

The background of the cover is a photograph of a row of vintage Lagonda cars parked on a green lawn. The cars are of various colors, including red, green, and black. In the background, there are trees and a blue sky with some clouds. The scene is framed by tree branches at the top.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 274 Autumn 2022

Lagonda Competition Winners – 2022



Paul Tebbett wins the VSCC Class 6 Sports Cars over 3000cc Class at Prescott in his 4½ litre



Tim Wadsworth wins the VSCC Long Car race at Donnington

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The Lagonda Magazine

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COVER: 2 litres in a sylvan setting at the 2022 Annual Gathering
Picture from Peter Lloyd

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From the Workbench

Roger Seabrook

AS YOU WILL have read in the last Newsletter, Clive Dalton died recently. As a past Chairman of the Lagonda Club, Clive and his wife Shirley were well known, and they were great company on the many events we were fortunate to meet them on. The Winter Magazine will contain some memories from Clive's friends in the Club.

On a happier note, the Annual Gathering was most enjoyable, and very well organised, thanks to Rodney Saunders. We attended with our 1931 2 litre LC saloon - it was running well, even with very low oil pressure (15 psi) - it's the oil flow that really matters, I tell myself..

I was pleased to see the success Lagondas have had on the competition circuit. I enjoyed racing my tourer as part of Team 2 litre, but the rules and regulations finally put me off. Having to ditch a perfectly good helmet every 3-5 years was galling, as it was only used 2-3 times a year. Also, we have taken part in European tours more in recent years, and I don't want to over-stress the car and miss these. Having said that, we did pick up a dented front wing on our recent trip to the Picos Mountains in Northern Spain. But the damage was not that bad,

thank goodness!

I managed to time the repair with having the front seat cushions of the saloon refurbished, so had no vintage car available for the Bean Car Club Harvest Tour, which took place on 23rd October near Maidenhead. However, the day dawned with a torrential downpour, with thunder & lightning here in the Chilterns, so the modern car (14 years old) seemed the best transport. However, by 11.00 it was bright sunshine and very warm! So, all credit to the Riley Lynx, Austin 10 cabriolet, and the Frazer Nash (no hood) which did turn up.

And that brings up the subject of how we use our cars these days. Had one of ours been available I would have taken it regardless, just to make the most of using it. I do think modern traffic makes things more difficult, but we need to get out there rather than leave the things in the garage. We'd be very upset if lack of use and enthusiasm meant that vintage cars were taken off the road permanently.

I read that more older cars are being kept running due to the cost of new ones, and the lack of some vital components in their manufacture. Jolly good - less waste! ■

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

My 16/80 - The Story So Far

Richard Branch is the lucky owner

IN LAST WINTER'S edition of 'The Lagonda' the editor bemoans the lack of contributions for the magazine, and seeing a post on Facebook asking 'What got you into Lagondas?' I thought I would share my own experiences.

Having cut my motoring teeth some 50 years ago, first on a Riley One-Point-Five and then an MG ZA Magnette, I drove a number of MGAs including a Twin Cam. Together with my brother who had a Sunbeam Rapier, an Austin Healey Sprite and also an MGA our interest was firmly rooted in '50s British cars. In the pub back then, after working in our garages, we used to challenge each other to select a list of cars to form a collection with just one representing each decade. With the advancement of years, I often think back to those conversations as I skim through the back pages of car magazines and realise

how difficult a choice that would be.

In my 40th year I treated myself to a TVR Griffith 500 (my hooligan car) and in my 50s I purchased an Aston Martin DB MkIII, the graceful lady. Over the years however, I developed an increasing interest in pre-war cars and decided I wanted something British to keep the others company, and with Lagonda being a predecessor in the Aston Martin family tree the choice was obvious.

My Lagonda is a 1933 16/80 T7 Tourer which I acquired from a most interesting chap, Dennis Norton(1) the driving force behind the Norton Collection Museum in Bromsgrove(2). I have not visited but I gather it is crammed full of curiosities like a motorcycle & 'shoe' sidecar(3) used to advertise a local cobbler and life-sized Romanesque statues that Dennis recovered from the roof of the local cinema before it was demolished!



The motorbike and shoe sidecar combination

Dennis Norton had worked for Austin in Longbridge and restoration of the Lagonda was to be a retirement project for him, conducted over a couple of years in the mid-2000s. Dennis explained to me that the car had belonged to his manager, a Mr W H 'Harold' Cross, superintendent car assembly planning dept(4). The story went that Harold Cross had acquired the Lagonda from a director of Hockley Tools, who had won the contract to fabricate the Austin 1100/1300 production line at Longbridge.

There's a suggestion that the Lagonda changed hands as a deal-sweetener, but Dennis emphasised that is only an unconfirmed rumour! Regardless, the Lagonda was in a partially restored state at the time and Harold Cross never got around to finishing it. Dennis constantly pressed him to either do something with it or sell it, and he finally got his hands on it when he retired.



BPA334 before rebuild

Dennis dismantled the car to start again and took great pride in rebuilding it from the chassis up, reconditioning each component as necessary and retaining much of its originality. I am fortunate to have a book of photographs taken at each stage of the restoration.

Of course, part of the fun with old cars is trying to piece together the history.

Unfortunately, it seems the licence authorities destroyed the early log books they may have had when responsibility was transferred from local councils to the DVLA.



Dennis and resprayed body

However, I do have the buff continuation log books back to 1960. And so, together with the stories told to me by Dennis Norton, I was able to trace some of BPA334's story.

Fortunately, one of the surnames on the log book was quite unusual and with a little internet research I was able to locate one of the former owners, a Mr Peter Arundel Verity. During a very interesting telephone conversation he told me that his father bought the car in the mid '50s and used it extensively in the north near Carlisle. Sadly, he was killed in a boating accident along with his daughter, and the Lagonda passed to Peter while he was still a teenager. At the time he was still in education and, after using it for a while, he sold it to one of his student colleagues, so Dennis 'Fred' Multon became the next owner, incidentally I was not told why his nickname was Fred!

Mr Multon emailed me to say that he remembers the Lagonda well and commented that it was black and 'very

red' inside, so perhaps re-colouring of the pale tan interior to red is next on my list? He told me that it became student transport for himself and his friends while studying architecture at Edinburgh University. In fact, he was rather apologetic saying they were somewhat unkind to the car, with up to eight of them being able to pile into it to get around, then running it dry and just leaving where it stopped until they could afford to put more petrol in the tank. Despite this he said the Lagonda gave him a great enthusiasm for post vintage motor cars and he now owns an Alvis 12/50 and a Sunbeam 23 both from 1930. After university 'Fred' Multon stored the car in a friend's chicken shed in Warwickshire before selling it on, but after his ownership the trail goes cold for a number of years until it reappears, now in blue, with Harold Cross, he of the Austin Longbridge production line fame.

I will keep on searching but as the years pass it becomes more difficult,

particularly as I have nothing to go on for the early part of its time before the war. If anyone knows anything of the history of BPA334 I would be most grateful to hear from you. Perhaps there are photos of it in an old Lagonda Club magazine, or you may know some of the characters in the story, a long shot I know but I would love to hear from Harold Cross to get to the bottom of that particular rumour.

For now, I enjoy driving her, Goodwood is a favourite destination while Prescott Hill Climb this year was great fun. Next year, maybe, I will tour with her on the less busy roads in France. Meanwhile, along with general servicing, I continue to improve the car with work so far including new front dampers, a re-cored radiator, rebuilt wheels with new tyres and a rebuilt differential having busted it while being slightly over enthusiastic on the re-opened Brooklands start line.

I suppose there could be worse places to say you broke your diff!

References:

1. The Norton Collection Museum, formerly the Bromsgrove Museum <http://www.nortoncollectionmuseumtrust.org.uk>
2. Dennis Norton receives British Empire Medal (BEM) <https://bromsgrovestandard.co.uk/news/bromsgroves-dennis-norton-receives-his-british-empire-medal/>
3. Motorcycle sidecar 'shoe' <https://www.bmct.org/norton-museum>
4. Mr. W H 'Harold' Cross, Longbridge Car Assembly Planning Dept. <https://www.aronline.co.uk/cars/bmc/1100-1300/ado16-development-story/> ■



Prescott Hill Climb May 2022

The LeMans 24-hour Classic

30th June to 3rd July 2022

Florian Brandt was one of the intrepid racing drivers

THE 24H OF LeMans is the proud mother of endurance racing. The original 24h for modern cars has a well-respected and special pedigree. But “LeMans Classic” is just an unbelievable, or better a MUST for aficionados of R40, rubber, petrol and testosterone. This hot summer, this remarkable classic event happened again after a teasing Covid delay.

In recent years I had the chance to participate in this endurance event of glamour and (often costly) drama with a Porsche 911 SWB, a cloverleaf green Talbot 105 (BGH 23), but my favourites were the Lagonda LG45 Monte Carlo and my own Lagonda LG45 (FPK7) of course.

But, as most readers will agree, those Lagondas can be delicate ladies with an unstable temperament. Blown head gaskets, loose flywheels, and free-moving cylinder liners happened to me. Colin Bugler’s Lagonda suffered in the past, an obscure petrol starvation and much more expensive and nasty

Inconveniences. But mankind can only survive when they try again and again. And that’s what we did as we are addicted to seeing the white in the eyes of Speed!

This year the already epic “LeMans Classic” showed only three Lagondas in the entry list> First a sleek, shiny, voluptuous V12 LeMans from over the pond, then the well-known LG45 from the Bugler family, and finally my somewhat tatty LG45. This car won the Brooklands Memorial Trophy in 1973

with its late custodian - Ian MacDonald from County Durham. Actually, the well-used car didn’t change much since I bought it many many years ago, therefore some technical work was necessary.

As followers of the eclectic historical motorsport theatre know the HTP (Historic Technical Passport,) issued from the FIA in Paris, is mandatory to compete. But when one has to deal with the FIA one can hardly believe that they do support the ever-diminishing group of 60th, 50th and pre-war racers. Obtaining an HTP often results in nightmares and resignations. Without help from our Club, and from Arnold Davey with his “google memorie” this would have been impossible. Of course, my trusty LG45 had a bundle of expired HTPs from the past, but now they seem to block applicants with many questions nasty proof of authenticity. Not sure, but when reading one of the last articles from Nick Hine I had the feeling he left the race track due to those nit-pickers.

OK, I had to destroy lots of the last approx. 70 years history of my car when I cut off the rear of the body. I learned how to use the English wheel (and gave up), finally a lookalike copy of the LeMans winning two-seater LG 45 – EPE97- was added and attached behind the two seats. After all this silly work the engine suddenly lacked compression on two cylinders. After dismantling it I realised, unfortunately, that the support of Julian Messent of Historic Competition Services in Belgium was

necessary. As time was already limited, they did their work on schedule, but after I had trailered the car home there was a severe clutch issue after a 1½ mile test drive. Only one week was left for LeMans, quickly I trailered the wayward Lagonda back to the workshop. Just in time I picked the very well-prepared car and trailered it directly to LeMans – the “Peripherique” nightmare at Paris included.

The final test drive was less than a mile, from the fully packed camping ground directly to the Pits. Of course, the car initially didn't start - a powerful push by five well-tattooed lorry drivers resulted in lots of explosions but finally the engine turned over at a stable idle. Good omen?

My esteemed readers must know that LeMans Classic is decadent and special - all over, race cars were hosted under spotless white tents. The pre-war grid hosted approx. 70 cars. There was a big 'hello' with Martin Bugler, he did a family affair of 'youngsters, gosh did they grow quickly..... Our team was even smaller, my wonderful and enthusiastic wife and my son Julius with his fiancée (yes, they do this again today) accompanied and supported me. We had two tiny tents in the shadow of the huge pine trees, our living room was the empty open trailer (Julius's fiancée proved to be more than suitable – a good omen?) As I already mentioned, LeMans Classic is of a special breed – elegant, huge, and sometimes wonderful pure French and chaotic (and vice versa).

Scrutineering was a time-consuming affair, but they were willing and very relaxed. All competitors had the chance to chat with other participants, a real eclectic mixture of languages from all

over the world. This year there were only two Meadows engined cars – no Invictas etc. - but a hoard of oil-dripping Talbots, voluptuous Bentleys and battered Bugattis with that distinguished “Pampa Sound”!

Two practice sessions, one at night and one during daylight, gave an opportunity to allow our fully prepared carriages a go - after this, a lot of hectic fettling was required, though not for the Lagonda drivers! God beware, we mustn't drive 24 hours, but within this time we had three stints of approx. 45 minutes, one of them in the middle of the black night where there was a good chance of meeting Oberon and yet unknown nasty witches.....

The incredibly silent deep maroon Lagonda of Colin, and now Martin, Bugler was very competitive, and gained a prospering 11th position on the starting grid. The big 12 cylinder probably had to deal with the unsatisfactory cam timing and therefore achieved a position further back amongst the 67 competitors. My Lagonda was treated with great respect as the engine was brand new and had only been driven a few miles. Therefore, I arrived in the middle of the two other Lagondas, with a respectful distance from Martin.

The first race was a painful 'Waterloo' for our friends from the US as soon after the start the engine perished in a huge cloud of unpleasant and, probably, very expensive smoke. What a shame, after all that effort. Unfortunately, they did not re-appear. So, it was up to Martin and me to hold the fort for Wilbur Gunn.

After several laps of severe racing, driving turned out to be more and more diabolical. Martin's purring Lagonda fish-tailed a lot, while driving with a

skilful verve. He was unfortunate to hit oil from a soon-abandoned other car - this resulted in a huge spin in the middle of other competitors, and just in front of me. After some severe 'gardening work' next to the track he pressed on in a frozen blood manner and passed the chequered flag at a respectable 12th position.

As our dear readers can guess I already had the bit between my teeth and managed to achieve 7th position. Many Aston Martins, Talbots, Alfa Romeos and Bugattis had to be overtaken, and definitely those heavy Bentley lorries as well.

The next race through the coal-black night was challenging, with less grip due to the lower temperature a very limited vision. The energy crisis seemed to have arrived earlier in France - very dull illumination only! The huge Lucas 100 headlights were well supported by "The King of Darkness" and a very cosy candlelight illuminated the hell-black track ahead of the fearless driver. You would not believe how quickly a curve can approach at night! But when hurling the vibrating machine down the endless straight of Mulsanne or Indianapolis one has to grab the steering wheel brisk and firm. When clocked with 190 km/hr it is not good advice to reflect on what one is doing. It suddenly bothered me if I had the main bolts of the front wheel bearings well secured. Of course, at that uncomfortable speed I tried to push this thought aside and inhaled the joy to race at the mighty track through the unforgiving night - surrounded by a shattering roar and all kinds of mechanical sounds. A unique experience - oh yes, a real sensory pleasure.

Both Lagondas again needed only minor servicing and one crawled happy and exhausted, still full of emotion, into the cosy sleeping bag in the damp tent. The next morning, again those thoughts about the locknuts on the front wheels. Quickly we eliminated the playing of the wheel bearings and secured the nuts really well - yes, I couldn't avoid double checking!!

The last race in the bright Sunday sun was very special. On the gruelling and endless Hunaudières straight through the trees, while surrounded by the aggressive grunt of the glowing exhaust, abandoned Mobylettes, relaxed cows and waving spectators rushed by. I felt at one with my car, heel and toe worked smoothly and the slick gear-change helped to support the fading brakes when approaching Mulsanne or Arnage.

Often, we went side by side while those narrow tyres hoped to find some grip, begrudgingly following the steering. Long and smooth four-wheel drifts added to the joy of driving. Sometimes it felt like dancing "musette", but those barriers and Armco made one see reason. When arriving on the final lap, a huge slide directed me to the Finish Line, the chequered flag making me throw both arms into the air. Returning to the Pits, greeting all the trusty marshals next to the track, is a nice experience and not to be missed.

Finally, we arrived without any technical issue - what a relief! And 5th position overall, closely followed by Martin, made me very happy and, I can't hide it, a bit proud too! Yes, I have to admit, I still wear the cheap bright-green LeMans participant bracelet. My wife doesn't really understand.....

At least I have been to the hell of LeMans and back, and let me tell you it was just wonderful. See you next year?
Conclusion: You know, for those around 50 and older, driving a race car is the perfect sport for a man. The all-present vibrations are the ideal passive exercise,

the blood vessels will become elastic and cramps will be avoided. As well, the digestion will be well supported while the blood circulation is steadily promoted.

One shouldn't avoid this benefit - motor racing isn't always dangerous! ■



Florian's LG45 at speed



Martin Bugler storms home

Europe in a Lagonda

A story about a trip in an LG6 in 1963

MOST VINTAGE ENTHUSIASTS enjoy reading the advertisements in English Motor Sport. On making a short trip overseas and reaching London, I soon found that there was more pleasure in reading the advertisements than in following them up. The trouble is that although the country is only small, it seems to take far longer to get anywhere than it does here, and it generally takes quite a long time to even find the place you want to go to on the map, and more likely than not the journey would end in frustration.

I wanted to buy a car that would take me about 6,000 miles over the Continent without trouble and yet would be a machine that would be worthwhile bringing back to Australia. After many hours sifting through Motor Sport, I set off in a hired Mini Minor and examined machines that were far afield. On my travels I called in at the Montague Museum and drooled over such cars as a 1 ½ litre Delage, a Blower Bentley, a 2.3 Alfa Romeo, the one and only Leyland (a magnificent machine, this), the Lorraine Dietrich (Vieux Charles Trois), the B12 Sunbeam record-breaking car, the Silver Arrow, a Prince Henry Vauxhall, the Napier Railton, and others. Coming back to London with my appetite somewhat whetted, I decided to visit the well-known vintage car places that regularly advertise in Motor Sport. At Vintage Autos there was a brace of very nice 3-litre Bentleys, both in a price range far outside my limit.

At Margulies there was a number of Aston Martins, a 4 ½ litre Bentley, the 16-cylinder Maserati (not for sale) and a 1500 cc Alfa Romeo. At Simmons of Mayfair there was a 6 ½ litre Bentley and a Type 57 Bugatti. All of these sound rather nice as they did to me in the advertisements, but in fact on close inspection, very few indeed were in presentable condition and those that were, were very expensive.

Feeling very depressed, with only about two weeks left before I was due to leave England, I made a firm decision to decide on the sort of car to buy and to then concentrate on looking for that car. After many discussions with people such as Tim Carson, I decided that either a V12 or an LG6 Lagonda would be the thing to look for and after further looking about and discussion with the Secretary of the Lagonda Club, I set about acquiring an LG6. The LG6 Lagonda is the last of the six-cylinder 4 ½ litre models having succeeded the LG45 in 1937, this latter model having followed the M45. The chassis of the LG6 is identical to the V12. Its top speed is about five mph less but it will travel about five miles further on every gallon, and considerably more reliably. For these reasons a V12 could be bought for something less than the Six. To quote from "A Brief History of the Six Cylinder 4 ½ Lagonda" appearing in the April 1959 edition of Motor Sport: *"The LG's were outstandingly good by any standard. The whole handling of the LG6 is certainly higher than the*

model it succeeded and they seem even better balanced. The riding comfort is outstanding and a still greater degree of silence is achieved. The comfortable cruising speed of the LG6 was a good five mph higher than the LG45, that is anything up to 75=80 mph, and it can be cruised faster with a favourable road condition. The only British pre-1940 car that merits comparison with it is the 1939 overdriven 4 ¼ litre Bentley. This vehicle is somewhat lighter to handle, both in general and as regard individual controls and it is perhaps a shade more silent, but its performance is decidedly less sparking and its ride noticeably inferior to that of the LG6..."

In due course, I found what I was looking for, a car that was good mechanically with a body that was complete but tatty enough to keep the price, and, more important, the customs duty low. The transaction was completed over several pints of bitter in the local pub, and the previous owner and I completed the journey home to his place by virtue of the fact that the Lagonda knew the route so well.

The Lagonda is a 1938 model*, had been rebuilt completely by Maurice Leo, a vintage Lagonda specialist, some 10,000 miles previously and in addition to a complete overhaul of the engine, the fitting of new gears in the back axle and new shock absorbers, king pins and steering connections. It had a brand-new gearbox fitted by the David Brown organisation from stock. The hood and upholstery were just about at the end of their tether.

After a most pleasant evening buying the thing and the hair-raising drive afterwards, I took it to Maurice Leo's to have it fit for a 4 ½ week 6,000-

mile drive on the Continent. Now, Mr Leo was a very nice, quiet man living at a place called Beaconsfield where the general pace of living is very slow indeed and where for refreshment one can either visit a tearoom where everything is delicate and very "refined" with home-made cakes and scones, or one can retire to an inn and drink beer drawn straight from the top of the barrel. Mr Leo reported that apart from a leaking rocker cover gasket, he couldn't find anything wrong, so we agreed upon an oil change and a grease and I could be on my way to Scotland the same day. This was 10:30 am. The Lagonda was already on hoist at this time. I was somewhat taken aback when three employees were put on the job with Leo himself supervising, but I thought to myself this was good oh and that I would only be there for a ¼ hour or 20 minutes. For half an hour I examined the other Lagondas – about four M45s, an LG45, a Fox & Nicholls Rapide (being worked on by a woman mechanic for a race at Silverstone the following day), an LG45 saloon, two V12 saloons and a V12 convertible. Time went on and, to cut a long story short, after I had been shown minute details of how the sump plug thread had been cut, and after I had tried both the home-made cakes and the beer drawn from the tap, I finally drove the Lagonda away all nicely greased and oil changed at 6:00 pm being several pounds poorer than before. However, Leo is a specialist, and to the Lagonda owner who wants parts he is invaluable – he seems to have just about everything for the 4 ½ litre models and what he hasn't got he can get.

Off to Scotland over the Durham



Lagonda LG6 c1966

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Moors. The elements got the better of the hood which blew off and landed on the back of a sheep. It was raining at the time and hood lining remained so both the sheep and I kept reasonably dry. However, whilst the hood lining is alright when one is going along in the rain, the situation definitely deteriorates when one is stationary and so by the time I reached Hadrian's Wall I decided it just wouldn't do, and I then had my second experience of the cost and the time involved in having work done on a vintage motor car over there.

I called on just about every body builder and trimmer in Edinburgh and, after watching persistent shaking of heads, I met a man who said he thought it could possibly be done "in about a week, give or take a day or two". So, the hood lining and I kept company across Scotland to Oban and northwards up the west coast of Scotland, down through Glasgow, Gretna Green, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, and back to London. Incidentally, in Edinburgh I was stopped by a delightfully pleasant Scot (most of them are delightfully pleasant), who insisted on taking me to a friend's garage where I saw numerous traction engines, an ancient tram, a post-war Black Knight Invicta, a 38/250 Mercedes-Benz, two Bugattis (one a 57 SC convertible covered with dust with its tyres flat), a Phantom II Rolls and a couple of others that, for the moment I can't remember. These cars were "definitely not for sale". The M1, the first of England's new motorways, is a flat-out road and I drove the Lagonda along 70 miles of it in just under one hour. I thought this was reasonably fast, but many more cars passed me – particularly the fantastic little Cooper-

Minis. The Lagonda is very quiet, and even at 75 it is possible to carry on a conversation without raising one's voice and I could not get used to hearing the bark of the Cooper-Minis coming up from behind and passing at about 80 with their tails sitting up in gestures of defiance to my and other more pedestrian motor cars.

Strolling down Regent Street one day I heard a familiar noise and turned to see a blue Bugatti without bonnet, but with elegantly dressed Englishman, complete with bowler hat, approaching. Strange but nice. No stranger than seeing bowler-hatted gentlemen with furled umbrellas riding bicycles or nuns riding motor scooters as one is wont to see in England.

New hood, vintage meeting at Phoenix Hotel, work, night life and sightseeing, and then to leave the excellent roads of England for the high seas and the not-so-excellent roads of France. Driving on the wrong side of the road on steep camber so that one's right eye is on the ditch and one's left is straining to look over the left hand front mudguard, trying to see the road, particularly when one's pneumatic seat has a leak and slow descent takes place, is rather trying, especially when it is necessary to consistently twitch the car violently to the left to miss the cyclist and then to the right to miss the oncoming French driver with his foot glued to the floor in the only position he knows. Down to the Loire Valley, past the chateaux and the unsewered towns, the hens in the streets, the cyclists with their French loaves on their backs or in their baskets, Citroen Goddesses, cafes, cave houses, ancient bridges to the roads up to Le Mans. I

drove the Lagonda hard around the Le Mans circuit, as perfect a road surface as it would be possible to find and stopped at the pits with their colourful signs. In the motor car museum at Le Mans there are a number of interesting exhibits, very few of which are in show condition. Early French cars are in the majority, and amongst them were a 1924 8-litre Hispano Suiza in disgraceful condition, a 1934 or 1935 5-litre Hispano Sports Saloon in nice condition, a D6 Delage, a Delaunay-Belleville, a Delahaye and several Citroens and Renaults.

I have drunk champagne for breakfast before. I have never had a beer for breakfast until I reached Paris. Unfortunately, the words 'Beurre' (butter) and 'Biere' (beer) sounded the same coming from me so instead of having bread rolls with butter for breakfast, I had bread rolls and beer – which possibly accounted for a little collision between the Lagonda and a "Monument Historique" that morning.

In Paris, I saw a Salmson which appeared to be around 1934 or '35. With its false radiator grille, and its disc wheels, and being in poor condition, it was rather ugly, but on the same day I saw an immaculate 57 Bugatti being driven slowly by a very elegant looking lady, who was at least twice as old as the car!

I visited Arctic Autos – the place of business of Monsieur Moreau who specialises in working on Hispano Suizas and Bugattis. In his garage at Puteaux (a suburb of Paris) he was rebuilding the engine of a 9 ½ litre Hispano and he had two 27.2 hp cars there awaiting his attention. There were no less than eight Bugattis of various

types including one aluminium bodied Type 40 coupe that had been milled all over.

From Paris North East to Belgium and in to the delightful countryside of Luxemburg and then north in West Germany to the Nürburgring. This was a Wednesday and on the following Saturday there was to be a sports car race. Anyone can drive on the Ring upon payment of a fee and it is not very wide except down by the pits, so that when one is driving as fast as one dares in a car that is not an out-and-out sports car and is 25 years old, one can feel the hair at the back of one's head almost standing out rigid as Maseratis, Ferraris and others come past at their pace. If they couldn't pass on one side, they went the other and I would grip the steering wheel and hold everything when I heard one or more of them coming. I felt it was safer to go as hard as I could rather than slow and the Lagonda had its first and only attack of boiling. The only thing available to cool the radiator was a bottle of red wine (it was only 2/- a bottle from France) so in it went and it was rather nice to complete the circuit with the windscreen open and the faint scent of the wine wafting back.

Up to Cologne and down the magnificent Rhine Valley to Heidelberg and Frankfurt, across the west side to Worms and then into France again and along the roads to Molsheim. Approaching Molsheim you can almost hear the Bugattis on the road and the picturesque village itself speaks 'Bugatti' from wherever one turns one sees it – "Place de Bugatti", "Rue de Bugatti", "Bugatti Café", "Bugatti Museum", "Rue Ettore" ...etc.

Molsheim is a colourful place with flower boxes in most of the windows. Just outside it is the factory with its big sign outside – the same oval-shaped sign that is on all the Bugatti radiators. Behind it is a much larger place than I expected and there was a hive of activity. I understand that, amongst other things, railway carriages are being made there.

From Molsheim down to Basel in Switzerland and across to Zurich where two German chaps gave me a wonderful evening. Many expensive cars were about, but the oldest I saw was a 1949 or '50 short chassis 6C Alfa Romeo. Down to Lucerne and Lausanne and up the narrow winding road to the Grimsell and Furka passes about 10,000 feet up, down to Como and on to the first of the many Italian autostradas that I was to travel on at high speed.

The English treated the Lagonda as commonplace, the French couldn't care less, the Germans laughed uproariously, the Swiss looked indulgently, but the Italians were interested. I was working in Milan for a few days and the dusty Lagonda always attracted a circle of people when it stopped. This is a highly industrialised city, very much "on the go", and is, of course, the home of Alfa Romeo. I thought I was going to be arrested there when I was doing an illegal U-turn in between cars, pedestrians, trams, buses, trolley buses, taxis, bicycles, motor scooters and motorcycles. Everyone was hooting, honking, yelling and clanking, and, being rather angry with the noise and policemen waving their arms at me, I reversed the car rather too suddenly

and ran over a pedestrian's big toe. The man just stood there pointing to his ruddy toe, while everybody else seemed to be shaking their fists, the policemen were yelling, some pointing one way and some the other, and I, not understanding anything that was going on, other than that one pedestrian had a sore toe, just sat there while the heavy traffic banked up. After a while the police held the crowd back and I and the Lagonda were escorted on to the right route for my hotel.

After leaving Milan, I drove down to Genoa and then west to the Italian Riviera, where I had another altercation with the police. The trouble here was a little over-exuberance on my part. There were a lot of very glamorous ladies at Portofino walking up and down the promenade and hither and thither, and quite a number were gazing at the Lagonda when I went to drive off after a delightful meal in a restaurant built over the sea. I got in and used a bit more accelerator than I normally do, and was waving goodbye to them all, with the hood down, and feeling very gallant, when I suddenly noticed a big man dead ahead waving a red flag. Slamming on everything I stopped and saw that the gentleman with the flag was a policeman, and that he had another with him, and neither looked in very good humour. They pointed to the lights which, I regret, I had omitted to turn on in my exuberance of the moment, but that was easily rectified, and I hopped in and turned them on and smiled at them nicely and thought all would be well. Unfortunately, something had got a little mixed up with the lighting system so that when I turned them on

full beam the right-hand headlight and the right-hand parking light went on! As I turned the switch back and forth, it looked as if the car was winking at them, and they were very annoyed indeed – particularly as I pretended I didn't understand them and what they were worrying about. They had their books and pencils out, but finally stalked off to a roar from the crowd that had gathered, and I proceeded somewhat more soberly on my way.

Back to Genoa and down to Florence, across to the other side to the Adriatic Riviera, down to San Benedetto and across to Rome, and then to Naples. In this time, I had seen no truly vintage cars in Italy, but I saw one 1750 Alfa Romeo similar to Graeme Lowe's car, two Fiat Ballilas and a number of Lancias of the middle and late thirties. In the wealthy north there are quite a large number of Maseratis and Ferraris, lots of modern Lancias and post-war Alfas are all over the place.

In Naples I had exactly half an hour before the boat left from Capri in which to arrange the shipment of the car to Melbourne. The last I saw of it, it was looking rather tired and forlorn, parked outside the Thomas Cook office waiting for some unsympathetic person to manhandle the motor car that had taken me six thousand miles through eight countries in Europe without any trouble., not even a plug or carburettor cleaning being necessary, at an average of just over 17 miles to the gallon at speeds that were more often than not around the 75 mph mark.

Postscript:

Michael Southgate is currently custodian of his late parents' LG6,


which has been in his family since 1966.

Michael comments - *"I thought the broader Lagonda membership might be interested in the above account by Tim Hewison of his purchase, trans-continental journey and subsequent importation into Australia in 1963 of the very car that was later to come into my father's hands. Unfortunately, there are no photos from this period, about the earliest one I have is shown in this article.*

I believe the car was a shade of khaki green when my father got it, my elder brother remembers him rubbing it back in preparation for its current cream paint job."

This story first appeared in the 1963 Autumn bulletin of the Vintage Sports Car Club, and was reprinted in the August edition last year. The VSCC (Vic) have kindly granted permission for the story to be reproduced by the Lagonda Club. ■

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Lagonda Club Annual Gathering 2022

Walton Hall, Warwickshire, 24-25 September

James Baxendale reports on a great day out

THE LAGONDA CLUB Annual Gathering was held for the second consecutive year at Walton Hall in Warwickshire. This year the 2 Litre model was highlighted. The meeting was superbly organised by Rodney Saunders, who deserves all our thanks, in addition to Len Cozzolino, who was responsible for the display on the Sunday.

Walton Hall, a magnificent Gothic Revival style house, built by George Gilbert Scott (the architect of St Pancras Station and the Albert Memorial), provided a wonderful backdrop for the weekend. The house itself has an interesting history. Commissioned in 1858 by the 22-year-old Sir Charles Mordaunt, it was the location of an infamous scandal in 1869, when Mordaunt's wife gave birth to an illegitimate child. Mordaunt sued for divorce, threatening to accuse the Prince of Wales, who was called as a witness in the case. After the Second World War, it was used as an Army cadet training camp which, as Colin Bugler recalled in the AGM, was where he had turned up one day in 1962 in his 2 Litre for a Territorial Army event, before heading to Brands Hatch!

The weather, whilst not as glorious as the previous year, stayed dry on both days. A small number of cars took part in the afternoon tour, organised by Peter Gilkes, and by the

evening 23 Lagondas were parked in the hotel car park, competing with an MG Car Club event also being held at the Hall. Sixty-seven members and their guests sat down to dinner in the evening in the Coach House, which was an excellent affair. The Chairman said grace, followed by Rodney with the loyal toast, and David Hine, as President, giving his by now traditional witty after dinner speech, to much laughter.

The AGM, on the Sunday, was attended by the Board and around 70 Club members and supporters. It was broadcast live to any members who could not attend (the video recording is available on the Club website). The President began by informing the meeting of the death of our past Chairman, Clive Dalton (whose funeral took place on 13th October). Clive had joined the Club in 1959 and had last attended a function in 2019. David then reminded the members of the pillars of the Club:

- a. The archives, administration and record keeping, which enabled the history of the cars to be recorded;
- b. The social side: competitions, rallies and social meetings;
- c. Spares, and the Club Shop: over 1,000 new parts were on the website; the second-hand spares were being catalogued.

David then handed over to the



Top: Peter Walby's 2 litre – a superb restoration

Bottom: Just some of the 2 litres on display

Pictures from Peter Lloyd

Chairman, John Sword, to chair the AGM. John welcomed all members to the meeting, noting in particular those who had come from Australia, Scotland and Northern Ireland. Peter and Anne Walby had driven their 2 Litre from Belfast.

The Treasurer, Brian Green, presented the accounts for the year ending 31 March 2022. Despite the effects of Covid, the Club had recorded a surplus of £11,000. However, the cost of living crisis was clearly starting to have an impact and this year had seen a fall in the sale of spare parts. With an increase of 20-30% in material costs, the price of the parts would also have to go up. He advised members to make their purchases soon, before that is effected. The accounts were approved unanimously by the members.

Roger Seabrook, Peter Gilkes, Len Cozzolino and Brian Green were re-elected as Board members. Catherine Monnington, who had been co-opted to the Board earlier in the year, was formally elected as a Board member. Reports were then provided by the various officers of the Club.

- Spares: Robin Cooke and Leah Knee were unable to attend the meeting, so no report was presented. But the Chairman noted that that they did a fantastic job, with a 24-hour turnaround for 95% of the parts sold.

- Archives and history: James Baxendale noted the publication of a 2 Litre booklet, which included a register of all 14/60s and 2 Litres known to the Club (in the absence of factory build sheets). He suggested re-energising the idea of Model Champions, both for members seeking technical advice and information on the history of their

cars (a proposal that had first been put forward by John Sword at the 2011 AGM). He requested that members submit photographs of their cars for the Club's archives. John said that the Heritage Trust, which owns the archives, needed two new trustees – volunteers were requested.

- Competition: Tim Parker reported that 2022 had seen a big improvement in the availability of competitive events. The Long Car race at Donnington in June had seen Tim Wadsworth taking first place in his 2 Litre, with Andrew Howe-Davies / Tim Parker coming second in a 3 Litre (out of 27 entries). If anyone wants to know what it takes to win a race like this, I heartily recommend reading Tim's account in the September Newsletter. Martin Bugler had had some success at the Le Mans Classic in his LG45 special, along with Florian Brandt from Germany, also in his LG45 Special. Paul Tebbett had achieved a Class win at Prescott in his 4.5 litre special.

- Membership: Colin Bugler said that membership today was about 800 (803 at the 2021 AGM). The issue of rolling membership renewals, which was now in force, made it difficult to state the number definitely (something which the Board is seeking to address).

- Events: Catherine Monnington reported on her efforts to encourage members to bring out their cars. She will be preparing a questionnaire shortly to go out to the UK membership. One (potentially two) tours are being organised by Alan Harrison in Nidderdale in August 2023. Colin Mallett will also be holding the very successful Suffolk dinner again, jointly with the Rapier Club, probably

in April 2023. A major tour to Le Mans is being organised for 2025 to celebrate the 90th anniversary of Lagonda's win there.

In Any Other Business, Tim Wadsworth asked for volunteers to write about themselves and their cars for the monthly Newsletter.

The Chairman presented the Committee Plate to John Fitton for having organised the Spring Tours for the last 21 years, to much applause from those present.

John then announced that he would be stepping down as Chairman after ten years in the role. With his 80th birthday approaching, it was time for a younger person to fill the position.

The activity then moved to the display of cars. 40 Lagondas were

present, with 24 2 Litres – a good turnout by 2 Litre owners to celebrate the model.

One of the great benefits of such a turnout is that it allows members to compare various restorations and to exchange technical notes. There was particular interest in GN 421 (OH 9746), a 2 Litre Supercharged model, which arrived on a trailer and is currently being comprehensively restored by Jack Morley.

The Gathering ended, as usual, with the prizegiving. Tim Hughes won the overall award for best car in his meticulously restored V12.

Here's to another year of Lagonda motoring and to the next Annual Gathering in 2023. ■



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Catherine Monnington arrives in her well-travelled 2 litre *Picture from Alison Tuck*



Lagondas' 'tails' are just as attractive as their 'faces' *Picture from Peter Lloyd*

Lagondas participating in the Annual Gathering 2022

Reg no	Car model	Member	Reg no	Car model	Member
VB 889	1927 14/60 SS Tourer	H61	CO 4553	1931 2L LC SC Tourer	C43
YV 262	1928 2L HC Tourer	H42	PL 7016	1931 2L LC SC Tourer	W84
PK 3074	1928 2L HC Tourer	K16	GX 1480	1932 2L LC Tourer	Y2
XV 6495	1928 2L HC Tourer	S26	EF 4809	1932 2L LC DHC	P19
UL 8564	1929 2L HC Tourer	P55	PJ 2843	1932 2L LC Tourer	H1
UW 2193	1929 2L HC Tourer	M26	JJ 9440	1933 16/80 Spl Six Tr.	B73
UU 7571	1929 2L HC CCS	T1	AXD 698	1934 16/80 Spl Six Tr.	C39
PK 9202	1929 2L LC Tourer	B50	OD 9571	1934 M45 Tourer	H17
GC 8638	1930 2/4½L Saloon	T17	AXV 294	1934 M45 Tourer	S70
GF 8843	1930 2L LC Tourer.	B74	AOL 564	1934 M45 Tourer	C22
GK 4650	1930 2L LC Tourer	M50	AAU 474	1934 M45 Saloon	B85
PL 189	1930 2L LC Tourer		BYT 321	1935 M45 Tourer	H31
GN 421	1930 2L SC Tourer	M48	BU 8558	1935 M45 Tourer	G14
PL 7593	1931 2L LC Tourer	B27	BUW 76	1935 M45 Tourer	B52
GP 793	1931 2L LC Tourer	W38	ABP 453	1935 Rapier Tourer	S11
EM 2565	1931 2L LC Tourer	G15	OW 6954	1935 Rapier DHC	B58
GP 4585	1931 2L LC Tourer	W2	DYO 331	1937 LG45 Tourer	C30
VU 7775	1931 2L LC Saloon	S14	255 PAA	1937 LG45 DHC	H64
TG 1547	1931 2L LC Tourer	T21	ARD 246	1938 V12 DHC	O2
PL 5877	1931 2L LC Tourer	L30	EYY 2	1938 V12 DHC	H29

The 2022 Annual Gathering Weekend – Award Winners

Class	Car Model	Registration	Winner	Picture No.
Early Cars	1927 14/60 SS	VB 889	Chris Hancock.	1
2 Litre:	1931 2L LC Tourer	EM 2565	Andrew Garner	2
16/80	1933 Special Six Tourer	JJ 9440	Rachel Bagenal	3
3Ltr,16/65, M35	Not awarded			
M45 & LG45	1935 M45 Tourer	BU 8558	Brian Green	4
LG6 & V12	1938 V12 DHC	EYY 2	Tim Hughes	5
Rapier	1935 Rapier Abbot Tourer	ABP 453	Rodney Saunders	6
Post 1945	Not awarded			
Car Club Cup	1938 V12 DHC	EYY 2	Tim Hughes	5
Vokes Cup	1931 2L LC Tourer	GP 4585	Peter Walby	7
Seaton Trophy	Not awarded			
Ladies Choice	1931 2L LC Tourer	TG 1547	Walter Thomson	8
Concours Cup	Not awarded			
Merit Trophy	1930 2L LC SC (project)	GN 421.	Jack Morley	9



Pic 1



Pic 2



Pic 3



Pic 4



Pic 5



Pic 6



Pic 7



Pic 8



Pic 9



Warren King joined in spirit, unfortunately he was unable to attend in person. Ever the enthusiast!

Picture from David Wall

Thermostatic

John Stubbs gets his shutters working again

IT WASN'T REALLY a case of "If it ain't broke, don't fix it", rather it was "It's broke, I'll fix it sometime".

For some years after getting the Lag, I concentrated more on the bits that kept it running, on the basis that you never know what might get complicated if you start just poking around.

And, on taking off the radiator shell for re-chroming, I found just such a complication: the thermostat and radiator shutter kit. I couldn't put it back together looking like that (photo 1) – evidently it had been disconnected by a previous owner as an unnecessary and redundant feature, provided the shutters were just sort of stuck open.



In fact, the control rod parts were fairly straightforward to replace; a lever pushed by the moving end of the thermostat, connected to a pair of rods to turn the shutter blades, opening a bit like a venetian blind. A fairly easy fix.

The thermostat itself is a brass cylinder about 21mm in diameter and 96mm long, [photo 2].



It's housed in a tube running through the radiator header tank, one end contacting the shutter lever, the other end held in a clip to a threaded rod accessible under the bonnet: the position of the 'stat can be adjusted by screwing it forwards to open the shutters a bit more, or pulling it back to close them. The expectation is that as the water temperature rises, the shutters are opened to allow more airflow: quite a refinement at the time, I guess.

On holding the unit in boiling water, however, it showed no inclination to expand, and had the look of not having moved for the last fifty years. It was also pretty evident that it wasn't made for routine maintenance or easy access. The casing appeared to have been made in two pieces – the clip end, to the left in photo 2, being threaded into the main length of the tube. There were no flats or obvious means of ingress: I guess I

could have wound it into the vice and used a plumber's grips: this, of course, would have marked the surfaces and just possibly collapsed the tube. So, I tried the only marginally less brutal method of filing flats on the end to take a pair of 16mm OE spanners shown in photo 3.



As hoped, this allowed the end to be unscrewed, though some care was needed to avoid damage to the lead seal around the top of the threads. The innards are as shown in photo 4. The principle of operation, of course, is that the wax filling expands on heating. It all looked ok, apart from the very minimal amount of wax remaining in the body, and, hopefully

unable to escape the seal at the actuator end, the whole rod is pushed outwards, compressing the return spring. It appeared that, after some eighty odd years, the bulk of the wax had escaped.

The remedy, then, was to refill the cavity with beeswax. To eliminate as much air as possible I melted the wax and filled the tube, then inserting the spring and rod and tightening it all up. Rather messy, but not difficult. Apparently modern wax-filled 'stats use special waxes for better control, but plain beeswax gave some 18mm movement of the rod between 70° and 100°C. I found my rad shutters had some 25mm travel from closed to fully open, so on re-fitting I screwed it in 5mm. This seems to work fine, the engine warming up more quickly and without overheating.

I suppose the thermostats would have been bought in by the factory, probably as part of the radiator assemblies in view of the neat tube fitting in the header tank.

The end of the unit is shown in photo 5. It was rather casually stamped '1932', the year the car was registered, and carried a logo representing a centrifugal-ball engine



speed governor, with the word 'DEPOSE'. This would be a French trademark indicator, without the accents as it was in capital letters.

Perhaps the part was a side-line of a continental firm that originally made steam engines: I'll have to look out for it. ■



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"There's a net in the roof of the Editor's 2 litre saloon. I wondered what that was for!!"

Your Dad's having problems with his Crabs

Barry Stiff explains

WHEN, AT THE 2019 AGM, an appeal went out to supply Tim Wadsworth with "My lifelong love of Lagondas" articles for the monthly newsletter, I knew my story wouldn't make the cut. Here it is: Teenage motoring – 125cc BSA Bantam, 1954 Ford Anglia 100E. Rose to obscurity as a civilian technical advisor in the MOD. Owned a variety of run of the mill cars with a Morris Marina and Austin Maestro marking significant low points. And then, eventually, the high point - a Lagonda 2 Litre and a Rapier, but not until age 70. See what I mean? No amount of self-aggrandisement and puffery could pad that out to three fascinating pages of A4.

But upon reflection, there have been some automotive (if not Lagonda) highlights along the way, the two most influential being: watching Dad's valiant efforts to keep our various family bangers going – and my pedal car. More of the latter later.

My early interest in cars and their workings was further piqued one day when I was about twelve years old. I will never forget my mother's warning, "Stay away from your dad for a while. He's having problems with his crabs." This was the 1950s so, unlike modern youngsters, I wasn't fully up to speed on all things sexual and reproductive. However, I had heard older boys sniggering about crabs so I knew it was a subject worthy

of prurient interest and that I should be concerned. Sneaking outside to see what he was up to; I was surprised to see Dad's legs sticking out from under our 1930s Ford Model Y. He was working on the braking system and struggling to replace the wonderfully complex device from which all footbrake and handbrake rods radiate. With its plethora of clevis pins, yokes and levers, it looked like – and was known colloquially as – a crab. Even with my crabs concern alleviated and a little more mechanical knowledge gained, I'm sure I was left with a lingering sense of disappointment that there wasn't a more lurid tale to share with my school chums.

One of the biggest pleasures of owning the 2 Litre (GX 188) and Rapier (BVK 839) has been staying in touch with previous owners. This has resulted in the exchange of some wonderful black and white photographs of our pedal car days. One shows Gavin Rowe, foot on running board and striking a proprietorial pose, in 1932 three years before the Rapier he would eventually own rolled out of Lagonda's works and later into the ownership of Major W H (Bill) Oates. A second image shows John Aston (now Capt. John Aston RN Retd, ex owner of my 2 Litre) in his Lines Brothers Ltd (Triang) pedal car in the early 1940s. Even now, eighty years on, pride of ownership shines through as he asserts that the design of

the radiator was based on “grown up cars.” The third c1952 photo shows me with female companions Janice and Cheryl. I suspect Cheryl had better wheels than me, which might account for the look on my face. Mind you, she wouldn’t be smiling if she could see Bill Spence’s fabulous Bugatti pedal car illustrated in Magazine 271...

I hope this article will encourage other club members to have a rummage about in their old albums for their own pedal car photos. What memories do they evoke? Were there speed and

manoeuvrability competitions with other pedal car owners?

Were we laying down spatial awareness and muscle memory that would pay dividends later in life when, for example, with one hand on the wheel and looking over our shoulder, we would successfully reverse a full-size car into a parking place? Are there any articles on the history of the pedal car and its social significance?

Oh, I do wish I could still fit myself into a pedal car! ■



Gavin Rowe prepares for Rapier ownership



John Aston at speed close to the Armco



Barry Stiff tries to impress the girls

The RIAC Pioneer Run – 3-4 September 2022

Peter & Anne Walby took their Tri-car

THE ROYAL IRISH Automobile Club held its annual Pioneer Run on the 3rd and 4th September. This event is open to Veteran and Edwardian vehicles constructed up to 1918, with a section for motorcycles. The base was the Moyvalley Hotel and Golf Resort, County Kildare west of Dublin.

This was an opportunity to use our 1907 Lagonda tricar (LN 3252). Its last appearance at a Lagonda Club event was in 2019 when it was sadly only a static exhibit at the annual meeting while it was awaiting the completion of manufacture of some new gearbox gears.

When we bought the tricar in 1994 at auction in Denmark it was found to have brand new gears in the gearbox but they were not hardened. Surprisingly there were no records available from the museum where it had been housed so the steel used was not known. A fortuitous mention of this problem to the late Sir Bernard Crossland, retired Professor of Mechanical Engineering at The Queen's University of Belfast, resulted in him arranging to have the straight cut gears hardness tested and then hardened for me with a best guess at the process to be used. These gave good service until 2019 when the teeth started to chip and break up and new gears were needed. These were made by Michael Hope, the doyen of the Brineton Engineering Company in Walsall. It was almost one of the last jobs his firm undertook before he closed it on retirement that year. Reassembly

was relatively straightforward and the tricar had a few proving runs around home to ensure satisfactory performance.

We trailered the tricar to County Kildare and unloaded it prior to the first day of the event the following day. While the drive to Dublin had been in good weather, the rain descended overnight and the morning start was not easy. The tricar is started on the handle using the trembler coil ignition, switching over to the magneto when running. Prior priming of the cylinders through the priming cups with syringefuls of petrol is not easy in the pouring rain but we got the old lady running and set off for the day's run to Trim, County Meath. This was just a proving run for the cars of about 10 miles out and then back, stopping for a Guinness break at a pub near to the hotel.

While about 20 cars took part on the Saturday, about 50 cars turned up on Sunday for a 60-mile run. The earlier cars ranged from an 1899 16hp Panhard et Levassor, through a 1900 Gladiator, 1903 Sunbeam, 1904 Mercedes and others to make our vehicle the seventh oldest taking part. Starting was easier this time in the dry and we set off on good metalled roads, taking byways west towards Dublin via Kilcock and Kilcloon, skirting Maynooth to a coffee stop after 30 miles at a magnificent private residence where the cars lined up adjacent to the owner's private runway and car collection. The

tricar lollops along well in its third gear, while you remember to feed a syringe of oil from the oil tank on the steering column into the crankcase every 10 minutes for this total loss lubrication system.

Our return trip was cut short, however, after a few miles when a front left wheel wobble developed which I first thought was a puncture, and I applied the footbrake which operates the external contracting band for the single rear wheel brake. The handbrake operates small drum brakes on the front wheels, but controlling the steering precluded a free hand to apply this (which probably would have been unwise anyway). The problem was in fact due to spoke failures resulting in the wheel collapsing as we ground to a listing halt.

Progress was impossible as the wheels are fixed on the axles and no spare is carried. Tubes and tyres are normally changed on the wheel with the axle jacked up. A recovery vehicle was summoned but loading was not easy as it only had 2 ramps rather than the required 3, but judicious lifting laid the old girl on the transporter with the axle hub resting on an old car tyre. Back at the hotel the tricar was quickly transferred to its own trailer with careful lifting by the other returning veteran car enthusiasts. So ended an eventful morning and after lunch we returned to Belfast to plan the repair of the wheel, which suffered some damage to its hub spoke mountings. ■



Guinness stop at the finish

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Anne looking glum

Continental Rally Taunus Germany

David Hine and Alan Brown were there

THE RALLY ORGANISERS this year were Birgit and Johannes Woskowski. They had selected the magnificent Schloss Rettershof Hotel for the rally headquarters. The cuisine and accommodation lived up to its name. Apart from one very brief and surprising thunderstorm the weather was also magnificent. It had not rained for many weeks, and as our Lagondas swooped down from the spectacular mountains to skirt the river Rhine it was amazing to see that this main highway was reduced to a trickle. Alan and I arrived at the castle lunch stop just as others were leaving!

The next day we did better with a very interesting Roman Fort visit. It is amazing how sophisticated life was for the elite occupiers 2000 years ago.

Lunch on this second day was in a beautiful market square, complete with an oompah band to entertain us.

Our route back to our base was broken with an unexpected roadside wine stop prior to returning for a splendid gala dinner.

This was the nineteenth Continental Rally which is held in a different region of Europe each August. ■



*The folk in this picture are:
Elza and Hermann Arentsen (NL) - the 2 litre owners
Isabell van Damme and Jean van der Elst (B)
Petra and Robert Kudela (CZ)*

Out & About

Dear Roger,

The East Midlands section of the Lagonda Club met in North Leicestershire on Saturday 1st October. The photograph shows two of the cars at the meet, plus regular attendee Tim Metcalfe's sporty motorbike. Cars attending included Andrew Garner's outstanding 2L LC Tourer on the left in the photograph and John Boyes' M45 VdP Tourer on the right. A jolly time was had by all those attending with very agreeable weather and excellent food at the delightful Wheatsheaf Inn, Woodhouse Eves, set amidst the beautiful rocky and forested landscape of the area.

Knowledgeable and charming company. Plus, we were privileged to have been enthralled by a low-level flyby of an Avro Lancaster, no doubt part of the BBM Flight on its way back to RAF Coningsby, Lincs. What a treat!!

The next East Midlands Pub Meet will be held in late Spring, so please look out for notices nearer the time. I do hope that members will find these meets interesting and convivial, so that we can build a core of enthusiasts to make the most of our Club memberships' in the East Midlands.

All the best, John Boyes



Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

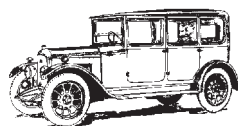
Dear Roger,

Bishop Steering Box Article - Important Amendment - See Mag No. 271 Winter 2021/2022.

When re-checking critical dimensions for the combined length of our new scrolls plus bearings, I realised that I have transcribed a 2 instead of a 7.

Hence in Part One, page 26 second-column (this being the first page of Part One) this minimum combined length is said to be 5.125 inches, whereas the correct measurement is 5.175 inches. A small, but in the circumstances not trivial, difference.
With apologies, thanks and best wishes,

Michael Nassim ■



Hello Roger,
Just thought you might like to see a picture of my grandson Tommy, getting the Lagonda bug early.

He delights in helping 'Grumps' with our V12 Sorts Saloon.
Kindest regards
Andrew Chisholm ■



Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

Dear Roger,

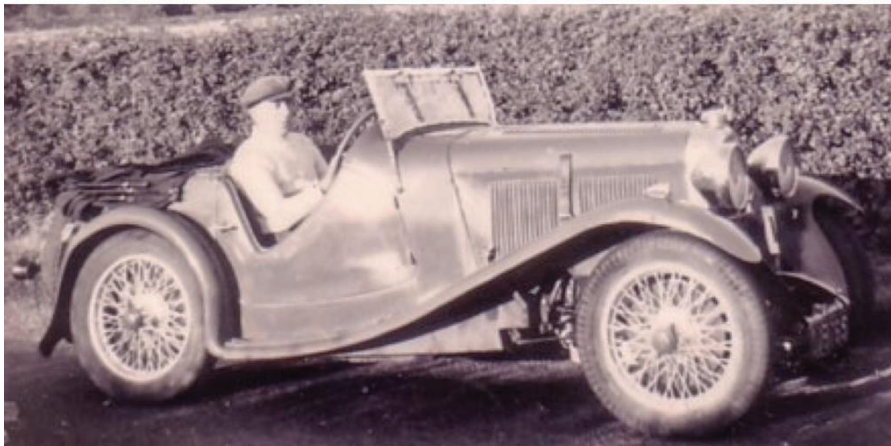
Father and son in same car 65 years apart.

Thought you would like to see this. Peter Cripps visited us this weekend and I asked him to send me this photograph.

We thought it remarkable - 65 years apart!!! It is a Rapier prototype. Would it make a nice pic for the Magazine?

Kind Regards, Valerie Bugler

It certainly would, and here it is! - Ed



Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

Hello Roger,

Robbie Hewitt Memorial Trophy

Following disruption of Brooklands events of recent times, it was difficult to nominate the event at which the trophy should be awarded. After consulting with Catherine Monnington it was decided that the Aston Martin reunion, to which Lagondas were invited, would be best.

Under Saharan sun and heat and amongst a vast array of Astons, six Lagondas turned up to overshadow the pre-war Astons with whom they were parked. As most had previously won the award, there was a potential dilemma. Fortunately, this was resolved in emphatic fashion by new member Peter Brown, who had brought along his newly acquired Fox and Nichol 2 litre team car - one of those offered at Bonhams Goodwood sale last year.

Peter has spent considerable time and energy recommissioning the car without interfering with its originality. It is now a fine example of how a car of such provenance should be preserved, shown in a perfect setting of car and venue. He hopes to bring it to the Annual Gathering.

For those unaware of this award I would recommend attendance at Brooklands which is now a superb venue with many attractions centred on its exhibition of cars, planes and the construction of the track. Add to that the prospect that, if your car is up to snuff, you may get to have a most splendid trophy to display for a year.

Best wishes
Robin Saddler ■



Letters & Emails ... Letters & Emails

Dear Roger,

I thought the following « letter » could be of interest to some members:

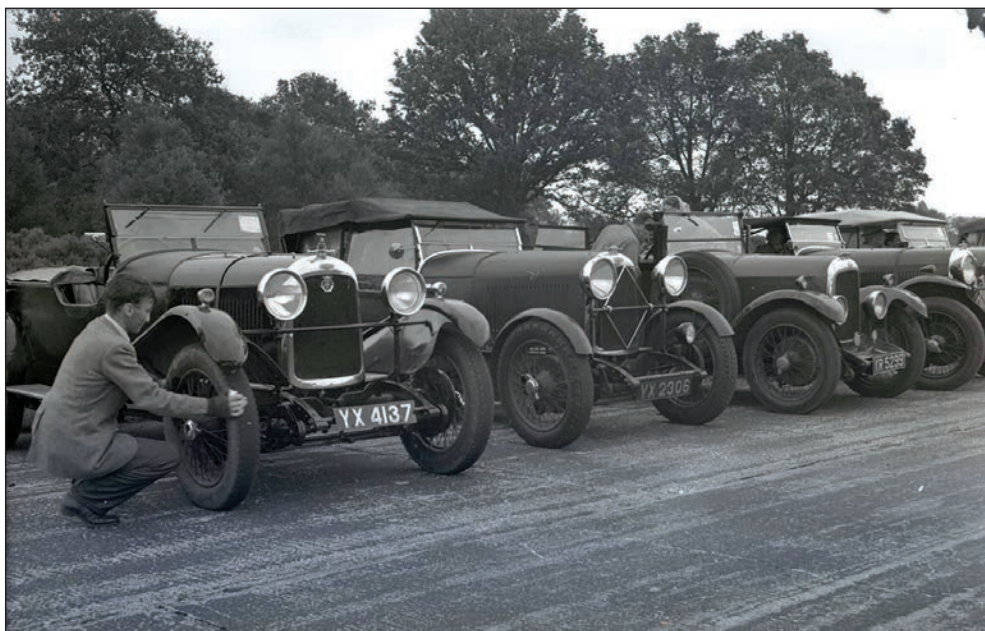
On going through magazine 267, my eye was caught by the top photo on page 27, seeing that I have owned YX 4137 for something like 23 years now.

Looking through the folder I have with all the history on my car I found the same photo, see below, but it is mentioned that it was taken at the Newbury Rally on 11th July 1948, and not on the No Ration Rally in 1950.

From the information I have, my photo was taken from the 2L Register photo album. Can someone confirm which is correct?

I also noted that the registration number of 3rd car on the right of the photo appears to be YR 5299 and not 5229.

Kind regards,
Jonathan Hartop
H69 ■





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