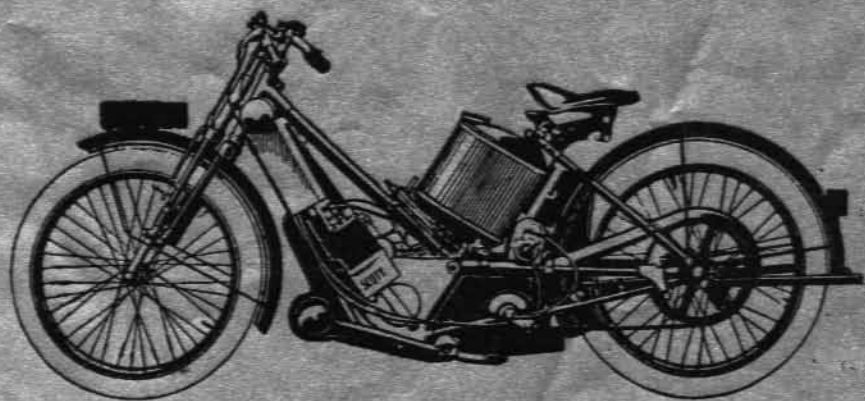


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RETURN FROM EXILE

by *Keith King*

Some four years ago, circumstances (seven of them), enforced my retirement from the World of Scott. Half a dozen machines, of the proper make, and sundry spares went the way I had seen coming for a long time, and I took to a rather more energetic means of transport; cursing and blaming the atom bomb as my new found muscles started to ache. Strange how the strongest convictions can be altered. Many times I had commented on which would go first, but when it came to the pinch, the Scott went. Still, that's life I suppose.

Two years later my wife bought me a Christmas present: the dark dismal days of Scottlessness came to an end. My pleasure was such that I didn't even mind fetching it myself! The previous owner spun quite a line of salesmanship about this machine, a '37 Flyer, so much so that I began to wonder how he could part with it for so little. The story gradually unfolded itself in two main sequences. The day I went to collect, it was teeming with rain and I had over a mile to walk from the railway station—in full motorcycle regalia. None the less, wet but with undampened enthusiasm I finally stood outside a garage while the machine was inveigled into the open. At first sight I nearly walked back to the station! It was a ghastly N.K.J. red, (no apologies to Guv.!), had drop handlebars, no covers at all, and the most peculiarly botched up girders I've ever seen. However, the engine looked the right shape and the exhaust was familiar, if a trifle unsilenced, so I gathered up my courage and headed for home. 'Twas the 'orriblest Scott ride I've ever undertaken!

Those botched girders were as free and easy in their movement as a modern pop singer, although I must admit that the handlebars had a certain amount of effect. The brakes went on strike over the weather conditions and after a mile or so my wrists really began to ache, but, happy thought, the plugs didn't oil up until I was within sight of home.

The beast was hurriedly ushered into my shed, and with a flurry of spanners etcetera I hastily tore it apart before anyone could accuse me of riding it. Thus began the second sequence.

I took out the drain plug so as to drain the water off. Silly me, there wasn't any, although the seller had topped it up before my eyes. So I took the radiator off. One look was enough. Wood in tubes, woodscrews in wood plus a generous helping of Bostik B demonstrated that fully fifty per cent of the honeycomb was finished. A shade less enthusiastically I examined the head and block. Several waterways in the head had vents to atmosphere, and the block was cracked from transfer to transfer. Delving deeper into the engine I found worn gudgeon bores, oval small ends, woodworm in the big end rollers with crankpin bushes and big end eyes to suit, and finally, the mains' rollers were on the point of breaking up. To save a long story, the rest of the machine was very similar. My pleasure was blighted, and I had to keep it to myself for I knew what it had cost my wife to get this for me. In any other circumstances I doubt if I would have attempted renovating such a wreck, especially on a shoe-string budget, but I did; and now I'm glad.

Over a period of two years, solutions to my major problems turned up in quite unexpected ways.

I had taken the cracked block to a toolmaker friend of mine to discuss ways and means of solving the crack problem. What he actually did was to open the crack up, back chamfer it and fill with Araldite. No trouble to date. Anyhow, while at his house I was invited to look at an old "cammy Velocette" next door, and whilst pondering over this epic of four-stroke madness I espied a pair of W.D. Matchless teleforks languishing in a corner. Although the bottom bracket

was snapped in halves, a deal was struck and mine they became. My toolmaker friend did a superb job of brazing on the bottom bracket, so all I had to do was fit them. (Pause for loud shrieks of hysterical laughter)

After I'd fought and beaten the problem of steering head races I found that the steering stem didn't come through the top bracket, so I cut the bracket down, at the same time unavoidably cutting off the handlebar clamp. Not to be beaten I cut up the top bracket of the old girders, bolted it to the one remaining clamp and fastened two steel straps forward to the speedo head mounting bolts. This was perfect until I fitted the handlebars; they wobbled about so much I was nearly seasick. However, two lengths of aluminium bolted from the extension clamps to the bottom bracket finally solved the problem.

I robbed the wheel out of a '53 G3LS, fitted a chrome rim and added it to the W.D. forks. Looks nice, goes nicely, wonderful brake, but no speedo drive. Actually, when I can lay my hands on the bits I intend fitting a post war speedo drive.

A friend of mine, from New Forest way, gave me an engine and a honeycomb radiator. He warned me that the engine rattled something terrible; a comment that I was to remember much later in the programme. Anyway, with this windfall, plus the invaluable assistance of my old friend in Derby, I rebuilt the engine. Lots of new bits went into it and much filing and polishing was done where appropriate. The cylinder head from the gift engine was popped on top and things began to look brighter.

With the engine in place, what better than to put the radiator on next? (The gremlins began hugging themselves with glee!) The darn thing wouldn't fit by a mile! Checking against the original radiator I could see that it was thicker, but the real bugbear was the inlet neck sticking proudly out of the back of the header tank. This caused me much frustration but eventually it was fitted by (a) removing the basic mounting plate, so as to gain all possible room, (b) building mountings in front of the down tubes, (c) dressing the inlet neck as much as I dare, and, (d) dressing the under side of the offside upper down tube with a big hammer, (oh the shame of it!)

After all this it only takes half an hour to get the radiator between the tubes, if you know the routine. I defy anyone to prove to me that that radiator is standard. Anyhow, it does its job very efficiently so I'm not grumbling.

The other rebuild problems were only major ones, so hardly worth mentioning. Did have some fun fitting an Ariel hinge-back rear mudguard though, and fitting an Avon handlebar fairing was quite amusing, not to mention the Matchless forks wanting to use the radiator as a mechanical stop, but all these things were overcome and two years, nearly to the day, after acquiring it, I took the old girl out for a ride, and ran slap bang into another snag.

Funny how thick my head can be sometimes! Looking back I can see that all the clues I needed were laid on, but I was puzzled for ages. As soon as the engine was warm it rattled. The exhaust was very noisy, (with a new Burgess fitted). The head nuts came loose and she resisted the kickstarter most valiantly.

After a couple of miles I stripped the engine, both fearfully and hopefully. Nothing occurred to me, so I reassembled, (curse that radiator). No change.

Puzzled, I rode on, and another clue asserted itself, only to be ignored: if I took a pillion passenger, (close ratio nineteen tooth sprocket), pull away from scratch was all but impossible, but at about fifteen miles an hour, she suddenly took off like a rocket.

Ultimately fate, (Mrs. King), decreed that a sidecar had to be fitted so, determined to get to the bottom of this loathsome rattle, I stripped the engine again, and this time the penny dropped. The final clue revealed itself and even I couldn't miss it. The black carbon on the piston crowns was marred by

two little shiny patches, and the combustion heads bore the same picture. Those poor little pistons had been hammering on the ceiling to draw my attention to their plight and I hadn't understood! Upon measuring, I found that a sixteenth of an inch had been machined from the head. As luck would have it, a friend of mine in Kent, who has retired from Scotting, chose just that time to send me his collection of spares; in amongst them, a cylinder head. Now the old girl, (who, by the way, was a '37 DPZ at one time), sports a Canterbury Chassis, a Watsonian C/A Chair, has pre '34 wide ratio gears and goes very well indeed.

One thing seems to stand out from this little saga; if you really want to get on the road with a Scott, and are not too proud to accept assistance from other enthusiasts, it needn't cost so very much. My outfit, which is very much admired, cost me approximately twenty-five pounds, spread over two years, and, of course, many hours of sweat and toil which were never begrudged. In return, apart from the pleasure it gives me, the old girl seems to have led me to my next endeavour. Nothing definite yet, but a motorcyclist who stopped to talk to me about her thinks he knows the whereabouts of a two speeder that has been put out to grass. Here's hoping.

"Zenith," Train Road,
Wembury,
Plymouth.
12/2/66.

Dear Sir,

I thought your readers might like to hear of a two speed Scott for which two friends and I went to Penzance last week-end, to bring back for a Scott club member (Mr. Harold Van Horn), who is recovering from a serious operation and was unable to go himself.

Mr. Van Horn already has two Veteran Scotts and has been negotiating for this one for the past six months. We had to get it from a man who has hoarded everything he could lay his hands on. The bike was stored in a very large barn, along with dozens of other bikes.

In the part just around the Scott was a veteran Triumph with gears in the back wheel, a very large Indian and sidecar, about 1925, a Zenith with direct belt drive, a 1927 Sunbeam, 1924 B.S.A., and very old Humber. These were as many as I could distinguish among the hundreds of tyres, cycles, picture frames and thousands of books.

It took one and a half hours to lift the Scott over all the junk and other bikes but the thought that it was going to be restored made it worth the effort. When we eventually had it in the daylight it did not look too bad. It was rusty all over, with a couple of splits in the front mudguard, and was bought with the understanding that the cylinder had frost cracks. The engine could not be turned over; this is not surprising, as the bike has been out of use since 1930, and had lain in the barn we rescued it from for 36 years. The barn is quite dry; everything in it is in much the same condition as when they were dumped there.

The owner claims to have 150 bikes, and is at present negotiating a sale for the lot in America.

The Scott is one of the models which used to carry the oil in the frame; this has been modified, the two speed and all sprockets are excellent. I think it has done very little running. The crankcase door straps are retained by swing nuts; the rad is in perfect condition, only one part is missing, a magnetto. Mr. Van Horn would be very pleased to purchase one from any member who might happen to have one.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Jack Gully.

Derby.

Dear George,

Tools for the rider of the modern Scott.

It is a subject which has always interested me. The man who makes do with rubbishy tools is a fool.

The basic requirements are a set of 6 double-ended flat spanners 1/8 to 1/2 Whit, and I recommend (and stock) Pennant 6-in-clip, Nickel Chrome at 40/-

Another basic requirement is a set of 3 box spanners with tommy bar, and I have used a set of Pennant Chrome Molybdenum for 25 years and found them excellent. Still only 12/- per set.

Pennant also make a neat chain punch which deals with all the Scott chains. It is 9/- and I have sent for one to try, and if O.K. shall stock.

My favourite screwdriver, which I have used every day for 25 years, is a Crescent Hammer-handled 7 ins. No need to carry a hammer if you have this. It's American and dear, but I would not be without one. The same firm also make splendid pliers and adjustable wrenches.

I am in favour of using 2 mag spanners when adjusting points; they are cheap, and one is required to hold the screw whilst the others secures the lock nut.

A plug spanner is not required with 14mm plugs as you can use the flat 7/16 ins. The mistake some riders make is to tighten plugs unnecessarily tight, instead of replacing the C & A washer occasionally.

With 18mm plugs you need a 9/16 ins. spanner and I use a Lucas Girder Wrench, which is very light and compact and exceedingly useful, but now not available although AKD make a substitute.

No need to mention tyre levers. It is not clever to carry excessively long ones. Quite the reverse.

Turning now to the tools which are of such help when working on the Scott engine, we have devoted much thought in recent years to this. I am not thinking of the hundreds of special tools which we use on engine overhauls, but simple labour-savers which every Scott rider needs.

A *guide rod* for holding the block when replacing it onto pistons. (2 can be used with advantage if the engine is out of the frame).

A *ring compressor*, or better still a pair. (Two sizes, 500 and 600). With engine on bench and two guide rods and ring compressors in use, the block can be pushed *straight over* pistons. I always do this job single-handed and never break a ring.

Crank releasing bar. I wish that I had thought of this darned simple idea very many years ago, and broadcast it. That would have prevented hundreds of broken door seatings, and radial cracks in cup faces.

There is no need for a special box key for the crankshaft bolt as the smallest of the three Pennant ones is just the thing.

Well George, I hope that I have given you some guidance. Just use it as you think fit—I am not after a free advert!

Cheerio!

Yours,
T.B.W.

National Provincial Bank House,
Wellington,

Somerset

Dear Mr. Editor,

Only once during my motorcycling days did I achieve my ambition of owning a Scott—a brand new two-speed Super-Squirrel 596 c.c. model, in 1927. Unfortunately this heaven did not, owing to my own carelessness, last long; and motorcycling ended for me.

The nostalgic fascination has however always been with me, and to enlighten me (and at the risk of provoking argument amongst the older generation of "Yowlers") someone with much wider experience might care to comment on the following queries:—

(1) Was the two-speed Super Squirrel the best Scott ever for road-holding and cornering? Possibly the later "Sprint-Special" was as good, and of course far superior in performance. I do however remember discussion in *The Motor Cycle*, in the twenties, to the effect that the three-speed Super with its longer wheel-base was not quite so good. Also that the open frame with its balanced weight distribution—engine and radiator forward, and petrol tank rearwards, was superior to the "Flying Squirrel" with its new "top-tank."

(2) Was the old expansion chamber (tin-can type) and shorter tail-pipe more efficient than the more fashionable exhaust system adopted about 1930? I seem to remember that two-strokes, even in racing, were more efficient than an expansion chamber near the cylinder and a short tail pipe. Levis did in fact, I believe, use this system; and I did once read that one of the reasons for the adoption of the long "top-tank" by Scotts in the T.T. was due to the then T.T. regulation to the effect that the exhaust pipe must extend a certain distance to the rear of the tank filler-cap. The long tank thus allowed the adoption (or retention) of short exhaust pipe(s)! Purely from the musical quality of the "yowl" I think the old system the better, but then I am old and "square"! Any comments by those with real Scott experience?

Yours faithfully,

L. T. SPRAGUE.

Middle Lane,
Headley Heath,
Kings Norton,
Birmingham 30.

Dear George,

I first saw a Scott in 1921 when I was a schoolboy at Gloucester. It was a combination, with what my brother (who was a tester at Nortons) called Chinese handlebars. I was not impressed by the look of the machine at the time. I had discovered *The Motor Cycle* and *Motor Cycling* and eagerly read them every week.

The next year we moved to Reading and there I saw a more interesting model. As I have now seen pictures of Kendal Scotts, I think this was one; there were actually two in the Earleigh district. They used to go around together in the evenings, and I would sometimes see them outside the locals. The noise "sold" me at once and I determined to have one some day.

My brother, a few years later, went to Australia and left me a single speed belt-drive Connaught. We were then living in Yorkshire and I began to see a lot of Scotts. The local doctor at Armthorpe had a new 1923 or '24 model, a three speed tourer with the Squirrel handlebars. I would also see them on the Great North Road between Bawtry and Doncaster. I had by now swapped the Connaught for a 1921 Verus-Blackburne side valve 350 c.c., max. about 50 m.p.h. It was now 1924, and Scotts were the machines to have in Yorkshire. The Super Squirrel was being produced; I saw one in the speed trials down the side of the racecourse at Doncaster (there was a dead-end road that led into Kirk Sandal Wood, I think it was called). It was not as fast as the model 18 Nortons, but it made the most beautiful noise, at least to my ears. This speed trial was called the "Petrol St. Leger"; no doubt a lot of folks will remember it well. I also saw a 1926 2-speed Flying Squirrel, in 1926, which went a lot faster and was ridden by a Mr. Hardaker from Harrogate or Keighley at this speed trial. I wonder if this is the same Mr. Hardaker who was in the Scott register of Members last year?

I moved to Stainforth near Thorne in 1925. My folks had returned to the South of England, but I decided to stay on in Yorkshire. I wrote to Scotts about a machine, as they used to sell off used works bikes in those days and I had saved a little money—no mean feat in those days, when a good wage was £3 a week and Super Squirrels were about £70.

My friend, Clarence Cook, took me to Saltaire and I got a 498 Super, practically new it looked, for £50 for so! I couldn't believe my luck, and although it was pouring with rain I came back like a TT rider, I was that elated! The power and speed after the Verus were really something; besides, didn't Scotts in those days have posters which said "Scotts dont skid"? (When you are 18 you are inclined to believe what you hear and read). However, I found out later that they will if you push them too far, but they were much more stable than a lot of machines of those days. I was riding to work at Thorne Moorends one morning at a fair bat, no handed, and hit a large pothole, went into a tank-toucher wobble and we parted company; that was lesson No. 1. It was fashionable then to shorten the handlebars, but this was not a very good idea, as the handlebars would protect the radiator when you fell off. This Super was capable of about 68 m.p.h., as they all were, and would see off all except a model 18 Norton which one of the locals had. (His machine would do 76 but was a handful, with 26 x 2½ tyres and the old Druid forks). We had a private speed trial one Sunday morning, the result of various claims by proud owners of Ridges, A.J.S., etc. It was highly illegal, of course. The Super was equipped with a 47-tooth low gear, and as the early '24 and '25 Supers and Squirrels were fitted with 36-tooth low gear as standard, I often wondered if it had been used for trials work with a 75 rear sprocket added. It was, however, prone to seizing if the oil wasn't watched. I eventually had it bored out but it did not go any better; the acceleration was good in bottom, but there was much too large a gap between the gears for road work. Clarence Cook's 486 c.c. Squirrel, with 36-tooth low gear sprocket, was a delightful machine to ride as the bottom gear was 5.4 and top 3.75, but heaven help you if you got stuck on a hill! The old 486 c.c. engines would do about 60 m.p.h. and were very smooth and two-stroked very well. They were also very economical. We once went to Saltaire and asked Mr. Suddards to show us round the works, and we saw a 498 c.c. Super on the dynamometer for b.h.p. test. It was registering 17 plus, and Mr. Suddards said that was a good one. Whether the 596 developed more power I don't know; I should imagine they did, but I don't think they were any faster on the road. About this time (late '26) there was a 1925 TT reserve sidecar machine advertised in one of the motorcycling papers. It was at Liverpool, at either Reynolds or the Scott depot there, and was advertised as having approached 90 m.p.h. on the sands at Southport. I could not afford it, but persuaded a friend to go and buy it. It was a good price to pay, but I suppose he fancied the change. He returned riding it and, believe me, it was the ultimate in two-speeders for fast riding.

In 1934 I bought a 1930 Sprint Special for £19. It was a genuine model, engine number PY3406, frame number 30. The frame, incidentally, went back to Scotts in '37 or '38 because I fell off and broke the top tube. I looked at the bike the other day (it now belongs to a relative of mine) and it had the usual twin-float Binks or Amal 3-jet and the square mag. It was fast—how fast I don't know as I have never had a bike with a speedo on—but it was more than a match for all the Scotts we ever went with on the road. The most striking feature I found was how it held down on the road, like a 2-speeder. It contrasted with my 1934 Flying Tourer with Power Plus engine, which was a proper camel. The Sprint had the close gearbox, about 7 to 1 bottom, and it was very smooth with the 3-jet Binks. Later we-put on a 1½ ins. bore Amal carb.

It was a beautiful machine for road riding, but for anything other than Hill climbs it had too long a wheelbase. Another trouble was that with the frame

being so wide, at the bottom engine bolt, it would dig in if circumstances were against it—such as going downhill and then turning uphill in a Mountain Grass Track race or scramble. It had 19 ins. wheels, but I needed a 4 ins. tyre and 21 ins. wheel on the back, and you couldn't get a 4 ins. x 21 ins. tyre as far as I know.

This Sprint Special is now being rebuilt, and although it has non-standard mudguards and footchange, by good luck it still has the original "slim" sprint tank, with twin caps and a cylinder-wall oiler.

Best wishes,
CON WHITLOCK.

Dear Mr. Stevens,

As a loyal member of "The Egg Boiling Brigade" (S.O.C.), I apologise for not submitting any material, useful or otherwise, for *Yowl*. Later in the year I hope to rectify this matter, but meanwhile, the following may be of use, these being modifications which I have found worthwhile for my 1961 Scott.

(1) To enable the distributor drive skew gears on coil ignition models to be topped up with oil more conveniently, the casting was drilled and tapped $\frac{3}{8}$ ins. B.S.F. and fitted with a short bolt (approx. $\frac{3}{8}$ ins. in length), just below the distributor locating screw at the rear of the casting. By using a "Wesco" type squirt oilcan, lubricant may be injected into the combined filler-cum-level plug hole, without disturbing the distributor and hence the timing.

N.B.—Care should be exercised throughout the operations, since the casting in question is only about $\frac{1}{4}$ ins thick.

(2) After some internal engine modifications had been completed to my 1961 Flying Squirrel, 110 M.P.H., a 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ ins Amal 10TT9 carburettor was fitted, together with a remote type 302 float chamber.

An adaptor is required to mount the 10TT9 two stud flange onto the Scott three stud crankcase, this adaptor being not more than $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. thick, if the carburettor is to clear the rear tank mounting bracket and rectifier. This last statement only applies to a 10TT9 fitted with the short air intake. (Approx. $\frac{7}{8}$ ins. from outer face of locking ring to bellmouth).

The adaptor I constructed from a 3 ins. length of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. L.72 Dural bar; bored 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ ins. and flaring out elliptically 1 $\frac{1}{16}$ ins. by 1 $\frac{3}{16}$ ins. to match the contour of the induction tract. The adaptor was drilled to pick up on the existing 3 stud positions; but it was necessary to remove the bottom two studs, and fit ones $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. longer due to the width of the adaptor. The top stud was replaced by a $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. BSW countersunk set screw, the head of which is partially covered by the TT Carb. flange, when fitted to the already mounted adaptor. Since any air leaks, however slight, cannot be tolerated, the head of the countersunk set screw must lie flush with the top face of the adaptor.

It should also be noted that the 3 Scott carburettor studs, in common with general engineering practice, have threads $\frac{1}{4}$ ins. BSF one end and $\frac{1}{4}$ ins BSW the other, the latter screwing into the aluminium crankcase.

For mounting the new carburettor, the two studs were similar to those described above; (BSF/BSW) differing only in diameter, this being $\frac{5}{16}$ ins., and the material, Bright Mild Steel.

After constructing the necessary gaskets, the adaptor and carburettor less air intake may be fitted to the machine. When replacing the air intake, it is necessary, in some cases, to line the bore of this up with the carburettor bore, since these two components are machined by Amals in position.

For the remote float mounting, I attached one end of a *short* length of 1 ins. by 1 ins. by $\frac{1}{8}$ ins. thick dural. angle under the left hand petrol tap, and to the other a proprietary rubber remote float mounting; the float chamber being suspended on a length of $\frac{3}{16}$ ins. BSF screwed rod, passing through the rubber mounting and into the banjo nut on top of the float chamber. This assembly provides suitable adjustment in height for the float chamber, whilst it is light enough to avoid causing a fatigue failure around the petrol tap boss.

Since my own engine is not exactly standard, the following carburettor settings can only be used as a guide.

The initial settings were:—

NEEDLE JET—109.

THROTTLE VALVE CUTAWAY—No. 5.

NEEDLE POSITION—4th GROOVE (from top).

MAIN JET—330.

A series of trial runs were then carried out, and the following alterations made:—

1st Alteration—390 MAIN JET.

2nd Alteration—NEEDLE POSITION 3rd GROOVE.

3rd Alteration—THROTTLE VALVE CUTAWAY No. 3.

4th Alteration—THROTTLE VALVE CUTAWAY No. 4. (NEEDLE 3rd GROOVE).

(Expensive business this, at nigh on £1 for each Throttle Valve).

Hence the final settings were:—

NEEDLE JET—109.

THROTTLE VALVE CUTAWAY—No. 4.

NEEDLE POSITION—3rd GROOVE.

MAIN JET—390.

(Note—The Induction System is 7.375 ins. long, from Carb. Bellmouth to centre of Crankcase Induction Tract., i.e., 4th Bridge of Inlet Port from Transfer side).

With these last settings, acceleration is vastly improved, compared with that of the 151/206 Amal, throughout the entire engine range, and a slight bonus in top speed has also been observed.

Rev. Counter readings indicate a minimum smooth tickover of 2,150 rev per min.; the engine pulling extremely well from 2,400 rev/min. upwards.

I can quote no values at present for fuel consumption, on a long run, but my weekly mileage to the "Salt Mines" consists of 86-90 miles through London traffic on two gallons of 5/3d.

Incidentally, the only drawback which I have encountered so far concerns starting on cold mornings; a feat which is nigh impossible unless the pint-and-a-half sized float chamber is filled till petrol gushes forth from the top, (a painful sight), after which 4 to 5 swinging kicks infuse life into the brute.

Finally, enough clearance exists around the carburettor to enable removal of either the throttle valve/needle assemblies, or the main and needle jets, without disturbing other ancillary fixtures.

Yours sincerely,

H. C. HARRISON,

(Hon. Sec. Alperton-Wembley, D.M.C.C.)

THE YOUNG PERSONS GUIDE TO THE SUNBEAM SPRINT

by Tom Bellamy

On the last Sunday of each April and September, a rather Hogarthian knot of people cluster around the Undercliff at Ramsgate. The occasion is the Sunbeam Sprint and in observance of this sacrosanct ritual, very many vintages of machinery bear equally varied vintages of spectators to a be-shuttered, sleeping out-of-season Ramsgate.

The first migratory swarms of spectators darken the roads around Ramsgate in mid-morning; hanging Buicks manned by youths with snakes crawling up their ties, bulbous-nosed trucks of doubtful origin with, for the time being, immobile "Jap" and Triumph specials swinging alarmingly from their tailboards, "young bloods" on "Goldies," old warriors on cherished Broughs and Ridges with sidecars made out of old prams, all make their irrevocable way into the town's outskirts, peopled, seemingly, only by spinsters with powerful-looking mastiffs, and ultimately finding their way down to the hot-dog seller on the sea-front.

Undoubtedly, the hot-dog seller enjoys the most privileged position for viewing the activity around what would be called the "pits" or the "paddock" in more sophisticated spheres of racing, but here, I am not sure it is called anything. It is merely a separate area and its separateness is contrived by the utilisation of the ornamental Victorian sea-side railings, additionally reinforced with liberal stretches of chesnut paling. That the barrier is more psychological than physical in its effectiveness is very apparent as powerfully-proportioned grandmothers and frail-looking booking-clerks help to push the big Vincents into action. Regrettably but understandably, this practice had been checked on past occasions by beady-eyed marshals—in addition to the deterrents offered by the palings and the show of Victoriana, so that the big Vincents were pushed, not nearly so successfully it seemed, by pukka mechanics. From the hot-dog man's vantage point can be seen all this and a lot more besides; the unloading of the specials from the tailboards of the snub-nosed trucks, no longer swaying now, but unleashed and pawing the air like greyhounds with the scent; the donning of sweaty leathers; anxious men cradling wheels in their arms like mothers with babes in their efforts to remove obdurate sprockets; the rapid conversion of white crash helmets into multi-lined grey with the aid of scrabbling-tar-black hands; the brewing of tomato soup and coffee on ex World War II Anderson shelter patchwork quilts and the contribution of their twin smells to an atmosphere already heavily charged with "Castrol R."

The sprint is divided into the usual capacity classes, but within these classes, the machines are refreshingly different. It is not unusual for a bike with an up-to-the-minute, get-away fibre glass fairing as lithe looking as Barbara Hepworth sculpture to be followed by a vintage machine with its stringy network of straps and tubes, so pierced and incised as to be seemingly inadequate for its mad headlong premenade flight. The Bert Snashall Rex 250, the Dr. Bayley Douglas and Ossie Neal's Scott are all pre-1930 machines falling into the latter bracket, and yet a third category comprises an element of horrific space fiction in the form of the Bill Vragg Triumph engined "perils" with their twitching, elongated snouts.

In fact, the "Suntcam" is in many ways like a stage set with a long, diverse but nerve-tingling drama enacted throughout the afternoon. There are milder characters and there are the fantasy characters and there are the tempermental "prima donnas" like the big Vincents which contrive to steal the limelight on the stage. For the sheer spectacle of a seat-gripping, heart-rending performance, there is nothing to equal the showing of Methanon, the overbored, super-

charged Vincent outfit in full flight. In between acts, they stalk and sulk near the hot-dog man as if speculating on the theatre critic's comments in the succeeding day's press.

Although motor-cycle history has now some sixty years to its credit, the Scott still contrives to resemble nothing else made in this period, and would it be intolerable self-delusion to believe that here, as in any place where Scotts perform, some of that old original T.T. magic still persists. In between rides Ossie Neal will be found spinning the rear wheels whilst an oil can is directed on to the chain or stroking the plugs with a rather vicious-looking wire brush. In the background conspiratorial seers mutter incantations such as "longstroke rods" and "short-stroke barrels." Then the potion is finally mixed and with a push from the seers, the Scott is at the starting line with a throaty gurgle and magic is about to be performed. If the Vincents are the prima-donnas, then the Scotts are the warlocks.

Other mighty marques perform as the afternoon wears on; the radial Rudes and the camshaft Velocettes and A.J.S., beetle-black in their anonymity and with their exposed valve springs busily knitting and stitching and casting-off, run like clockwork; so do the fore-and-aft Douglas examples with their deep leisurely beat; then there are the equally endearing mongrel mixtures which end up with Super-market get-yours-now names like the Nor-Vin and the Tri-Nor.

When the 250s that have had their third attempt are harnessed onto the side-car outfits and vans, the ground-sheets are gathered up, the hissing primuses are extinguished and the first members of the long twisting spinal chord of traffic are on their way home. The hot-dog man sees all this and more besides.

MIDLANDERS VIEWPOINT

by S. E. Thomas

Despite pouring rain, nine intrepid Scott riders gathered at Atherstone for our third annual Main Road Trial. Among them were such long distance men as Lofty Avis from Southend, George Stevens from North Wales and Mr. Lemon from Surrey. Notably present were the two speeders of Mr. Witlock and Stan Greenway. I think special praise should go to Stan, who was not afraid to use his beautiful Veteran machine, for although it may not be the very best veteran model in the club, he has not allowed it to sink into "static display" status.

Each man was despatched upon the seventy mile route, unaware that fourteen marshals were ready to pounce upon them in laybys and country lanes, and it was to be a long time before the first mudstained riders returned for their hot refreshments and tea.

The route was not too difficult, although about half the competitors managed to get lost at one time or another. The real sort-out lay in the various tests en route, for all these were designed to lay emphasis on good riding ability and roadmanship. The whole affair was conducted in a serious manner, and everyone agreed to the finish that they had enjoyed the challenge of this type of event rather than the "social run" affairs that we have had in the past.

The winner, Mr. E. Lemon, will be presented with the Scott Cup at the Rally in September, which he will keep until the following Rally in 1967 (if he doesn't win it again, that is). Both he and Mr. Avis, the runner up, have received part one of George Stevens' excellent volume "Made to Limit Gauge."

While on the subject of George's book, I have just received my copy, and I am convinced that this effort on George's part is surely destined to be the finest and most thorough publication in the history of Scotting. Let's hope it is not long before we can get our hands on part two.

The A.G.M. was well turned out although there was virtually no representation from the Midland Section. Things ran smoothly until we reached the main point of issue—election of an editor. With George Stevens unwilling to continue in that position, we stand to face a very grave danger of losing the fine quality of our magazine. Perhaps we have been too ready to accept the *Yowls* that came through our letterboxes so regularly, without much thought for the great efforts that go into each publication. Now it is up to each of us to make the effort to forward some material to assist the new editor.

Geoff Lee is making provisional enquiries into the editing of future magazines, and will report his findings to a specially called National committee meeting, to be held soon.

At the A.G.M. I was elected as your new P.R.O., and I shall devote as much time and effort as I can to the furtherance of our club. To this end then, can I appeal to you all to let me have details of any articles etc., in magazines and newspapers or the like, where mention is made of Scotts and/or our Club, so that I may follow them up if possible, and thereby make some representation of our Club, on your behalf?

THE '66 RALLY—OR STILL “GUILDING—”

If your enamelling has proved a success, and there is no reason why this should not be so, if you paid sufficient attention to the undercoating, and had a really smooth surface before applying your final coats of paint—you have your tank lined and transfers affixed—you can then commence to give attention to the most important stage—that of plating.

The same problem arises as with enamelling—that of filling rust pit-marks etc., for the final quality of the plating rests with the finish of the metal. If you have facilities for copper plating, this should not be too difficult, for pit-marks can be obscured by a heavy copper deposit, which can be “rubbed” down before plating.

There are one or two firms now selling “home plating outfits,” or again a plating vat is not too difficult to construct and operate, and our final part will describe this in detail.

There are also several firms who would undertake this task, but you are warned that the cost will vary considerably so scout around and get estimates first from as many as you can. So many regard fans as cranks with deep pockets, and so try to take advantage, but you can reduce the cost by preparing your own parts for plating. It is the time that you are paying for and this can be costly.

It may be far cheaper to replace small nuts and bolts by new ones, but of course there are certain ones that cannot be replaced in this manner without losing “originality.”

A “must” in tackling this job is an electric drill and a rubber finishing pad, together with medium and fine discs for sanding.

We should add that if you are inexperienced in this—put in a little practice on some scrap material before passing on to your beloved Scott parts. When you feel confident, pass on to the work in hand, but keep looking at your work and make sure you are not bearing too heavily in any direction.

Small wire brushes, or files, will enable you to get into nooks or crannies.

The finish of the parts determines the quality of the plated finish, for each pit or scratch will show in the finished article.

If you do not feel like tackling the next task, the construction of the plating vat etc., then having prepared the ground in the manner described plating by professionals should not be too expensive.

For polishing aluminium, use three grades of emery cloth, and metal polish. If it has a reasonable finish—a final polish can be put on it by using a piece of hard rubber, such as a part of a footrest rubber.

A point to remember is that the Vintage Club have now extended to machines twenty-five years old, and it may well be that certain events will now be available to post-vintage Scotts, and of course in the not too distant future, all Shipley built models will be within this category.

Of chrome plating—more next time.

Werrington Barn Farm,
Davids Lane,
Werrington,
Peterborough.
23.2.66.

Dear Sir,

At your invitation for articles for *Towl* and the believed unique "Crankcase in two parts Scott," I am sending you a short treatise. It all started in 1930. Our local cycle shop changed hands and all old stock was to be sold. At the tender age of 16 years I rushed in to buy a 1922 Calthorpe Jap 2½ h.p. S.V., for £1. I hadn't enough money to purchase the A.B.C. at £5 and disdained the Fafnir at 5/-. After learning to ride the Calthorpe I was offered a 1922 Levis single speed in as new order which I also purchased for £1. It belonged to our local village baker, who hadn't ridden it much because working in the bakehouse he always got pneumonia after a trip.

One of my first rides on the Levis was to Syston Park races and that did it. I think I caught the germ from J. G. Richards. At any rate only a Scott was for me after that day. Very few Scotts were owned locally, but after many enquiries and much searching a 1925 Super Squirrel was located and bought for £15. This machine (XO6405) was reputed to be the machine used by Phil Vare for race practice in the I.O.M.. It certainly appeared to go like the wind. I should think about 60 m.p.h. in low and perhaps 80 in top, but I soon found the engine bearings very worn and the whole machine very intractable. For all its shortcomings I had the Scott disease pretty badly and after selling XU6405 at a small profit and not being able to afford a new machine, (a two speeder cost £55 you know) I wrote to Scott factory to enquire if they ever had any second hand models. Back came a reply from Charlotte St., London, written in *Green ink*, noting my requirements. About a month later another letter, still in the characteristic green ink, saying my requirements were to hand, i.e., 1926 Super Squirrel, overhauled and guaranteed at £17 10s. 0d.

Only waiting to grab Stormgard, goggles and helmet, my brother and I left at once by car for London. Arriving very excited at 78, Charlotte Street, we were disappointed to find the machine YT3143 in pieces and not ready for collection. A week later the bike arrived at Walton station. I ran all the way to the station with a beer bottle full of petrol and soon arrived home in great joy. What a difference! This machine was everything good a Scott could be. Later in the year a very light aluminium sidecar was fitted. Local clubs joined and many reliability trials entered. Some with success. All with reliability and enjoyment. After 2 years of most enjoyable motorcycling I degenerated to the ranks of car owner. Perhaps the degeneration was not complete. The car was Bugatti.

In 1954 I ceased Bugatti motoring and returned to Scotting. My first acquisition was a 1929 Flyer since augmented by 1926 Super and 1929 Replica.

and then my friend Fred Watson found, in an obscure carpenter's shop in mid Wales, the unique 2 part crankcase 1912 Scott. The crankcase is made in two halves, split vertically and bolted together. Was this done as an experiment in lower costs? One rumour I have heard is that it was an experimental racer. One of Harold Scott's slides of Scott history shows a 1914 racer engine divided in the same way. The frame of my machine is typical: oil in frame. Oil filler near steering head. Square hole radiator tubes. Engine No. is 1370. Water cooled cylinder heads. The two speed gear has the hub made in two halves, bolted together, ratios very close, 36 tooth low gear sprocket. The mudguards and handle bars are distinctly sporting, no carrier fitted. I am now rebuilding this most interesting machine, but unfortunately at some date a pair of late model front forks and wheel were fitted. Can any reader help me to locate a veteran wheel and forks please, and enable me to get this grand old Scott on the road again?

Yours truly,

FRANK SERJEANT.

Dear Mr. Stevens,

I thank you very much for your letter of the 3rd October. I am sorry to have been so long in answering, but I seem to be always caught in our present day rat-race in this town Birmingham. I envy you living in your Wales.

I cannot remember much about the London Scott Club unfortunately. I joined in the early '30s when Messrs. Kelly & Kitson had showrooms in Charlotte St., London. A few names, however, I can remember. There was young Joe—who tuned in the basement of Charlotte St., and could always be heard using his "Birmingham Screwdriver." Mr. Kelly was the most likeable Manager, from whom I purchased a reconditioned 1929 T.T. Replica. It had a close ratio box and I rode it until just before the last war.

Mr. Dark Grey West (who became my brother-in-law) was another member who was—and still is—a great Scott enthusiast, a wonderful rider and one of the most intelligent men I have ever met. He was well acquainted with Mr. Jenks of the Mercury fame and Alan Ward. Another member was Sandy Gamble who had a side-car outfit "to take nurses out for a ride" to use his own words. I remember riding in Cricklewood one day about 1937 or 1938 after just trying to "set" the Pilgrim oil pump. I was doing about 60 m.p.h. down Melrose Avenue (where I lived) "trying to blow the oil out" when I was passed by a police car and waved down, at which I stopped and sat on the bike almost shaking, thinking how much I should have to pay for speeding. Four policemen slowly came from the police car and one spoke: "What are you doing? Trying to put a smoke screen around Cricklewood?" To which I replied, "Oh no Officer, just trying to get the oil pump working correctly." By this time the four policemen all stared at the rep., as if they had never seen a "Scott" before. Suddenly the silence was broken, and one said "Is it for sale?" To which I replied with a bit more confidence "Oh no." Then it seemed they all spoke together. "We have been trying for ages to get hold of one of these "Scotts," great bikes aren't they." "Oh wonderful," I replied, now that my heart had resumed its normal beat and I could see that I was the centre of attraction. So then I proceeded to tell them all about "Scotts" and giving them the Charlotte Street address. After a long chat we all parted reluctantly like old pals and they even thanked me for stopping and telling them all about "Scotts."

My first "Scott" I purchased from Pride & Clarke for £4 10s. 0d., about 1931 or 1932; it was a 1925 3-speed BO9720 at the time of buying it. It was in a non-running condition so I had it delivered and worked on it. One day I gave my father a lift on the pillion. I was travelling at about 50 m.p.h., when

he shouted in my ear, "If you don't slow down I shall get off and walk." This to me was very amusing because he was 6ft. 2ins. in height, weighed about 16 stone, extremely broad shouldered, and he must have looked quite funny on such a small low bike. Also it was the first time he had ever been on a motor cycle at all.

After looking back I really must buy another Scott—sidecar this time as I am now fifty-three years of age.

Well, I hope you can read my writing.

Best wishes for now,
ROGER HENRY WOOD

NOTES ON THE A.G.M.

held at the Red Lion, Whitehall, on Saturday, 7th May, 1966.

Only 5 people were present at the official starting time at 7.30 p.m., so business was not commenced until 8.00, by when 22 members had arrived. "Guv" (Norris Johnson, the original Club Secretary and founder) appeared at 8.05—just in time to take the chair!!

The Minutes of the 1965 meeting were read and approved, and then reports were read out by committee members. The Treasurer told us that 190 subscriptions had been renewed up to and including 7th May, so there are still about 110 "non-members" yet to cough up. The Secretary reported that only 5 entries had been received for the sprint, but that an event had been planned for that brave select few. The Club agreed to spend £3 14s. 0d. on a club tent at the Woburn Rally of the B.M.F.

By 8.40 p.m. some 33 members (including the committee) had turned up, and there was a break in the proceedings for refreshments. When discussion continued at 9.30 p.m., a further 7 had joined the throng, and 40 proved to be the maximum attendance. Not too bad for a small club. September 11th was chosen, provisionally, as the day for this year's National rally at Evesham. The award of the President's cup was left open, to be decided during the next few months. The George Silk Shield (for "services to Scotting") went to George Stevens for the second time. A new award was presented by Glyn Chambers, this being a beautifully made wooden shield bearing an enamelled club badge on a chromium plated crank. The committee will decide when and how this shall be awarded.

One by one, new committee members were proposed and elected, all but one post having been re-filled by 10.10 p.m. This last post was that of Editor, and although discussion continued until well after 11.00 p.m., no volunteers or conscripts could be found. The post is left vacant, members Geoff Lee and Tom Bellamy saying they would study the work involved before making any promises. The new committee is as follows:—

President:

HAROLD SCOTT

Vice-President:

MATT HOLDER

Chairman:

- Ron Mountain, c/o 17, Surrey Street, Brighton

Secretary:

- R. RAWLINS, "Drayton Beauchamp," Farley Hill, Swallowfield, Nr. Reading, Berks.

Treasurer:

- R. A. E. AVLOTT, "Notre," Church Lane, Headley, Bordon, Hants.
(Telephone: Headley Down 3003).

Technical Correspondent:

- D. AVIS, 3, Bosworth Road, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Membership Secretary:

Mrs. D. AVIS (address as above).

Spares Secretary :

N. SLOAN, 123, Kenton Lane, Kenton, Middlesex.

Public Relations Officer :

S. E. THOMAS, 17, Arkley Road, Hall Green, Birmingham 28.

Social Secretary :

E. LEMON, 7, Belfield Road, West Ewell, Surrey.

Registrar :

† J. HOBLEY, c/o The Crown Agents, 20, Arcade Chambers, High St. Brentwood, Essex.

Editor :

• VACANCY. (G. LEE & T. BELLAMY considering the job!).

Northern Secretary :

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

Stowmarket,
Suffolk.

Dear Mr. Stevens,

Your letter made a very pleasant surprise for my 60th birthday.

Yes, I rode in the Isle of Man in '26 and '27. It was then known as the Amateur T.T., but as practically every one cheated and had the support of the makers it was changed I think in '28 or '29 to the Manx G.P. Mavro and I had some success in the '26 Inter-varsity hill climb which was watched by the late George Kitson—a director of Scotts—and who invited us both to ride in the Amateur T.T. that autumn, all found except hotel bills. I had 3 weeks at Salt-aire building my own bike up under Jim Capstick and Frank Varey, who later became famous on dirt-tracks. I stayed with Harry and Connie Langman in Bingley. Harry and Jim Capstick came over to Ramsay to manage us and generally tell us what to do. The race as far as I was concerned was uneventful except that I seized the engine at Ballaugh bridge on the first lap. This led to well lubrication in later models.

The next year was a tale of misfortune for me. On my first practice lap I came off in a most undignified manner in Ramsay Parliament Square of all places, right under the noses of Harry and Jim and about 100 Ramsayites who were Scott fans to a man. No one spoke to me at breakfast. There were six Scotts in the race that year ('27). Mavro (who incidentally was always called Have a tomato) Ferranti, George Limmer, Prescott and myself and Lomas. I'm told it was a great sound hearing all of us yowling up the mountain together in the early morning with open exhausts.

I had a fright at Craig-na-ba one morning. We could do almost 100 down the mountain, and were quite as fast as the push rod Nortons. Anyway when the moment came to brake nothing happened as oil had come off the rear chain and into the brake drum. In the afternoon papers' commentary on the day's fast cornering: "Seen this morning at Craig-na-ba, by far the fastest was P. Stables (Scott)." Little did they know!

In the race itself, run in pouring rain, a Norton rider got into a wobble just as I was about to pass him after the Gooseneck—fell off and his bike shoved me through the wire fence on the right leaving me under the Scott revving away like hell. He picked himself up and left me to my fate, stopped at the Bungalow and said I was dead. I never liked Nortons or their riders! Limmer was 2nd and Ferranti 3rd. Lomas had his front wheel come off just short of Hillberry but survived. Now I think of it—I don't think Mavro did ride that year.

If I can help you with any more data I should be delighted to help.

Yours sincerely,
PAUL STABLES.

SCOTT O.C. ROAD TRIAL 24th APRIL, 1966

(Thinly disguised as Road Courtesy Rally).

by *Kitty Stevens*

Entered the Ex-Peter Arnold Scott-Bitza with engine circa. 1936 and later frame. Teles but rigid at the rear end. Ghastly red tank and acres of chrome.

After a week of snow storms and biting winds we were not looking forward to the first long trip of the season. Plans were to go down to Atherstone on the Saturday night and stooze around the country near Market Harborough to find a pleasant country Inn. Saturday morning dawned wet and windy and not very encouraging.

By mid-day the weather had improved a little, the rain had stopped and the sun was quite warm. George fitted the pillion footrests and a new battery, we clambered into our gear and set off from P-y-G at 2.20 p.m.

Our route lay along the A5 right to Atherstone. The run through Wales was very pleasant. Rivers all in spate, and clearly visible through the still naked woodlands.

Once over the border we found the road surfaces became steadily worse, Made a leisurely journey, reaching Atherstone at about 5.40 p.m. Weather remaining good except for a high wind.

We explored the Leicestershire countryside and found nothing but miserable villages, flooded roads and coal tips. Decided to make for Atherstone again where "We'd at least be able to get a hot meal." We toured the main street and all the back streets, and found not a single respectable-looking hotel, and only one grimy egg-and-chip joint. Hastily consulting the map, George decided to make for Nuneaton, the nearest sizeable town.

Nuneaton was a nightmare of one-way streets, but at last we found a passable hotel (The Bull) and got dinner and a room for the night.

Next morning George spent about half an hour doing cleaning and maintenance in the hotel car park. (Most salubrious surroundings—dustbins, beer-crates, etc.). Reached Atherstone at about 11 a.m., in a steady drizzle which soon increased to a downpour. Nine competitors arrived in time for the start. Stan Greenway on a nice veteran, Mr. Whitlock on an open frame model and a special with an enormous grey tank. Lofty Avis, Tim Masséy, Barry Hares, the chap who won last year and one other whom I can't remember. Les Langworthy came in a car to see the start.

At about 12.30 Ginger gave us our instructions and route card. We were allowed to go off in our own time, and there was no set speed.

The rain soon stopped, and we got down to the business of fathoming the route. About a mile from the start we were led round a little square, returning by the same route we came in. Three other competitors were also engaged in negotiating this square, but all seemed to come from different directions and depart by different routes. Very puzzling! For a time we managed quite well, found solutions to the various questions on the card, and George gave satisfactory replies to marshals' queries on highway code, "guess your tyre pressures" etc. Then, shortly after a check point, we made a mistake. Unfortunately, the next three directions worked out perfectly, and we were lulled into thinking we were still on course. It was only after we had done 7 miles down a main road, in search of a roundabout, that we began to have doubts. We began to retrace our route (a very difficult matter) and actually passed Ginger's brother at the lunch stop! More by good luck than anything else we eventually traced our way back to the control and then started again. The Scott had an irritating habit of cutting out when running on tickover, and did this whilst we were de-

bating the merits of a muddy farm road—we'd already had one excursion into a front garden, much to the surprise of the lady owner....

Some minutes were spent getting the Scott into a going mood again, and then we proceeded. With no further adventures we reached the lunch control, about an hour after we'd passed it for the first time. Officials seemed reluctant to believe that we had not opened the sealed envelope supplied to all competitors to guide them to civilisation if they became hopelessly lost.

We sat in the car park chatting to other competitors, and saw Stan Greenway emerge from a side road and hare off in the wrong direction—obviously looking for the roundabout that had fooled us. Shortly after, Mr. Whitlock returned from a similar excursion (not looking too pleased). One of the other competitors had been forced to open his envelope, so the possible winners were but a small group.

Ginger had intended us to have an hour's break here, to enable marshals to return after waiting for lost competitors, but it was already 3 p.m. when we arrived, and we'd planned to set off for Wales at 4.30 p.m. Ginger very kindly did a spot of reorganising and sent us off at 3.30 p.m. It was at once apparent that the advantage a competitor enjoyed in having a pillion passenger could be more than offset by the time taken in arguments between the two team members. We did the first $\frac{1}{4}$ mile three times, returning to the start and arguing loudly—much to the delight of other competitors. At last we settled our differences and got on with the course. We were a little dismayed to find last year's winner (a very astute man) approaching from the opposite direction, but had by this time discovered that Ginger, with fiendish cunning, had produced three different route cards. We carried on, and solved some more clues, George locating our position on an Ordnance survey map in about 15 secs. on demand at one control (this astonished me, I'd never have managed it in three hours).

The next part of the route was planned to create the maximum confusion: tenth right turn, where would you end if you took the next right turn? (Foul End was the answer on the signpost); 2nd right turn. This last direction confused me, and we took the 2nd right AFTER Foul End. Once more, the instructions worked out for a few miles, and then we realised our mistake. Retraced back to Foul End and began all over again!

At about 4.30 p.m., we came upon Ginger operating a slow test in a lay-by. After completing the test, we explained that we should not be able to stay at the finish to partake of the tea and pies etc., but would make off smartly for home. "See you at the A.G.M. or the T.T.," we said. "O.K.," replied Ginger, "I'll see you before that."

The cryptic nature of Ginger's remark was not immediately apparent, and we proceeded gaily for about 5 miles: L at T, R. at T, R. after "Swan," R at X Rds., R. at T, L. at T, L. at T it went as near as I can now remember. We were looking for the answer to EVA . . . ? when we came upon a couple of marshals (EVA were the reg. letters of the marshal's car, and I remembered to fill in the appropriate numbers). George was then asked,—after spending all day rambling about the most muddy, wet, narrow and twisty lanes in Britain—"In which direction would you go if you were asked to find the most direct route to Atherstone"? (wonder if Marshals are insured against attack by competitors?) This was not, however, the worst thing. We were given 60 seconds to memorise the route card, and then that friendly, familiar object was snatched from us and we were instructed "To retrace the route exactly, in reverse direction, until stopped by a marshal."

It seemed so easy to memorise when the card was in our hands, but the moment it was gone, confidence and memory vanished together. The first three directions we managed, but then we were floundering. We remembered the "Swan," and found it without much trouble, hoping all the while to find a friend-

ly marshal to wave us down. After the "Swan," it began to dawn upon us that Ginger would be the marshal, and we had to find his layby again. By a stroke of good fortune we saw another competitor emerging from a turning, but this was not necessarily the direction for us to take—Ginger had already taught us better than that. We explored the road ahead, and found no familiar landmarks, so decided to take the lane from which the competitor had recently emerged. We were in luck and triumphantly rode into the layby, only to be greeted with "You've lost 5 marks for not keeping exactly to the route—you came in at the wrong end of the layby." We didn't care, we considered it a miracle ever to have found the place at all.

It was now 5 o'clock, and we were anxious to start our journey home. Here again, Ginger's masterly organisation came into play: we were given a shortened route card which took us to the finish at Atherstone by a direct route. We handed over our card to the marshal, commiserated with Tim Massey who had opened his envelope of emergency instructions, and by 5.30 p.m. were back on the A5 on our way home.

Traffic and weather conditions were fairly good, and we made satisfactory progress. A little north of Shrewsbury we made a brief stop for petrol and a snack. A coach party rolled in, a few hairy motorcyclists also. All seemed interested in the Scott, and the remarks were generally approving—that red tank has great appeal. One youth gave his opinion that there was £300 worth of motorcycle there: how we wished he'd make an offer! Another youth was generous enough to give George some instructions in tuning. Naturally the Scott took this opportunity to become sullen, and it needed about a dozen kicks and copious flooding to get her to life.

From Llangollen to Betws-y-Coed we felt rather chilly, except when a fat soggy car pulled out of the opposing lane and came towards us at high speed, pulling over again only just in time and after we had done what braking we dared.

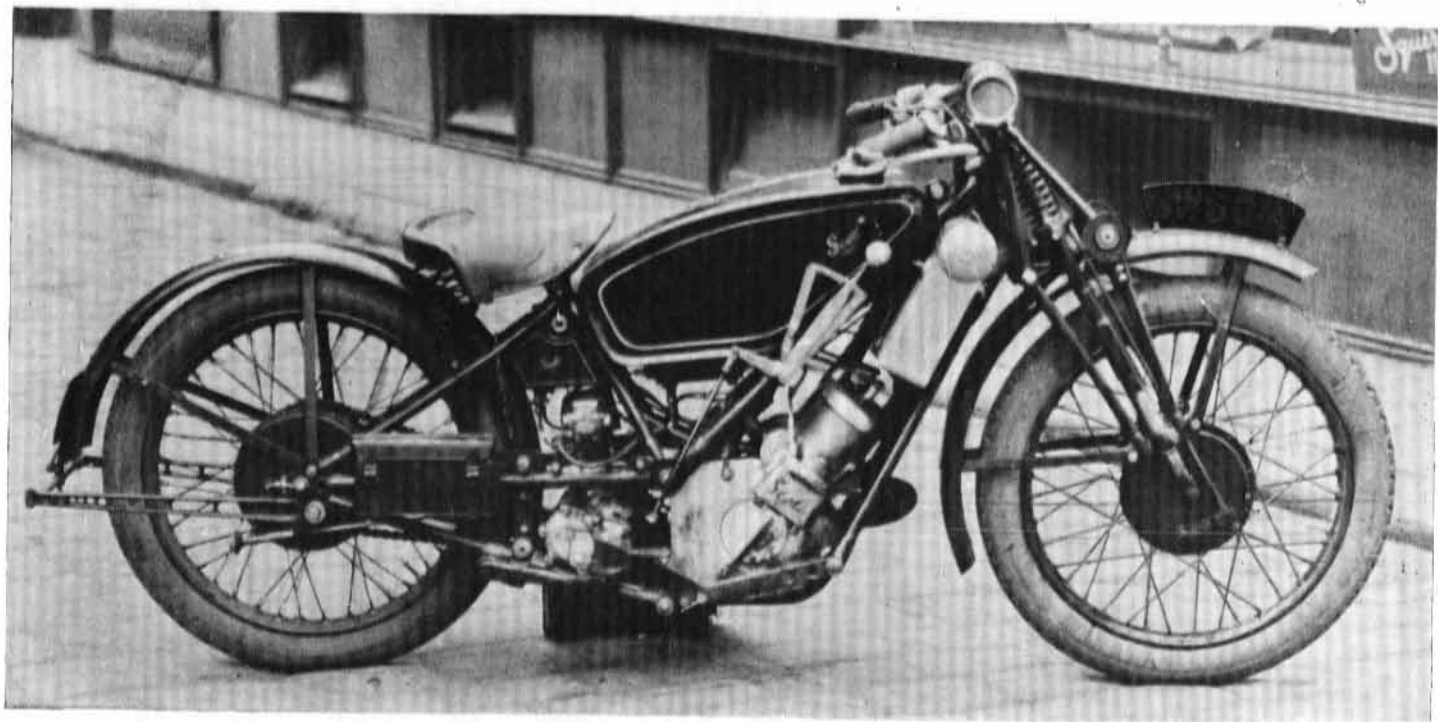
As the Scott had only "token" lights we were anxious to get back before dark, so made what haste we dared. I think the needle was on about 50, and the motor droned on monotonously, scarcely changing note for bends. After Betws we felt warmer again, and near Capel Curig had a little light rain. Used lights in the gloomy Nant, but once in the Ogwen Valley the setting sun gave more light. We reached home at about 8.55 p.m., tired, stiff and hungry but having enjoyed the trip. Ginger's Trial, we agreed, was the most ingenious and well-organised we had ever entered. What a pity there were more Marshals than competitors!

For Sale: 1950 Flying Squirrel frame, Webb front forks and twin leading shoe front hub. Will separate. Good condition. Offers to T. Piper, 2, Roseberry Cottage, Freshwater Bay, I.O.W.

For Sale: Completely rebuilt Shipley Scott. New bars, controls (ball-ended), cables, electrics, etc. New wheels with chrome rims and Avons. Dowty's, dualseat and trip speedo. Excellent condition and appearance. Price of £53 includes crate of spares (tank, radiator, sprockets, etc.). Picture and details to any genuine enquirer; collection/delivery by arrangement. Clearout of numerous Scott parts of all years and models—send for list. G. Stevens, "Pen-y-Graig," Coed-y-Parc, nr. Bethesda, Caerns. Tel.: Bethesda 512.

SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB. MAIN ROAD TRIAL 1966. RESULTS.

<i>Entrant</i>	<i>Route Card One</i>	<i>Tyre Pressure Test</i>	<i>Highway Code Test</i>	<i>Map Reading Test</i>	<i>Route Card Two</i>	<i>Highway Code Signs</i>	<i>Slow Speed Test</i>	<i>Sense of Direction Test</i>	<i>Route Memory Test</i>	<i>Emergency Envelope Opened</i>	<i>Total Points Lost</i>
Lemon, E., Surrey	0	2	3	0	0	3	2	3	5	0	18
Avis, D., Southend	0	5	6	0	0	6	5	0	0	0	22
Stevens, G., N. Wales	0	1	0	0	0	0	13	6	5	0	25
Moppet, A., Birmingham	0	2	0	0	3	21	0	3	5	0	34
Hares, B., Oldbury	0	3	9	0	3	12	3	0	5	0	35
Marfell, A., Birmingham	3	0	15	5	0	15	13	3	5	25	84
Greenway, S., Leamington	2	0	15	5	5	9	15	6	5	25	87
Whitlock, Birmingham	2	1	15	5	5	12	15	6	5	25	91
Massey, N., Stoke-on-Trent	2	2	6	0	6	27	15	6	5	25	94
Maximum Points possible to Lose	6	10	15	5	6	36	15	6	5	50	154



One of the 1928 T.T. Scotts—the first to incorporate the “longstroke” engines. The flared fuel-and-oil tank set a fashion that lasted over 20 years.

TECHNITIPS

104. As reported on a slip inserted with the last *Towl*, Tom Ward of Derby now has spare synthetic rubber seals for Dowtys. Riders may find it difficult, however, to obtain the special Schrader valve-cores needed for these forks. (The ordinary type do not incorporate oil proof rubber). Don't worry. With a little ingenuity and some pieces of neoprene, it is possible to modify Schrader "Air Checks" to suit. These extra-short cores come in tiny tin boxes of six, and the catalogue number is No. 8500. Neoprene is available from most model-makers' stores and shops, and may be punched out in circular plugs by means of thin-walled metal tubes, filed sharp at the end.

G.T.S.

105. "Electro-plating for the amateur," by L. Warburton, was published by Percival Marshall & Co. in 1950. If you are following the current articles by Ron Mountain, it makes a very useful reference work indeed; and for anyone seriously rebuilding to V.M.C.C. *Concours* standard, it will be invaluable. It's out of print, but your librarian will find a copy if you worry him hard enough.

G.T.S.

106. Certain early models had a pair of manual drip-feeds on the small oval oil tank. A much more substantial mounting for each feed, which normally screws into a threaded collar which is in turn soldered to the wall of the tank, may be made by soldering a length of brass tube right across the inside of the tank, using each end to carry a threaded collar. Three or four feed holes must be drilled at the middle point of the tube, to allow oil flow.

K. W. LACK

107. On most models a rear-chain shield of alloy or stainless steel can be fitted to the inner side of the existing chain guard, in the form of a flat sheet extending down below the lower run of the rear chain. This will be found to give protection to the chain and prevent water washing off the lubricant.

K. W. LACK

108. The "Lightning Gripstart" screwholder is a very useful gadget for starting awkward screws in inaccessible threads. It costs 9d. and is made and distributed by Elms Garage, Rednal Rd., Birmingham 31.

109. Scott riders who live in soft-water districts have no problems when it comes to topping up the radiator. Where the water is hard, however, it is worth using demineralised or distilled water for this purpose: over the years it avoids a choked radiator core.

T.T. TOPICS

Rumours are always plentiful as T.T. week approaches. So far, the press has told us that a 350 c.c. Scott may appear in the Junior; and several guesses have been made concerning the rider. Trevor Burgess, Barry Scully and Gordon Keith have all been named. Whoever rides, let's wish him the very best of British luck in keeping the most famous name in racing twostrokes alive in the Island. Another rumour—quite unofficial, and probably groundless—was that Herman Meier had offered to tune a 350 c.c. Scott, and to *guarantee* a place on the leader board, at a fantastic price!

Dear George,

I was immensely, one could say unreasonably, proud of my first Scott, a 1929 Flying Squirrel, which was rather battered, and had passed through many hands. I was also very enthusiastic, full of doubtful information, rather thoughtless and, obviously, very young.

On this particular occasion I was returning home from the Yorkshire coast, with my close friend who was Rudge mounted, older and (fortunately) wiser than myself. A few miles north of York, we rapidly approached two dejected looking young men pushing an ancient, spindly looking side valve machine, which they were taking to York station. I depressed the kickstart and a most curious clanking came forth. Silently the owner prized a crumbled looking piston out of his pocket. This rather put me out of my stride and successfully cut short my proposed lecture on side valve engines, their advantages and disadvantages. (I must have been an insufferable youth in those far off days).

It thereupon produced my tow rope, as it was an unwritten law never to leave a fellow rider by the wayside, hitched it solidly to his forks, and set off for York.

My companion, of course, followed with the other fellow on his pillion. Full of the joys of Spring, I gave the Scott, which was running on sidecar gearing, its head, and by utilizing the downhill bits, and peaking in the gears, we proceeded at a fair rate of knots.

Outside York station, we bade farewell to the strangely silent pair, and resumed our journey home, I, full of good spirits at having done my good deed for the day.

It was several years later that I realized the poor lads' strange silence was, no doubt, due to sheer terror. I bet that old side valve steered like a camel; at the end of a tow-rope probably a nightmare! Undoubtedly they would much preferred to have pushed!

In spite of an excellent magazine, which gives us every opportunity, I do not think we members of the S.O.C., pass on information of our technical modifications, additions, and experiences to anything like the degree we should.

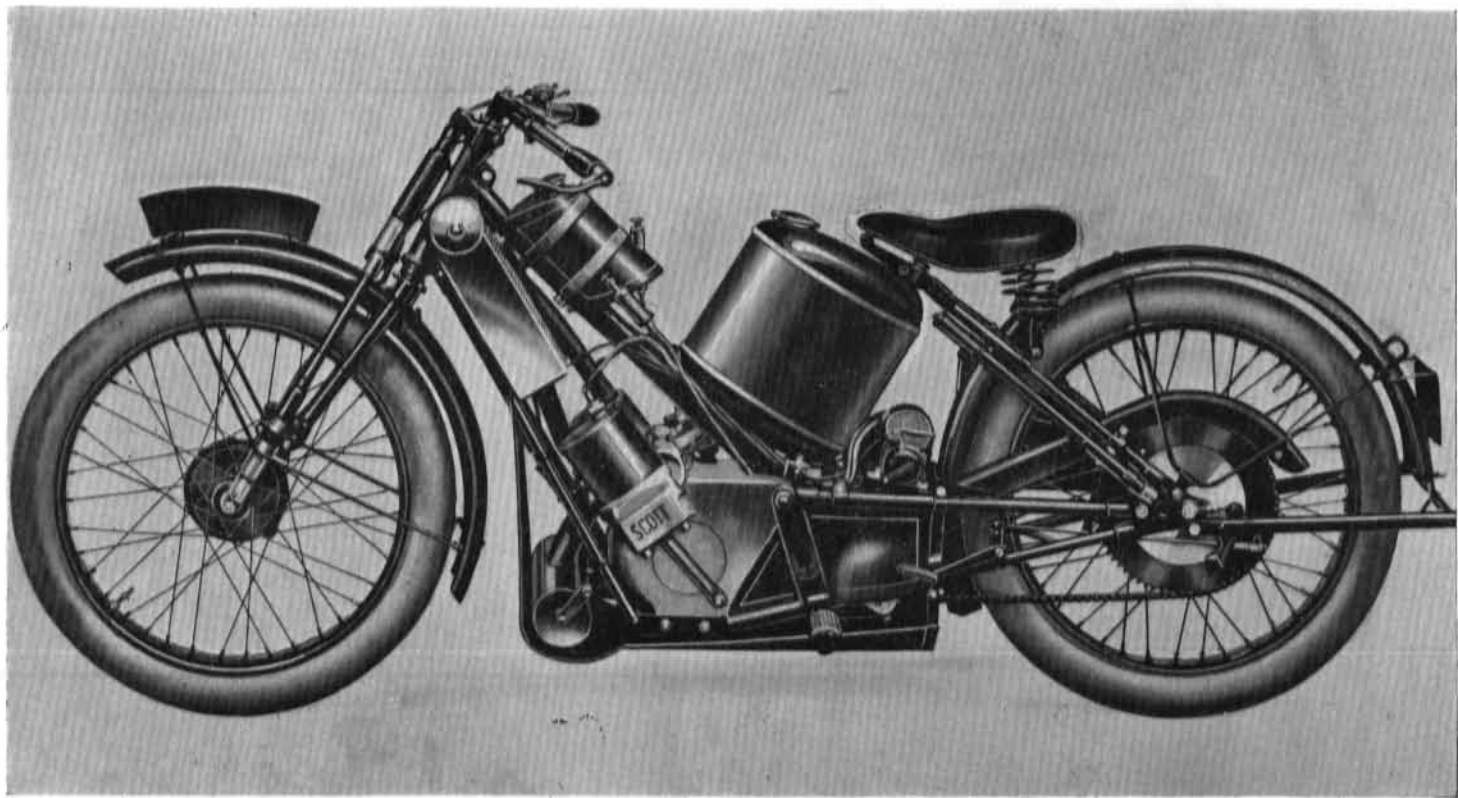
There are possibly several reasons for this; some folks, are naturally modest, and don't think their ideas merit magazine space; some shy away from putting pen to paper, and some don't like to admit spending a lot of time on something which has been of little practical advantage. One wonders how many owners have spent countless hours perpetrating the same errors, over the years.

Perhaps it would do no harm to publish details of mods and alterations which did not work out as intended! I have seen several types of carburettor, including a Bowden, and car types, fitted to Scotts for touring purposes, but have never known any comprehensive details to be revealed.

Experimental exhaust systems must have been legion. Incidentally, my eldest son once fabricated an exhaust system comprising two expansion boxes which fitted under the crankcase and terminated in two tail pipes which contained perforated tubes and glass wool as per Burgess. The middle stand was removed and the fixing holes of same held the expansion box strap. Ground clearance was much reduced, but was O.K. for roadwork. Preliminary tests were carried out, performance seemed all right, but the system was hurriedly removed because at tick-over the bike became a kind of mechanical bag-pipe!

However, here's hoping these few jottings will produce some comment and details of your successes, part successes, and failures.

J. E. MATHER, Carlton, Notts.



A works' publicity photograph, retouched for catalogue illustration purposes, of the sporting 2-speed "Squirrel." It was based on works racing machines of the period and consolidated Scott's reputation as the liveliest two-stroke made.



Ernie Mainwaring astride one of the special works T.T. Scotts made for the 1927 races. Note the lighter-than-usual forks, cylinder wall oiling and "two-in-one" exhaust pipe—lagged with asbestos. The crankcase on this special engine had a smaller rear extension than the standard motor, thus pushing back the whole unit in the frame and allowing a lower radiator mounting.

(from "T.T. Two-stroke," published last year).

STOP PRESS

The T.T. has been cancelled, so Island fixtures are non-existent. The Scott stand at the Woburn Rally was very successful, with vintage and modern Scotts on show. The display (1925 2-speeder and Dave Handicott's all-white sidecar outfit, engine parts and Scott publications) was crowded during the whole day. No details of the Scott sprint received at time of going to press. Matt Holder's new address is at Carver St., Birmingham, 1.

Geoff Lee, of 9, Coniston Gardens, Eastcote, Pinner Middlesex has agreed to take on responsibility for the next issue of "Yowl." All copy, adverts and other material for the August Magazine should be sent to Geoff at that address. Future plans will be published in due course.