

15-8

Yowl

JOURNAL OF
THE



Scott

OWNERS' CLUB

CAPTIONS TO FEBRUARY'S SELECTION OF HALFTONES

1. AK 1056, one of the six Jowett-Scotts built in May 1908 and first registered by A.V. Lamb of the Jowett Motor Manufacturing Co., Bradford. Note the very large transfer port covers, carburettor "down among the chains" and the complete absence of any kickstarting arrangements. (From a photograph presented to the editor by Ben Jowett, back in 1961).
2. Two generations. Top—the late Harold Scott at his piano in Leamington last summer. He passed away a few days before Christmas 1987, just six weeks short of his 83rd birthday. (From a low-contrast colour photograph by David J. Waring). Bottom—Brighteyes with a broken crank. The rising generation exemplified by 15-year-old Richard Moss, in the excellent Moss family workshop, displaying an all-too-familiar example of metal fatigue!
3. Top—a youthful and determined-looking Harold Wood foots heartily, rather than lose maximum points, in this West Riding watersplash of the middle 'twenties. That looks like a 'well-oiled' team-mate approaching on dry land! Could it be a timepiece swinging from CHW's neck? (courtesy of *Motor Cyclist Illustrated*)
Bottom—fascinating close-up of the prototype 750cc Scott three. At one time it was going to be marketed as a very special "Reynolds' Special", but nought came of the plan.
4. Albert Reynolds, the famous Liverpool Scott dealer, in a spot of trouble during a Southport sandrace in the early 'thirties. An inverted, steaming Scott outfit, an apparently dead AER and some worried marshals made something of a scoop for an unknown photographer. Fortunately, it all looked much worse than it was.

(courtesy of *Motorcycle Sport*)

* * * *

Tributes to Harold Scott were still arriving as this edition of *Yowl* went to Press, and will no doubt continue as the news spreads. If yours was one of those omitted, please don't feel that you have been overlooked. With so many friends all over the world, it was inevitable that there would be some duplication. If there is space, the April *Yowl* will carry excerpts.

* * * *

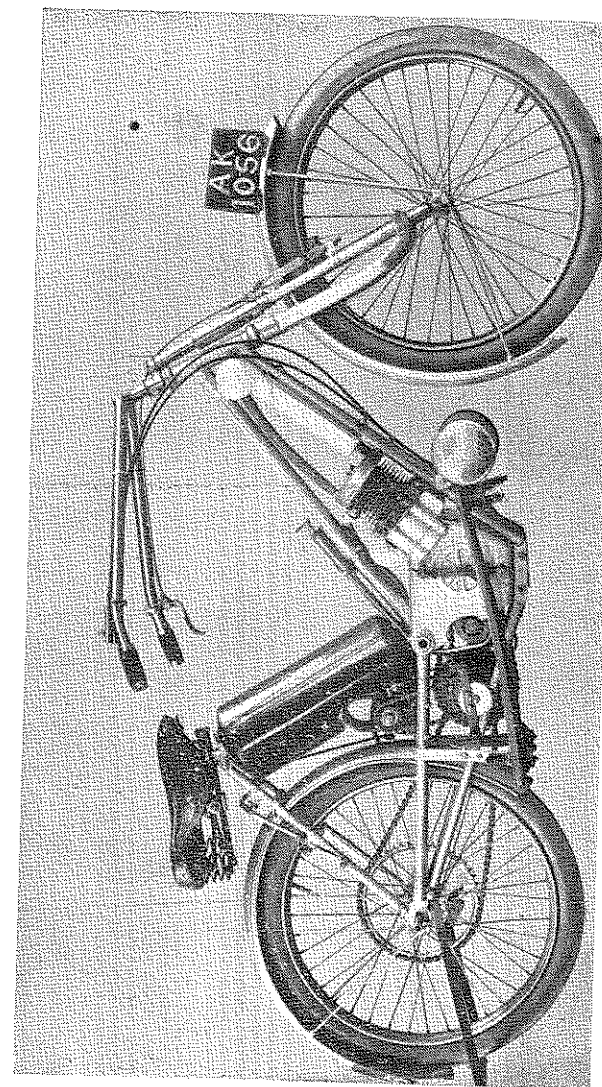
Deadline for material which is meant for the April *Yowl* is the last day of February. Post it at least a week before then, please.

* * * *

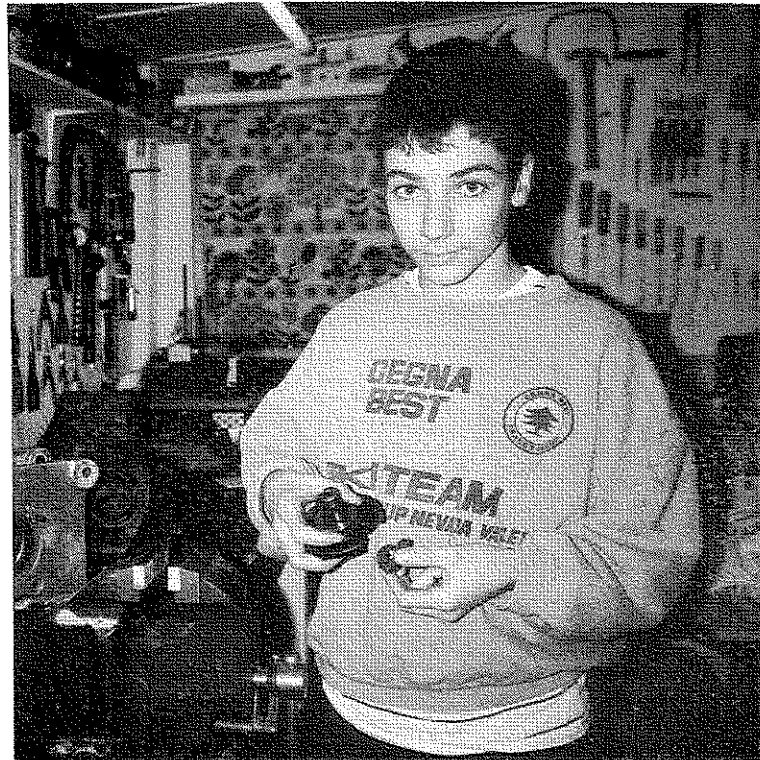
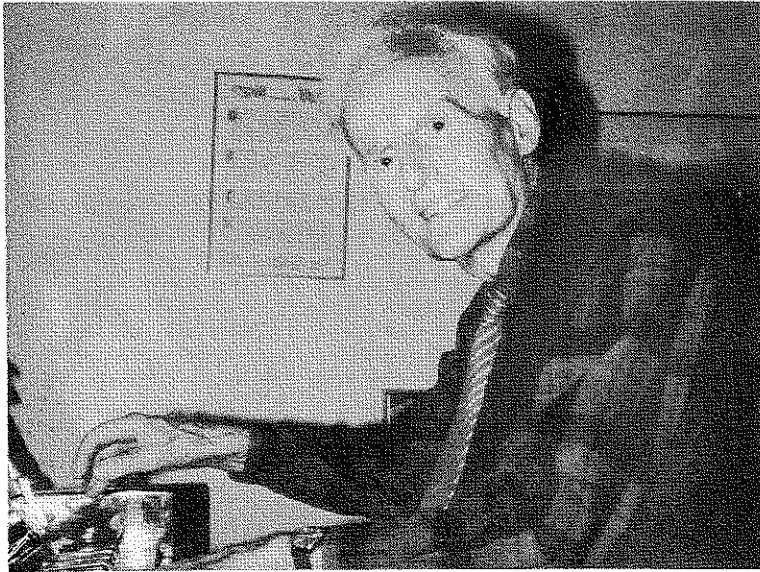
Make a note of the AGM date and venue. It appears on page 176 of this issue, in the Northern events diary.

* * * *

Closing date for the Magazine Cover Design competition, and estimate of numbers received, is Monday, 29th February. (Yes, it's one of those years).



Pictorial insert prepared for the Scott Owners' Club by Dataprint, "Edelweiss", Rhosneigr, Anglesey, Gwynedd (0407) 810749



HAROLD HERBERT SCOTT, 1905-1987.

Harold Scott passed away at his Leamington home just five days before Christmas last year, surrounded by greetings and cards from friends all over the world. He would have been 83 this month. Diabetes, failing sight and increasing infirmity had made life difficult for him, but he persevered — how he persevered.

Many of you will have met him, some of you knew him. I met him in the '50s, grew to know him quite well in the '60s, and then there was a long gap in our friendship through the '70s. Our acquaintanceship was revived after the deaths of Matt and Marnie, and we grew to very familiar terms during the present decade. Always interested in people, I found out quite a lot about his life from his own accounts, and even more from the records. Harold was no engineer — he was not in the least mechanically minded — no scholar, no great achiever or outstandingly talented individual, and he did not make any claims, being a very modest man as far as he himself was concerned. Yet, in every possible way, he was one of the best friends and supporters this little club is ever likely to have, a remarkable ambassador for everything in any way connected with his famous uncle or bearing the family name.

Harold Herbert Scott was born in 1905, the son of Herbert Scott, one of Alfred's many brothers who was joint owner of a textile mill in Keighley. (Although Alfred's closest kin was his twin brother Frank, and the one with whom he had the greatest rapport Charles, it was Herbert Scott who was always nearest physically — literally just around the corner.) Harold Scott's early schoolboy days were as neighbour and nephew to a famous and greatly respected engineer, one whose name was known wherever the English Language was spoken.

After preparatory school, Harold, like his father before him, went to Giggleswick. This famous old public school near Settle shaped his life. Although he never radiated brilliantly as a sport or scholar, as did many of his contemporaries, Harold stayed there from the summer of 1917 until the last term of 1922. He became 2nd choir boy and sang under that famous dome; he acquired a deep religious conviction which remained unshaken throughout life. He was moulded in the classic male role of his type and times: 'playing the game' and playing it with the team spirit; hearing and respecting the other man's point of view; good citizenship; discipline; polite manners; civilised debate — all the Victorian virtues. His vicar-like demeanour, in later years, owed a lot to this early environment and education; yet he strived hard to keep his convictions and opinions out of everyday encounters with strangers. In short, he was a gentleman of the old school, the Old School in his particular case being Giggleswick. He was proud of it, and enjoyed being an O.G.

In the normal way of things, after an excellent, broad but élitist education and no special profession, Harold would have entered his father's business, 'learned the ropes', become a partner or director and eventually taken over. Running a modestly-sized textile mill in the '20s and '30s, however, was not a sinecure, no longer even a certain livelihood. Herbert Scott had grave misgivings about the

future business prospects, or his son's part in them, or both. (A wise man, as it transpired; the business failed in the immediate pre-Hitler-war years). Instead of following his father's footsteps, Harold joined a much larger concern — Courtauld's — as a trainee for middle management. His working life was spent with them, eventually in the Industrial Safety Division, based at Coventry.

To start with, in the mid-'twenties he was attached to the firm's factory at Greenfield, on the River Dee in North Wales, just a few miles from Chester. He was quite a privileged starter; not every young man could sport a *new* Super Squirrel 2-speeder ("My Uncle invented them, you know"). Some of the most beautiful scenery in the British Isles lay within an hour's motoring, even on dreadful roads, and Harold explored widely from his Flintshire base.

In the 'thirties he moved to the Midlands, and it was here that he first met Matt Holder through the activities of the British Twostroke Club. The two men could hardly have been more different, yet through the Scott Motorcycle they became and remained lifelong friends. (One of Matt's little jobs for 'Scotty' at that time was the spinning of a cup, an award to join the Scott Trial trophies for 1937).

Even in his motorcycling heydays on the 'family' product, Harold was not a dashing or competitive rider; more of a gentle tourer. Those who knew him often wondered how he coped with anything more complicated than an oiled plug!

In the early days of the Vintage Club, Harold was delighted to find the work of his uncle receiving attention. For years he had steadily assembled scrapbooks of family photographs and cuttings. In the 'fifties he prepared a fine collection of lantern slides from these, and entertained Vintage Club audiences up and down the country with them.

When this club was founded in 1958, Harold still had a two-speeder in his garage at Coventry. It had been beautifully restored by a fellow VMCC member, and was used for fair-weather jaunts. (It was illustrated in *Yowl* many years ago). Eventually, even these occasional runs had to cease — Doctor's orders. A modest family saloon became the order of the day, and sometimes led the way on various club runs and rallies. Ill health in the 'sixties led to an operation, convalescence, and the possibility of early retirement. Harold left Courtauld's, never regretted it, and was lovingly cared for by Marnie. They moved to a smaller house in Leamington and enjoyed years there, as numbers of Midlands members will know. Then their only daughter, Lisa, married and moved to the West Country.

I never came to know any of Harold's colleagues at Courtauld's; a pub conversation with any one of them might have revealed a quite unknown HHS!

In his prime, he was a large man with a distinctive and distinguished bearing — a 'natural chairman' with a bishop-like eloquence, well able to regulate committee and annual meetings. There was, however, the occasional time when — how shall we put it? — arguments were less than civilised. How many, I wonder, noticed the flash of anger in his eyes, well controlled but not entirely hidden. He must have felt like the Speaker in our 'democratic' House of Commons on those occasions!

He was the most generous of men. Perhaps that is well illustrated by a true tale I can relate now that he is beyond embarrassment. A very well-known Scott personality, lifelong service to the *marque* and

all that, died in comparative poverty. His widow survived in quite straitened circumstances — in spite of the Welfare State — and this came to the notice of HHS and another well-wisher. Jointly, anonymously and quite unprompted they arranged a privately-financed 'cushion' for the Welfare State 'chair', a truly christian gesture to an elderly lady. If it sounds like Victorian Charity, and you regard these as dirty words, how about spontaneous self-effacing kindness? Generosity with no strings, strictly anonymous.

His generosity to this club was proverbial. We have a plethora of annual Club awards — out of all proportion to the membership numbers — and so many of them came from HHS. His postal and stationery bills each year must have been phenomenal, but his distinctive little blue-ribbon typewritten octavos went out all the time, all over the world. Seldom (if ever) did a letter go unanswered. He wrote as he thought, and this 'stream of consciousness' did not always make easy reading; but, as Sheridan adjured us, 'easy reading's cursed hard writing'. What shone from his short notes was the sincerity of his goodwill, his pleasure at the pleasure of others.

That there is in existence a 'printing subsidy' account (administered, incidentally, by Underhill, Stevens and the Midland Bank) is another tribute to his generosity.

Although comfortably situated, he wasn't rich; it was his hope that the few Scott enthusiasts who *are* rich would join in or continue what he had started—but it was a hope, not an expectation.

His passing marks a kind of frontier in the affairs of the Scott O.C.. He steered us in the early days, supported us wholeheartedly for thirty years, and beavered away behind the scenes in a way which few club or society presidents do. Did you know that he would sometimes approach complete strangers, men who showed a mild interest in or connection with Scotts, and talk them into joining this club? Sometimes he even paid their first annual subscription for them, and *shamed* them into joining! He was regarded as patron by several of the widespread sections whose activities are sporadically reported in these pages. He was for long periods active in the affairs of The Vintage Club, the Collectors' Club, some of the charitable organisations in the Midlands — to mention but a few of his interests.

I started by referring to Harold's floods of Christmas cards, incoming and outgoing. (The one he sent me carried — apart from seasonal wishes — the almost inevitable "well done", and a few words expressing pleasure at the *team* work which brought the December *Yowl* into being, printed, bound and distributed.) Just a few days after I received my card, our President informed me that Harold had made his final journey on December 19th.

He went wishing us well, and he left behind *so* many who will remember him with the greatest respect and affection — *Basta!* G.S.

HAROLD REMEMBERED

T. Wess

Towards the end of 1978 a blue envelope arrived with the address also typed in blue — the unmistakable sign, as I later learnt, of Harold Scott — and inside was a kind note about an article in *Yowl*, the first of countless letters he wrote to me during the ensuing years. In the same letter he put forward the idea of a North West Section, and before the first meeting in the following May he had already sent

a donation to help set it up. Encouragement — that, I think, was Harold's particular strength though, goodness knows, he had many others. If something pleased him he would take the trouble to write and say so. Ten thousand letters and postcards to members at his own *modest* reckoning! Not even the smallest service to the Club went unrecognised and in this way he himself performed the greatest possible service to all of us by giving the Club a strong sense of personal friendship.

During my editing years the by-then familiar blue-ribbon (but not, I fear, blue-riband) typing became a regular part of the postbag. His letters were always full of variety; cuttings, photos, reminiscences, not by any means restricted to motorcycling. He wrote in a highly individual style, his mind running well ahead of his fingers, so that his sentences, freely interspersed with rows of dots, spread across the page like broken vapour trails in a summer sky — and it was not always easy to find where they began or ended.

My meetings with Harold were sadly not very frequent and I suppose they barely reached a dozen occasions. With one exception they were at AGMs, and National Gatherings, where his gentle and courteous but, at the same time, authoritative presence gave a special character to the proceedings. The exception was a visit Harold paid to Joan and me at home; it was after the devastating blow of the death of his wife, Marny, and his health was even then failing, but this remarkable and courageous old man travelled by train from Leamington to Runcorn, where I met him in the car. We spent the day talking and listening to music, and in the evening he took the train home again. His interests were wide — Scotts, of course, and particularly the Scott Owners' Club; but also architecture, clocks, music, local history, all these and a host of other subjects found a place in a mind which, to quote his very last letter dated 27/11/87, was 'still alert and interested'.

We shall all remember him with affection.

THE END OF AN ERA

Another link with the past has been broken with the death of our highly esteemed and beloved Past President, Harold H. Scott, on Saturday 19th December 1987, at the age of 82 years, within a few weeks of his 83rd birthday, which would have been on February 7th.

I had the privilege of knowing Harold for over 30 years, during which period a great friendship developed to the point where I knew him well. He was a man of great stature and sincerity, having a charming, friendly and very persuasive manner. He was a positive thinker, believing that a busy man could always make time to do that bit extra.

Our Club meant a great deal to Harold; he was our founding President and nurtured the Club for the first 26 years of its existence. He was the driving force, did everything possible to enhance the quality and status of this Club, and made untiring efforts to increase our membership. He had many friends all over the world. He was a tower of strength to me personally, following his decision to retire in 1985 and my election to the Club's Presidency. His advice has been sought and careful decisions given many times. He set high standards for us all, which will be difficult to sustain.

He was a generous man and many members of Our Club, including myself, know of his personal generosity. His name will live on not only in the revered *marque* which bore his name, but also in the form of the many valuable trophies which he has presented over past years. Harold Scott's leadership, wisdom, advice and guidance will be greatly missed by all his many friends in the Scott Owners' Club.

To his daughter, Lisa, and her family, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in bereavement.

I represented the Club at a small family service at Oakley Wood Crematorium, at 2pm on Tuesday 29th December 1987. It was Harold's request that there should be no floral tributes, but instead donations should go to a worthy cause and therefore the Club has been pleased to send a donation of £50.00 to The Myton Hospice, Myton Road, Warwick, in his memory.

John Underhill
PRESIDENT & REGISTRAR

From a membership point of view Harold Scott was undoubtedly the Club's great ambassador. Formidable in his approach to detail, he always responded to any potential member, encouraging to the point of paying the first year's subscription himself. He alone was responsible for gathering more Scott enthusiasts into the club than anyone. This — almost overwhelming — enthusiasm for the Scott fraternity never waned to the end. Right now I have a cheque written by him in December for both his 1988 subscription and that of another member, whom he noticed had not renewed last year.

Exactly one year ago Lofty Avis, the notable scribe in 1987 *Youls*, came 'back home', the first visit since he emigrated to Canada in 1967. Lofty spent a few evenings with some of the Essex 'Scott' lads. His wish to extend his visit to his Midland friends, including Harold Scott, resulted in a hasty bit of organisation by John Underhill. Harry Beal, Ernie Scott and Lofty embarked on a dash up the M1. Despite being a Christmas holiday time, the Midland section turned out in strength and Lofty enjoyed an evening of revelry in good company. With typical hospitality the Underhills put up the Essex trio overnight. John then accompanied them on a flying visit to Harold Scott at Leamington. As always the perfect host, Harold provided tea and some small gifts for his visitors. They spent several musical hours, with both Lofty Avis and Harold playing the piano — and singing the odd ditty. That's how we remember him when we last saw him. A remarkable man.

Harold Beal

Bob Rawlins, who retired from official Scott Owners' Club duties with effect from 1st January, of course remains a Club Vice-President, a merited distinction which stays with him for life. He's back there, on the 'leader board' of Club Officials who can sit back and watch the newcomers going through all the familiar cycles. Apparent removal from the lists was brought about by substituting the new London Section Secretary's name and address and removing the old one.

SCOTTISH SECTION NOTES

On thumbing through back numbers of *Yowl* I find the Scottish Section has been very poorly reported during the past year. May I take this opportunity to say our Scottish members that no one individual has the sole franchise to produce notes for *Yowl*; that there is a wealth of tales and anecdotes amongst us. The Postal Portfolio, now in its third year and third volume, is ample evidence.

There has to be an untold story about the twenty-two Scotts owned, restored and ridden to the exclusion of other makes by Tom Newcomen, over the past fifty years. Lee Collin has had a long association with Scotts and writes a witty tale. His 1929 TT Rep was illustrated in *Yowl* of Feb 1986. Keith Rhodes still has one of the finest veteran Scotts I have seen and Bob Russell is a second generation Scott enthusiast with a fine collection, having inherited a love of the *marque* from his father. Could there be something in the genes? Bob has been known to contribute to *Yowl*, as also has Tom Scott of Canonbie. Alec Little still owns and rides some very desirable Scotts. We can learn a lot from a postal portfolio.

Scottish weather was no better than that in the rest of the country last year, and while we didn't suffer the devastation experienced in the South East in the Autumn, many of our rallies and gatherings were not for faint-hearted and fair-weather riders. Very few Scotts were in evidence; my own Flying Squirrel was not on the road at all and the Velocette covered a mere 500 miles.

One Scott was to be seen at most rallies regardless of the weather. This was the beautifully restored single-cylinder water-cooled two-stroke stationary engine belonging to Mr. Ives of Carnock near Dunfermline. Manufactured in 1940, this engine was one of a batch supplied to the Admiralty; apparently they didn't come up to expectations and were sold to a local scrap merchant who mistakenly thought they were compressors! At least two were rescued; the other, painted blue, is regularly exhibited by Mr Wragg of Kelty.

I reported in the April 1986 *Yowl* the introduction of a postal portfolio for the Scottish Section. This has proved popular and two volumes have already been completed. These were sent out to our sponsor, Mr Harold Scott, who in turn has passed them on to John Underhill. I made two photocopies, one held by Tom Scott of Canonbie and the other by myself. Both copies are available on loan to Members. A third volume is now in circulation and new members, or any who have lapsed, have only to contact me to be included.

Yowl of October 1986 contained an enigma as yet unsolved. The Runtun Bowl was awarded to T. Scott (Scotland). Neither I nor my good friend and namesake in Canonbie received notification and since neither of us could recollect having performed "a most outstanding feat" which would have merited such an honour, we concluded there must be not two but three Tom Scotts in the Scottish Section! Where art thou, Tom the Third?

T.J.Scott

20 Lime Grove,
Dunfermline
KY11 5AX
14 December 1987

AUSTRALIAN SECTION NOTES

Needless to say our November '87 gathering was another marvellous day thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. Our perfect hosts, Norma and Ron Walter, very kindly opened their home to us and how we appreciated the hospitality. They live in an idyllic setting beside the beach on the western side of Port Phillip Bay, just south of Geelong. When I say beside the beach I mean exactly that; you step out of their door on to the sand. The view from their sun room has to be seen to be believed, with Mount Eliza (your scribe's home village) just visible on the horizon 14 miles across the bay, but about 100 miles around by road. Tony Edwards cheated a bit, partly because he took the ferry across, but mainly because he arrived on the Brough. It's nice to have some sort of contrast to the Scotts though, isn't it? The weather was perfect, just like the company, and the attendance was good.

We had our picnic lunch in the garden with a constant supply of coffee, tea, cakes and biscuits. Eddie Hammond very thoughtfully had brought a Christmas card along for all to sign before sending it off to Harold Scott — a real nice gesture. Harrie Fullard proudly displayed his Bendigo Swap Meet 'finds' — a cylindrical Scott oil tank and a single-cylinder Scott engine. He copped a bit of flack about the single being a 'find' but took it all in good humour. Wal Haylock sought permission to jump start his 28/34 hybrid Scott with open exhaust. The reply from Ron was positive but along the lines that he would disown him if the neighbours complained! The *pièce de résistance* was of course Ron's 1912 two-speeder, looking resplendent with its newly acquired beaded-edge rims and tyres. Some may not be aware that Ron rode this machine from Sydney to Melbourne, close on 600 miles, in the International Rally a few years ago, with wife Norma following in the car — most of the time! Also in his stable was a very nice vee-twin Morina bought while he was still recovering in hospital from a serious operation, a month or so back. But after all this I think the highlight of the day was seeing the pleasure on Ron's face when he was awarded with the London Trophy for Scott of the year, along with the Dick Firkins Award as a permanent memento, both beautiful trophies.

A perfect ending to a perfect day. No wonder the Alsops make it a family event not to be missed. Dennis brings along his wife, two young girls and grandma.

Many thanks to Norma and Ron as well as Harrie Fullard who made the arrangements and the presentation.

Neil C. Earnshaw

To those whose contributions reached the Editor *after* the Christmas holiday — I'm sorry but you *were* warned!!

There must be scores of place-names, up and down the country, having some sort of tenuous association with Scotts and Scotting; humorous, factual or fantastic. Why not delight the membership at large with *your* special favourite?

NORTHERN SECTION EVENTS DIARY 1988

Mar. 13th Sun.	Bradford Industrial Museum, 1.30p.m.
Apr. 23rd Sat.	A.G.M., Blacksmith's Arms, Cosby, Leics., 2.00p.m.
May 8th Sun.	Burnsall Run, noon.
June 12th Sun.	Derbyshire Run (details to be announced later).
July 2nd Sat.	Northern Rally, Hambleton Arms, Sutton Bank, noon.
July 17th Sun.	Masham Traction Rally (to be confirmed).
Sept. 4th Sun.	National Gathering, Stanford Hall.
Sept. 11th Sun.	Bradford Industrial Museum, 1.30p.m.
Oct. 22nd Sept.	Scott Trial (to be confirmed).
Dec. 4th Sun.	Bradford Industrial Museum, Meal, noon; Meeting, 1.30p.m.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Northern Section's most popular meeting was held last year on December the 6th at the Bradford Industrial Museum. The arrangements were quite different from previous years, with the members enjoying an excellent buffet meal in the Lecture Room prior to the actual meeting.

Our guest speaker this year was our Club President John Underhill, who gave an interesting slide show and talk on T.T. Scotts and their riders in the period 1920-1930.

The raffle was very well supported once again and Mrs. C.H. Wood, although labouring under the considerable handicap of a wrist in plaster, drew the tickets. After this John Underhill showed some more slides of various Scotts and other interesting machines.

Our Chairman Colin Pinder thanked John for his talk and then proceeded to his new vocation as an auctioneer. John Underhill very kindly brought along some Scott literature for auction, which raised the magnificent sum of £36.50 for Northern Section funds.

By popular vote Ivor Slack was declared Tees-Tyne Clubman of the Year. It is my opinion that no accolade is more deserved; generations of Scott riders have been assisted and aided by Ivor.

The Participation Trophy was very poorly supported, only two forms being returned. If this trend continues I can see no future for this award. The aims of the trophy have been stated many times, and any Scott owner who rides his machine in Scott Club events can win it. Forms for the Trophy for 1988 can be obtained from Jem Wilcox at 124, Knox Lane, Harrogate, North Yorkshire. I strongly urge members to support this excellent Trophy.

The meeting finished just before 5.00 p.m. after a most enjoyable afternoon. I wish all members a Happy New Year and safe miles in 1988.

Martin Hodkin

* * * *

If service required give two-strokes to the maid and three for the varlet.
(Notice by Hotel Room Bell-Push in Austria)

Adolfstrasse 110,
5300 Bonn 1, W. Germany.

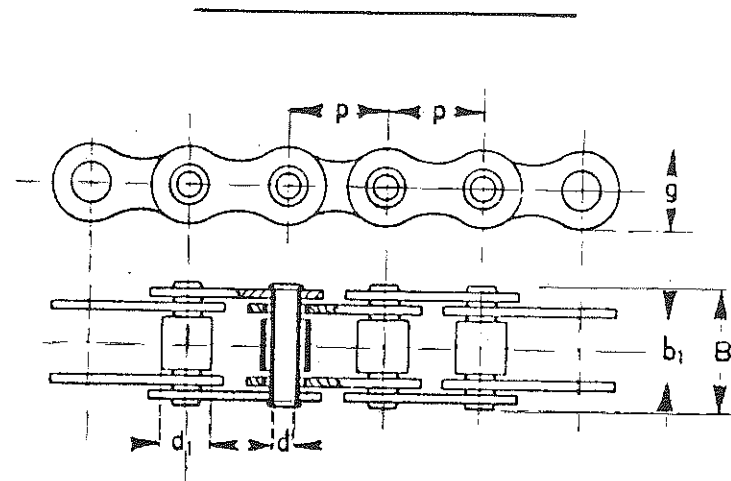
Dear Sir,

Like D. W. Avis in his most enjoyable tale of chains and troubles (*Yowl*, August, 1987) and, I'm sure, many other Scott Owners and riders as well, I had my share of troubles with that magneto chain. I found a solution in using a different-from-push-bike type chain: Wippermann No. 01105, as listed in their catalogue No. K 1072.

They call it a hollow-bolt chain. Its main difference for the purpose I required was that it had loose, not pressed on, inner side plates. My idea in trying this type was this specific construction. Since the inner plates are already loose they cannot become so when running, then pressed off sideways as on the bicycle type chain, seizing with the outer plates after a short while (in spite of generous lubrication). I tried this chain for several years on my 1930 Replica, which I use for Vintage racing, and also on a 1927 Flyer which I rode for a couple of years as my normal road 'bike — and had no trouble at all with the mag. chains any more. The chain has to be rivetted. I obtained a 5 yards length from a local dealer.

A side note: years ago I saw a picture of a Honda Enduro works racer fitted with a rear chain with hollow bolts. The comment accompanying this press photograph emphasised the weight-saving aspect of this detail. I think this was wrong; the mag. chain I use on my Scott is slightly heavier than an ordinary push-bike type chain. I hope that the foregoing will be of some interest to you and the Scott fraternity.

Yours sincerely, Klaus Kretzschmar.



Note: The British dealers for Wippermann chains are Dick Bearings, P.O. Box 28, Blackburn, Lancs BB 22 7S. Tel. 59111, Telex 63197. Type 01105 is 1/2-inch pitch (12.7 mm), 7.75 mm roller diameter. — Ed.

SCOTTING ON THE CONTINENT IN 1955

K.J. Charlton

Half a dozen Scott enthusiasts decided to form a 'Midland Scott Club', in 1953-4, and the highlight of the club activities was a continental tour, which took in France, Monaco, Italy and Switzerland.

Jack Shakespeare was the main instigator of the Midland Club and did most of the organising of the tour. Other members of the party were Geoff Shuker of West Bromwich, Les Jonson of Coventry, myself, wife Phyllis and daughter Pat (aged 7), and Jack's wife, Doreen. This made a total of eight people and four Scotts.

Jack's outfit was one he'd constructed from various bits; I remember that it had a 1929 frame, with a Watsonian Monarch sidecar.

Les Johnson rode a mid-1930's box sidecar outfit.

Geoff had a 1935 600 Flying Squirrel solo, and my family and I were on a 1948 600 with Watsonian Maxstoke.

We had planned to camp, but as Doreen and Jack had no experience of this pastime, we decided to have a trial camp at Aberystwyth. The weather was its usual for that area of the country, so Doreen and Jack decided they would use hotels whilst on the continent.

The other members, being of hardier stock, camped, except on two occasions.

Twelve months prior to the tour was spent scraping the necessary filthy lucre together. The early 'fifties were not affluent years like those of the seventies and eighties.

Phyllis and I finally amassed £85. Out of this I purchased three chains to be fitted before we set off.

The final three months were spent going over the outfit with a fine toothcomb. Everything was stripped; any suspicious bearings were replaced. If I remember correctly, they amounted to one wheel-bearing cone and one dynamo bearing. The pistons, con-rods and cranks were taken to St. Mary's Row, Birmingham, where Harry Langman put them through the famous 'GO/NO-GO' gauges and pronounced them fit for further service.

Everything was assembled with great care. Inspector Meticulous himself would have approved. Eventually the day came when we assembled to start our trip from the midlands to the south coast, for our flight to Le Touquet on the French Coast. Our flight was in the early morning, so we travelled down the previous day and camped within sight of the airfield. It was the first time my family and I had flown, and to do it with the Scott combo in the loading bay was quite exciting. The plane was a Bristol Freighter belonging to Silver City Airways; they provided us with earplugs which came in useful.

Three vehicles were in the hold on our flight: two cars and the Scott. One of the cars had a roof rack, fully loaded, which during landing disengaged itself from the car and plonked down on the back of a car in front, damaging the rear lights, etc. Had it landed on the Scott combo, it could have been the end of 'La Grande Tour Continental' before it began. I don't think the Watsonian Maxstoke child/adult sidecar would have withstood such a blow.

As we were booked on different flights, we had to wait for the rest of the party. We didn't get a chance to have breakfast on the English side of the Channel, so after clearing customs we proceeded to the perimeter of the airfield and began preparing breakfast on the primus.

The smell of bacon was in the air and thick slabs of bread were being cut, when along came the voice of officialdom saying "You can't do that there here." By the time we had explained that we didn't "parlez vous Francais" the bacon was cooked and the rest of the party had arrived. So we made our way out of the airfield and stopped at the first convenient lay-by and enjoyed our first meal on French soil.

Driving on the right side of the road wasn't a problem after the first couple of hours, except that Phyllis didn't like being out in the middle of the road.

Our first night was spent at Fontainebleau, on the outskirts. We asked, at a small cottage, where was *le camping*, and they indicated that we could stay on the green in front of the cottages. After setting up camp, I did what was to become a nightly ritual, checking over the outfit carefully, adjusting and oiling the chains etc. This second day's mileage was 190. Throughout the fifteen days holiday, we averaged 220 miles on the days we travelled.

The long journey down through France was very pleasant motor-ing, the Scotts behaving perfectly until half way through France in a country town. The infamous French pavé took its toll: Jack's 1929 frame fractured on the twin tubes, about three inches below the steering-head bracket. We crawled to the nearest garage, where a mechanic came out with a hacksaw and calipers, cut out ½", measured the inside diameter, disappeared again, then came back after ten minutes with two pieces of tube and brazing equipment. He levered one of the twin tubes out of line, slid a piece of tube up inside, then returned frame to normal position and worked the inner tube down into the lower section.

He did the same on the other tube, completed the brazing, and we were ready for the road again. Because of this delay, we all decided to stay at an Hotel that night. This would allow us to travel for an extra couple of hours, normally the time allowed for finding and setting up camp. My outstanding memory of that night is of Jack walking the stone-flagged corridors of the very old hotel, in Corker helmet and py-jamas, after partaking of the local *vin*!

Our fifth day of travel brought us to Antibes, between Cannes and Nice, on the Riviera. We spent four days in this area, visiting most places of interest, including the Monte Carlo Casino.

On the tenth day, we left the coast and motored north, into Italy, through Switzerland and back into France. We had been travelling a short time, when what seemed a calamity happened. We were on a section of road winding and steep enough to keep me in bottom gear quite often. You will understand that the Scott with child/adult sidecar and full camping gear was pulling quite a load. At other times, on similar stretches, she had boiled, making it necessary to stop and cool down and usually top up the radiator. This time there was no suitable place to pull off the road safely, so I travelled further than I would have done normally. The temperature was in the 80s and the coolant pressure got too much for the hose, which split and sprayed my right shin with scalding steam and water. With my right leg held at shoulder height, I steered for the left side of the road, dropping the wheel of the sidecar into a dry ditch and grounding the chassis. Remember we were on a steep section—this enabled me to leave the saddle. Luckily Geoff Shuker was following us, the other two combos being well in front. Phyllis decided that the best way to treat my leg was to plaster it with raw potato. This she did, then bound it.

The split hose was repaired with insulation tape, and gave no further trouble, but from then on I rode with the radiator cap in my pocket. When we were in mountainous sections, it seemed that the hose was the safety valve in the water-cooled system, but why didn't it split facing forward? Murphy's law! So on we travelled to Turin, where we were able to get more suitable medication for my leg. We also spent our second night in an hotel in Turin.

The next day saw us heading for the Grand St. Bernard Pass, from the Italian side, making for Switzerland. Daughter Pat was in her usual warm weather position, standing in the rear of the sidecar, with head and shoulders out of the roof. Suddenly she shouted in my ear: "Uncle Geoff's on fire!" We pulled in to the hard shoulder, Geoff following with a fine jet of steam shooting from his radiator. Out came the primus and soldering tackle, but oh! the problem of getting the iron hot at 6,000 feet. A job which should have taken 20 minutes took one hour.

We attained the summit and passed through the Italian and Swiss customs. The last section was a dirt road in those days, only open in the summer months. The height was 8,037 feet.

Then came the long drop down the Swiss side. Here I was able to test something which I'd only tried on short downhill runs in Wales, and it amazed me how effective it was. Turn the petrol supply off, use up petrol left in carb, then use the engine as an air pump. The more you open the throttle, the more it slows you down.

We dropped about 3,000 feet and stopped at Bourg St. Pierre, a small village. As we stopped, Les Johnson's bike, which was in front of me, had smoke billowing from the back brake. My brakes, however, which had only been used on the hairpins, were cool enough to lay hands on, and I had by far the heaviest load. At this stage Les found he had oilpump trouble. One thing I should have mentioned earlier is that we had a stock of spares with us, such as rods, cranks, oilpumps etc; all of which Matt Holder had made up for us. We were to return what we didn't use, and pay for what we did. The oilpump was the only item used.

The next day saw us continuing down, down, down. My leg, by this time, was looking a little peculiar, and it was decided to seek proper medical attention. An English-speaking doctor was located in Lausanne hospital, and he proceeded to remove the unusual-looking skin from my leg with tweezers. One hour later, newly bandaged, I offered payment, but it was refused. (Perhaps he noticed how thin my wallet was!) So we sailed forth to enjoy the delights of Lausanne.

The journey up through Switzerland and France was delightful, the weather was good, and by that time we were riding those saddles as if we had been born in them. The Scott was singing; my leg wasn't painful any more; the scenery was beautiful. What more could one ask for?

Eventually we reached Paris, and camped in the Bois de Boulogne, our guide lines intermingled with those of different nationalities. All the places of note were visited. Patricia was thrilled by an ascent of the Eiffel Tower, Phyllis remaining on the ground as we couldn't afford three tickets! (She said she wasn't bothered. Lies, all lies).

And so back to Le Touquet for our flight home. During the last fifty miles misfiring occurred on my bike, which necessitated resetting the points and changing the plugs. The flight back over the Channel was uneventful, and so was the trip back to the black country.

Thus ended what to date has been my most exciting and interesting

holiday. The costs seem ridiculous compared with today's. The total cost for my family was £85 and this included spare chains! Phyllis reckons we had a couple of pounds left! Silver City Airlines charged £18-10-0 return fare for the combo and three passengers.

What can be said of the Scott?

In fifteen days we covered 2,200 miles, including many hours of full-throttle motoring with heavy loads; four 'bikes with a combined aged of about seventy years. In my estimation at that time, a Scott, properly maintained, was as reliable and long-lasting as any other make, and better than most. I owned and rode 21 other 'bikes, including 2 Broughs, so I'm writing from experience.

I've never had insurmountable problems with any vehicle, car or motor cycle, in the 38 years of motoring I did in U.K. before coming to OZ. Not once did I need professional help to get home, and not once have I had to leave a vehicle. In those days I used a vehicle about 360 days each year. Call it luck if you like, but I put it down to meticulous maintenance. Of the total of 45 vehicles owned and used, not counting the 1934 Lanchester 18 I'm restoring at present, and the 1934 Long-Stroke Flyer which is my next project, only two of these have been new.

The numbers of the Scotts on that tour were:-

HON 813 (1948), EJO 979 (1935), NOH 550 (?), DFJ 963 (mid '30s)

Are they still in existence? I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows what happened to any one of these Scotts.

70, Penny's Hill Rd.,
Hackman, 5163 Adelaide,
South Australia.

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

(or "I followed Barry Bassett from Land's End to John O'Groats")

J.S. Lycett

Barry Bassett, poor soul, would insist on attending meetings of the Coventry Section of the V.O.C. on his Birmingham Scott. He had a Vincent, it was true, but it was a basket case and would not be on the road for some time. Now motorcyclists are a peculiar breed, very protective about their favourite *marque* and so you can imagine that at Friday Club night he used to take some stick. It was during one of the stick-taking sessions that he rashly said that "it was so reliable that he could ride it from Land's End to John O'Groats". That did it; he was challenged and like the good Scott owner that he is, he accepted. That is how the idea of the Coventry Section 1986 End to End Run was started!

Frantic preparation followed, hotels had to be booked and 'bikes got ready. Thirteen people were to take part; Ian Alexander and Mike Colin on Black Shadows, Tony Roberts, Len Grainger, Chris and Barbara Fagg and John Lycett on Rapides, Don Alexander and John Attwood on Comets and Barry and Jacquie on the Scott. Marion Alexander and Judith Lycett were to drive the family V.W. Golf and Citroen Safari respectively, each towing a two-bike trailer, carrying luggage and spares.

It was planned to make a leisurely ride of it; about 180 miles a day, taking 6 days to ride from end to end, and taking a scenic route rather than the most direct. It had been decided that if effort was going to be put in, then we should try to raise some money for a worthwhile cause. So we called upon friends, neighbours and workmates to sponsor us per mile for Mencap.

The time was fast approaching and found most of the 'bikes spread all over the various garage floors being rebuilt in a race against time. Barry was not to escape this; he was riding along the Warwick-Kenilworth by-pass when hearing a clatter and mistakenly thinking that he was about to be overtaken by a Vincent, opened up his throttle only to discover that a crank had broken.

However, came Saturday, 21st June and six Vincent twins set out from various parts of the midlands to meet at the Exeter Services for lunch. Where is our hero, you may well ask? In common with the two Comet riders, not wishing to do the boring motorway bit and in deference to his age and the rebuilt engine, he decided to ride down in the Golf. Not a bad move on his part. The motorway is exceedingly boring and you do not realise how fast modern motorway traffic moves. After Exeter, as the traffic built up so the clouds got lower, until the rain started as we crossed Bodmin Moor. It poured, and the roads were awash for the rest of the day's journey. We thankfully arrived at Land's End to leave the trailers, complete with 'bikes, at the V.O.C. Land's End Rally, before changing into dry clothes in the Hotel at Sennan Cove.

Midlands to Land's End approx. 300 miles

Sunday 22nd. After a fortifying breakfast, we were ready to set off the 1½ miles to Land's End. Surprisingly, after all the rain during the journey and overnight, the 'bikes started, some with the help of WD40. The Comets and Scott were unloaded from the trailers, and despite their soaking in the spray behind the cars, the three 'bikes started easily. We assembled with the line-up of the rest of the Vincents at the Rally in front of the Land's End Hotel. John Craven's Newsround were there with their cameras; they enquired about our End-to-End Run. There were over 30 fabulous Vincents present and guess what bike they chose to do the interview with? Barry claims that he didn't know anything about it, but we saw him combing his hair and guessed what he was up to! After the mandatory photograph taken with the famous signpost on Land's End, we set off.

We aimed for lunch at Jamaica Inn on Bodmin Moor and on our way we passed a chap attempting to do the end-to-end on skis fitted with small wheels; we were really having it easy our way. They say about Scotts that you either love them or hate them. I suppose it depends on whether you are in clear air in front or following behind; still Barry's 'bike wasn't too bad, he wasn't overoiling, unless of course he was stuck in a traffic jam. We were staying that night in a hotel in Cheddar, having stipulated on booking each hotel that the 'bikes must be securely parked each night. Tonight they were locked in the tropical bird garden.

Land's End to Cheddar approx. 190 miles

Monday 23rd. With the sun breaking through, our route started with a run up through the Gorge. Don Alexander's Comet had lost the baffles of the silencer and we were afraid of causing an avalanche. The

Scott sound beautiful, sort of accelerating up through the Gorge, but then the rest of us were on Vincents. Our route lay round Bristol, under the beautiful Suspension Bridge (I wonder how many accidents are caused by people gazing up at it instead of looking where they are going?) We crossed the Severn Bridge, holding up the traffic at the toll booth whilst we dug for change amongst our motorcycling gear. That's bad enough, but why is it that whilst your 'bike is content to tick over during all this, as soon as you are given the all clear, it stalls?

On up through the beautiful Wye Valley, past the breathtaking ruin of Tintern Abbey, then turning more or less due north through Monmouth, Hereford and Leominster for our rendezvous with Jim Reynolds, of *Motor Cycle News*, at a lunchtime pub stop just south of Church Stretton. We were a little late due to (a) getting lost round Avonmouth and (b) one of the Vincents having a bit of ignition trouble, but the old Scott just kept buzzing along. Our overnight stay was near Whitchurch at the Redbrook Hunting Lodge Hotel, where we were looked after in a splendid manner. With the 'bikes safely tucked away, we sat down to a very welcome meal. The soup of the day was mulligatawny, the ferocity of which caught several of the party by surprise—you could easily run Roger Moss's racer on it!

Cheddar to Whitchurch approx 179 miles

Tuesday 24th. We planned our route to try to avoid motorways, but decided to use the M6 to bypass Warrington, Wigan and Preston. However, not long after leaving Whitchurch, with all the 'bikes running smoothly, one of the back-up cars decided to play up in the shape of a very noisy front wheel-bearing on the Citroen. Towing a two-bike trailer, carrying luggage, spares and spare petrol, its failure was a threat to the success of the run. We were running to a tight schedule and could not afford a delay. Fortunately, the nearest Citroen agent just south of Warrington carried a spare and, yes, they could fit it right away. Three hours later and £96 lighter Judith, with John as outrider on a Rapide, attempted to catch up. It was decided to stay on the M6 as far as possible to gain time. An outrider was useful to keep an eye out for the boys in blue, as the Citroen was towing a trailer and it was still in the days of the 50 mph trailer limit. The remainder of the group were back on the A6 with a lunch stop at Shap, and the old Scott singing up the incline, all of them wondering if they would ever see their luggage again. Rain was falling as the Citroen and Vincent escort crossed the border at Gretna Green. We arrived at Annan for the overnight stop only 1 hour after the main party. What a rough area that was! We were comforted that the 'bikes would be spending the night in, would you believe, the Hotel's ballroom, the only stipulation being that cardboard was placed under the prop-stands and engines. We each put 10p in the kitty for a "Who will drip the most oil?" contest. I might add that the Scott was not the winner.

Whitchurch to Annan approx. 187 miles.

Wednesday 25th. We left Annan, riding through beautiful Scottish countryside. Some members stopped at a filling station on the A74, at a point where it was coned off into a single carriageway. We were unable to stop the back-up vehicles coming past without seeing us. About 30 miles further on, as the long gradients increased, we came

upon the cars stationary in a lay-by. Not another wheelbearing, we thought. No, they had caught Barry up and had stopped for a breath of fresh air, and to let him get ahead.

Barry had set off very circumspectly, remembering his broken crank; but as he got further north and gained confidence, he had opened her up. Even so, the bike could not keep up with the Vincents on the long gradients; to give the Scott an easier time Barry's wife Jacquie transferred to the back of one of the Shadows. At Kirkmuirhill, everyone should have left the A74, but at roadworks and a diversion just south of Glasgow, 5 of the riders missed the turn. As they were on a dual carriageway which continued as a motorway, they were committed. The rest of us joined the M8 and then crossed the Erskine Bridge. We were to meet up at Luss, that beautiful village on Loch Lomond. Having waited in a lay-by, to see if the others would manage to rejoin the correct route, you can imagine our surprise, on arrival at Luss, to find them already there! We strolled down to the shore of the Loch, pausing at a picnic area for lunch. After taking many photographs, we returned to the car park where we met some German motorcyclists and a Canadian on a huge Honda Aspencade, fitted with a stereo and everything but the kitchen sink. The next week Noel Edmonds was due to be married at Luss—I expect if we had been there at that time Barry and the Scott would somehow have found their way on to one of his T.V. programmes! On leaving Luss, the road follows the side of the loch for some 27 miles, a beautiful road with sweeping bends as it hugs the shore. We were stopped at a point where blasting for road improvements was taking place; as we continued we had to avoid rocks which had rolled down on the road. Our Wednesday night stop was at Tyndrum—about 4 houses, a garage, shop, 2 hotels and a station—on the West Highland Way in the middle of nowhere. Our hotel consisted of a main building, with sleeping accommodation in a single storey annexe at the rear. The bikes had to be left at the rear of the hotel in the open, but as this was well off the beaten track, we didn't worry. Parked for the night, next to our bikes, was the local AA patrol vehicle, a 4-wheel-drive van fitted with huge trackgrip tyres and a powered winch on the front bumper, indicative of the kind of weather to be expected up here. Bikes were mostly chained together, but Barry had chained the Scott to an iron post. Someone joked "Who would want to steal an old post?"

We decided to go for a walk along part of the West Highland Way. At the roadside, notices warned people not to set foot unless well dressed in protective clothing and adequately equipped. However, we were soon turned back, as midges and mosquitoes in hair and ears were driving us crazy. The "Scots" must be tough to choose the kilt for their national costume! Earlier in the evening Barry and a fellow enthusiast went train-spotting on the Scott. After our short walk, we took refuge in the bar, with notices posted telling us to keep all the windows closed against the dreaded midges!

Annan to Tyndrum approx. 150 miles.

Thursday 26th. It was a beautiful clear morning as we set off from Tyndrum. Three of us were a little late as there was quite a queue to buy petrol from the only pumps for many miles. At the end of a long downhill sweep, we spotted a lonely bike in a layby; it was Barry looking rather despondent with a silent Scott. We pulled up and were

joined shortly afterwards by the back-up cars. At least we could have a coffee and biscuits whilst diagnosing the problem. It was very warm, and yet snow could be seen on the mountain tops. The fault had occurred near the Bridge of Orchy, and as we worked on the bike, low-flying jets passed just over our heads, pulling up to clear the mountain at the end of the valley just when it seemed that they were doomed. Soon Barry diagnosed a dud ignition coil, and with another one taped on to a down tube, we were soon on our way. We let Barry go on ahead whilst we stopped to take in the majesty of Glencoe. We continued in glorious sunshine to our official coffee stop in Glen Nevis, at the foot of the famous mountain, then through Spean Bridge, along Loch Lochy through Fort Augustus and along the shore of Loch Ness to Drumnadrochit for lunch. Wherever we stopped, people would pass the eight beautiful Vincents without comment and then exclaim "A Scott". I might add that in the majority of cases they were elderly asthmatic gentlemen, probably condemned to a life of pain and suffering through riding Scotts in their youth! Although we had kept a sharp lookout, we failed to see any sign of the monster.

At Drumnadrochit we met a lad on a B.S.A. B31. He had arrived from Australia, bought the B.S.A. to tour England and Scotland, and would sell it on return to London and then fly home. As we continued north, we saw lots of redundant oil rigs anchored in the Cromarty Firth, and a little later, at a point where several people were scrutinising a cliff face, we saw an eagle soaring overhead. Our Thursday night stop was to be at the splendid Royal Marine Hotel at Brora, where the bikes were to be accommodated in the curling rink for the night. We found our rooms and were preparing for dinner, when we were alarmed to hear the noise of a Vincent Twin. We all came running to catch the thief only to find Dr. Michael Simpson on his very original open 'D' Twin. The doctor stayed for dinner with us, and then reluctantly departed. He does not often get a Vincent and Scott on his doorstep! The evening was concluded, as usual, by a visit to the bar. Some of the party, myself included, had further developed our tastes for malt whisky. Brora has its own local malt so we had to try it.

Tyndrum to Brora approx. 181 miles.

Friday 27th. 7.30a.m. saw everyone in the Hotel swimming pool, except 3 of the lazy devils. What a start for the last day! The swim had given us an appetite for the huge Scottish breakfast provided. This is an excellent hotel and can be recommended; they have no objection to vintage motorcyclists. After breakfast, we lined the bikes up in front of the hotel for a photograph. (It was very nice for each of the party to receive a "Haste Ye Back" Christmas card from the Hotel in December). This was it; only 80 miles to go to John O'Groats. According to the calculations of the ladies in charge of the fund raising, we would be a little short of the required 1000, so Marion worked out a devious route to give us these few extra miles. At Helmsdale we turned inland; this route followed a single track road with passing places—the A897, some 38 miles long. The Comets and Barry set off first. This was through very wild country, where the railway and road followed the river. In open places the railway had walls of old sleepers positioned to prevent snow from drifting across the line. The countryside reminded me of films that I had seen of

Iceland; a few very lonely cottages were dotted about, generally made of corrugated iron painted green, with red roofs and piles of peat in the garden for the fires. It was so hot that the tar was melting on the roads. After a while we could literally smell Barry's Scott, and shortly after we caught him up at Forsinard, a small station at a level-crossing in the middle of nowhere. Here at this lonely outpost was a cottage, station and hotel which is open in the summer months only. What an oasis! Outside the hotel were two petrol pumps with a notice "ring for service." We rang and filled up with petrol. As it was boiling hot, we asked if we could get a drink, whereupon the attendant went and changed from his petrol pump clothes, into his bar-tender clothes, to open the hotel bar for us. Our official lunch stop was to be Dunnet Head, the most northerly point on the mainland. Don and John Attwood had been pressing on with their Comets, dreaming of "Murdering a pint". Imagine their horror to find nothing there but a bleak car park and a lighthouse. They were none too pleased to learn that we had stopped to sink cooling draughts on the way. We also stopped near the Dounreay Nuclear power station to pick some radioactive heather, thinking that it might help out the Miller lights. Dunnet Head was our official lunch stop, but there was nowhere for lunch, no ice cream, hot-dog van, nothing. The situation was desperate; fortunately the ever-resourceful back-up girls had some emergency cans of lemonade, a few bread rolls (saved from the table the night before) and Max Pak coffee. That, on top of the splendid breakfast, kept us going.

The bikes were running well except for Len Grainger's twin, which had developed a whistle on tickover, indicative of a burnt valve; but it still started well and ran, so all looked good. We decided to break our normal habit and travel the last few miles in convoy. As the run had started out as Barry's idea, he and Jacquie were to lead the procession on the Scott. Marion and Judith, bringing up the rear, had a fine view of 9 great British bikes snaking along this lonely Scottish road these last few miles of our journey. The sun was blazing down, and not a ripple could be seen on the sea as we pulled up at 3.30p.m. outside the John O'Groats Hotel, just over 1,000 good happy miles since leaving Land's End. The official photographer arranged us, complete with 'bikes, at the foot of the John O'Groats signpost. Two bottles of Champagne had been brought and we happily toasted each other and our success.

We were to spend the night in the John O'Groats Hotel, which is just as you would imagine it; you can picture people arriving here from epic journeys in bygone times. After dinner we went for a walk on the jetty. It was still light enough to take photographs at 10.30p.m. and seals were popping their heads out of the water to see what all the fuss was about. Barry was as happy as a sandboy; the old Scott had made it, one in the eye for all the doubters. Of course, all the Vincent owners took it for granted that we would get there. Mention must also be made of Don Alexander who, with an artificial leg, rode his Comet 1008 miles with apparent ease although it cannot be easy pulling the bike on its rear stand when it is difficult to keep balance. We returned to the bar for drinks, and to make entries in the End-to-End record book. We were allowed to put our 'bikes in the barn at the rear of the hotel, but first of all we had to shoo out the sheep and then avoid the dung on the floor! And so to bed. . .

Brora to John O'Groats approx. 114 miles.

Saturday 28th. It is all very well doing Land's End to John O'Groats, but once up there you have 600-plus miles to travel back to the Midlands. We loaded the Scott and two Comets on the trailers and set off. Len's twin did expire, very appropriately, outside the gates of a lonely Scottish burial ground. Another trailer load! There then followed a glorious ride at sometimes highly illegal speeds down the A9, Len sitting behind Tony and Barry having a real high speed treat on the pillion of Ian's Shadow.

John O'Groats to Aberdour approx. 330 miles.

We stayed the night on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, at Aberdour, before returning the rest of the way home on Sunday.

Aberdour to Coventry approx. 350 miles

To sum up, all the 'bikes completed the run from Land's End to John O'Groats; the two cars and five of the twins did 2,000 miles each during the week and a day. Upon return, Len's bike was back on the road within 4 days, the burnt valve replaced. Not bad for a 35-year-old obsolete motorcycle! We had all enjoyed a super time, with a great spirit of companionship, and we managed to raise £2,080 for Mencap. At this point, I would like to make a plea. Don't be one of those forever supposedly restoring a bike—get it on the road and then don't just polish it, ride it. It will repay you a hundredfold. Take short cuts to get it on the road (but safe ones), and then add the touches to it as you go. What good is a bike in the shed which you might get around to some day? If you are not going to restore it, sell it to someone who will.

Let's see a whole lot more old 'bikes on the road next year, and in the years to come.

SOUTH AND WEST WALES SECTION NOTES

South and West Wales Section members took a number of their machines along to the annual "Ponther British Bike Club's" Show at Caerleon last October. This show is usually held in February, but for some reason was held in October last year. Five machines were on show at the Club stand: a 1922 Squirrel, 1936 Flying Squirrel and a 1954 prototype of Matt Holder origin. These Scotts were arranged on our Club stand, parts of which have been seen at the National Gathering. This stand, which is truly of exhibition standard, was made by Graham Gardiner and Tom Cowling about six years ago and has been seen at various shows in the South-West. When set up it consists of a display showing complete engines, parts, historical and contemporary photographs and of course complete machines. The background is of Scott logos and the profile of a twin-cylinder engine.

The Section monthly meetings continue to be well attended and are held on the first Wednesday of each month at the "Glenbrook Inn", Dobbins Road, Palmerston, Barry.

Dick Scott.

The Northern section meeting at Bradford Museum on September the 13th was held on a fine day, quite a rarity for 1987. Main subject of the meeting was a quiz, once again based on *The Yowling Two Stroke*. Arthur Fogg and Shirley Cumming tied for first place with very high marks. The standard of Scott knowledge of members taking part in the quiz was quite high. After the quiz various aspects of section activity were discussed, and the meeting ended at about 4.30 after an interesting and lively afternoon.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCOTT RIDER—No.11

A Day on the Links and Improving on Alfred

(continued)

D.W.Avis

The chain obviously didn't hear him because it was exhibiting the usual threshing within 2000 miles. After that, I always used chains made from pieces scrounged from more affluent members of the Motorcycle club and later extended the practice to rear chains with equal success.

The reason for the rapid wear is not hard to determine—the chain simply has no proper means of lubrication. Most machines enclose the primary chain in a casing containing a small quantity of oil into which the chain dips at the clutch, this being the lowest point. Its impact with the oil drives some between the sideplates of the chain so it penetrates to the rivets where it needs to be. Some machines used oily vapour from the crankcase breather to keep up the level, which cuts down maintenance when the machine is new. Unfortunately, it turns the pool of oil into a corrosive pool of sludge once the rings wear and blowby sets in. Be this as it may, those chains still wear less than those on a Scott, in spite of the Scott's smooth torque. Some machines, such as the Vincent, have a blade type tensioner which keeps the chain firmly on the sprockets and prevents threshing even when the chain is worn. The Scott has none of these benefits; the chain oiler fitted to the postwar Scotts is a classic example of how not to do it, since it merely drops oil onto the outside of the chain at the top of the clutch sprocket. It oils the rollers but cannot get to the rivets; therefore, after a long hard run you have an externally oily chain which will exude red friction rust from within. If you forget to shut the oiler off it will flood the Ferodo clutch which will never be the same again.

I soon modified my 1949 model so as to drip oil on one edge of the lower run of the chain, just before it goes onto the clutch. Some drops were sure to hit the sideplates at a rivet and be forced inside by centrifugal force as the chain circled the clutch. Useful service life was now 7-8000 miles against 2000 with the original arrangement, and the direct drip feed to the Ferodo was eliminated. Being rather better off by now, I was using new, not reworked chains. The dripper was made from the outer casing of TV coaxial cable held in place by a carrier of light aluminium, screwed to the flange at the back of the engine casting. Adjustment was by bending the bracket.

The *rationale* behind the soft materials used was amply justified about a year later. I was having trouble with my clutch getting "notchy", and a new, super-smooth clutch cable did not clear the problem (more on this in a tale yet to come). During a night ride from Oxford, back to Southend, the clutch stuck in a released position. I had to use a long tommy bar as a drift and a convenient rock to knock the quickthread worm arm back to the normal position. Unfortunately, I bent the chain oiler and it was dragged around the clutch when I started the engine. The dripper was a write-off but no other damage was done. Since that method of oiling seemed reasonably successful, I decided to replace it with something a bit better engineered. I had decided it was Ring-a-Ring-a-Rollers time (new rings and big end rollers), so whilst I had the engine out of the frame, I took the opportunity to arrange a secure and adjustable

mounting for a chain oiler. I drilled two clearance holes for three-sixteenth screws about one and a quarter inches apart, centred half way up the left rear flange of the crankcase casting. Two steel strips, two inches long by seven sixteenths by one eighth thick, were fastened on opposite sides of the flange by two screws with spring washers under their heads. The inside strip had threaded holes whilst the other had clearance holes. With the engine once more in the frame, it was possible to slide a one-inch wide strip of metal between the second strip of metal and the flange, and clamp it securely in the cross-frame direction by tightening the screws. This would provide a rigid yet adjustable mounting for the next generation of chain-oiler. This, I decided, would drip on both edges of the chain.

An O BA brass nut lay in the junk box with half its thread crossed. It could be used to make a half thickness nut or even a spacer so had not been thrown out, but now I had a better use for it. I drilled out the remaining thread and drilled one-eighth holes in three flats, into which I soldered one-inch lengths of copper tubing. Two tubes were bent around so as to be parallel at about the width of the chain. Thin sheet metal was soldered to the faces of the nut to close off the usual holes that all good nuts come with. I now had an oil distribution chamber, but three problems remained: I had to get the oil to it, I had to deliver the oil from it safely to the chain and I had to make a bracket to support it.

Now my source of copper tubing had been the original Scott oiler, but that black outer sheath from coaxial cable would make a fine feedpipe from the oil regulator and would not resist adjustment. The same stuff would do as drippers on the outlet pipes so that the metal assembly could be kept at a safe distance from the chain. The last problem would not be so easy to crack, but after a couple of pints of home brew, it did not seem so formidable so back to the workshop I went. I selected a few likely pieces of aluminium and waited for inspiration. The first couple of ideas didn't work out too well; for one thing, it struck me that the spacing between the drippers would vary with vibration so they would need to be secured within three-quarters of an inch of the tips. So back I went to check that I had properly shut off the tap on the homebrew keg, but had to open it twice more to ensure that it was working properly. Thus further fortified, I returned to the shop with a really crafty scheme just about hatched. The challenge in these matters is not to do the job well; any of the Old Bashers from Brum could do that; no! the challenge is to do it with next to nothing and still produce first class results.

The thing was simplicity itself. A two-inch length was cut from a strip of one-and-a-half inch wide, twenty gauge aluminium. This was to be mounted with the long dimension vertical. Three-sixteenths from the top, hacksaw cuts were made from opposite sides across the strip, but stopping short of the centre to leave a quarter-inch uncut. The tabs so formed were bent up vertically and trimmed down to about half an inch long. The nut could now be laid on the strip and the tabs folded over the feedpipe. Shorter tabs formed similarly at the bottom of the strip would secure the drippers, although the hacksaw cuts would be much shorter. This method of mounting not only avoided drilling the nut, but ensured that the plastic pipes could not work their way off the copper stubs. All that remained now was to screw the aluminium to another strip at right angles, which would be clamped onto the engine flange. Steel strip was chosen for this to

avoid fatigue fracture due to vibration. A finishing touch before installation was to snip the tips off the drippers at an angle so as to give a more definite release point for the oil.

This design seemed a deal better, and certainly did a good fast lube job when the oil regulator was opened a couple of turns. Normal setting on a run was three notches open. Somehow, I think the complication of the double dripper was not really justified; it seemed to me that the improved performance came from it keeping its adjustment better in relation to the chain. After all, once oil penetrates to a rivet it must spread right across.

At the back of my mind was the idea of a jockey wheel to tension the chain in the bottom run. It would have oil-porous side cheeks on which the link plates would rest lightly as the chain sat on the teeth. The oil feed would go to the bearing at the centre and pass radially outward through the side cheeks and be rolled into the chain at the rivets. The snag was that it was very tricky to engineer and would certainly provoke a disaster if it came adrift. I wrangled with the problem but could not find a safe and elegant solution. Although many ideas were dreamed up, they required a major engineering effort to be successful. So I simply stayed with what I had; after all, I could now at least do a trip of 400 miles or so before chain adjustment was required.

That elegant solution was found eventually and I think it was the time I stripped the engine to replace the second broken crank. I had actually assembled the crankshaft back in the engine, but decided to leave the leak test on the packing glands until Saturday. If the test failed it would irritate me until I could fix it. Better not to know. Saturday came and the glands passed OK. With dummy crankcase doors installed and the crankchambers filled with paraffin oil, not a drop leaked past the glands, even when the flywheel was turned. I suppose I stood and puzzled awhile as to how some oil always leaks past when the engine is running. It's not a lot of course, perhaps only five percent of the fed to the engine. Quite suddenly—IT HAPPENED! I saw how to make my chain oiler; Alfred had built the sprocket and the oil feed right into his original design, all that was needed was to improve upon Alfred Scott's work of genius by adding the oil-porous side cheeks!

Rummaging around in the box of odd scrap material, I came upon a Dr. Scholl's shoe pad made of fairly hard felt about a quarter of an inch thick. I started by cutting a circular piece the diameter of the wells of the teeth of the engine sprocket, using my '28 model flywheel to measure it up. I was now so taken with the idea that I decided to strip the crankshaft once more to install it, but took the precaution of thinning down the felt circle so that it would fit between the sprocket and the crankcase cup before I proceeded. After cutting out the centre of the felt disc, I attached it to the sprocket with six, 6BA countersunk screws, each threaded into one of the rivets that secure the sprocket to the fly wheel hub. The threaded holes were lightly countersunk with a standard twistdrill which has a shallower angle than the screwheads without being cut, yet the screws could be tightened down metal to metal. The truth is of course that the countersink tool had gone missing and I had done a botch job with a standard drill before I realised that this was indeed a better way. In the same vein, I used brass screws because that was all I had, but in fact they have ample strength for the job and would probably do less damage if they came loose. They never did, however.

Feeling strangely elated as though on the verge of some great discovery, I had to condition myself to assemble the engine carefully and install it in the frame. A new primary chain had been bought but I decided not to fit it yet. Instead, I did a quick cut-and-swop job on the old one to get rid of the bad bits and used that. The double dripper was installed of course since the new device was totally untried. On the coil ignition Scotts, the timing is not lost when the crankcase door is removed so the engine fired up at the first kick. This baffles onlookers, who expect two-strokes to require at least half a mile of pushing to start them after a strip-down. The secret is to mix one part oil to four parts petrol and pour two or three ounces into each crankchamber before attaching the transfer covers. Oh! and don't forget the rotor arm, or you WILL be pushing it up and down the street.

I used the machine on local journeys for a couple of weeks; about two hundred miles in all. When checked, the chain needed about three-quarters of a turn on the drawbolt to regain correct adjustment. Things did not seem to have improved. Of course, I was not taking into account that this chain consisted of at least six pieces so some rivets would need to bed in. So I daringly decided to run the next hundred miles without using the double dripper at all, and to my surprise no further stretch occurred. I really caned it on the run to London for the next Club meeting but chain adjustment remained perfect, although there were still some slack spots as one would expect. Wear seemed to have stopped. Eventually I installed the new chain which quietened the engine considerably. It required one adjustment at 200 miles and nothing thereafter. Several thousand miles later, I removed the chain to do the LoftyLube mods. The chain was still in perfect adjustment and running quietly without threshing.

When I removed the flywheel, I found that the felt was coming apart, although still doing its job. I replaced it with a leather disc cut from an old wallet. In an inspired moment, I decided to improve upon perfection by trimming the disc to look like a sprocket, but smaller, so that the tips of its teeth would just touch the chain at the joints. This gadget, and the chain, have been on the machine for 35,000 miles, 25,000 of which were in Canada, sometimes in pretty foul weather. During that time the chain has required only one adjustment. There was no doubt in my mind that the smooth torque of the Scott engine could permit extended chain life once proper lubrication was provided, but I never expected this kind of performance.

I recently read in an old *Yowl* that a New Zealand fellow had installed a felt pad type of oiler that rubbed on the chain which was very efficient. I had tried such a device on my 1928 model with only moderate success. It only worked if the pad rubbed on the chain, but it wore rapidly, especially if the chain was threshing a bit. It would be fine for low mileage use such as the occasional Rally, but I was averaging 3 to 400 miles a week. He also mentioned that he had fitted a "Dr. Scholl's" oiler on his flywheel but didn't think it very much good. My opinion is that, unless he is using Silk cranks with synthetic seals that don't leak any oil, the Dr. Scholl's is doing all the work. This view would no doubt be supported by at least one other enthusiast, unfortunately of name unknown, who approached me at the 1966 rally at Evesham and thanked me for a good trip. He owned a rather shabby pre-war Scott, I think it was a 1938 model. It had no

covers of any kind on engine or gearbox. Apparently I had discussed chain lubrication with him on a previous occasion and had told him that I intended to replace the felt ring with something more substantial, but thought that even a length of string wound around between the sprocket and the main bearing cup would do the trick. Apparently he had taken me literally by passing some soft pastry vendor's string around the left main, forming a slip-knot which he pulled tight and then wound in enough string to reach the chain. This was so successful on the primary side that he repeated the process on the magneto side.

This fellow admitted that he hadn't installed new chains so they still threshed a bit, but they didn't need any attention from the squirty oil can and required very little adjustment. He said that he had been very fed up with the chain problems and had been on the point of getting rid of the Scott when we had our first chat. I never saw him again but would very much like to know who he was. I think that his Scott was being neglected for the rather pretty but somewhat possessive young lady at his elbow. It seemed that the "Sell-the-Bike" syndrome was developing—a disease common to all makes of bikes.

So if anyone has acquired a Scott with string wound around the mains, the flywheel wasn't a present from Father Christmas.

ENTHUSIASTS' EMPORIUM

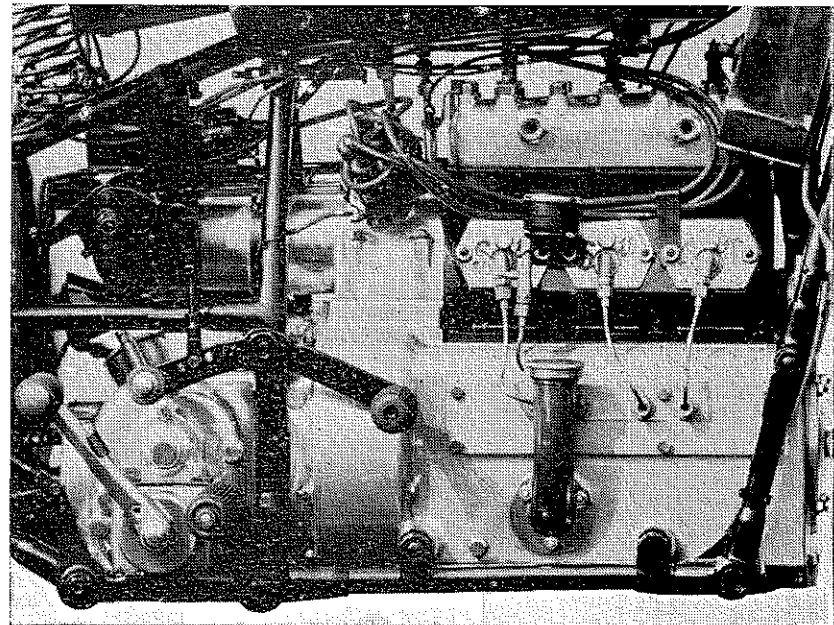
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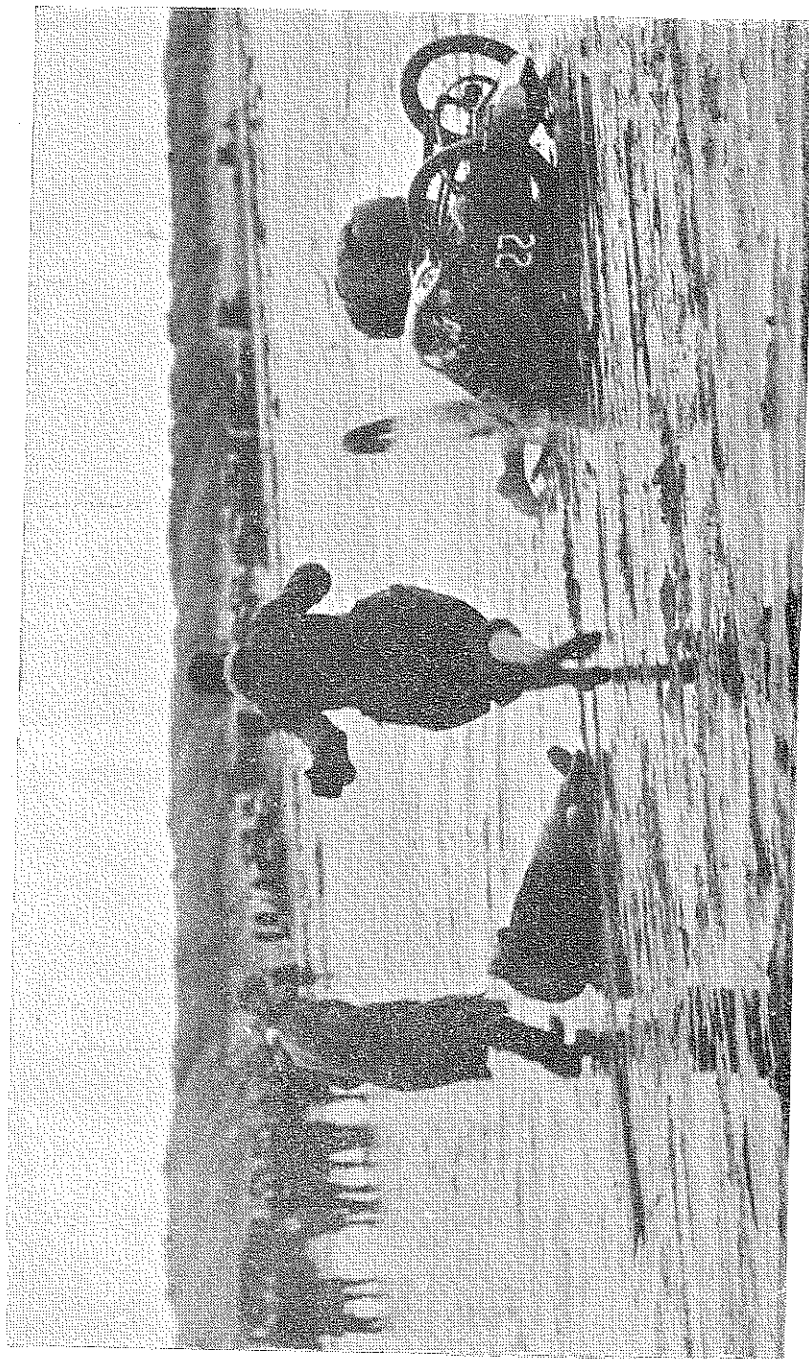
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