

Y O W L



THE MAGAZINE OF THE



SCOTT OWNERS CLUB

| | |
|---------------------|---|
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| Essex | D. Avis 58 Cricketfield Grove, Leigh-on-sea Essex. |
| Southern | A. K. King 10 Ellisfield Road, Leigh Park, Havant, Hants. |

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Full Member (Scott Owner) £1 per annum
Associate member 2/6 per annum

FIXTURE LIST

- Nov. 23rd. Main Road Trial. Start Town Hall Wallington, Surrey, at 10.30a.m. Entries accepted any time; 2/6d.
- Dec. 13th. Club Night, Private Room, Red Lion, Whitehall.
- Dec. 26th. Boxing Day Beano, meet Hyde Park Corner 10 a.m. or Cottage Cafe (on A 127 at Rayleigh Weir) 1 p.m. late afternoon and evening at the White Swan, Margaretting.

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EDITORIAL.

One of the things that has always fascinated me about a Scott Owner is the unmistakable camaraderie of the clan. Never yet have I ever come across another Scott on the road without getting at the very least a cheery wave. I think that we must all be so inebriated with the intoxicating qualities of our machines that we can't help feeling friendly to those others who enjoy the same pleasure.

Last Sunday, (at the time of writing) I decided to sample the joys of a London-Essex outing. About six o'clock in the evening my wife and I decided that it was no use looking for them any longer, so we started for home. Being as the bike was just about running on it's reputation, I kept a sharp eye out for a garage and entered the first to tank up. What I saw there nearly made me buy a Triumph! That's right; outside an adjoining cafe were parked about eight Scotts, and before I had parked, a welcoming committee had emerged to greet me. A welcome cup of tea, bought by the Social Sec., soon sweetened any last traces of sourness left in me and I began to enjoy myself. I met, too, the most colourful character in our club; the inimitable Mr. Wedgepiston himself. I've heard so many stories about this man's meteoric driving that I had half expected to meet a real live superman, but in fact he is one of those quiet, unassuming people that anybody can take to.

We repaired to the "William The Conqueror" at Rye Harbour for the evening and I became aware of some of the talent possessed by our Social Secretary. Once he got a full head of steam the air became rife with ribaldry and bawdy songs, occasionally interspersed with something sweet and mellow; and the locals loved it. My wife was spared not at all, and the heat from her face kept the bar at a pretty fair temperature.

All too soon came closing time, somewhat delayed, and I bade goodbye to the most pleasant company I have kept for a long time about eleven o'clock; arriving home at half two. Another red ink entry for my diary. Any comb. rider like to challenge my eighty five minutes from Brighton to Leigh Park? All right Mr. Wedgepiston, I give in.

Happy Scotting,
A. K. KING

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FIXTURE LIST. (continued.)

- Nov. 22nd Earls Court Motorcycle Show. Meet at Smith's Accessories Stand at 9.30p.m. prior to attending the Streatham Club's Midnight Mattinee.
- Dec. 13th Club Night. Private room at the Red Lion, Whitehall.
- Jan. 17th Club night, as for December.

Below is printed a letter, or rather the relevant part of a letter that I received from Geoff Lee. On this particular point I don't agree with him, but I take this opportunity to say that I shall print any letter by request irrespective of my own views, and subject to the usual disclaimer of responsibility on my part.

Editor.

TO PUBLICISE THE CLUB

So often I find that, when visiting Scrambles and suchlike, I discover Scotts and am unable to contact the owner. Supposing we had some small cards made.

JOIN THE SCOTT OWNERS CLUB

Secretary's Address etc. etc.

These could be placed in a prominent position on the machine and the owner would see it on returning.

I think if each member was sent a dozen or so, this would help to boost membership.

What do you think.

Geoff Lee.

"YOWL" No.3

The next issue of our magazine will be a combined Christmas New Year edition. If anyone has a Christmassy Story they can tell, let me have it by the 30th of November along with any other articles you may have.

Editor.

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FROM ME TO YOU.

by Norris Johnson.

On the 21st. of September, the Club visited the Berkshire Ridgeway, as planned. After a week of incessant downpour this pre-historic track resembled a one days trials course, and after lunch we regretfully abandoned it in favour of bylanes with a metal surface. Ably led by Jim Smith of Swindon on an ancient but lovely three speeder, we traversed the Icknield Way instead, and arrived for tea dead on time. Mr. Rawlins' hospitality was such that midnight tolled ere we could tear ourselves away and make for the great Smoke. We were all deeply grateful to Mr. Rawlins and his family for a splendid evening

I must apologise to members for giving a wrong route direction for the lunch stop; this little error enabled some members to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the Ridgeway than was bargained for. The run ended on a sweet note with London and Essex saying "Farewell" at the Rotherhithe Tunnel.

On the 3rd, of October, London and Essex Sections visited Southend in strength to view the Illuminations; Emmet and otherwise and were duly impressed. A trial of brute force on the Dodgems followed and after three rounds George Stevens won on points. After a late night cup of char we made for home and the familiar rain clouds. A very enjoyable evening, marred only by the fact that Lofty (Avis) forget to bring the piano.

In the last issue of "Yowl" we promised you news of badges. At the time of going to press they are not available, but we hope to have some late news to print as a stop news item.

Club membership now totals 65, and we shall shortly print a list of members and send this and a copy of the rules to each member. A small number of spare copies of the magazine have been printed and are available from the Hon. Sec. at 1/- each.

Area organisation north of the Thames is non-existent at present, and I should like to hear from any member who is willing to start the ball rolling in his area.

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INTRODUCING SOME OF THE SOUTHERNERS.

I venture to suggest that the Southern Group is, as yet, the smallest in our club, but a day out that my wife and I had with those that were able to come ranks as most enjoyable. It was the day of the Vintage Rally at Wilton.

The day started for me when my friends from near Littlehampton; Bill Blundy and his wife; called for me on their '49 cum '58 (with Mods.) Flyer. A very smart looking Scott; and he also has a superb Two-speed Super which I have been privileged to ride,

Coaxing my heap into action, we moved along to Portdown Hill where we were joined by Bill Best, (of the old London Scott), with his wife, son and one of the most interesting Scotts I have seen. We happy trio flogged along together to Lyndhurst, resting once by the roadside when the 'Best Scott' made a valiant imitation of a steam engine. Bill told me, though, that that particular engine runs best when on the boil.

Talking about boiling; when we rode into Lyndhurst we tailed onto the inevitable traffic jam and, after a few minutes the two Bills were enveloped in steam clouds. I wasn't. Like a twerp I laughed and made rude remarks about inefficient radiators and such-like. I got an awful wet knee on the way home!

We select our place for the pic-nic and had no sooner stopped our engines than we became aware of a peculiar buzzing noise in the air. This noise persisted and grew louder as the moments passed by. Before long we knew that a Scott was on its way; and my wife and I knew who it would be. Shortly afterwards events proved us right. John Seekings, (it's his fault that I ever rode a Scott; bless him), hove into view on his, surely, unique hybrid. How many other Scotts that come of age still use their original silencer?

Did I say silencer? None the less' John was a very

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welcome addition to our dinner party. Thought by one to be not so welcome was a New Forest Pony. My better half, (that's what she says), likes suchlike wild beasts when she can view them from a distance. This pony though payed absolutely no attention to her feelings and managed to scrounge quite a few tid-bits. Almost collared Bil Best's cap too

Just as we were thinking of moving off toward Wilton our happy family received more reinforcements. all arriving on one outfit drawn by a very smart T.T.Rep. For the first time I had the pleasure of meeting Dave Englefield, his wife and son, and another member, Dave Fennel, all from Bournemouth. We thus extended our stay while we got acquainted and I was intrigued to learn that the two Daves had been working night and day to prepare the Rep. for this run; not only that, but Dave Englefield had never driven combination before. I take off my hat to him. My own early on three wheels nearly made me buy a season ticket on the railway.

We had just talked the late arrivals out of having a dinner, and were once more about to hit the open road when who should roll up but the Guv. himself, yes, that enormous smile was still in place. Irreverently we only allowed him time for a smoke before finally saluting forth toward Wilton. Just how many times he passed us on that trip no one knows. I'll tell you this in confidence; he has no taste for a forty mile an hour group stroll.

At Wilton we met some more of the members including 400 miles per run Ginger from Essex; (when he's at home), and George Silk and his sons. I believe there were more members there but I missed them in the crowd.

The two Bills, John and myself left before the others and returned home via Stockbridge, where Bill turned off; having a nice run down to Petersfield where we had a cup of tea together before the final runs home. An enjoyable day in pleasant company.

I paid for it though. My heap began to get a little difficult to manage toward the end. I found out why. Most (literally) of my front wheel spokes had given up the ghost and I had about a two inch waver on. Happy days!

If anyone else gets trouble with the twin six inch brake wheel let me know; I've found the answer

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BIT OF A GAMBLE

by Geoff, Lee

People said that we were mad. They even offered bets up to five pounds that we would'nt make it. Unfortunately we did not have a fiver at the ready.

I must admit that it did sound a little ambitious; a 1932, 250 c.c. o.h.v. Matchless (affectionally known as FXU) with my friend "Fil" at the reins, (all right chaps, he's got a Scott as well) and my own Flyer-Rep. embarking on a tour including parts of Scotland and the Lake District. Certainly they were not the least temperamental of machines, (especially with regard to FXU's "cog closet" which had never even smelt a tab washer), and we were carrying full camping kit, Primus and food, as well as tools and spares.

The Scott, incidentally, was not yet fully run in after a rebore. Pannier frames were hastily attached on Friday night. Preparing the bike and packing kept us up until well past twelve, but we eventually made an, (for us), early start at around nine the following morning.

We had a little boiling trouble in Edmonton, where a local W.C. attendant obliged with a bucket of water, and a sticky float tickler also, but no serious trouble.

Our first night was spent with friends in the Norwich area. When we arrived, FXU's panniers finally fell off, having been held in position for the last umteen miles with Aerolastic.

We intended to leave on the Monday, but it was from a friend in Norwich that I traced a 1930, 300 c.c. single, air cooled Scott, only 20 miles away. I also just missed a 1920 Scott chassis and chair in Norwich; for £3.

On Wednesday we reached Louth, without trouble, then then realised we had left the prickers behind. Any Primus enthusiast can imagine how we felt! Dinner was twenty minutes late therefore, while I emery-papered a brake cable strand to suit which was held with circlip pliers. This system was then used until the end of the tour.

On Thursday, after attaching FXU's pannier, (which had come adrift for the second time), we made another early start; eleven o'clock! We intended to make for York, via Geoff. Milnes; however, the rear chain snapped on the Matchless at Todcaster and as we had neither rivet extractor, nor chain spares, this took a little longer to fix than "THE BOOK" says!

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Upon calling at Geoff. Milnes we met Harry Langham, and saw one of the Swifts. Contrary to rumour they do not overheat, to readers of the "Greenun", they are definitely not dropping the 600; both the Squirrel and the Swift will be produced in 500 and 600 forms, although—I was assured—the latter is still strictly in the prototype stage and small modifications will probably be made

The second week of our tour involved Durham and Northumberland, mainly on B class roads. We must have been very tired by this time for, after waking one morning we felt surprisingly hungry. We walked four miles to the nearest shop, only to find it closed! Now neither of us wear a watch (anyone with Scott Girders will understand this—and we can't afford it either), so we relied on the sun for the time. As it was very cloudy we enquired the time.

"Five-thirty", said the shop assistant from the kitchen.

I then asked whether it was morning or evening and she eventually replied that it was "Afternoon", though not before a few queer looks and giggles. So we had "Breaka", walked back to the local—which had, by then, closed—and went back to bed.

We also touched Hawick before turning down towards the Lakes where we spent a couple of days. (FXU's pannier fell off there!)

It was while journeying from Derwent down to Ambleside that I met a gentlemen from the "Sheffield Scott Club." He was riding rather a crude two-come-three speeder with "Duggie" front end and swinging arm rear. He told me that the "Sheffield Scott Club", of which I had never heard, had over fifty members in two groups; and all had at least one Scott. It was, he said, first formed in 1915, or thereabouts. He wasn't particularly interested in the Scott Owners Club, and admitted that publicity was not the Sheffield Club's strong point. However, he did agree that some form of amalgamation was a good idea.

So now it's up to you, Mr. Secretary. I am sorry to say that I did not get this man's name and address, but it should not be difficult to contact the club.

From the Lakes we travelled to Manchester to see a fellow member, and also a great friend of mine. I cadged a couple of Boshes here, and I'm very pleased with them.

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The local Scott Mann there is Charlie Meakin, of Scott Motorcycle Club fame. Here we bought a very nice gearbox and clutch for £7, and talked Scotts and Scotting with him and his daughter for half an hour. He told me that plans were well advanced for the 250 Scott, (which will not be horizontally opposed), a vertical twin water or air cooled, and will be available as a complete bike, or as an engine alone.

He also told me that the Sheffield Club had only about twelve members.

He said that he had heard nothing about the Scott Owners Club, but would like to. (47, Phister Road, Manchester 15. Mr. Secretary.)

From Manchester we went to Thurne, near Doncaster, to investigate Scotts for sale. I was offered two early Flyers at very reasonable prices by a local enthusiast.

We stopped, en-route, when I ran out of gas, and a piece of copper wire from a fence was put to better use for about half a mile!

We stayed that night at Nottingham close to the "Bruffsup" works. We meant to investigate the oldest pub in England, but this thought slipped from my mind at the thought of Mr. Ward and his Scott association just next door in Derby.

Mr. Ward has, (as most Scottmen know), a multitude of Scott stuff, especially two speeders, and is a very clever engineer as well. It was from him that I bought some small parts for the Flyer, and whilst rummaging about, found a beautiful tyre lever suitably inscribed - "For Balloon Tyres." One member asked me if any Scott Scrolls were available in June. Mr. Ward has a few. They are very rough, but after a lot of work with Swiss Files, Emery and Bluebell they can be made quite respectable.

From Derby we passed through Burlin-on-Trent where I saw my first "Reynolds Special" complete with "Esiflow" radiator and 4 gallon tank. I think this machine is for sale for around £60.

We then made for Hereford to see a friend of mine, and came away again the following morning, (Friday), in the company of "Frank" on a 1956 Dragonfly.

After covering approximately 10 miles, FXU's mainshaft shed a large nut. (Remember the tab washers?) This involved stripping the gearbox and occupied about two hours, in between light showers. We then pressed on after lunch, covering about 80 miles before the Duggie "Withered Something 'Orrible!" as a passing motorcyclist put it.

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Whilst attempting to tow the Duggie to safety, FXU lost it's nut again, (and I "did mine!") Another two hours. Frank "hitched it" and we slept near the bikes, after "juggling."

On the Saturday Morning; after the Primus had used the last of it's Esso Blue halfway through cooking the lunch; we fixed FXU's pannier on again, (yes, that's the fourth time), and made for home—narrowly escaping an irate attendant at an Oxford Car Park when we "forgot" to pay. We then passed through Cheltenham where I told a Scooter about the Club.

I suppose this article should have been entitled, "1200 miles on a shoe string",

Still, it was a lot of fun, and only ten miles or so in the rain. Also, only four whiskers.

By the way; I can supply information on the three bikes I've mentioned, and one other '38 Flyer well worth £38 to say any member interested.

(I will forward on any enquiries to Mr. Lee. Ed.)

Stop Press Items

MACHINE BADGES

An order has been placed for a limited number of badges, they will be of high quality chrome on brass, with yellow and purple design in relief. They will be available at 15/- each, post free, from the Secretary; orders will be dealt with in strict rotation. The manufacturers have quoted a nine week delivery wait but we hope they may be sooner.

OVERHEARD AT THE BAR

"Since taking up Scotting, my cat now says MI-YOWL"

ODD NEWS

Sidecars for 1959 show some interesting developments; the Rye Special is 1 ft. less in width and the Kent Lanes Humdinger has an electronic road-hog spotter built into the nose. The G.S. "Banker" has an outboard engine fitted to the sidecar wheel, cambered tyres, automatic lane control and a built-in supply of quells. (Culled from press reports for the benefit of Mr. Wedgepiston).

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WHEN IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Reprinted from the Motor Cycle of 2nd. August 1945, by kind permission of the Editor.

Contributed to "YOWL" by Bill Blundy.

With apologies to "Vic."

The usual introduction to motorcycling seems to be through the kindly guidance of an understanding father, or a sympathetic elder brother. Rides in the sidecar of papa's prehistoric N.U.T., or a surreptitious and unauthorised borrowing of brother Reggie's Coventry Eagle Flying Eight, (ending up with an airborne landing in the front garden), usually figure in early reminiscences of the most ardent motor cyclists.

I did the thing the hard way. My respected papa, a venerable and highly correct civil servant, had certainly never been in, on, or around a motor cycle in his life. My mother, at a letter date, graced my pillion on a few occasions, but that, I'm quite sure, was only to shock the neighbours a thing in which she always delighted and she had certainly never had anything to do with motorcycles at that time. I had no brothers, and none of my friends rode machines, so quite why, at the age of nineteen, I decided that a motor cycle was the one thing that I must have, I can't imagine. But, decide I did, laying seige to my parents in the time-honoured way; wearing them down by a mixture of specious argument, and sheer damnable persistence.

They eventually offered to buy me a motor cycle for the summer if I passed the examinations for which I was than working. This seemed, if not fair enough, at least better than nothing, so I accepted with a proper show of gratitude. My mother, nothing if not realistic, decided that, if she was going to pay the piper, she might as well call the tune and promptly set off on a tour of the local dealers as soon as the examination results came through, and these—fortunately for this story—were favourable.

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It's true that she knew exactly nothing about moter cycles, but that was at least as much as I knew, and she dearly loved an excuse for a bit of bargaining. After a week of this she came home with the news that she had acquired an option on a 250 c.c. side valve Raleigh. If it seemed all right to me she was going to buy it for £21, on condition that the dealer bought it back for £15 at the end of the summer, when I should be working for the next stage of my examinations. I don't think the dealer was used to coping with people like my mother. And if you hard bitten, dyed in the wool motor cyclists-from-the-cradle think you could have done better than that, you must have met quite a different lot of dealers from the ones I have.

In fact, she'd gone a stage further, and arranged for a trial run, at which point I suddenly realised that I'd never ever ridden a moter cycle; so that lunchtime I rushed out and bought a little book on "Motor Cycles and How to Ride Them." Coming home in the tram that early summer evening I solemnly learned by heart the whole of the chapter that told you how to ride, memorising like a school lesson, "Withdraw fully the cluuth, (See Fig. 1 for clutch lever), and gently snick the gear leaver, (See Fig. 2 for gear lever), into bottom gear. Ease the clutch slowly home, at the same time opening the throttle lever, (See Fig. 3 for throttle lever), Note:- It is important to ascertain if the throttle lever opens toward you, or away from you", and so on.

I had my tea, and presented myself at the dealer's for the trial run, outwardly calm but inwardly a seething turmoil. The dealer wheeled the Raleigh out, and I looked furiously nonchalant. A little instruction from "The Lad" on the art of starting, and that was soon mastered.

"Well," I said, "I'll just take it for a little run round the houses." and proceeded to withdraw fully the clutch, (See Fig.1.), just like the book said. I got under way all right without even stalling the engine, and proceeded to open the throttle lever, which fortunately worked in the same direction as the illustration in the book.

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The machine surged forward at a terrific speed—a good eight miles an hour; the throttle lever wide open; I clung on for dear life, my mind a complete and terrified blank. Those carefully memorised paragraphs vanished like idle soldiers when the orderly sergeant appears on the horizon. Were there other gears than the one I was so firmly in? I'd forgotten their existence.

Soon the "Lad" overtook me, purple in the face, and shouting lustily above the vibrating engine. For a long time nothing penetrated but finally the reiterated, "Change up! Change up!", connected with something in my paralysed brain, and, hastily summoning up memories of the second paragraph of page five, I made a reasonable change into second, or middle. A couple of times round the houses, and I was quite happy. I returned to the shop under my own steam, handed the machine over, at any rate outwardly undamaged, and said I'd come down the next evening to arrange about handing over the money and collecting the bike.

That summer went by very happily, with every fine Sunday, and many evening, spent out in the country exploring all the nearer parts of the home counties. There was only one sad episode during that period, when, riding up the main road at dusk, I ran into a motor car that was coming out of a side turning. I shot over the handlebars, did a fine double somersault, and ended up sitting at the foot of a lamppost with a leg each side looking just like a bear preparing to climb his pole. The motorist, who happened to be a doctor, very thoughtfully carried me to my home in his car; he brought out his little black bag and patched up my cuts and bruises—nothing was broken—and subsequently became our family doctor on the strength of it.

The insurance attended to the Raleigh; and my parents were, I think, a little relieved to find that the accident, which they had always regarded as inevitable, was not necessarily fatal. At the end of the summer the dealer duly bought the Raleigh back for the stipulated £15. I think that everybody, including himself, was a bit surprised.

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When the next summer came round, and another winter's examinations were successfully behind me, I decided to be a bit more ambitious in my choice. For some reason which now eludes me, I decided on a Dunelt, and this time I did the shopping myself. Of course, I didn't buy a Dunelt; unlike my very firm minded mama, I was as putty in the hands of a good salesman, and this particular salesman decided to sell me a rather ancient two speed Scott. I can still recall one snatch of my conversatain with that very astute gentleman.

I gazed a little doubtfully at the stirrup type front brake and enquired if it were really adequate. He looked at me pityingly.

"Scotts," he said, "are really first class machines. They're made by a firm of really first class engineers. Do you think," and here the pitying note became even more pronounced, "that they'd fit a brake like that if it wasn't a good brake? After all, Scotts HAVE won the T.T.

Of course, I couldn't compete with that sort of thing, and I bought the machine there and then. No trip round the houses, said this dealer firmly; his insurance didn't cover that. And when I took my first trip on the Scott I could quite understand the reason why.

The machine was bought on a Thursday. On the Friday I called with the cash and rode it home; not without a certain amount of trouble, but the roads were level and the traffic scarce, so that the problem of getting away from a standing start, which was where the novice always came unstuck, sometimes literally, hardly arose. On Saturday morning I rode it up to the office, early and through lightish traffic, because I'd promised to take the week's heart throb down to High Wycombe on Saturday afternoon. The office where the heart throb and I worked was just off Chéapside, and the route to High Wycombe involved, of course, the whole length of Holborn, New Oxford Street, Oxford Street, Marble Arch, Bayswater Road, Holland Park and Shepherds Bush. I tackled this at midday on Saturday when, even in those distant days, the traffic was considerable.

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In the effort to avoid the thing which, to me—as to most novices with the Scott two speed gear—spelled disaster, restarting from a standstill with a load, I evolved the drill of slowing down whenever I thought that the policeman at the next point was going to hold our traffic stream up; very very slowly I'd worm my way through the traffic block, hoping that I'd still be on the move when he dropped his hand. But, alas, on a great many of the intersections I calculated wrongly: I usually managed to get into neutral without stalling: but Oh, the getaway. I don't quite know how many traffic stops there are between Cheapside and Shepherd's Bush, but I do know that I stalled the engine on at least fifty occasions. The procedure was uniform—and humiliating. We'd arrive at the head of the queue to find the traffic still held up. With a bit of luck neutral would be found alright and I'd sit there hopefully blipping. The policeman would wave us on. I'd tap with my heel very, very apprehensively, on the low gear pedal. Nothing happened. The Taxi would hoot again, more impatiently. I'd get in a panic, tap a little too hard, and not open the throttle sufficiently. The Scott would leap forward a foot and a half convulsively, and stop, with the engine heartily stalled. The heart-throb would dismount. I would dismount. I'd push the bike into the kerb while the taxi swept by, released at last with the driver shouting some very barbed and shame causing remark as he passed me. I would restart the engine with that peculiar backward kick that comes naturally to mules, and hardened riders of two speed Scotts. I would mount again. The heart would mount. And, by this time, the policeman would be holding up the traffic again, and I would have that sinking sort of feeling.

(Completed in the next Issue.)

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FOR SALE

Scott Flying Squirrel, 600 c.c. 1937 Insured July 1959, Taxed, £30, O.N.O. Apply; 37 Mayfair Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent. Phone Bex. 2286

Frame £6; Tank £4 Chainguard 5/-; Gear Shield 5/-; Back and Front Stand £1; Dual Seat £1 - 10s; New S/A Oil Tank £2; Watsonian Ball Sidecar Fittings £1 each, (2); All ex 1949 Flyer. Blundy, 6 Broadmark Parade, Rustington, Sussex. (1368).

1938, 596c.c Scott, tatty but complete. Fitted post-war head, (14 m.m.). £12/10.-. G.T.Stevens, 22, Park Crescent Rd, Erith, Kent,

WANTED.

Swashplate Oil Pump, (any model). Early Scott literature; Clubman Transfer Ports and Carburettor. G. T. Stevens, 22, Park Crescent Road, Erith, Kent.

Wanted urgently! Cylinder Head for 1930, 250 c.c. 2-stroke Dunelt. Taylor, 137, Coleridge Road, Gambridge.

Wanted for 1929 2-speeder, Exhaust MDA 2, Magdyno. Petrol Tank, Decompressor parts, Information and photos to aid rebuild. For disposal - 1928 (?) Petrol/Oil Tank, 1929 Flyer Frame. Wright, 50, Manor Road, Harrow, Middlesex,

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The SCOTT MOTOR CYCLE CO.

2, St. MARYS ROW, BIRMINGHAM 4

MAKERS OF TWIN TWO-STROKES SINCE 1902



Photo by courtesy of "Motor Cycling"

498cc "SWIFT" SCOTT

*For 1958-9 two models are to be produced-
The Standard 596cc "Flying Squirrel" and
The New 498cc "Swift" Machine.*

The Proprietors (Aerco Jigs & Tools Ltd.) wish to emphasise that they are unable to entertain visitors or correspondence regarding Scotts. All enquiries and orders should be directed to the official service depots:

GEOFF MILNES,
74, Dewsbury Road,
Leeds 11. Tel: 22309

MURPHY MOTORS,
54 Sutton Common Rd.,
Sutton, Surrey.

Sales · Spares · Repair Service