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The Lagonda Magazine

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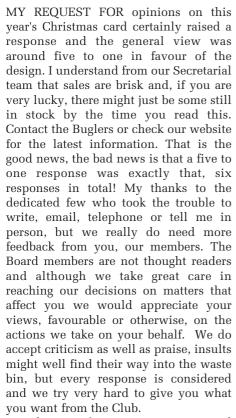
Brian Savill in his lovely 16/80, pictured leaving the AGM after the day's events.

Photo: Tim Wadsworth

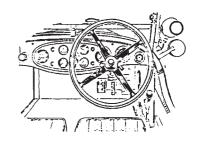
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From the Driving Seat

Ken Painter



The very first magazine I received when I joined the Club was, coincidentally, that for Autumn 1959,



exactly fifty years ago. I have just re-read it and it contains some tenuous, but curious, links with today. Pages 10 to 14 article on the diesel carried an conversion carried out on a 2 litre engine by Professor Pattenden, whose son lives less than 50 yards from here, the one and only letter was by Mike Wilby, whose widow lives in the next village and on page two there is a welcome to Jim Whitehead, who was visiting the UK from his home in Australia. An article by Jim's son Mark, describing the cars mentioned in that brief news item, appears elsewhere in this edition!

This edition of the magazine was deliberately delayed so as to include the usual report on the Annual General Meeting, which we were forced to hold a month later than usual because the hotel decided that wedding receptions were more profitable that old car meets. Unfortunately, the article is not included, since the volunteer author decided at the very last minute that he was "too busy" to prepare it and it could appear in the Winter issue instead. Valerie Bugler bravely stepped into the breech and has given us all a slightly different view of the weekend from behind the regalia counter!ember 2009.

Last date for copy for the Winter magazine is . . . Friday 18th December 2009 . . .

A Lifetime of Lagondas

Mark Whitehead's reflections on living with the marque for over fifty years.

MINE WAS NO normal childhood in the 'burbs of Sydney in the 50's and 60's.

Firstly Avalon Beach was hardly a normal suburb when we moved there in 1951 when I was a toddler, rather a quiet little coastal village on the lovely coastline 25 miles north of Sydney. (It is very much part of suburbia now.) Secondly our family car was not a Holden or Ford or BMC product. My Father Jim drove to his practice in North Sydney in a DB 2.6 saloon, whilst my Mother shopped and dropped me off at pre-school in a DB 2.6 dhc. (And thirdly and of no relevance, when The Goon Show concluded in the early 60's Spike Milligan moved nearby and I was at the local school with his children: this comic genius was just as entertaining, funny and zany in real life as he was on radio and television.)

The 2.6 saloon had just replaced an Alvis 4.3 as my Father's daily drive, and in our expanding garage it was joined by a 4.3 roadster with one-off coachwork by Vanden Plas. About this time 1954 Jim decided that a V12 would be appropriate company for the 4.3s and duly corresponded with Jim Davies, pre-war Service Manager at Lagonda proprietor of his own car dealership after the war. Mr Davies sourced the V12 Rapide, which will become the subject of this article, and Jim bought it sightunseen. It did many trips to Melbourne and Brisbane over the next few years as Jim's architectural practice took on

work interstate, before being retired in the late 50's.

In 1959 my parents travelled to Europe for the first time and brought back with them a 3 litre saloon with the mileage at 6000. During the next years he also added V12 saloons and a V12 dhc to the garage, then for my 13th birthday bought a neglected Supercharged 2 litre in Perth (Western Australia). In 1962 they returned to the UK with the 3 litre. intending to trade it on the new DB Rapide. Unfortunately the Aston Martin Lagonda General Manager, John Wyer, refused to let a model go overseas so early in its production, so they returned with the 3 litre. He drove this for a couple of years until it was pensioned off at 200,000 miles (without the bottom end ever needing to be touched!)

A Bristol 406 became the daily until 1968, when Nancye and Jim returned to England with my sister and me accompanying. We purchased from the estate of the recently-deceased general manager of Guinness Breweries DB Rapide No.55 (of 55), and I also found a very nice 3 litre dhc in the Midlands to bring home.

The DB Rapide came off the road in 1980 and with no modern Lagonda or Alvis models to choose from at that time I am afraid Jim resorted to BMW's. We have recently commenced recommissioning her for roadworthiness – the major task is rewiring under the dash where the rats and mice have had a wonderful time for the past 30 years



 ${\it Jim~Whitehead's~splendid~fleet~of~V12s,~plus~his~equally~beautiful~Alvis~4.3~roadster.}$



Jim, busy sorting the wiring on his DB Rapide.



Jim's V12 Rapide, just as beautiful from the rear.



Does the man never stop?

And so to the story proper, prompted by the photo which appeared on Page 13 of club magazine No. 219. Permit me to emphasise that our knowledge of its early history is based upon what Mr Davies told Jim prior to purchase, as we understand the Works records of it were lost when the Staines factory was bombed during the war V12 Rapide 14107R was ordered, with special coachwork to be carried out by James Young, sometime early in 1939 by the eldest son of an Earl. It was one of only four road cars to leave the factory fitted with the Sanction IV four-carburettor engine producing more power, a lightened chassis and modified brakes. (Might it also be the only Rapide with bespoke coachwork?) The body was commissioned to provide a vehicle for fast European touring with baggage security in mind, thus the only access to storage space is behind the fold-down rear seat squab. The rear of the car is a marvel of artisanry, being one sheet of duralium (the metal from which all the body is constructed) from doorpost to doorpost. Arnold Davev informs us that the first registration of FYU 319 was issued by London County Council in October 1939, by which time the chances of a 1940 Le Mans race had disappeared, so the spare race engines were available to be fitted into favoured customers' cars.

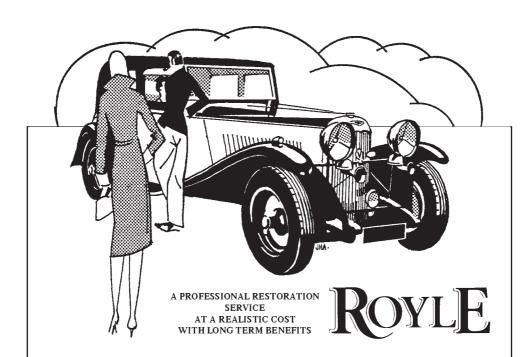
About this time the young Lord had gone to France with his regiment, from where he did not return. His younger brother became heir but he was killed in the North Africa campaign. Thus the car became the property of the elderly Earl, however he also died before the end of hostilities. After the war the Rapide was sold to the proprietor of a chain of laundries, then with Jim Davies as agent, to my father. To the best of our knowledge we are the third owners. Dad bought the car relying entirely on

Mr Davies' description and reputation. This was about 5 years before he visited the UK for the first time and attended his first AGM – a mere half century ago!

Upon retirement in 1980 Jim took seriously to his garage in Sydney and set about the restoration of the cars he had been collecting, especially the V12's. At one stage I recall four V12 motors, a DB 3 litre motor and two Alvis 4.3 motors lined up on stands behind the work bench. Short of body-off, he totally restored the V12 Rapide and since 1987 it has been trailered to a few rallies in NSW, Victoria and South Australia and driven a couple of hundred miles

During many trips to England and AGM's since 1959 my parents enjoyed the company and hospitality of many club members, and the families that I recollect being spoken of or that I have met myself include May, Wilby, Crocker, Leo, Forshaw, Davey, Schofield, Overy, Hare, Michael, Seaton, Ody, Valentine, Hine, Bugler, Heard, Painter... and doubtless others I have overlooked. Members of The Lagonda Club (and The Alvis Car Club in Australia) have contributed enormously to my Father's quality of life.

About a decade ago my parents moved to Walcha where I have been farming since 1977. Most fore-noons Jim drives the short distance out to my property and we put in a few hours in the workshop on the beloved Lagondas (of which he/we have owned 14 or 15) and Alvises (about 5). That, plus my Mum, the love of classical music, fine literature, European history and the occasional good Scotch, is what keeps him ticking over. He is unaware of this article, so it will come as a big surprise when he opens that familiar buff envelope with an enthusiasm that has not diminished in over fifty years... let's hope it is not too great a shock!



There is something about Lagondas that appeals to people, whether it is the styling, the fine engineering or the quality of the coachwork. Whichever it is it certainly attracted me, I have owned and enjoyed Lagondas for forty years. This company was founded because of them and our long established team of craftsmen and engineers have now restored over 700 motor cars in our Staindrop workshops (not all of them Lagondas!)

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Northern Gathering 2009

As told by a selection of those who took part

Saturday / Sunday 30-31 May by Susie Batt.

JOHN AND I were looking forward to this year's Northern Gathering in Northumberland and to enjoying superb countryside, empty roads, plus meeting friends old and new. Driving up the A 1 in our s/c 2litre T2 tourer the car suddenly turned left at the first sign for Mashham! Theakston's beer - lovely. We stayed Saturday night at the Rose & Crown in Romaldkirk, a pub we recommend for dinner and b&b amongst charming and quiet surroundings.

Sunday dawned bright and warm setting the weather pattern for the week. Taking a scenic route over the high Pennines via Stanhope and driving in shirt sleeves, we arrived late morning to be greeted by Roger and Beryl (with exciting goody bag) and co-organisers George and Janet Proud as they parked up their immaculate LG45 salocn.

Sunday 31 May by Mike Fishwick and Kate Jelen

The weather was warm and sunny when we set off from the High Peak on Sunday morning. This wonderful weather continued on our journey through Barnsley, the M1 and A1, turning off onto the Roman Road of Dere Street and into the environs of Corbridge. On the way we passed two groups of gypsies with their traditional caravans, making their way slowly to the annual horse fair in Appleby to be held the following week.

We had left early to go to Chesters Roman Encampment just north of Hexham, to see a re-enactment of medieval hunting techniques taking place this week-end. We arrived there just in time for the final performance of the day. We saw a group dressed in medieval attire demonstrate hunting with hawks both on foot and on horseback. It would have been appropriate for David Hine to be present, to recite his monologue about Harold on his horse with his hawk on his hand! We made do with a lady commentator dressed in a long dress and a wimple explaining the finer points of what we were watching.

When the show was over, we spent some time looking round the Roman remains, trying to figure out the 2000 year old under-floor heating and the bathing complex.

It was a short drive from here to Matfen Hall Hotel. It is a grand place. A former stately home, set in the wonderful Northumbrian countryside with fantastic views over its golf course and beyond. In the early evening, members gathered in the Conservatory Bar and on the terrace to enjoy a drink in the warm evening, catching up with old friends and looking forward to the Northern Gathering 2009.

Day I Monday 1st June 2009: Morning by Tim Gresty

It's not often you start a day with a firework display in a l4-centuries-old Abbey. We had arrived at Matfen Hall from all directions on a sun-baked Sunday afternoon. After a night's rest, our Lagondas took to the roads of Northumberland, shaking the walls of ancient Corbridge on their way to Hexham. We all blessed the clear directions of George and Janet Proud.

En echelon parking by Waitrose, then up the hill to St. Wilfred's Abbey foundation, and that spectacular dualmanual organ, designed 35 years ago by Lawrence Phelps in Erie, Pennsylvania, showing the musical ingenuity of our transatlantic cousins in its 34 stops. mechanical action and superb sound. Only the second full-size Phelps organ of just 14 built by this world-famous craftsman, this is the only example outside the USA. It would have impressed Wilbur Gunn had he known the state adjacent to his home of Ohio could create a noise every bit as stirring as a battalion of Lagonda in full song.

Elgar led the way, with Chanson de Matin. Callahan's Folk Tune added a flavour of America. Love Song from Elliott & Bonnet and Debussy's Clair de Lune, more Bonnet, a Rondeau from Dandrieau, and that spirited Minuet in G from Beethoven. Largo, then Allegro, an Aria with Variations, an Intrada and Praetorius' Terpsichore Dances shook the rafters. The Andante by Fiocco, the Intrata by England's Grayston Ives. The fireworks built from that great, bright, sharp, shining, soaring rocket ship, climbing skywards through those ancient stones of a thousand years and more. A glorious fanfare for our Northumberland Tour, launched appropriately with the attendance of Hexham's Town Mayor and the enthusiasm of their local media.

Our programme described Hexham as 'a great place to mooch'. It boasts an exceptional book store (displaying the finest selection of Naxos classical CDs ever seen by yours truly), an impressive showing of local shops, and even a traditional shoe repairer for Clive Dalton's rebellious footwear.

The heat of the morning grew as we followed our directions to Warden, where Tyne-side's Boatside Inn welcomed us for an efficient and tasty lunch. Doc Ryder's haddock must have hastened the depletion of North Sea fish stocks by decades, and Beryl Firth's salad

probably mowed an entire meadow.

Replete, we headed westwards in the steps of the Roman legions, on high roads laid down by Hadrian to his wall centuries before Hexham Abbey emerged from the Middle Ages. A cavalry charge under the Lagonda banner, ice cream in the shade at Housesteads, then a memorable retreat eastwards, saluting the Temple of Mithras as we roared to Chollerford and on to Corbridge. Even ancient 2-litres can approach 70 when their blood is up, and Lenny was singing his heart out.

Mondav Afternoon by Mike and Barbara Heins

This afternoon was a free afternoon where participants could arrange their own itinerary. Several people visited Hadrian's Wall with others travelling to Corbridge to look round the Roman site called Corstopitum. A few people visited Aydon castle a fine 13th century beautifully preserved, well fortified manor house set in secluded woodland. Your scribes along with others travelled back via Corbridge to the High House Farm "real ale" brewery and visitor centre.

On arrival, tea, coffee, or beer were available from the restaurant/bar, prior to taking part in a conducted tour around the brewery, followed by the sampling of a number of different "brews".

It was then a short two mile drive back to the hotel where several members took advantage of the leisure centre swimming pool, sauna and steam room. Whilst we were swimming at least 15 other members of our party used the facilities. It was then back to the room for a quick change and down to the barprior to our evening meal.

Tuesday Morning by Alan Harrison

What a glorious morning! Sun beating on the window of our bedroom in Matfen Hall. I bounced out of bed,



 ${\it Just~a~few~of~the~cars~assembled~outside~Matfen~Hall.}$



Tim Gresty on the way to Craigside, one of the alternative venues on offer. The house was the first ever to be lit by hydro- electric power.



 $Roger\ Firth,\ about\ to\ give\ a\ grand\ organ\ recital\ in\ St\ Wilfred's\ Abbey.$

(Sue was comatose), showered, (Sue was still comatose) and headed for breakfast, (Sue showed no change) and the first major challenge of the day! Matfen Hall's concept of a customer orientated breakfast!

Shock horror the catering management have learnt a major lesson overnight (thanks to Roger & George) people expect the eggs with their breakfast and not after! The Gathering were much happier with eggs, bacon, mushrooms and tomatoes arriving simultaneously. Having breakfasted we headed for the car park - and what a glorious scene. Early morning sun and a car park full of quality, classic engineering and Brian Saville's Merc! A wonderful sight - the warmth of the early morning sun, the aroma of petrol and oil in the air. Ah! Bliss

Roads were great, weather good. We headed off in small groups. We detoured into Corbridge for petrol and then took to the back roads. Meeting up with other cars as we headed over the moor beyond Hexham.

Great roads and spirited driving - we came up behind Robert and Sanford Sloan, who had bought Dennis Clarke's run down 2litre and are doing a great job of renovating the car. We overtook them going up to the moors and chased down John and Alison Boyes in their super Ranalagh Tourer. John is a very successful Rapier racer and was most magnanimous when we flew past in our Abbot Tourer!

So, we arrived at Nenthead lead mines - a very bleak but memorable site. Warm and sunny when we were there but some areas looked more like moonscapes than Northumbria. The museum was interesting and the visit into the mine is not to be missed. We were fortunate - an enthusiastic guide does add that extra zing! It's dark, cold and damp - very much like an English summer! It's amazing to see the

conditions that generations of families worked in - a salutary example in contrast to the easy life we have come to enjoy.

And then back into the light - not as sunny as when we went underground but still dry and warm. Time for lunch! We all headed for Nenthead Hall where the sun shone and everyone else had been tucking into the sandwiches! Thankfully there were some left. The high point of lunch was Rodney Saunders' juggling with the lamp shades in the dining room. After lunch we relaxed in the car park while Sue and Llewellyn pursued Roger relentlessly with their binoculars, while Anne and I watched the watchers indulgently!

Tuesday 2nd June - Afternoon by Carl and Neil Dyson

Our tour planner George Proud had originally booked a visit to the lead mines for 10am. The management of the mines had other ideas and decided that we would go underground at midday and not a minute earlier. Two groups of about a dozen duly lined up at Carrs Mine entrance for a short talk on the history and mineralogy of the site and for the issue of hard hats before being ushered underground for an hour's worth of tour. There had initially been some comments about "'elf 'n safety" being "over the top" but all murmurings quickly died out as nobody escaped without walloping their yellow lids a good few times on the low rock of the mine tunnels. The underground adventure was both interesting and informative as well as providing a bit of cooling gentle pre-lunch exercise on an otherwise hot June day.

After lunch, a choice of three routes was suggested for the gradual return to Matfen, a visit to Alston, home of the South Tynedale narrow gauge railway, and then along the South Tyne valley to

Haltwhistle, or along relatively major B-roads past Derwent Reservoir to Blanchland or the recommended route "over the top" on roads barely showing on the map to Blanchland.

Following the recommended route took us to Killhope Summit, allegedly the highest A-road in England at 627m. A little treat awaited us at the top of the hill in the form of a radio operated Stop-Go board and a sign announcing convoy controlled traffic management as road surface dressing was taking place. After waiting an eternity we were escorted over wet tar and loose chippings, I think it would be fair to say that more of the chippings stuck to the cars than the road, and despite the drivers' best efforts stones were still detaching themselves and pinging in the spokes many miles later. (Why is it that the PC brigade now announce "Loose Chippings" as "Skid Risk" on road signs in much the same way as they call speed traps "Safety Cameras"?)

After a few miles the itinerary took us over the moors onto a road no wider than a cart track that had last seen tarmac in the Atlee government. Bouncing along on an uneven surface, negotiating vicious hairpins and serious gradients takes on a whole new meaning in a prewar motor with no power steering, an immense turning circle and a crash box. It was suggested that in the quaint medieval style "Poundbury Perfect" village of Blanchland we might like to stop for a cup of tea, but I opted to buy a bag of gobstoppers and feed them to the driver to stop him moaning. Then it was just a reasonably unchallenging 10 miles back to Matfen on B-roads.

Wednesday 3rd June: Alnwick Castle by Sue Spence

An uneventful journey to Alnwick (if you don't count the loss of a rear wheel from Robert Sloan's 2 litre DHC), where those heading for the coast left those of us who were to visit the garden of Alnwick Castle, a most impressive place, from the acres of car park to the fantastic tree house.

Access to the garden is finally achieved after negotiating the shop, café and information centre. A magnificent water feature cascades in sinuous curves of white stone down the hillside: fountains and flumes add further drama. Pathways through iron work trellising and shady trees lead gently up hill to the original walled garden, restored to box hedged geometric perfection. Friendly gardeners pause to share seeds of wisdom about slug and weed control. A stroll back down the slope takes in the rose garden just on the brink of full bloom, and then the gated guarded poison garden is reached; a source of much inspiration and none of it horticultural - Alnwick would be well worth a return visit.

The final dinner at the Hotel saw Roger hand over Tim to the responsibility of running future Northern Gatherings. We all wished Tim every success and thanked Roger and Bervl for their many years of splendid organisation. I must resist the temptation to say that Janet and George did us proud and will thank them instead for the wonderful wav thev managed everything, especially the weather. This was the only Northern Gathering I have been on when it didn't rain (at all).

3rd June: Farne Islands by Anne and Roger Llewellyn

It was an early start for about 20 cars from Matfen Hall on Wednesday on a 50 mile trip, marred only by a frightening experience when Robert and Sandford Sloan, lost the rear offside wheel on a sharp left hand bend. Good Samaritans Neil Dyson and son Karl came to the rescue, while the remainder of the two parties sallied forth towards Alnwick and Seahouses respectively. Our

Lagondas aroused much interest by others on holiday, while parked overlooking the Farne Islands.

The brave ones of us sailed 1.5 miles into the cold wind and waves into the Farnes; around 20 islands of resistant igneous Dolerite rock outcrops, but once connected to the mainland and surrounding areas by the less resistant limestone, now well eroded away, which, with the sea level rise after the

last ice age, left the Farnes isolated. Due to the rock fissures, Dolerite forms hard strong columns, forming steep vertical cliffs and pinnacles up to 66 feet in height, mostly bare on the smaller islands, but otherwise covered by a clay subsoil and peat, supporting tough grass and coastal plants bonding the surface together against high gales.

The Farnes are a paradise for scuba divers, the appeal being hundreds of



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The pre-dinner reception before the final Gala Dinner.



Gala Dinner: the reception extended to the car park too.

shipwrecks and over 5,000 seals. The sea was too rough to allow our disembarkation, so we sailed further from the Inner Group, (Knoxes Reef and Wideopens), towards Longstone, where on the leeward side we had shelter and were able to photograph thousands of birds, including Fulmer, Shag, Sandwich and Common Tern, Guillemot, Cormorant, Razorbills and everyone's special, Puff- Puff- Puffin!

There are no permanent human inhabitants on these islands. The first visitor was Saint Aidan, followed by Saint Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne who died there in 687. Birds now dominate, although domesticated rabbits introduced as a supply of meat to the human population early last Century, have since become wild, but share their burrows with the Puffins until they evacuate at Puffin breeding time.

All lighthouses are now automatic, but several ruins remain, of which two are clearly seen on Brownsman, together with other stone beacons scattered throughout the islands. The prominent white streaks on the adjacent cliffs to these beacons are often thought to be bird guano deposits. However, although this is frequently true, below the old beacons and original lighthouses, there is an ever-lasting memory of spent calcium carbide thrown down the cliffs. This calcium carbide was used to generate acetylene which in turn was used as fuel for the lights.

We were fascinated by the story of Grace Darling (born in 1815) and her Father William, who in 1838 lived and was keeper in the Longstone Lighthouse On 7th September, at the age of 22 years, early that morning watching the storm from a window, Grace spotted the wreck of SS Forfarshire, which had broken into two on the nearby rocky island of Big Harcar, Half the boat had disappeared, while the other section had been washed up onto the rocks. She and her father

rescued nine people from the wreck in a strong gale and thick fog, which attracted extraordinary attention throughout Great Britain, making Grace an heroine in British Folklore.

Grace and her father, William. determined that the weather was too rough for the lifeboat from Seahouses. took their 21foot, 4-man Northumberland Coble rowing boat across to the survivors taking the long route of one mile on the leeside of the islands. Grace kept the Coble steady while her father helped four men and one lone surviving woman, a Mrs. Dawson, into the boat. She however, had lost two young children. William with three of the rescued men rowed back to the lighthouse with Grace and the fourth man comforting Mrs. Dawson. Grace remained at the lighthouse, while William and three of the rescued crew rowed back to recover the remaining survivors.

Our own boat survived the swell, our Skipper steering his Lagonda passengers: Mike and Barbara, Susie and John, Nigel and Rodney, Neil, Janice and Robin, John Breen and Roger Ll. into troughs deeper than the rigging of his boat, followed by a fast return to the crest of the wave. Slightly wet we dis-embarked at Seahouses to return to Matfen, or in my case, to collect my wife Anne who, with Julian and Jessie, Jonathan and son Joe, Alan and Ornithologist Sue, Janet and George our C.O. for the day, had ventured 8-miles South to the Castle of Dunstanburgh beside Craster from where they saw almost as many different species of birds as we did on the Farnes without the added adventure of the waves. The castle is English Heritage property on National Trust land, and was built around 1318 for Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, nephew to King Edward II. What a wonderful day. All Lagondas returned to a splendid Reception prior to our last dinner at Matfen Hall.

The AGM-The View from the Marquee

Valerie Bugler brings a differing perspective to the weekend's events

IT IS SATURDAY 3rd October and we were up early to get to the AGM. A few weeks earlier Colin and I had gone to West Sussex to pick up Shop items from Denise and Martin Bugler to take to the Beaulieu Autojumble. Everything we didn't sell was still with us, so we packed the car and arrived at The Manor House about 12 noon. This year there was a really big marquee in case of wet weather as we have been told that September is now totally reserved for weddings. We had a picnic lunch and then started laying out tables and chairs for the next day. There were extra tables and chairs to shelter from the weather if it turned bad on Sunday. Eventually all was done in spite of the wind billowing through the marquee and the tables were covered in Lagonda items for sale and sweatshirts, polo shirts and fleeces were hung on the clothes rack and round the inside All this takes more time than imagined as Colin also had to put up the banners. Help came from Derek Green to fly the Lagonda flag. All this time John Brown together with John Sword were putting out the markers for cars for the next day.

Most Lagondas had left to drive through leafy Berkshire lanes by the time we had finished but we caught up with everybody at Stephen and Rebecca Matthews' beautiful house for tea and cakes. And what cakes and scones! Harry Matthews had been busy and the chocolate and lemon cakes were to die for. The Matthews house was packed with people enjoying themselves drinking out of the new Lagonda mugs and then taking the opportunity to buy them!

Everyone returned to put their feet up and before you knew it we were called for the Dinner. Excellent menu chosen by Peter and Natalie Blenk and the usual entertainment from David Hine finished off a chatty and convivial evening with members sometimes meeting each other for the first time. We returned home as we live only 20 minutes from Aldermaston.

To our relief we woke up to a beautiful blue sunny sky on the Sunday. Back to Aldermaston by 9.30 where people were already waiting for us to open the marquee. Denise and Martin arrived with the rest of the Shop together with their three young children. Good business was done and then the AGM itself arrived but Denise and I staved in the marquee whilst Colin went off to the meeting. I gather everything went smoothly and soon everyone was outside again chatting and enjoying the considerable number of Lagondas which had arrived. Some people brought their picnics to the marquee but I suspect many did not realise the chairs and tables were there. Thanks to the good weather those who did not barbeque had their picnics between their cars.

Once again the day seemed to be rushing on and in no time at all it was time for the Concours results. Appropriate members received their cups with big smiles and, suddenly, the end. Lagondas gradually drove away into the distance and Colin, myself, Denise and Martin were packing up all the goodies. Christopher Hobbs (who had been of huge help at Beaulieu) came to help as did John Sword. Another AGM had gone in a flash and the marquee was emptied for the next time.



16/80s line up in the sunshine and a view to the Marquee!



It is encouraging to see the DB cars attending more of our events.



LG 45 tails, the view usually seen by lesser marques.



V12 tails look equally attractive.



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Clive Peerless 1939-2009

Bart Peerless mourns the loss of our highly respected former treasurer

CLIVE WILL have been known to most Lagonda Club members as their Treasurer during the early 1990s but his passion for cars started while at school at Lancing College in the mid 1950s and was fired by the pre-war cars driven by several of the masters at the time.

On leaving school he trained and subsequently qualified as a Chartered Accountant with Peat Marwick and during this period he and his brother Trevor owned many Lagondas, Clive finally settling on a 1928 High Chassis Two Litre (registration number YX 4137) and Trevor a 1930 Low Chassis Two Litre (registration number GF 9796) which they restored together and which went on to several concours successes with the Club in the early 1960s.

At the time people were kind enough to say that these cars set new standards for restoration within the Club. Both cars were used actively throughout the 1960s but had been sold by the mid-1970s.

For the next 15 to 20 years Clive became busy with his successful career as Finance Director of a small airline based in London, Hong Kong and San Francisco (called Eupo Air) and a busy business travel schedule kept him away from active involvement in the vintage motoring scene, although he did find time to restore a Vauxhall 0E 30/98 and DI Delage. He also continued to pursue his other passion, which was Jazz. He was an accomplished trumpeter and ran own band, writing his arrangements. He only stopped playing about two years before his death, when forced to do so through ill health.

Clive returned to the Lagonda fold on purchasing his 1937 LG45 Rapide (registration number MFF 332) in 1986, when it was repatriated from the US, this purchase following on relatively shortly after Trevor's purchase of a similar car from Hugh Raincock in 1983 (registration number FYW 998). After purchase it was realised that both cars were in fact consecutive chassis numbers.

Following Trevor's death in early 1987 Clive oversaw the restoration of both cars. The cars were finished in blue and green and it was later realised that they matched the colours of Trevor's and Clive's "Gauge 0" Flying Scotsman model trains which they had owned when boys – presumably a decision made completely subconsciously! Clive's Rapide went on to win "best in class" in the concours at the 1998 AGM.

Clive became Treasurer to the Lagonda Club at about the same time that he retired from Eupo Air. He relished the challenge of this role and made many close friends in the Club, but had to step down because of a fundamental disagreement with the administrator of the Spares Scheme over how the accounts for that part of Club should be prepared. Clive was a stickler for accuracy and it was a sadness for him to have to step down over a point of principle, however, perhaps in the long run this helped resolve the problems connected with the Spares Scheme at that time.

He remained active in the Club and was most recently seen on the trip to Le

Mans in 2005. He had hoped to take MFF 332 but it was laid up at the last minute with an engine fault. However, he attended in a "modern" with his cousin Anthony and at every opportunity was to be found in the back of FYW 998 which by then was in the custodianship of his nephew Bart. Although increasingly dogged by ill health in the last two to three years, as a result principally of a hereditary heart condition, Clive continued to enjoy

MFF 332 which he kept in perfect condition right up to the date of his death. For much of the year the car could be found on display at the small motor museum south of Uckfield known as the "Bentley Wildfowl and Motor Museum".

Clive was a true vintage enthusiast. He had become involved with old cars as a hobby when second hand Lagondas cost £100 and never lost the sense of fun which seemed to pervade the vintage scene at that time.



Clive was the star of the show when his group played at the Club's 50th Anniversary Dinner art Woburn Abbey in 2001.

Another Australian V12

Owen Ether impresses the crowds

THE PICTURES SHOW Owen's V 12 at its "debut" at the All British Car Display, King's School, Parramatta, Sunday 31st August. Owen reports: "To say it was a sensation is to understate its impact. I really needed a Cattle Dog to keep the crowds in order, and had so many requests to run the engine that I just had enough fuel to get home. All were astonished at its smoothness and sophistication for a 1938 car (or any car, for that matter)

It was a lovely late Winter's day, around 22 C and no cloud. About 1500 cars were on display.

The V 12 was a source of constant fascination from other clubs, especially Rolls Royce people who were most generous in their praise. The car held its own against the new Aston DBS Vantage parked next to it. The Bristol, Riley, Rolls and Morris clubs bracketed the Aston Martin Club in our area of the very spacious grounds at King's School.

The All British Car Display is a fixture of the Classic Car calendar in New South Wales. The variety and state of preservation is a testament to the vitality of the movement here. I was sandwiched between a Cortina GT and Humber Super Snipe at the entrance line, composed of over 200 cars just there. As I commented to my wife: "This is the most British cars overheating in one place I've seen since 1955."

An elderly gent came up, among the continuing throng around the car, to fondly remember a famous Royal Australian Navy Commodore, his CO, who ran a Lagonda V12 and drove with gusto and grandeur every day to the Garden Island Dockyards on Sydney Harbour. He'd thought he would never see another.

The Aston Martin Club members are the most hospitable people I could wish for and have taken the V 12 very much under their wing."





Owen Ether's striking V12 saloon.



The interior is every bit as good as the exterior.



Nigel Hall with Bergit Hofman and Johannes Woskewski, the organiser of Rheingau 2009.



Roland Danner, Peter Scherg and Paul Hatebur enjoy a few words.

Rheingau 2009

David Hine goes Continental again

THIS YEAR was the 7th Continental Lagonda Rallye and it was centred in the Rheingau (Rhine area).

Alan Brown and I ventured forth, once again, in my trusty M45. As usual we took the ferry from Hull and then drove via Mons. I wanted to see the War Cemetery at Mons which is a joint affair with the fallen of both adversaries laid to rest side by side.

We then drove on to Trier to meet up with Nigel and Jenny Hall who had gone out a day ahead of us. Once again I learned that eight hours driving in a prewar car is too much. I needed a huge reviver when we met up. Thank goodness the M45 was running perfectly but we should have done the 250 miles in two days not one (unless one uses motorways).

The drive down the Mosel valley and the arrival on the banks of the Rhine was truly breathtaking. I was quite unprepared for the spectacular scenery with the vineyards stretching up near vertical banks of the river gorges.

Prior to our arrival in Rudesheim, we had to cross the fast flowing river on a ferry which was quite exciting as it spun and swirled in the currents. Alan was already on the lookout for the Lorelei Maidens in the hope of being enticed to his doom, but no luck so far.

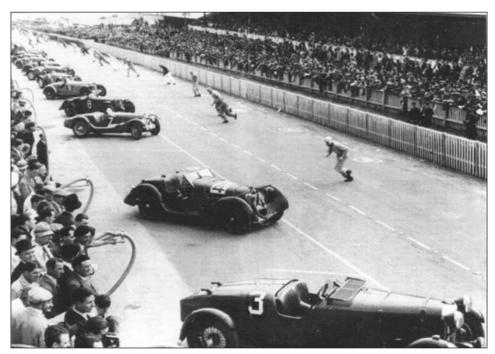
The arrival at our hotel, the Jagdschloss (hunting lodge) was great fun. Over thirty Lagondas of all types and, of course, meeting up with old and new friends that now form the Continental Lagonda "Family".

The organisers this year were Brigit Hofmann and Johannes Woskowski. They had done a superb job in preparing for the event and then welcoming us all with starter packs, road books and other goodies. We all enjoyed the navigation, the lunches, dinners and spectacular scenery in excellent company with our beautiful Lagonda cars. This lasted for three fun filled days.

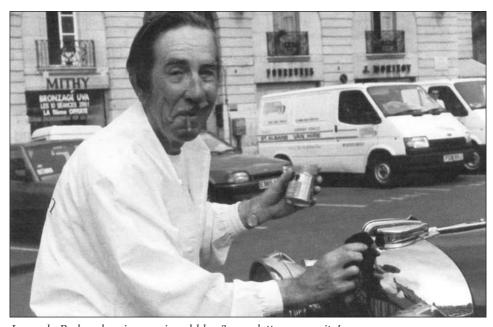
Even with our weakened pound sterling, the value for money in Germany is quite remarkable. The quality and decor in all the hotels we visited was excellent and approximately half the price of equivalent hotels in the UK. Neither of us were great enthusiasts for the local Riesling wines but the visits to the producers with their generous samples led us to suspect that the best stuff is consumed locally!

Alan did eventually find his Lorelei Maiden but she was a bit on the frigid side on account of her bronze body. The lasting impression was of a region meticulously preserved and a remarkable combination of great natural beauty with centuries of human endeayour.





EPE at the start of the 1937 le Mans race.



Lagonda Badge cleaning service old boy? - see letters opposite!

Letters

Dear Ken,

I enclose a copy of the picture I mentioned in the August Newsletter, showing the start of the 1937 le Mans race. EPE 97 is in the foreground and showing the two odd lamps on the tail that illuminated the racing number.

Also of note, the headlamps have part-spherical glasses instead of flat glass.

Regards,

Arnold

Continental sports cars of this era often fitted clip-on 'streamlined' covers to their headlamp glasses to keep them clean during daylight hours. the Alfa Romeo No 4, next in the line-up has them for example. I wonder if the lenses shown here are a British attempt to do the same?

As an aside, pictures showing such covers have often confused less expert observers than Arnold into believing that the headlamps had been reversed on their mountings. They clearly hadn't thought through the inherent problems of stopping during a competition and resetting the lamps to give optimum performance during the night! K.P.P.

Dear Ken,

A few words on Mr Witteridge. I met Witt on a run to the Cannes Film Festival in 1989. I was travelling with Peter Biggs in his M35R. Every morning Witt would be with the parked cars, a tin of Brasso in his hand and would enquire "Lagonda badge cleaning service old boy?" Four or five times BXC 113 enjoyed his polishing skills.

He and his wife happened to be on our table one evening, he was wearing a tie depicting an aircraft propellor. I asked him what it signified and he replied "When I was in the RAF they let me grease propellors." The glance his wife gave him suggested it was not so. I did not press him. During this meal a certain Lagonda owner suggested that if we were to put a blazer on the back of an empty chair we might get an extra meal. We thought it great fun and did, in fact, get an extra four courses.

The years went by and I got to know quite a few old pilots and noticed they wore the same tie as Witt and thought - greasing propellors? About four years ago, on the book review page of a magazine, I noticed "An Evil Boy", by Flt Lt Witt Witteridge DFC and I thought - DFC, you don't get those for greasing propellors.

I wrote to Witt, enclosing a copy of the photograph opposite, taken in France and reminded him of our meeting in the French hotel and what he had said. I received two copies of his book, both signed. In a covering letter his daughter Lynda Franklin said I was honoured indeed. ISBN 0-9548778-02 may still be available for those who wish to purchase a copy. I would recommend doing so. It just goes to show the calibre of some Lagonda owners.

David Wall

Dear Ken.

My apologies to Messrs Brown, Davidson, Gunn and Hewatt for not including them in my letter about where members live. With my Edinburgh ancestry I can assure them that I would never intentionally insult any resident of that wonderful city. Unfortunately the Register still gives their address as Midlothian while I was looking for the current county of Lothian. Sorry.

Yours

Tony Loch

Dear Ken,

We read your article in our magazine regarding Christmas cards and, since you have made the request, our views are influenced by Winter scenes, as severe as possible to remind us that those hard days did actually exist, as indeed I recall 1947, the hardest one of the century.

For those overseas members, our thoughts are that they would surely wish to reflect of the delights of 'home' in the U.K. and those lovely scenic memories when, in many instances, the Club Member was in his youth. My own father had a Lagonda, lost now I believe, but his thoughts drifted back to the twenties and thirties whilst resident in the tropical heat in Changi Japanese gaol from 1942.

To reinforce our views, we will purchase some packs of the rather splendid card for this year, when we are at the AGM in October.

Yours sincerely

Roger Llewellyn



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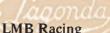
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