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THE JOURNAL OF THE
SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB



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(continued on Page 23)

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL SCOTT OWNERS, AT HOME AND OVERSEAS. MAY 1973 PROVIDE HEALTH, FORTUNE AND PROSPERITY, AND EVERY OPPORTUNITY POSSIBLE FOR HAPPY SCOTTING.

CONGRATULATIONS

To:—

George Reeves who tied with Bob Lines (1904 Minerva) for the Major Award in the Northampton Section's Ladies' Shield 1972.

D. Williams, 1st in Class 3 (1930 Scott) V.M.C.C. T.T. Rally 1972.

W. Green (1912 Scott). One of the International Team in the Windmill Rally, and J. Thompson (1926 Scott). Best two-stroke in same event.

R. Saunders (1930 Scott), 2nd place in riding tests, Memorial Hospital Rally. And M. S. Place, 2nd in the Concours event, with his 1928 Scott. Bill Harvey (1950 Scott) who tied with S. Steed in the Special Test, "Spirit of Suffolk" (Ipswich Section June Rally).

John Clegg (1914 Scott), 2nd in Veteran Class Mid-Cheshire Safety Run, and to C. Stanyer (1930 Scott), 2nd in Vintage Class.

C. Pinder for Best Vintage, and M. Rispin, Best Scott in the Topcliffe Road Safety Rally. To the above and G. Chandler, who took the team award in this event, as the "Scott men".

THE NATIONAL RALLY 1972

I know that a number of members at home and particularly those overseas, are relying upon "Yowl" accounts to describe and capture the Rally for them. This of course is impossible! When I had to rely upon the Blue 'Un and the Green 'Un for accounts of matters motor-cycling — writer after writer used to write about the "magic of the Island" and for years I wondered what dribble they must be using. But there came that wonderful occasion when I made my first trip to the Island for the T.T. Then I knew — you have to be there, to savour and smell the atmosphere — to view, browse over the machinery, to talk with dozens of other enthusiasts about motor-cycles — motor-cycling — motor-cycles — with all worries and cares left behind on the mainland.

It is the same with the Rally — no words can ever give you the atmosphere and FEEL of the Rally and the friendliness of those around.

What happy memories Evesham will always invoke!

For us it meant an early start, long before the dawn chorus, which meant that we made steady progress across southern England, on traffic-free roads to arrive reasonably early at Crown Meadows. One thing about holding our Rally early in September seems to ensure that the weather treats us kindly, and it must be all of ten years since that interfered with our pleasures.

Evesham should be like Mecca — the place that the faithful should all try to make at least one visit.

Making the pilgrimage this year was Jim Riley of the Christchurch, New Zealand, Vintage Club. Also present was Joe Harrison, of Crook, Co. Durham — some of the machines recalling happy far-off days when he raced and rode a variety of Scotts.

Jim said: "Boy — this is fantastic," and I'm sure that Joe thought the same.

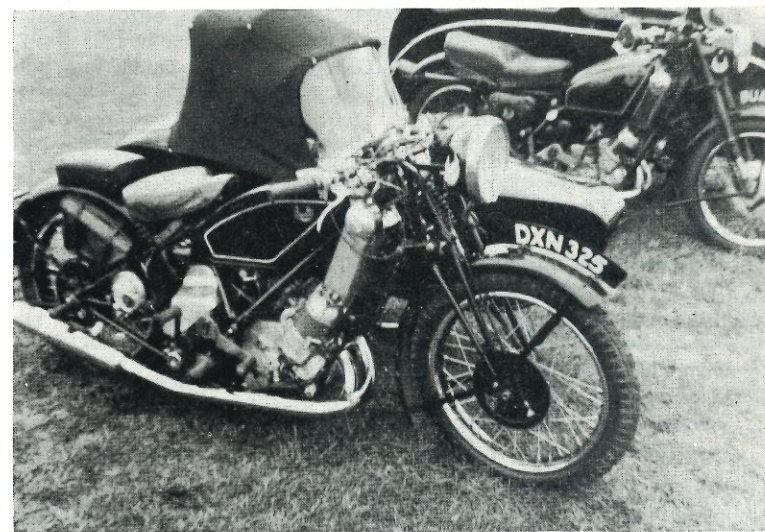
A few familiar faces were absent this year, no doubt making their way to that other Mecca, Douglas for the Manx Grand Prix and with that in mind we wish George Silk Jnr., and his rider, every success. All old-timers over there are talking about the memories that the famous "yowl" — so long absent from the Island circuit, has revived.

Machines were not so numerous this year, no doubt clashing with the Manx dates has taken its toll (about 60-65) but Jim Riley said: "I've never seen anything like it," and when I saw some of the machines, I must confess that I too, felt something like the showman in "Dr. Dolittle" when viewing a certain animal!

Without a doubt, no matter what your favourite model or era was — there was something for everybody.

Les Langworthy had forsaken his beautiful 1925 T.T. model turning up on a 1918 Standard model (this year the oldest machine present). One or two members had the opportunity to try it out—one being overheard to say: "The tiller-type steering is really weird!" ("B-----g cheek," as Alf Garnett would say).

If Two-Speeders were your bent, then Barry Hares had brought along the perfect specimen with one of the last of the line, his 1930 short steering head model.



Two of the chairs to be seen. C. Carr's '37 Swallow outfit, and to the rear R. Whittle's much-travelled Brum/Astral combination.

For the late vintage and post vintage fans — what a feast! Flyer de luxe, T.T. Replicas (one with genuine 1929 works T.T. tank), light Sports and even a Reynolds Special were amongst the models to be seen, some of which could only be described as perfect.

Talking of perfection, what could have been more perfect than Ian Craighead's 1950 Scott, even though the judges did mark it down for the Silk oil pump added?

Combo fans were catered for and even Graham Gardiner had to look closely at the 1937 Scott and Swallow sidecar that C. Carr brought along, all the way from Crewe.

R. Whittle again made the trip from Liverpool with his faithful, B'rum model with the Graf Zeppelin in the shape of the huge Astral sidecar attached. (And there are still people who think that Scotts are for solo riding only!) It even inspired me to think that come rain, hail, snow or shine, my chair will have to come out for the next rally.

I would think that the interest of most clansmen must have centred on the late vintage and early P.V. classes — it is difficult to single out any one machine. So many — all different.

HW 3479 (lucky owner M. Place of East Dulwich) a nice T.T. Replica with huge works (five-gallon?) tank added. HMX 408, a T.T. Replica that was also excellent. HY 1394 — a single down tube model of 1932/33. CXU 697, an excellent machine from the mid-thirties, fitted with Brampton lower link forks. LX 3525, a Reynolds Special (not quite in the class of the last R.S. seen at Evesham, but still a treat to behold. SC 6509, Potty Chambers well-used Sprint Special. I could go on and on, but space says "No".

All present were really delighted to see that grand old man of Scotting — Tom Ward, enjoying the Rally. Now that he is "starting all over again" we do hope that pressure of work will not keep him from the 1973 Rally.

Our thanks go to Reg Summers, George Silk, Jack Dodds and Bob Rawlins for taking on the hardest task of all — sorting out the class winners.

These were for 1972:—

Scott Cup — D. Wray.

Dallon Trophy (Best P.V.) — M. Williams.

President's Trophy (Best Comb.) — Not awarded.

Mountain Trophy — Not awarded.

Taviner's Tankard (Best s/c) — C. Carr.

Phil Smith Trophy (Best Brum) — S. J. Moull.

Mid. Challenge Trophy (up to 1920) — L. Langworthy.

E.A.M. Bowl (Best Shipley 46/51) — Mr. Bedford.

Glyn Chambers Award (Most Unique) — J. West.

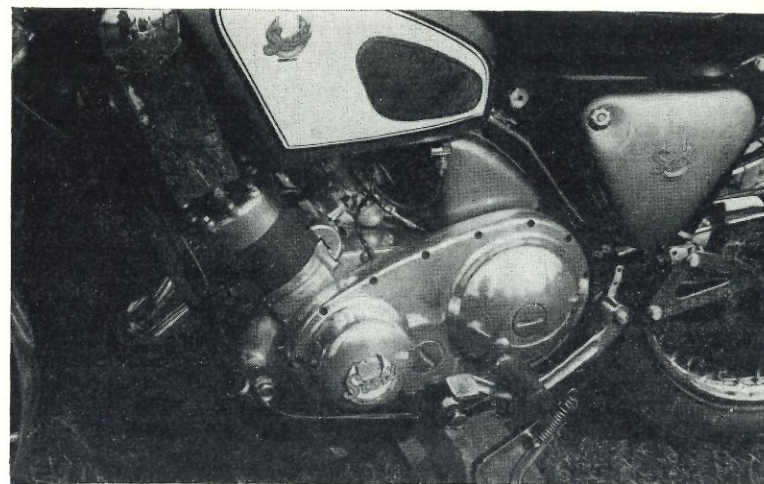
G. Silk Shield — A Cooper.

Premier Award — D. Talboys.

High Speed Trophy — I. Pearce.

Heartiest congratulations to them all — to have won with such competition is a real achievement, and our thanks to all who brought their machines along, to make such a perfect day for all spectators.

Thanks too, to the Midland Section for all the hard work that again went into organising the event.



J. West's eye-catching Special. Finish is in honey and white. The outrigger drive with chain case is clearly shown in this photograph by Bill Hynds.

THE MACHINE I WOULD MOST LIKE TO OWN

I suppose that there comes a time when we start to look back, and so perhaps we older members thrive on dollops of nostalgia.

Wandering through the lines of vintage Scotts, with well renovated T.T. Replicas recalling far-off days, I must confess that there were several that caused me to break the Tenth Commandment, nor was this eradicated when my steps lead me to the late Shipley line up, and so I was able to view the chrome and ebony beauties of the Bedford and Craighead coil ignition Scotts.

It was whilst making the journey back to the control point that I saw it. The tear drop shaped header tank was unmistakeable — yes, the Reynolds Special Scott. Immediately my mind went back to a beautiful summer of 1933, when the first R.S. droned its way into my part of the globe, and I did a sharp about turn on my 98 c.c. Excelsior, hoping in the innocence of youth, to be able to catch up and so view the latest wonder from Liverpool. Fortunately for me the owner (who I never did meet) decided to stop and enjoy the riverside view, and so as I rounded the bend, there it was in all its ebony, purple and highly polished wonder. Never was my poor little Excelsior so carelessly parked, in haste to get a closer view of the super bike of the year.

Of course, LV 3525 did not compare with that machine, it had long since lost its pristine glory, the flared and valanced guards, missing, and *not* quite the same polish and finish on the alloy parts! This one looked well used and travelled, with a bent tube in the front fork speaking volumes for the efficiency of the front brake, but one of the weaknesses of the Brampton bottom link forks with which it was fitted. Instead of the large petrol tank

with instrument panel fitted just below the steering head, this particular machine was fitted with the slim long Sprint Special type of tank.

The owner, John Butler of Tonbridge, Kent, supplied a few details of the machine. Its previous owner has written to Harry Langman then at the St. Mary's Row address in the early days of the Scott Motor Cycle Company (Birmingham). Harry supplied the following details, engine no. PY 3785 was a 1932 AERO Special supplied to A. E. Reynolds of Liverpool. Frame no. 12 was also supplied to A.E.R.

However some mystery appears to attach itself to LV 3525, for this engine was first of all fitted to frame No. 6 in 1932, frame No. 12 being fitted with one of the first DPY engines in 1933, so it would appear that the original '32 model was first pranged, and then built up by cannibalising a second Reynolds Special. Can any previous owners throw any light on the subject?

However, we will let John Butler take up the story:—

Thank you for your letter re my Special. "Bitsa" would be more appropriate really, but I like it the way it is, and now that there is the (ex-Faulkner) Reynolds circulating in very original state, my conscience is clearer, as regards putting it back exactly as catalogue.

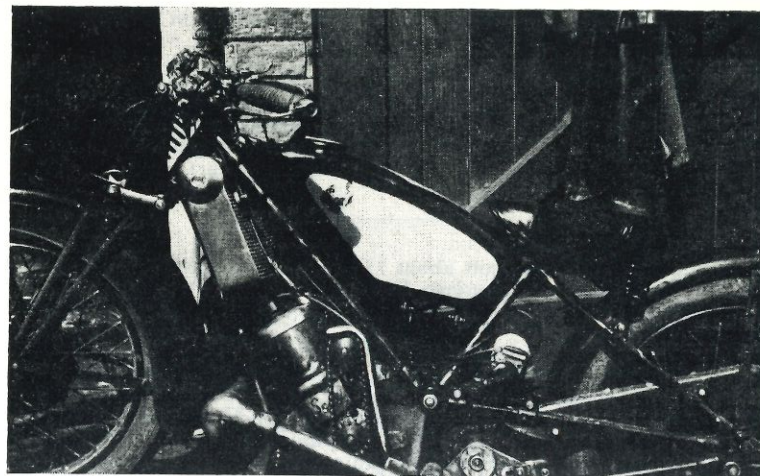
The copied letter enclosed just about sums up all that I know of the history and suggests this machine was never "as catalogue" anyway. The frame No. 12, and the crankcase PY3785 fitted as you know with detachable head and cylinder wall oiling. I should be interested if anyone can throw any light on just what happened or went on during '32/'33. Something got worn out or bent rather rapidly, I assume. The log book gives the date 4th May, 1933.

When I first set eyes on the bike, it was then in the ownership of Mr. Furness whose questions are those answered in the enclosed letter. It had already lost the twin headlamps, but I couldn't be sure about the mudguards. The large tank with switch panel, etc. I still have but prefer the slim liner worn at present. The first meeting must have been around 1953, at a grass track do, Headcorn way. A memorable occasion, marred at the time anyway, only by the fact that in the excitement we quite forgot to get Mr. Furness' address. The love lorn ticker therefore missed a beat or two when three or four years later, I saw IT propped up against the kerb in my own High Street. It turned out to be manfully standing up to commuting a local road repairing gent and his brother. "Yes," he "Liked it very much," and "No," he "Would not sell." "Yes," he would "Let me know if he ever wanted to part with it."

Late '57 came a knock at the door, and a rather bruised road repairing gent says I can have the Reynolds Special and a few Two-Speeder bits he had acquired. Had I a truck? He had written off a Ford 8-cwt. van with the bike, and got away with it himself.

It is rather painful to dwell on what had to be done to rebuild, but suffice to say that the wheel rims are not now the originals either. Mudguards by then fitted were not original so standard alloy guards were fitted and now finished over black. Number plates, saddle, bars and fittings, etc., went the way of most old machinery. Most serious damage was a frame that wagged its tail, and the most time-consuming the radiator . . . excuse me while I find another handkerchief! To help matters on a bit, a leaking bottom seam had been "cured" by loading about 2lb. of solder along the bottom four rows of tubes!

At the risk of stating the obvious in Scott circles, I'll say I think the exercise was worth the effort. The "AERO" does all it is supposed to do, including of course, the usual and constant introductions to new friendships.



An experimental works model of the late twenties. The rotary valve machine referred to by Harold Wood. Photograph by permission of C. H. Wood (Bradford) Ltd.

AN EXPERIMENTAL WORKS MACHINE

Just to prove some of the work that went on behind the scenes at the old Shipley works, we print a photograph of an experimental machine of the late twenties. The photograph is from Harold Wood's collection. He apologises for the quality of the print, but we feel that it is well worth publicising.

Harold had the job of testing the machine under all conditions. It will be seen that it is fitted with rotary valve, and he cannot remember much about the machine itself, but the incident he remembers most vividly, was the occasion when the skirt of his trench coat got caught up in the exposed chain of the drive, miles from anywhere on Grimwith Moor. Alone, and with the shades of night descending fast, he says that he learned more about the timing of rotary valves, than he ever knew before! (Another of Harold's gems in the next issue).

REEVES' WRINKLES

Looking through my stock of Two-Speed spares for gear spindle in response to an SOS from a fellow member I found the best of a rather tatty selection was bent and had about an inch of thread stripped at the pedal end. A little gentle heat soon straightened it and let the sliding rod move freely. Now the thread, this was built up with bronze welding, then re-machined and a new thread cut on the spindle. I do not claim to have invented this method of repair though when I first used it I had not seen it employed elsewhere. In my case it was born of necessity some 40 years ago when though spares were in good supply, cash was short. Now the financial position is easier, but most spares are non-existent and any method of keeping the wheels turning is eagerly explored. I have used this method many times on male and female threads with complete success so can thoroughly recommend it.

G. R. REEVES.

RENOVATING THE OLDEST SURVIVING SCOTT

An account by Eric Curtis

(Note: Eric will need no introduction to older members, but newcomers to the Club may like to know that his garage houses such desirable machinery as a Scott Three- and Two-Speeder, a vintage Flying Squirrel a veteran four-stroke motor-cycle and a well-preserved motor car).

I acquired the 1910 Scott about 13 years ago after some very spirited bidding by other Scott enthusiasts had upped the price about one hundred per cent. Needless to say, I have never regretted my (then) expensive purchase!

As I then had little time for restoring bikes, being busy earning the odd acker and trying to keep tidy about an acre of garden, I am afraid the machine deteriorated. The worst happening occurred soon after my move from Bradford to the Isle of Man in June 1969. I had rented a warehouse which had previously been used for salting hides and one weekend a water pipe burst and sprayed everything within reach, causing salt to work out of the concrete and do its worst.

So the 1910 was swiftly removed to a large prefabricated garage which I erected at the bottom of the garden by May 1971, and refurbishing started in the October. The forks and handlebars had been nickelled in 1966 by Serck and in the meantime had understandably become very dull but strips of heavy calico, using Vim and then Bluebell, effected a big improvement.

In trying to remove the radiator, I met so much difficulty that I concluded the frame must have been built round it and the engine unit. To gain more space I took off the cylinder heads and water jacket, but still couldn't manage it — and finally it more or less fell out while I was looking the other way!

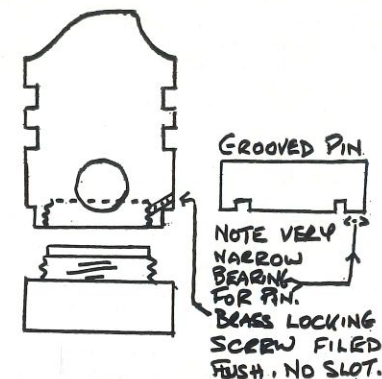
I expect another bout of wrestling when I come to put it back.

The rest of the bits came off without trouble and the parts needing plating were sent to Hillgate of Stockport. The frame needed two new tubes as the originals had been badly damaged where the two-speed gear mounting brackets had been allowed to slacken off. On removing the tank, I found that the tube supporting it had been broken and repaired by inserting a smaller diameter tube, which was an eighth of an inch shorter and dog-legged. Here the trouble was corrected by Mr. A. E. Oliver, of Nottingham, who for many years was to Brough Superiors what the Knowles, father and son, Eric, were to Scotts.

Since I could not think where to send the rest of the 'bike, I had to start on it myself, which explains why there are still so many unfinished jobs around — I become side-tracked or just run out of steam. I decided to do the cylinder barrels first. These are finned, being air-cooled, and most of the fins, unlike those on the other 1910 machine extant, were luckily intact; nevertheless, 13 pieces of fin on one barrel and 11 on the other had broken away, so I ground the bottom of the breaks square and filed pieces of dural to fit. These were then Araldited in position, being temporarily supported in place by spring-type clothes pegs and wads of paper baked at 250-300 deg. for half an hour. Later the fins were finish-filed and when painted, it was difficult to spot the repaired sections.

The next job was removing the pistons from the con-rods; after taking a careful look at things, I pushed the gudgeon pin from the nearside piston by hand but found the other pin to be tight. I gave it a little persuasion and

out it popped with two pieces of high class cast iron. These had been embedded in two grooves cut in the pin near the ends! Then I discovered the piston skirt was meant to unscrew from the upper portion of the piston and that this lower piece had been used to lock the gudgeon pin in place aided by a raised ring inboard of the screwed portion (see accompanying sketch for further enlightenment).



A 1914 parts list shows that this incredible arrangement was dispensed with at the end of 1912(?) because a simpler arrangement was then in use.

A threaded ring screwed into a conventional piston just below the pin and secured the same slotted pins. The 1914 handbook states that earlier pistons and con-rods were sold as a complete assembly and that no attempt should be made to separate them — but I saw this only after perpetrating the foul deed!

The left hand piston had been modified (I suppose because there was no more cast iron rim left to engage the pin grooves) by having a steel skirt in place of the original and the pin being fitted with phosphor bronze end pads. A piece had been broken from the rear face of this skirt so I got a local firm of precision engineers (very thin on the ground in non-industrial Isle of Man) to make a complete new bottom piece of piston but without the engaging rim. The other piston was similarly treated and phosphor bronze padded. No one else should have trouble in future.

A two-speed Black and Decker drill, having abrasive discs and calico mops, saved hours of laborious work when polishing aluminium, etc. Dirty items are cleaned by immersing in Tide and water (I was told years ago that a famous Norton owner used this method, so I can't claim patent rights).

Next, the Bosch magneto was taken down, bearings repacked, blown on and reassembled. While putting the magneto together, I noticed that the brass insert in the slip ring extended for about 120 deg. and that the pick-up brushes were set at about the same angle; Eureka! I thought, the thing's for a V-twin. However, the No. 8 hats said No, it's okay and in fact I get a spark every 180 deg., so it must be right. But how?

The sparks from these old Bosch mags. are fantastic and I have never known one to fail while other makes invariably need coaxing. Why? I

wonder. Incidentally, a firm specialising in old mags, is Curtis's of Steel Street, Liverpool (no family connection).

The bottom end appeared to be in good condition but with past experience in mind, I decided to look into things as a precaution. The big-end screws were very tight indeed, and I spent some time in grinding a tyre lever to a very good fit and found the screws eventually loosened with a crack. One big-end was a little sloppy but the other looked very good.

I separated the cranks, remembering just in time to position the big-end screws in line with the crankcase door cut-aways. The 1910 big-ends have only 11 rollers but a year later models had 12 in big-ends and mains. Another difference was that whereas the 1911 engines had flywheels of discs, the 1910 job has spoked flywheels balanced by lead inserts in one side of the rim. The flywheel is far from being a work of art, having cracks in it which were obviously there when it was made.

On checking the main bearing cups I found both had moved round in the cases despite having had a heavy deposit of copper on their exteriors, and the effect of this movement was that the segment which was cut from the flange of the cup was no longer directly under the cylinder bore. This meant the only means of lubrication was seriously depleted. One cup was not fully home in its housing due to the flywheel assembly being too wide, but this fault was corrected with an abrasive disc and sheet emery of plate glass. The main bearing cups were refitted with Loctite (a few years ago I would have turned them. The price of Loctite shook me but when I fitted a cup in five minutes as opposed to say, an hour by the other method. I appreciated its value.

Oiling is by dip, the big ends drinking from the crankcase oil wells in the usual way. The wells are fed by pipes to non-return valves incorporated in passages in the crankcase. One valve was missing.

I haven't touched the machine for several months now but in the meantime have been playing with a 1930 Sports Squirrel and one or two other projects. However when I get the 1910's wheels and tank done I should be well on the way to seeing the restoration completed. I don't know how if I am looking forward to investigating the Scott carburettor or not because mine differs in several ways from those shown in pictures I have seen. I am relieved to have the tyres (2½ x 26) — bless Dunlop's for still making them.

I intend cracking on with the job and hope to continue this story when what I believe to be the oldest Scott (engine number 676) is back on the road, possibly in time for the next T.T. Vintage Rally.

*I shall be interested to hear details if anyone has an earlier Scott.

VINTAGE CLUB SCOTT ITEMS

The Vintage M.C.C. can supply the following items:—

Book of the Scott (up to 1952)	£1.84
Scott Catalogue 1914	£1.64
Scott Catalogue 1919/20	96p
Scott spares list	92p

These are all photo-copied, and the Librarian for the Vintage M.C.C. is F. P. Heath, Staverton House, 1580 Melton Road, Queniborough, Leicester. (Please add postage — 10p in the £).

SCOTT MEMORIES FROM BETWEEN THE WARS

(Being subtitled: Those were the days — bits about bods and bikes)

I've been asked several times: Why did you buy a Scott? and on more than one occasion: Whatever made you buy a Scott?

Well, I was a native of Addingham, having been born in fact only 200 yards from Bill Bradley's garage, went to school in Keighley, Billy Moore's hometown, and later worked in Shipley, so I suppose it just had to be a Scott.

Around 1920, a W. F. Scott had a garage in Alice Street, Keighley, and Billy Moore's works were in the same street. Mr. Mangham was mine host at a pub near by.

Geoffrey Clapham (T.T. 1921) and Max Sellers had businesses in the area also, so the place became a meeting point for the two-stroke clan.

In another part of the town was a rival camp, Alec Jackson's Rudes, Sunbeams and New Imperials and the Keighley Motor Cycle Club was in its heyday.

I was interested in the Scotts and followed the fortunes of both camps. In those days, speed events had not yet been banned on roads and a steep hill at Good Eyes was often used and generally dominated by four-strokes.

Streamlined bikes had not been thought of but Alec made quite a few climbs laid out flat on a New Imp; whether the bike was faster than the rest or his attempt at avoiding wind resistance helped him I don't know, but he had a fastest time of the day.

He also won the Belgian grand prix, but was disqualified for some reason (I believe he obtained a plug from someone out on the circuit). Another of his claims to fame was a parachute descent from a balloon at Keighley Gala. Rumour has it that he landed in some filter beds — deny it, Alec.

However, it's Scotts I'm asked to write about, so here goes: In 1924 I was living in Ilkley and soon became friendly with Geoff Milnes and I bought a 532 c.c. Two-Speeder, and later six more, and one 1930 three-speed T.T. Replica.

Probably the best was a 1925 model, I think that was the vintage year for Two-Speeders. I bought a sidecar body from Swallows in 1927 (£5 — special price!) which included "Swallow Sidecar Co." painted in red and black letters on the side. One day when I was repairing a puncture, a cyclist shouted: "The swallow isn't flying today," so off came the name. I am still using the sidecar (somewhat modified).

I was reminded recently of the defunct Keighley Club by Harrison Town, the well-known works rider. He showed me a silver medal award by that club and mentioned the local photographer G. A. Shore who always seemed to be on the spot when he fell off his bike at Dob Park Splash, but never when he made a "clean".

I remember Bill Bradley riding a 799 c.c. Indian and his famous front wheel drive Raleigh . . . the well-known six-speed Scott Felix came later. It made my day when his bike was the first sidecar to climb Hepolite Scar. This was partly a grassy slope with the last portion made up of shale and overspill from quarries, then a one-in-one gradient.

Marshals were posted to keep people off the track but when Bill went up with stones flying from his back wheel and driven sidecar wheel, the crowd fell back soon enough.

Billy Moore was a bit of a joker. Once in an Ilkley Club event he was watching at a shocking spot. "The Styx" (there is a photograph of this terror in *Greatest of All Trials*), a watersplash and a twisting grass get out.

He decided the water wasn't deep enough so he dammed it up until it

was like a millpond. Not satisfied with that, he found an old bucket and began watering the get out part. One of the first riders was Scott works rider Wally Clough, who used a lot of strong words when he submerged.

Another well-known Scott man's outfit, the sidecar of Jim Dickenson, got up best; it needed the least pushing.

Again, in a local main road trial, Billy Moore was checking at a hill called Harden Bank and a rider on a Scott, a three-speed ex-Charlie Thackray job, came along at a slow pace. Suddenly Billy jumped out from a gateway and shouted: "Get flat out, lad, it's the acceleration test." This the lad did and got an award.

No one knew that this rider couldn't read or write. He just followed the others.

Another local lad had a Sunbeam and had been troubled with broken hairpin valve springs so he decided to buy a trouble-free bike — like mine — a Two-Speeder. It seems funny now, the trouble-free part.

One day he set off on a run and singing lustily (he later joined D'Oyly Carte Opera) approached a steep rise and jabbed the pedal into low. Nothing happened. He dismounted and hadn't a clue as to what had gone wrong until a van driver pulled up and said: "It this chain yours?"

There may be some truth in the story of the man with the Morgan who called at a garage and asked the owner: "Do you know anything about chains?" To which the man replied: "Rather, I used to have a Scott." I also had my share of "chain moments", the most amusing coming on a run to Scotland when the high gear failed. I had the sidecar pretty full of luggage and a spare pair of forks (!—Ed) but no spare chain. However, I found that the low gear chain was a made-up job so I was able to split it and carried on. Soon I came to a village where there was a steep rise and a bad bend. I knew if I lost my revs., I'd never make it. The local cinema was just turning out and the folks were streaming across the road, so I gave them a blast or two on the klaxon and shouted. The crowd parted like the River Jordan and I just made it, though my entry into Edinburgh's traffic wasn't so easy.

On another occasion while exploring wild Wales (still without a passenger in the sidecar, I must have been lonely) I was somewhere in the Bala district and ran out of petrol. I used to stop at every garage for petrol (Amac carb.) — now I stop at every second one! — however, luckily, there was a farmhouse with a sign "Teas" so I went in and had a cup of tea and cakes and then inquired if they had any petrol. "No, but we have some paraffin." Now petrol and paraffin were much the same then, so I put half a gallon into the tank, and after managing to tilt the bike and fill the float chamber and got going. For the next few miles I left a pall of black smoke and I freewheeled into a village and filled up. The local bobby was talking to the garage man at the time but after I managed to get started they were lost to view in a cloud of smoke.

Motor-cycle events were popular at agricultural shows in Wharfedale and Bill Bradley at Otley Show pitted Felix in a tug-of-war against a Morris car. Of course, Felix won. I suspect Bill knew just which position to fix the rope to give the greatest leverage.

He organised the events at Addingham Shows and his eldest daughter Rosa rode with me in the musical chair events, a mad scramble when the band stopped playing and a rush to the chairs. We went 50-50 on the cash awards — it paid for laddered stockings. I had the fastest runner and the prettiest.

Also on the programme was surf board riding and most lads preferred to lay curled up on the board. I rode the board with a motor-cycle agent Stanley Lightowler and we did well, so much so that he decided to do a lap

of honour. He was in a joking mood and picked a section of the field where a herd of cows had just been grazing. I spotted one hazard just a bit too late.

Another laugh came in an obstacle race. Riders had to pick up potatoes, drink a bottle of pop and get an apple out of a bucket of water with their teeth. One competitor got his teeth into the apple, then dropped it—with his false teeth still attached to it.

ERNEST LISTER.

BRAINWASHED

(A relapse that led to Evesham 1972)

Many months ago I owned a 1930 500 c.c. Flyer and spent about 18 months trying to make it reliable, but either owing to lack of know-how, or bad luck combined with the tender age of 18, did not succeed. Eventually I traded it in for a veteran Triumph and solemnly vowed never to let another Shipley atrocity darken my wallet again.

The brain washing started on my way home from the 1972 Sittingbourne Vintage Rally, in which I had ridden the A.J.S. Twin Special, in company with that arch doer of dastardly deeds, Colin Heath, who was riding his 1929 two-speed Scott. Waiting until he thought the time and my mental condition was right, he rode alongside, and as harmless as you please, bellowed: "Do yer wanner go on this?" Well, he had chosen the time alright, and before I knew what I was doing, he was on my bike and I was standing beside his, wondering where the clutch lever had fallen off.

Colin then explained the Fred Astair act on the pedal and away I rode.

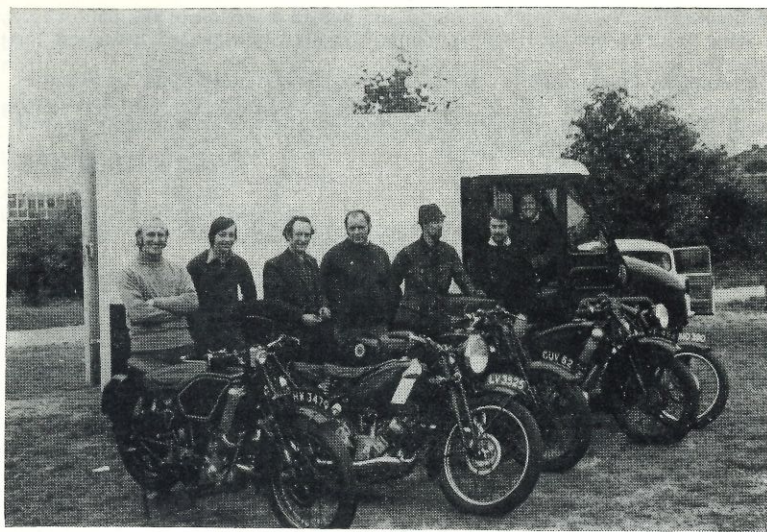
Well, anyone who has ridden that Two-Speeder can imagine how I enjoyed the next few miles. By the time Heathie took it back from my sweaty little hands, I was hooked.

The next evening found me on Curlie's doorstep (an ex-works mate) who had had a 1936 Flyer in his shed for some 12 years. It turned out that Curly was far too married, to take an interest in CUV 52 and a handful of fivers was duly accepted and I was once again, a Scott owner. The bike was in very fair nick, after fitting new tyres, and the first ride was undertaken about 500 yards and the motor locked, raising my voice several octaves. I climbed back of the steering damper, pushed it home, removed the motor and 'phoned for Dr. Heath, who duly arrived with his bag of Scott tools, stripped the engine and found a brand new pair of pistons and no end float in the crankshaft, plus the pistons doing a Cassius Clay on the heads. George Silk supplied the necessary gaskets, etc. and Heathie allowed me to reassemble the engine under strict supervision.

Back in the frame and several miles covered, the motor still had a tendency to seize. After replacing the size 80 jet with a 170, this was however, cured.

The next subtle suggestion Heathie made was "Why don't you join the Scott Owners' Club?" and of course "You will be coming to the Evesham, won't you?" Four Scotts and a Reynolds Special left Kent at about 5.30 a.m. and arrived at Evesham at about 11.30 a.m., the only incidents being a puncture and a loose float bowl. We all enjoyed the Rally, and a very entertaining evening at Offenham (thanks to Stan Thomas). We camped the night and rode back home on Monday arriving at 3.30 p.m. that afternoon. Thanks Colin for all your help.

LES PARKER.



Men of Kent at Evesham!

FOLLOWING FRANK PHILIP . . . !

(Riding in the Scott Trial)

"How ridiculous," was my wife's reply when I told her that I fancied buying a trials bike — "You're far too old for that!"

Well, that did it! I was more determined than ever. The Scott Trial 1971, was enjoyed so much that I decided that it was high time I acquired some form of trials iron.

Riding my Scott daily on the road was becoming, dare I say it, a little monotonous — it is so reliable and predictable lately (how many Scott riders can say that?). With the roads becoming increasingly congested and the danger risk, if a fast ride is to be enjoyed, rising proportionately, I felt that I should take up a form of motor-cycling that would involve a little less risk — yes I must find a trials bike. Surely the least expensive form of motor-cycle sport would keep me fit and give me the chance to pit my skill (or lack of it) on relatively equal terms. Money cannot buy success in trials, but a little cash is necessary to get started and that was my first obstacle to overcome.

A visit to Stockton and District M.C.C. proved successful and I left with the address of a D.O.T. trials. The bike proved to be very smart and sound with alloy tank and rims and ex-Eric Adcock! A good buy for 40 green 'uns.

I loaded it into a friend's van the very next day and off we went to spectate at the Linfoot Trial upon the Yorkshire Moors.

After much pushing, teasing, etc. I decided to have a go — I joined up and got a late entry number as No. 88. Talk about jumping in at the deep end. There were three laps to be completed — I retired through exhaustion after lap one — Rob Edwards had finished the lot by then — was I demoralised? I had managed to struggle through only one section without stopping. I guess I needed a bit of practice.

After nine months, lots more trials and practice sessions, I had improved a lot and had retired in only two trials out of 21. The longest trial to date being the Cleveland, about 45 miles around its one lap. I managed to complete this trial after replacing the back chain countless times. But the D.O.T. had its limitations — mainly suspension and power output and I made up my mind to find something competitive.

It was quickly sold at a fair profit and replaced by a good five-speed Bultaco. I would prefer to buy British, but what is there?

The Bultaco certainly helped to improve my performance and I was feeling pretty confident when the Scott "regs" were dropped through my letter-box.

Should I or shouldn't I? During my ten months at the game, it had never been recommended. "You must be joking." "A bike wrecker." "Not on my bike." Were some of the more printable replies received when I mentioned it. Nevertheless, I was determined to have a go. I didn't see much point in designing new finisher's certificates, if I were not to receive one!

My entry form was sent off and the Bultaco carefully prepared, new tyres at half price — yes it must be worth entering. Number plates were made up and carefully painted number 28. A good number to be, at least I should finish before dark (real optimist, eh?). Hole grips, pump, inner tube, etc. etc. were secured (or so I thought) in various ingenious ways around the bike and I was ready for a quick lap of the world.

21st October. 9.38 + 40 seconds a.m., in a field somewhere in Richmond and I was charmingly waved off the start line by the Mayoress. "Speed with Safety" was to be my code. Down the track, into the woods up and around and through the first and second sections before I had time to think — well at least, I'd only lost six so far. Under the road, through the deep stream, duck under fences and on towards Orgate. Very picturesque — threes in all sections so far. The bike's running sweetly. Up and over the Cold Knuckles — funny no sections here, but several in the middle of nowhere some while later. Going? Not too tough yet! On to Hell Holes, a five here and several threes. Another five at Lummers Staircase, then a long drag across the Moors towards Bridge End. It was somewhere along here that I overtook the bike — yes I had struck the infamous boggy patches. More sectioned three'd, going well, when suddenly my right footrest disappeared from under my "welly". Damn and blast, stop and look — top securing nut, also a s/a spindle nut missing. I swing the folding footrest up and tighten lower nut. Successful for a quarter of a mile, then followed a one-legged balancing act for several miles to Bridge End, where I knew my S.O.C. support party (also selling programmes) would be waiting for me.

Sure enough, the lads were there and equally surprisingly, I managed to clear a couple of sections all on my poor left foot (and my Bultaco) before stopping with a crash in the final section.

Stop here whilst I quickly devour 99 per cent of John Bayliss' squash, then set to with repairs, made possible by the ability of Dr. Robin Stevenson to conjure up the correct size nut.

Job well done (I thought) and I was up and away like a bat out of Hell — lonely on two pegs. More sections vaguely remembered with threes and fives and did I get another clear? Oh no! It can't have, but it HAS — the nut has come off again. Curses. Stop and tighten several times but to no avail. A nightmare ride towards the petrol stop followed; seated whenever possible, often with my right foot painfully twisted up on to the slimy crankcase top — how far is that b - - - y petrol stop? More sections struggled through — got lost several times — route markings poor. Every-

thing a vague blur but I do remember having to squeeze through a gap about 18 inches wide between two cliffs — made it — on and on and on. Oh! my poor left leg. Ah — what's that in the distance? Yes it IS. Elation — my troubles are over! Ha! ha!

The half-way mark — only 30-odd miles to go. Tip in the petrol — consume (was it six?) glasses of shandy then set to once more. The footrest bracket was badly twisted, but nothing beyond the capabilities of the S.O.C. men. Bang, twist clatter for about 20 minutes until, "Ah at last it will go into position again." Now get this new nut (more conjuring again) nice and tight and then rivet it over, "That should do the trick." Quickly adjust the rear chain, then up and off like Hell again.

A sheer (well almost) drop of about 1,000 feet is the only feature I can remember about the long stretch to Rock Garden and Underbanks. Oh yes, it was somewhere along here that I dropped onto a rock and created a leak in the petrol tank — more trouble! Keep going lad! More threes and a five at Underbanks after sampling the wares of the infamous Mintoe Man.

I get lost here again before crossing the road and on through the shooting ranges — very fast here — throw caution to the wind, if you're going to make it! Great, the footrest is still there. Slow going now, wiggling through the bracken — tumble off again — damn those hidden rocks and holes. I spy the Green Dragon at Washfold. More petrol, a swig of squash — thanks John, and promptly five the section. Press on a lot more, nasty, long huge rocky sections three's and five'd. Stop for a swig of brandy which helped to make an impossible (for me) section, possible.

Only five or six miles to go now, through Cold Knuckles for three and blimey, a clean. On through Orgate splash and several more vague sections — getting weary now. I try sitting down wherever possible to reserve my energy. It's a struggle to stand up on the footrests again. Will I make it? I'm definitely tiring now. I lose my way again. I am going blind? Can't see the flags! Double back into course. Another section ahead — it looks a tough one, a muddy adverse cambered climb — up onto the footrests, I must make sure to get through without dropping it, but I do! "Good try," says the observer sympathetically. Up and away once more, down the narrow slithery track into the stream, very tired now, but only a mile or so to go. Ah, the road is in sight. Get a helping hand up a greasy climb out of the stream — thanks mate. Only half a mile to go now — back into the woods, struggle through one section and make a desperate attempt at the final horror — a steep grassy rocky climb — I drop it at the summit and collapse, not an ounce of strength left — head spinning. Have a rest Bill. I do for a minute or two until I feel that I may just manage to lift the bike up and get mobile again. Somehow I succeed and fly off towards the finish.

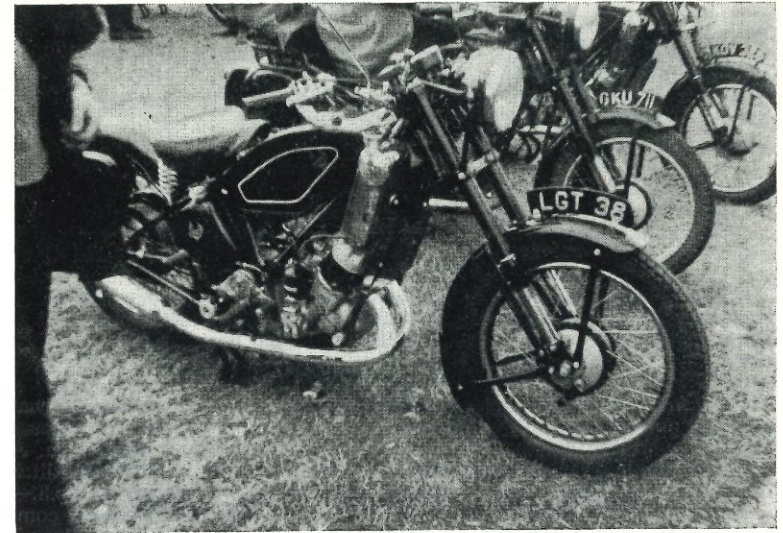
BILL PEAKE.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL

Some of our S.O.S. members who are also members of the V.M.C.C. may remember Mrs. Diana Green, who gained fame by charming a traffic cop to help her push her Triumph on the Oxford By-pass in the Coventry/Brighton Run.

A few weeks ago, I suggested that she tried out my Scott, so we went to a private stretch of road that I have permission to use. She handled the two-speed gear AND the kick starter like a veteran, and is now sold on Scotts. Should anyone have a Two-Speeder for sale, it would sure be a good home!

GEORGE REEVES.



The post war line-up. Some of the late Shipley models on view.

HYNDS' HINTS

Bill Hynds of Ardglass, sends the following tips:—

- (1) Chromed brass screws with good slot suitable for Brum models (and S7 Sunbeams, etc.) mudguards, can be obtained from Rover 70, 80, and 90 armrests.
- (2) Stainless steel jubilee hose clips and clevis pins can be obtained from most yacht chandlers.

W. J. HYNDS.

NEWS FOR J. W. CUDDIHY OF DUBLIN

Den Bowman of 13 Wheatfield Road, Old Bilton, Rugby, a new entrant to the Club, on reading 1969 back numbers found the article on the ex-Tommy Hatch machine once owned by J. Cuddihy.

Den thinks there is some doubt regarding this, because it was identical to the 29 machines. Den once owned the frame, radiator and rear wheel of ZL 3786, and from what he gathered, the engine must still be in Ireland, the rest of the machine coming over here in the early 50s. Den would like to hear from him, if he will contact him at the address given.

AN IMPROVED KICK STARTER

Looking through a 1925 copy of the *Motor-Cycle*, Ixion mentioned an improved kick starter for Two-Speeders, by A. E. Reynolds. This dispensed with the clock-type spring — any information or description would be welcomed. I expect Reg. Summers would know.

G. R. REEVES.

MEIN KAMPF! Part 2

George Peters, OBE.

Part two continues with George describing the 249 c.c. side-valve B.S.A. he acquired. (The legality of this machine was later to be questioned as although there were two brakes, BOTH worked on the rear "dummy" belt rim).

This wasn't too good because a defect with this machine was that it was tail light and emergency braking on the then very bumpy roads would cause the rear wheel to aviate and the bike would hop around like a flea. A steering wobble often followed and unless one was lucky a visit to the ditch resulted. Its top speed despite tales to the contrary was about 40 m.p.h.—it was only really happy at about 35 m.p.h. Its oiling system was a combination of hand pump and adjustable drip feed. You pulled up the oil pump plunger which was spring loaded and the oil was forced gradually through the drip feed which had a glass cover so you could see the oil going through (you hoped it reached the engine safely). It worked fairly well provided you remembered to pull up the hand pump when it reached the bottom position. However, many of these pretty little machines were wrecked by forgetfulness, I regret to say.

This machine served me well and I made quite long journeys for those days—London to Yarmouth and back in mid-winter with snow on the ground. Not bad when you consider the makeshift inadequate motor-cycling clothing we had and the gas lighting. Don't ask me what we did on frosty nights when the water in the gas generator reservoir ran out far from anywhere! Suffice to say the light always looked brighter afterwards. These gas lamps if properly looked after gave a reasonable front light but tail lights were a write-off. They went out usually after the first few road bumps—the vibration at their mounting in those days, usually the top edge of the number plate made them dance about like a yo-yo. But they had the advantage over electrics, that provided one had a tin of carbide water, matches, a tyre pump to clean the jets and the rubber tubing was O.K., you could always get some sort of legal light even under extreme conditions—but the stink was awful when you emptied the carbide container. They had one extreme disadvantage, on a dark moonless night if one hit one of the many craters in the road, out went the light and it was the ditch or hedge if you were lucky . . .

SPEED . . . in the same way as a few years ago to achieve a "ton" was the height of machine performance, there were in those days wonderful (and usually untrue) stories of 60 m.p.h. Bolder spirits used to try and prove their boasts and quietly assembled on a Sunday morning at Six-Mile Bottom, the well-known straight near Newmarket, and be primitively timed over a flying mile—milestone to milestone. The results were normally both enlightening and often funny. Few, if any reached 60 m.p.h.—most

made a lot of noise, and if they didn't crash, or blow-up, returned speeds in the lower 50s! The best I ever achieved with the little BEESA was 41½ m.p.h. when the engine seized! A pal with a 350 Beesa towed me home using out two scarves tied together. It was a beautiful piece of disintegration—the con-rod had broken and the bottom end had wrapped itself into the oil deflector flanges at the top of the crankcase, the piston had broken up completely. I took the engine out and a pal repaired the lot including parts for 53/-.

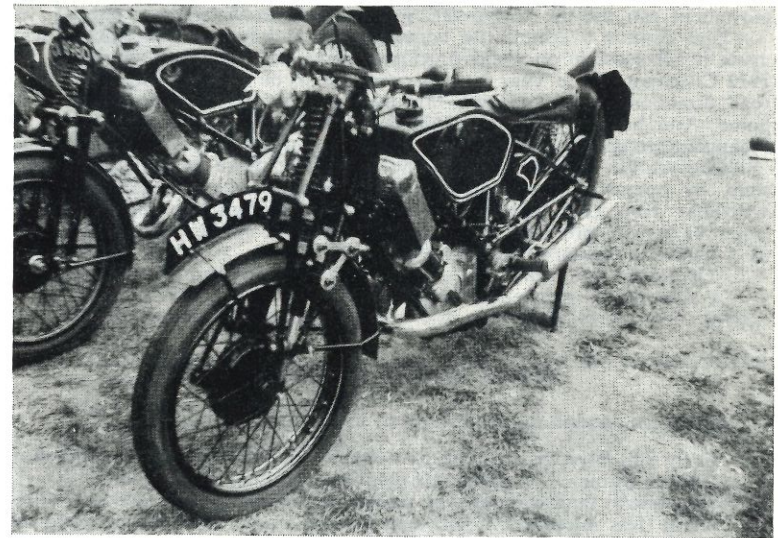
After about 20 punctures (not bad really with beaded edged tyres one took them off with one's fingers—that is if they didn't come off whilst you were moving and threw you over the handlebars) and many, many stops to put yet another connector in the broken driving belt to the rear wheel. This eventually proved to be my Waterloo, for in remote Cornwall, there weren't any John Bull connectors to be bought—no how—even if I did have the cash! But the relations passed round the hat and after a very good holiday, the bike was put into a farm cart and I was taken to the station and railed to Paddington. From Paddington I pushed it home, plus a load of apples, and a stone jar of cider (enough to explode a couple of dozen breathalysers)—just about six miles odd. But not to worry.

(To be continued)

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE 1972 EVESHAM RALLY

The weather behaved, the company was convivial and the Scotts as fascinating as ever. What more could be asked of the National Rally?

It was the most memorable of the 12 the writer has attended. From noon until six o'clock the talking and reminiscing was non-stop (who would



Part of the line-up in the late Vintage Class. M. Place's Replica with large tank is in the foreground.

want it to stop?) and it was gratifying to see so many personalities present.

It may not have been the biggest rally — though I counted 54 Scotts, all different and each distinctive — in the Club's history, but it was the most enjoyable, for me at least.

There must have been a headache or two for the judges in the concours competition. Mr. West deservedly won the Most Unique Award with his eye-catching modern machine fitted with Silk oiling and craftsman-fitted BSA A7 gearbox with AMC chaincase: a real beauty and credit to its owner. Interesting to conjecture where the award might have gone, if the new Silk Scott, now in limited but regular production, had remained only a prototype.

Very few Two-Speeders this year; I wonder why?

Predictably, and nevertheless very welcome, the 1925-1930 class seemed to have the strongest support, and the line-up included some *very* delectable machines. Did you spot the one with the swashplate oil pump, Scotts first worthwhile attempt to solve the problem of proper lubrication. It looked a comprehensive if complicated system; perhaps the owner, if he sees this, will let us know in due course how he gets on with it. (?)

Also a most promising Reynolds Special with the characteristic, bulbous radiator of horizontal tubes, and a 1930-ish nearly-a-Replica which sported an excellent finish in black enamel and nickel, and extra capacity flared fuel tank, plus a chain oiler system that had an appropriately original look about it. Lucky chap, the owner.

There were noticeably fewer "misguided modifications" this year, and more riders now seem to be keen to stick to original specification when doing rebuilds. That's no bad thing, I think. As a point of interest, does anyone in the Club own a completely original bike? They say even the factory never made two exactly alike, so it could be a rhetorical question.

No showing-off antics or lurid riding this year: good. The motor-cycle movement can use the "approval" it can get from the general public!

One cannot overlook the conscientious and busy Club officials who made it all possible once again, in particular Alan Cooper, winner of the 1972 Clubman of the Year Award, who was to be seen dashing about with road direction signs at Crown Meadow well before most people had left home. And he left his Scotts behind at Pershore to concentrate fully on organising things for us.

The ACTIVE people, those who ultimately make Scotting today possible, by operating spare-part and engineering services, were particularly welcome: Ken Lack, George Silk, Sam Pearce. And of course the great Tom Ward, who provided what must be the quote of the year when he said in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner:

"Of course you know that I'm starting all over again soon."

A remarkable man — a wonderful day.

"ONEKICK."

SCOTT SPARES INVENTORY

Offers are invited for the following secondhand spares:—

1. Early 30's Flyer petrol tank flared with side by side fillers (to suit short Duplex frame) — slightly damaged on top, otherwise sound.
2. Slim petrol tank with side by side screw fillers and cylinder wall oiling pump (less internals) to suit long Duplex frame — condition good but needs repainting.
3. Two-Speeder under saddle tank, less filler cap — condition well filled but fairly sound.

4. Chromed petrol tank filler cap — press on and twist type, probably Triumph.
5. Mid-30's Duplex Flyer frame with hand change lug (good condition).
6. Replica frame in poor condition — extra short wheelbase due to prang — but repairable.
7. R.H. exhaust pipe (pre-Birmingham with frame attachment lug) chrome fairly good, no rust.
8. Sand racing parallel exhaust pipes (not plated).
9. Racing B.S.A. Bantam Resonator (Nimonic 80).
10. Racing B.S.A. Bantam Resonator (stainless steel).
11. Slightly worn Avon Universal rear tyre 3.25 x 19.
12. Enfield type rear wheel with 3.50 x 19in. tyre and tube (less spindle and bearings).
13. Webb 3.00 x 21in. front wheel with tyre, but less brake internals (non-adjustable journal bearing type, three broken spokes).
14. A.J.S./Matchless front wheel with brake and 3.25 x 19 ribbed tyre complete, circa 1949.
15. Flyer rear wheel spindle assembly (non-threaded Timkens).
16. Brass collar/spring housing rear brake rod to camshaft lever.
17. 40-tooth Enfield type cush drive rear wheel sprocket — fairly worn.
18. Webb front brake plate.
19. Pair Flyer rear brake shoes (Enfield).
20. Webb bottom steering damper rod and knob (knob cracked).
21. Webb fork blades — reasonable condition.
22. Set Birmingham Scott telescopic forks complete (less yokes) seem fairly good.
23. Vincent front aluminium mudguard blade (unused).
24. A.J.S./Matchless front fork springs.
25. Slightly bent $\frac{7}{8}$ in. ace bars (non-Scott).
26. Pair clip-on $\frac{7}{8}$ in. handlebars (non-Scott).
27. Miller dip-switch (1in. bars).
28. Front brake lever (1in.), chrome-plated brass — well used.
29. $\frac{7}{8}$ in. twist grips.
30. Handlebar mirror.
31. Pair Scott crash bars — for Birmingham models.
32. Flyer honeycomb radiator (central cut-out type) needs replating and endcaps dented, but block appears relatively sound with little filling.
33. Flyer honeycomb radiator — badly damaged.
34. Pillion footrests with rubbers (Birmingham type).
35. Saddle with springs — serviceable.
36. Feridax dual seat.
37. Dual seat (non-Scott) — tatty.
38. LFY crankcase, good condition, cups good.
39. DPY crankcase, cups serviceable, but one carburettor stud tapping damaged.
40. FY crankcase badly damaged due to crank failure, but possibly useful for cups, etc.
41. Cylinder head — 18mm plugs.
42. Chrome-plated steel water jacket (for blind head block), very unusual item — cures corrosion problem!
43. DPY block with matching pistons (596 c.c.).
44. 596 long-stroke block with head and matching + .020in. oversize pistons and rings.
45. 596 short-stroke block with detachable head — fairly rare.
46. 498 Replica block.
47. + .020in. 596 c.c. long-stroke pistons, less pins and rings.

48. + .030in. R.H. 596 c.c. short-stroke piston — serviceable.
49. 50mm + .030in. Scott eye-auto piston — (new, in original box).
50. 74mm + 0.20 type P18 Velocette piston with rings and gudgeon pin (from model KN — circa '29).
51. Plain crankcase doors.
52. R.H. side crankcase door with Pilgrim pump and driving disc.
53. Small brass crankcase door straps.
54. Crankcase door straps (for single doors).
55. Transfer port covers — choice of round or squared edge.
56. Short-stroke connecting rods.
57. Upper rear crankcase mounting spacers (aluminium).
58. A.J.S. tool box (circa '47).
59. Black Craven panniers — hinge damaged on one.
60. Craven rear carrier.
61. Lucas 6v coil-type ER 6V 455 (origin unknown).
62. Lucas horns.
63. Electric klaxon horn (non-Scott originally from old lorry).
64. Lucas distributor DKX2A type R.O. 21 clockwise (Enfield type).
65. Lucas distributor DKX2A A.O. 31 clockwise (less cap).
66. Chromed sidecar lamp (small).
67. Lucas 4½in. diam. spot lamp, chromed (probably pre-war).
68. Brown bakelite? magneto end caps — tatty.
69. Lucas MSLE magdyno — body only.
70. BTH type M2 G2 twin-cylinder platform magneto (non-Scott), consisting of body, armature and end cover only.
71. Assorted magdyno gears.
72. Magdyno end plates — Lucas.
73. Pilgrim pumps complete (normal A/C rotation from drive side).
74. Pilgrim pump bodies only.
75. Best single pump — (non-Scott).
76. Pilgrim single pump (non-Scott).
77. Austin 7 0-10 p.s.i. oil pressure gauge.
78. Set of "Vintage" wide ratio gears plus spares to complete one gearbox.
79. Gearbox cases — some slightly damaged.
80. Gearbox end caps (hand-change type) — tatty.
81. Gearbox undertray, short welded with damaged outrigger attachment hole, but repairable.
82. Flyer clutch complete.
83. Amal ¾in. 375/4 monobloc carburettor.
84. Amal 1in. 376/87 monobloc carburettor.
85. Amal 1in. 276/AU 1EB clip fitting brass carb. and float — (less slide assembly).

H. C. HARRISON,
Y.W.C.A. International House,
Penn Road, Wolverhampton,
Staffs.

FOR SALE AND WANTED

(A free service to members)

WANTED: Indexing plate for Scott foot-change gearbox. Pair cranks for 532 c.c. engine (or left hand only), pair LFY or LFZ cranks and flywheel and block. Would purchase or exchange for other Scott parts. Nick Sloan (Spares Registrar).

WANTED: Scott — anything considered. Rob Hart, 173 Gloucester Road, Hurstville 2220. N.S.W., Australia. (Would local members also contact).

(continued on page 24)

Midland Section Secretary:

J. UNDERHILL, 82 Deansway, Ash Green, Exhall, Coventry.

London Section Secretary:

R. RAWLINS, Drayton Beauchamp, Farley Hill, Swallowfield, Nr. Reading.

Tees Tyne Secretary:

W. E. PEAKE, 8 Austin Avenue, Stockton, Teesside.

Northern Secretary:

K. SWALLOW, Stoney Croft, Station Lane, Golcar, Huddersfield.

Humberside Section:

B. CUMMINGS, 22 Brendan Avenue, Chamberlain Road, Hull.

Sussex:

(Contact Editor).

New Zealand Section:

C. EDWARDS, 1 Glen Atkinson, St. Heliers, Auckland 5, N.Z.

CLUB FIXTURES

Midland Section—first Wednesday of each month, 7.30 p.m., at Forest Inn, Lickey End, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

London Section—last Saturday of each month, 7.30 p.m., at the Red Lion, Whitehall.

Tees Tyne Section—last Tuesday of each month, 8.00 p.m., at Three Tuns, Sadberge, Darlington.

Humberside Section—third Friday of each month, 7.30 p.m., at King William IV, Cottingham.

Sussex Members—join in joint V.M.C.C. Meetings—fourth Tuesday each month, 7.30 p.m., The Limeburners, Billinghamurst.

THE SHEFFIELD SCOTT CLUB

meet every Wednesday at 9 p.m. at the Red Lion Hotel, Charles Street.

SOURCES OF SUPPLY

Scott Motor Cycle Co., 558 Bromford Lane, Stechford, Birmingham.

Tom Ward, 59 Wilfred Street, Derby.

Silk Engineering (Derby) Ltd., Darley Abbey Mill, Derby.

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

Ken Lack, 5 Norton Lees Square, Sheffield 8.

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

CLUB BADGES AND REGALIA

The Badge Secretary supplies badges (lapel and machine), Club ties, blazer badges, etc. — on request.

'YOWL' binders—take five years' issue—63p from P.R.O.

(Continued from page 22)

WANTED: 498 c.c. Super pistons, narrow ring, 55 or 60 O.S. also Best & Lloyd type pump. EXCHANGE 20 O.S. and 50 O.S. pistons for Super as above, or cash. C. F. Whitlock, 'Dunard', Alcester Road, Drakes Cross, Wythall, Near Birmingham.

WANTED: By New Zealander to complete the ONLY three-speed Super "Down Under". All cycle parts, bar forks, wheels, tanks, etc. radiator. Please help with anything no matter what condition. Jack Inch, c/o Roger Saunders, 7 Kathleen Close, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex (Mag. Distributor).

FOR SALE: Blazer and riding jacket badges, 20p and 30p. Graham Gardiner, Shipley, St. Paul's Avenue, Barry, Glamorgan.

WANTED: 1920/23 Scott registration book. Will pay cash or exchange two- and three-speed spares. What do you want? Williams, Saltaire, Chariot Road, Illogan Highway, Redruth, Cornwall.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE: Birmingham swinging arm frame, fitted steering head and bearings (no teles), rear chain guard, gearbox trays, and rear mudguard with light and number plate. Frame is new but suffers from light storage rust. Price £25. Allan Waller, 39 Glenaire Drive, Baildon. Shipley. Tel: Shipley 54763 (after 6.30 p.m.).

FOR SALE: 500 c.c. short-stroke pistons plus 050in. £4 the pair. Late type Panther telescopic forks, £3. J. R. Thompson, Shona, Sutton Wymondham, Norfolk.

WANTED: : Birmingham Scott, any condition considered. R. B. Mabbett, 5 Dove Lane, Chelmsford. Tel: Chelmsford 50812.

WANTED: Any cycle and two-speed parts in any condition for 1920/23 Scott. G. Suter, 7 Chapel Lane, Foston, Grantham. Lincs.

WANTED: Set of wide ratio gears and 18 T gearbox sprocket for Birmingham Scott. Must be in perfect condition. John Robinson, 5 Hogg Lane, Epperstone, Notts. Tel: Lowdham 3793.

WANTED: For 1959 Birmingham Scott, dual seat and instruction book. P.O.R.E., Loveder, D.J. D0591657, S/Rs Mess, H.M.S. Repulse (Port) c/o N.H.S. Neptune, Faslane, Helensburgh, Dunbartonshire.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE: Reprint Road Tests on '29 498 c.c. Tourer; '33 T.T. Replica; '36 498 c.v. F. Squirrel. "Scotting to the Hutch 1960". Brand new "Greatest of all Trials", photocopied reprint of Scott works spares lists — 43 pages. Would exchange for pre-1922 Scott literature. W.H.Y.? Few vintage Three-Speeder spares for sale or swap.

WANTED: Honeycomb radiator for '29 Flying Squirrel. Door to take oil pump, backstand clip, right hand float chamber (think about it!) and single down tube frame. Ward, 23 Lower Road, Beeston, Notts. Tel: 256199.

WANTED: Scott log book, 1929/30 preferred. Sprint Special or Light Tourer. Ken Lack, 5 Norton Lees Square, Sheffield 8.