase, Kings Road, Southminster, Essex.
 W. A. Beattie. 5, Brechin Road, Kirriemuir, Angus, Scotland.
 Anthony J. Amor. 6, Duncan Avenue, Runcorn, Cheshire.
 Charles David Thomas. The Manor House, Court Lane, Cosham, Portsmouth.
 Eric E. Mudd. 14, Archway Street, Barnes, S.W. 13.
 Robert W. Whittle. 55, Longview Drive, Huton, Nr. Liverpool, Lancs.
 R. Cambridge. c/o 8, Kingsway, Thornton Cleveleys, Lancashire.
 Eric W. Hodkisson. Valley Way, Roxwell Road, Writtle, Essex.
 M. G. Bass. 118, Wellingborough Road, Rushden, Northants.
 A. Penberthy. 5, Fore Street, Madron, Penzance, Cornwall.
 M. C. Jackson. "Weybourne," Puckeridge, Ware, Herts.
 Osborn Neal. Waterworks Bend, Gowlmere, Nr. Royston, Herts.
 John Huxley. Roysds House, Hopton, Mirfield, Yorkshire.
 C. M. Hill. 11, Park Place, Wadebridge, Cornwall.

FOR SALE—Front and rear wheels from 1949 Scott complete with all brake gear, new rims, respoked, new Avon Speedmaster tyres, £6 the two. Russell, 95, Bourne Ave., Hayes, Middx., Hayes 3781.

WANTED—Original Scott rear carrier, and pillion seat capable of being fitted without drilling holes in mudguard. Colin Thomas, 66, Avenue Road, Tottenham, N.15, Stamford Hill 7243.

FOR SALE—Scott transfers, varnish fixing 2/6d. each. (4 or more 2/- each). Best quality engine packings 6/6d. per set. Water head rubber insertion rings 3/- per pair. For all other enquiries S.A.E. please. Ken Lack, 5, Norton Lees Square, Sheffield 8, Yorkshire.

WANTED—Pistons L.S. 498 c.c. 040 ins. S.S. 498 c.c. 050 ins. or 060 ins. 596 c.c. 050 ins. or 060 ins. Ken Lack, see "For Sale."

FOR SALE—300 x 21 studded tyre, 3.00 x 19 racing front tyre, both nearly new offers. Several unperished 19 ins. tubes, hand change gate and lever, 10/- clutches 25/- each, cylinder heads 30/- each. Geoff Lee, 9, Coniston Gardens, Eastcote, Middx. Tel.: Ruislip 6757.

WANTED—Longstroke blind head block 500 or 600, in usable condition, with or without pistons, RY or RZ crankcase. Nick Sloan, Editor.

FOR SALE—498 c.c. longstroke block and head with pistons, pins and rings, good condition £7. Vintage wide ratio gears, good condition £3. Quantity 2-speed gear parts and swashplate pump—offers, but exchange brand new short stroke 2 & fifteenth-sixteenth ins. pistons .040 ins. preferred. All carriage paid T. Sharp, 14, Hazel Beck, Cottingley, Bingley, Yorks.

PHILOSOPHY

I thought the following extract from a just pre-war* "Motor Cyclists Handbook" might be of some amusement to members.

There seems to be in this short article a remarkable grasp and rather heartening admission of human failings seldom admitted in this day and age. Imagine, for instance, the same extract suitably modernized appearing in a current motorcycle periodical, it would obviously be ridiculed by the sophisticated, cynical motorcyclist of today; rather a pity in a way.

*Hereafter in this series of *Fowls* the "War" referred to will be, of course, the Great War (1914-18).

" SHALL I . . . " ?

Should another motor cyclist overtake you while you yourself are travelling at the speed which best suits your purpose, don't jump to the conclusion that he is necessarily challenging you to a race ; but let him go on and be the one to run into the arms of the waiting policeman. Never look condescendingly at the pedal cyclist as you pass him struggling up the hill, while you are simply roaring up. The sparking plug may give out the next moment, and then he has the laugh on you.

Always be ready to help a brother motor cyclist in a difficulty. When you come across him attending to his machine by the roadside, ease up and call out to enquire whether you can be of any assistance. A small contribution from your toolbag may set him going again, and, remember—it may be *your* turn next.

Don't heed the witticisms of the passer-by who refers to you as "another broken-down motor cyclist," whereas, perhaps, you are only making a most simple adjustment. A certain class of pedal cyclists and others delight in doing this and to change a sparking plug even is to be "broken-down" (in their view) ; but wait until you catch them up (it won't be long), and then they wish they could change places with you after all. It is much more dignified than shouting out about their being "behind the times," and so on.

" IF ."

If you can start your bike when all around you
Are pushing theirs and blaming it on Pool.
If you can trust your mount when icy roads surround you
And make allowance for the other fool.
If you can ride a section clean and faster
Than the expert with his springer frame.
If you can save your Squirrel from disaster
Keeping feet on footrests just the same.
If you can bear to see your model broken
Twisted by the act of other careless fools,
Quench the curse words you would have spoken
And repair the bike again with worn-out tools.
If you can ride a race without a hope of winning
Nor get a bruise each time you take a toss
And rise and start again from the beginning
Yet never care a hang about your loss.
If you can force your worn-out piston rings
To serve you with all compression gone
Never use rubber bands for kickstart springs
Or try to flood the carb. without the petrol on.
If patient running-in to you is natural virtue
And changing gear is just a gentle touch.
If a rise in petrol's price won't hurt you,
If all makes count with you, but none too much.
If you can ride a mile in just one minute
And average it upon a distant run.
Our club will strike a medal and you'll win it
For shooting bigger lines than I do, Son.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

The above first appeared in Douglas Dunsford's booklet "Pushrod Pie."