



Joint Publication of the
Sample



No. 3

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2 Litre LAGONDA Register

LAGONDA CAR CLUB



Joint Hon. Secs. :

A. C. Rees, c/o C. LL. Rees, 271, Holdenhurst Rd., Bournemouth.

J. M. Bosworth, The Grange, Upper Sea Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Hon. Sec. :

A. Jeddere Fisher, Apsley Cottage,

Kingston Blount, Oxon.

Editor : D. P. King, "Jasmine," Jactett's Hill, Thakeham, Sussex

EDITORIAL

The Editor, having sold *Miranda* and acquired a 125 c.c. two-stroke, spends a certain amount of time musing, as he wends his way to work and back thirty-two miles, what a lot of unnecessary signals are used by the average driver, and feels that the Highway Code could well be rewritten. Too often is heard the sentence "I am slowing down" and then —. We consider that on coming to traffic lights, at red, for instance, people who give vigorous signals indicating "I am slowing down," and then "I am stopping" are wasting their time, for we can see the red as well as they can. No, we support the principle of every man look to his front, let him behind do likewise. (This ought to get a crop of letters !)

Now that the results of the vote regarding the union of the 2-litre Lagonda Register and The Lagonda Car Club have been published, we feel that a few words will not be out of

place. The Editor of THE LAGONDA has had in advance a taste of how the amalgamation is likely to work, for in effect, the joint magazines have meant just that. Let it be said here, that no one cares to count the articles in these magazines, that these have come equally from both Clubs, we have had to deal with both Hon. Treasurers regarding printing costs, both were equally prompt in payment. Each of the respective Hon. Secretaries have been terribly rude to us, forgetting in their ire that we have the last word, in print, at any rate, even if they do order the Hon. Treasurers to stop the cheques ! Members of both Clubs, and non-members, have written both rude and congratulatory letters, and so, we, in our experience of three issues, feel absolutely certain (without a shadow of intransigence) that given goodwill and continued support, the Club will go from strength to strength.

COMING EVENTS

SUNDAY, 23RD SEPT. Annual General Meeting, 2-litre Lagonda Register. 11.30 a.m. Meet at "The Stonor Arms Hotel," Stonor, 4 miles N.W. of Henley-on-Thames on the Watlington Road.

Those members requiring lunch at the Hotel MUST give 48-hours' notice to the Landlord (NOT the Secretary !). Telephone Turville Heath 11.

Permission has very kindly been given for those members wishing to picnic to use a very beautiful part of Stonor Park adjacent to the Hotel.

2.15 p.m.—Move in convoy to THE LAMBERT ARMS, Aston Rowant.

3.30 p.m.—A.G.M.

4.30 p.m.—Tea.

TUESDAY, 25TH SEPT. Local meet, "Coach and Horses", Croxley Green. 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, 2ND OCT. Local meet, "The White Hart", Bletchingley, Nr. Godstone. 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH OCT. Annual General Meeting, Lagonda Car Club. 7 p.m. at "The Prince of Wales," Drury Lane.

SATURDAY, 20TH OCT. Thame Rally. First meeting of the combined Clubs. This will be a Map Reading Test, and will be held in the Thame area, from 12 a.m.

SUNDAY, 18TH NOV. The R.A.C. Veteran Car Run, London-Brighton. Lunch party. Details later.

INVITATIONS

SUNDAY, 30TH SEPT. Bentley Owners Club, Firlie Hill Climb.

13TH-14TH OCT. Hants and Berks M.C. Night Navigation Rally.

This event is wholly suitable for any type of car. The noctavigation will occur on Sheet 169 (Aldershot) of the 1-in. Ordnance Map, and will be run on the usual Hants and Berks lines, who were originators of this type of event.

Last year we had five entries, four of whom won awards, including an 11.9 (we trust no collusion is indicated!—Ed.).

Regulations and entry forms are obtainable from the Hon. Secretary.

27TH-28TH OCT. Tunbridge Wells C.C. Night Trial.

**Local meets will be held as before, first and last Tuesday of each month.*

MISCELLANY

Member Lumsden, whose reputation for "upside-downing" two years ago is now well known, has started this year's score by revolving a Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost hearse—but now wants to have a go at turning over a new Leaf. Any offers?

* * *

Advert. "Achilles" two-seated car. Made in the engineering centre of the West which cast the monument of "Boadicea" for the Thames Embankment and "Alfred the Great" for Winchester. (From *The Motor*, 1904). What! didn't they make the railings for St. Paul's?

* * *

It is reported that the Editor has now recovered from his attack of apoplexy on receiving a letter addressed to THE LAGONDER, suitable apologies having been made and accepted.

* * *

Congratulations to G. T. Walker for coming third in one of the handicap races at

The Night Elms Silverstone Meeting, 2nd June, 1905, when, after dicing to and fro amongst the drums and a pause to have a look-see!

* * *

New member J. R. Brierley, now owning the ex-Whelan 2-litre saloon, is "mine host" of "The Fleece Inn," East Street, Chichester, Sussex, H & C*, 'phone 238211. This is conveniently near Goodwood, maybe, for after race gatherings.

* * *

Hartop reports that the photo register is making slow progress, and asks that mention should be made that this undertaking is primarily for record purposes and that photographs of meetings, several cars together, etc., should be sent to Rees, for inclusion in the main album. He requires two good prints of each car in the Club/s, side and head-on views.

* * *

**Henty & Constable!*

WHY I OWN A LAGONDA

(or "Joys of the Reconditioned Engine")

My post-war Hillman coupe took us to Florence and back blithely, and I never needed to open the box of spares provided by Rootes Ltd. This was just as well because in those days I didn't know a hatchet from a handsaw, and still nursed the notion that automobiles were pulled forward by the neat little propellor under their bonnets.

But I had just passed the driving test and treated the Alpine passes with a contempt which I now know they didn't deserve. That was three years ago.

Soon AFTER this 4,000 mile spree I discovered that cars could skid, that batteries had to be topped up, that sparking plugs were removable, and all manner of other revelations which came upon my untampered mind in a series of blinding flashes from which I shall never quite recover.

The first knowledge I received, becomes as insatiable as a sea's. Mr Irving's Editions of Shakespeare were piled on the floor to make way for "Autumn book", "Understand Your Car", "The Car Book", etc., and I even lifted the Hillman's lid to see if everything was there that the books predicted would be. Everything wasn't!

Vintage Silverstone finally destroyed my 10 h.p. contentment. As I parked between a 30-98 and a luscious Rapier I had already begun to long for cruising at over 70 and P100s'.

After five months of studying those columns magically headed "Motors" I read these words: "Lagonda 3-litre Special Tourer, 1931—reconditioned engine—Genuine 80—not a thing wrong with this car—18 m.p.g., £225."

I collected it at Brentwood, and five minutes after leaving the previous owner I was making my first acquaintance with ignition-control and crash gearbox. Having, with some difficulty and musical accompaniment, got into top, I watched the needle pass the 85 mark. I won't attempt to describe

my soaring spirits, but I will describe the exhaust's blue note, which became bluer and bluer. The downpipes had come away entirely from the exhaust manifolds to which they had been imperfectly (I'm keeping as calm as I can) welded! (Item: new manifolds, ring-nuts, olives and downpipes).

A week of walking and I was a Lagonda driver again. Two barrow boys watched me leap aboard the grey monster at Marble Arch. "Gawdawmity wotisit"? "Doncher reckernyzit! It's the B.R.M." And it wouldn't start (Item: new batteries, etc.).

Can you imagine my excitement when basketting chicken-legs and beer for my first vintage day at Bisley? I have still seen no more of Bisley than is visible from the kerb outside my front door. (Item: magneto rewound).

Once again I tried to recapture the bliss of that effortless 85. The result prompts the following lament: the tune of "Begin the Beguine"

When the pipe has the big end,

Just keep your eye

On the item marked "Labour,"

Or else sign your cheque

In the name of a neighbour

When they put in

The big end.

Cruising speed is still seventy, although; oil oozes from a rear brake drum; lubrication reads 3-lb. sq. in. when warm and an ominous zero after sharp corners; long runs consume gallons at fifteen mile intervals; canvas shows through the spare tyre; and I'm always stuffing "Gun-Gum Repairer" into silencer cracks.

Anybody want to buy a Lagonda? You CAN'T have mine! While her back view resembles nothing so much as a dear old lady's bottom, the front view is the Cad's Car par excellence. (I bought a lovely cream corduroy cap to go with the front

view but lost it the day the hood envelope fell off somewhere near Hartley Wintney). She looks a royal beast ("cruises at a hundred EASILY" I heard a foot-traveller knowingly assure his wife). There isn't a nut or bolt of that car I don't know. If there is, then I don't know it.

When I've paid the next quarter's tax at 25s. per h.p. I'll see if I have a few hundred quid left over to put her into shape again,

THE SILVERSTONE PILGRIMS AT THE FOLLY

Whan that luly with al hys shoures swete,
And sonshine, bathed, clenend and dried the strete,
And ancient Bugs do stryve with new Delages,
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.
And drivers for to seken strange strondes
To ferne courses, kowthe in sondry londes.
And specially from every shires ende
Of Engeland to Silverstone they wende,
That they might al the coursing ther bihold,
Of sondry cars, and dryvers also bold.

Bifel that in that seson on that day
At Silverstone ny Club when-as I lay
Redy to wenden from my pilgrimage
Londonward with ful a hys forage
One Taylor did me see and eke reke
How that the Register was engate
Ful wel some twenty in a compaigne
At nyght to be come in that betwene
Ny Bucking Ham, yelpe of the nyght
Ther to drive off the post-race melancholy.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde we ther wended atte beste
That I was of hir felawship anon,
To speke and drinke with hem everychon.
But natheles, me thinketh it to resoun
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
Which on that nyghte haunteden Follye;
And eek in what array that they were inne,
And with Bob Wright then wol I first bigynne.

A WRIGHT ther was and that a worthy man
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To dryven out, he loved the sportyng Lag
Nor lette not its reputacioun sag.
He coude wel of drifting thoro bends,
Of snatchyng geeres, and throwing bigge endes.
At rallyes hadde he dryven wel and ofte,
He nolde nat have hys suspensioun softe.
At Firle hadde he bar away beste tyme,
Eek in the Southern rallye wel did clymbe.
Ther was no other that he colde not chete
Eke of hys lead, at dicying in the strete.
Hys car was read as brustles in sowes eres;
Rapide, I trow, if dowed with but four geeres,

then I shall know again the thrill I felt in those first ten minutes out of Brentwood when, before the blue note began to get too truly blue, I was driving a car "with not a thing wrong with it."

Why do I own a Lagonda? My wife wishes to write this last sentence: "There is no SANE reason why my husband should own a Lagonda."

DAVID GREENE (306).

He never cut nor baulked no maner wyght;
He was a verray, parfit, gentil Wright.

A TORTOISE hadde we with us thilke nyght
That could wel on papier hous endyte.
A two-quart Lag he rade, with otheres four;
Whan that we him biheld, 'twas on the floor,
As neath his car ful lusty did he stryve;
Since that his brakkes did bynde, he might nat
He was arrayd fro heed to toe in broun; (dryve.
With grese bismotered was al hys gypoun.
And round him as he toiled did eche man stonde;
Thus al but he held mug of ale in hond.
Though that he Taylor cleped was, that nyghte,
As ay, him "G. P. W." men hyghte.

A CLERKE hadde we then, the which bore
Oveset as he rade, with otheres four
But wel by that day arrive;
Light was it were the verray car to dryve.
A BRITLEY DRYVER also hadde we ther
Wynge by Brummagem, as I dare swere.
Though "Gloria" was hys steed, him liste prate
Of labels blakke, and mighty right-hond gayte.
And otheres were ther in thys compaignye,
That cam by Lambda, and Lagondas three.
Which former wroghte was ful dene and weel,
The engyn and the dashe everydeel;
And nuttes twinkled on its heed aryght
As doon the sterres in a frosty nyght.
All shynye was as clene as ever he kan.
Ther nas none swich fro Durham to Milan.
Of al thys men, tho worthy wights with-al,
Yet sooth to seyn, I noot how men hem calle.

Anon, as gan the nyght then sprynge blakke,
Up roos we everichon, and took the jakke
From under Taylor's car wher then it was.
And shortly for to tellen ye the cas,
With shoon of leed we rade on our viage;
Thus finished we oure welcom pilgrimage.

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SPARES AND TECHNICAL TOPICS

Spares Registrar and Technical Advisor :

I. FORSHAW, "Lyngharth," Sandecotes Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

In my absence my wife conducts highly comical technical conversations on the telephone. Her cryptic notes are my guide for future correspondence. After one such episode I find poor Nall's propeller shaft described as an over-bearing type in such condition that it would be useless to put it back into service. On the other hand Newton shock absorbers may be the answer to the semi-epileptic springs a character discussed with me a few weeks ago.

Camshaft Timing. For the 3-litre engine. Gamper points out that the fine adjustment for the camshaft is not covered in the instruction manual. The camshaft chain wheel has three keyways marked 1, 2 and 3, but has only one Woodruff key fixing; the three keyways allow for fractional tooth advancement. Withdrawal of the magneto skew driving gear will be necessary to give access to the above. The new springs for the chain tensioner against pressure gave the following figures: 1-in. extension 13 lb.; $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. extension 10 lb.; 1-in. extension 19 lb.

Gearbox. Bearing data for the Z type gearbox will be of interest:
Input shaft

Outer end Hoffman 330 Ball Race

Inner end Hoffman RL14 Roller Race

Output shaft R & M MJ35 Ball Race.
Hyatt bearings for this gearbox are readily obtainable from the manufacturers.

Layshaft. Two bearings RA177. I.D. 1.250 in. O.D. 1.750 in.

Mainshaft. The original bearing No. 16953 is no longer manufactured and is replaced by bearing No. 93424. I.D. 0.875 in. O.D. 1.250 in.; this bearing is shorter and requires the inclusion of a distance piece.

Tyres. Warning is given that the tyre position for 21-in. wheels is very difficult and likely to become increasingly so. En-

quiry for this size at garages may produce a vacant stare but members are urged to buy any available covers.

Radiator. Following the persistent boiling Walther reports that he sent his radiator to a specialist firm for flushing out; it was said to be "too far gone" and a new core was advised at a cost of £15 15s. Recovering from this shock Walther made use of a Rolls Royce formula and cleansed the radiator himself, apparently with great success. Details of the formula and the procedure have been asked and will shortly be available from me.

Oiling System. Pritchard draws attention to the wisdom of making up a small clip as a steady for the long unsupported feed pipe to the rocker gear, thereby avoiding fatigue cracks caused by vibration.

Woodruff provides the correct initial spring tension for the standard Arnold-Hartford friction type units. This is 20 lb., tested with a spring scale attached to the outer end of one arm, the other arm being clamped in a vice.

Autoklean Oil Filter. To those wishing to check or overhaul this component, Collins offers the loan of a specially made-up pipe and flanges to act as a by-pass. Obtainable through me. As Collins says, the vanes, in this type of filter tend to become clogged by a hard deposit over a period of years, though on cursory examination the cartridge may appear perfect; there is here a field of exploration for owners suffering from low oil pressure.

Shackles. Excellent reports are received of the use of the Morris Commercial shackle bolts for the rear of the rear springs. It is pointed out that if the existing bushes are not too seriously worn they may be reamed out carefully with a piloted reamer to fit the oversize bolts.

Service. Additional manuals now available include particularly good books on the Marles Steering Gear and E.N.V. Pre-selective Gearbox, and a leaflet on the Andre-Hartford friction type shock absorbers.

Collins expresses appreciation of W. R. Poate, The Gosport Coach Works, 1a King Street, Gosport, who fitted new celluloid to all side screens for £2 7s. 6d.

McIlvenna speaks highly of electrical service from Autolex, 6 Victoria Road, Brentwood; and Armitage similarly of the machine work of Leonard Reece, Beeches Avenue, Carshalton.

Chat. Hall reports his new daughter already a confirmed enthusiast, having had her baptism of Lagondie thunder at the tender age of ten days; a trip in a Karriocot behind the front seats, he says, is a panacea for all childish ills—if that means what I think it does there are those who will not share this view and he will do right to avoid the young matrons at the next Rally.

Butler sells with a regret, facing problems of growing family and heavy responsibilities which beset so many, the sale was conducted in the village tradition, with Butler dwelling on the shortcomings of his car rather than its virtues and the buyer handing over all the money he had and apologising that it was so little! On the other hand Spiller advertises his car and is relieved when it fails to find a buyer—Spiller is one of that diminishing band whose motoring began in the last century and whose enthusiasm survives to this day; he has, he says, ruined himself over motor cars on several occasions, and may yet do so again.

Kings' car bursts into life after 2½ years of unremitting blood, sweat, toil and tears, and every effort will be made to bring it to the Rally in September. A body has been found for Vessey's chassis and another car will be saved. In South Wales Brown's car approaches completion and may also be seen later in the year. Tyler wonders, as others have done before him, what giant hand

secured the lock nuts of the Lagonda rear axle pinion shaft. It is said that Mrs. Russell and Noble have somersaulted Harvey on a particularly treacherous corner in Essex, the sixth car to come to grief there this year.

Dr. Walther sends shortbread from the Scottish Highlands "to prove that we really did get here and with thanks for all the kind help which made this holiday possible." Scotch shortbread is a confection of which I am particularly fond but two marauding Lagondas arrived on the same day and the wolves consumed it before my dismayed eyes. This is known as "ploughing back the profits." To those seeking accommodation in the Highlands Walther strongly recommends the excellence of Dornoch Castle, Sutherland.

Armitage's letter to *Motor Sport* on the merits of the 2-litre Lagonda is very pleasing, as the car has never received the recognition it deserves from the motoring press. Stranded on the road, Mackmin replaces a missing magneto brush with the carbon electrode from a torch battery, fitted with a nail. Gibeys sells his 4½-litre Lagonda and buys Cooper's 3-litre saloon. Elliott buys Parker's car, the latter being just a roadster and "wouldn't part with it for the world." Bruce-Watson's brother is so impressed by the service offered by the Register that he will buy a Lagonda for his own. Norris chafes in exile in Kenya and will rebuild his car on his return next spring. Stanton's chassis has been fitted with a Rover Pilot body obtained from Leo and the car is now in service. Cox has modified the rear part of his 3-litre, the trunk being somewhat decayed, and is well pleased with the result.

That dynamo of energy Arthur Fisher writes at 0.200 hrs., when vitality is at its lowest ebb, and casually mentions that the dismantled car which then surrounds him will later that day transport him on the first stage of his journey to Italy! The 8-cylinder 3.8 litre Horch engine has been fitted to Heatley's 16/80 and when teething troubles are overcome, this promises to be a fearsome tool. Collins has lost an exasperat-

ing battle with a body called the Tyre Manufacturers Conference Ltd., which acts as strong arm man and shield for those who manufacture these costly parts. A little man with a hammer has hidden himself in Reid's oil pump—otherwise his recent overhaul is a great success. Needham's car is sent from Malta on the flight deck of a carrier, to be overhauled in readiness for his own return.

Nothing to do with motoring—a colleague of member Arthur Jacobs on the Express newspapers describes a visiting film star as having a silky look, like something in a meringue with raspberry sauce on top. I do not in the least understand this, but the description fits very well the thing I trust I may be spared to throw at smug Mrs. Dale, recorder of the doings of a particularly revolting radio family.

Petrie Hay sends excellent photographs of his car in action at Silverstone but complains that "the local hooligs" have botched the clutch reconditioning, spoiling this exuberance. Clarke deplores for the moment's notice at the meeting, and claims his car to be the "only racing" machine with a Caracal Club. It is sad that considerations of space preclude printing in full Tweedie-Walker's account of his own dicing, divided sharply into three phases; (1) Full chat; (2) The partial hush; (3) The complete hush. Black-edged envelope and picturesque language announce the writing-off of Tweedie-Walker's car in Birmingham traffic, fortunately without personal damage. Preliminary survey indicates that the police will do the driver of the cattle truck concerned, but it is hoped that liability is firmly fixed as litigation is uncertain and for the rich. Tweedie is now, "Yours pedestrianly."

Hewett has been hurling his F.W.D. Alvis up Shelsley; he claims to be the only man alive to have dismantled and rebuilt a Lagonda gearbox in the main street of Carlisle on a bitter winters' day. McIlvenna abandons his car in Romford Market Place with magneto failure—subsequent protracted

work on the machine proved highly diverting for the natives. Taylor's adventures in the competition field have convinced him that the owner of the 2-litre Lagonda is supremely well equipped for that essentially British approach to sport—the game is the thing and to win not in the best of taste. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune afflict Taylor more than most and the capricious Lily brings him to holiday on the Spares Registrar's doorstep in Purbeck, lest evil befall. Even more significant says Mrs. Taylor, is the choice of a hostelry at the top of a steep hill.

In a moment of sentiment Forshaw buys a single-gear Invicta motorcycle from Graham Brown as a pup for his car of the same make. In Ireland Frazer plunges his family into despair by contemplation of an early belt-driven Triumph and a bull-nose Morris as stable companions for his Lagonda. Hauxwell, a new member, has a 2-litre engine fitted into a 3-litre chassis, a reversal of a more popular procedure. The 11.9 car in Cornwall was purchased with vigour by Biddle, who hesitated only when he found that the replacement had been used for much more than its intended purpose. Morse—whose car, I believe, used to carry a maximum load of eighteen scouts—has acquired two new curates and looks forward to more free time with his Lagonda.

I hear from Jacobs that petrol filter bowls are still available from the Zenith Carburettor Co.—in brass 4s. 6d., glass 4s. Pritchard has suffered hand brake failure and heart failure on one of Cornwall's precipitous steepes, excessive wear on the operating shafts and bushes allowing the brake shoes to become displaced. He had a field day in the vintage classes on 8th July at Davidstow Moor, which should give heart to other competition-minded members. Hoyle has located a derelict 3-litre in Wakefield in the hands of a person who describes it as "a £4,000 job," an attitude which precludes business being done. In Northern Ireland Brooke is carrying out a most extensive and skilful overhaul to a high chassis saloon,

having the resources of a naval workshop to hand; inspecting Admirals, lacking in tolerance and sense of humour, have temporarily driven the car underground. Coates' supercharger is in trouble following the Northern Rally but in a spirited defence he accepts all the blame for bad assembly, and his faith in the reliability of the blown car is unshaken.

Booth declares himself bankrupt following his Spanish adventure, during which the car averaged 26 m.p.g. and behaved magnificently. In France and Spain, Page has covered a trouble-free 3,000 miles, averaging 21 m.p.g. with a 21-years-old supercharged car. O'Dell, at our outpost in Canada, has been touring in U.S.A. with his 3-litre and mentions the enormous interest aroused by his car wherever it appeared, and the expressions of disbelief at its performance on the road. Many members are engaged in re-plating fearful of the embargo which is shortly to come into effect. Chris Letcher washed down his engine with petrol in a closed garage and rose to great activity with a wire brush produced the engine in the

explosion in the New Forest since the discovery of gunpowder. Great fun was had with the Fire Brigade but on the whole these diversions are not recommended.

Among the strange collection of machinery which the writer owns is a 3-litre car of such fine quality and beauty that it is a rare delight. Vicious taxation confines this car to its garage as he can neither afford to run it for pleasure alone nor can he bear to sell it. Road Fund taxation, spent on anything but roads, is £25 yearly however few miles be covered; but Mr. Shekels, fat with war profits, need pay only £10 yearly for his costly new, 40 h.p. carriage, and unlimited miles. This is not the "small anomaly" which Mr. Gaitskell would have us believe, though it might be considered so if one had a Cabinet Minister's salary; nor is it "soak the rich" or "fair shares for all" which have been his Party's battle cries so long. It is a rank injustice, against which every man's voice should be raised at the forthcoming election. I close without apology for the introduction once again of combustible

CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF THE 2-LITRE SPEED MODEL LAGONDA

We feel that there are many owners of 2-litre Lagondas who will appreciate this article, reproduced from "The Autocar" of 21st June, 1929, on Care and Maintenance of the 2-litre Speed Model.

Although it does not follow that decarbonising is the first process which the engine will need, it is probably the best starting point when dealing with the car as a whole. Before decarbonising it is well to arrange that the motor house shall be thoroughly tidied and cleaned, and the car placed in a good light, after which a box should be obtained into which the various parts can be placed as they are removed, and in which such spares as rubber hose for the water pipe, a gasket, and particularly the cork washers required for the head can be temporarily stored.

Ordinarily, the actual decarbonising is best effected with the special set of tools which can be obtained from various manu-

facturers, or with an old but sharp set of wood chisels. First drain the water from the radiator by the tap provided below the pump, in addition, if necessary, also remove the plug at the bottom of the radiator itself. The pump tap, by the way, is the only one which should be used if it becomes desirable to drain the water from the whole system in exceptionally cold weather. The radiator plug hole does not drain the water pump casing, and if ice forms in the latter the vanes of the pump may be damaged. The water system holds three gallons and one quart of water.

Next the twenty-one nuts which hold down the cylinder head should be undone and put

in the box kept for parts, the upper of the two rubber water pipes disconnected and the oil pipe union at the back of the head also undone. The exhaust pipe and carburettor need not be disturbed. The sparking plug cables should be removed, the plugs themselves unscrewed and set aside.

The head can then be lifted off the studs. It carries with it the cranked levers which operate the valves, and the valves themselves. If the head be then turned upside down on the bench the carbon can be carefully scraped away, leaving a clean, polished surface everywhere. Particular care should be taken not to leave loose carbon in the combustion space.

The piston crowns can be decarbonised by bringing each in turn to the top dead centre, care again being exercised to remove all the carbon that is scraped away. The face of the head and the surfaces on the top of the cylinder block should be spotlessly clean when the head is refitted. The gasket also should be thoroughly clean and the cork washers which make the joint between the camshaft tunnels and the cylinder head should be replaced by new ones. The job is to be carried out efficiently.

While the cylinder head is off the valves can be removed and ground to their seatings with fine emery powder. First, the rocking levers must be detached, this being effected by unlocking the nuts, holding the spindle of the lever to a boss in the casting, unscrewing those nuts and withdrawing the spindle sideways. In doing so make sure that the bronze washer belonging to the fulcrum pin is not lost, and that the hardened cap is retained on the end of the valve.

For removing the valves or changing a spring there is a special tool of the type indicated in an accompanying sketch. A suitably shaped block of wood should be placed on the bench to fit into one of the combustion spaces and to rest upon the heads of the valves. The tool should then be screwed into position as shown in the illustration, the distance piece on one arm

resting on the machined face of the cylinder head, and the screw at the other end of the arm operating the fork which engages with the valve spring retaining collar. The valve spring itself can then be compressed until the split cotters can be taken out. Incidentally, these split cotters are quite easily removed by magnetising the tang end of a file.

When the cotters are withdrawn the inner and outer valve spring and the retaining collar can be released and removed and the valve itself can then be withdrawn. Note that the valves are marked to correspond with their seatings, the valves in No. 1 combustion space, which is the one normally nearest the radiator, being marked 1 and 1E, 1E being the exhaust valve. The valves should not be replaced in the wrong seatings. On top of each valve is a hardened thimble which should be kept to its allotted valve stem. If eight holes are drilled in a block of wood to receive the valves after they have been extracted, they will more easily be kept to their proper positions.

Valve Grinding

Each valve is ground by making use of the screw driver slot in its head, a screw-driver being preferable to any other means for this work. The face of each valve should be ground until it presents an even surface free from pits, and the utmost care should be used to wash away every trace of carborundum powder, especially from the neighbourhood of the valve guides. The valve guides, by the way, can be driven out of the head and replaced if badly worn. A worn valve guide allows extra air to enter the inlet pipe. When replacing a guide it is better to pull it in with a long thread bolt rather than to knock it into place as this may damage it.

When each valve has been returned to its seat and the spring and cotters put back, the rocking lever can be reassembled on its fulcrum, care being taken not to overlook the bronze washer or the thimble on the end of the valve. When the assembling is

complete, the head can be replaced, care being used not to damage the rockers when engaging with the camshaft. The twenty-one nuts must be tightened in rotation in such a way that the head is pulled down evenly all round.

The valves must then be set again at .004 in. clearance, whether the engine is hot or cold, this clearance being maintained between the valve stem and the end of the rocker arm. Adjustment of clearance is effected by using a tommy in one end of the eccentric spindle carrying the rocker arm and rotating the spindle one way or the other until a feeler gauge shows the gap to be .004 in., at which point the nut and lock nut can be tightened home to secure the spindle in position. Always check the clearance again after locking.

Useful Special Tool

Actually, it is possible to remove the valve springs without detaching the head, a special tommy being inserted through the plug orifice of the cylinder concerned to hold the required valve on its seat while the

special tool already described depresses the valve spring washer, allowing the cotters to be withdrawn. Concerning this operation there is one important point, namely, to see that the cylinder is on the top dead centre of its *compression* stroke, so that both valves are on their seats. In no circumstances should the engine be turned whilst the special tommy is projecting into the cylinder, as otherwise the valves will be considerably damaged.

When the plugs and wires, water pipe and oil pipe are once more in place and the cooling system is full, the engine should be started and run for some little time, care being taken to run it light on a small throttle opening, and then the nuts holding down the head should be tested again to ensure that they are really tight. It is a wise precaution to go over these nuts once more after the car has had its first run subsequent to removal of the head. It is quite extraordinary how play and slackness can develop unless this point is carefully attended to.

(To be continued)

BOOKS TO PURCHASE AND TO KEEP!

Flat Out, by G. E. T. EYSTON. *John Miles, Publisher, Ltd.*

Although published in 1933, this book is well worth reading, if only for the best method of finding a faulty plug in a Bugatti, that is, to spit on each exhaust pipe! More interesting is the fact that in the Mille Miglia, Lord Howe's Mercédès, although entered for the race, was really a breakdown car, full of Magnette spares! The Editor could bear this idea in mind, when/if his "blown" car takes to the races.

British Sports Cars, by GREGOR GRANT. *G. T. Foulis and Co., Ltd.*

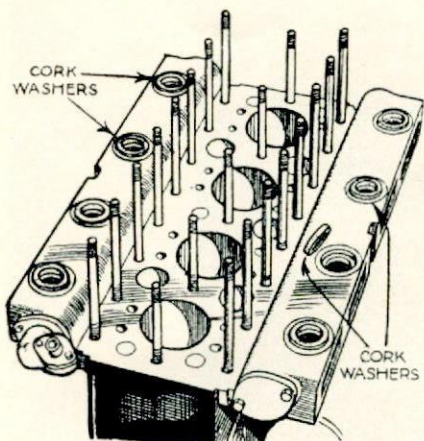
Full of details about many almost forgotten sports cars, with three pages on Lagondas, in which the 2-litre is described as an overhead camshaft engine, should not this be "high camshaft?" and a somewhat

optimistic maximum for the blown 2-litre, over 90 m.p.h.! Over 70 illustrations, one of our favourites being that of the 1911 Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost" in London-Edinburgh form, a wonderful non-stop run entirely in top gear, followed by a lap at Brooklands at 78.25 m.p.h.!

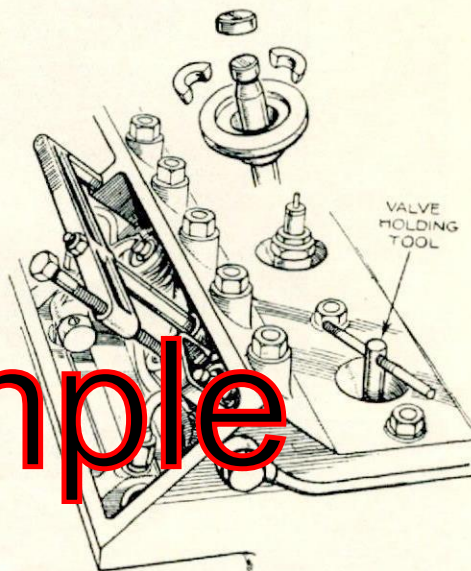
Shelsley Walsh, by C. A. N. MAY. *G. T. Foulis and Co., Ltd.*

Judging by the photographs on p. 22 in 1912 it was customary to make the climb with driver and three passengers, but we doubt if C. Morgan, Lagonda, winner in 1932 of the 2-litre sports class would have made it in 64.0 sec. with the extra weight! Everyone ought to go to at least one "Selsey Wash" as your reviewer always calls it... although the thrill of the old days isn't quite the same. This book gives all the results from the first meeting in 1905 to 1939. D. P. K.

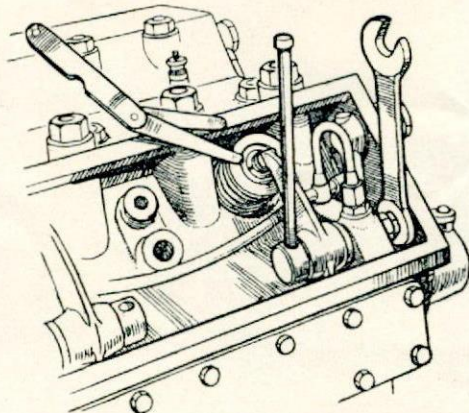
CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF THE TWO-LITRE SPEED MODEL LAGONDA



Showing the cylinder head removed and the cork washers which make the joint between the camshaft tunnels and the cylinder head.

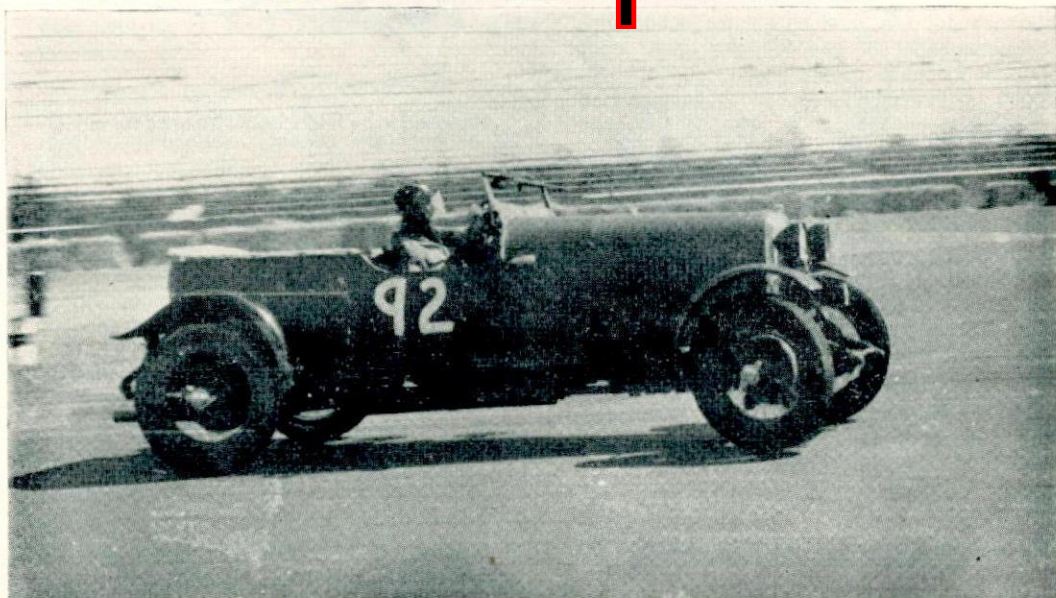
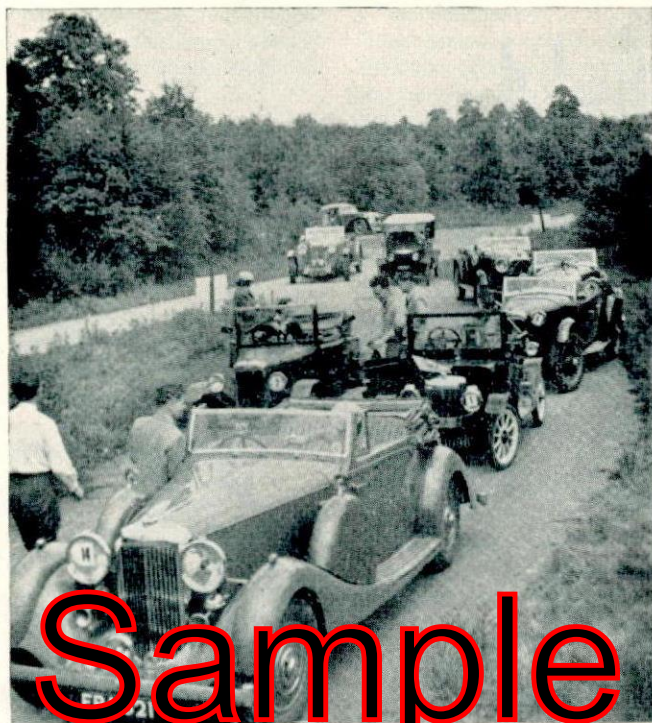


The special valve tool in use for removing the valves.



Adjusting and checking the clearances between the valve stem and the end of the rocker arm.

One of everything except tri-car.—Bawtry, 16th June, 1951



Tweedie Walker at speed. Silverstone.

Going Astern—Hartop at Baxtry.



Sample



The Joint Hon. Sec. and—yes, we know—at Baxtry the actual winner stopping astride the line, yes?

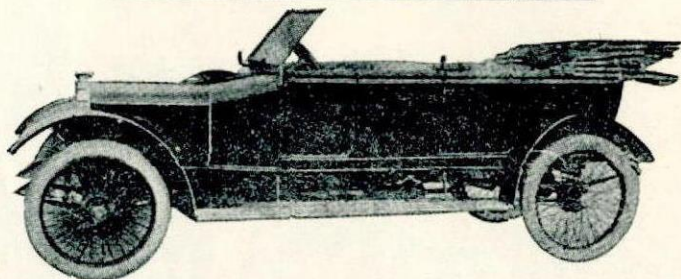
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In July, 1910, a Four-cylinder LAGONDA secured a GOOD MEDAL in the Reliability Trial (then 3,000 versts, a much longer distance than this year), being the only car to complete the trial on one set of tyres, and without damage to the engine. No other cars were allowed to start.

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(Ref. No. 8.)

20 H.P. MODEL—

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(Ref. No. 30.)

30 H.P. MODEL—

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(Ref. No. 42.)

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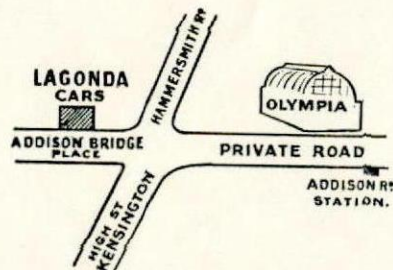
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MY VIEW OF THE 2-LITRE

When, at my wife's decree, I was literally torn from a very comfortable house in the town and placed amongst the rigours of the countryside ten or more miles away from my business, I viewed the whole proceeding with a certain amount of foreboding. I was, therefore, agreeably surprised to find that I had become the owner of two excellent garages and a host of outbuildings eminently suitable for conversion to workshop space. It became inevitable that an idea which had been lying dormant for many years, due to the demands of H.M.S., lack of space and pecuniary shortages, began to germinate. In short, a Vintage Car had to be acquired in order to make use of and blend with the above-mentioned facilities. Digressing here for a moment, I must add that my first country purchase was a dog of which you will hear more later and which has probably caused as much concern to my family as my entry into the Vintage Car World.

Some time elapsed during which the Motoring Press and its Classification and Comment columns were feverishly searched each week and numerous abortive journeys to many parts of the country ensued. The classic example was a trip from Southampton to Nottingham in thick fog and on ice-covered roads to view what the owner described as the best example of a particular marque in existence, but the indescribable object which met my eyes on arrival there made it quite clear that it was very much *Vin de Goute*, and he might well have suffered severe damage at the hands of my two colleagues who were good enough to brave the elements with me. Fortunately, they were so cold and miserable, that they had very little fight left in them and merely vented their wrath on me the following day.

Despair at finding what I wanted was almost complete, when during a business trip to London, I stopped at a garage which appeared to specialise in Lagondas, but as I had set my heart on a Bentley I was not fruitfully interested. Nevertheless, I had a talk with the owner. He persuaded me

that if I really wanted to enthuse he had the very thing and showed me a very battered and tired looking, hoodless car which he described as an old 2-litre Le Mans Team Car. I cursorily examined it and left, as I thought, even less interested than hitherto. But a few days later, having been obliged to make a further trip to London, I somehow found myself the owner of the aforesaid machine, wondering what the devil my wife was going to say when she saw it. At this juncture, I must say that but for the Grace of God she might well have never seen it, or me again, because during the journey back, knowing full well that the brakes would only pull up in their own good time, I was foolish enough to try its paces along the Winchester by-pass. Wonderful things these by-passes. Clear, straight roads, fast moving traffic—no risks, so the lorry that suddenly shot out from a side road really shouldn't have been there.

All I can say is, that the story of a camel passing through a key of a needle has now been completely proved because I personally have taken a 2-litre Lagonda through infinitely less space at seventy miles per hour? with my eyes shut.

This journey was the last the 2-litre was to have for many, many months. Almost immediately my brother-in-law, John Harris and myself proceeded to dismantle every working and non-working part until most of my outhouses, plus one room in the house, were littered with them. Not one nut or bolt remained where it had been. The chassis lay bare in the garage with even the cross members removed and the possibility of its ever being part of a complete car again seemed extremely remote.

Then the real job began. First, the engine parts were degreased and cleaned, the block rebored and sleeved back to standard, camshafts built up and reprofiled, new bearings, timing chains, timing wheels, magneto shaft, clutch, starter ring and everything else that needed attention. It was then assembled and placed in a corner

Sample

of the garage to await the time when the remainder of the car would be in a fit condition to receive it. Next the chassis was scraped, polished and re-riveted and sprayed with a very special undercoat, which although carefully examined every day for three weeks, failed to change from the original state in which it left the tin. Many laborious hours were spent removing it, the chassis was again scraped, polished and sprayed with an undercoat with no special properties and it was dry overnight, with the final coat of British Racing Green—incidentally obviously the wrong shade. Eventually it became ready for something to be hung on to it. Then followed long hours of tedious work—after business of course—during which enthusiasm ebbed and flowed with each setback and achievement. The front axle was straightened, all brake shoes relined, drums skimmed, springs reset and retempered, new king pins, bushes, shackle pins, completely new petrol tank, five new tyres, new steering wheel, Hardy Spicer shaft and needle bearings with converter plates, in fact every possible effort was made to return the car to its original specification plus the new plating and chromium plating of every part, and finally enough to enter a trial. This work took approximately nine months and the big day arrived when the engine was fitted into the chassis and the reconditioned radiator added. Although the body work was still to be done, the result, so far, was extremely satisfactory.

Being anxious to hear the engine after such a long time, the essential parts only were connected, excluding an exhaust system and amidst the cheers of the entire family, who already had had plenty of time to jeer because of a slight error in the timing, it roared into life. But alas, joy was short lived. Very soon it was discovered that, not only the cylinder block was cracked at the bottom and rear of the camshaft tunnel, but water was seen to be emitting from No. 1 plug depression, and so the whole outfit was hooked on to the back of my shooting brake and towed back to the garage for rectification, which was subsequently done apparently

quite satisfactorily. Approximately one month later, with the help of a three-ton lorry, it was collected apparently sound in wind and water and with enthusiasm revived, work recommenced. Three more months passed by and in February of this year, one year almost to the day from its purchase, the car was complete with refabricated body, new leather upholstery, new running boards, dashboard, hood, side screens and a complete array of new instruments. Both John Harris and myself basked in the feeling of achievement and all was well. But was it! Once again the journey to Staines with heart full of frustration and chagrin had to be made. Another crack in the cylinder block had appeared! This time at the front and below the camshaft tunnel on the same side as the last. I felt that Vintage cars were not for me and seriously considered abandoning the whole idea. However, with the encouragement of friend Forshaw, who could almost be classed as one of the builders, in that he gave considerable sound advice and was instrumental in supplying numerous spares, spent many hours helping and always gave a cheerful welcome at his house no matter what time I called, enthusiasm was once more revived and the car again collected and rectified with the utmost satisfaction.

The foregoing is but a brief resume of the work carried out on the car and the many trials and tribulations experienced must be left to the imagination. The cost must also be discreetly shelved as it was much higher than need be, because I only discovered the existence of the Register when most of the major purchases had been made. I have however, kept a detailed record of all expenses incurred and if anyone is interested the information is available of at least what not to buy.

Finally, as regards the history of this car, all I have been able to find out and which is not necessarily authentic is: It is one of the 1929 Le Mans cars. It belonged jointly to Rose Richards and Brian Lewis. Fox and Nicholls then bought it and prepared it for the Phoenix Park and has been used for other English events.

I have now completed many enjoyable miles of 2-litre Lagonda motoring and I can quite truthfully say that I am never likely to lose my appreciation of the "Old Lags" or cease to own one if at all possible.

MY WIFE'S VIEW OF THE 2-LITRE

It occurred to me quite suddenly one day, that the answer to all life's little problems lay in the quiet peace of the countryside. It was rather important perhaps, that my husband's thoughts on the subject (if he had any) did not lead him to the same conclusion, but after some persuasion he was finally coerced into half-hearted agreement, on condition that he should have a dog to share with him the awful solitudes of greater Lyndhurst.

Well, why not? I could see no objection to a sweet little cairn, or a playful terrier, or perhaps a soulful-eyed cocker. I was not much concerned either way, but I did rather wonder why he had to go all the way to Devon to fetch the object of his choice, when there were so many excellent breeders in Southampton. Still, my husband is a particular sort of chap—his sentiment that will be fervently endorsed by a certain garage proprietor in the vicinity of Lyndhurst.

Just why the journey to Devon was necessary, became clear when we saw the animal—nobody else in the South of England could be found to supply the cross between a full-sized Polar bear and a St. Bernard that my husband presented to his speechless family.

Now this incident should have sounded a warning note when the subject of Vintage Cars was first mentioned, but I was so busy putting our new home in order, that I scarcely gave it a thought, other than that it would be a rattling heap of old iron, useful only from the point of view that it would keep my husband good for hours. Of course the thing would never be made to go, so there could be no harm in it and when I finally saw a sort of animated bedstead lumbering through the gate, I concluded that my deductions had obviously been correct.

"What do you think of her?" asked my husband proudly. Decency forbade any coherent reply, so I mumbled a few blasphemous denunciations and retired.

It appeared that this only just mobile contraption, was to be taken to pieces and for the next few months I had little more than a nodding acquaintance with a husband permanently immersed in axle grease.

Day by day, a growing pile of sheet iron, pieces of tin, bits of wire, rusty nails and bent spokes began to overflow in all directions. First the loose boxes were borrowed, then the potting shed and the wood shed and even the sacred precincts of my bee-house were inundated with the rising tide of old iron. All these, mind you, in addition to the two garages which were at first considered large enough for the dismantling processes.

About this time, my sister Mary and her husband who live with us, became involved in "Vintagites". When poor Mary began to find pieces of an old car block under the bed and sundry car parts in the linen cupboard, she thought John had become the victim of the compulsion and when he, too, brought an old car to the garage, she began to sample the delights of Vintage widowhood. Even their two-year-old offspring known alternatively as "dear little Winkie" and "the little 'error'" was not immune from the Vintage menace. He, poor child, fell into an old bath full of dirty sump oil and at this point his mother and I reached complete agreement in our opinions of old crocks.

We cheered ourselves up with the thought that the end was in sight. "After all," I pointed out, "there's no Lagonda left, except two strips of old iron and four irregularly shaped wheels, and short of divine intervention they can't possibly put it together again."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you", said my sister, "that they have enough spares to assemble at least three cars now."

"Don't you worry", I assured her, "when they have finished playing with all the pieces, we'll have an Auction Sale of scrap iron and clear the place up."

Several months went by and dozens of shining new parts were added to the astonishing number of "spares." The two strips of iron were miraculously cajoled into accepting the four wheels, and some sort of super-structure was erected thereon. It bristled with new instruments, chromium plating and shining gadgets and resembled nothing so much as a mechanic's nightmare. There was still no resemblance to a motor car, but it almost looked as though it might become one eventually.

I still clung confidently to my original belief that it would never start and waited patiently for the Auction Sale.

There came one evening in early autumn, when the harvest moon rose in majestic beauty above the darkening forest. The trees were very still, their quiet leaves in motionless repose. A blue ground mist curled across the orchard, where the hum of

bees working the hives murmured like subdued music in the twilight. The aroma of new honey mingled with the smell of newly cut grass and rich damp earth. Now and again, little scurries in the undergrowth teased the prevailing silence.

Here at last was peace, wherein the very soul could rest. The cares and worries of living receded and were lost in the pervading stillness, mind and body rested on the quiet pillow of twilight.

Awful, pulsating roars suddenly crashed into the gentle night. Instantly panic tore through the mind, every nerve jangled with confused memories of air raids and droning bombers. The brain became a photographic plate whereon split images were mirrored in kaleidoscopic patterns—Russia, night exercises, San Francisco, flying saucers, Bikini???

NO! Just that dear old Vintage Car starting up.

F. S. PRINCE

NORTHERN NOTES

Markham Moor: When sun attracted a small muster of Lagondas. Now the other his own party at another meeting to show us his new Jaguar which he had taken a second in the afternoon's racing. Westmoreland brought a pretty Rapier Coupe, Elliot was there and Sanders far from home in his 3½.

The main excitement has been the Rally, reported fully elsewhere. The organisers are most grateful to the members and friends who did all the work, preparing the course beforehand and taking charge of the tests on the day. Particular mention must be made of the very helpful squad from the Doncaster Motor Club, led by their Vice-President, Westmoreland, brother of "our" Westmoreland, who co-opted him into the job.

We were pleased to see so many Southerners competing and to have such a wide range of models on view. It was interesting to compare the 11-1's of Foster and Fisher with Remfrey's sumptuous 4½, and to have the chance of studying Kennedy's rare

16-65. We tried to prevent Bosworth carrying off the Premier Award, but there was no help for it. The investigations and we congratulated him on a polished performance. Do his low marks in the wavy-line affair indicate a partiality for deviatoriy motoring?

Coates hangs his head in shame at having an expensive noise in his super-charger—his own fault entirely. He would like to thank very much those who so kindly brought in the remains while he was guzzling dinner, and Rees for risking his transmission by towing up the rather steep hills. Also O'Flaherty and the Vintage member who spent all Sunday morning making the car drivable. Their efforts were so successful and the car ran so well with the Rotor of the blower in the back seat that it is offered as a serious suggestion—that that is the best place for it. Advantages are obvious: less noise, no oiling worries, no power wasted in rotating the thing, no smoke. Performance is not tremendous, but careful attention to the recent article on how to drive a Lagonda will save embarrassment on that score, and

the engine is still impressive to look at if the top cork is camouflaged a bit.

Two Lagondas have been on holiday in the area and have called on us. One, an old friend, 37, late Bloxam, driven by its new, appreciative owner, F/Sgt. Knight from Sth. Wales, and the other 206, late Burvill, by Hoggard of Birkenhead who is joining and looks forward to meeting other members. Both cars sound healthy, and quieter than ours; ours has more oil pressure though! Such visits are very welcome, though members are warned that we become extremely garrulous when introduced to a fresh Lag.

Remfrey has acquired a bare chassis, not, we understand, to add to his hire-car fleet.

Allison is expending much time and energy in restoring his 16-80 to better than new condition.

Clutch trouble prevented Elliot from attending the Rally. He was at Markham Moor on Bank-Holiday, having made satisfactory arrangements for the transmission of power. He is now busy organising the Northern Dept. of the new I.A.F. Motor Club.

Others who were unable to make the Rally were Sanders who was running a motoring event for his firm, James of Liverpool who had over-indulged in the Isle of Man, and Tweedie-Walker whose telegram quite worried the local post lady. Fortunately, she is quite charming and has a sense of humour, but "corblastit" is hardly a normal everyday word. We hope the mumps are no more.

Quite a party of Vintage and other sports cars congregated at Markham Moor after the recent races at Gamston. Lagondas were represented by O'Flaherty, Elliot, Geoff. Holt and a Rapier whose owner remained anonymous.

Future rendezvous :

14TH SEPTEMBER. Vintage night, Crown Hotel, Bawtry.

14TH SEPTEMBER. Local meet, Royal Hotel, Hayfield, Derrys.

2ND OCTOBER. Markham Moor Inn, after Gamston Races.

2ND NOVEMBER. Pately Bridge for start of V.C. trials 11 a.m. and evening Cleeve Pottery Rally.

Sample

THE NORTHERN RALLY

To run a successful Rally demands a number of factors from the brave organisers, the most important or even their correct order is, perhaps, difficult to evaluate; nevertheless the urge to formulate the initial plans, the courage to carry them out and the force to carry the project to a happy conclusion are all very essential—and it is true to say that the Northern Section of the Register showed all these attributes and more to a marked degree in the Northern Rally held at Bawtry on the 16th June and also the organisers showed the cunning to lay on a really lovely day—no mean feat!

Eighteen cars arrived at the appointed place in one piece, and of these six had come from the South, not that the Northerners didn't travel considerable distances for "England is thicker in the north" an explanation that they supplied leaving the

author, a mere Southerner, in some doubt as to its interpretation. The Rallying point was the Crown at Bawtry, a commercial hotel at which several members had spent the previous night. After liquid refreshment had been taken, the entourage adjourned for lunch either at the Crown or a small cafe across the road which offered to the perspicacious few good and cheap food. At approximately 14.15 hours an exodus occurred and all competitors and supporters left for the test ground, except the author who mended his customary Rally puncture, a portion of an old airfield, which had been kindly lent to the club by Sir John Whitaker, a kind gesture which was enhanced further by the great help that his gamekeeper Mr. Starmer gave the organisers and his presence on the test ground from 8.30 hours onwards. It should be mentioned that though the test

ground was part of an old peri-track it was pleasantly wooded and provided an excellent setting for the following chicanery.

The tests consisted of eight entirely separate sections, which were arranged roughly circularly, allowing two runs to be easily organised, the best run counting to the aggregate of points.

Test 1

This consisted of a Le Mans start with a reverse and acceleration on a slightly curved piece of the track. The agility of both drivers and passengers gave clear proof of the Darwin's simian theory. Remfreys' beautiful drop-head $4\frac{1}{2}$ having a field day to win in 25.4 secs., Foster in an 11.1 using only 39.4 puts some kind of onus on a certain 2 litre that needed 54 secs. Fisher it is understood had difficulty due to his passenger (aged four years) turning the petrol off unbeknown to daddy.

Test 2

A standard braking and acceleration set up, was won by Hullock with Bosworth driving his "aluminium" sale a better second. The test proved that as the competitors do not read the regulations, several people do not appear able to distinguish between stopping astride a line and a flying finish.

Test 3

Judging the height and width of the chariots showed some interesting ideas on the part of the various charioters as to the dimensions of their cars, it is hoped that the "judgments" are not put into practice in traffic as the results would be both noisy and expensive. Many cunning schemes were worked out to diddle the judges, who on the second runs, it is said, adopted counter measures such as crouching or standing on their toes to the annoyance of competitors who tried to use them as yard sticks. However, some pretty accurate estimations were made, Hullock closely run-up by Bosworth got down to the thou' mark being centimetres ahead of the rest of the field.

Test 4

Dropping potatoes into difficultly placed buckets (small ones), the driver and passenger being responsible for dropping three spuds a head on their respected sides. If some of the competitors had fitted the Lags with bomb sights a better score might have been achieved. The judges after the loss of several pounds of vegetables, no doubt to the housewife passengers, became meticulous as a Quartermaster on the issue and return of the bombs. Bosworth proved his culinary worth by leading the field by four clear points, can it be that they have to peel potatoes in the T.A.?

Test 5

A "Drunkards Dilemma" of magnificent proportions had been marked out and it had to be run both in forward and reverse. This test produced two separate styles—bottom gear and infinite caution or a blind in both directions. A certain blown 2-litre relying on its speed in both directions to baffle the judges eye, the only snag being that the club was not told of the plan! It is to be hoped that again lead the field, run by Hullock. It is a moot point whether the drinking habits of the club can be assessed by a scrutiny of the points lost, but it is quite fair to say that the club in general must be an awful menace proceeding backwards after having imbibed.

Test 6

Curb-parking—never a popular sport for the long-wheel based owners was more than usually unpleasant as the barrels, bars and white lines had been placed with more than usual cunning. Rees run-up by Westmoreland swept the board, the 11.1's missing their real chance and in particular Mrs. Fisher, despite the advice from the dog in the rumble seat, getting into some nice but costly positions.

Test 7

A garaging test comprising four garages tucked away in the fastness of an old bomb bay produced some lively scenes, with large motors shooting in and out of the under-

growth. Remfreys' $4\frac{1}{2}$ being particularly agriculturally minded with the athletic driver screwing the wheel in several directions at once. Rees, Westmoreland and Bosworth all scored good runs the honours going in that order.

Test 8

A zig-zag cum parking allowed for further fireworks and the loss of rubber, cogs and other minor components. This was won by Taylor, called Tortoise, who swept the board, pretty literally as far as a couple of spectators were concerned.

Following a very short interval after the last competitor had done his worst, the results were announced by the efficient Fisher Coates and J. M. Bosworth was found to be an easy winner with K. G. Westmoreland, A. C. Rees second and third respectively. Good luck to 'em.

Usually at the end of a Rally one is left in the air or at the best a few foregather for the odd jug, however, it had been arranged that as many as possible should drive over to the "Bull i' th' Thorn" hotel, near Buxton, and spend the night there. Thus the cars left Buxton on a mission of mercy for the twenty-five mile journey, it was noticeable that the pace increased consistently over the journey. At Bakewell the procession encountered the population of that town mainly congregated in the market place awaiting the arrival of the local

beauty queen and her retinue, and it is felt that the passage of a number of Lagondas through the town enlivened the proceedings considerably, though surprisingly, with no loss of life.

The arrangements at the Bull i' th' Thorn were admirable the hotel being situated in the midst of singularly lovely country, provided us with well appointed rooms and good food. A very convivial evening was passed in the bar by a large number of the club, several members left for their homes at a lateish hour, Fisher notable with a large tin of acetylene, thus it was to bed and quite a vote of thanks to the proprietor Mr. Hughes for his tolerance !

The morning dawned singularly quietly and late breakfasts were consumed, after this sundry repairs of a minor nature were accomplished, such as the dismantling of a bent blower and surprisingly enough its assembly. At 11.00 farewells were made and the remaining Ralliers set off to their separate homes or wherever Lagonda owners roost.

Before closing this picture of the Rally it is felt that thanks should be given to many people who were responsible for organising and running the event and our best respects are directed out to *John Vessey, D. J. Parker, P. Densham, D. Coates, and all members of the band of jolly marshals, who gave up their time to provide us with such an excellent event.*

S. C. R.-W.

A SWIRL IN EVERY PORT by 16/65

Ever since Mr. Wilbur Gunn chose the revolutionary Longuemere carburettor for his early motor cycles Lagonda induction design has had an interesting history. Gunn himself was an apostle of the "Easy flow" theory of volumetric efficiency. The 20/4's and 30/6's must gracefully have swept the Russian breezes up their half round induction pipes and the 11.1 breathed easily through an upward spreading gentle curve.

Angularity set in soon after Gunn's death. First the 12/24 squared off the curves of the

11.9 and then followed the 2-litre. "Like the tube system" says Mr. Walker in the last issue—Yes, indeed you searchers after easy draughts, but like the tube system it WAS done on purpose.

The severe angularity of the 2-litre system breaks up the mixture as it is hurled first against one wall, then another, and another and yet another before dropping, exhausted you might think, into the cylinders. The airflow is reduced to a state of turbulence, but from this turbulence the cylinders can breathe evenly and clearly without trouble

from column effect or other factors. Discouraging to high compression ratios indeed but very smooth and very efficient. So greatly was this turbulence prized that the 1928 experimental Le Mans cars had a special butterfly fitted just inboard of the balance pipes of the twin carbs. This was so spring loaded that on closing the throttle it snapped shut thus trapping the precious turbulence and then snapped fully open again so soon as the pedal was touched to accelerate. This system of course would be useless for anything but racing and alas there is no record of its efficiency!

What of the legend of the works draught "Speed special" of which Mr. Walker tells us? Indeed, the picture is in the 1930 catalogue. It is, as Mr. Walker says, a poor picture. In truth it is not possible to see whether the carburettors are bolted to the head or not. Could this have been on purpose? I have seen some of the experiments that have recently been going on to modify the existing head to take draught carburettors. A 30 mm. sleeve, suitably ported, has been bolted on above directly over the old inlet valve ports so that mixture is forced directly into the transfer chamber instead of having to go the easy way to seal off the top of the sleeve, also the bottom, but the drilling so cuts the water jackets that the cross section at the top of the transfer chamber and the bottom of the water jacket is an irregular slanting ellipse with a knife edge at one side. Further, its position is such that it is not possible to get a welding torch to it from underneath without starting irreparable excavations on the under side of the head.

Now this suggests that had Lagonda really pursued this model that special heads must have been cast. If such an operation was completed it is incredible that no example has been left to us as it has been of

the other special heads, the 14 mm. head with off-set plugs and the aluminium head. If such an operation was even seriously contemplated it is incredible that the experimental manager of the time, Mr. Hammond, now says that he has never heard of such a thing.

On the whole the better view would seem to be that this picture is another Lagonda director's dream, like the Belsize imitation engine, which never had any factual impact on the running of the company. No, I think that Davidson retained his controlled turbulence to the end, but before we leave the four-cylinder engines, has anyone paused to think why, with this form of carburation, every one used a firing order of 1243 so that each end of the engine takes alternate big gulps at the mixture?

With the arrival of the Meadows 4½, Lagonda was once again back upon the early paths of flowing port design. The M45 followed Invicta exactly in this respect but such things were not to last and the LG6 came out with a gallery effect that allowed the owners or mechanics to choose their mixture by turning a screw rather than have it thrust into the cylinder. "To understand it" said the volumetric efficiencyists. I wonder, look at the XK120 which has a very similar gallery system. When Mr. Howorth built his 4½ special he used a M45 head on a LG6 block. Now he has inspected the Jaguar experimental department, and faced with the same problems I very much doubt that he would do the same again. Perhaps after all, flow is not the only thing.

So much for the past—what of the future if there is another Lagonda? After all was it not David Brown Ltd. of Huddersfield who marketed the "simple valveless" which shared one plug and one inlet port between its two Edwardian cylinders?

CULLED FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE

Hartop, who was one of the unlucky ones to suffer trouble at Hurdlow, after the Northern Rally, writes that this was due to a "gash" in the oil gauge pipery—although

many other and less helpful suggestions were made by interested spectators; all is now well, except that he says he "ran on to McCullagh in Bedford," we trust with no

dire results. Worse to follow, however, for he was "pranged" by a lorry who was overtaking on a corner, "nothing structural but all the lamps, wings, and such-like went west!" Still, out of these misfortunes, some good may ensue, as our Technical Advisor would say.

Cavanagh, "The voice of them all", drops a line to enthuse over the performance of his LG-45, especially as he had to drive a modern mass-produced tin can for three weeks whilst his was being re-painted.

In the recent BARC Eastbourne Rally, and contrary to a commentators description as an inevitable "Pylon Basher" nothing was even grazed, let alone knocked down!

Ross sends photos of his car which has a body built by Modern Vehicle Constructors, of Reading, and tells of various amusing incidents in a 90-mile tow from the I.O.W., two punctures, a cloudburst, and a rear wheel which revolved more than somewhat on its rather worn splines! Cobwebs were a nuisance for the first three miles, for the car had been laid up for more than ten years. He sends best wishes to the Editor, and says it would be better to send them by long

suffering printer, and anyhow, the Assistant Editor is on a 252 for being A.W.L. for over 28 days—surely not Class Z (reserve!) all that time?

CARS FOR SALE

- 3/1 1950 2½-litre Lagonda saloon, black and beige, 14,000 miles, replacement engine at 4,000. £2,750.—T. N. BRIGGS, 8 Campden Hill Court, London, W.8.
 3/2 1933 3-litre saloon, black.—N. TURNER, 80 Furness Avenue, Dore, Sheffield.
 3/3 16/80 Pillarless saloon.—G. A. BIRD, Wellington Inn, 56/58 Langslett Road, Sheffield, 6.
 3/4 Sale or exchange for saloon, not necessarily Lagonda, for business reasons—1931 low chassis 2-litre, originally supercharged, now unblown.—R. SKERMAN, 118 Putney Bridge Road, London, S.W.15. *Vandyke 2406.*

WANTS TO BUY

E. BRUCE-WATSON, The Priory, 88 Ramsgate Road, Broadstairs, Kent.—Tourer or open Speed Model.

Rev. J. J. F. D. replies to Rev. Hilary Mase, of Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle.—2-litre 1931.

CHANGES TO THE REGISTER

1st MAY, 1951 TO 1st AUGUST, 1951

New Owners

337	YT9880	OH8829	OH569	9/27	T	N. W. MACKMIN, 73 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.
338	DN767	F1402	—	1913	T.11.1	J. FOSTER, Beecholme, North Cave, Nr. Hull.
339	MBH939	8746	OH489	1928	2-str. (Short Chassis)	Capt. DEMPSEY, 96 Cheyne Walk, S.W.10.
340	GF1347	9645	OH1389	5/30	T	NEVILLE-TUCKER, Poundfield, Wenvoe, Cardiff.
341	GG9134	S10218	1968	1932	16/80 saloon	P. R. ALLISON, "Riversdale", Hull Bridge, Beverley.
342	FPA521	12168/G10	—	1937	LG.45 Coupe	G. R. REMFREY, The Bungalow, 17A Albert Avenue, Hull.
343	VB889	OH325	8581	9/27	T	J. A. V. ECHEVARRI, Old Farm, Paley Street, Nr. Maidenhead.
344	GO1907	OH9870	1619	3/31	T	P. F. HOLT, Chilcote, Top Park, Gerrards Cross.
345	KW4067	Z9028	121	6/28	Saloon 16/65	P. J. BROPHY, 12 Park Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

346	BKK474	D10854	2606	7/34	T	R. A. BRATTLE, Ainsworth Cottage, Bucks Hill, Kings Langley, Herts.
347	PJ2716	OH10067	1816	1/32	T	Dr. C. R. KIRKPATRICK, "Kennet", The Drive, Sevenoaks, Kent.
348	PJ9930	SI0234	SI984	1933	T	J. SCOTT-BARRETT, <i>c/o</i> Scott-Roadcraft, Blackford, Perthshire.
				16/80		
					D.H.	
					Coupe	
349	GW6737	Z9856	OH1156	2/32	2-litre	F/Lt. S. HAUXWELL, 65 St. George's Road, Harrogate.
					Engine	
					3-litre	
					Chassis	

Change of Owners

Serial 110 becomes	Major C. P. McILVENNA, <i>c/o</i> R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1.
" 87 "	C. R. PHILCOX, Hazlerigg Hall, Loughborough, Leics.
" 138 "	G. L. AUTY, <i>c/o</i> The Bristol Aeroplane Co., Filton, Glos.
" 37 "	F/Sgt. N. I. KNIGHT, 296 Married Quarters, R.A.F., St. Athan, Glam.
" 285 "	Car Sold.
" 296 becomes	Lieut. (E) J. S. BROOKS, R.N., 1 Limavady Road, Waterside, Londonderry, N. Ireland.
" 170 "	J. F. EDWARDS, 166 Mile End Road, Colchester, Essex.
" 215 "	Car Sold.
" 203 "	Car Sold.

New Non-Owner Members

A. HITCH (Ex 87).
W. J. ALLARTON (Ex 138).
J. F. SPILLER (Ex 37).
R. B. R. BLOXAM (Ex 285).
Major P. R. MACIVER (Ex 296).
C. M. POWELL (Ex 203).
A. H. GREIG

Changes of Address

38	D. F. D. GEORGE, <i>c/o</i> A. & E. Pettifer Ltd., Bromyard, Herefordshire.
63	A. C. REES, <i>c/o</i> C.L.L. Rees, 271 Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.
226	J. M. Bosworth, The Grange, Upper Sea Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.
246	Lieut.-Cdr. (E) G. C. COLLINS, R.N., H.M.S. Ganges, Ipswich, Suffolk.
NOM	M. MELFIELD, Tumbledown, Nr. Ringwood, Hants.
NOM	Miss P. KING—becomes, Mrs. R. A. R. JUDD, "Bishops", Ramsden Heath, Billericay, Essex.
216/	
217	D. P. KING, Jasmine, Jackett's Hill, Thakeham, Sussex.
243	M. COX, Ashleigh, 3 South Dene, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
56	G. F. PEARSON, 3 Courtiers Drive, Two Hedges Road, Bishops Cleeve, Glos.
240	H. F. MOFFATT, Fish Pits Farm, Bures, Suffolk.
147	W. J. B. ANDERSON, 170 Psalter Lane, Sheffield, 11.

Change to the Register

Serial 93 Registration No. should be VM888.