

THE



Joint Publication of the



No. 1

March 1951





2 Litre LAGONDA  
Register

LAGONDA  
CAR CLUB



JOINT HON. SECS.:

A.C. Rees, 11 Overbury Rd. Parkstone, Dorset.  
(Parkstone 935)

J.M. Bosworth, Tylston Lodge, Liphook, Hants.

HON. SEC.:

L. Leo, 58 Hotspur Top Lane,  
Beaconsfield, Bucks.

EDITOR: D.P. King, 17 Richmond Road, Chingford, E.4.

# JOINT STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENTS.

Everyone with the name LAGONDA at heart and who knows how much work is entailed by the officials who run any motoring organisation, must be pleased to hear that the 2 Litre Register and the Car Club have decided to achieve considerable economy of effort and money by running this combined magazine.

The Editor is an old member of both organisations and we are sure that all that is needed to give this venture the success which it deserves is for everyone to give him all the practical help they can. Good luck to "The Lagonda".

*Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec Coryton, K.B.E., C.B., M.V.O., D.F.C.  
David Brown, Esq.*

# EDITORIAL

We always feel that an Editorial is rather like the leader in one of the big daily newspapers, which is largely concerned with a detached and remote reviewing of the Government of the days' latest misdeeds, and frequently ending with a firm demand such as THEY MUST GO!

What is this all about, we can hear you muttering. Well, its about the future policy of THE LAGONDA.

The policy will be that the Editor is here to see that you get what you want, based on the definition of 'Editor' in Webster, Revised Edition, 1847. Editor (Lat., from edere, to publish) One who edits; especially, a person who prepares, superintends, revises, and corrects a book, magazine or newspaper, &c., for publication.

No mention here, you note, of the poor wretch having to write a line himself! The Editorial motto being "We like work, it fascinates us, we can



sit and look at it for hours" it looks as if we shall require a little prodding, which is of course the reason why the Editor's blown 2-str is so long on the stocks. We know of another Editor who called off a bet, &.

Seriously, however, we want every scrap of help we can get from all members of both Clubs, so if you've any complaints, write to the Editor, any Articles, drawings, photos, anything about Lagondas, send it in, typewritten if possible, to the address on page 1.

Incidentally, the design on the cover is a full size fac-simile of an 11.9 radiator badge, and we would mention that this No. 1 of THE LAGONDA follows No. 8 of the Record and No. 26 of the Notes.

---

## COMING EVENTS

\* **17/18 March.** Night Navigation Rally, start 8.30 p.m. from the "Kings Arms", Stokenchurch, Regulations and Entry Forms may be obtained from your Secretary. Closing date for entries 10th March, 1951.

**26th March.** A local meet for the Southerners after the Goodwood Races at the "Lamb Inn", Pagham, Nr. Chichester.

**26th March.** A local meet for the Northerners after the NSCC Races at Gamston at "Markham Moor Inn", Gt. North Road, 2 miles away from course.

**30th March/1st April.** Lagonda Car Club members have been invited to enter for the Bentley Drivers Club Eastbourne Rally. Details from L. Leo. Closing date 10th March, 1951.

**3rd April.** Southampton Supper at the Cowherds Hotel, Soton (Tel. 546111) cost 5/6d. per head, arrive 7 p.m. dinner 8.30 p.m. It would help if those intending to be present could send a card to A.C. Rees, 11 Overbury Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

**8th April.** A local meet for the North London and Essex members at the "Two Brewers", Ongar, Essex. 6.30 p.m. onwards. M.R. 996214. 1" O.S. Sheet 107

**21st April.** Southern Rally, the date published in the Autocar should be ignored; it is hoped that the regulations for this event will be ready to send out with this copy of The Lagonda. Start will be at The Links Hotel, Liphook. The rally will consist of tests to try the skill of the driver AND passenger, not the car!

\* **2nd June.** Lagonda Car Club, "Eight Clubs" Silverstone Event. Details in our next circular.

\* **16th June.** Northern Rally at Hurdlow nr Buxton, details in our next circular.

\* Marshals required for these events.



## FOREIGN TRAVEL

Certain members leave for Le Mans and Spain on the 21st June, 1951, any interested member may obtain details from S/Ldr. Rexford-Welch, 124 Clarence Gate Gardens, London, N.W.1.

J.E. Powell (64) is leaving for France about 22nd July for 3 weeks and would like to contact any other members who might be there at that time. He has a reconditioned Magneto he is willing to lend to other foreign travellers.

R. Hill-Smith (83) is leaving Harwich on the 1st June, 1951 for Esbjerg, Denmark, en route via Copenhagen (where the girl says 'ya'!!) for the frozen North, where men are men, etc., crawling back via Oslo, Bergen, Stavanger - to Newcastle. We shall expect a full account of nearly all the happenings on this hazardous trip.

---

## MARSHALS

An excellent team of Marshals volunteered to help run the No Ration Rally last July, the success of the meeting being largely due to their enthusiasm. We wish to contact these members again, together with others in both the North and the South who are willing to help in this years events.

Frank Gabb, whose address is given below, has offered to keep a list of Marshals; please send him your name and address on a post card stating whether you can help at any of our coming events.

*F.H. Gabb, Poyle Mount, Epsom Road, Guildford.*

## LOCAL MEETS

Any member wishing to organise a local gathering of Lagonda Owners should send details giving date, time and place to the Editor or Secretary for publication in the next circular or magazine, remember printing and distribution takes 3 weeks.

Next Register Circular goes to press on 25th March, 1951.

Next magazine goes to press on the 5th May, 1951.

There will also shortly be available printed post cards (postage 1d. each) on which the details of any meet can easily be written. Any member may obtain a dozen of them together with a spare copy of the Register address list from:-

*J.M. Bosworth, Tylston Lodge, Liphook, Hants.*

The local meet for North Londoners at The Coach and Horses, Croxley Green, on the 31st Jan., was notable for the fact that the Hon. Sec. of the Car Club won a very fine set of darts, not, we might add, for any amazing skill at the ancient game, but in a raffle!

---



## THE HANDCROSS RALLY

After a certain amount of dissension as to the correct date, a goodly number of members assembled on November 19th at The Red Lion, Handcross, there to witness, with admiration mixed with awe, the progress of various intrepid motorists on veteran automobiles, our President amongst them, (almost a misguided missile!), on their annual Celebration Run from the Great Wen to Brighelmstone. A poor, sorry piece of turnpike, with down at heel garage owners bewailing the price of feed for the iron monsters!

We wonder what Cobbett would have said to the present meat ration? That so many succeed in reaching their destination, notwithstanding the stolid British "Clots", who do their best to clutter up the road and balk approach runs to hills, so necessary, (Miranda concurs!), is a testimony to both designers' and drivers' skill.

Oh, that it were possible to close the road to ordinary traffic, and thus incidentally open the way for a real road circuit, but have a care, else all those ever watchful Societies representing the vocal minorities to stop this and that will roar into action! All this digression has been caused by memories of the Grand Prix of Austria, which we saw last year during our continental 'Progress' in the 'Oxcart'. Here, in the small town of FELDKIRCH, a carnival spirit prevails, the pits are in the main street, and the roads are closed for practising for a few hours during the week, in fact, it is a public holiday. But enough of this.

It was a good meeting, attended by some 32 cars, and if the lunch was a trifle late, why worry, the odd noggin helped to keep the cold out. George Frost showed some of his drawings, including the design for the Christmas card. A committee meeting was also held. There's never a dull moment!

---

The Local New Year Meet, on Jan. 6th, at the Black Horse, Gomshall was so sparsely attended as to be hardly worth mention. The Editor thought he had made a mistake in the date, but no, there were in fact three cars present. One member, who shall be nameless, (never did like pack drill), rumour hath it, had stoked up with milk of mag, and even (could this be?) wore pyjamas underneath in expectation of a heavy session. Next year, we shall not forget to send reminder cards to local members.

---

## HOLIDAYING ABROAD

Anyone interested in holidaying abroad who likes his resort and accommodation unpatronised by Messrs. Thos. Cook and other travel agencies might care for DESENZANO on Lake Garda.

This little town is on the main Milan-Venice railway line (about 3 hours journey from each of the cities), and anybody who wishes to can travel



direct from Victoria Station. A sleeper cannot be too strongly recommended. Those, however, travelling by Lagonda will find Desenzano midway between Brescia and Verona. Did someone mutter 'Mille Miglia'?

The countryside around the lake is mountainous except in the south with the result that Desenzano, which is in the south, possesses about the best views across the lake of all lakeside towns and villages.

To the east of the lake is GARDONE where Winston Churchill stayed 2 years ago, but for the ordinary visitor Gardone is largely and literally one Grand Hotel. There are, of course, other hotels, but I personally do not see much point in staying by a lake unless one can get at it - and I'm rather allergic to Grand Hotels.

To the north is RIVA, almost hemmed in, I am told, by mountains, but I have never been there so cannot comment.

Within walking distance of Desenzano (if one is strong enough) is a peninsula running out like Southend pier. At the end of it is SIRMIONE which most decidedly should be visited. Brescia and Verona are both within a 20 mile radius; at the latter is an amphitheatre now dedicated almost exclusively to the Bard of Avon, for this is true Shakespeare territory. Indeed, if your "better half" is with you its an odds-on bet that you will be taken to see the balcony where Romeo is reputed to have serenaded his Julietta.

Guide books list the Hotel Mayer as being the best in Desenzano. Certainly it is the biggest. The locals, who should know, claim that the neighbouring Barchetta is the best, but for me there is only one place, and that is the ALBERGO MIRALAGO where Angelo Cerini cooks very simply but (appropriately) like an angel.

The Miralago is a roadhouse about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile outside Desenzano. There are only seven or eight bedrooms and there is no hot water in any of them, but there is a bathroom of sorts. Briefly, the bedrooms (No. 1 is the best) open on to a verandah, the verandah overlooks the terrace where all meals are taken and where dances are sometimes held, the terrace steps lead to what there is of the beach. There is no garage, so if you object to your car standing out at night in the car park in front of the albergo (as one Frenchman did), room can be found for it in the ballroom!

Prices depend on the season - say, lire 1800 to 2000 per day en pension. Languages? Italian, French, a smattering of English and German.

*I.M. Ziar.*

If you are thinking of going next year, and taking your "better half", "camera matrimoniale" is colloquial Italian for double-room! See "Motoring Abroad" by Rodney Walkerley, reviewed in "Books to Borrow - and Keep".



## THE THIRD NIGHT, MARCH 17/18th.

The Car Clubs' Night Trial starts from the King's Arms, Stokenchurch, on A 40 between Oxford and High Wycombe on Saturday, March 17th. The course is 100 miles by the shortest route and all of it is on metalled roads. That is, of course, if you keep to the correct route. The competition is a test of night navigation and driving skill. There will be two simple driving tests en route. All you need is a car, a map, a navigator and a sense of humour. Given these we can promise an enjoyable night's unrest. Breakfast next morning will be at the Lambert Arms, Aston Rowant.

The above has appeared before, we know, but now we have all brushed up our map-reading at the recent Hogs Back Regatta, there is no excuse for not having a "DO". The Editor is feverishly looking for a comfortable saloon, and when its all over, proposes to act as an observer at the Sunbeam Motorcycle Clubs Pioneer Run, which entails riding a bike behind Peter Whitman on his 1913 Rudge Multi, but this is kid stuff to some of Arthur Fisher and Hamish Moffat's efforts, still, we are getting old.

The fact that the O.S. maps have recently risen in price is purely coincidental. Sheet 159 it is. \_\_\_\_\_

We thought that a short history of the 2-litre Lagonda Register by the Founder, P.A. Densham, might be of interest to the many new members, and have extracted a promise of a fully documented edition in the near future. *Editor*

## THE 2 LITRE LAGONDA REGISTER.

In October 1946, I found myself with a 2 Litre Lagonda and a gratuity. Many others had to choose between the two. Unfortunately by the time some very necessary repairs had been carried out at post-war prices, I also was among those who had a Lagonda and no gratuity!

In view of the high cost of repairs and the scarcity of spare parts, I decided that Lagonda Owners should unite. I advertised the car for sale in "Motor Sport" and immediately found myself in touch with that select body known as 'Lagonda Enthusiasts'. They wrote from many counties, a few wanting to buy my car but generally, after a short introductory paragraph, they threw themselves into a rapturous description of their own Lagonda.

I bought a notebook and ruled columns down each page; I paid 2/6 to a printer to print 24 forms setting out the idea I had in mind and calling for certain particulars of the car. I sent a dozen of these forms to the addresses which my advertisement had produced. Six forms came back with their half-crown subscriptions and I 'opened the register' by writing the names in the book and copying the particulars of the cars on to a foolscap sheet.

Each day I found at least one Lagonda letter in the post and from these I composed the first Notes, which were duplicated and sent out to the twelve members.



Things went well. I found a great similarity in all the letters I received; a genuine love for the Lagonda car, an honest, though sometimes misguided, desire to help ("the spacer on my typewriter does not work but do let me know if there is any typing I can do for you"), and a great need for a spares pool and advice bureau.

I very soon found that owners had three main observations, held together with varying degrees of illegibility:-

- (1) My car goes like a bomb.
- (2) I am worried about the oil pressure.
- (3) Do you know where I can get a spare gearbox.

I also learned that the period between the first long letter and the last short postcard offering the car for sale was in inverse ratio to the number of pages in the first letter.

In all the many thousands of letters received only one or two were anything but very pleasant to read. I used my bank as a forwarding address and I remember the manager's horror when someone sent a gearbox - dripping the worst type of oil - to me at the bank "You will please remove this large piece of engineering at your first opportunity as we have no room in these premises for such things".

In April 1947 we advertised a rally at Farnborough and no words can describe the thrill and surprise with which we surveyed the 60 Lagondas that were present.

We held a meeting after the rally and a President was elected. A committee and various officers were appointed and the Register became recognised. We no longer searched for members, they came willingly.

With funds in hand we were able to print stationery and to improve the publication of Notes. The annual subscription was increased to 10/6 with an entry fee of 5/-. By avoiding waste the treasurer was able to show a credit balance each year.

It is impossible to over-estimate the time and trouble that the various officers have put into the Register but I believe they will agree with me when I say that it is work well repaid by the friendship and enthusiasm of Lagonda owners everywhere.

*P.A. Densham.*

---

## HOW TO DRIVE A LAGONDA

Those of you who have not already turned quickly to the next page, muttering subdued abuse of the clot who thinks you don't already know, may now relax. This is not a technical dissertation, but rather a note on the social, or should one perhaps say psycho-analytical, side of the art of Lagondary.

Why psycho-analytical? Let me explain.

You are driving your 2 Litre in gentlemanly fashion through a busy built-up area. Speed, twenty-nine miles per hour, you liar. In front of you



frolics a tiny saloon, veering occasionally to port or starboard as the playful breeze directs. Packed within this Lilliputian barouche are Dad, at the tiller, Mum, Fred, Ernie and little Cousin Elsie. Suspended in the centre of the rear window is a tiny woollen golliwog on an elastic thread. All very jolly.

Anon little Elsie, who never could mind her own business and has a remarkably flexible neck, becomes aware of your approach. Instantly she summons Fred, who nudges young Ernie, who shouts to Mum, who passes the word to Dad, who looks in the driving-mirror. All hands shriek with merriment. "Cor! Look at that funny old 'un!" Only Mr. Golly knows his manners.

You are faced with another two miles behind three revolting small noses flattened against the glass and five maddeningly inane grins. Your first impulse is to extend your tiny pink tongue to its full extent, press hard on the accelerator and rush straight through the horrid thing.

But stay! Here is where psycho-analytical driving comes to the rescue.

Press GENTLY on the accelerator and approach to six inches from Dad's rear bumper. You now have a most distressing close-up of the three noses, but Dad, on his next glance in the driving-mirror, sees nothing but acres of radiator plus a rather odd badge which reads apparently ADNOCAL, SENIATS, DNALGNE. Shaken, Dad in his turn presses gently on the accelerator. So do you. Then Dad. Then you, and so on. You are now moving at rather more than twenty-nine miles per hour.

The inevitable denouement comes when poor Papa, sadly rattled (a) pulls into the curb and waits until you are in the next county, or (b) turns smartly left at the next turning against a "NO ENTRY" sign, or (c) rushes madly under a trolley-bus, where all perish miserably. The scientific approach has triumphed.

One more example.

You have stopped at traffic-lights in the front rank of three lanes of vehicles. Whilst the lights are still red, take a stealthy nonchalant glance to right and left. Should you find an Austin "Ruby" on the nearside and a Dagenham Dicer on the off, you may safely give one or two triumphant "blips" to the throttle and prepare to confound the opposition.

Should, on the other hand, preliminary reconnaissance show you to be surrounded by XK 120's and J2 Allards, guile must be employed to avoid confusion. The tyro psycho-analyst may resort to some simple subterfuge, such as removing his driving gauntlets and lighting a cigarette; being still thus employed when the lights change. He will then move off with an air of "If only I had been ready I would indubitably have shown these louts some real acceleration!"

If you are a more advanced student, however, you may wish to employ more subtle techniques. For instance: one or two sharp "blips", a frown and some discouraged head shakings. Descend, open the bonnet, twiddle the first thing to hand, blip, blip, frown, headshake, blip, and so on; returning to your seat just as the others depart. The insinuation that you would be well to the fore but for some trifling maladjustment has now been clearly established. In extreme cases it might be as well to abandon ship and go



and buy some cigarettes, returning when the opposition is well out of the way,

It is not necessary to elaborate further. The intelligent neophyte should now be able to devise his own methods to meet any situation, and be well on the way to a happy psycho-analytical driving career. Jot down a few of your own ideas and I will mark your papers next week.

G.W. Allen.

## THE HOWORTH LAGONDA

After a succession of Sports Cars including M.G's and Astons, in the Spring of 1944 I found myself with no car of my own and using the Works 4 - cylinder Jowett. This state of affairs could not last and during a business trip to London I came across an M 45 Four Door Pillarless Saloon.

In September 1944 the body was removed from the chassis and scrapped, then a Detailed Drawing was made of engine gear-box and general chassis layout, after which the engine was removed and subsequently everything else until only the chassis frame was left. From then on it was time and patience; for every component that was re-assembled on to that frame was first stripped and repaired, or replaced so that after six months a virtually brand new chassis existed, Standard, but for  $7\frac{1}{2} : 1$  compression. Every nut and bolt on this engine was chromium plated, 30 hours were spent polishing the ports and head. The crankcase was mottle finished and the whole job looked a picture.

I designed a two-seater body having lowered the bonnet line 4" which made it look very sleek. Three outside exhausts were fitted to eliminate the sharp bends on the standard exhaust manifold with its resultant back pressure.

In September 1945, one year to the day, almost, the car was driven out of my Works finished, or at least, so I thought, for actually I had only just begun.

The Car was used for business purposes until BASIC appeared and it was then entered in its first trial. Our trials life taught us a lot in both driving and design, and it soon became obvious that the car was too long; so I cut it in two, just in front of the rear wheel arches; removed 2ft of chassis and joined it up again, making suitable body alterations. I also had to shorten the rear springs which ultimately reduced the wheelbase from 10' - 10" to 9' - 3", and in that form it was entered in the 1947 Blackpool Rally where it won Class G. We next decided that as sprints had commenced we should indulge in them, so the compression was raised to 10 : 1 by having special pistons made and suitable machining.

It was now that catastrophe overtook us, for after two sprint events the car was entered for the Hartlepool Promenade sprint, driven by my wife in the ladies' class and myself in the unlimited class.

During practice my wife through no fault of her own overshot the finish, got into a slide and left the promenade, and crashed on to the rocky beach 28ft below, upside down. My wife was very lucky to escape with her life, but only sustained a broken arm and required sundry stitches. The car, however to quote the Sunday papers was a total wreck. All the bits and pieces were loaded into a container and sent back to my Works and the situation was reviewed.



The Engine was untouched except for a cracked valve cover, the gearbox was likewise intact, as was the rear axle, but nothing else was any use what ever.

I then set about designing a chassis of my own with independent front suspension with the original wheelbase of 9'- 3" and cable operated front brakes. The front track was to be 10" wider than the back to give good cornering, with a transverse spring and wishbone, the servo system was retained because no fault could be found with the brakes. We built this chassis, also a new body, and it was in this form that it competed in last year's B.O.C. Silverstone, when it had the misfortune to blow a gasket, but, nevertheless, gave quite a good account of itself; sundry minor modifications were carried out and then it took the record at Firle, so it was at last becoming a force to be reckoned with.

During the winter 1949/50 some new Meadows Engines were purchased in a slightly weathered condition, and one of these was installed with all the modifications of the old Engine, but none of the external glamour. The ignition system was altered to twin coils and the compression was 9 : 1 approximately.

At this time an Armstrong Siddeley preselector box was also fitted in place of the standard crash box, and an exhaust system similar to the Lago-Talbots, six carburettors were ordered from Amals.

The first event was Croft soon after Easter, and when motoring quite nicely in driving rain it spun round out of one corner which dropped me from second place to fifth where I finished. In another race that day the gearbox stuck in top gear and I had to retire.

The 8 Clubs Silverstone followed and we motored to schedule for one hour quite easily showing a lap speed 5 seconds faster than the previous year.

From then on, apart from minor gremlins, it has gone satisfactorily; Notts S.C.C. Gamston second to Gil Tyrer in the scratch race, first in the Sheffield & Hallanshire Gamston Handicap both in heat and final from being scratch car in both cases. Also first in the Notts Gamston scratch race last meeting as reported in the Lagonda Record.

Having set all this down here for the first time I never before realised how much work I have done to develop this Car, and if it had not been for the unselfishness and good will of my Wife and the help of some of my employees, none of whom know anything about cars, it could never have been done.

---

*Hugh Howorth*

**PHOTO ALBUM.** In addition to the present album, it is proposed that a new book containing photographs of the various cars on the Register should be kept. This would be done in numerical order, on a loose-leaf system and it is hoped that in time every car appearing on the Register would be recorded. Photos should be at least post-card size, - preferably larger, and it is to be hoped that eventually there would be several good views of each car. All material should be sent to:-

*W.C. Hartop, 59, Queen's Road, HERTFORD.*



## NOTES with TEARS

In this age when we are assisted, albeit perhaps a little too rapidly, from the cradle to the grave; it is easy to slip into the habit of taking things for granted - - - even when sitting back in the bar parlour a reading of the 'Notes', it is thought that some of our less introspective members (are there any?) may not appreciate the loving care and the many hazards - fire, water, C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH and soda - that have to be overcome before the editorial staff, correct but little used title, as they are usually referred to with a greater abandon, can with dog like devotion, sit back on what ever dogs sit on, and regard the 'Notes' for the next issue neatly tied with gaily coloured ribbons - red for a 2 litre, blue for a 3, gold for a 4½ and string for 11.9 and Rolls.

Thus, it will cause little surprise to many to hear that at a recent cocktail party given by one of the more elegant members of the Register, our worthy and taciturn editor was found in the kitchen busily scratching himself to stimulate a jaded cortex (bit of the brain used for thinking with by all people except politicians) to produce pearls for the 'notes'. The suggestion that his choice of the kitchen was in any way influenced by the fact that the beer was kept there is considered to be unfair and his explanation that the "Kitchen table mathes a lovely deaskth" must be the true motive. It is perhaps typical of the spirit of the Register that the editor should, in his hour of travail in this unattractive spot, be supported fairly literally by another young member who had called on spec: (what a nose for a party) bringing a pleasant though strong aroma of the country and a few samples of the soil of his colleges' favourite farm-yard. These latter 'pieces' of 'atmosphere' were not altogether appreciated by our host, who would have preferred that his unexpected guest made use of the old fashioned door mat, which he had thoughtfully provided.

At the end of the party (it must have had an end) one would be inclined to think that the poor editor would away to his swans' down couch, but no! It was understood through the fumes that the 'Notes' like the Kings' Mail, must get through, so after a few adjustments to the lift (B.S.A. thread) also not really appreciated by our host, our gallant editor jumped rashly for his car, the name of which for the moment eludes me.

Destination the Joint Hon. Sec: it is felt that a slight digression giving the rough sort of outlines of the journey from Baker Street to the depths of Kensington, is well worth the trouble. As observed from behind, at a very respectful distance, the lesser known characteristics of the 2 litre were seen to great advantage. Few can be really conversant with the speed at which the 2 litre steers sideways or the resilience of the chassis as it strikes kerbs in rapid succession and it is only fair to record, that this noble mark of car will not, however, hard the owner tries, fit lengthways across either the entry or exit of Hyde Park.

On the arrival outside the imposing facade of the J.H.S's digs the editor gallantly decanted his brave lady passenger who luckily being small,



had been unable to see over the scuttle during the triumphant 'progress' and had thus been spared the sight of the metropolis revolving around the Lag, or perhaps the other way round. Furthermore she appeared in no way upset or unnerved by the affects of 'G' or the other obscure forces that we are told affect this car, (why can't I remember its name). The Hon. Sec. on being faced with his guests hastily assumed a wan smile of the 'who invited this shower' variety and proceeded to make the best of an obviously bad job, offering very helpful and necessary suggestions as to the best way to get the 11.9 onto three gears again, apparently the technique is to only use one gear in London traffic, and then checked the 2 litre for blood, hair and any National Health teeth that it might have picked up on the journey and finally, having little option, opened the door of the apartment and welcomed in his guests !!!!!

Here one might have expected the editor fellow to have rested from his labours, but like the Flying Dutchman, no. A typewriter was produced as if by magic and in a twinkling both fingers were feeling in vain for the keys. At last a chink had appeared in this literary giants armour, and as it was felt that no blame should be placed on the typewriter, other willing hands (six of them) tried their luck with the devil machine while our hero dictated from the prone position.

Was he grateful? muttering 'retype-secretary-errors-fine lot of help' the door slammed and he disappeared in a cloud of spray into the night -- whither? -- some say to bed -- some say to write more notes for YOU.

S.C. R - W.

P.S. The London address of the Joint Hon. Sec. is still the same. Can his Landlady be deaf? or can his natural charm be sufficient to charm away such orgies in a race reputed to have no hearts and other spares.

---

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Member,

I hear from the Hon. Treas. that a sum exceeding £10 has been subscribed towards a present for me on retiring from active work on the Lagonda Register.

While no token of thanks could ever give me greater pleasure than that I derived from the Register during the past three years, it is nevertheless a token which I value very highly indeed.

I hope you will allow me, by way of thanks, to use the money towards some form of Trophy which can be competed for annually and which may give pleasure to those who are successful in winning it.

My first aim is to avoid giving the committee any extra work which such a competition would entail; so the actual Trophy and the method its award will be my own idea and will be made known to you in due course.

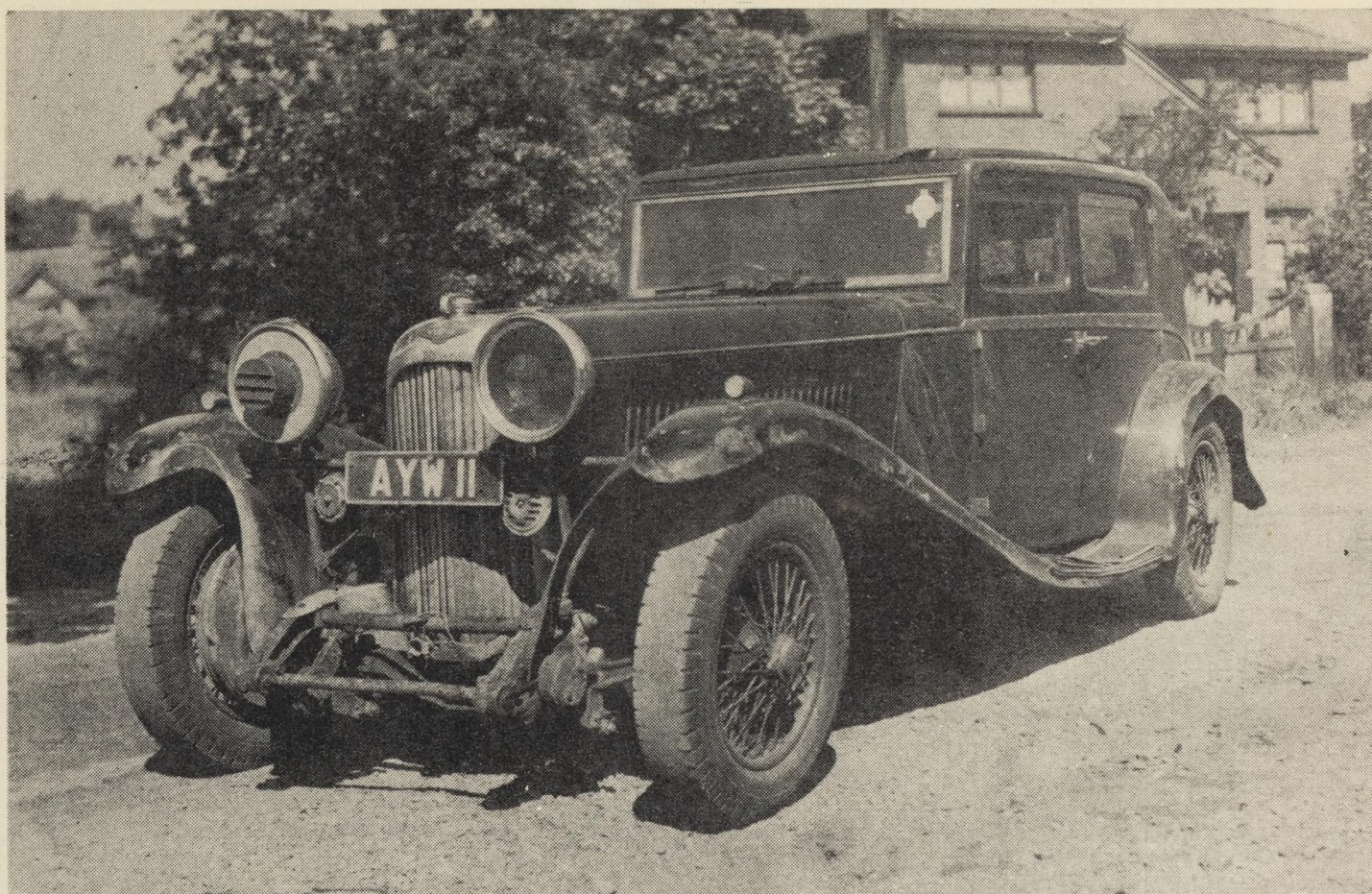
With very many thanks and best wishes to you all,

Yours sincerely,

Peter Densham.

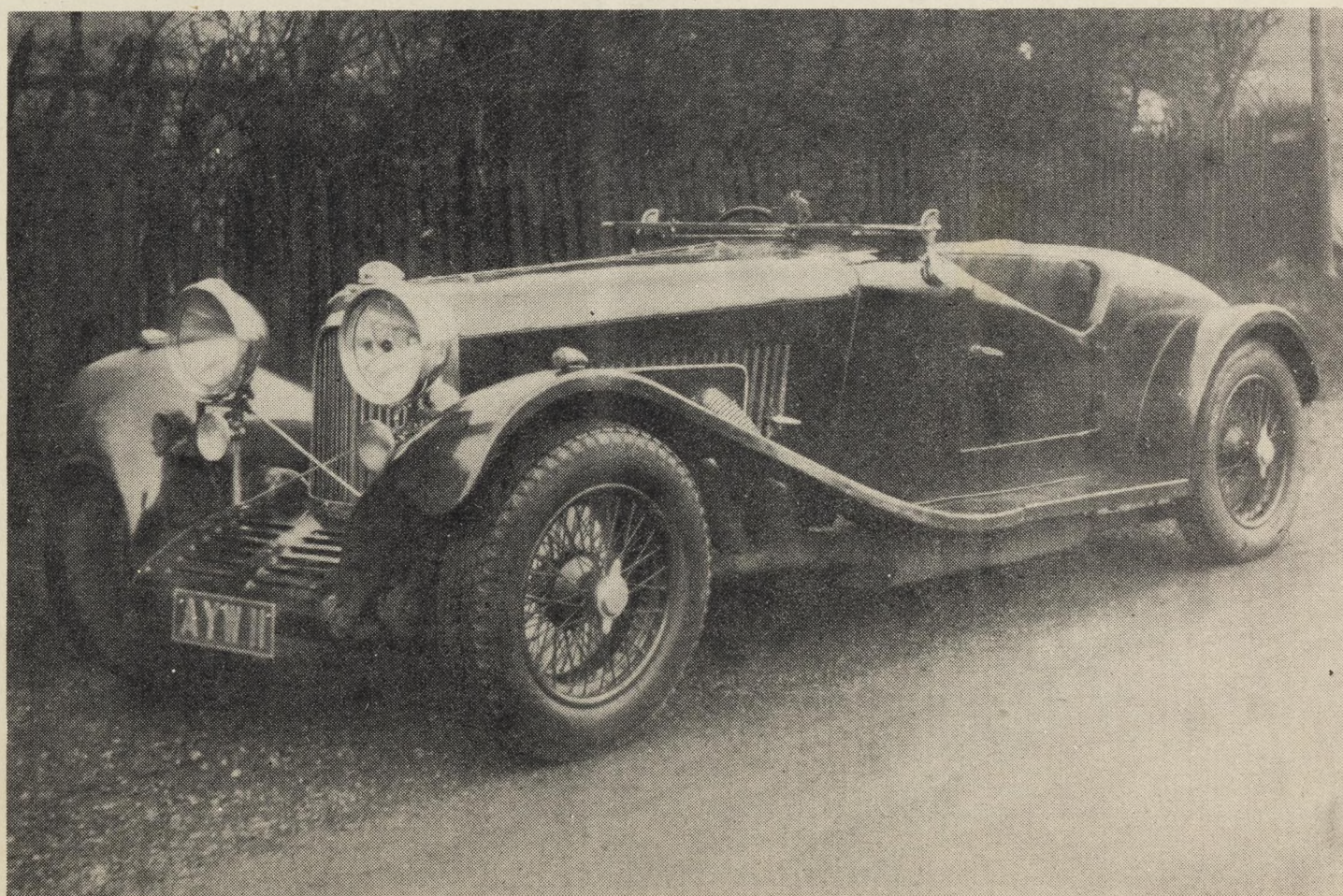
7 Jan 51





HUGH HOWORTH'S 4½ Litre as bought - Sept. '44.

First Rebuild.

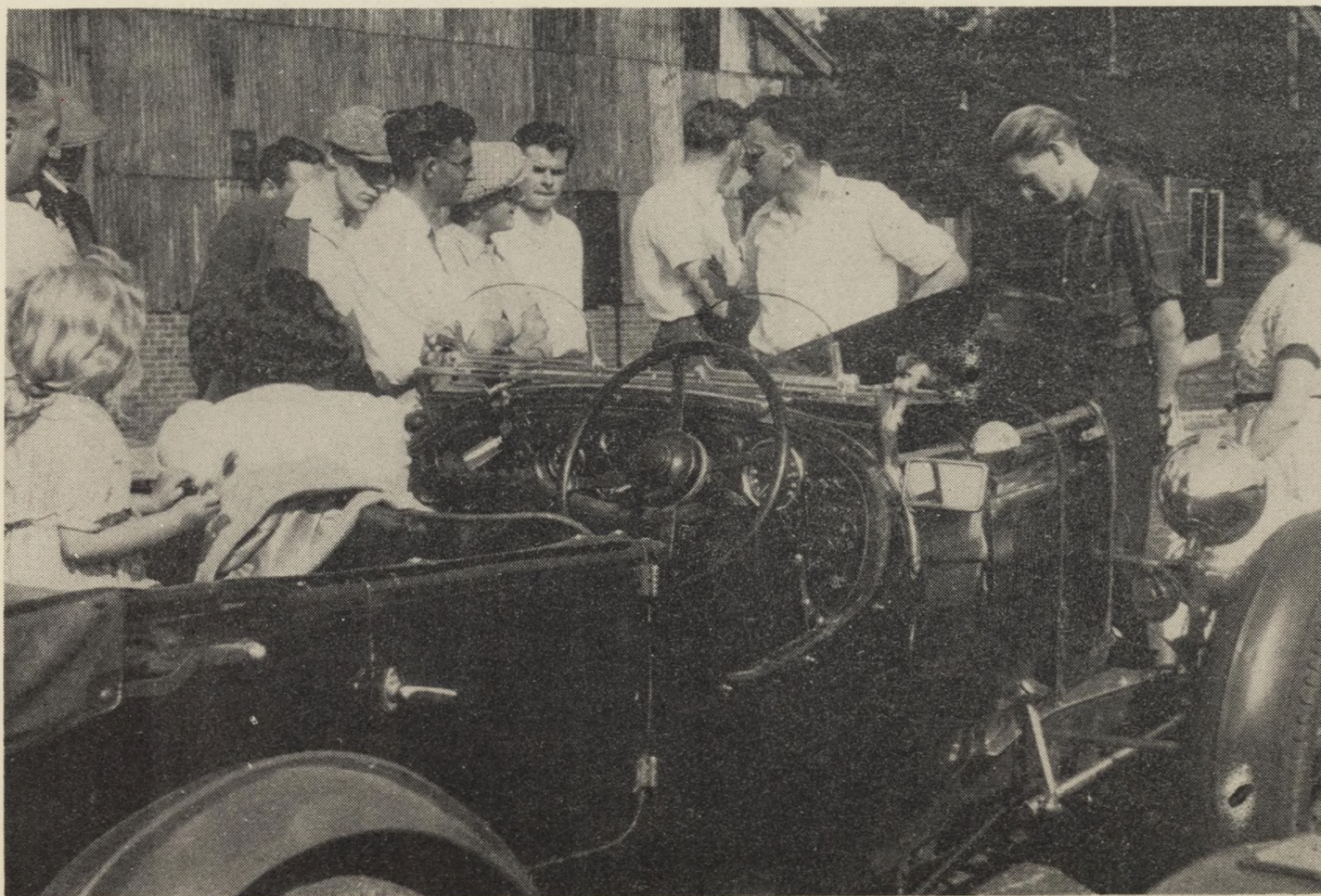




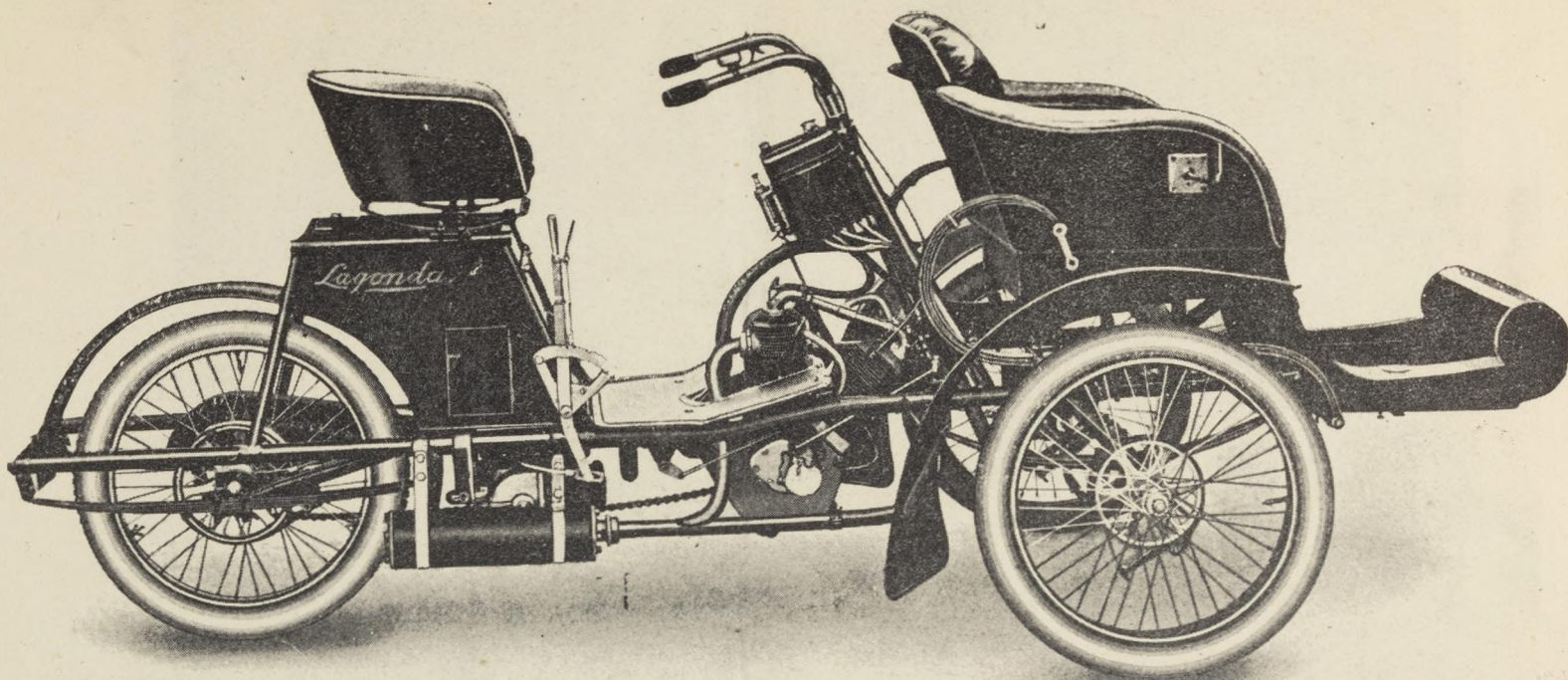


HUGH HOWORTH. Crash at Hartlepool.

No ration rally. 1950.







CLASS II LAGONDA 10 H.P. TRICAR. TWIN CYLINDER, AIR COOLED WITHOUT FAN. THREE-SPEED GEAR.  
\* CHAIN DRIVE. SPRUNG FRAME

A Pride of Lagondas!

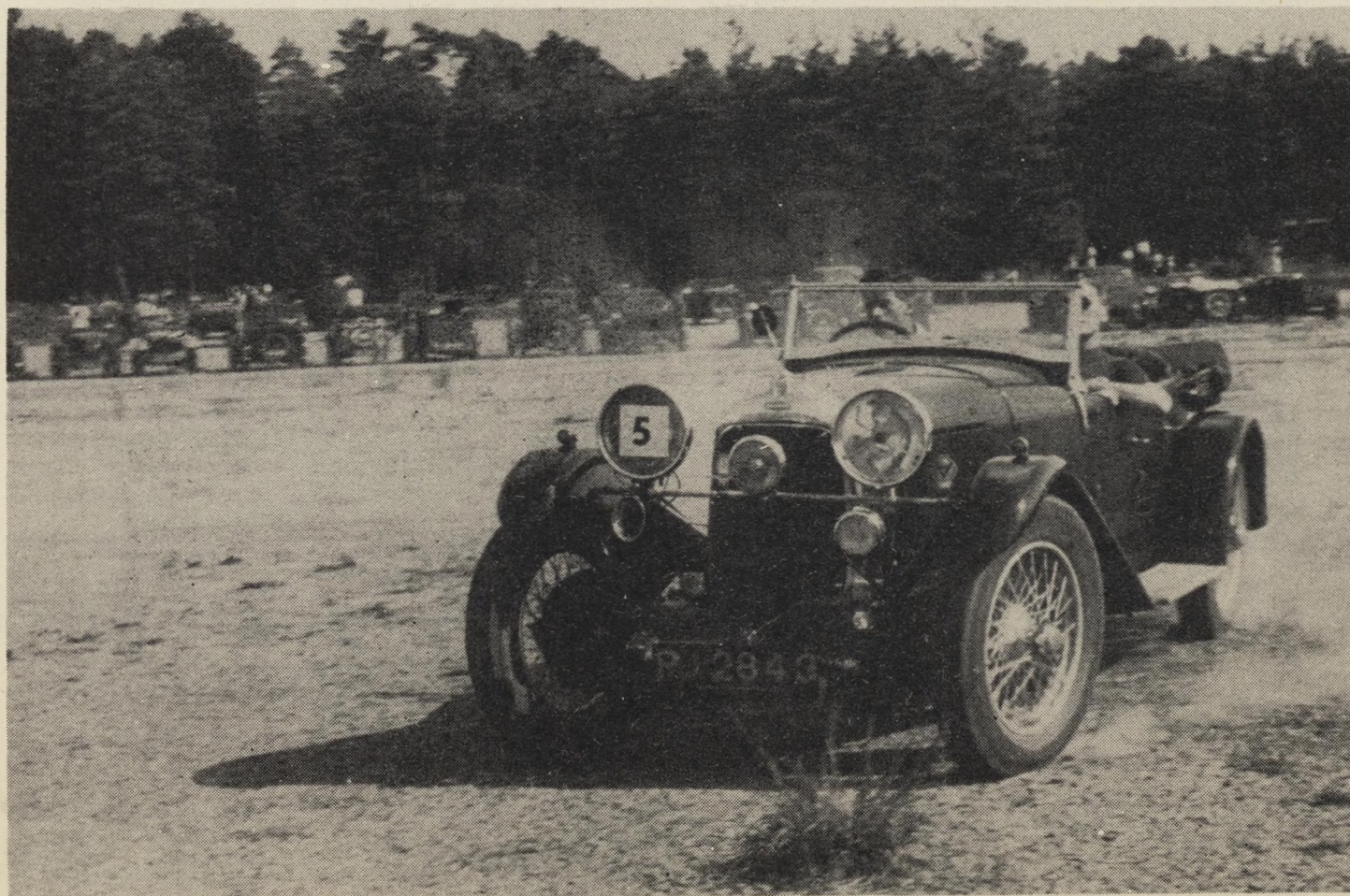






Youth will be served dept! Winter 1950.

Hindhead 1950. Densham 66A.





Hon. Treas. registers dismay at Fuller's experience of his old red paint-work bleeding through his newly applied finish as reported in December Notes.

Most reds and some maroons have this tendency to bleed when another colour is applied directly over them. It is the old red pigment being lifted by the solvent action of the new wet coat and thereby staining it red. It will appear to a diminishing extent on all subsequent coats and is disastrous where the new colour is a light one.

There is nothing to be gained by removing old paintwork if it is sound and undamaged. Cracking, chipping or blistering paint is better completely stripped off but if the paint is only suffering from loss of gloss or colour fade it forms a good base for further coats of colour, and the laborious process of stripping, priming, stopping, filling and rubbing down is avoided. If the existing colour is red, and a different colour is desired, a coat of Bleeding Inhibitive Sealer must be applied over the old red finish and over this it is safe to spray the lightest of shades. No known red is capable of penetrating this sealer.

If any Register member contemplates refinishing his car the Hon. Treas. offers any help that he can give together with the loan of technical literature on any paint matters including Metal Pre-treatment, Brush applied Synthetics as applied on public service vehicles and the Nitro-Cellulose car finishes. He regrets that he is unable to get a discount on these products for Register members.

*A.K. Audsley*

*3 Jan. 51*

## **CULLED FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE**

Vessey (274), writes that he recently saved a 1928 chassis from a fate worse than death, i.e. having a rather dreadful utility body grafted on, and sundry other modifications, central handbrake and sloping radiator (the Ed. is blushing more than somewhat, having got at one moment a more than Leaf Hyper sports effect on his short chassis special). Vessey asks if anyone should find a 2-litre body that looks lonely, to let him know.

Lt. Cdr. Pakeman (67), has been eking out his existence in a Ford 8 until obtaining a seaborne vehicle of some 40,000 odd I.H.P., in lieu of the 2-litre.

Walther (268), writes re his Austrian tour, and bears out the fact that many of our radiators are probably furred up, not to be wondered at, for most are nearly 20 years old.

Clarke (52), suggests the Editor harness up the "blower" on the press, we are trying this and will report back! He also has a scheme on hand to cause his High Chassis to look lower than it is - with a few deft strokes breaking up the colour line!

Pearson(56b), has cured his thermostat trouble by fitting a Smiths type B.V. and can now reach 85° c within a few minutes of starting. Full details



to Forshaw will go into our technical files.

P.A. Densham in sending in his 'copy' says he is all agog for the next issue of Notes, and begins to sympathise with the members who write and say "What about having Notes twice a month" ! ! ! So soon, so soon have you forgotten the effort to produce Notes at all?

Hartop (232), suggests new Photo Album, see elsewhere, and asks who was it thinking of acquiring a coupé because his mother of 80 found a tourer a bit difficult? He's had a grandmother and great-aunt of 84 and 79 respectively in his. Can anyone beat that?

Geoff. Walker (182), writes mentioning having had a new steering wheel boss fabricated, and sends the relevant blueprint, which can be obtained from the Technical Advisor.

Banks (322), must, we feel, hold the record for ownership, having bought his car in March 1931, and, like a famous spirit, she's still going strong. He also has all the original instruction books.

---

### "ET TU BRUTE"

It is a bit bloody hard when the editor of the Lagonda Record wants to know "Why I own a Lagonda?"

Motoring for me began in 1926, when I would be about 16, in my father's second hand 1924 Wolseley 16 tourer. A very nice reliable motor car which was exchanged for one of the first Austin 16 six cylinders, also in touring form. I was not so lucky driving this motor. A very small spring washer jammed the oil pump on the borders of Scotland in the early hours of one Sunday morning. Again, when I was driving, a con-rod fell into three separate parts but only bulged the crank-case against the dynamo. This was in the slump period, and was not well received. This episode was only surpassed by a broken crank shaft near Hammersmith. Each time my suggestion that a 3 - litre Bentley would not do such things, was coldly ignored.

My own personal cars progressed from a 3 - wheeler Morgan via several old Riley 9s to an advertisement during 1945 for a 2-litre Lagonda in Golders Green. A telephone call from Birmingham on the Thursday persuaded them to hold on to it until I drove my Riley up the following evening. The Riley shed its fly-wheel before I was half way to Stratford but I boarded a train and on Saturday brought the Lag home to Birmingham. My wife was the very first and certainly the most persistent user of the horrible query. It had a high chassis, a higher windscreen, and a skyscraper hood. A low type screen, hood and sidescreen were fitted from a 3-litre Lagonda without any modifications being required, and this knocked 10 years off the look of the beast.

Our Summer holidays were to be spent with a friend between a pub and a garage at Emsworth. A very suitable location as we arrived minus one big-end.



This was renewed by dint of carrying beer from the pub to the garage. The proprietor Mr. A. Read, of Havant Garage, was later persuaded to execute a complete engine overhaul for the cost of spares only, plus the indefinite loan of my motorised Myford lathe. This took place in 1947 after I had fitted a set of timing chains in the dark in the open in a blizzard in January! (the bloody thing won't go into my so-called garage), followed up at a later date with another gearbox with some 2nd speed gears in it. This in turn was in 1949 replaced with another gearbox with some 2nd speed gears in it!

In 1948 or 9 I recovered the body with new fabric. Removal of the bits of old fabric revealed a beautiful layer of cotton wool in a few places. As I had only bought new fabric I decided to substitute with newspaper and sent the children out to do a house to house collection. All went reasonably well until I reached the back of the body, which not only curves round in the perpendicular but also curves over at the top and under at the bottom. To ease the mental strain and the curves at these points I stuffed them into false busts with several handfulls of paper. It is not too noticeable with the hood folded down! King pins and bushes were fitted soon after.

November 1948 was a tragedy. The castor oil in the back axle turned itself into a solid grease through which the crownwheel cut itself a track and shed three half teeth. I refuse to remember anything more of this other than that spares were obtainable by return of post.

In 1950, the poor thing being over 21 years of age, it was decided to let it have a chance to sow more wild oats. It was therefore entered for the Vintage Silverstone meeting. I even treated it to a set of new Champion plugs to be installed in the paddock as I felt one had to do something other than just watch other people doing last minute magic tuning. As the morning was wet the practice laps were made with the old K.L.G. M80 plugs and for the first time of my life I drove round a track. Unfortunately there was a dry spell at mid-day when I quite happily put in the lovely new plugs ready for the event. My wife and two children installed themselves near the starting line and for two laps all was normal. Then the plugs went up the spout and I gently toured round emitting very silly noises for the remainder of the event. On my return home I exchanged my lovely plugs for four new K.L.G. M80 plugs.

Not unduly depressed I entered for a couple of events at the Eight Clubs Silverstone, one scratch race and one handicap. Once again the family attended to give moral support and to see me come in last in the scratch race and fifth in the handicap. At the second Vintage Silverstone the handicappers arranged for me to be fourth in an event with sufficient starters to warrant a very pleasant egg-cup as an award, the one and only prize I have ever won in my life. At a meeting at Gamston organised by the Nottingham people I met another 2-litre Lagonda and was greatly relieved that he proved to be even slower than me. To round the summer off I entered the Vintage Prescott and just managed to do the other 2-litre Lag which was competing.

Shortly after buying the new plugs I acquired a home brewed 2-carburettor manifold and found that this improved the slow running enormously and it is always nicer to see two S.U.'s than one.

At the first Silverstone meeting I found that top gear was unnecessary



so the later events I changed the rear wheels from 21" to a pair of 19". This did enable me to go through the ceremony of engaging top gear. I always feel that it is nice to use everything I can even though it may make no difference.

So far as I can discover there is in all this no real reason why I should own a Lagonda. The main attraction of course is that one can enjoy a quiet tour round Silverstone at a speed which even my wife could not claim to be deadly. This peaceful daydream is only slightly marred for a few seconds when the rest of the field tear madly past at positively fantastic speeds. Another reason is that quite charming people come up to you afterwards and introduce themselves as the people who waved to you at such and such a corner. You also get quite a good view of the spectators and the photographers have plenty of time in which to take photos without the view being cluttered up with a crowd of strangers.

In fact, such is the attraction of the Lag that I acquired a complete low chassis and engine last summer down in Penzance. There was no body with it and the front end is crumpled a bit and the axle beam is warped, presumably something to do with the prevailing winds. It is hoped to straighten this out and get it into running order sometime in between washing up this year.

*by Tweedie Walker*

---

## THE HOG'S BACK REGATTA

February 4th dawned, if that is the word, to the sound of violent rain and a wind which my ex-"Wavy-Navy" passenger described as something on the Beaufort Scale. One gathered that the next thing would be "Women and children first!"

Unfortunately I had left the 2-Litre outside all night unwrapped. Divers were sent down and reported all the bits there, but very wet; so we manned the pumps and twiddled the handle thing at the front, but nothing happened. Some two hours later we started, pulled ignominiously on a string behind a bulbous great Studebaker taxi. The taxidermist said something about "heavy old cars, used to have a couple, still got some bits", so perhaps some good will come of it all.

The run from Southampton to the Doone Restaurant was uneventful but we arrived after everyone had started. Soaked through, cold and feeling our years, we made a bee-line for a pub with a great roaring fire and an ample stock of rum; returning to the Doone just in time to see Michael Bosworth come skilfully alongside in a one-man submarine. Then we sat and nattered until it was all over, whereupon the Editor (may "Miranda" deceive him) came up and said, "Of course, I'm relying on you for a report on this for Notes", and I said "Oh", and he said "Didn't you get my letter?" and I said "No", and he said "Oh". As I couldn't think of an answer to that I have written it, but I wash my hands of it and his blood be on his own head, the swab. (Very restrained! Ed.)



This therefore is where the report really starts and the title should be here, but isn't. (Have it where you like, I'm easy! Ed.)

The scheme was really a rather grand Class Z Map Reading Exercise, in which all ranks were ordered to make their own way to a given six-figure map reference, where they would find the reference for the next point and so on up to ten. To prevent any "Follow my leader" business there were not only different starting times but also different initial map references.

The winner of this complicated aquatic sport was, it seems, Treasurer Audsley, who completed the voyage in 3 hours 25 mins, against a "stab" time of 3 hours. Omitting all facetious references to his professional ability with figures, one can at least comment that he must be a powerful swimmer.

Runner up was Hartop, 11 minutes slower, with Medlycott and Fisher of the L.C.C. third and fourth respectively. Altogether ten competitors handed in completed cards out of twenty starters.

Atkins, with Joan Gabb as navigator, visited all ten points and rumour said would have finished well up if they hadn't gone astray, but it transpired that they had only missed the route.

The Editor, too, would have been well in the running had there been fewer pubs on the route.

It was really almost unbelievable how cheerful everyone managed to be in spite of the vile weather, and amongst the damp but undaunted was the Editor of "Motor Sport" and we hope he will come again, when we shall do our best to turn on some sun.

Whilst we were ruminating on all this something really unbelievable happened, for a real live Puck popped up before our very eyes, as the saying is, but after all it was only Hamish Moffat in practically no clothes at all.

Non-competitors and organisers present included Forshaw, Rees, Spiller, Gabb and Bosworth, Spiller with his very lush blown coupe which we covet.

Also present was Forshaw Junior, whose Autograph book must now rival the Register photo-album.

*Geoffrey Allen,  
The "LAGONDA" Staff Reporter.*

---

With reference to the above report, we would like to assure readers that we did in fact write to Geoffrey asking him to cover the meeting, but whether our office girl! posted it is another matter.

The Editorial conveyance arrived slightly late on the Hogs Back, and both Driver and Navigator kept a weather eye on the hood, ready to heave-to and take in another reef - nautical terms come easy owing to service-at sea as a very Junior Engineer! No matter being late, we said, we shall probably be the only ones there, (apart from Rex, Small, and Roddy, whose 3-litre we passed at length, only because he was running-in), and shall gracefully receive the first prize!

On arrival at the Doone, "we were amazed" to see at least 20 cars, and somewhat chastened, crept in to get our instructions. These, we would point out, made a specific reference to the non-essentiality of speed, and





THE  
HOG'S BACK  
REGATTA.



so we departed, plus another navigator to help us. Shortly before finding the first point, "Miranda's" starter kept cutting-in at increasingly frequent intervals, ending up by not stopping at all!

Feverish activity ensued, all hands below, up seats, up battery compartment lid, out tools, will the leads come off? Not B - - - - likely, although normally they fall off at awkward moments! Meanwhile, the starter is making a noise like a Merc blower! At last, peace, but from thence onward, we have to (1) Park on a hill, or (2) Driver sits in car keeping engine running!

Once or twice the driver got out to help (and actually find! ) one or two points, only to hear the engine falter, and make a mad dash from 50 yards or so. Tempers a little frayed, we pushed on, literally true once, when we couldn't start!

We were tantalised by seeing Arthur Fisher, always gliding gracefully away just as we were arriving with much argument at the various points - we dread what sort of show we shall put up at the Night Trial - are they sure they don't want more Marshals?

Other trials were the travelling Marshals, who hovered around, making us feel very self-conscious, and the necessity of disguising the fact when one had found a point and others nearby hadn't!

We felt we had penetrated into Hants, Sussex and Kent, and as dusk started to fall, our speed increased beyond the safety margin in an endeavour to avoid being out all night. At length, the last point being found, and abandoning Hamish in the darkening countryside (the Editor has a sort of sadistic streak), we made tracks for the Doone as fast as binding brakes would allow.

It was indeed a most enjoyable day, and looking back on it, like memories of "up the Blue", it was just what the Doctor ordered, only 5 points, Doc?

Geoffrey is rather hard on Joan Gabb and Atkins, and we prefer to think that they actually finished the course first, but in order to avoid unfair comment, such as "local knowledge", or "sister of organiser", stopped and had tea!

Seriously, however, it was great fun, and congratulations to Frank Gabb, Michael Bosworth, and all their willing helpers, not forgetting Connie. Pity that Willie was posted to Tripoli, (not sure which one), having started the original idea with Frank, mainly to test Michael's map-reading!

One suggestion, offered for consideration. It might pay to give each competitor the 10 reference points in sealed envelopes, to be kept intact unless one really got stuck, and handed in on return, (not steamed open!)

D.P.K.

**Nautical Note:** Should describe Wind force as 8 on the Beaufort Scale, Fresh gale. Breaks twigs off trees; generally impedes progress. *Editor.*



# RESULTS OF THE MAP READING GAME

HOGS BACK 4th FEB. 1951

NAME	REG. NO.	CLUB AND SER. NO.	START TIME	ACTUAL START TIME	TIME IN	RUNNING TIME	POINTS VISITED	RESULT
W. C. HARTOP	SC6331	R. 232	12.00	-	15.36	3.36	All	2nd
A. K. AUDSLEY	PG402	R. 33	12.00	-	15.25	3.25	All	1st
G. A. MUNTON	GP6862	R. 32	12.00	-	16.40	4.40	All	7th
G. ATKINS	NPA391	R. NOM	12.00	-	17.25	5.25	All	10th
R. P. HEATLEY	JJ9383	R. 264	12.00	12.08	12.55		Retd.	
L. S. MEDLYCOTT	DXD505	L. C. C.	12.00	-	15.55	3.55	All	3rd
A. J. FISHER	UV205	L. C. C.	12.00	12.15	16.30	4.15	All	4th
W. H. WHELAN	RU8225	R. 122	12.00	-	16.20	4.20	All	5th
P. G. BARTLEET	YH8373	R. 82	12.00	-	14.28		Retd.	
G. POULTON	RX8493	R. 293	12.00	-			Retd.	
H. MOFFAT	PU5800	R. 240	14.15	-			Retd.	
C. B. LEWIS	PL5877	R. 154	12.10	-	14.12		Retd.	
D. P. KING	GP5176	R. 215	12.10	-	17.30	5.20	All	9th
B. R. VENNING	KP4253	R. 157	12.10	-			Retd.	
S. C. REXFORD-WELCH	VR9784	R. 305	12.10	-	17.05	4.55	All	8th
D. J. ROBERTS	KM888	R. 93	12.10	-	13.45		Retd.	
A. J. GAMPER	JB3098	R. 228	12.10	-	16.47	4.37	All	6th
G. P. W. TAYLOR	GP4355	R. 163	12.30	13.30	15.03		Retd.	
J. BOND	GY	L. C. C.	13.00	-			Retd.	
H. STRATTON	GJ5313	R. 249	13.40	-	17.14	3.34	5	



## CHANGES TO THE REGISTER - 1st NOVEMBER, 1950 to 31st JANUARY, 1951.

---

### New Members

319	GY141	OH10138	1887	6/32	Continental	D.W. Tyrrell, Jig Green, Willows End, Windsor, Berks.
					T	
320	OU9664	OH9918	1667	9/31	T	T.D. Griffin, "Queen Bee" The Maltings, Corney Rd, W.4.
321	KD2184	OH9084	872	5/28	Chassis	J.G. Vessey, Curbar Lane, Calver, Nr. Sheffield
322	GN7358	OH9827	1576	3/31	T	R.A. Banks, Foxhills, Sandiway, Cheshire.

### Non-Owner Members

L. Goodwin, 4, Somerford Road, Cirencester, Glos. (Ex 87)  
 L.F.J. McPherson, 409, High Street, Swanage, Dorset (Ex 179)  
 Lt. Cdr. (E) R.N. Pakeman, R.N., Old Court Hotel, Avoncliff,  
 Nr. Bradford on Avon, Wilts. (Ex 67)  
 N. Platt, 37, Park Lane, Whitefield, Manchester (Ex 131)  
 A.T. Osborne, Merriefields, Nethermoore, Wingerworth, Chesterfield (Ex 43)

### Change of Owners

Serial 98 becomes A.B. Adams, Sandon Lodge, Sandon, Staffs.  
 " 184 Car Sold. Capt. M.W. Sutcliffe resigns.  
 " 199 becomes D.R.H. Jolly, D.S.C., Smallbridge, Edmondsham,  
 Nr. Wimborne, Dorset.  
 " 87 " A.F. Hitch, 38, St. Mary's Avenue, Bromley, Kent.  
 " 70 Car Sold. M.K. Penfold resigns.  
 " 64 becomes J.E. Powell, Esq., 71, Gainsborough Road, Richmond, Surrey.  
 " 179 " Mrs. C.J. Letcher, Milky Down, Ringwood, Hants.  
 " 131 " D.W. Matheson, 700, Bolton Road, Pendlebury, Lancs.  
 " 67 " P. Crewe, Chanel, Lower Hyde, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.  
 " 244 " Mrs. N.J. Audsley, Greenways, Hedgerley Lane, Gerrards Cross.  
 " 270 " Major E.N. Mumford, School of A.A. Artillery, Manorbier,  
 Pembrokeshire.  
 " 181 " Dr. N.W. Irish, 20, North Bridge Street, Shefford, Beds.  
 " 43 " J.D. Hullock, 28, Tennyson Avenue, Chesterfield.

### Changes of address

Serial 16 F/Lt. G.D. Perks R.A.F., Innsworth, Gloucester.  
 " 249 Dr. H.J.M. Stratton, St. Nicholas Hospital, Plumstead, London,  
 S.E.18.



### Changes of Address - Contd.

Serial 15 G. Hibbert, 281, London Road, Sheffield, 2.  
" 113 F.R. Dickinson, Mapleton, Lostock Hall Road, Doynton, Cheshire.  
" 304 G. Nall, Hoveringham Hall, Notts.  
" 305 S/Ldr. C.S. Rexford-Welch, 124, Clarence Gate Gardens,  
London, N.W.1.  
N.O.M. (Ex 185) Wing Cdr. H.J. Cundall, R.A.F. Hullavington, Nr. Chippenham,  
Wiltshire.

### Corrections

Serial 286 Engine No. and Chassis No. should be inter-changed.  
" 316 Becomes a spare No., being a duplicate of No. 244.  
" 244 Date of Manufacture should be April, 1923.  
" 140 Initials should be J.H. Robinson.  
" 43 Add EWP217 to list of Registration Numbers - J.D. Hullock.

---

### BOOKS TO BORROW --- AND KEEP

"Motoring Abroad" by Rodney Walkerley. 10/6 net. Temple Press.  
An amusing mixture of serious advice and humorous episodes, illustrated in his own inimitable way by Brockbank. We await impatiently a further volume covering the Italian scene in more detail. Incidentally, our own copy has been missing for some weeks, maybe that will teach us to lend books, it must be the French bathroom drawing that appeals!

"Sailing" by Peter Heaton. 2/6 net. Pelican Books, A214 Penguin Books.  
We mention this little book for those who wonder where the Editor gets all his nautical stuff such as the Beaufort Scale, which you will find on p.165! We feel that the following might well apply to Mike Bosworth's car:- A dinghy sailor should tuck the tail of his shirt up - it is good to have something dry to pull down over a wet behind!

D.P.K.



## CARS FOR SALE AND WANTED

1/1. 1927 (Sept.) 2-Litre Chassis, complete with headlamps, horn, bonnet and bulkhead with instrument panel. Two good tyres, others fair, spare wheel rebuilt. For sale owing to change of domicile. Garaged near Chalfont St. Giles. D.A.L. Paul. 280. 13, Sibson Rd., Birstall, Leicester. £30

---

1/2. 1931 Blown 2-Litre tourer for sale or exchange low chassis saloon or coupe. E.R. Ponsford-Jones, 11. Sydney Cottage, Freemantle Common, Bitterne, Southampton.

---

1/3. 1928 "Speed Model" 2-Litre tourer. Complete chassis overhaul 1948 Engine lined to standard 1950. Lucas "Sports" coil and magneto, brakes relined 1950. Body and hood shabby but sound, new side screens. Tyres good. Price. £145. G.W. Allen. 156. 57, Harrow Drive, Romford, Essex.

---

1/4. 1932 2-Litre tourer, No. 66a. Known defects and full particulars will be sent to anyone interested in this car.

P.A. Densham, Damers Farm, Martin, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

---

1/5. 1928 2-Litre, extra lamps, visor, folding rear screen (Triplex). One enthusiastic owner since 1934. £170. Wanted later model D.H.Coupe. Bloxam. 37. Gorse Bank, Broughton-on-Furness.

---

### IMPORTANT NOTE

The Publishers, etc., take no responsibility for the accuracy or otherwise of any advert printed above!

Only cars which are not subject to the B.M.T.A. covenant, etc., etc. !

---

### WANTS TO BUY

H.G. Holt, Chairman of the Nottingham Sports Car Club is looking for a 2-Litre, and Henry Coates, Hill Farm, Swine, Nr. Hull, has an acquaintance who wants to buy a 2-Litre saloon.

Holt's address is:- 14, Upper College St., Nottingham.

Lt-Col. E.F. Parker, CRE's House, Invicta Barracks, Maidstone, Kent, has written re a Lagonda.



## STOP PRESS

Details have just been received of further activities for our Northern Members.

- (1). Sunday 8th April. A local meet at the Crescent Hotel, Ilkley.  
Start 2 p.m. Bring any type of motor car, an intelligent passenger,  
and Bartholemew's  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to mile map of "Wharfedale" No.32 new series.
  - (2) All members are invited to attend the VSCC evening meets.  
Crescent Hotel, Ilkley. Last Thursday of each month.  
Crown Hotel, Bawtry. Second Friday of each month.
-



