



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB**

Number 273 Summer 2022

The Club's
2022 ANNUAL GATHERING & A.G.M.

on

Saturday 24th and Sunday 25th September,
will again be held at

The Mercure Warwickshire Walton Hall Hotel & Spa
Walton, CV35 9HG, Warwickshire

With easy access from the M40, this 4-star hotel is situated not far from Stratford-upon-Avon. It is built round a 16th century Grade II



listed building set in 65 acres of private grounds. Leisure facilities include spa treatment rooms, a swimming pool, and a gym.

The weekend will include the usual events and activities, i.e.

Saturday afternoon	Scenic drive, details to be announced
Saturday evening	Gala Dinner
Sunday morning	Display of Lagondas
	AGM of the Lagonda Club
	Buffet Lunch
Sunday afternoon	Presentations

Accommodation for one, two or three nights at agreed rates, including full English breakfasts, may be booked by phoning **01789 472513**. This is a direct line to the hotel's Events Office, which we have been assured will be manned continuously during normal business hours. Please quote "Lagonda Club".

Tickets for Saturday's Gala Dinner and/or Sunday's Buffet Lunch may be purchased from the Shop on the Club's website: www.lagondaclub.com

If you have any queries please contact the event coordinator,
Rodney Saunders, preferably by email to rodneysaunders@clara.net,
or alternatively by phone, tel. 01444 811598.

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The Lagonda Magazine

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COVER: Chas Howe & Sue in their 16/80 on the Spanish Pyrenees Trip

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From the Workbench

Roger Seabrook

AS I AM writing this, the outside temperature is 39°C and it's very hot inside too. Not often we have weather like this in the UK, but it's a bit too hot for doing anything other than to sit around and have cold drinks. However, one of the 2 litres will be out and about tomorrow and the next day and we are taking the tourer on its second Spanish trip this year, in late August, all being well.

I have been reading some of the back issues of *The Lagonda*, and came upon the late Lord Montague's statement on the forming of the Federation of British Historic Vehicles Clubs in 1988. The outlook then was quite gloomy as to the future of vintage motoring here. This was because it was feared that draconian curbs would be introduced due to standardisation across Europe. Yet here we are 34 years later, still enjoying our cars, and it would appear that our friends abroad are doing so too! There are always challenges, and we should never be complacent.

Dire warnings were expressed when lead was removed from petrol. As soon as unleaded became available, I switched to that, and the 2litre has run on it for at least 30 years without issues.

Likewise, I've started to use E10 and it runs as well on this as E5. I've checked the alloy float bowls and have noticed no effect on those. However, I won't store it over winter with E10 in the tank. There is probably a difference in performance, although I haven't noticed it – the car goes up to 70mph quite happily (not often, but it will pull 80mph tops). And yes, my speedometer is dead accurate (unlike the modern car)!

I have been trying to fit the body of the Austin 7 onto the chassis. This is a new one, and it is beautifully made (by Roach). We have the original body, but it's beyond economical restoration. It is not an easy task to get everything in alignment – wings, running boards radiator and bonnet all have to be dead in line. Do any of our members have a pram-hood Chummy I could look over, so I can ensure the fixings are correct? We are also missing the bracket that holds the speedometer drive (connected to the cardan shaft pulley by a spring belt). It was lost during a garage move. Again, if someone has a spare we could borrow and copy, or even purchase, we would be most grateful.

Enjoy the rest of the Summer. ■

***Last date for copy for the Autumn Magazine is
Friday 30th September 2022
Please keep new articles & pictures coming in.***

Ken Painter ~ 1938–2022

Editor of *'The Lagonda'* for 100 issues

DURING HIS VARIED career, Ken served as: RAF Policeman, Terrorist Hunter, Guard of Nuclear Weapons, Bomb Disposal Team Leader, Mountain Rescue Team Leader, RAF Diplomatic Courier, and Staff Officer in Far East Air Force Headquarters. It was a very varied, and often dangerous life.

When he was 17, Ken left school. To avoid compulsory National Service, with no choice of career, he enlisted in the RAF Police. He was posted to Cyprus and gazetted as a Customs and Security Officer at Nicosia Airport. Ken returned to England in 1960. On his journey from Portsmouth to his home, he bought the first of the nine Lagonda cars that he owned during his career and, once home, he joined the Lagonda Club. He volunteered to go to Gan in the Maldives for a year, and was then posted to Singapore. He served as a Staff Officer in Far East Air Force Headquarters, in charge of a high security department regularly visiting Malaysia, Australia, Hong Kong, Borneo and Vietnam.

He had left his Lagonda in storage in England, but bought a similar model, found for sale on Singapore's RAF Changi base. He raced it, rallied it, and toured Malaya in it. Before his return to England, he sold it to a friend, who still owns it, but now lives in Australia.

In his off-duty time, Ken was appointed Editor of the *"Malaysian and Singapore Vintage Car Register Monthly*

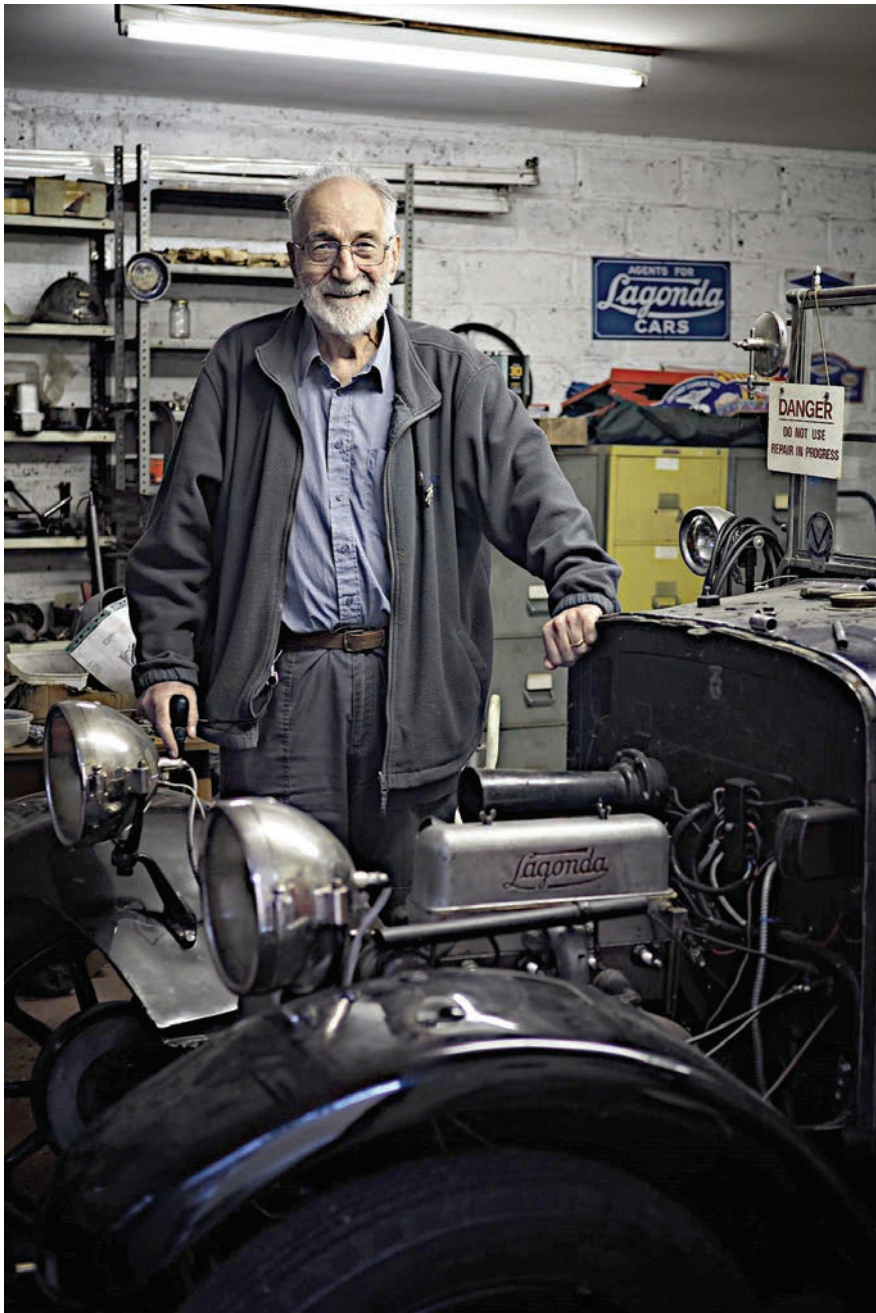
Magazine" and learned of a very rare (one of just eight) 1935 Maserati two-seater sports car that was sold to a Chinese racing driver in Singapore in 1938.

It took Ken 18 years to restore it and even longer to research its history, which included winning its class at record speed in the 1935 and 1936 Mille Miglia Races.

The Maserati Club was formed in 1972. Ken, a founder member, was Magazine Editor until 1976 and Club Secretary from 2002 until 2017. As well as the 4CS, he owned and loved three Post-War Maseratis for a short time. When he retired from racing the 4CS, he gave it to his son, Adam, who still races it.

In 1977, Ken retired from the RAF and opened a business restoring and selling classic cars, but, when the UK was hit by a recession in 1979, he closed it. One of his classic car customers immediately offered him a post in the NHS as a Health Promotion Officer. He served in this rôle in four different Hospital Trusts, before he took early retirement again.

Ken was a Lagonda Club Board Member and he edited the Club's monthly magazine for over 25 years. He remained a Board Member for two more years, acting as Secretary and was made "Model Champion" for the early Lagonda Light Cars when he bought a 1925 Lagonda 12/24. When he retired from the Board, he was appointed a Vice President of the Club. ■



Ken happily working on his 12/24

Memories of Ken

I FIRST MET Ken in early 1988 when he became Editor and I was given the job of collecting the Magazine Advertising Revenue. Ken's sterling efforts over the next 25 years are well known. When he handed over to Roger Seabrook in 2013, he didn't disappear into the sunset but volunteered to prepare Agendas and take Minutes for the Board Meetings and AGM. This took a load of work off the shoulders of the Company Secretary. Ken always sent his draft Minutes to me and welcomed any suggestions which I made.

Ken loved visiting the Beaulieu Autojumble looking for bits for the 2 litre he was restoring and later his 12/24 plus of course for his beloved historic Maserati. Valerie and I were running the stall at Beaulieu from 1991 onwards and Ken would frequently stop by for a rest, a chat, coffee and a slice of Valerie's bread pudding. In later years when the Stall became more and more busy, we invited him to join us.

He would stay with us on the Thursday night and travel down to Beaulieu to help us set up. He would join us for all meals and he helped during the day. We found Ken's reminiscences of his time in the RAF very interesting but the anecdote we enjoyed most referred to his Maserati. He was at a Maserati Club meeting and was admiring a brand-new model. He said to the proud owner "this is a beautiful car – how much did it cost? "The owner replied "£80,000 – don't you wish you could afford one". Ken's response was "Well, If I sold my Maserati, I could buy five of these". Ken much enjoyed racing his historic Maserati and we saw him and Chris at Silverstone, Prescott etc. for many years.

One of my lasting memories of Ken is his patience with people who might otherwise have caused great irritation. His typical comment was "He has delusions of adequacy".

J.C.B. ■



Ken and his 16/80 in Malaya

ONE DAY IN the early 1970s I was carrying out some routine maintenance on my Lagonda Rapier on my driveway whilst living in Newport, Shropshire, when I was disturbed by someone saying "I used to own one of those, do you need any assistance?". This was the first time I met Ken and we have been close friends ever since. Ken and his family had recently moved into the area having bought a house a couple of streets away. Ken was using his M35R Tourer BXB 477 as everyday transport and one of his new neighbours had told him there was a similar but smaller Lagonda living nearby so he decided to come and find me.

At the time Ken was still working for the RAF and based locally. As well as the Lagonda Ken also owned the remains of a 4CS Maserati which he had found whilst working in Singapore and over the years I assisted him with the restoration of this amazing car, which Adam campaigns today. To obtain additional skills to help with the restoration, both Ken and I decided to enrol for evening courses at the local technical college in Telford where we learnt welding, fabrication and general machining skills. These courses continued for several years and we were allowed to work on our own projects, giving us an opportunity to learn as well as having access to high quality equipment and enabling us to manufacture unobtainable parts for the Maserati.

On leaving the RAF in 1977 Ken spent two years selling classic cars from salesrooms based in Newport Shropshire. By this time the initial rebuild of the Maserati was complete and I clearly remember the day when we tried to "fire up" the engine for the

first time. Whilst we were confident everything had been assembled correctly, we spent all day attempting to get it to start but without any success. In the late evening we decided to try tow-starting it with me in the driving seat and Ken towing it behind his Volvo estate. This turned out to be a very bad decision as just after I let the clutch out there was a tremendous explosion as the side mounted exhaust box was ripped wide open. Luckily no one was hurt and the rest of the car was undamaged but it did bring all the neighbours, and later the police, out into the road to see what had happened. Further investigation proved we had got the valve timing completely wrong!

In subsequent years we assisted each other with many projects, including working on Ken's three recalcitrant Post-War Maseratis, which gave us real hassle. When Ken and his family moved out of the area we kept in close contact and met up regularly. Over the years Ken accompanied me on many UK and continental events where he acted as my navigator/2nd driver.

My lasting memory of Ken will be his "never give up" approach to life. I have lost a true friend. **R.M.H. ■**

NOT THAT I knew him personally very well, although he was always a recognisable face at AGMs and other events, my memories of Ken are chiefly of his ability to tell of his experiences from his long ownership of Lagondas and of editing various motoring club publications, including of course his unmatched occupation of the editor's seat for our magazine. A very early memory is of his setting out the timelines that governed the preparation and

publication of the magazine, something which I don't think had been done before and must have helped immeasurably, at least for the next few issues.

My main recollections, though, are of his stories, the chief of which (in my view) was that of the rescue of what he called "his Italian mistress", the Maserati. He told of the capture of this car by the Japanese occupying forces in Singapore and its storage. This was apparently a concentration of cars held at a central depot/garage in the city. One of the local men working there took it upon himself to remove the car from under the noses of the Japanese, and his achievement in doing so, knowing that if he was caught, he would probably be instantly executed, is a story worth comparison with any thriller you have ever read. The subsequent exhumation of the car (it had been buried to conceal it) and its restoration, all add up in my mind, to a truly amazing account. The fact that the car still exists and is still raced occasionally act as concrete evidence of the importance of those events.

Other memories include his dissection of an editor's life as he saw it; his reports on the long restoration of the 2 litre saloon he acquired in later life; his unparalleled expertise with the early cars (11.1, 11.9, 12/24); descriptions of racing his Lagonda in the likes of the Singapore Grand prix; and driving and maintaining his cars in pre-independence Malaya (as a child, I had lived in Malaya for a number of years, so felt I had some familiarity with places he described). His ability to remove and re-purpose parts of disused RAF aircraft, acquired whilst on lonely patrols of airfields is also worthy of mention!

And lastly, I can still see him in my mind at an AGM many years ago after he had damaged his foot (I think it was) and was getting around in a sort of motorised scooter, getting things organised as was his wont.

It was a privilege to attend his funeral and hear each of the family speak of their memories: they, and we, the Club, will miss him very much. **M.C.P.** ■

I FIRST MET Ken over 20 years ago when I joined the Club's Board, he was very supportive and encouraging to a new Lagonda 2 Litre owner.

Over the years we developed a tradition of meeting at Vintage Prescott in the Club House for breakfast on both days.

It was always an enjoyable start to the day with plenty of tales of vintage motoring and Ken relating his experiences in Malaya, much of which, due to the sensitive nature of his military work, he was unable to disclose.

Around 15 years ago Ken became fascinated by the Lagonda Light Cars following his acquisition of 'Connie' the ex-Colin Mallett 12/24 model. He then became the Light Car Model Champion, a role that I believe had been unfulfilled for decades. Ken's enthusiasm was infectious and he always felt the 11.1, 11.9 and 12/24 were very worthy cars that were under-appreciated and somewhat unfairly maligned.

With his military precision Ken set about creating an archive of light car promotional, road testing and technical articles in period magazines. This entailed visits to the British Library and other sources around the country and he collated pretty much every published item on these fascinating

cars. All owners owe him a debt of gratitude. Having been infected with Ken's enthusiasm I asked him to look out for an 11.9. He not only put me in touch with an owner wishing to sell his car but insisted on accompanying me on the first viewing and brokering the deal! We then regularly kept in touch, in emails and phone calls until his illness made things difficult. Ken was a good friend and will be much missed.

M.A.Y. ■

KEN WAS ONE of the first people to welcome me into the Lagonda Club in the 1980's. He was the Magazine editor and lived with his wife Chris in a place called "The Shoe" in Wiltshire. We quickly became mates and often went on expeditions together when he moved to Suffolk. He was always a great travelling companion.

My first Lagonda was a dark blue 12/24. Below is a photo from the cover of the summer 1988 magazine.

I was driving it in France with a couple of delightful lady passengers. Later I sold it to someone in Suffolk, and around 12 years ago I suggested to Ken that it might be for sale. It arrived in his garage shortly afterwards.

Ken christened her after Wilbur Gunn's wife "Connie". He did a great job as the model champion for the early cars and we spent many happy hours talking about his engine and chassis improvements. We both loved the amazingly original Hillman body I had fitted when I first found the car.

I saw Connie recently and was reminded of the warm glow coming from the lovely nickel-plated fittings. I am very glad Ken had so much fun with her in his latter years. Her lovely 100-year-old upholstery is still supple so Ken must have thoroughly enjoyed rubbing essential oils into the deep buttoned leather seats to keep them soft.

Ken was a good company for many of us.

C.T.M. ■



The End of an Era - or Perhaps Not

Richard Reay-Smith describes the last 'Fitton' Spring Rally

AT THE BEGINNING of the new millennium, John and Joan Fitton inaugurated their Lagonda Club Spring Rally. It quickly established itself as an essential event for those whose reactions were quick enough to book one of the hotly contested places, while they were still available.

It was based on a simple formula: a luxury hotel with excellent food at a price substantially reduced by John's formidable powers of negotiation; daily runs of no more than 100 miles over attractive roads with carefully chosen coffee and lunch stops, and interesting places to visit. Most of these rallies were in the West Country, though over the years six events were held in other parts of the country, run by local couples to the same formula.

In 2019, John and Joan planned a final event and invited regular guests to the Summer Lodge Country House Hotel and Spa at Evershot in Dorset. Summer Lodge had hosted an earlier rally and is known for its excellent food and extensive wine list guarded by an award-winning sommelier. (My eye was taken by a 2002 bottle of Château Pétrus at £2,350 but I restrained myself). Summer Lodge is situated in what the English Tourist Board calls "Hardy Country" and in the late 19th Century, when the building was owned by Lord Ilchester, some alterations were carried out by Thomas Hardy, who practiced as an architect locally. As one enters

Dorset, the spirit of the county begins to cast its spell, a combination of the distinctive countryside, occasional extensive views and traditional village names. My favourite village is Ryme Intrinseca, (pop. 115 according to Wikipedia).

The pandemic forced the postponement of the event in 2019, but finally, on 24th April 2022, 35 guests gathered at Summer Lodge for the traditional Champagne Reception. John welcomed everyone and reminded us of those regular participants who sadly could not be with us. Of those who were there, Peter and Ann Walby from Northern Ireland had travelled furthest in their 3 Litre. Also, in 3 Litres were John and Rosalind Sword, David and Francesca Rowe and Martin and Janice Sumner. Richard and Pippin Campbell in their M45 two-seater had the shortest journey. They live in Evershot and invited everyone to tea on Wednesday. Charles and Sue Howe came in their 16/80 while 2 Litres were driven by Walter and Rosie Thompson, Roger and Ann Seabrook and the hosts, John and Joan Fitton in the only High Chassis model. Tom and Shirley Willcox set out in their Lagonda but suffered a problem and switched to a modern.

Among those not driving Lagondas, Jonathan and Merav Oppenheimer came in their immaculately restored Bristol 400 and Philip and Beryl Pyne in their Healey Abbott DHC. Tony Saunders and



Cars outside Summer Lodge



Swans as far as the eye can see



Parking at The Swannery All pictures from Richard Reay-Smith



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Sue Brockwell drove a Jaguar XK150 FHC and I was by myself in an open XK150. Michael and Georgina Drakeford, David and Jill Edwards and Jim and Xanthe Valentine drove moderns.

The first day's route was an easy drive of no more than 50 miles to explore some spectacular views along the Jurassic Coast. The Fitton's coffee and lunch stops are always chosen with care. Hives Beach for coffee and Abbotsbury Sub-tropical Garden for lunch followed this pattern, offering dramatic and extensive views and excellent walks.

Shortly after lunch, Abbotsbury Swannery was an unexpected and exceptional experience. It is the home of over 600 Mute Swans who live in a small area despite being entirely free to leave. This colony of swans was established in the late 11th Century by the Benedictine monks of St Peter's Monastery who had an understandable and worthy ambition to ensure that they could have frequent and lavish banquets of swan's meat. There is no other similar colony of swans anywhere in the world. In 1539, on the dissolution of the monasteries, the Swannery, and much else, was bought from Henry VIII by Sir Guy Strangeways, whose family still own it today. As a result of over one thousand years of living in the colony, the swans are almost completely placid and allow people to approach them closely, even when the female is sitting on the nest. No doubt this behaviour is reinforced by the fact that they are less likely to be roasted nowadays.

On the way back to the hotel the route passed a monument to Vice-Admiral Hardy who had been Nelson's flag-captain on HMS Victory at Trafalgar.

The tower is on a high point and those who stopped to see it were rewarded with yet more dramatic views.

The next day's route was nearly 100 miles and Joan Fitton took pity on me and offered to act as navigator. As she had compiled the route, I felt confident that we would not have any problems. And so it proved except that, within 300 yards of leaving the hotel, while Joan was getting out her notes, I stupidly went straight on, instead of following the road round to the right as I had been instructed, and we entered the Ilchester Estate. It was a pleasant experience and we were surrounded by extensive herds of deer, horses and sheep. After a time, it became clear that we should turn round and I am afraid that Joan may have misunderstood some words I addressed to a particularly dozy ewe who was blocking our path. The route took us to a coffee stop at Compton Abbas airfield, which at 800ft must be one of the highest airfields in England, and on to lunch at Kingston Lacy, a National Trust property which was the home of the Bankes family for over 400 years. Particularly effective volunteers told the story of this interesting house and garden and the remarkable family which lived there.

There was no fixed route for the final day so participants were free to do whatever they wished. Visits to Lyme Regis, Sidmouth, Beer and Sherborne Abbey were among the suggestions and I understand that many were attracted to the shops at Sherborne. Sadly, during the day the passenger door of the Oppenheims' immaculate Bristol blew open and caused substantial damage. We hope it will not take too long to repair.

As Xanthe Valentine had had to return home in the morning, Jim and I had a boy's day out, visiting the Fleet Air Arm Museum at RNAS Yeovilton in the morning and the Haynes Motor Museum in the afternoon, both well worth a visit. The Fleet Air Arm Museum is substantial with examples of almost every aircraft launched from a ship from the earliest attempts, not always successful, to the present day, while the Haynes Museum is probably well known to members. In the museum shop I was interested to see a workshop manual for a General Dynamics F-16 jet fighter, a snip at £18.75, though I am not

convinced it would fully equip one to keep the aircraft operational on active service.

At the final dinner on Wednesday, the Club Chairman, John Sword, thanked John and Joan for having created such a popular and enjoyable series of rallies, giving so much pleasure over twenty years and finishing it in such style. He presented them with a voucher to allow them to make a return visit to Summer Lodge. It was also good to hear that there is a prospect that others may be able to take over the management so that they can continue in years to come. ■



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Lagonda Club Trip to the Pyrenees

2nd–12th June 2022

Sue Harrison reports

MEMBERS WERE MORE than ready for this trip to take place. The badges we were given by the ever-attentive Rodney Saunders were testament to the intended date '2020'. The trials and tribulations brought on mostly by the Pandemic became more personal when our fellow member and co-leader, Nigel Walder, sadly passed away. Ensuring that the trip went ahead became even more insistent as a tribute to the work already done by Nigel. Rodney and Johnathan Oppenheimer pulled all the rabbits out of the hats with valour and fortitude. With strengthened resolve to return to some kind of normality we were determined to actually have fun.

I knew that I was going to enjoy the trip as the Pyrenees would offer the hope of seeing birds of prey in good numbers. Whereas for Alan in our LG45DHC and his fellow drivers it was the chance to blow the cobwebs off the cars.... But more of that later!

The trip to the ferry meeting point was reassuringly smooth reflecting the weeks of preparation which were involved. Our stop-over at Hungerford was very convivial as we met up with Nigel and Jennifer Hall in their 3L Saloon, Nigel Smeal and Sybil Byron in their LG45, and David Hine and Alan Brown in an M45 Tourer. Nigel and Sybil's journey had not been without issues (first of the cobwebs being Nigel's clutch pedal coming loose) as they had to be rescued from the fast lane of the motorway.

The next day we were ideally placed for a quick visit to the splendid Winterbourne Down, where I was thrilled to see Stone Curlew - a fast vanishing species from our countryside. Then on to a relaxed arrival (or so I thought) at the ferry terminal. I was enjoying myself meeting up with old friends and new, busy exchanging hugs and kisses which had been forbidden. Janice and Robin Sadler in their M45/LG45 special, David and Francesca Rowe driving their Porsche 993. I was oblivious to any car related issues but when Sybil said, 'you must be very disappointed?', I knew that Alan's announcement of 'We're not going anywhere!' had potentially disastrous repercussions. Another 'cobweb' had reared its head - leaking fuel.... But this is where the Lagonda Club comes into its own. David H and Alan B masterfully made a diagnosis and temporarily disconnected the faulty fuel pipe. I don't understand all the technicalities but they did enough to get us on to the ferry - we would have two days to worry about getting off!

Passage at sea was calm but with a worrying lack of birds and whales. However, the evening meal was gate-crashed by a party of dolphins which most of our group managed to miss. We continued to catch up with friends old and new. Adrian Burr, a relative youngster and fellow Midlander would be meeting up with his



The Monastery seen from the hill behind it



The dining room at the Monastery



Rodney & Alan share a joke



*Mark & Adrian with their lovely V12
All pictures from Alan Harrison*

co-driver Martin Pierpoint at the port to drive his V12 DHC. Graeme Mackereth would also be joining forces with his wife Sue once on Spanish territory driving the M45 tourer previously owned by Nigel W. Amazingly, we found we had once been living close by them in Cheshire and had even competitively paddled the canoes Graeme makes (Pyranha).

Operation 'start car' produced more classic Lagonda heroism. Mentioned in despatches must be Mike Heins who celebrated his arrival in Bilbao by lying on Spanish concrete in his overalls under our car, and the ever helpful David H and Alan B. Mention must also be given to Roger Seabrook who went to the trouble of emptying his car (a 2L LC) to find some petrol hose- (and Ann for putting up with this) and Nigel H who also produced something vital! Mike's own car had mysteriously recovered from some other problem I had failed to register.

The rain which was forecast seemed to be 'mainly missing' and the weather blossomed as we drove towards the Navarre region. The hill up to our hotel 'Monasterio de Leyre' proved a challenge to some of the vehicles' engines and the word 'vaporisation' was being used fairly frequently. The location was magnificent, complete with soaring vultures. I was seduced by the sign which promised views of a significant fountain up the path of the crags. This was a miscalculation on my part as not only did it keep my driver from his beer, but it meant we were lost in the vegetation for a good while! My only consolation was that Beanie (another relative youngster who was with her dad Tim

in his V12) also declared that it was a miscalculation! Once the non-English speaking barmaid had deciphered our requirements much relaxing in the shade was appreciated where the view to the cliffs was much better than from inside the vegetation! Ann and Peter Walby had kept seats warm for us, arriving a day earlier in their M45 Tourer!

Our first day's drive was to the East and the Valle de Hecho. The lake below the Antigua carretera shimmered with a penetrating blue colour, which may have been due to the underlying geology. Elephantine escarpments gave stunning rock formations. Distant snow on the high peaks seemed impossible as we basked in the sunshine valley below. Tim and Cilla Sobey travelled with us as they had arrived in a modern Toyota - their Rapier currently being worked on. And they marvelled at the botany and butterflies as I shouted out bird names. The habitat was resplendent and a reminder of how things should be.

The roads, I was informed, were also superior to ours giving very smooth rides as we climbed higher and higher through spectacular scenery. The day's trip was expertly judged and topped off with a coach trip to dine out in Pamplona where we were introduced to the Spanish concept of three starters!

The following day started with Tim S on a mercy mission as interpreter to help Martin and Janice Sumner whose car, an Aston Martin DB3, had been towed away to be given working brakes - leaving them somewhat marooned! We were soon able to depart on day 2's drive through the mountains to the



Graham & Sue in their M45 Abbot sports



The 2litre brigade in magnificent surroundings



Alan & Sue - Photographer & Scribe for the trip



*Jonathan & his M45 saloon
All pictures from Alan Harrison*

west. Steep ascents with the unusual addition of a mobility scooter and vertiginous drops are what my notes say. As we drove Tim was taken again with the plant life but was disappointed to find that the luxuriant lilac flowers at the edge of the road were in fact a reflection of the driver's t-shirt! The driver announced that all he could see were white lines and tarmac! A coffee stop at a cafe under Sambuca trees allowed me to scan the copious wild life of the river. Further on in the journey the numbers of Vultures soaring rose to an impressive 13. We were pleased to stop in Roncal for omelette and chips but not without severely taxing the system at the cafe which wanted to close! Events back in Blighty prompted fairly good natured debates that evening but I'll refrain from using this space to vent my personal reaction. Suffice it to say, I was glad to be out of the country.

But, talking of privileged and uncontrollable leaders, the next day we were treated to a relaxing ride to Canfranc by coach then train. Here Franco had left his mark. Most impressive about the visit was Johnathan's ability to communicate and find a connection with our non-English speaking Spanish Guide Maria. Robin S also came up trumps with a translation app on his 'phone. The impressive architecture of the refurbished redundant Railway Station felt like a vanity project for some official, but hopefully the economy of the area will benefit from the intended tourist attraction. The train journey would have been more impressive had its facilities and staff been as smooth as its rails. Ann and Roger tested the loo

and found its security sadly lacking whilst an irate conductor invaded most peoples' privacy as he crusaded on mask wearing.

Our return was delayed due to 'coach fatigue' which allowed for a relax and a slight change of programme. We still managed to attend a very pleasant organ recital back at the monastery church and a chance to hear vespers chanted by the Monks.

This day also heralded the arrival of John and Rosalind Sword who had persevered in the face of adversity with their Wylder M45 and managed to join us in their 3 litre. Rodney announced an early start the next day much to my consternation as I was still coming to terms with the chiming of the bells from 6am!

Wednesday's trip took us to the Monasterio de San Juan, at 1547 metres (two mountains on top of one another) this was the highest point of our journey. Castellated road edges on the way up at times looked like open jaws waiting to devour us. Most of us were herded into a coach for the journey down to the monastery where we were treated to Rodney's version of Spanish: say it louder and slower - "where - is - entrance?". The monastery was a fascinating Romanesque building which merged into the steep cliffs in a way which emphasised the harshness of such a life of devotion. The occasional glimpse of beautiful remnants of fresco had me double-take when I told Francesca I thought I had seen David's double. We were decadent with two grand meals out: lunch at Santa Cruz and a posh dinner at Tafalla.

**see separate centre
spread over centre
pages**

**see separate centre
spread over centre
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I began our last full day by standing amongst the hawking House Martins which populated the monastery eaves. Crag Martins and a Booted Eagle flew by and filled me with hope that this habitat was safe from development. The Sumner's car came back and was able to join the line up outside our next venue, Javier Castle. The castle was much refurbished and a little too pristine for my appreciation but the sight of a Kestrel flying into a nook in the walls carrying a snake for its young made me reassess its value! The Bar man at the nearby hotel needs to be mentioned in despatches. He coped well with no other staff to help him and when I ventured to commiserate with him, he merely said he was glad to have a job! Our return journey was thrilling as Robin and Janice S led Tim, Cilla, Alan and I to the Foz de Lumbier, an amazing gorge, home to many species of birds.

That night, the chef and his team pulled together for our final meal at the Monastery and did an excellent job. David H left us in stitches with his notorious rendition of Albert and the Lion and Wilbur Gunn was toasted for the opportunities he has put our way. Sybil waxed lyrical with a very clever poem inspired by Hilaire Belloc's 'Tarantella' which was originally written about a trip to the Pyrenees. Heartfelt thanks were given to our organisers Rodney and Jonathan who really excelled themselves. Merav should be included here as she is Johnathan's right arm. Sadly, Rodney's right arm is no longer with us but his presence was often felt especially with the sight of Graham's distinctive 'back end' (of what had been Nigel's car).

Now it was time to say good bye to new friends Christa and Michel Bogaert and their 14/60 tourer who were travelling on to another European tour, but who proved themselves invaluable in finding an errant screw. Joan and Lawrence Hannam and their dog Rex were also leaving across land to France in their Peugeot 205CTi. The rest of us drove to Bilbao where hotel parking was to prove a bit of an issue! We had the opportunity to take in a little culture with the exhibition at the Guggenheim being aptly themed on the subject of 'Motion'.

On our return to the hotel Mike and Hazel H reported a disastrous and sweaty journey with Chas and Sue's 16/80 developing an unmendable broken rear spring despite all attempts to fix it. Fortunately, Chas managed to get the car taken to the ferry so he was very sanguine about events.

Meanwhile, our room key failed to work and so we enlisted the expertise of the hotel maintenance man. It took him quite some time to reset the code and get the key working (the door was open all this time). Finally, I entered the room ready to flop on the bed. Imagine my reaction when there was Alan B comfortably tucked up in his sheets. We both looked surprised!!!!

The exit from the car park the following day was quite a feat and John S's fuel pump had issues. I sat on the wall watching cars eventually emerge from the depths, Mike H with torch light still on his head emphasised the subterranean experience. Alas no photos exist of this as the Photographer had taken on the role of car park attendant and wheel turner.

Unexpected torrential rain made



Chas & Sue and their fine 16/80



Nigel & Jennifer with the trusty 3litre saloon



Michel & Crista look happy in their 14/60



Beanie driving Tim in the superb V12

for a dramatic exit from Spain. Some of us managed to have our hoods up but Mike and Hazel seemed to get the full force of the deluge and provided some entertainment of a more burlesque nature.

The boat trip home was a time for goodbyes. I haven't mentioned Duncan and Barbara Arthurs driving a Range Rover Velar, also newly acquired friends who live in Saddleworth (where I started my teaching career!), and Carol and Andrew Gregg driving a Mercedes 320SL. Paul Rusted and Tanya Copplestone we had met before but always in the company of Peter Gilkes. We were all sorry that he couldn't join us and I hope this account will give him something of the flavour of our trip.

Our journeying to and through the Pyrenees in these beautiful old cars may be assessed by some rather negatively when you look at fuel consumption. But, in terms with engaging with a sense of place there is little to beat it. Above all, the comradeship of shared experiences leaves its mark.

Once more, well done and thanks to our trip organisers Johnathan and Merav, Rodney and Nigel.

Sybil Byron's Ode to Lagonda

Do you remember an inn Lagondas?

Do you remember an inn?

And the tarmac of the car park for our hard-standing bedding

And the fleas that tease in the high Pyrenees

And the wine that tasted of car

Do you remember an inn Lagondas?

Do you remember an inn

And the cheers and the tears of the old volunteers

Under the bonnet of a stalled Lagonda

Who didn't get a penny and weren't expecting any.

And the hammer of the clutch and the spin of the wheels

Turning churning burning on the B roads

And the clip clap clop of the stones from the roads

As we go racing chasing backing and advancing, hairpin chancing

And the creak and squeak of the brakes on the downhill rakes

Do you remember an inn Lagondas?

Do you remember an inn?

Never more Lagondas never more

Only the motorway roar

As we reach the shore of Bilbao once more

And home awaits another year's tour.

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The Restoration of a Unique LG45 Mayfair Coupe

Walter Czech provides the details

MY PRESENTATION BEGINS with a question that is, I confess, somewhat provocative and not really in keeping with the spirit of the times: “What do women associate with an automobile?” I don’t really expect an answer, but take my talk as a welcome opportunity to make the claim that the success of the automobile owes a great deal to women. Most of you will remember women as sales-promoting “accessories” mostly on hoods, more or less scantily clad and lolling on same. Car brands of all types promised to bring stars, desire and sex appeal from the sky. It seems equally astonishing that this is still omnipresent today, despite all attempts and advanced emancipation. Let’s talk about the racy and “horny” car, whose performance is still attributed to masculinity - 007 sends his regards.

And yet, and this should only be mentioned in passing, it is thanks to a woman by the name of Dorothy Levitt that today we are able to see what is going on behind a vehicle. She was an enthusiastic racing driver of her time and in 1906 broke the so-called “Land Speed Record”, also called “the flying mileage” with a fabulous 91 miles per hour. This earned her the name “the fastest girl on earth.” When she reached for her lipstick one day before a race and looked in the powder compact mirror, a hitherto unknown accessory on her automobile came

in handy. From then on, she could see who was trying to overtake her and how close the competition was. She won countless races in this way and was henceforth regarded as the inventor of the rear-view mirror.

In my early childhood, drastic experiences shaped my interest in vehicles and engine technology. I grew up in the countryside, surrounded by agricultural estates, which at that time were still called “farms” and not “agricultural enterprises”. Half the village was gathered when a farmer in the neighbourhood got a tractor. A “Hanomag” with a glow-head engine and a mighty stovepipe for an exhaust. Proud and exalted, he set the behemoth in motion in the presence of half the village. When the barn door came frighteningly close, he shouted “Hüüh Bulldog hüüh” and drove unbraked and crashing into the barn door. At that point, at the latest, it became clear to me that technology should also be controllable.

A Star Reborn

Like countless stories, mine begins on a grey day in mid-January 2017 when I was browsing automotive magazines, focused on a “Pre-War Alvis Special” that would allow me to participate in historic races. In the English magazine “Automobile” I found what I was looking for. Tom Hardman’s Advertisement offered a

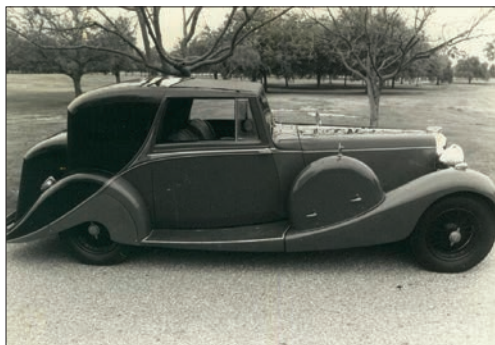
Speed 20 that promised the potential to be suitable for my purposes. Early in the morning of February 14, 2017, I set out to see Tom in Skipton, North Yorkshire. This too was a "grey" day plagued by drizzle and cold winds. The region evoked old memories in me as I had volunteered in Earby in 1980/81 at "Armoride" - at the time one of the UK's most renowned manufacturers of PVC sheeting and artificial leather. "Hardura" was one of the artificial leathers (PVC-based) with nylon fabric on the back, which was supplied to almost all manufacturers of British noble cars. Its structure and embossing were so identical to a genuine leather grain that, when processed in combination, it was hardly recognized as an imitation. At that time, it helped many manufacturers to achieve value-for-money solutions without the customer having any doubts that it could not be genuine leather. In particular, "It" was used for side panels and the back of seats and benches. William Lyons, founder of the "Jaguar" brand, was a carmaker who used this ingenious idea and method in all his model ranges, which helped the brand to achieve great success through this competitive advantage.

The Alvis was an "open tourer" and so Tom wanted to demonstrate it to me. At an estimated 3 to 4° Celsius and drizzle, he showed the qualities of the "Speed 20" to me, drifting it relentlessly through the winding and narrow streets of Yorkshire - defying the icy wind and the rain. At the latest now I realized that his name was also part of the program - a real Hard Man! Nevertheless, it could not invalidate

my impression: The rider was clearly superior to the horse. The frame was too yielding and the body led a moving life of its own, audibly and visibly. Nevertheless, this encounter had triggered something, because Tom embodied a mixture of natural sympathy and lively enthusiasm for historic automobiles. Without a doubt, we were infected by the same virus.

We were still inspecting his "sales" and it was actually only on the way out that I noticed, in fact more by accident, an unattractive coupe. Its drab appearance in grey and black matched the weather. "A Lagonda Coupé de Ville with an interesting history," said Tom, who was about to start telling me the whole story. The fact that in the end it didn't come to that at that moment was probably due to the sight of my frozen and frustrated facial expression. As luck would have it, we were stuck in a traffic jam on the way to the airport, so Tom was able to continue telling the Lagonda story. My interest was limited, yet clues fell that signalled something mysterious surrounding this vehicle.

Upon my return, I could not help but take a closer interest in the background of this automobile's life. Both Tom and an American vintage car dealer (Hyman), from whom the last owner had purchased the vehicle, had done extensive research and so there was no doubt that this vehicle was the only one coach built by "Mayfair" on the basis of an "LG45" - a Lagonda one-off. The brand belonged to the noble brands of British automobiles at that time with Rolls Royce and Bentley. After W. O. Bentley, founder of the eponymous brand, fell out with his partner, he



switched to the Lagonda camp. He was a genius in the field of engine design and a gifted tinkerer (source). Ninety percent of the production of pre-war cars was sold to Russia, which was probably not unusual at that time due to a very wealthy upper class, after all, a Lagonda cost an average of 1,200 pounds (source). A sum for which one could also acquire a stately home at that time. Now it was a matter of wringing this grey-black, not really blessed with automotive beauty, unique specimen from this intrepid "Hardman" at as reasonable a price as possible. After tough negotiations we finally came to an agreement and a four-and-a-half-year automobile adventure began, which increased in value every day and whose history revealed more and

Top: The Mayfair Coupe before Walter's epic restoration

Bottom: The special extending boot

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- valve seat recutting & inserting
- crankshaft regrinding (including offset)
- cylinder head refacing
- flywheel grinding & lightening
- cam bucket replacement

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For the 16/80 engine, push rods, pistons (all sizes) and steel conrods for shell bearing fitment are available from stock.

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more stylistic blooms. It was probably in March/April 1936 when Frances Day, successful and popular “Stage and Screen Actress/Singer”, became enthusiastic about a Lagonda vehicle and this was commissioned from a London “Car Dealer” K.D.M. (Kevil-Davies & March) on April 14, 1936. Frances Day, born Frances Victoria Schenk, on December 16, 1908 in East Orange, New Jersey, enjoyed great popularity in the United Kingdom of the 1930s. “She was an extraordinary beauty of her time, known for naughty lifestyle, had spectacular records of conquests, both male and female, from King Edward VIII (and his brother Prince George), Lord Mount Batten and Marlene Dietrich to the future UK Prime Minister Anthony Eden. Even First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt confessed in a letter to Frances after meeting her, that “I find I’m quite unable to resist your extraordinary and tempestuous magnetism” (source).

This representation of the press at that time, explains, perhaps, why probably an ordinary Lagonda “LG45 Coupé” did not satisfy her ideas. Finally, the design of “Mayfair” offered an excess of extravagance. The possibility to travel incognito and with sufficient storage space (extendable boot) for the luggage, in addition with the attributes of a sports car. The car was customized for the actress, has different features, such as the dashboard in piano-lacquer, 2 mirrors in the compartment, 2 extra lighter sockets (she was an extraordinary smoker), and an extended boot for her luxury baggage. A wolf in sheep’s clothing, whose engine was one of the

most powerful of its time (4.5 litres, 6 cylinders, from the engine builder Meadows). Frances must have had an eventful and lavish lifestyle. Whether financial difficulties were indeed the reason she never took delivery of the car remains obscure. On the order form of April 4, 1936, it is noted “to be mounted with Mayfair body for exhibition on their (K.D.M) stand at Olympia/London (2-door Coupé de Ville sedanca, chassis 12145) and shows as delivery date August 28, 1936”. According to later reports, the car was also presented in the same year in Paris at the Auto-Expo there, carried by the hope that this model could probably become a sales hit. It turned out differently, as history teaches us. The zenith for the acquisition and use of luxury goods had been passed. Fears of war dominated the media.

On March 22, 2017, the vehicle was delivered and the adventure could begin. Mr. Rist from Grünkraut, the mechanic I trust and a specialist in dealing with British automobiles, agreed to get involved in my project. Even if we were not clear until then, which variant - “preserve” or uncompromising “full restoration” we wanted to tackle. The pristine original condition of the vehicle, with only 49,000 miles on the clock, favoured “a smart careful vehicle conservation”, but was accompanied by the doubts whether it could live up to the original appearance, as Frances had wished - noble and luxurious. For weeks we dismantled components with the utmost caution and increasingly came to the realization that the “ravages of time” had

gnawed too hard and with qualitative losses in body and technology on the entire vehicle. In the end, I made the decision (even though still plagued by doubts) to completely restore the car from the ground up with a view to preserving the highest possible degree of originality.

Special importance was given to the preservation and reuse of deteriorated materials. Rotten sheet metal and parts of the wooden frame were to be replaced only in the affected areas, and parts of the mechanics were only to be reworked or made functional again. A particular challenge was the intended preservation of the interior trim. The materials of the trim were so brittle that refurbishment with known care products could not counteract the deterioration. The carpet, the leather and the material of the headliner were damaged to such an extent that any form of even light contact would irreparably destroy them. As a leather expert, I had to admit to myself that all attempts to refurbish the leathers could not be crowned with success, as the process of decomposition was already too advanced and the pressure of a thumb was enough to cause cracks and holes. This experience, although disappointing, strengthened our conviction that we had made the right decision with a complete restoration. It certainly would have been possible to preserve the car visually, but any form of use would only have exacerbated the extent of the damage. But "Beauty Frances" didn't deserve that. I wanted it to be able to be moved again and have all of its features that make it a joy to drive.

Now the first order of business was

to disassemble all the add-on parts and systematically take inventory to determine the condition and resulting machining and repair of the components. I spent months sounding out suitable companies that were considered specialists in their field, from engine reconditioners to saddlers. Despite a passionate approach and an overdose of enthusiasm, we were not spared having paid a lesson or two for misguided decisions - pre-war engineering needs to be understood, often demands pragmatic thinking and action, and the fearless use of tangible, sometimes brute tools.

Technical solutions in this period were not always characterized solely by the inventor's genius. All too often, especially in pre-war times, compromises had to be made in order to make the best possible use of the lack of raw materials and their reduced quality. Even if the desired performance had to suffer as a result.

I contacted the representative of the German Lagonda Club. As chance would have it, the opportunity arose spontaneously for him to visit me with his wife, driving his own Lagonda V12 from Vienna, and he had the unique opportunity to inspect the vehicle while it was still in its largely original condition. I gladly accepted his experience and recommendations and from then on, a friendship was to develop, whose regular exchange about the development of the project became a pleasure. It should not go unmentioned that the name "Lagonda" also instilled so much respect in one or the other specialist that he did not trust himself with the intended task. To this day the name is preceded by

a reputation that has lost none of its respect and admiration for British engineering.

It was possible to preserve almost ninety percent of the original substances and materials and to implant their properties into the vehicle in a functional and serviceable manner. Since I had decided on the unconditional preservation of originality, the materials in the interior from the headliner, to the carpet, to the leather, should also be authentic and in their compositions correspond to the originals. The “Conolly” leathers used at the time were pure vegetable tanned and dyed with aniline dyes. Since no solvent-based opaque dyes were used, the leather’s grain pattern had a slightly two-tone, cloudy effect. The disadvantage of this tanning process, however, is insufficient lightfastness, so that with prolonged exposure to UV light, the leathers fade, which can be seen in examples of many leather furnishings still in their original condition. I was able to find a tannery that was able to produce the finish I wanted, also, to dye the colour “blue” according to the original. Using the information from an original sales brochure, the “colour schemes” could be determined. “Body, exterior and wings “grey53750” combined with black and the “fine-line” in white. Moulding in grey, upholstery in blue.” (source).

With the collaboration of very capable automobile enthusiasts, it was possible to restore the “LG45 Coupé De Ville sedanca” as authentically as it was once presented in London (Olympia) and Paris.

The unexpected recognition

Since the restoration was virtually under constant observation of accompanying Lagonda enthusiasts, the idea came up to present the car in “bare metal” condition at the annual Lagonda Club meeting near London, thus providing insights as only the enthusiast addicted to the hobby can appreciate. You want to see the heart, not the vest. So, I decided to load the car into a trailer and travel to England on its own axles. Anyone who has ever put such an idea into practice is inevitably accused by outsiders of “some kind of mental derangement”, since the task was to travel 3,400 kilometres unscathed. Not too often does the opportunity present itself to examine the technology and mechanics of a historic vehicle in such an “open-hearted” manner. The impressions gained were not to go unnoticed. Among the annual awards, we received the “Vokes” prize, which honours exceptional services to the preservation of the Lagonda brand, and a mighty trophy for the longest journey, which my wife struggled to lift. It was indeed an experience of a special kind and encouraged likewise to strive in the near future for participation in events like “Villa D’Este” in Italy or also “Pebble Beach” in California.

Even if these four and a half years were not really just a hobby as a side-line, I would not be at all averse to “Hardman Tom” having a comparable project sitting around in some dark corner again.

Persons involved:

- Eckhard Fabricius: Whose practical experience I greatly appreciated and who was always a competent advisor.
- Theo Rist: Passionate mechanic in dealing with British automobiles and a truly gifted tinkerer whose talent and excellent work is unmistakably immortalized in and on the vehicle.
- Ronald Albers and Werner: The heart of LMB in Belgium. Connoisseur and specialist for Lagonda vehicles. Ronald understands like no other, truffling to find even the rarest spare part at some point. His colleague Werner is a luminary in dealing with “Meadows” engines and he knows how to breathe life back into even dead engines after extensive surgery.

Technical support: Norman Marrett, Valerie + Colin Bugler, Robin Cooke, John Sword, Steve Wilson, Tom Hardman.

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What a finish! – The workmanship is excellent

The Mysterious Colonel Snow & EXP1936

Joe Moch writes from sunny California

HE WAS THIRD generation military. Salt and pepper hair. An athletic physique. Stood as straight as a ram rod.

“Colonel Snow” as he extended his hand. Formally dressed for summer in Southern California, sports coat and dress slacks, not the norm for a Saturday morning. Especially at a construction site.

The day before our meeting, a pal called, they were clearing two plus city blocks for a new housing development. In a dilapidated garage was an old car. “Get down and have a look” Louie suggested.

Tucked away under a veil of thick cobwebs and dust behind a well weathered door rested a 4.5 Lagonda, two place, boat tail, cycle-fendered racing car.

“What can you tell me about her?” I asked the Colonel.

“The general, my father, acquired it, in England after WWII while stationed in Europe. Ran it in speed events on beaches there and hill climbs, brought it State-Side, when re-stationed.

He competed in dry lakes racing here. In 1969 he parked it, where you see it and it hasn’t moved since.”

I made my way around the car in complete surprise as to what I was looking at. Despite the dust and cobwebs, she was impressive.

“Weren’t you ever tempted to take her out for a run now and then?”

“I was occupied in South east Asia and

the Middle East and had no time for nonsense”, was the stinging response. Delivered like a swift back hand shot. No chit chat here. An officer, plain and simple.

To say she’d seen better days is a true understatement. Years of being run hard and put away wet, as the saying goes, had definitely taken their toll. Corrosion was everywhere. The leather had dried to the point that its shrinkage was pulling it away from its framing. Chrome had bubbled or peeled. Paint, depending on color or coat was partially there, in fact it seemed to be holding parts together.

Tires - the rubber had delaminated from the cord and peeled open. As you would open an orange.

There was not a single aspect of the vehicle that didn’t require restoration. Further, there were no numbers or letters anywhere to be found. The firewall and frame were smooth and showed no evidence of removal of stampings or mounting holes.

“What documentation do you have on the car? Any past history, log books, registration, receipts?”

“The only reference to a number for the car is in the General’s Will, where it’s listed as Lagonda EXP1936.

He never licensed it for the street or registered it, there was no need” was the Colonel’s response when I asked about identification numbers.

“What will buy it.” I asked
His reply -” \$X cash today”

I had brought cash, just in case, and it was a good decision. There was no chit chat as I counted out the bills on the hood.

"I'll send you photos once she's restored, if you'll jot down your address."

"No need, I have no sentimental attachment to it and no address" was the Colonel's response.

As he replaced his bill fold back in his jacket pocket, I noticed it. In a shoulder holster under his left arm - a pistol butt.

"Colonel, what is your occupation, these days?"

"Intelligence. I solve problems for governments."

His totally emotionless responses were those of a trained and well-rehearsed professional soldier.

It's been a long time since I took ownership and finally after five years of restoration and acquisition of two other LG45s for parts, (which have now found new homes) she'll be running soon, with advice from the club, Colin Gurnsey and other members.

Frequently now, as I look at the finishing project, I wonder what ever became of Colonel Snow. ■



Footnote:

Another fine restoration of an LG45. Looks like this one may have an interesting history – does anyone know?

The Northern Dinner - Rossington Hall

David Hine was there

THE PANDEMIC FINALLY sunk Monk Fryston Hall, which had been our gradually declining Northern Dinner venue since the early 60s.

Undaunted our worthy Northern Secretary, Nigel Hall, scoured the area and finally discovered Rossington Hall south of Doncaster, on the Great North Road. This amazing Victorian Pile had been constructed in 1882 and survived being occupied during the war and a school thereafter. It has now been restored to its original splendour with period furnishings and good bedrooms.

Due to the huge demand for lucrative weekend weddings, Nigel decided to take a gamble and go for a mid-week for this one/two-day event. To Nigel's relief all twenty of the rooms were booked by us with a few staying at the Best Western five minutes down the road.

On the Tuesday several of us arrived and had a splendid dinner of Yorkshire wraps so that we were fortified for the rally the next day where more members joined in.

Ian and Megan Waugh had a scenic route suggestion to a beautiful golf venue for coffee with the seven Lagondas arriving via a water-splash ford. Thereafter we progressed, through secluded villages, to a delightful pub for soups etc and back in time to squeeze into posh gear for the Gala Dinner.

There were forty-five of us scheduled to attend, but this was trimmed to forty by the still prevalent bug. Everyone had been able to choose from the extensive menu - the tiny complement of staff really excelled and we had a delightful meal. Brief speeches were followed by the Alan Brown/Hine dramatic ensemble to entertain us all.

It was really great to meet new members and renew acquaintance with friends we had not seen for ages due to the restrictions. The general feeling was that this venue is well worth a repeat event next year and hopefully even more folk will be enthused to join in. ■



Peter Weir's M45 thunders through the ford

The Suffolk Dinner

Your Editor enjoyed the meeting

THERE WAS A good turnout for the event and included Hans Eekhoff and his friend who came all the way from Holland in the lovely 2L Continental DHC. As Hans pointed out, the actual road miles were 45 as they live close to the Hook of Holland ferry terminal! The highest mileage to the event was covered by Alan & Sue Harrison from North Yorkshire – some 250 miles, and they did this in their Rapier.

Colin Mallett organised the meeting, and we were accommodated at Ufford Park – a very pleasant place, and the food was good. The morning after the dinner was spent at Johnson's Farm (Spares Centre) courtesy of Robin, Leah and Francis, and then at Colin's local pub. A few more cars turned up for that.

Thanks Colin, we really enjoyed it and look forward to another next year. ■



Out & About

SUNDAY 24th APRIL - Lunchtime Meet at The Cricketers, Wisborough Green, West Sussex.

Well, what a turnout!!

The weather was sunny, the Covid marquee had been removed and we were all able to park and assemble outside the pub for a most convivial lunchtime meet. Many regulars were unable to attend as they were headed to the west country for the last ever Fitton Rally, but Peter and Natalie Blenk excelled themselves by stopping at The Cricketers en route!

11 Lagondas, 1 E-type, a Morgan and a couple of moderns, where the Lags were indisposed, supported 26 for lunch.

Simon Blake, one of our international members visiting from Canberra Australia, joined us and was thrilled by the number of cars that turned up, having never previously seen more than his LG45 saloon special that he now owns. ■

Catherine Monnington



Out & About

LITTLE AND LARGE met up at the East Midlands Pub Meet in North Leicestershire on Saturday 7th May. The photograph shows two of the cars at the meet, Tim Metcalfe's 1500cc De Clifford Le Mans Rapier (rep) in the foreground and John Boyes' M45 VdP Tourer behind, with members (L-R) Michael Nassim, John Boyes, Delia Nassim (Leicestershire), Robin Saddler (Kent!!) and Tim Metcalfe (Northants). A jolly time was had by all those

attending with very agreeable weather and excellent food at the delightful Wheatsheaf Inn, Woodhouse Eaves, set amidst the beautiful rocky and forested landscape of the area.

The next East Midlands Pub Meet will be held, most probably on Saturday 4th September, so please make a note in your busy diaries now. More details to follow shortly once members preferences have been confirmed. ■

John Boyes



ONCE AGAIN WE had beautiful weather to be able to drive our Lagonda, other Vintage or Classic car to The Thames Valley pub meet at The George at Holyport. Regretfully, we only had myself arriving at midday in our 1996 BMW 328i Convertible and also Christopher Hobbs in his gorgeous

1932 Lagonda 2 litre LC which is currently for sale. The George was very busy but I had managed to reserve an outside table with an awning for our other Members to be able to join us to look over the beautiful large Village Green and our cars, whilst having a drink and/or meal.

Out & About

We do hope that our next Sunday pub meets on 7th August and 4th September will attract a far greater

number of Lagonda Club Members and their family and/or friends. ■

Jeff Leeks



LONG-STANDING LAGONDA Club member, Ken Jeddere-Fisher (J14) and owner of NN 8080, a 1924 12/24 Coupé well known to many, organises a monthly pub meet for pre-war car owners in the Witney area.

On Sunday 8 May, Ken organised a 'Bluebells and Cowslips' rally through the Cotswolds countryside. 11 cars participated, including two Lagondas. We met at the Maybush pub in Newbridge (the venue for the monthly meets) for coffee and a late breakfast, before setting off on a

leisurely 40 miles tour around Witney and Charlbury in wonderful late spring sunshine. Ken gallantly followed up the rear in his VW transporter in case of problems, but none were encountered

The route that Ken had chosen showed off the Cotswolds at their very best, even for those who live in the close vicinity. The tour ended in Freeland, where David and Susan Wood had generously offered their house and garden for lunch, allowing plenty of time for everyone to get to know each

Out & About

other better. The cars squeezed, with a bit of manoeuvring, into the drive. It was a great Sunday out. A huge amount of effort had gone into the arrangements, but like all well-prepared events, it was effortless for the participants. It is to be hoped that Ken can have his arm twisted

to organise many member more such events. I, for one, will be a regular attendee.

If Lagonda members living in the Witney area are interested in attending future Pre-War Wheels events, please contact Ken. ■

James Baxendale



Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

Roger,

I was interested to read Mike Dufton's article about ETV199 and its Houdaille rear shock absorbers. I found a similar installation in my 14/60 - PF 8334 when I was preparing it for the road last year. My Uncle, James Arnfield (member A2) had it, I think, from 1964

to 2015 until he gave it to me.

As with Mike's it looks as though the holes in the chassis are original and the whole installation looks professional. I wonder whether Lagonda decided at some point to fit the Houdaille shocks to the rear

Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

because they are hard to reach and adjust unlike the fronts?

Incidentally PF 8334 is a March 1927 car and appears to have a speed model type braking system. All the levers and linkages are exactly like



Looks to be an original fitting

the drawings in the manual for the speed model and unlike those for the standard 14/60. Again, I wonder, was it an intermediate model between the 14/60 and the speed model? ■

Graham Swindley



The attractive 14/60 Semi Sports

Dear Roger,

Just recently when I was taking my 2-litre out for a short run, a couple who were walking dogs at the end of our lane asked me whether I had heard of the “Lagonda Trophy”.



Apparently, it is a trophy first awarded by Camberley Heath Golf Club in 1975, but moved to Gog Magog Club near Cambridge in 1990.

It was founded by a chap called Clive Smith, who took its name from the vintage car for which he had a huge passion.

I attach a picture which I found from the following reference: -

<https://www.englishgolf-courses.co.uk/golfnews/entries-now-open-for-2017-lagonda-trophy.html> ■

Best regards,
Peter Minett



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