



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
LAGONDA CLUB**

**Number 259 Winter 2018 / 2019**



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## The Lagonda Magazine

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**COVER:** A genuine supercharged 2 litre but with the blower mounted as per a 4 1/2 Litre Bentley. Seen at Kop Hill 2014

## Contents

From the Workbench .....	5
No Beans in Spain .....	6
Gearbox Alignment .....	12
VSCC (Vic) Alpine Trail .....	16
Another Lagonda Tale from the Thirties .....	28
ETV 199 Restoration Part III .....	30
Hilda Hewlett .....	37
Letters & Emails.....	39-42

# From the Workbench

## *Roger Seabrook*

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all Club members and their families. Winter has at last arrived and we have about three inches of snow up here in the Chiltern Hills! How does your Lagonda perform in the snow? I tried our 2 Litre out a number of years ago and it was hopeless, with no traction – the rear wheels just spun no matter how low I kept the revs. The Vauxhall 30/98 was very good – a big side-valve engine and four cylinders giving lots of torque. The modern BMW was also hopeless, its six-cylinder engine sending it sideways, if it gripped at all.

The 2 Litre saloon is slowly coming to life again, with the seats going off to the Leather Conservation Centre for refurbishment. I am very keen to keep the original upholstery, as somehow modern leather does not have the same appearance, often looking like plastic. I know the trimmers will say you can get suitable hides, but I have yet to see a recent re-trim look authentic. The late great John Andrews did my tourer in 1984, and he sourced excellent material, which now looks nicely patinated. I will get some advice from the restorers, who have told me that the proprietary leather cleaners and preservers are not very effective on the antique items in our old cars. I'll write this up in a future edition.

The other work has included reconditioning the rear wings, which, once stripped down, were a bit 'holey'. Also, the offside wing had been bent, and had pulled out of the wood frame. Interestingly the wings have a number stamped on the inside valance (at the top), which is probably the same as that under the footboards (a build number?). A local ex-Aston Martin body fabricator has restored the metal and the shape – quite complicated. Fitting them back to the body, prior to painting, is quite challenging. The nearside can be held with G-clamps, and the holes re-drilled. The offside requires a bottle jack mounted above the rear axle, which is then pumped up to push inside the wing, and hold it against the body frame. The original holes in the wheelarches, for the woodscrews, have been dowelled and new threads cut as the screws were rusty and had weakened the wood.

Using the vintage cars at the moment is not on, as the amount of salt about will cause havoc. Driving the modern car on the motorway sees it covered in salt, which has to be constantly removed from the windscreen, so you can see where you are going.

Many thanks to our scribes for the interesting articles they have sent in over the past year. ■

***Last date for copy for the Spring Magazine is FRIDAY 29th March 2019.  
New articles are needed please, and interesting photographs.***

# No Beans in Spain

## *Mike Spicer took part in a visit to Northern Spain*

THE BEAN CAR CLUB is a very sociable organisation, and a few Lagonda owners belong to it. There are also many Bean owners, but the one that was coming (an 18/50 with a Meadows engine) had gearbox problems and was substituted by a supercharged 2 Litre Lagonda. The trip attracted two more 2 Litre Lagondas, a Riley Lynx, two Austin Heavy 12/4s, a Ford Model A, an Austin 10, a Morris Cowley, and a Post War Alvis.

Early evening on Saturday 16 June 18 saw us in the hold of a Brittany Ferry, engines running ready to depart. I have to say to me the excitement was such that it was rather like being on a motor race start grid with the lights about to go green! After eventually managing to navigate our way out of Santander (we certainly saw one roundabout more than once!), our trip to the first hotel was (thankfully for us) a short one. Taking a vintage car on a long trip is similar to keeping an ear open whilst one's first-born is sleeping – did I hear something? And, indeed there it was again, a slight 'pinging' noise from the clutch area of our 2 Litre Lagonda. And, yes, it was getting worse, but everything seemed to be functioning okay. Nevertheless, we were heartened to see our first hotel at Comillas, which was a pleasant and luxurious golf hotel. As it happens, it was the only overnight stop which was not a Parador hotel. Next morning was a bright and sunny Sunday and we set off for the next destination, which would be the longest day at 153

miles. Bearing in mind the mysterious noise in our Lagonda, Roger and Ann Seabrook kindly offered to shadow us in theirs. For me this was a bit of a motoring highlight. Both of these cars have modified engines (Roger's much more than mine) and the sound of the two long-strokes thumping away in the tunnels of the Picos mountains will stay with me. The scenery was much like the Scottish Highlands and was really beautiful. Unfortunately, the 'long stroke thumping' was soon overtaken by the mysterious pinging which was by now a vibration shaking the whole car, but we managed to make it to our next stop, the Monasterio de Corias which, as the name suggests, is a converted monastery. This is a truly impressive hotel. Centuries of wear were visible on the stone steps down to dinner and we dined in some splendour in the refectory of the monastery under the watchful eye of the original pulpit. Most took advantage of the hotel and neighbouring winery tours but for some the car park was turned into a vintage workshop. One of the 12/4 Austins had the troublesome starter motor out and I took the floorboards out of the Lagonda, which immediately revealed that the bush supporting the clutch driven shaft had collapsed; this would clearly not be repairable in Spain which meant our RAC Euro Cover had to kick in. I was glad I had splashed out and picked maximum cover.

A low loader was despatched to collect the car and store it locally



*The Author's 2 litre stops for a coffee*



*Driving through the Picos mountains*

*Pictures from Barbara Spicer*





*Cars line up at the Parador de Corias*

*Picture from Barbara Spicer*

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whilst we finished the trip in a modern hire car. They would then transport the Lagonda to the ferry port at Santander where we would pick it up. This, of course, took 900 phone calls to the RAC Euro headquarters in France and a call to the UK after establishing that the car was a Lagonda (which their database did not recognise) and not a 'Laguna' (which their database did recognise). Anyway, off went the vintage cars and a 2017 Opel Adam to our next Parador at the historic seaport town of Ferrol. This route was truly spectacular through the Picos mountains along roads rising to well over 1,000 metres. A really memorable drive. The hotel in Ferrol was a converted stately home still maintaining a lot of its original nautical features.

Ferrol was an important shipyard and naval base back in the 16th Century and a walk around the town revealed beautiful buildings, including an arsenal and many fortifications as well as wonderful old houses. In the town was an excellent maritime museum with what must be the most impressive collection of anchors in the world! Ferrol is perhaps most famous for being the start of the pilgrimage to Santiago called 'The English Way'. Pilgrims start at Ferrol harbour and walk to the magnificent Santiago de Compostela Cathedral, which is said to contain the remains of the Apostle Saint James, discovered in the 9th Century. What can I say about the evening meal? The cooking and the service were such that all you could do was laugh (dessert arrived sometime after 11pm). In defence of the poor serving staff, the language difficulty did not help and they seemed not to be used to 20 per-

ordered meals. The second night they really tried a lot harder and it made for a small improvement.

After a decent breakfast we set off for Baiona after a short interlude washing seagull droppings off the cars! We followed the coast road to just a few miles north of the Portuguese border. All cars made it without drama but it has to be said that this particular coastal route was a little industrial. Toby Bruce, driving the supercharged Lagonda, had a persistent concern about overheating but it was fine, despite climbing many a hill in temperatures in the high 30's. The Baiona Parador is really quite something – on a cliff-top peninsula with panoramic views, private beach and indoor and outdoor pools although it is almost completely reproduction rather than a real ancient castle. It certainly seemed to us to be the jewel in the crown of the northern Spain Paradores. Many of us took advantage of the walks around the peninsula, which afforded fabulous views (some of our group actually took to early morning runs – the so-called 'runner beans'). Our organiser Roger was really spoiling us now! We were here for our longest stay of three nights, which was certainly no hardship; the pleasant little town had a busy beach and marina, as well as plenty of rustic little back street bars full of character in which to lunch. The catering at this Parador was rather better than some others we had experienced! On the final day most drove down to Portugal either over the bridge or via the tiny coastal ferry. That evening we celebrated Ann Seabrook and Chris Roe's (Riley

Lynx) birthdays over a pleasant meal and under the glow of a magnificent sunset. The following morning it was on to the next leg to Monforte de Lemos, now driving inland some hundred miles; one of our shorter day trips but it did involve a lot of climbing, which was challenging for the cars. The final ascent to the hotel (another converted monastery full of character) was quite intense and was carried out in temperatures rising to 41°C (105.8°F). After a day like this those of us with a 'Paradore Amigos' card, which entitled the holder to a free drink on arrival, took full advantage. The next day, despite near record-breaking temperatures (even for Spain) some ventured into town and had good sightings of storks' nests and sampled the best tortillas of the entire trip. Supper in this hotel however, returned to the previous chaos starting at 8:30pm with pudding served at 11:45pm (it didn't matter – we were on holiday)! At breakfast the next morning, seated at the next table, was a particularly elderly couple, one with a Zimmer frame and the other not able to walk with ease. I couldn't help but wonder how much they could enjoy up here where you need to be a mountain goat to get too far from the hotel on foot.

Anyway, we went on our way southeast to Benavente. Five kilometres into the trip in a ravishing white F-type Jaguar, at speed, hooting and waving comes (you've guessed it) the elderly couple from breakfast! The trip was initially mountainous and then flattened out onto a plain but it triggered a

few car problems – two punctures for the Morris – their companions in the Austin 12/4 donated their spare to supplement their own and they were away again. Toby Bruce's Lagonda, with careful handling, was not overheating but the delightful Graber-bodied Alvis back-up car was now misfiring although it managed to get to Benavente. This Parador was every bit as good as we had come to expect being a converted 'castle-palace' built by Fernando II de Leon which had been the seat of parliament in 1202. It was equipped with an outdoor swimming pool overlooked by the impressive buildings and came with hundreds of rather noisy swifts! The small town of Benavente was close by with plenty of shops and cafes, and some breath-taking ancient churches. Most of us lunched here the following day.

The trip to Cervera de Pisuerga was completely different terrain, across the plains, fortunately without rain (sorry about that) but gradually climbing over a 1,000 metres to the hotel, which is a converted hunting lodge. As you walk out on to the bar patio there are spectacular 180° panoramic views over the Picos mountains. Possibly the best beer garden in the world? On a long walk the next day the possible sightings of wolves and bears were not realized but we were treated to a spectacular dam, and an impressive array of wild flowers, vultures and eagles. We had our usual two nights here and then on to the penultimate stop of Limpías just over 100 miles north, taking us to within a short

hop to Santander. Limpias was perhaps the most luxurious hotel as it is also a converted palace, close to the coast with two swimming pools. But there were more car problems. The Austin 10 had a serious water leak which was soon fixed by a collection of volunteers, one 12/4 Austin had an internal water leak which was contained by removing a spark plug and cranking it over, thereby removing the water in an impressive fountain. When topped up it was okay for another day; you wouldn't be able to do that in a modern! The other Austin's starter motor problems were soon fixed by its owner (well, he is an ex-international motorcycle racer). The service at dinner had now turned into sort of cabaret keeping us all amused. Some ventured the short distance to the bustling sea-side town of Laredo to enjoy the large beach, paddle in the sea and browse the local markets (and possibly sample more local beer and tortillas).

Finally the short 30-mile trip to Santander to wait for our ferry. Our Lagonda was waiting at the quayside for us courtesy of the RAC and we were just able to drive it line-astern onto the ferry, as if nothing had really gone wrong! What a treat to be part of such a trip taking in some of the most spectacular scenery in Europe, and staying in places steeped in a rich cultural history. Our thanks to the organisers, Roger and Ann Seabrook.

*The editorial 2 Litre completed the 1000+ mile trip without trouble apart from dribbling rather more oil than usual. It turned out to be from the front of the oil pump, but was so gradual that it was hard to spot without a mirror and a strong light. It's amazing how a teacup full of oil can make such a mess, when distributed under the sump of a hot engine. Anyway, they say that if your 2 Litre doesn't drop oil there isn't any in it!* ■





# Gearbox Alignment

*by Michael Drakeford*

*This article specifically concerns cars fitted with Meadows engines, but could also work for other models with suitable modification – Ed.*

IN AN EARLIER article I suggested a way to align a gearbox, using a socket with a square rod containing a pointer. This would fit on the gearbox shaft and could be pointed at the centre mark of the triangle engine plate at the rear of the engine. This was fine, but care had to be taken to ensure that the gearbox was level with the engine using a spirit level. Even then there was no check that it really was fully in line.

Our member Terry Bown has gone one step further and produced a solution that is far better. The photographs numbered 1 and 2 show three elements for the pointing tool. With the fibre couplings and the spider joint removed this is easy to use. The parts are brought together and fitted on the end of the gearbox pinion shaft. The pointer is adjustable to easily reach up to the centre mark at the engine plate. If this is out of true, adjust the horizontal holding screws at the front of the gearbox. These only alter the front of the gearbox sideways. Care must be taken and it is best to refer to the Club manual before carrying out this adjustment.

The second stage is to place the machined block on the gearbox shaft. Then fix the triangle on the engine plate using the existing bolts and nip them up. Both items are shown in

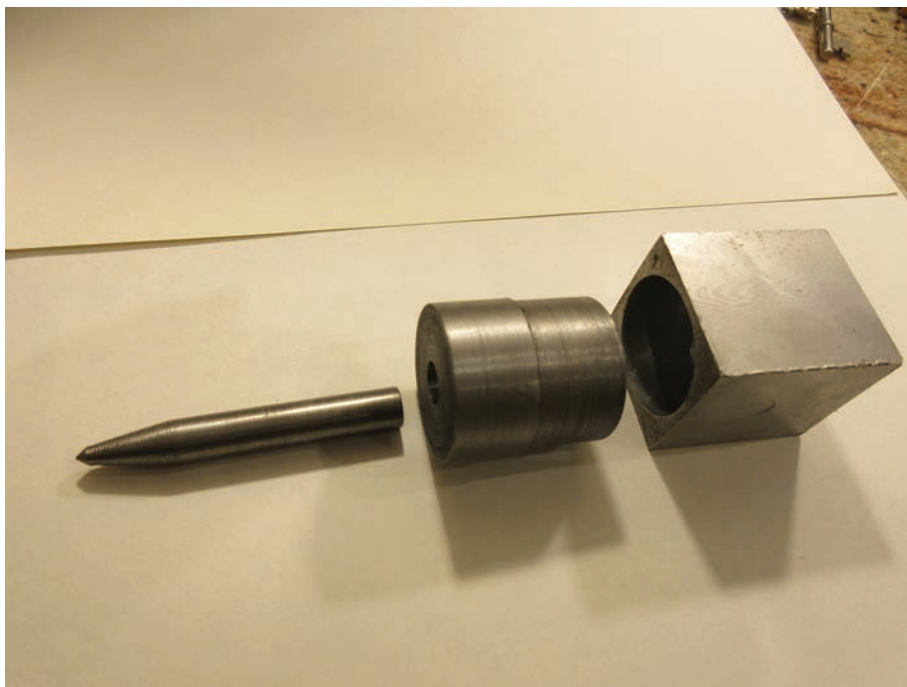
photograph No. 3. This is slightly problematic as the bolts in the clutch attachment have nuts towards the gearbox. In this case you may need to rotate the engine to avoid catching these bolts against those on the clutch cover.

Assuming that the gearbox is correctly aligned it should be possible to pass the block, now on the gearbox shaft, along to the triangle with the corresponding tube. See photographs Nos.4 & 5. If it flows smoothly, the gearbox and engine are properly aligned.

If the tube will not slide or jams partially the alignment is not correct. The gearbox will need aligning.

To begin with check the level of the engine. It is best to remove the rocker cover for a flat surface, checking the fore/aft angle using a spirit level. Using a level on the top of the gearbox check it is absolutely level. Now check fore/aft, where it should be the same as the level at the engine.

To adjust the gearbox levels it is a fiddly job to get it correct, but both upper and lower nuts and the respective locking nuts will require adjustment in order to get it truly level. Firstly correct the level across the gearbox, and make sure all four nuts on the yokes attaching to the chassis are seated correctly before adjusting to correct the fore/aft level. Tighten the upper nuts first, and then the lower nuts.



*Photo 1 - see text*



*Photo 2 - see text*



Photo 3 - see text

After all this, re-check the alignment with the machined block and it should now run smoothly from the gearbox shaft to the tube on the triangle at the engine plate as shown by photo 5.

Before refitting the spider coupling check that the outer surfaces are flat and level and that it is not distorted. I put it on a marble table-top, put a piece of glass on top and measure the drop all around. On my car it was out by 7 thou", which was not helping.

Finally refit the clutch plate, fibre couplings and spider joint. Replace the bolts and nip up the nuts, turn the engine a few times and recheck tightness of all the nuts, including those holding the gearbox.

Perhaps the Club should have two sets of these alignment tools made for hire from the spares department? I am sure members would not mind paying a reasonable charge for usage. ■



Photo 4 - see text



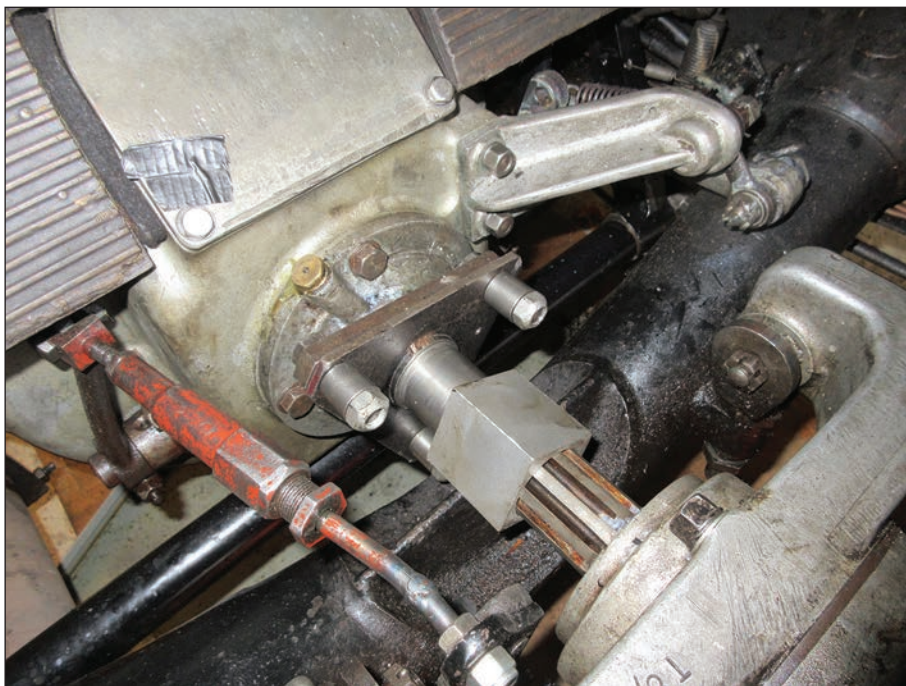


Photo 5 - see text

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# VSCC (Vic) Alpine Trial/Alex Bryce 2-Day Rally

## *Mike Southgate participated in his LG6 DHC*

WHEN THE PROSPECT of this event appeared in the calendar, plans were quickly made to participate. Firstly, a navigator was required and the breach was quickly loaded with a candidate. Heeding the warnings of the organiser, calls were made to secure lodgings in each of the overnight stays – Bairnsdale was particularly challenging due to its hosting of a number of other events, such as the Field and Game Nationals, Austin club and Bairnsdale Anniversary Ball Dance weekend. Once accommodation was secured, entry was paid and the only thing left was to look forward to a long (long) weekend of epic motoring.

### **Prologue**

My journey began the day before the Friday start, from Bendigo, and so did the adventure. In the spirit of the event, I decided on the road-less-travelled option and came down the Burke and Wills Track, stopping briefly for a photo at the monument commemorating the first powered flight by an aircraft designed and built in Australia (Pic 1). However, an unscheduled stop was necessary further down the road due to a tyre that refused to remain inflated. Having had the foresight to carry a couple of spare tubes for such an eventuality, I didn't really want to use one up before the event-proper had begun, so a minor detour via Stuckey's excellent Tyre Service in Brunswick paid off as they happened to have a suitable replacement tube in stock. Battle with peak hour traffic out to

the Yarra Valley, where I'd arranged to stay at my sister-in-law's place in Hoddles Creek, for a five minute drive to the start just outside Woori Yallock at 9:30 on the Friday morning. Some of these place-names must sound quite strange... !

### **Day 1 to Bairnsdale**

The start was significantly moistened by rain; not quite of biblical proportions, but enough for the less hardy to erect their hoods. No such luxury for this solo traveller – at this point I should advise that my navigator had the misfortune to “do his back”, and on doctor's advice had ruled himself out – I persevered with the hood down. At least there wouldn't be a repeat of a Tasmanian Alpine some years ago, during which I heard that someone following the same car witnessed the route instructions being flung in the air, only to disappear in its wake... My mother didn't take any nonsense.

A field of 33 entries assembled outside the CFA (Country Fire Association – regional fire fighters) station to receive their instructions, among which were many faces familiar to me. Car-wise, the pre-war category featured a vanguard of Vauxhalls (eight in all!), a twosome of Talbots, or a trio if you count the post-war Talbot Lago Record T26, a quartet of Alvises (Alvi?), a solo Sunbeam, a lone Lancia Lambda, a league of Lagondas (that's three – Rapier, M45R and the LG6 of yours truly), a lonely MG L Magna, a Delage, a Benz and a couple of Ford



*At the monument to the first powered flight by an aircraft designed and built in Australia*



*The LG6 by the Noojee trestle bridge*





*At McKillops Bridge*



*Hot and Dusty! Following the Lancia.*

As. Moderns rounding out the field included an Austin-Healey, a Lancia Fulvia coupe, an MGA and the back-up Disco with trailer in tow in case it was needed ( I believe it wasn't).

It was still a balmy 20-odd degrees, so while I was wet, I wasn't cold. My Akubra "Stylemaster"(that's a hat) caught the rain such that each time I tilted my head to consult the instructions, a refreshing dump of water fell in my lap. Spirits were not dampened, however. Did I mention we were meant to be collecting answers to clues provided in the route notes? This task soon became secondary to keeping the car on the road in the slippery conditions, after realising that some of them required owl-like neck articulation! The route took us through Noojee where I couldn't resist the photo opportunity of the Lagonda in front of Victoria's best trestle bridge, only a short detour off the main road (Pic 2). Proceeding almost as far as Tanjil Bren in the shadow of Mt Baw Baw, then on the C465 towards Willow Grove, one of the areas serviced by my father Wes's veterinary practice, we stayed to the north of Moe. This avoided the Princes Highway, using the C103 and C105 passing Yallourn North, Tyers, Glengarry, Toongabbie, Cowwarr and Heyfield. It was somewhere along the way while I stopped to check a potential answer to one of the clues where I met Peter Mackie and Kate Davies in their Alvis Silver Eagle. They tipped me off regarding the lunch stop at "somewhere beginning with T" but it wasn't Toongabbie. It turned out to be the Tinamba Hotel and, sure enough, on arrival a number of proper cars were already parked nearby. An excellent

meal ensued, with many remarking they'd have been happy to settle in for the afternoon, but there were still many miles to cover before reaching the first overnight stop in Bairnsdale. Hoping to stay ahead of the dark clouds looming to the west I set off, only to get another flat just before joining the A1 near Stratford. The first indication was a severe case of understeer while negotiating the slight S-bend under the rail bridge – not a pleasant experience in a near two-tonne vehicle! Lagonda 1, lamppost 0 after a slight off-road excursion... a concerned motorist who was following was kind enough to stop, so too a Vauxhall and the Bentley, but how many vintagents does it take to change a tyre? One. Apart from moral support there was not much they could do as I had the matter in hand.

The remainder of the trip to Bairnsdale was uneventful, but first port of call was to a tyre fitter to replace the spent tube. After refuelling, plotting the route for the next couple of days, inventing a few answers to missed questions in the vain hope that humour might earn me a few points, and a quick freshen-up, it was off to the RSL for dinner.

### **Day two to Jindabyne**

An early start of 7:30am was recommended, and we were to collect a lunch to be enjoyed on the way due to the limited options available along the route to be travelled. "Trepidatious" was the word I used when I shared how I was feeling about the day to come with another entrant, having mapped the route and digested the ominous warnings of "the road from Tubbut to Wulgulmerang Junction being steep with extreme drop-offs and

very narrow in parts". This, combined with washaways and ruts, and wildlife waiting for the last moment to jump out and destroy your car unless you proceeded at walking pace, left me dreading a break down, or at least another tyre change. The fellow competitor was having issues with fuel contamination in his Vauxhall resulting in his own misgivings, so we wished each other luck and prepared to depart.

Over a hundred miles of gravel awaited us but the weather was beautiful, perfect for open top motoring. I left shortly after the Bentley and the A-model Ute, and headed up the highway towards Bruthen and Orbost. After misreading a signpost and heading down the wrong road, I realised my mistake and u-turned. Climbing the hill out of Nowa Nowa I noticed the Delage on the side of the road, so I stopped to see if I could help. Oil from the breather was accumulating in a spark plug recess and we checked to make sure it wasn't making its way into the combustion chamber, which we didn't think it was as the plug was tight.

On the way again and Orbost appeared next. I noticed a few cars stopped there but, thinking I was way behind because of my detour earlier, I pressed on along the Bonang Road where, after about an hour and a half, 180 km of gravel roads began. In the meantime I'd passed the other Ford A as I pressed on to Tubbut, Victoria's most remote town (? – didn't even have a pub!). Being the last chance to get fuel before Jindabyne, I'd planned to slake the Lagonda's prodigious thirst here, thus significantly boosting

the local economy.

My arrival was greeted by what possibly amounted to the entire town's population – two – and the familiar faces of the crew of the Lancia Lambda, joined shortly after by a convoy of 4WDs coming from the direction in which we were to continue. The occupants showed some interest in the cars since they're not something you see every day on any road, let alone on roads some might only consider travelling in a 4WD. I asked one of the townsfolk how many cars had been through and was surprised to learn that we were the first.

The Lambda departed while I refuelled and it wasn't until McKillops Bridge, some 35 km further along the road, that I caught up again. Stopping briefly for a photo once across the bridge (Pic 3), I caught up again and kept behind, anticipating a stop for lunch somewhere along the way. We pulled in at Little River Gorge Track for lunch - it had taken almost an hour and a half to travel 50 km. Having eaten, we trekked 400m down to the lookout over the gorge to enjoy some spectacular views.

Back on the road with about three more hours of driving ahead of us, thankfully there were few questions to answer as much concentration was needed to negotiate the corrugations, pot-holes and ruts, the many bends and the occasional vehicle coming the other way. There was brief respite from the twists, climbs and descents as we approached Wulgulmerang East, where we joined the Snowy River Road, this road opening up across the high plains before ascending and snaking through the hills again.



It was hot and dusty as I followed the Lancia (Pic 4), a disadvantage that I believed was outweighed by the benefit of being able to see the hazards encountered by the car in front as I watched its back axle bounce around. It was hard at times to maintain traction out of heavily rutted corners as the back end tramped the car sideways, and the pace slowed to a crawl a few times to avoid crashing into and out of some of the more severe holes.

Crossing the border into NSW after a couple of hours it was time for another comfort stop, which we took at Wallace-Craigie lookout, where we could look back across the valley to see some of the 100,000 hectares ravaged by past bushfires, and to the road along which we'd just travelled. With about an hour to go, the road followed the Snowy River, and I have to say it was very tempting to stop and take a dip to freshen up during the warm dusty drive, but we pressed on. Soon we hit bitumen and enjoyed a brilliant drive into Jindabyne, almost enough to forget what preceded it (Pic 5). My accommodation was fortuitously right next door to the dinner venue, so after a quick shower, and a beer at the bar to wash down the dust, and greeting some of the intrepid travellers across the road we gathered for dinner in a room set aside for us to enjoy each other's company.

### **Day three to Omeo**

Another big day of driving awaited us, but thankfully this was to be completely on that wonderful invention of John Loudon McAdam. With few breakfast options available, I set off early again and planned to stop somewhere along the way for something to eat and watch

the contingent travel through. It was a beautiful day for motoring, with clear skies and dry roads, even in the shade. The Lagonda is quite a handful round the tight stuff but when the road opens up it comes into its own, as remarked by an Irishman I'd passed up the road who later pulled in beside me at Corryong, where I decided to stop for a bite (Pic 6). He was in the area for the gliding, but reminisced about a bloke he knew who had an Alvis Speed 20 back in the day, and how he enjoyed seeing me exercise the car.

Clearly I had left too early, because I waited, and waited, and then refuelled, during which I saw the Lambda pass through and continue on. Shortly thereafter, a Vauxhall 30/98 passed, and I had a quick chat with them while they had a coffee. As they went to refuel, the MGA arrived, and after a quick exchange of pleasantries I was on the road and catching up with the Vauxhall.

The clues were of secondary consideration since I'd faired so poorly in answering them so far, but I still wanted to make an effort. The instruction was to cross the Mitta Mitta River only once while remaining on sealed roads. The Omeo Highway was the obvious choice but taking it meant crossing the Mitta Mitta three times. The Vicroads 6 map book indicated that the other option, Yamba Road, was unsealed. Surely we weren't meant to go the long way round via Talangatta? No matter, I ended up staying behind the Vauxhall, and the questions seemed to indicate we were on the right track, but could the organiser be so devious as to pose questions, which, if you answered correctly, indicated

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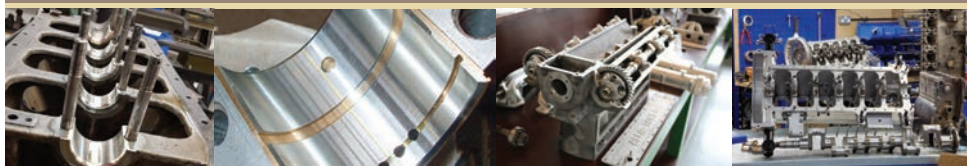
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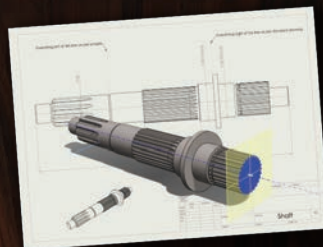
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that you'd travelled the wrong way? Inconceivable!

Regardless, we got to travel another beautiful road, through the Mitta Mitta Valley and on to another beautiful lunch venue in the Laurel Hotel, aka the Mitta Pub, an attractive spot right on the river. Some of the others in the know visited the Blue Duck Inn further down the road, scene of many a decadent session as legend would have it...

The Omeo Highway presented more twists and turns to negotiate, along with fabulous scenery and very pleasant weather, but within a couple of hours we arrived in Omeo (Pic 7). Most stayed at the Golden Age Hotel, the décor of which was appropriate for the visiting cars. The wide upstairs balcony was perfect for socialising with pre-dinner drinks, and many took the opportunity to do so, making for a very convivial atmosphere (Pic 8). Again, the venue coped ably with the influx of 60-plus out-of-towners in funny old cars.

I have very vague recollections as a six-year-old attending an event celebrating the centenary of the proclamation of the Shire of Omeo in 1972, where we camped on the footy oval, during which the locals perhaps weren't quite so welcoming. This might have had something to do with the fact that the alcohol purchased for the weekend only lasted until late on the Friday evening. I'll leave some of the more senior members of the club, the names of whom have been withheld to protect the guilty, to paint a more accurate picture... if they can remember it.

### Day four to Mansfield

The weather forecast was ominous, and it proved to be challenging. A drizzly start was just a taste of what was to come, and shortly after the first clue I found the MG L-type at the side of the road. Nothing serious, they were just putting on rain gear, prudently as it turned out. Drizzle gave way to rain and then, as we gained altitude, fog. And the fog got thicker, so thick, you could barely see the side of the road. I'd caught up with the Lambda again and it was handy to have a set of tail lights to follow (Pic 8). Most of the ascent and descent was done in second gear, with visibility being so low and the road being so wet.

Having reached Harrietville, the worst of the weather was behind us. The next challenge was negotiating the Tawonga Gap but that was dispatched with ease. Back on the floor of the Kiewa Valley and with a clear run ahead, I overtook the Lambda and made for Myrtleford. Pressing on out of town towards Lake Buffalo and beyond, it was a welcome sight to see hops making a comeback to the land where they used to proliferate, along with tobacco, the drying kilns of which are the only reminder that it too was grown here. As per the instructions, sealed roads gave way to gravel where the Buffalo River Road gave way to the Rose River Road. I also found I was having to give way to a number of motorcyclists coming the other way. The odd answer to the clues was also being found so I guessed I was on the correct route. I arrived in Whitfield in good time for lunch at the Mountain View, where I joined Bernie and Helen Jacobson



*Gordon Lindsay's M45R*



*View over Tom Groggin Station*



*Jacobson Rapier & LG6 at Omeo*



*Golden age for car and building*



(Rasier). A delicious meal consumed, it was back on the road again to complete the final 60-odd kilometres to Mansfield. This left plenty of time to wander up and down the street, which was surprisingly busy for a Monday, with people taking advantage of the unofficial long weekend (the Melbourne Cup horse race was the next day – we get a holiday for that). There was also time to relax, make up a few more answers to clues and freshen up for the event's closing dinner held in the Delatite Hotel. Again, locals catered for us with ease, providing a separate room for our gathering so we could carry on without bothering the other patrons. There were some brief formalities and the handing out of blocks of chocolate to participants of note, one of whom was me for travelling solo. It all seemed to end too soon, but there was the journey home consider.

### Epilogue

Apart from the threatening weather, the two-and-a-bit hour trip back to

Bendigo was uneventful. Having originally intended to have a lie in after a few days of early starts, a check of the weather radar showed storm clouds straddling my intended route so I thought it best to get a move on. I enjoyed a quick croissant and coffee at the excellent Mansfield Coffee Merchant, then I was off in a race against the rain, threading the needle and winning by only a few minutes. All up, the round trip was a bit over 1100 miles.

This was a fabulous event, one which I thoroughly enjoyed. Yes, there were some long days of driving but that's something we enjoy. We're so lucky in Australia to have a climate conducive to motoring all year round. Some of the roads were diabolical, and tough on man and machine, but this was just like some of the rallies I remembered as a child in the same car. This, for me, was a nostalgia trip. There's talk that the next one will be in Tasmania in 2021. Sign me up! ■



*Fog at Mt Hotham*

# Another Lagonda Tale from the Thirties

## *Ken Painter does some more digging through the past*

PICTURE NO 1 WAS taken by “The Autocar” magazine, but, other than the year, 1933, there was no specific information as to when the event took place, although the “where” was easy to identify, as Brooklands was our only banked track. The handwritten text on the picture identified it as a Motorcycle Club competition, but gave no date. Bill Boddy’s “History of Brooklands” mentioned the event, but gave no details of the date, or of the results. A scan through the DVD containing copies of all the pre-war “Motor Sport” magazines was equally unhelpful.

My good friend Nick Portway, the author of several beautiful books on the Vauxhall 30/98, lives just 16 miles from me and has a collection of back numbers of “The Autocar”. We met at a local car club event a few days earlier and he invited me to search through his collection to learn more about the occasion.

Racing at Brooklands began at Easter, so that was where the search started. At first it looked as if tracking the date would be easy as every issue carried a short list of future events and the MCC’s High Speed Reliability Trial began to feature in this surprisingly early, only for subsequent issues to print a series of new, and later, dates. No reason for these frequent changes of date was ever given. To cut a very long story short, the event took place on 9th September 1933 and the article was published on the 15th September

1933. It must have been a long day for the competitors, as there were two One-Hour Trials, one Two Lap Handicap Race and one Three Lap Relay Race, run in three heats. The photo was taken during the first of these events, in which 34 cars took part and just three retired during the event, although others failed to qualify for an award.

A.D. Jaffe’s 2 litre Lagonda finished in 6th place, winning a Premier Award, for which he had to complete minimum of 25 laps. In the event he actually covered 27 laps, at an average speed of 76.15 MPH, so the caption on the picture “On the Home Banking at 80 mph” couldn’t have been far off the mark.

Appleton’s Riley (looks like a March Special with a ‘9’ engine) covered 24 laps at an average speed of 68.22 MPH. His car was in a different class, as he had a smaller engine. He also won a Premier Award for his class, completing the minimum of 24 laps.

A second 2 litre Lagonda took part in the event, driven by J S Hathaway. Frustratingly for him, he only managed 19 laps, so missed being awarded a bronze medal by a single lap.

The event finished with the Three Lap Relay Race and, in the first of the three heats, a member of the public, who was not an MCC member, managed to drive his car onto the track and actually covered two laps before he was stopped when he tried to escape down the finishing straight.

Do any of our members know any more about Jaffe or Hathaway? Their names were certainly new to me when I found the photo.

The Motor Cycling Club, to give it its full name was founded in 1902, so must have been one of the oldest Clubs then existing. They appeared to embrace the new-fangled motor car almost from their formation. The oldest one make car club is the Jowett Car Club, originally called the Southern Jowett Car Club, which was formed in 1922 and is still an active Club.

Picture No 2 is, I am fairly certain, either taken at the Fox and Nichol Garage, or somewhere in Ireland and shows the newly registered team cars at the beginning of August 1934 and

ready to go to Ireland for the Ards TT.

It is just possible to read the corner of the plate by car No 1's right rear wheel, which shows "PK" and "1". The full number is, of course, BPK 201 and it is the car that went on to win the 1935 le Mans 24 hour race. Note that the cars still don't have lights fitted, but this was totally legal. The law then simply required the car to have its full complement of lights, or none at all. Although I tried saving the picture at a very high resolution, the number plates on the other cars in the picture are too out of focus to be readable, so there is no way of knowing if they are Irish or English numbers, but my money is on English ones. ■



*Left: A D Jaffe's 2 litre at Brooklands*



*Right: The three 1935 M45 Team Cars, probably at Tolworth, Surrey*



# ETV 199, Restoration Part III

## *Mike Dufton continues his epic project*

THE PREVIOUS ARTICLE on ETV dealt very much with the issues of rebuilding the power unit. Mention was made of the potential use of laser welding in the repair of block cracks, two members contacting me to recommend this technique. To give a balanced view, since then, another member has been in contact, reporting that unfortunately, laser welding had not proved successful in the repair of cracks on three different cylinder blocks. It is important to point out that these welding repairs were all carried out by a professional company experienced in the technique, and the blocks were further sealed as recommended. On each occasion the repairs were not long lasting, it being suggested that correct fusion of the iron had not fully taken place along the weld, and this particular member felt that the mechanical method (stitching and lacing), with sealant added to the cooling system, is likely to be more reliable. I will allow members to draw their own conclusions, but it is always very useful to receive experiential views. I am unable at present to add further input, as ETV's engine has yet to be run, or receiving sealing treatment, but I remain fully optimistic to the metal stitching repairs carried out on the block.

On opening any Lagonda bonnet, the power unit is instantly recognised as a thing of beauty and engineering excellence, but is of only any use if the less glamorous support systems are in full working order, hence, we come to the fuel system!. To say that

ETV's fuel system was operational as originally found, would be a gross over statement. It comprised of two thirds of a fuel tank, allowing good internal visual inspection!, heavily corroded and very thin abraded copper fuel pipes, a by-passed fuel change over tap, no fuel filter, and modified plumbing to the AutoVac. There was only one course of action, source missing parts and completely re-pipe it. David Ayre ([www.prewarcarparts.com](http://www.prewarcarparts.com)) was very helpful, and came up with a good useable fuel tank and original style fuel filter. On later inspection, the filter head internal cast boss, which the spindle securing the filter element is retained by, was virtually sheared off. Undaunted, it was quickly realised that machining up a new brass spindle, incorporating the boss dimensions, and utilising the remaining thread in the filter head into which a locking screw had been fitted, would facilitate a repair. A screw slot was cut in the top end of the spindle, making it look like the original locking screw, a wrap around of PTFE tape and a satisfactory job was accomplished. As Lagonda Owners will know, many different thread systems appear on their vehicles, all original, and probably reflecting the outsourcing of parts from the factory. The filter head was no exception, the Zenith unit utilising 3/8th British Standard Brass (BSB) for the locking screw, the filter-retaining nut being No.0 British Association (OBA). The photo should amply illustrate the repair undertaken.

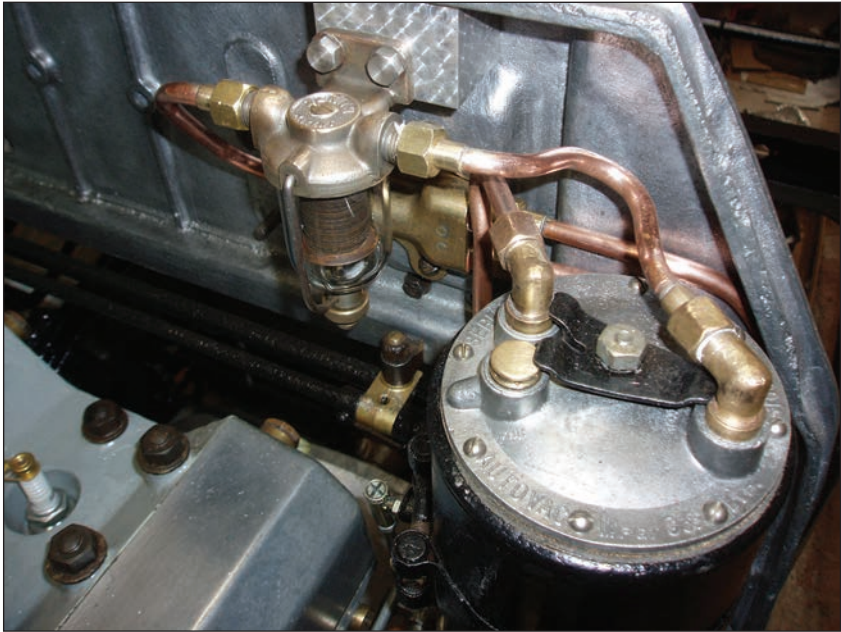
The pipework was the next



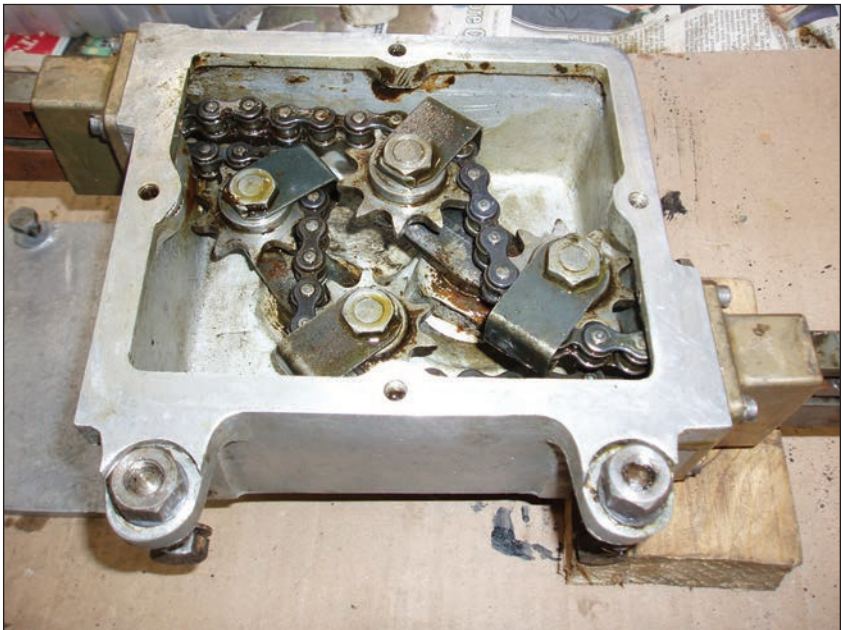
*Zenith Fuel Filter, showing repairs made*



### *The Autovac in pieces*



*The reconditioned Autovac and Zenith filter installed on the bulkhead*



*The cleaned compensator box*

challenge - even removing some of it was not easy, particularly along the chassis rail. Heavily corroded steel pipe clamps and bolts, narrow slots to get the pipe ends through cross members, and the realisation that a lot of the bends were made as the original pipe was fitted, requiring unbending as one went along. As to renewing, my initial error was to over spec the replacement pipe, thinking that 5/16th 'Kunifer' (copper nickel alloy) pipe would be more durable than copper, which would be correct, but it quickly proved much more difficult to bend, particularly in tight spots. This was very apparent along the chassis member, where bending, then straightening, is required to get it fed through the narrow gaps. The material quickly work-hardens with just one or two reversals, the copper allowing easier working for much longer. Most of the bending is easily formed by hand at large radii, in one or two tight places it was useful to have a small hand held bender to give a neat curve.

Although the pipe end, nuts and nipples can be bought commercially, as suitable material was to hand these were all machined up on the lathe, using an original for dimensions. Yet another thread is used here, the majority being 3/8th British Standard Pipe (BSP Parallel), but beware, those on the AutoVac are BSB.

Although some of the original pipes appeared to be 'lead' soldered on, the majority were silver soldered, a method I much prefer, and not difficult to do. As with any soldering, there are a few absolutely key things to bear in mind. Cleanliness is essential, each area the silver solder is required to adhere to should be cleaned well using wire wool. Secondly, use the correct flux, in

this case 'Easy Flow', and only thinly apply it precisely to the areas you want the solder to go. This flux is very good, and will encourage the solder to run to exactly where it has been applied, but you don't want it over everything, which will result in much more filing and cleaning up. The final, absolute essential, is a heat source that will give you at least 700C, keep an eye on firstly the copper (melting point 1083C), which will be a bright pink colour now, and then the brass fitting, which will have a redness to it (melting point around 920C depending on alloy). That's about the time to introduce the strip of fluxed silver solder to the joint, preferably melting it by conduction rather than the flame, but not always possible with small items. The Johnson Matthey alloy I used melts between 630-660C, and should very quickly disappear, capillary attraction drawing it to the joint (a 3-4 thou gap is all that is needed). A very fine radius bead will appear at the intersection of the pipe and the nipple, that is perfect, do not be tempted to add more. Bear in mind that the solder always heads for the hottest part, so make sure you are aiming the flame where you want it, and, if the solder melts as a bead and stays there or rolls off, you have too little heat or not enough flux where it's needed. You can usually rectify the latter by applying a bit more flux on a steel rod to where you want it, whilst heating. One last point, don't forget to put the nut on before you solder the last joint and do make a simple hearth using firebrick or similar heat resistant material, ordinary bricks or concrete will start spitting back at you as they become heated!

Along the chassis heavily corroded mild steel clamps, secured with a

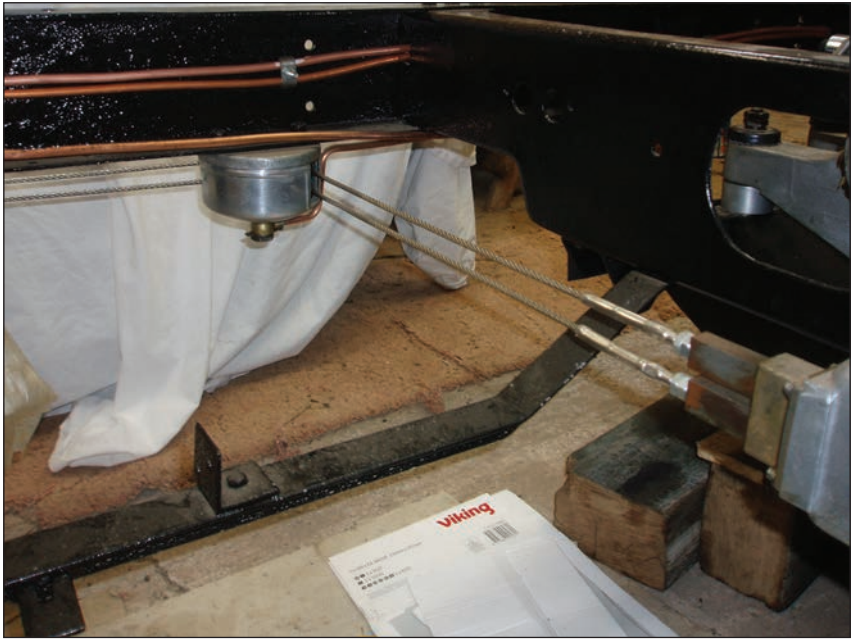


single nut and bolt, retained the pipes. These clamps are easily manufactured, having first made up a mild steel bending former, with each end radiused of 5/32". The clamps were initially cut out of 3/32" mild steel of oblong shape, a central 1/4" hole drilled, which in turn allowed it to be secured by a hex screw via a threaded hole centrally on the former, which was secured in the vice. A few blows with the hammer, initially parallel to the clamp material, then following the curve around, produced a neat bend, the process being carried out cold.

The next item to overhaul was the AutoVac. I had been advised that they work well if precisely overhauled and adjusted, but the slightest air/vacuum leak or dirt within, causes unreliability. The unit had lain idle for fifty years, the piping somewhat adapted to avoid the fuel changeover tap, as well as no primary filtration. Various screws were sheared off, including the central stud that secures the clamp plate (also missing) retaining the tapered pipe connections and air vent. Needless to say, on dismantling, much dirt and areas of corrosion were also found. Although repair kits can be sourced from The Autovac Manufacturing Co. Ltd, c/o Bishopgray Ltd, Aldermaston, (part of Fisher Restorations Ltd) (info@autovac.co.uk), it was felt a better outcome would result if it was sent to Charles Gray to be professionally overhauled. A full rebuild was carried out for £140 inc VAT, all previously identified faults were fully rectified, missing parts and internal corroded components replaced, set up, and fully tested. I was delighted with the service and workmanship that Charles accomplished and would not hesitate to recommend this service.

The Braking system was in very poor condition, much of it dismantled 50 years ago, with many components now lost. A great deal of work was done on sourcing parts, including drums and brake shoes, the former as new items, the second as used spares via the Lagonda Club and the excellent spares service run by Robin Cooke. ETV 199 never seems to follow the norm, 'off the shelf' brake cables were obtained only to find they were incorrect lengths. A decision was made to manufacture four bespoke stainless steel cables, but finding 'crimp on' ends with a 5/16th BSF thread and 5.00mm cable size proved impossible. With a bit of research, it transpired that M10 threaded crimp ends had a core diameter a few thou larger than 5/16", and were thus machined to accept the correct thread. A good friend of mine who specialises in lifting equipment, swaged the newly machined ends on to the correct length of 5.00mm stainless cable. Once fitted, there was adequate adjustment to tension the cables correctly.

In this phase of restoration, a final difficulty occurred, that of marrying up the bottom water pipe connection with the radiator and water pump. A suitable U shaped pipe was obtained from David Ayre, a flange for the radiator bottom connection sourced from Robin Cooke, and subsequently machined to size. The difficulty lay in obtaining suitable copper pipe to connect to the flange and then bend it to the correct shape to line up with the U pipe. Failure to accomplish this in all aspects led to an alternative solution. A parallel copper stub pipe was silver soldered into the bottom flange and a suitably angled bottom hose was sourced, which in the event, worked



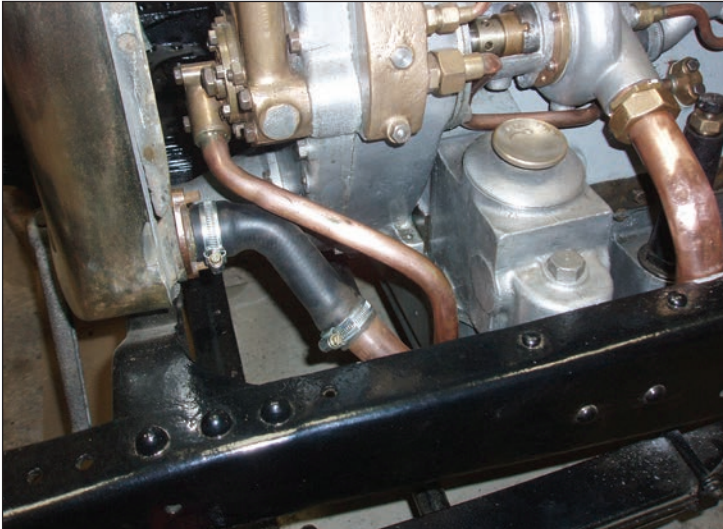
*New brake cables installed*



*Silver soldering the water pipe flange*

out rather well. The 32mm 'Wobbly Pipe' pipe was purchased from [www.carbuildersolutions.com](http://www.carbuildersolutions.com), and is, as it says, a hose with various 45/90 bends, 0.5m long, and can be cut anywhere to obtain the desired shape. There was only slight angular misalignment, which has not collapsed the hose to impede flow. Time will tell if this is

a permanent solution. The current project is the design and fabrication of the battery box and installation of the electric start system, hopefully enabling a better cranking speed to be obtained to wake the engine from its five decades of 'resting'. A further progress report will be made when this has been completed! ■



*The bottom water pipe and special hose*



*The rolling chassis ready for a trial start-up*



# The Amazing Hilda Hewlett

*by Arnold Davey*

ON PAGES 48 TO 52 of the “Blue Book” we refer to Mrs. Hilda Hewlett and her tricar exploits. But recently I have discovered much more about the amazing life she led after discovering flying.

On 11th June 1906 the Autocycle Club ran its most demanding trial so far, starting at Lands End and running to John o’Groats, taking six days with a maximum speed of 20 mph and a minimum of 15 mph. Wilbur Gunn, fresh from a gold medal in the London-Edinburgh Trial the previous week, entered his Lagonda Tricar. So too did Miss Muriel Hind (Singer), also an Edinburgh finisher. Both Gunn and Miss Hind drove straight from Edinburgh to Lands End. Fourteen tricars were entered in the End-to-End, but only six finished. Miss Hind was eventually 6½ hours late, having replaced a broken spring and repaired a steering arm among other adventures. Gunn won the only gold medal in the tricar class. Miss Hind’s passenger on the epic trial was Mrs Hilda Hewlett. Gunn’s passenger was Alf Cranmer, one of his employees, later to become a Director. Gunn’s success induced Hilda Hewlett to buy a Lagonda Tricar, and in July we find her entering it in the Autocycle Club’s Quarterly Trial, where she beat Gunn by 2.2 seconds in the timed hillclimb of Dashwood Hill. In September 1906 she was part of a team of Lagonda Tricars entered in the ACC’s Birdlip Hillclimb. As well as Gunn on the factory machine, the others were Morton Stuart, J. F. Buckingham, Lt. Davies and Alf Cranmer on a second ‘works’ entry.

Unexpectedly, none did that well and the class was won by Browning’s Riley. The following year’s season started in March for her, with an entry in the Lewisham AC’s River Hill hillclimb. Hilda came third in the Tricar class and her 19.8 seconds easily beat Gunn’s 30.8 seconds, which looks like he had some problem with his machine. Gunn used her placing in his adverts but so worded as to suggest it was his result being quoted!

Her next event, that I have traced, was the Autocycle Club’s Six-Day Trial in August 1907. Five Tricars were entered, three of them Lagondas. M. W. Randle and F. Cozens being the other two. However this endurance event was too much for Hilda’s machine, which broke its frame on the second day, causing her to retire. The interest in tricars was waning fast in 1907, being replaced by sidecars, and we have no further Lagonda connection with her, but the indomitable Hilda was not done with motor sport, but turned her attention to flying.

Hilda Beatrice Herbert was born in Vauxhall, south London, on 17th February 1864 to Louisa and the Rev. William Herbert, one of nine children. She studied needlework, woodwork and metalwork at the National Art Training School in Kensington, followed by nursing training at a hospital in Germany. In 1888 she married Maurice Henry Hewlett in her father’s church, St. Peter’s Vauxhall.

The marriage produced a son, Francis, and a daughter, Pia. Not that long after parting with the Lagonda Hilda attended an aero meeting in



Blackpool in 1909 and was immediately hooked on flying .

Straightaway she moved to France, to the Mourmelon-le-Grand airfield, where she studied aeronautics and made a friend of Gustav Blondeau. The pair moved back to Britain, and in 1910 they opened Britain's first flying training school at Brooklands.

The school was a success and, among soon-to-be-famous pupils, they taught Thomas Sopwith. Hilda herself also qualified and on 29th August 1911 she became the first woman to gain a pilot's licence, number 122. Her son gained licence number 156 that November. She wasn't above benefiting from her fame as the first woman aviator and I have in the archives an article from the Girls Own Paper of December 1911 in which she advises young gels on how to learn to fly and suggests that about £1000 for the machine and £5 a week for a mechanic should be sufficient.

Ever ambitious, their next move was into aircraft manufacture. Hewlett & Blondeau Ltd. was established at Brooklands but rapidly outgrew the site, moving to a disused ice-skating rink at Clapham, which they called the Omnia Works. Photos taken at the time show them making Bleriot monoplanes under licence. Soon even this factory was too small and they

moved out of London to Legrave, part of Luton, where in May 1914 they could construct their own building. By this time Maurice Hewlett had fallen out with his tycoon-like wife and they separated just before the Great War, with him still convinced that women had no place in industry - well, not to run it. Aircraft manufacture in 1914 was growing exponentially and soon Hewlett & Blondeau employed 700 workers, becoming a major industry for the town with a substantial output of Avro 504s. But the Armistice brought instant cancellations of aircraft orders, so the resourceful Hilda switched to agricultural machinery making. She was now in her late 'fifties (I don't know what became of Blondeau) and started to wind down her activities, selling a load of machinery to the neighbouring Vauxhall plant. Finally the Legrave factory went to Electrolux.

After a quiet period, in 1931 Hilda emigrated to New Zealand. Aviation was still her main interest and she was within a year the President of the Tauranga Aero and Gliding Club. She died in 1943 aged 79, and is remembered in both Luton and New Zealand with commemorative street names. ■



*Above: Mrs Hewlett piloting the Hewlett & Blondeau Biplane at Brooklands Right: Hilda Hewlett at Clapham*



## Letters & emails ... Letters & emails

The below letter refers to the book on the Post 1945 Lagondas which Alan Heard published in 2018. Alan put in

many hours of research and hard work to produce this important addition to the history of Lagonda. ■



### THE LAGONDA CLUB

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21<sup>st</sup> October 2018

Alan. D. Heard.

Dear Alan

I have just finished reading your excellent book on the post '45 cars. I am about to start reading it again because there is so much new information to digest!

It is really fantastic that you have done all this for our marque & it really completes the full picture.

Your book will then take its rightful place in my library alongside other great works of Lagonda history

Warmest regards

David

## Letters & emails ... Letters & emails

Dear Sir,

In reaction on the article of Laurence Hannam 'the road to buying a v12 Lagonda' I would like to mention it is my father that bought the LG6 DHC off Roland Morgan at Coys in 1979.

This very car is on page 71 in the book 'Aston Martin and Lagonda from Michael Frostick' and later when in my father's ownership in the book 'Cabriolets' by Jean-Paul Thevenet and Peter Vann.

Now, after almost 40 years of my father's ownership, I am the custodian of HPB 190 and have just finished a rebuild of the rear axle and suspension and cooling system. It now drives superbly and hope to come to the overseas Lagonda meet this year.

I would be delighted if you could include my answer in the next magazine together with these pictures as a surprise for my Dad.

I would also like to ask if you could put me in contact with an LG6 DHC owner that still has the sun visors, so I could ask to send me a pattern to replicate them or probably someone is just having them lying around?

Kind regards,  
Michaël Dierick  
Belgium

*I suggested Michaël advertise in the Newsletter for sun visors, but perhaps another mention in the magazine would come up with something - Ed*





## *Letters & emails ... Letters & emails*





## Letters & emails ... Letters & emails

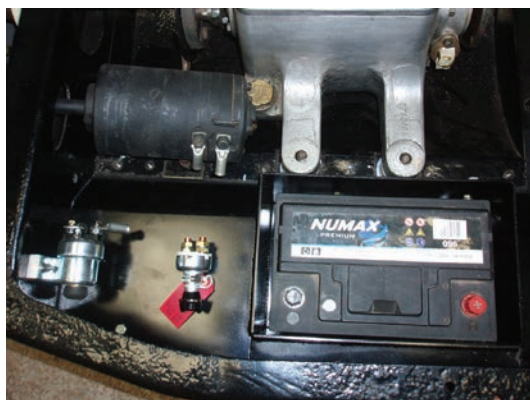
Dear Roger,

As you will see from the attached photos, a new one-piece welded battery box (fitted under the nearside front seat area as per Speed Model) has been manufactured from 1/8th Aluminium, now sprayed and fitted. The battery box has yet to be ply lined (varnished), but has been bolted up with appropriate felt strip where it bears on the steelwork. This it is hoped will minimize corrosion.

The dilemma is wiring! At present,



*The newly fabricated battery box*



*The battery installed in the new box*

only a simple starting system is being produced, purely to attempt to get the engine running.

Wiring diagrams for 1927 vehicles are not readily available, or unfortunately are not that clear in the Club's Lagonda Handbook. Is anyone aware of the availability of a clear wiring diagram for this 1927 vehicle, I would be delighted to acquire a copy. It is intended, where possible, to modify the circuitry to modern (safer?) standard, including conversion of the dynamo from three to two brush and use electronic control of its output/ input to the battery. Very reliable and successfully used on one of our tractors.

Regards, Mike.



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Over the last few years we have fully restored a number of Lagondas, Speed Six Bentleys and 'S' Type Invictas, and have had a number of wins at International Concours d'Elegance, including a class win at 'Pebble Beach' with a Speed Six Vintage Bentley. We pride ourselves in having the KNOWLEDGE, ENTHUSIASM and EXPERTISE in being able to offer the MOST DETAILED and COMPREHENSIVE SERVICE to our WORLDWIDE CUSTOMER BASE.