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THE JOURNAL OF THE  
SCOTT OWNERS' CLUB



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(continued on back page)

## COMMENT

The report on the A.G.M. will be held over to the next issue which I hope will be a special New Zealand issue giving full report on their National Rally which had a good representation of Scotts and if certain work can be carried out in time, to give you illustrations of the machines that interested the crowds.

When the report of the A.G.M. is given, you will see that once more I have the task of preparing the Journal, so for 1975/76 I look to your support once more. I have held one or two fairly lengthy articles submitted by our regular correspondents in order to ensure space for current topics and whilst I sought out suitable photographs for illustrations, so to those whose contributions have not yet appeared, the next issue should see publication of all material now held.

I hope that that will also be the signal for those who have not forwarded details of their machine etc., to make the effort, for without contributions from members my task becomes impossible.

There are a host of events that will have passed by before our next issue appears, the Banbury, The Windmill, Tour of Birmingham and certain racing events to name but a few, so reports would be more than welcome.

## THE CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR AWARD

Don't forget to forward your nomination to Jack Tanner of the Midland Section in time for selection to be made before the National Rally.

Remember that all members of the Club are eligible for this magnificent Trophy, so if you feel that the assistance rendered by any other member is deserving of recognition, send your nomination off now.

## COMING EVENTS

- July  
20 — Puttenden Manor Rally (W. Kent)  
— Black Mountains Run (S. Wales).
- August  
3 — Whitby Run.  
16-17 Fairford (Glos.) Steam Rally.  
24/25 Bishops Castle Steam Rally.  
25 — Merton Concours D'Elegance.  
28 — 6000 Loco Association Open Day, Hereford.

## THE COVENTRY/BRIGHTON RUN 1975

The 1975 Run was a most successful event and was rewarded by pleasant spring weather.

The entries were perhaps slightly up on the '74 Run, and so was the Scott section, which ranged from J. Hodges 1927 Scott to W. F. Buskell's 1936 Scott.

Peter Waring's eye-catching Silver Beauty was again on hand to enthral the crowd. It must shed the dirt in the same way that it tots up the mileage.

An unusual machine was W. F. Buskell's 1936 Scott, with Brampton bottom link forks and Hemmings head on the block. The run from Coventry must have been a simple task for this machine, for it bore legends of many far-away places.

We presume that it was W. F.'s brother who was mounted on a 1914 Wall's Auto-wheel. For the uninitiated, this was a small four-stroke attachment driving a small wheel, which was bolted on to an ordinary pedal cycle, a fore-runner of the post-war boom in cycle attachments. The gallant and hopeful rider of this machine left Coventry at about 8.30 a.m. and arrived at 8 p.m., having had to pedal the last twenty miles or so! This feat however, obtained for him two awards, and the crowd showed that both were well earned. However, I feel that he has seen the light, and the '76 Run may see him Scott mounted, as the aforesaid Auto-wheel has been seen to be advertised for sale!

Colin Heath was mounted on a machine that must have been coveted by many. A 1932 Reynolds Special, not in the class of the "Faulkener" Special seen at a recent Rally, but nevertheless still sufficient to show why Dr. Parodi called it "the most beautiful motor-cycle in the world". Needless to say, this machine was fitted with the plunger type rear springing and of course the distinctive shaped wide Reynolds radiator.

Other entrants were S. Harris of Cookham, 1930 Scott and last but not least, Brian Harding of Hemel Hempstead whose 1935 Scott 'built from a box of bits' took the Scott Challenge Trophy, just elbowing out of place, Peter Waring's 1930 model. (Can't fathom out how Glyn Chambers came to miss *that* boxful!!!).

## ANOTHER REEVES (W)RINKLE

### (Overhauling 2-speeder rear brakes)

When I came to reline my rear brake I found that some previous owner had drilled holes in the shoes outside, bringing the edge of the hole very close to the edge of the shoe. I decided to try and bond the linings myself.

First, I washed them in petrol (it wasn't 75p a gallon then!) then scored them with a hacksaw blade to make a key, then boiled in household detergent to remove all grease, taking care not to touch the face where the linings fit, with my fingers. The next item was a coat of Araldite on lining and shoe, putting together and pulling tightly down with copper wire round shoe and lining, putting the lot into a moderate oven, (after taking the lunch out) and leaving for 30 minutes or so.

They were then left to cool overnight. Next day I chamfered the linings and completed the assembly.

This was done two years ago, and has given no trouble.

G. R. Reeves.

## "A TOUCH OF TWO-WHEEL MAGIC"

by Geoffrey Hancock

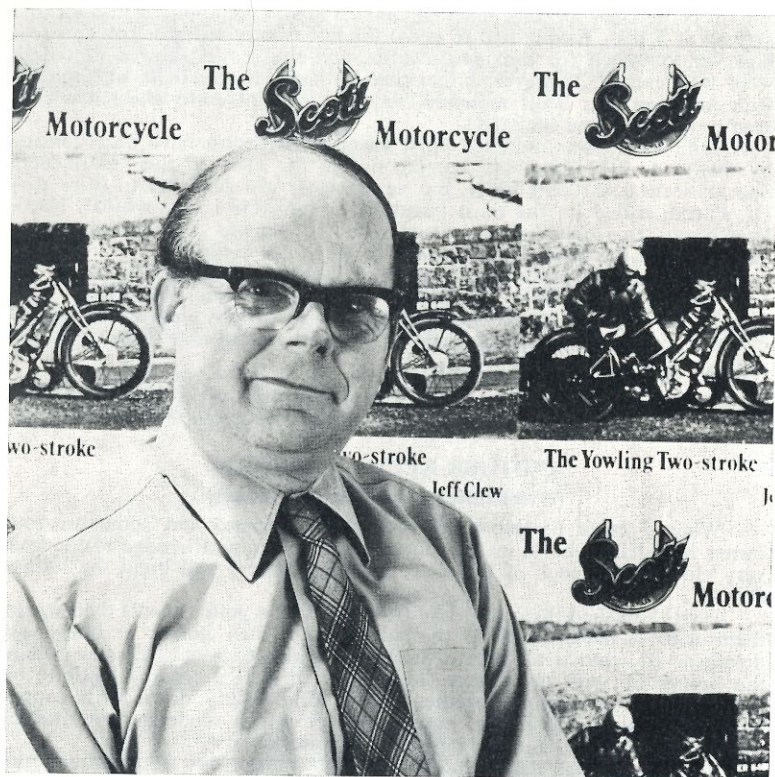
(From Birmingham Evening Mail, 24th April, 1975)

Limited production of Scott Motor-cycles at Bromford Lane, Stechford, helps keep the famous name alive.

A made-to-order situation operates at Aerco Jigs & Tool Company where Scott enthusiast Mat Holder flies the flag to the delight of enthusiasts the world over.

The name Scott is too steeped in motor-cycling history to die, but the Birmingham output, little though it is, gives an extra vibrant touch to some magic in motor-cycling.

Full justice is done to the treasured name in "The Scott Motor-cycle" (G. T. Foulis £4.25) a book which is aptly sub-titled "The Yowling Two-stroke".



The Man of the Year—Jeff Clew—with the jacket to look for at the Book Stall.

Author Jeff Clew has marshalled his facts in such masterly style that this must surely, be the official Scott history to fascinate lovers of fine old bikes.

Harold Scott of Leamington, a nephew of the illustrious Alfred Scott, writes a foreword.

Some of the pictures come from his priceless collection.

## THE 1975 BURNSALL RUN

Glorious sunshine greeted us on Sunday, 4th May—ideal weather for Scotting and indeed, it brought out a good assortment of two and three-speeders, along with several four-strokes.

After our usual assembly in Burnsall village we made our way through Threshfield to our second gathering point at the start of the green lanes section. Here we held a timed hill-climb on a semi-rough surface—several very good climbs were made including a very quick ascent by Ernest Lister on his 1926 two-speed Scott and sidecar—he got a really good start and was quicker than most solos. I think I noticed his sidecar wheel actually touch the ground a couple of times!

A short way over the climb the surface became rougher and many deep narrow ruts caused trouble with our limited ground clearance. Several riders decided to turn back for various reasons, but not the bold Ernest, he tackled the various hazards with a vigour and enthusiasm that makes it hard to believe that he bought the outfit new in 1926 and has owned nothing else since—how's that for participation? (Do they breed 'em like that in the South?).

The route then took us, as usual around Malham Tarn, up and down some very steep, narrow, twisty lanes into Arncliffe village, then via Kilnsey Crag to Burnsall where we worked out the scores and eventually announced the winner—none other than Ernest Lister. The runner-up was Ivor Slack of Sheffield who received a cup kindly donated by Ernest to celebrate his fifty years exclusively with Scotts, and we were also to present a small cup from Ernest 'for keeps' to a worthy recipient, and who could be more worthy than Ken Lack, who we were all happy to see on his lovely Scott Super this year? (I must point out that Ken very rarely gets out on his Scott now, as he is so busy doing jobs for other Scott enthusiasts. We really do appreciate it Ken!).

It wasn't Dr. Robin Steavenson's day—he had the misfortune to suffer two consecutive punctures on his way to the meeting and consequently spent most of his time doing repairs. We were delighted to have none other than Bill Bradley with us once again—he celebrated his 90th birthday the previous weekend, and today was doing a grand job with his enthralling stories of his motor-cycling life with many fine photographs to illustrate.

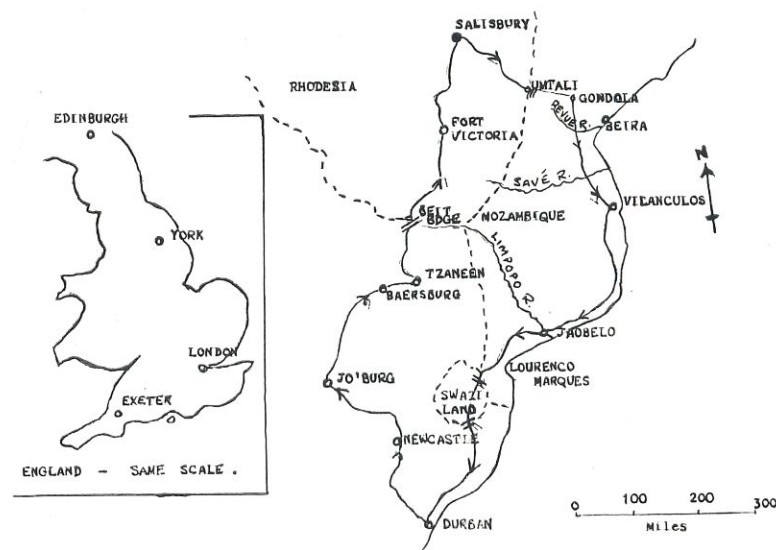
Well, this year was a clean sweep for the yowling two-strokes and the elder Scott men.

Well Graham—if you come up from Surrey on your Scott next year you *should* take the Trophy back with you!

## VINTAGE RUN-AROUND

When there is a road, and you have a motor-cycle—there is a challenge! It has been my wish, for many years, to take a vintage machine down through Mocambique on the new road cut through the bush from Gondola to Vilanculos, and the likelihood after the Commies take over in June seemed pretty remote. The Durban-Jo'burg run gave me a splendid excuse—Mocambique would only add a few kilos above those needed for the direct route and I'd be able to buy petrol over the weekend too, so—really—I'd be saving a couple of days! The hours dragged on Friday, I got away from work as soon as I decently could, loaded my gear on the back of the 1928 Scott Super Squirrel, tied a jerrycan of petrol on the side and headed eastwards. A miserable damp drizzly rain made conditions a bit unpleasant (I've never yet found a way to keep my specs clear) and I hadn't got very far before I had to light the lamps. LITERALLY—the Scott is still on acetylene. I couldn't make better than 20/25 m.p.h. as I had to keep cleaning my glasses and any on-coming headlights completely blinded me. There was no moon either, and by the time I'd gone 100 miles I'd had enough for one night. The Motel at Rusape—The Crocodile Inn—was convenient, and made me very welcome with cold brandy and super hot bath, comfortable bed . . . all at reasonable cost. An early call, breakfast in my room and—best of all—clear skies ahead, got me on my way and by 9 a.m. I was across the border. Found no problems entering Mocambique, where a friendly official issued me with an insurance policy and wished me a pleasant journey. I filled up with unrationed petrol and headed towards the coast . . . but not for long . . . just past Vila Machada I came upon the (notorious) Frelimo check-point by the bull-ring where heavily armed troops signalled me to stop. As I had no contraband aboard I wasn't worried, but it WAS a bind to unpack all my carefully stowed belongings and spread them out on the road. Then turned out my pockets as ordered—I thought I'd kissed goodbye to my "Swiss Army" penknife, but the searcher obviously had second thoughts and turned away. (Frelimo higher-ups are rather "hard" on any of their troopers caught out looting travellers). The English-speaking "political" at the checkpoint then wished me a very pleasant journey and waved me on. All very polite—but I'm GLAD I had no concealed weapons with me!

I continued without incident passed Vila Pery and Gondola, hoping to fill up somewhere near Inchope, but when I reached the turn-off for the new road a passer-by told me the first petrol station was down on the Revue River so I had to back-track to Gondola to atnk-up, adding an unwanted 30 kilos to my journey. With full tank, jerrycan and Castrol tin I had five gallons aboard—sufficient for 300 miles with  $\frac{1}{2}$  a gallon in reserve—and with the Scott purring happily along and a clear road ahead I was as happy as can be. An excellent road, by the way, except in a few odd spots where heavy trucks have broken through the tar, and I cruised at 45 m.p.h. for mile after mile. Practically deserted—I only saw half a dozen other vehicles during the whole day—so if you should break down you are truly on your own! The road passes through thick forest and, apart from the trees, there's nothing at all to see. Rhodesia is often described as "miles and miles of B . . . all", but *this* is SCORES of miles of B . . . all. Before very long I'd reached the Revue, no need to fill up again yet, might as well push on for the next 100 miles to the Save River before I stopped. Now I thought things might get interesting, this stretch used to be a dirt road through the bush and lions were often encountered, but no longer, the only wild life I saw was an odd monkey or two, a big old Marabou Stork preening himself at the roadside and later, in the gathering dusk, a

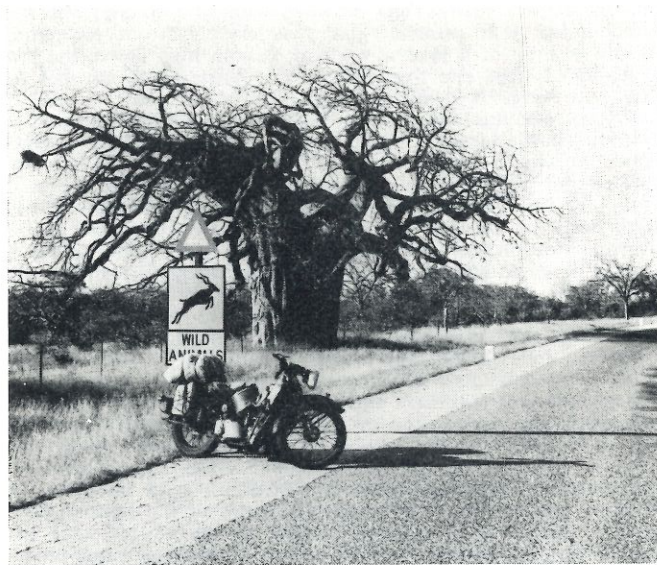


small black and white animal which came charging out to attack my front wheel. (Can only have been a Ratel . . . Honey-Badger?). A few movements near the road verges gave a hint of buck scuttling away but there was no sign of any spoor on the road and I might just as well have been travelling a Hampshire bye-way! Across the Gorongosa River, and next the Save River—by a very impressive bridge (which I did not dare to photograph). The Toll-gate just waved me through and the military check-point ignored me, so I didn't tarry—especially as the Petrol Station looked deserted—but, with lamps burning brightly, continued southwards. My speed dropped after dark, but it wasn't raining and with the help of a quartering moon I could get along at 35 m.p.h. quite happily. No problems—just topped up my tanks from the reserves and stretched my legs from time to time. One filling of carbide was enough, but the lamps were dimming when I reached Vilanculos and the comfortable hotel, where I booked in without difficulty. I'll admit I was a bit tired—the day's run had been more than 400 miles and I'd had the bother of border formalities etc. to cope with, whilst I'd been sitting on the Scott for a good eleven hours: since early morning I'd had no sustenance and it was a bit too late for "room-service"; down in the village a very lively Saturday-night party was starting up and if I'd been 30 years younger I'd have been sorely tempted, but I'm too good, too upright . . . too OLD—so I went to bed to fall asleep to the music of palm-fronds tacking in the soft night sea-breeze beneath my window. I awoke at dawn to watch the sun rising in the Mocambique Channel and breakfasted on the patio overlooking the yacht-basin, packed my gear, filled the lamps and petrol tins and sped across the sand-dunes without a backward glance. From now onwards I was on the old section of road—all

tarred, but VERY bumpy—and I was more than glad of my tightly fastened kidney-belt. Nothing exciting in the way of scenery, but the countryside is more developed and I constantly passed through Coconut groves and Banana plantations, refuelled at Maxixe but could get no refreshment for myself as the Cantina wasn't open (Sunday mid-day) so I just rode on and on through the afternoon and into the evening. Reached João Belo at dusk, was charged one escudo (3d) to use the causeway and submitted to a military search. As soon as I was clear I had to light the lamps and, in the absence of any moon, rode on rather cautiously as the road verges were not at all "hygenic". Some places, if I'd gone off, it would have been into a ten foot hole! After a couple of hours I got to Macia and spotted a Cantina. No luck—they were out of beer, out of vinho, out of everything . . . still, I was able to get petrol. Might as well push on for another 100 miles to Lourenco-Marques. I got half-way there, but passing Manhica I saw another cantina and here I found beer. A great big bottle of cold "Manica" and a day-old thirst. Bliss? NO-NO-NO . . . Cat-pee would have tasted better! I sunk it down, as I'd no idea when I'd get another drink, (my water bottle is for the radiator) topped up the carbide, and got on my way. Somehow I'd started a gas leak which I couldn't cure and the lights kept giving trouble, in the end I gave up, found a clearing alongside the road and bedded down for the night. Although it was a bit chilly I kept warm enough (all I took off was my helmet) and I had an undisturbed night. But remarkable, for Africa, not even the distant bark of a dog or call of a jackal; I didn't even hear bats squeaking and nothing moved on the road except for a V.W. Kombi creeping along completely without lights in real "resistance" style. It was rather pleasant, no petrol smells but just a scented "jungly" odour and a clear star-lit sky, but I began to get a bit itchy as the Portuguese sand-fleas climbed over my boot-tops and then enjoyed a meal of fresh Rhodesian beef. Flea powder—that's one of the essentials I'd forgotten! Mosquito repellent kept my worse foes at a distance but, as the sky lightened I stirred myself and as soon as it was fully light I moved on, reaching Lourenco-Marques about 7 a.m. in the middle of the Monday morning get-to-work traffic crush. I know I was scruffy and unshaven and didn't want to waste time so I just skirted the town, down by the harbour, and headed for "Fronteira". The road westwards proved a real shocker. Probably carries heavy dock traffic and never gets properly rebuilt. It was a relief to be stopped for a while for the accustomed search and then to turn south onto a quiet "country" road leading to the little-used frontier post at Goba leading into Swaziland. The relief soon disappeared when I found the road was wet. I don't know what the road-makers use down there, decomposed schist I suppose(?), but I'd give it a more appropriate name! More slippery than old leaves on wet chalk—and that's TWICE as slippery as ice! The old Scott went every way except upwards and the 20 miles of colonial going was quite "hairly". At last I got to Goba, where a somewhat bewildered African avidly read(?) every page in my pass-port, carefully re-read his regulations and, to the relief of both parties, waved me on. One yard only and again—"Open it." The final Frelimo check! Into Swaziland with a feeling of relief where a polite Customs Official received me efficiently and sent me off on a "Pleasant Journey". I doubt HE has ever ridden a rigid frame Vintage motor-cycle on gravel roads! Still—the Swaziland DIRT roads are a good deal smoother than the Portuguese TARRED ones—I made good time and was half-way across the country, at Big Bend, by lunch time. There's an excellent hotel there, on the hillside high above the road, where I pulled in for a wash and my breakfast. A BEAUTIFUL cold beer, followed by an immense dish of green salad and a pot of coffee left me replete but not

soggy. To speed me onwards I had the good wishes of mine host, an ex-gunner officer, who enthused about the Scott and called out his son to see a REAL motor-cycle! By two-thirty I was clear of gravel roads and hurtling down the "North Coast" highway into Zululand, but now, on the rich diet of South African petrol, the Scott objected physically—and whiskered a spark-plug. I richened the mixture as much as I dared but the same problem occurred intermittently until I got back to our Rhodesian brand of spirit. Otherwise, the old lady continued to run perfectly and even cured, of her own accord, a slight radiator leak started on the Portuguese "main" roads. Down past Hluhluwe game reserve and St. Lucia Estuary; I'd probably have stopped at the Zululand Safari Lodge, which has been well recommended, but a large truck and trailer blocked the turn-off and I kept going past Richards Bay just in time to book the last available room at the Forest Hills Hotel near Mtuzini. Quite excellent—rooms, cuisine and CELLAR, gained my full approval (and the cost was only half what I'd had to pay for the same in Scotland). In the morning I was able to appreciate the lovely Rafia-Palm trees growing in profusion thereabouts, while if I'd the means to carry them I'd have stocked up with the locally made baskets and mats (cottage industry productions) which look really beautiful. Better I've not seen anywhere. I was in Durban before lunch-time (now Tuesday)—so my Mocambique plan, thanks to the Scott reliability, had paid off; I needn't book in for the Rally until Thursday! I felt fine, and the Super Squirrel was obviously "likewise", so we carried on past Durban right down the South Coast to Port Edward and, having promised myself a feast of "Sea-Food" we stopped off at the Crayfish Inn. Now, this monologue does not set out to be an Hotel guide, but I fully endorse all that has been said and written about the "Crayfish". A living museum—in fact it's really TOO crowded with exhibits and one becomes bewildered unless that printed "guide" is claimed from reception. The "hotel" side is a bit of a joke . . . I had a room high above the road, up narrow flights of steps and overlooking the Quarter-deck, my hot tap ran cold—and vice versa; I never DID get the shower hot . . . BUT those Knysna Oysters and the huge platter of crayfish grilled in butter and washed down with a ½-bottle of well chilled sparkling rosé "Cold Duck" (odd name for a splendid wine?)—that's a meal I shall long remember. A bucket of warm water the night before had enabled me to get the worst of the Swazi mud off the bike and after a quick rub down we were presentable enough to head for Durban. Reg Hardcastle had offered me a bed, and a long overdue ride on his Scott 2-speeder and I could settle in his garage for an hour or so to get ready for the Scrutineering. However, I found I couldn't ride the 2-speeder—Reg's throttle works in the opposite direction and the older carburettor needs constant adjustment, but after the ride I'd just accomplished my throttle hand had stiffened up and I'd lost all power between index-finger and thumb. (Even now, a week later, I only hold a pen with difficulty). The rest of my time wasn't wasted, I cleaned up all the frame and fork lugs and had a good search for cracks, topped up the gearbox and replenished my chain oiler. No need to adjust chains and just a "touch" on the newly relined rear brake—and this after 1500 miles or hard going! SOME Machine? After a good night's rest I left the Scott for inspection whilst I carried out some shopping errands for the family and we were set to go. The story of the Durban-Johannesburg trial is something of its own, suffice to say at this stage that the Scott sailed through except for the failure of one sparking plug which broke in two from "heat shock" (That was the only replacement needed on the complete tour). From Johannesburg I headed homewards, stopping en route for a quick look at the Kleinjukskei Motor Museum north of Rand-

burg. This is worth a longer visit and I'll make a point of doing so as soon as possible. A layout equal to any European Museum I've seen—although, naturally, not the same profusion of vehicles, whilst the show of Brass-radiator Fords could only be bettered in America! A lovely "Brighton Run" 1900 Daimler and a knock-kneed Oldmobile would keep me happy . . . Bugattis, Bentley . . . a pity I couldn't make a list, but writing is too laborious and painful. However, I'll go again, whilst YOU, if in the area can spend some interesting hours browsing around. Midday when I left—then a hot and tiring 100 miles to Warmbaths for coffee and petrol. That night just short of Pietersburg—the Ranch Motel. Another to receive FULL marks. (Expensive, but good value nevertheless.) It was here I got into conversation with a young couple (The Jones's) touring the Eastern Transvaal with their BMW 90 "S". They'd run the whole weekend on a tankful of fuel and had only just gone on to reserve! (I wish the Scott had a thirst as modest as that—but she's nearly as old as I am—if that means anything?). From Pietersburg it's only 85 miles to the border and, rather than arrive there at the heat of midday I made a short diversion to Taneen which gave me the view of Magoebaskloof at it's very best . . . mmm . . . I can STILL smell those pine trees! Coffee-break at the hotel right at the top of the hill and then head homewards. Crossed the border just after 2 p.m. and it was still hitting over 110 degrees across the river flats; even the wind up the sleeves of my riding jacket was super-heated. Reached the Buby river just after five, to find the hotel full up (School Holidays). Onwards for another sixty miles to the next, at Lundi River, with the same results. After the scorching midday heat the temperature had drop-



Four countries and 2,700 miles, much over African bush roads, in two weeks. Neil Smith's much travelled 1928 Super.

ped 40 degrees and by contrast it was remarkably chilly, so I didn't fancy "camping out". Reached Fort Victoria before I found a bed, just as the pub was closing, and to the profound astonishment of a late reveller I blew out my lamps and called it a day. Tomorrow would be an easy 200 miles and I'd be home—a little over 2,700 miles in a matter of eleven days on a 47-year-old motor-cycle with never a hint of serious trouble, encountering a wide variety of road surfaces and passing through three "foreign" countries without a hint of drama!

Would I do the same again? Well—if I had a modern machine and wanted to go south for the "Buffalo" I think the answer'd be yes, but not on the Scott. Every year I follow a slightly different route down to Durban and see a fresh part of Africa. I still have a number of alternatives up my sleeve! But if I DID go through Mocambique again on the Scott I'd plan an easier time schedule, take camping gear to keep expenses down, and spend a bit more time sight-seeing and taking photographs. This year I had a real "Yankee Express" tour and missed a lot—not even time to see the Rand Show and the motor-cycle pavilion plus Honda *Gold Wing*. Now, I just wonder if Honda would lend me one for road test on the same route?

N. Smith.

## SPARES SCHEME

Glyn Chambers

We have now been going for one year with considerable success, but now we must move on to bigger and better things. I can only talk of batches of parts in terms of £100 or less, whilst other clubs talk batches of £1,000 or more.

My biggest disappointment has been with main roller bearings which, as you know by now are almost unobtainable: after much negotiation with one firm I managed to get a quote of £2,000 per 120,000 to be made in Germany! Other firms were only interested in quotes of at least a million and I had hoped that our dealers might be interested, but I am afraid the deal has fallen through.

The alternative is rather painful. We have purchased a large quantity of  $\frac{1}{8} \times \frac{1}{8}$  rollers at very reasonable cost and we are going to grind the length down, radius, and de-magnetise — the cost will be anything up to 50p per roller, instead of the 2p per roller, had we been able to have made the deal.

However, on the brighter side, we have, or will soon have, the following new lines:—

Special rubber for making post war cush hubs at £1.75 per length to make at least ten rubbers and a few spares.

Unplated 2 speeder tail pipes £2.

Beautiful water dome jacket, slightly heavier than standard £12.50 in finished form or £9 for a very clean casting. (These are very special items).

We have now sold out our second batch of Flyer chain guards all going to scheme investors. However, a new batch is expected soon.

2 speed Super guards in stock and those valanced guards expected soon. Those 'Potty' Brampton links are being done — sorry for the delay.

### YOWLING IN GERMANY

When I returned from the 1974 Evesham Rally (maybe some S.O.C. members saw a newer BMW with SOC badge on its fairing?) I intended to drop a few lines to the Editor of Yowl to give the members of the Club an impression of the Scott scene over here in Germany.

Many reasons held up this intention but receiving the last copy of Yowl (which is always very much looked for) I feel that I have to do my duty now.

There are a number of Scotts over here, some 10 to machines in all, I guess, ranging from one two-speeder to a George Silk tuned post vintage machine.

Some of the Scotts can be seen in Vintage events here and there, especially in the few races we have since two or three years.

Let's tell you how I became involved with Scotts. Some years ago I met an old motor-cyclist who knew me, preparing a racing NSU prototype car in his neighbourhood. I had just finished racing cars myself because of increasing costs and family as well. Always having been playing on sporty engines I looked for the like in the bike region and, one day Wilhelm, the old rider, invited me to have a look at his bike (BMW R61 cum left hand sidecar!) I then used a Victoria V35 Bergmeister (Hillmaster) on the road. After a long talk on the subject of modern motor-cycling, the discussion turned to gone by times. No wonder because Wilhelm was in the age of over 70 then. He asked me whether I had ever heard of Rudge and when I nodded he opened a shed door. In the dark behind a hill of things of all kind an old headlamp twinkled. Some days later we brought the bike to the daylight, after two hours work carrying away a scrap dealer's delight. It turned out to be a 1930 Rudge Special, rather rusty, but not in too bad state. Another two days work on the Maglita and Wilhelm had a go on the road! To shorten this story — Some police car brought him up; it took all our strength of conviction and the help of neighbours plus a forty year old driving licence to get him out of trouble. Wilhelm presented me with the Rudge, and after one year of work, one day I rode the bike to his home, "as it was formerly" he stated gladly.

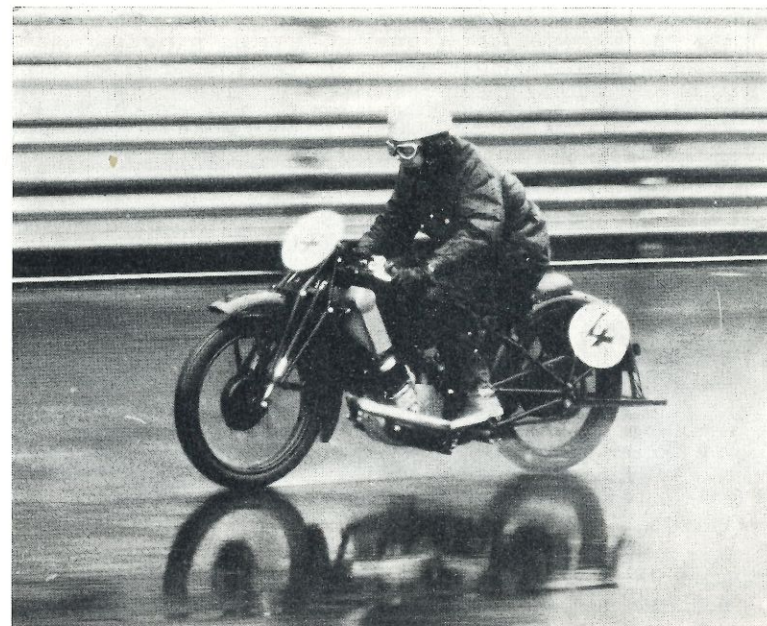
This is also the start of the Scott story: Wilhelm had a close look at the Rudge, then turned to his sidecar (which is an English one and first attached to the Rudge) and came back with a Scott crankcase PY2987, broken into three big pieces. He asked me to have a look at it and told me that he had for several years tried to find a good welder to get it repaired, but without success.

I remarked that there wasn't any need to ballast a sidecar with Scott crankcases and received a grin and the crankcase to take to some welding people. When I returned the repaired case, Wilhelm found that it was a good job and he then climbed to his garret, bringing own a heap of motor-cycle parts, of to me, rather peculiar construction. Having finished his hard work, he waded into the heap's direction and said "This is a Scott Power Plus T.T. Replica, you know, take it, it's a racer, you may use it."

I just knew the Scott name by fame and had never seen or heard one, so with mixed feelings I carried away the bits.

During the winter I discovered the features of Scotts, and listed a missing piston, clutch, no handlebar controls, bent Scott girder forks, worn bushes, bent wheels, a faulty Bosch magneto (which Wilhelm found under his bed when I told him of the missing parts etc).

Hunting intensively, but with no success for the missing parts over here, I heard of the Scott Owners' Club, and saw a copy of Yowl. This got the ball rolling. I became a member of the S.O.C., went to England to meet



The quickest vintage machine at Nurburgring—Klaus Krekschumar's T.T. Replica showing its paces.

the late Tom Ward and see his beautiful two-speeder and to listen to his words. I went to Sam Pearce, became friendly with Ken Lack of Sheffield who helped me in a great way and who has seen the Scott at my home in the meantime and admired the great enthusiasm of George Silk and team. Maurice Patey had the original filler caps—and one great day 'my' Scott made the first gallop for a long long time. I was greatly impressed by the pulling power of the engine.

I took the bike to some Vintage rallies and then I brought it to the Nurburgring in 1973 to take 2nd place in a vintage race.

In 1974 I fell off at Hockenheim and broke a few ribs (because of a faulty magneto that didn't keep the timing) causing the engine and back wheel to lock in a fast right hander.

At the Nurburgring a few weeks later, she proved to be the fastest vintage bike amongst an entry of 28, including such great names as Rudge, BMW, Sunbeam, Sarolea, DKW etc.

At the moment I'm busy preparing the bike for the 1975 season.

She received a foot change during the winter that I bought from Phil Hill of Sheffield, the box has been fitted with needle roller bearings and an oil seal has been fitted on the clutch side. The Bosch magneto has been replaced with a Lucas device; now I have to make a new brake pedal.

First races will be the G.P. of Austria early in May and at Hocken-

heim one week later.

For touring I now use KA 8079 instead of the BMW now, she is probably known as "Bird of the Wilderness". She's a 1927 Flyer with short stroke detachable head cylinder conversion. I bought her from Kenneth Irvine of Dromore, Northern Ireland, but now carries a German number plate.

On this occasion let me thank all people mentioned or not mentioned here, for help and advice. They all gave me great pleasure in helping to keep the Scotts running.

**Klaus Krekschumar,  
Barnheim, West Germany.**

#### NEW LINES JUST FOR YOU

The Badge Secretary wishes to state that owing to the good offices of Andrew Marfell, he has available a limited number of tool box transfers for 1927/28 Flyers. (Those with a tool box shaped like a figure '7' hanging in front of the rear mudguard, from brackets under the saddle).

Price 25p each PLUS s.a.e.

Also small Scott Shipley limit gauge transfers as fitted to late vintage 2-speeders. These are priced at 5p each, PLUS s.a.e.

Both these items are "one-off" items and probably will not be repeated.

Also available, a brand new line and most useful in view of the new 'visibility' laws—fluorescent headlamp covers inscribed "Scott", in two sizes, 7 in. and 8 in.—price 60p each including post and packing (Don't forget to state size required).

Also new machine badges—even better quality than the first issues. £1.75, plus a new line in small lapel badges—25p each, don't forget postage, if you're ordering by post!

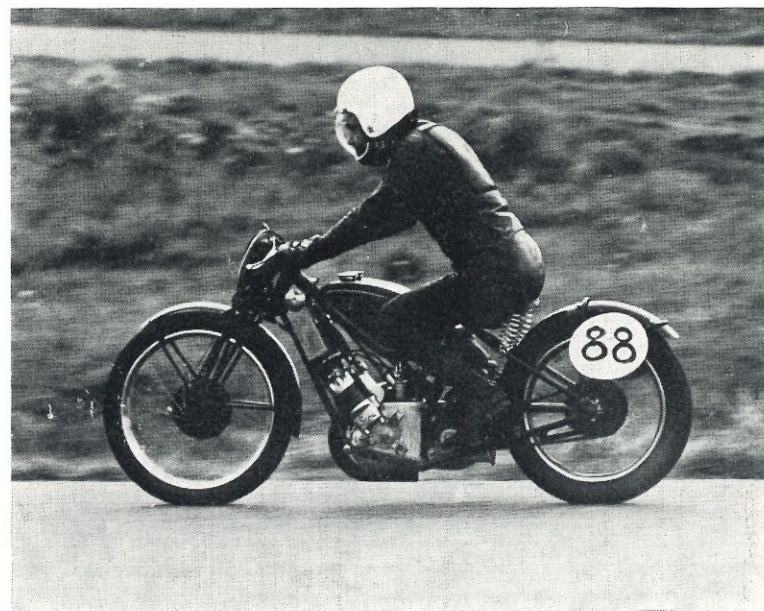
#### FELIX AND OTHERS

Looking through a copy of Motor Cycling for October 1925, I came across the report of the Scott Trial. A number of Scotts were entered including W. Bradley's 2-speeder with an N.S.U. two-speed gear added. This had only been completed the previous evening, but the extra gear was damaged by a boulder in the trial. He had pressurised the contact breaker with air from inner tubes used as upholstery, to keep the water out.

There was also a picture of an attractive young lady—a Miss Lewis, waiting her turn for the Styx. Her machine No. was WT 9224. I wonder if they are both with us?

Perhaps a note in Yowl would produce an answer?

**G. R. Reeves.**



**Dave Lecoq, who again started the season well at Cadwell Park.  
Photograph by courtesy of J. W. Wilcox.**

#### MY PROBLEM CHILD

Some years ago I crashed my Excelsior Manxman and it took two years to restore it to Concours condition; the hospital reconditioned me in a few weeks but then I was never up to Concours standard. My wife did not like me riding the Manxman again, so, remembering the fun I had after the war with a '33 T.T. Replica, I began looking for a Scott.

Month after month I looked but nothing was ever advertised near enough to be inspected. At last I heard vague details of one for sale about 70 miles away. The owner turned out to be even older than myself and possessed a German Victoria car, originally fitted with a 250 c.c. two-stroke engine. Being disenchanted with its lack of performance, he had the idea of fitting two 600 c.c. Scott engines in the boot so he acquired a '49 Flyer and two spare engines. He spent a lot of time and money on the project but the snags finally beat him and he eventually fitted a Hillman Imp engine and lived happily ever after. The Scotts were cast aside and were in a sorry state when I found them but I felt something could be done with the remains, so I bought them very reasonably. The '49 Flyer is not my ideal Scott but any Scott seemed better than none.

Imagine my feelings some months later, when the postman called and seeing my heap, told me there was a similar machine in a shed half a mile

up the road. Of course he bought it and is now a respected member of the S.O.C. If you want a Scott, ask your postman!

The first snag was the absence of a log book, so before committing myself to serious work, I enquired from County Hall about registration. I was told that if they could not trace the previous registration, they would re-register the machine if I produced all the receipts, and so it turned out a couple of years later.

Looking at my wreck I found all the crankcase fixing lugs sawn off and an assortment of holes drilled in unlikely places for unknown purposes. The simplest solution seemed to be to find another crankcase and my good friend Ken Lack produced one fitted with new cups. When I came to assemble the crankshaft I found the mains would not enter the cups and, like most amateur mechanics, thoughts undersize rollers were required. I learnt something when Ken produced the answer—a series of main bearing bushes in graduated sizes: select a pair which give a correct fit and return the others.

One engine had a very peculiar oiling system with non-return valves in the crankcase doors connected to jets in the transfer covers. The carb. had been drilled for an oil pipe as well and the cylinder skirt cut away to match up with the transfer passage. The interior of this engine was so rusty and pitted that I suspect it had been used for sand racing and the flywheel was about all that was salvaged from that one.

Some people are very, very kind. The Downtys leaked very badly, just standing in the garage, and new seals were quite unobtainable at that time, so I wrote to Downtys, knowing full well that they had made no motorcycle forks for 20 years. I received a charming letter from the Chief Engineer, enclosing a workshop drawing of the forks, an instruction book and a set of seals made up by his apprentices as an exercise. Could anything be kinder? And so was a typical Tom Ward gesture. The front brake linings were saturated with oil, so I ordered a new set from him. Welcoming back the lost sheep to the fold, he enclosed a double diameter drill with a curt note—"please return when finished". We miss him greatly.

The tank had been very roughly painted in maroon and was exceedingly rusty inside, so it was sent to a well-known professional for refurbishing. He made a good job of the outside but refused to touch the inside. The usual remedy was applied—a couple of handfuls of assorted nuts and bolts put in shaken about but the frightening amount of debris removed by one application of this treatment showed that the tank would soon be a mass of holes. Some method of sealing the rust in position was indicated, if perpetual stoppages from choked jets were to be avoided. I hit on the plan of giving the inside a couple of coats of Petseal and the result is quite satisfactory. After three years or so, there are no holes and no choked jets. An aluminium false bottom was also Araldited on as a precaution.

Another major snag was the complete absence of a clutch and gearbox. Eventually one was obtained from a fellow S.O.C. member in exchange for a bottle of Brandy! It changed satisfactorily on the bench but a hundred yards on the road revealed that it would not come out of bottom gear. Adjustment to the rod got second and top but no bottom, which shows that things that work on the bench are not necessarily satisfactory under load. Incidentally I got a M.O.T. certificate with the bike in this condition; perhaps the mechanic thought all Scotts are two-speeders. Out came that gearbox again and play was taken up all round. The centre of the foot-change was bushed and the rod given new cups and ball ends; the hole for the ball detent was very oval, so that was drilled out and bushed. New

oil seals and felt pad were fitted at the same time. The clutch was extremely rattley even for a Scott, as all inserts were loose in the plates, so, as an experiment, these were Araldited back in position and faced level on a sheet of emery.

A four inch rear tyre was fitted in deference to my aged posterior but the top girder of the centre stand had to be filed out to give it clearance. However, I did not like it; that Scott tautness had gone, so back went the 3.50.

I had three Pilgrims by me but they proved unreliable; one day at quite a modest speed, I heard the start of that dreaded 'stick along the railings' sound and whipped out the clutch before damage was done—one side of the Pilgrim had dried up in spite of a one in four setting. To end oiling troubles a Silk T.C. pump was ordered and because it was so long coming, Mr. Silk kindly lent me a slave pump until mine was ready. Another nice gesture! However, I had little chance to use it as a spate of electrical troubles supervened—dynamo, A.V.C., distributor—the lot. I would have been much happier with a magneto equipped model—a plague on coil ignition.

No mention has been made of many mechanical frustrations, such as cylinder heads which could not be parted from their blocks and crankshafts which refused to come apart. Profitless hours and much ingenuity were used to overcome these and similar problems.

After years of "leaning on the wind" my first road impression was of the upright riding position, like Gran'fer in his best armchair—very relaxed and largely dictated by the forward position of the footrests. Of course, feeling a Scott engine beneath me again after 20 years was a real joy but how I longed for a close ratio box. Like many another I rediscovered the fascination of a Scott is not what it does, but how it does it.

Please do not think I have not enjoyed my troubles; there is great pleasure in working on beautifully made machinery and solving problems as they raise their ugly heads. Soon I hope to be fully operational, with all problems solved and a delightful machine.

Aubrey B. Singleton.

#### ANOTHER REAL 'SPECIAL'

The coming season should see the launching of another Sprint Special, with a business-like slimmed down version being launched by Con Whitlock.

He has fitted his Sprint block into a single down tube frame, plus throttle-controlled swash-plate pump, and very close ratio gear box.

He has fitted a lighter rear wheel from a Royal Enfield, and has got rid of surplus metal by the use of alloy guards. The Enfield wheel is about ten pounds lighter than the Scott one, and with 46-tooth sprocket, he is using a 25-tooth sprocket from a 3-speed Super, giving a gear ratio of about 4.2, which is about right for a lightweight Scott, although Scotts used to sal 4.4.

Unfortunately the snap sent was in colour, or you would have been treated to the sight of a machine on a par with Val Ward's.

**MORE CHAIN CHATTER  
(OR THE MISSING FORMULA)**

I was pleased to read replies to my query regarding chain tension on the 2-speed Scotts and whilst agreeing with Ted Fargus that standard low gear sprockets were either 40 or 47T, it would also appear that 46T sprockets were also available and fitted as I have a 1919 model with original gear and 46T sprocket. My 1914 model had a 40T sprocket and as this was too high a gear I set out to lower same by fitting a 46T sprocket which I as previously stated gave uneven chain tension to such an extent that the slack chain would not stay on. The original chains were low gear 78 links, and high gear 67 links.

The formula which I have used to establish that with standard High Gear ratio, the *only* gear sprocket to give even chain tensions in 42T is as follows:—

$$L = \left( \frac{2xD}{p} + \frac{N+n}{2} + \frac{Px(N-n)^2}{40D} \right)$$

WHERE N = Number of teeth in wheel  
 n = Number of teeth in Sprocket  
 D = Centre distance  
 L = Number of links in chain  
 P = Pitch

Thus we get for standard high gear 20/25T sprockets

$$L = \frac{2 \times 11.115}{.5} + \frac{25+20}{2} + \frac{.5 \times (25-20)^2}{40 \times 11.115}$$

$$= 44.46 + 22.50 + 12.5$$

$$\frac{44.46 + 22.50 + 12.5}{444.6}$$

$$= 44.46 + 22.50 + .028 = 66.988 \text{ links}$$

i.e. 67 links as specified

If this formula is then repeated subsidising different low gear sprockets it will be found that only 42T gives an accurate linkage, i.e., 76 links.

With 47 tooth sprockets the linkage works out at 78.76, i.e.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a link short of 79 or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a link more than recommended thus giving a very slack chain. To the nearest link with 46T it works out at 78.22 links, again  $\frac{1}{4}$  link over-size and slack to the nearest link. I now run it with a 42T sprocket, not quite what I wanted, but it works fine.

**Keith Rhodes.**

**NEW ZEALAND SECTION NEWS**

At the A.G.M. held at Hastings during the National Rally, Chas. Edwards retired as Secretary and Les Heath was elected to fill the role. Ivan Parsons was elected Correspondent.

More Scotts are now appearing — particularly Birmingham models. (We look forward to report on their National Rally and Scott entrants.)



**BURNSALL RUN: Ernie Lister and 1926 2-speed combination.**

**MORE ON THE GRAND PRIX SCOTT**

Ossie Neal, now entering his 52nd year of racing Scotts writes.—

“We were associated with Howitt in the 1930s Manx rides.

“The machine cost £120, speed was approximately 101-102 m.p.h.

“It had a habit of making round rollers square with the standard oiling system, so we were sent the swashplate five piston pump (main feeds, wall feeds and chain) but this did not cure the real problem, which was melting left hand pistons, having got through five in all including the Brooklands racing.

“In 1935, Howitt did not qualify, due to helping a crashed rider but was allowed time etc., so started, but again to melt a piston. We also had trouble with the gears jumping in the four-speed box during the previous year (1934) and Harry Langman came over to Onchan and put things right. He wanted to see the Manx so was quite helpful.

“After the 1925 races, we sent the bike back to the works from Liverpool Lime Street Station with a large sign taken from Onchan Head fair, which read “For amusement only”. Not very clever really, nor were we

too popular at the Scott Works.

"Later we found that the gas flow was uneven and we did away with the swash-plate pump and ran on drip feeds.

"It finished in a 50-mile race at Donington with Mr. Roffey riding as he asked me if I recognised the machine.

"The Special WAS used at Brooklands and for oil refuelling we used a half-gallon oil gun that belonged to the 1923 Sidecar T.T. days, when Harry Langman rode. It was more handy for shooting beer-corks at the scoreboard boys!

"We still have a few photographs of the machine in its racing days. Howitt was a chauffeur to a wealthy man, but packed up to farm on the east coast. He was not a keen Scott man—but liked the noise and smoothness!"

Ossie Neal.

"P.S. The machine then had a small pad on the rear mudguard behind the saddle. For a time we used petroil and cross-over pipes, but we were never happy about the oil circulation.

#### OVERHAUL OF THE POST-WAR CUSH-DRIVE HUB

T. C. Windsor

Having purchased a 1958 Birmingham Scott in excellent condition, with the engine recently overhauled by Ken Lack, I was faced with the problem of overhauling the rear hub.

The situation was that the aluminium sprocket carrier had a clearance of over  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. on the hub sleeve and was deteriorating rapidly. I decided that the only way to overcome any further wear was to strip out and investigate what could be done to bring it back to standard.

1. The rear wheel was carefully dismantled, all the parts being marked with centre punching or scribe lines.

2. It was found that the hub sleeve was worn unevenly over the diameter, i.e., there were ridges between the working surface and the original diameter towards the centre of the hub.

3. Having no lathe capable of swinging a complete wheel, I decided that the hub sleeve could be made of a constant diameter by some hand machining. The brake drum side of the spindle was put in the bench vice. The wheel was then spun by hand. A file was applied to the hub sleeve so as to remove the large diameter area. This process seems a little crude but considering the movement of the sprocket in relation to the hub, precision is not essential. With careful use of Vernier calipers the hub was machined parallel to finally clean up the worn areas. In order to give a good surface finish, emery tape was used. On completion, the diameter was carefully measured.

4. The next item for attention was the aluminium sprocket carrier. First all the studs are removed or at least the ones that have not already come out. It is then necessary to bore out the sprocket carrier to give a good machined bore which is parallel to the spindle. Only having a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Myford lathe it was only possible to mount the carrier on the face plate.



BURNSALL RUN: Ken Lack who was awarded the Lister Trophy.  
More Burnsall pictures next issue.

Some additional holes were drilled in the plate so as to be able to bolt the carrier concentrically to the plate. Careful clocking off the sprocket flange is important to ensure a concentric bore. The actual boring operation was simple and it cleaned up leaving about  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. plus wall thickness on the existing webbed sleeve.

5. It was then that the size of the mild steel sleeve could be decided. This was machined out of the solid. The O.D. made five 'thou' up on the sprocket carrier bore and the I.D. ten 'thou' under the hub sleeve. (At this point one send's one's wife out for the evening.)

Drill the grease hole through the sleeve. The new machined sleeve is then put in the deep freeze, and the sprocket carrier in the oven at maximum temperature. When all has stabilised, press the sleeve into the sprocket carrier and quench to give the shrink fit.

Remount the sprocket carrier in the lathe and bore to give three 'thou' running clearance on the hub sleeve.

6. Reassemble the hub without the rubbers. It will probably be found that the sprocket carrier has lateral movement because the aluminium has worn in relation to the stepped studs on the wheel hub. The studs should then be machined on a boss face to allow a rotational movement of the sprocket carrier in relation to the hub when the flange is bolted on. Finally check that the flange stud nuts can be fully tightened allowing the sprocket carrier to move freely rotationally.

7. CUSH RUBBERS. Preparing the cush drive rubbers. I obtained some extruded rubber section from James Walker Ltd.,  $\frac{3}{4}$ in x  $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. From this rubber one cuts out ten blocks as per the best original found in the old hub. The key to this operation is a very sharp kitchen knife and a bowl of 'Fairy' liquid in water. The knife must be sharpened after every block. Finally drill two  $\frac{3}{8}$ in holes through the blocks to give resilience. (Note: Glyn Chambers can now supply these blocks, or see P. J. Davenport's article in March '75 Yowl).

8. To assemble the hub all studs should be refitted with Loctite, and stripped threads being sleeved and brought back to standard. It will be necessary to lift all the rubbers so that the sprocket carrier can be rocked in the hub. Finally grease the face of the sprocket carrier steel flange and reassemble.

9. After completion of the wheel assembly in the frame it can be tested so that there is slight movement of the sprocket in relation to the rear wheel when attempting to kick over in gear with the footbrake applied.

#### THE "NICKLIN" SCOTT ENGINE

C. Williams, Redruth reports that he has found that Motor Cycle of 1st January 1958 page 17 carried an illustration of a similar engine which was reported as having been built for waterborne craft. He also says that page 16 of the same issue carried an illustration of a 980cc 3 cylinder experimental Scott engine.

#### THE NATIONAL RALLY

It is confirmed that the date of the 1975 National Rally will be Sunday 7th September 1975, commencing again at 12 noon in the Crown Meadows, Evesham.

#### FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE

(free service to members)

EXCHANGE: For dismantled but complete  $4\frac{1}{2}$  litre Edwardian Crossley (1918) chassis, a Scott Sociable. The Crossley is complete with professionally produced drawings and patterns for a correct period tourer body. For full details s.a.e. to Nick Sloan, 41 Culverhouse Road, Luton Beds. Phone (work) Dunstable 64211 ext. 318.

EXCHANGE: 1. Scott Grand Prix Crankcase GYP 3998 in good order, but new cups (screw in detachable) required.  
2. 596cc block 0.020in OS with good pistons and gudgeon pins and detachable head free on studs. Ex Grand Prix or Clubman's Special with cylinder wall oiling ports.  
3. Early 3-speed Super undertray (Shackleton gearbox type) for small clutch.  
4. Scott three hole fixing carburettor bodies (bronze).  
5. Crankcase ex 2-speeder around 1921.  
6. Selection of connecting rods, (none narrow).  
Exchange any of the above for Vincent/HRD B/C twin parts, particularly Lucas KVF GM1 magneto and centrifugal advance device. Nick Sloan, address above.

WANTED: An Enfield type rear wheel, suitable for 3 speed Super. Con Whitlock, 'Dunard' Alcester Road, Drakes Cross, Wythall, Nr. Birmingham.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE: 1959 Scott 596cc. Regd. No. 777 AOF. Offers over £500 will be considered or will take Veteran or Vintage bike (any make) in exchange. C. Williams, Saltaire, Chariot Road, Redruth, Cornwall.

WANTED URGENTLY. Scott short stroke con-rods b96cc and +20 or bigger pistons. Also forks for 1935 Scott. Cash or I have workshop could make something in exchange. Peter Cook, 22 Widgeon Way, Watford, Herts. Garston (Herts) 77467.

WANTED by new member to complete 1935 Scott. Pair of original forks. P. M. Collins, Iver House, Firs Road, Kenley, Surrey. Tel. 01-660 8736.

*Midland Section Secretary:*  
J. E. TANNER, 78 Warstone Road, Penn, Wolverhampton.  
*London Section Secretary:*  
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*U.S.A. Membership:*  
R. EVANS, 105-12, Linden Tree Lane, Webster, New York 14580.  
'YOWL' binders—take five years' issue—85p from P.R.O.

#### **CLUB FIXTURES**

Midland Section—first Wednesday of each month, 7.30 p.m. at the Hop Pole Inn, Bromsgrove.  
London Section—last Saturday of each month, 7.30 p.m., at the Red Lion, Whitehall.  
Tees Tyne Section—last Tuesday of each month, 8.00 p.m., at Three Tuns, Sadberge, Darlington.  
Humberside Section—third Friday of each month, 7.30 p.m., at King William IV, Cottingham.  
Sussex Members—join in joint V.M.C.C. Meetings—fourth Tuesday each month, 7.30 p.m., The Limeburners, Billingham.  
Kent Section—first Monday each month, 8.00 p.m. at The Yew Tree, Witchling, near Sittingbourne.

#### **THE SHEFFIELD SCOTT CLUB**

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

#### **SOURCES OF SUPPLY**

Scott Motor Cycle Co., 558 Bromford Lane, Stechford, Birmingham.  
Silk Engineering (Derby) Ltd., Darley Abbey Mill, Derby.  
Sam Pearce Motorcycles, St. Mary's Street, Bridgnorth.  
Ken Lack, 5 Norton Lees Square, Sheffield 8.  
K. Swallow & Sons, 21 Station Lane, Golcar, Huddersfield.  
(Please enclose s.a.e. for reply.)

#### **CLUB BADGES AND REGALIA**

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