



No. 6

September 1952

THE LAGONDA CLUB

Patrons : DAVID BROWN, ESQ., AIR CHIEF
MARSHAL SIR ALEC CORYTON, K.B.E.,
C.B., M.V.O., D.F.C., P. A. DENSHAM,
ESQ. and R. G. GOSLETT, ESQ., M.C.

Officers and Committee for 1951-2

Hon. Secretary. (To whom should be sent all
general correspondence, new members,
change of address, etc.) :

A. K. AUDSLEY,
Greenways, Hedgerley Lane,
GERRARDS CROSS, Bucks.

Hon. Treasurer. (All subscriptions only) :

C. ELPHINSTONE,
Whinmoor, Chestnut Avenue,
RICKMANSWORTH.

Spares and Technical Advisor. (All technical
queries, requests for spares, loan and sale
of instruction books) :

I. FORSHAW,
Lyngarth, Sandecotes Road,
Parkstone, DORSET.

Competition Secretary. (Regulations for invi-
tation events, R.A.C. competition licences,
suggestions for "Local Meets," news of
suitable venues for club events) :

A. JEDDERE FISHER,
Apsley Cottage,
Kingston Blount, OXON.

Northern Hon. Secretary. (Suggestions for
Northern "Local Meets" and news of
Northern members) :

D. H. COATES,
Hill Farm,
Swine, Nr. HULL.

Editor. (All correspondence concerning the
magazine, articles, news and advertise-
ments) :

G. P. W. TAYLOR,
35 Highbury Place,
LONDON, N.5.

P. G. BARTLEET.

M. BOSWORTH.

R. FREEMAN WRIGHT.

S. C. REXFORD-WELCH.



THE LAGONDA CLUB

Hon. Sec. : A. K. AUDSLEY,
Greenways,
Hedgerley Lane,
Gerrards Cross.

Editor : G. P. W. Taylor, 35, Highbury Place, London, N.5.

EDITORIAL

In view of the long lapse of time since this magazine was last produced, members will no doubt be overjoyed to note that this issue is of increased bulk, and contains twice as many illustrations as previous numbers. Your new Editor, though always having his eyes open for the main chance, or any other chance which may present itself, is bound to disabuse you of any notion you may have entertained that this is due to the improved standard of hygiene generally obtainable with a new broom. The increased size of this production is due solely to the accumulation of time, contributions, and finance, and is not likely to be repeated in the future . . . unless any of the less lazy and fanatical members can find advertisers who can be inveigled into taking a page or two for the exploitation of their product. If this could be achieved, and members would apply themselves to the admittedly difficult task of learning to write, contributions should flow in. In that event, your new Editor, whose quiet charm and innate courtesy are well-known, will take up knitting seriously.

Your new Editor's new policy will differ from the old Editor's old policy only in that

it will be new. Otherwise the new policy will be much the same as the old policy. Policy, as with any other system of regulative measures, is not to be lightly taken up, and is akin in many ways to a great number of things of a similar nature, which if not properly appreciated can lead to difficulties not at first readily discernable, and may give rise to innumerable and searching questions in the minds of those who, like Arthur Fisher, are waterproof.

Acting upon the precedent established by Miranda, the previous Editor's hack, your new Editor's magnificent sporting carriage, Lily, will figure prominently in this page unless the advertisement inserted in our deserving contemporary *Motor Sport* does what it ought to do. It was Lily, who brought up during a conversation the other evening, the question of permitting spurious letters, purporting to have been composed by ancient motor cars, to appear in the magazine. As she justly observed, all motorists would be pleased to see these particular contrivances preceeded by a pedestrian bearing a red flag. This question raising a point of policy, it was decided to turn a blind and humouring eye on the matter.

THE EIGHT CLUBS RALLY

This event will start on the evening of Friday, 17th October, and end at Eastbourne between 6 and 7 the following evening. To enable competitors to select their own starting points, there will be a telegraphic start from 7.30 p.m. onwards on the Friday evening; a number of marks being gained by those entrants whose telegrams show them to have covered that number of miles in the two hours preceding their arrival at the rallying point. Those arriving after their due time will lose marks for lateness. The rallying point will offer facilities for replenishing both crews and cars, and an interval of one hour between due arrival and departure times will be set aside for this and for scrutineering.

An average of 28.8 m.p.h. will be demanded over road sections of somewhat less than 300 miles; a driving test by the cars' lights and a lengthy regularity test forming part of the road sections, while the results of a simple test after the breakfast stop will be used to resolve ties. The accent will be heavily on navigation, and entrants are advised to carry an ample supply of navigators. Six-figure map references will predominate, but other methods of route plotting will also be employed. There will be no penalty for early arrival at controls, though substantial penalties for lateness, but *averaging* more than the R.A.C.'s official limit of 40 m.p.h. between controls will carry disqualification, and the actual average recorded between two predetermined but undisclosed points will be

used to set each competitor's required speed through the subsequent Regularity Test.

On reaching Eastbourne in mid-morning, cars will be scrutineered for damage, and will then be put through an Arrival Test. After lunch, a comprehensive driving test will be held on the promenade: each competitor will have two runs, the better of the two to count. In the evening, Eastbourne Corporation will place at our disposal a meeting room (with licence) where will be held an informal gathering of those who care to attend. It is hoped to announce provisional results during this session.

The Imperial Hotel will be Rally Headquarters, but competitors are expected to make their own arrangements regarding meals (breakfast apart) while those who wish to stay over Saturday night must arrange their own hotel accommodation.

A novel feature of the Rally, is the Inter-Club Team Contest. This will be won by the Club three members of which put up the best aggregate, but Clubs will not be required to nominate their teams in advance. Each competitor, expert or novice, will therefore have the opportunity of helping his Club win this contest.

Supplementary Regulations will be issued early in September. Please apply to A. Jeddere Fisher for entry forms.

BARCLAY INGLIS.

MISCELLANY

Who provided 300 yds. of telephone cable for the quarter-mile speed test during the Lagonda 24?

Rexford-Welch has now completed his very fine model of the 3-litre tourer, and has promised to bring it to the A.G.M. for members' inspection.

Bob Wright, after achieving the epic distinction of ramming four (Yes, FOUR!—Ed.) cars in their rear number plates, spent the night in some adjacent police cells.

Copy for next issue to reach the Editor by 1st November, 1952—PLEASE!

THE SOUTHERN RALLY, 1952

A truly beautiful day, a lovely setting and excellent staff organisation combined to make the Southern Rally an outstanding success. Twenty-six Lagondas were entered, but over sixty cars of the marque were present including those of the marshals and spectators.

A traditional and useful pre-rally point was chosen in the Mr Warwick Arms at Abingdon, where many of the fraternity fortified themselves for the strenuous things to come, and when satisfactorily topped up repaired to the scene of the first series of tests at Wick Hall two miles distant.

Here spectators and competitors alike were marshalled into order by the nicely modulated voice of the event announcer over the Tannoy (the same could hardly be said of the announcer's dress!—Ed.); it was possible to arrange the competitors' cars in line under magnificent elm trees on the Wick estate, and cars were called forward individually to essay the first of the labours of Hercules.

Test 1 consisted of a blindfold parking test which provided a very considerable amount of amusement to the spectators and strain on the drivers! G. Hibbert won this easily, with Moffatt second; it was cheering to many people who have been passed by the Freeman Wright equipage, to see the maestro surrounded by overturned marker barrels—and all at a steady 5 m.p.h.!

Test No. 2, parking by an artificial curb, apparently annoyed C. G. Clarke who attempted to remove the whole issue into the next county. Wing Commander Whetham, in his large 4½ put the whole field to shame by recording the fastest time of the day; neat driving was also seen from Sanders, Fisher and Griffin.

Test No. 3 comprised a cross-country section to Stanton Harcourt, a distance of approximately 12 miles to be covered at 20 m.p.h. average. This appeared easy on face value and the field proceeded to scatter itself over Oxfordshire—and probably other counties. The author on his way over had the opportunity to admire many Lagondas, often the same car a number of times! All proceeding in a manner resembling the chaff in the Bible. Sanders, among others, discovered to his cost, both financial and in time, that the shortest route had a nice old-fashioned ferry of the leisurely variety in the last mile; this should really be called the "Bosworth Trap", as that gentleman, addicted to water as he is, had laid the route with this in mind. Perhaps the best performance from the caravansary came from the Fisher all female entry—lady driver, lady navigator, lady babies (2), and lady dog. It was observed that Bob Wright used most of the roads in Oxford at least twice and that he will in future be much more polite to the race of navigators—he was navigating while Peter Hunt drove.

The Bomb-dump at Stanton Harcourt aerodrome, where the rest of the tests were held, presented a very busy scene. Even in the hey-day of the Royal Air Force no more comings and goings could have occurred; Lagondas abounded full of busy drivers, helpful navigators, and children egging Dad on to get a few more revs out of the family Lag.

Test No. 4 was the traditional multiple garage affair, though the distances involved allowed competitors to get up a little more steam than is usual in this type of test. It was observed that a lot of people would have needed a 40-foot wheel-base car to stop astride the lines. Sanders managed to come out top beating Fisher by 0.2 sec. Peter Cavanagh managed to wangle a second run from the marshal, baffling him by using a few "other voices". He certainly possesses one of the best-looking cars in the Club.

Test 5, which was a "figure of eight", happily on the two sharpest bends, provided more amusement to spectators and competitors alike than any other test. The sight of the family cars broadsiding in the best dirt track manner, to the accompanying howls from the passengers, made everyone's journey more than worthwhile. Dr. Abel in particular, with his eyes gleaming like a couple of nationalised scalpels, ran out of brakes and road, and appeared to be trying to pluck the steering-wheel out by the roots. The test was won by Heatley, with Hibbert second. Spectacular driving was seen from Wright and Fisher, while Moffatt was particularly neat in the 11.9.

Test 6, the Gabb Pin-table, utilised six electrical contacts, placed on the road, and rang bells only when a wheel went over them. These contacts were placed in such a manner that it was necessary to swerve to ring 'em—and the competitors swerved to a man. However, direction was often poor, and though the bigger boots of the 4½'s gave considerable advantage, little tintinabulation was heard from many of the faster merchants. Pearson in particular wiggled with a will, but proved a poor campanologist. The test was won by Whetham, with Holt second. Michael driving a peculiar type of vehicle, though making fastest time, was not eligible.

Test 7 consisted of an up-hill dash, stopping astride a line, allowing the car to run back down hill under its own volition, to stop astride a line and accelerate up the hill to a flying finish. This test gave the larger cars considerable advantage. It was won, as might be expected, by Wright, with the same car driven by Peter Hunt second, and Heatley third. The performance of Audlsey, our Secretary, was outstanding; Moffatt also doing well. Tortoise Taylor came somewhat adrift in this test, having during the other tests opened his bonnet and screwed up a certain large wheel, he found that the car would not run down hill without the assistance of a lot of engine—thus are the cunning hoist by their own petard (The Bard, Hamlet).

When all competitors had had their second runs, Bosworth decided that it was possible to give those who wished it a further run through the tests. This announcement caused a pretty rapid rush to test No. 5. Those who preferred the call of the inner man above revolving their cars in the clouds of dust, repaired to the Bigwood Holiday camp for sustenance, large dollops of which were provided by a willing and charming staff and it was observed that clean plates were the order of the day. (Considering that our contributor personally licked them all, this is not surprising! CUNNING ED.) Following grub, our noble Secretary of the Meeting, arrived armed with Roneod copies of the results—quick work—and it was found to the general satisfaction that the winner was Captain A. J. Lock, driving his well known and venerable high chassis 2-litre. (This car is rather a dark horse; it won the down hill test in the Lagonda 24—ED.) First-class awards were given to H. Moffatt in Mrs. Audlsey's 11.9 and Wing Commander L. M. Whetham, both these drivers were distinguished throughout the afternoon by their steady driving. Second-class awards were gained by Messrs. G. P. W. Taylor and P. F. Holt driving 2-litres.

Thus ended a Rally conspicuous for its excellent staff work, glorious weather, and a very poor entry from the Club. It had been hoped that the venue might have attracted some of our Northern brethren. Considerable thanks are due to many people, especially John Lloyd and Michael Kennard for obtaining permission to use Wick Hall from Mr. W. Docker-Drysdale, and the bomb-dump at Stanton Harcourt from Mr. S. Clifton; it is nice to know that such well-disposed persons exist in this area. The efforts of Mike Bosworth and his team of stewards and marshals need no eulogy, just lots of thanks for giving the competitors such a pleasant afternoon and preventing sundry spectators, dogs and children from sudden death beneath the chariot wheels.

C. S. REXFORD-WELCH.

LET EX BE THE UNKNOWN

What is it like to have an "ex"? How eminent must one be before one is "exed"? What has an "ex" got that others haven't got anyhow? As a specialist motor trader was recently heard to exclaim "If only they knew, nearly all of them are 'ex me' anyhow" but whether that was a good thing, or not, we did not explore.

Of course there are several sorts of "ex". First there is the "Ex Technical". "Blown 2-litre special (ex Caesar Mainbearing) £150 ono." This probably means that the car is full of non standard pieces oilable on the first Tuesday of every third month and quite irreplaceable if broken. Also the lights work best when off.

Then there is the Ex Racing. "4½ Rapide, outside exhausts, British Racing Green (ex Willy Crashabale) First sensible offer." This almost certainly means that the car now has a different engine since our heroes exploits or, if not, probably needs one.

Finally there is the Ex Aristorical, subdivided into (a) pure Arist, "V12 medium chassis sedanca (ex property of titled owner)." This can conjure up visions of a car meticulously maintained by a careful chauffeur, or of course the coachman, or even perhaps the gardener. We were taught to drive by a coachman; "Wait until you hears un pink then change 'er down".

Subdivision (b) are plain Torical. These have once been the property of great men, monarchs or filmstars but have no other merit. "1910 Lagonda 30/6 saloon (ex Czar) seen Vladivostock summer months only. 5,000 roubles". Or "L.G. 6 saloon. Special low body (ex Gloria Screenshot)".

Subdivision (c) are the complete Ex Aristocricals. These are the great cars. Cars that have done fine things and seen historic occasions. Such cars have no greater value as cars but they have experience and

seem to gain in personality if we are prepared to muse a while and think of their past as we drive them. Alas, many of the machines that were once in this class have now disappeared, some are stored but plenty of them are still with us in daily use.

In an early *Autocar* appeared an advertisement for an 11.9 coupe (ex Oates). Was this the very car of which a contemporary journal reported "He (Major Oates) had it so well under control that had he stood and called to it from afar it must surely have started up and come running to him crying 'Here I am Papa' "? Certainly the record of these little cars both in rallies and at Brooklands was quite staggering. It is said that the racing version was on a heap at the back of the works at Staines until the beginning of the last war.

(Ex Hindmarsh and Fontes). The 1935 Le Mans winner is still alive. Unfortunately it has lain at the back of a garage with a knocked in radiator ever since the present owner had an accident in it during the war time black out. One hopes that by now it has atoned for its sins and may soon be allowed to be about again.

How long ago this habit of exing in advertisements began is very hard to find. Certainly in the early days of the second-hand market there is no sign of it. From the *Autocar*, 1905 "Lagonda tri-car, well known in trials, 9 h.p. grand hill climber. Palmer tyres. £90 owner getting car." Just before the Great War there are to be seen guarded references to the history of cars in the advertisements. 1910 sees "Lately the property of well known pioneer" but nothing so vulgar as a name. The actual use of the word ex seems to have started in the description "Ex team car" but this does not appear before the 1920's.

Perhaps in the next issue of THE LAGONDA there will be a more interesting article by 3-litre (ex 16/65 but bored out).

SPARES AND TECHNICAL TOPICS

Spares Registrar and Technical Advisor :

I. FORSHAW, "Lyngarth," Sandecotes Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

Enthusiasm for vintage cars is strongly maintained and is reflected in comparatively stable values in a tumbling market. A striking thing since the war is the intense and increasing interest of the general public, and this is a thing which I always do my best to encourage. I have lately used a new technique which is working well—on finding a knot of people surrounding the car, as there often is, I cut the ground from under their feet by announcing firmly (a) that it is twenty-eight years old, (b) that they don't make them like that nowadays, and (c) that they had the material in those days. This at once answers the question uppermost in their minds, disposes of the friendly remarks they had prepared, creates an atmosphere of accord, and clears the way for the short lecture on vintage virtue to follow. But I do wish there was a way of preventing their offspring from polishing my lamps and radiator with ice cream. One of the most difficult cases is the sweet old lady who peers myopically at the great bulk of the car and says "Excuse me, is this a Bayliss Thomas? My brother used to have one of those and he had the most wonderful service from it". But a hard core remains, those to whom the vintage owner is either (a) a screwball, or (b) one who cannot afford a more modern car; those who say "Never mind, it goes". For these there is no salvation.

Carburation. With petrol prices soaring the focus is on economy. Attention will, therefore, be directed towards eliminating wastage and putting carburettors in sound condition and good state of tune. The instruments most commonly in use on the various Lagonda models are S.U.; they are easy to service and tune, and spares for these carburettors are in ready supply. Replacement of worn needles and jets may be the first step towards restoring per-

formance and economy, together with general cleaning and fitting of new corks and washers. Tuning is extremely simple, as the only adjustment possible is the fitting of the proper needle with the jet head correctly set for idling. It does not appear to be generally appreciated that a choice of needles may usually be made, according to the performance required and the work envisaged. The following table may be of guidance.

S.U. CARBURETTORS ON THE LAGONDA

Model	Date	Type of Carburettor	Needles			Jet
			Weak	Stand.	Rich	
2-litre	1929	Pair HV3		4		.090
2-litre	1932	Single HV3		6		.090
2-litre						
Super-charged	1930/32	Single HV5		K		.100
3-litre	1929/35	Pair HV4	AO	7	MME	.090
16/80	1932/35	Pair HV3	AJ	62	61	.090
Rapier	1934/37	Pair HV2		2	R3	.090
4½-litre	1934/36	Pair HV5	C1	KT	K	.100
12 cyl.	1938	Pair D5		WO4		.100

The following leaflets will be of assistance.

LIST No. 47.—The Horizontal and Down-draught Controllable Jet S.U. Carburettor.

LIST No. PW101.—The Adjustment of Twin and Triple S.U. Carburettors.

They should be available free of charge on request to :

The S.U. CARBURETTOR, Co., LTD.,
Bordesley Green Road, Adderley Park,
BIRMINGHAM, 8

or

W. H. M. BURGESS, LTD.,
32 Brunel Road, Old Oak Common Lane,
Acton, LONDON, W.3.

2-litre Lagonda. Many cylinder head studs are ruined through failure to recognise the

thread used—this is $\frac{7}{16}$ -in. SAE, giving 20 threads to the inch instead of the 18 provided by $\frac{7}{16}$ -in. BSF, for which it is frequently mistaken. $\frac{7}{16}$ -in. SAE tap and die are available on loan from me if required. Further casualties and annoyance will be avoided if it is noted that the *only* left-hand threads on the whole of this chassis are (1) the offside centre-lock Rudge hubs; (2) the revolution counter drive at rear of inlet camshaft; and, (3) the collar at the end of the Bendix starter pinion thread.

Rapier. Bostock claims marked benefit from a four-branch exhaust system, and from modifications to the cooling system and arrangement, the latter disposing of a tendency to "run-on". Further details with pleasure. He has done much work on Rapier during the past two years and wishes to put his experience at the disposal of others.

2- and 3-litre. Cox has had made a beautifully cast and machined bronze support bracket for the starting handle, to replace the original flimsy aluminium fitting. A spare one is available, price £2 2s., and more could probably be produced at lower cost, since the pattern is now made.

2½-litre Post-War. Hillman seeks some individual or firm in the Finchley area with knowledge and skill to give his car regular checking and servicing attention. Suggestions or recommendations to me will be received with gratitude.

Frost Precautions. Warnings about frost damage seem elementary but every winter brings casualties, and replacements become increasingly difficult to find. All drainage points must be noted and the taps kept clear; where provision is made for draining the water pump body, as on the 2-litre car, this should be done religiously or the rotor will be gripped by ice and the pump spindle sheared or other damage result on attempting to start.

Insurance. It is astonishing to find many members still suffering extortion. The names of brokers who will arrange cover

without loading with tariff companies are available from me.

Spares for all models continue to move freely. Axle shafts of all types are now immediately available. Watch is kept on all sources of supply of used and new replacement spares—through the goodwill of members the latter are frequently to be had at a discount.

Service continues as before. Members are far more lax in returning borrowed items than I am in sending them, and this is altogether wrong. All overdue loans of tools, spares and manuals should please be returned at once after publication of these notes.

Recommendations for genuine interest and skill in the repair of vintage cars:—

from Deller—A. E. CHEVELL & SON, Goldhawk Road, Nr. Shepherds Bush.

from Taylor—RANDALL'S GARAGE, Wingham, Kent.

Trivia. Following Dennis King's illness the Editorial mantle falls upon the erudite Tortoise, Taylor, now signing himself Editoise. He accuses the writer of occasional divergence from fact in the preparation of this chatter, but the background must be filled if the picture is to be a good one.

Reid buys the 16/80 saloon which earlier belonged to Williams, and within a week is seconded to the Pakistani Air Force; Reid's father, 74 years young and burning with memories of Lagonda ownership long ago, will take over the car during his absence. Rumour has it that Williams' projected R.A.F. motor club has not received the sympathy it deserves from official quarters, and this in the face of enormous enthusiasm and support.

Surrey air is heavy with Brasso and blasphemy as veteran Spiller prepares for the Concours at the Rally—competition, he says, is much more fierce than in earlier days. There is no doubt that the standard of condition and maintenance is steadily rising.

Pritchard and King plan to support the Rally from deep Cornwall and a strong contingent from the North will attend. Pearson, Tweedie-Walker and Clarke will arrive as a Bentley sandwich between two Lagondas. Booth and Crewe will make up a party from the Isle of Wight and the meeting promises to be one of the best yet. Don't miss it.

All sorts of books, photographs and other material are sent to me but only Hilary Morse provides his parish magazine—I cannot yet say whether or not this has an uplifting effect. His letters are delightful—“ . . . reconditioned engine started on Ascension Day in the presence of three other clergy. Parish amazed !” He has long been conscious of the tatty condition of his bodywork but was deeply humiliated to overhear two good ladies in Carlisle conclude that he “must have made it hisself”.

Venning's 2-litre nobly hauls a caravan through Devon and Cornwall, baulking at nothing less than 1 in 5. Morrow has had a glorious tour of the Western Isles. Cards from all over Europe show the farthest points reached on the meagre allowance. All have returned. A triumphant note from Michael Bosworth claims 2,000 trouble-free Continental miles without need to telegraph the Spares Dept. Whitelegge has returned from Spain, and Dent, four up on a high-chassis 2-litre, is on the eve of departure thither. Martin Hutchinson writes that the Eire boat was crowded with Club members, but only his own car. I forgot to ask him to bring back a gallon of poteen and now it is too late.

It is reported that following an argument about a motor car an enraged husband presented his wife with a sharp kick on the bottom as she bent over the offending vehicle. This slightly indelicate behaviour was held at a subsequent court action to be to the husband's discredit, though surely a more salutary and satisfactory way of dealing with the situation than the more familiar vituperation.

Peter Cavanagh is rebuilding a lightweight 4½-litre team car. Humphrey Griffiths also launches out into the big class and fears to swell the queue in Carey Street. Woodhouse is so meticulously thoughtful of the welfare of his 1938 4½-litre that distilled water is used in the cooling system. Congratulations to Abel on his marriage, which he says has impoverished him though he thinks it a grand institution. On an Army course with the Rover Company Winkley finds the staff there far more enthusiastic about his Lagonda than their own latest product.

Quotation from the *Daily Express*—“ . . . but his fluid acting is never oily, and his best asset is his voice. It sounds as if it had first been smoked and then rinsed in black coffee”. What rubbish ! Following this it is only decent to stop my neighbour putting the paper through the fence. Petrie-Hey calls in a spanking 4½-litre Bentley which emits an eldritch shriek every time he touches the clutch. Forshaw and Tweedie-Walker make a corner in Bentleys at the Southern Rally, the former with a 3-litre, the latter a 4½. The irrespressible Tweedie shamefully maltreats the Queens English, beginning his letters with a hearty “Wotcher” and now signing himself “Yours bently”.

Youth will be served—Macleod-Carey celebrates his engagement by crashing into a most unyielding stone bridge. An enraged letter from Armitage states that his excellent 2-litre has been shunted by a modern car whilst he was inoffensively parked at the side of a straight and wide main road ; Armitage will have the miscreants last penny to put the matter right. Tyler's neighbour, carrying out repairs to his property, walked on Tyler's garage roof ; this being of corrugated asbestos he shortly tumbled through, right on top of the unsuspecting Lagonda. The next scene is pure musical comedy, with the wretched man's women-folk feverishly patching him up whilst Tyler is caddishly but no less feverishly examining his radiator and P100's. There is no damage, and the victim is now recovered, but he has had it indelibly impressed upon

his person that they made them in those days.

The recuscitation of Vessey's 2-litre chassis has passed into the hands of Kirk. Letcher strips his engine and finds all manner of gruesome bogeys. Panton, too, is dismayed to find three out of four pistons cracked, during an overhaul. Hunter has been body-snatching in Ireland and after fifteen months of unremitting toil his rebuild nears completion. Cooke plans to rebuild his bodywork during the winter but fears what may be concealed beneath the tattered fabric. A recorded mileage of 254,000 has been completed by Hagen on his Le Mans 2-litre since 1938, when the engine was fitted with a new crankshaft by Lagonda; the crank and its bearings have not been touched during that time. Rees is said to have discovered another advantage of the 2-litre over the 16/80—only four big ends!

Walther prescribes Jersey cream for the Spares Registrar. On holiday in Wales Mack Stratton is spotted afar by Manning, who is engaged in testing an L driver; this hapless wretch is ordered in pursuit and after a stern chase and much four wheel drifting Stratton is overhauled and a pleasant meeting ensues. In Devon Tyler spends much of his holiday (all, his wife says) raising the bonnet and expounding Lagondic virtue to the bystanders. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner come far out of their way to add to the pool of oil outside this dwelling, and so do many others. Forshaw finds eight strangers draped over his car in a public place whilst one of their number makes photographs.

Cohen has gone to a hospital in Addis Ababa but will return if there is not enough work—this attitude is sadly out of joint with times in which the word "work" has acquired a slightly indecent flavour. Cohen's Van den Plas 16/80 2-seater is offered for sale and particulars of this car may be had from me. Brooks is shortly leaving the Navy and emigrating to Canada—as a result his high-chassis 2-litre saloon, largely rebuilt, is also for sale to a kind home. Coates has mated a

3-litre engine to a 2-litre chassis and is suitably impressed with the result; his supercharged 2-litre still awaits an engine rebuild and is likely to do so until the harvest is home. Page writes that Coates is cracking the whip and enthusiasm is mounting in the North. Coates tells me that Allison met in Staines recently a character who was at the Works in Wilbur Gunn's time and who helped to build the bodies of the Czar's cars. Coates longs for someone with the skill and the will to write the history of the make whilst those who made the history are yet to be found.

Enthusiastic letters from all round the world trace the wanderings of Gilling, an engineer officer in the merchant service; he assures me that one of the Edwardian 20 h.p. Torpedo Lagondas still serves with brass agleam as a taxi in Kingston, Jamaica, and one may well speculate as to the way in which such a car came to be in such a place. Spackman sells his Rapier and buys a 2-litre and is pleased with what he has done. Bostock would like to make a similar exchange, greater space being required for the cleaning materials, spares and fuel associated with a newly-arrived baby. Reid and Forshaw lend vintage tone to Gompels' wedding; Gompels is a South African planning to take his Lagonda home to spread the light.

Alan Audsley plans to lay about 1,000 square feet of concrete at his house before the onset of winter—largely, I gather, to provide proper pit facilities for his cars. The clutch driving pins on Hutchinson's 2-litre are greased for the first time in sixteen years! Seaton has completed a most creditable re-fabricing of the bodywork of his 3-litre—examine it at the Rally; he may be able to assist with fabric at a favourable price—apply through me. Seaton originally bought his car because he was consumed with pity over its forlorn appearance! The Lagondic enthusiasm of Ponsford-Jones survives his exile in Eire. Treganowan is engaged on a most extensive rebuild of his Continental 2-litre; this particular car is fitted with an Alvis all-synchromesh gearbox

which Treganowan obtained from Reg Parnell—this box has done 50,000 miles in the Lagonda without the slightest trouble and with no change in condition. Geoffrey Hibbert is pursuing the time-honoured formula of simplifying and adding lightness to improve the performance of his splendid supercharged 2-litre. Grogono has Sutton's 16/80 car and reports 23 m.p.g. on long runs, which is unusually good on this model. Timing chains on the 2-litre car are a standard motor-cycle size; we make the finest motor-cycles in the world and chain drive is almost universal—why then are the

only replacement chains available of Italian or German make?

Young, a doctor in Perak, uses a 2-litre and a 4½-litre Lagonda in connection with his practice there, covering upwards of 1,500 miles a month. There are, he says, three other Lagondas in Malaya—a 3-litre Selector Special, a 1935 4½-litre in Singapore, and a V12 owned by the Tunku Mahkota of Johore. And on this exotic note, the hour being uncomfortably late, this paper must end. So to bed, to dream, perhaps, of those small perquisites attendant upon the noble rank and title of Tunku Mahkota.

SERVICE

EFFICIENCY

We have always appreciated Lagondas . . .

It was for this reason that in the early post-war years we invited owners to apply to us to obtain completely normal insurance rates, whenever their records were as blameless as their cars.

We are still doing this

HYDE-EAST & PARTNERS LTD.

INSURANCE BROKERS

9, WALDEGRAVE ROAD - TEDDINGTON - MIDDLESEX.

TELEPHONE: MOLESEY 4317-8

CONSIDERATION

ENTERPRISE

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of Squadron-Leader Mack in a jet crash, and our sympathy is extended to all his family and friends.

NORTHERN RALLY, 1952

The Lagonda Northern Rally was held near Bawtry, on the 28th June, 1952, and was the third annual Northern event, but the first run by the combined clubs. The Rally was promoted under ideal weather conditions, and an entry of twenty cars, ranging from 11.9's to 3½-litre Lagondas constituted a record entry for the North. It was also pleasing to note that members from the "far South" had journeyed up to contend against their northern brethren, indicating even in these days of expensive petrol (or should it be expensive paraffin?), the esteem in which the event is held. (Henry Coates and John Vessey, please note.)

The outright and well-deserved winner was D. M. Brown in his well-found Rapier. Class II went to J. P. Cavill's 2-litre and Class III was secured by G. S. Sanders in his impressive 3½-litre, a car deceptive both in speed and manoeuvrability considering its size and weight.

The tests, five in number, were very similar to last year except that they were run à la Vintage Bisley and not concurrently; in all instances metalled roads were used and no chassis were bent or distorted during the tests—despite one or two good tries!

Test 1. Consisting of a Le Mans start, reverse and acceleration, produced considerable simian agility from the contestants, and Sanders recorded fastest time with Brown and Brooks as close runners up. Both Hibbert and Taylor encountered difficulties of their own making and any applause they received was not of a flattering nature. (See picture pages.—ED.)

Test 2. This allowed the faster cars an opportunity to show off, as they were required to accelerate and stop astride a line; however the gusto with which they completed the first part of the test was unfortunately not always accompanied with equal prowess in the de-celeration, despite obvious profit to Mr. Dunlop. The test was won by Cavill's 2-litre with Brooks runner up. Luke in his

green 3-litre was noticable contemptuous of the stopping line despite the length of his chassis.

Test 3. The Wiggle Woggle forwards and in reverse did not disappoint the spectators, as the girations were impressive and to all points of the compass. Tortoise Taylor enlivened the proceedings by engaging all four gears at once and was manually removed. Happily he brings his mechanic with him to undo the fifteen nuts of the gear box cover (one is missing), and to manipulate the coke hammer (Ivan please note that this is the correct tool for sorting out cogs). Glover, in his 16/80, reversed his car smartly into the arborial surroundings, appearing after a short pause to complete the test. Page in his s/c 2-litre and Hullock recorded very neat runs in contrast to Kennard who showed his dislike for green marker drums by assaulting them, to the accompaniment of considerable crashing and crunching!

Test 4. Officially known as a "potato race" in which spuds had to be deposited by the driver on the top of drums whilst in flight. (The cars, NOT the drums—ED.) Despite the fact that one of the organisers is a notable farmer, no spuds were available, and the Army solution of using stones instead had to be adopted. Many methods of attack were observed—good, bad, and complicated—but Sanders triumphed in what must have been one of the most difficult cars for this test. Page was noticed to be carrying his spuds on the running-board and Richardson in his well-prepared car from Northumberland tried hard in company with Westmorland, in a very pretty drop-head Rapier. Hoggart utilised his passenger as a potato transfer belt in a most agricultural manner and Kennard made a valiant effort to put his door on the drum, but was forestalled as it still possess hinges.

Test 5. Zig Zag Parking. This was easily won by Brown after a very well timed run. Allison, in his unusual red saloon, was

noticeably fast backwards, in contrast to Moffatt in the 11.9, who to the obvious chagrin of the driver was slow ; these little cars have a very low-g geared reverse and can climb trees backwards—but only slowly. Middleton, in his semi-sports, did some very rapid “gardening”, scattering gorse and spectators impartially.

An unusual but pleasant innovation was the presence of cars other than Lagondas in the tests. It was cheering to see Russell (ex 16/80 and 4½) trying his skill (albeit in “Honey the Austin”, A40). Brooks in his drop-head Dyna Panhard was also very welcome, and though he did not get down to his Silverstone tactics of using 4 - 3 - 2 - 1 wheels on corners, ended up fourth in the general classification.

These events as all should know and few do, demand considerable organisation and time to present, and the Club's thanks are due to Major-General Sir John Whitaker, who again bravely offered the use of his property ; it is a pity that a few more land owners are not as well disposed towards the horseless carriage. Marshalls, headed and harried by the redoubtable Costigan, ensured a rapid flow of cars through the tests. The prime movers of the event, Vessey and Coates, need little thanks as the Club is always in their debt, though it was a great pity that Henry had to skulk in his “van” throughout the afternoon in an effort to escape the ravages of Hay Fever—the author of this article offers him a free non-national cure for one medium size pig or two turkeys. (The author of this article has had the same complaint himself for many years—and has still got it !—ED.)

After the event, a convivial evening was passed by many members at a local hostelry, where the spectators told the drivers what they should have done, and the drivers produced “good” reasons why they didn't, and all happily drank themselves pint by pint nearer to the next NORTHERN RALLY.

Envoi. It was with considerable sorrow that a large number of Lagondas of all types were observed in the spectators car park and not competing. One wonders why this occurred ? It may be due to some shyness on the part of inexperienced drivers ; if so, this is a pity, for in a club such as ours, advice will always be given most willingly by the more experienced and the worst to be feared is a little good-natured chaff such as in this write up. Others may be diffident due to worry over damage or excessive tyre wear ; this again is ill-founded, as one can curb one's enthusiasm to suit one's pocket. As far as results go, very often the slower more collected drivers who read the regulations, end up many points ahead of the faster cars.

C. S. REXFORD-WELCH.

After-thoughts on the Rally :—

It was quite unnecessary for Anderson to apologise, we thought she was extremely nice.

Do we have another Hotel next year, or do the members cultivate a taste for bottled beer ? The Northern Secretary came home a bottle of rum to the good, and rather fancies another year might yield even better.

Must remember to have refreshments for dogs next time.

Great distances covered by competitors—from South of Thames and North of Tyne.

We missed the Hon. Competition Secretary.

Who paid twice for egg sandwiches ?

Flies !

A large “R” on a sign means turn to the right, that's to the side of the hand that works the gear changing affair on a Lagonda. “L” means turn to the side of the hand that—well—is not required for that purpose. How do folks manage with it in the middle ?

NORTHERN NOTES

It is not the intention of the Northern Section to confine our activities to talking about motor cars in public houses, but since the Rally at Bawtry the energies of the new committee have been directed to arranging rendezvous where members and their friends will be able to discuss big-ends and axle ratios with kindred spirits, and not have to waste their wisdom on unappreciative individuals whose only use for a motor car is for transport. Some rendezvous are being arranged by us, and some we are able to use by the courtesy of other clubs. We reciprocate and invite them to join us, and in fact, in the more thinly populated areas, such co-operation is the only way to get a worth-while gathering. It is the aim, in due course, to see that every member has, if at all possible somewhere he can meet other enthusiasts within reasonable reach. We hope members will not be oppressed by all this organisation, some probably detest being organised, but some do like talking cars. All are quite informal, meals are sometimes available and may have to be booked, but it is not obligatory to take them.

The area is not completely covered yet, and suggestions for further venues will be welcomed by the committee.

The Rally is reported elsewhere, but this is the place to thank Sir John Whitaker for so kindly allowing us to use his land for the tests again this year. Also Mr. Starmer for his help and co-operation. The ground is convenient and in pleasant surroundings, and we are most grateful for being able to use it.

Thanks are due to the marshals, particularly Costigan who spent the whole afternoon in earnest instruction, estimation and calculation, and then slipped quietly away before anyone could thank him. With some diffidence we also thank Hartop

and Bartleet who came up for a quiet weekend and found themselves co-opted on to the staff owing to the defection of a couple of the Northern Secretary's erstwhile friends.

Aston-Martin's provided some of us with a pleasant day at Bakewell on the Sunday. Long and Hibbert took their cars along and several admiring, almost awe-inspired remarks were overheard. Long was last seen navigating vigorously among the Derbyshire walls, with all gears available.

A small party met at Chollerford, on the Tyne, and there is prospect of further activity in that area. We went up in some trepidation but our precautions for comfort and safety proved unnecessary. The inhabitants were most amiable and hospitable, the climate by no means rigorous, the scenery magnificent and the beer beyond reproach. Richardson's 2-litre was very well turned out, but Hunter is riding on the cross members till customs formalities allow him to re-import a body from Ireland. His wife refuses to accompany him, despite our assurances of the comfort of Lagonda cross-members; she is, however, not yet acclimatised to dispensing with a roof, let alone sides.

John Vessey is to be congratulated on being in the lead for the Lycett Trophy of the V.S.C.C.

About twenty-five people were present at a local meet at Mottram on 19th August—eight Lagondas, also Bentleys, Aston-Martins, Delage and Morgan. A promising start to our series of rendezvous.

Quite a successful meet was held at Holme-on-Spalding-Moor on 26th August, with about twenty people present.

At a general meeting at Knutsford, a Northern committee was elected, to keep the Northern Secretary up to mark, and to arrange events for the Northern members.

This consists of :—

To represent Notts., Lincs. and Derby.,

J. G. VESSEY,
Curbar Lane, Calver,
Sheffield.

To represent Lancs., Cheshire and N. Wales,

R. S. PAGE,
132 Derbyshire Lane,
Stretford, Manchester.

To represent Yorks.,

G. HIBBERT,
281 London Road, Sheffield.

And the following members without portfolio :—

G. S. SANDERS, *c/o* Mr. Melling, Naylors Farm,
Miles Lane, Shevington, Nr. Wigan.

N. PLATT, 37 Park Lane, Whitefield, Manchester.

J. P. CAVILLE, 32 Alvarley Road, Liverpool,
12.

L. B. OLLIER, 42 Conduit Street, Tintwistle,
Cheshire.

LOCAL MEETS

FIRST WED., starting 3rd SEPT.

ALVIS O.C. invitation.

FLOUCH INN, at junction of A616 and A628, 24½ miles from Manchester, 14 miles from Sheffield. Snacks available during evening, dinner if required should be booked direct.

SECOND TUES., alternately *Saracen's Head*, Warburton, Nr. Altrincham, Cheshire and *Roe Cross Inn*, Mottram, Nr. Stalybridge. Commencing Warburton 9th Sept. Mottram, 14th Oct.

SECOND THURS., V.S.C.C. invitation.
WHEATSHEAF HOTEL, BASLOW, Derbyshire.

THIRD TUES. ALVIS O.C. invitation.
WHITEWELL HOTEL, Nr. Clitheroe, Lancs. Dinner, if required, should be booked direct. Tel. : Dunsop Bridge 22.

LAST TUES. Contact Henry Coates for place of meeting.

BOOKS TO BORROW . . . AND TO KEEP!

Casque's Sketch Book, by S. C. H. DAVIS.
Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., Dorset House, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1.

Published circa 1932, these sketches catch the very spirit of those happy days when amongst other delights, the "Saucer of Death" was in full swing, with noises off like the tearing of calico, which aptly describes a bevy of Scotts in a handicap race, and 2- and 3-litre Lagondas pounded round, howbeit, never quite in the money! One of our favourites is that on page 50, which shows a Lag.?, boiling vigorously, negotiating one of the narrower passes in an Alpine Trial.

Round the Bend, by RUSSELL BROCKBANK.
Temple Press, Ltd., Bowling Green Lane, London, E.C.1. 7s. 6d.

There are so many delightful things in this book that to endeavour to single out any

especial one is nearly impossible, but we care for the large lorry, with Royal Corps of Signals on it, underneath, a sign, Left Hand Drive, No Signals! This book is a "must", but your reviewers copy is Not on loan.

The Book of the Motor Car, by RANKIN KENNEDY. *Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.*

Published in 1913, in three volumes, these books go to prove that there is hardly anything new in the motoring world. There is one design, The Itala Rotary Valve engine, which appeals to us, and with the advance in metals primarily for jet engines, it might be possible to improve on its performance, for it was prone to suffer from lubrication trouble. There is no mention of any Lagonda car or motor cycle, maybe this was due to the firms policy of no advertising! See advert in THE LAGONDA, No. 3.

D. P. KING.



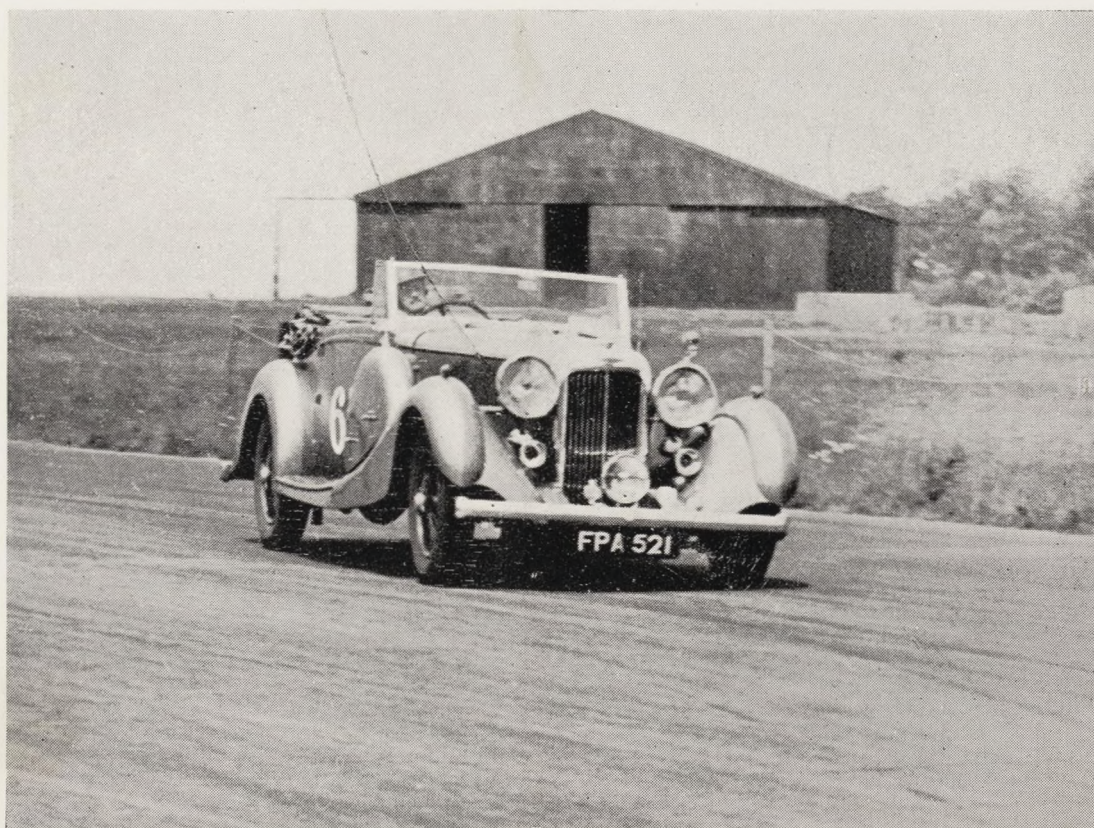
Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec Coryton prize-winning in the trial organised by the Yeovil Car Club and the V.C.C. on 9th August. (Photograph by permission of the "Western Times".)



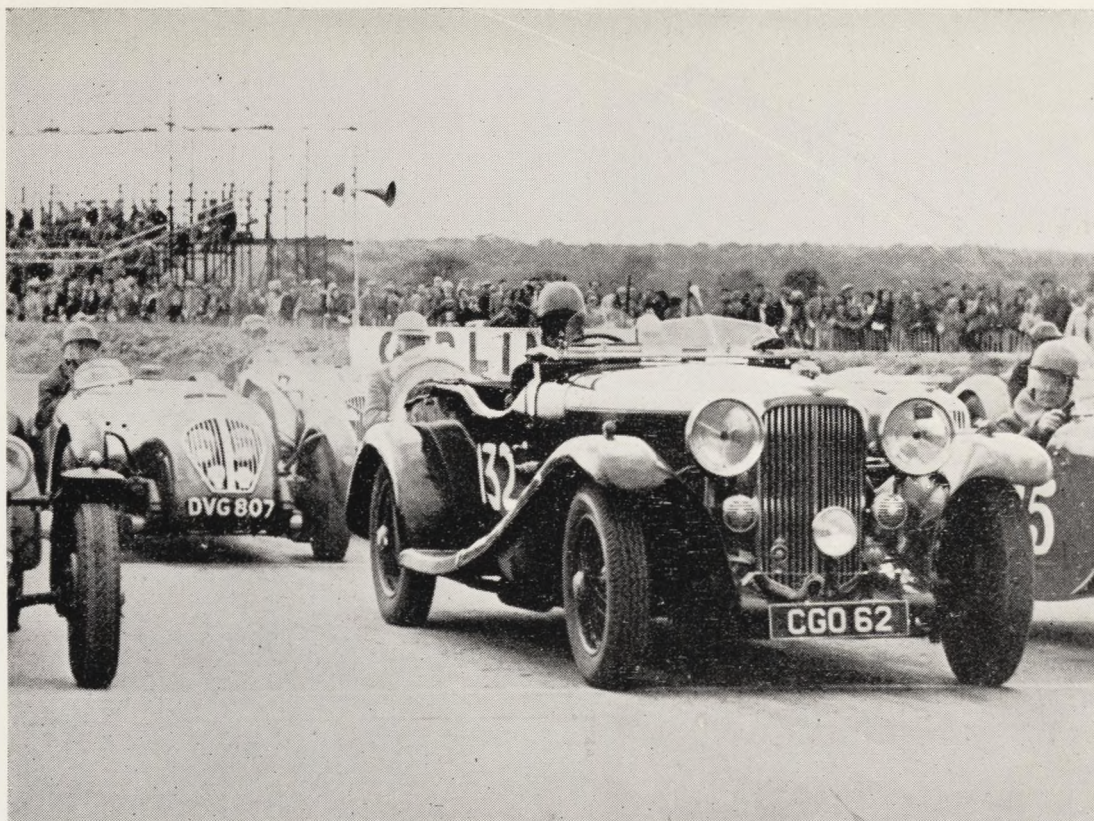
*Hon. Northern Secretary, Henry Coates, competing in the night trial organised by the Northern Section of the Lagonda Club.
(Photograph by Edgar N. Livesley.)*



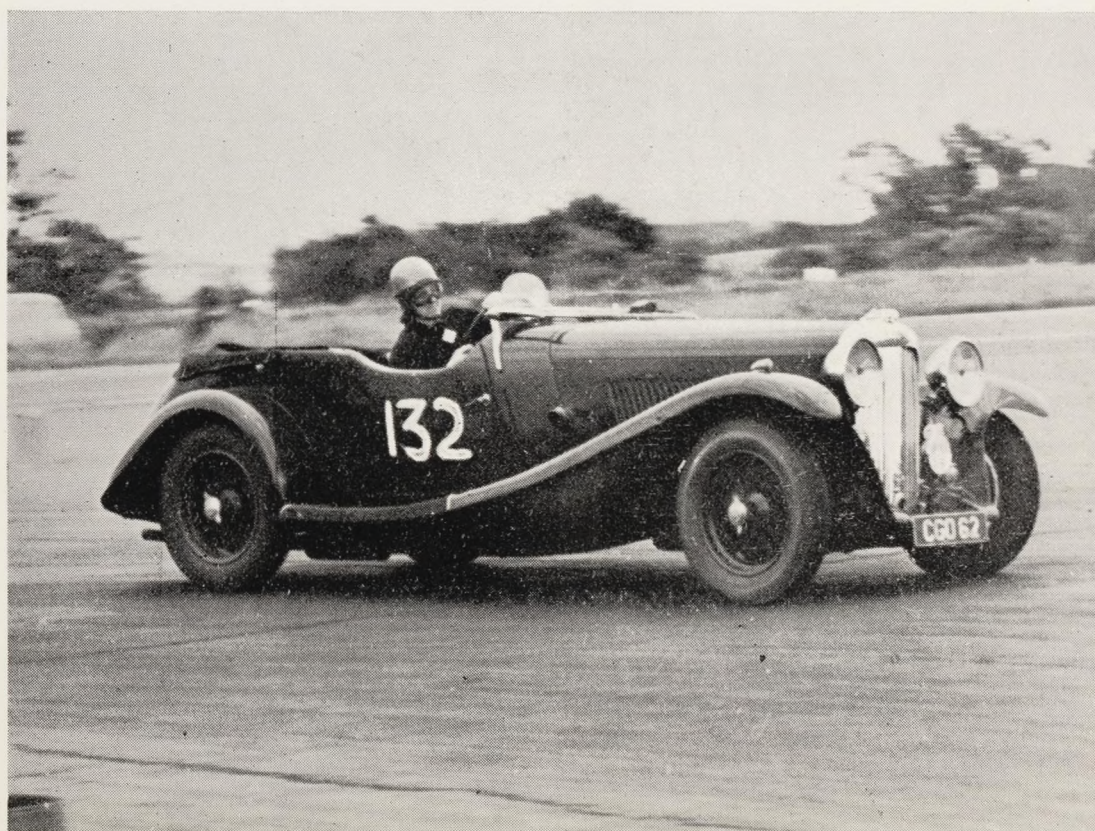
LAGONDA 24. Robin Abel in the 16/80 prepares to take off down the runway in the timed 300 yards test. Col. Berthon (B.D.C.) Secretary flags, and John Vessey observes.
(Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)



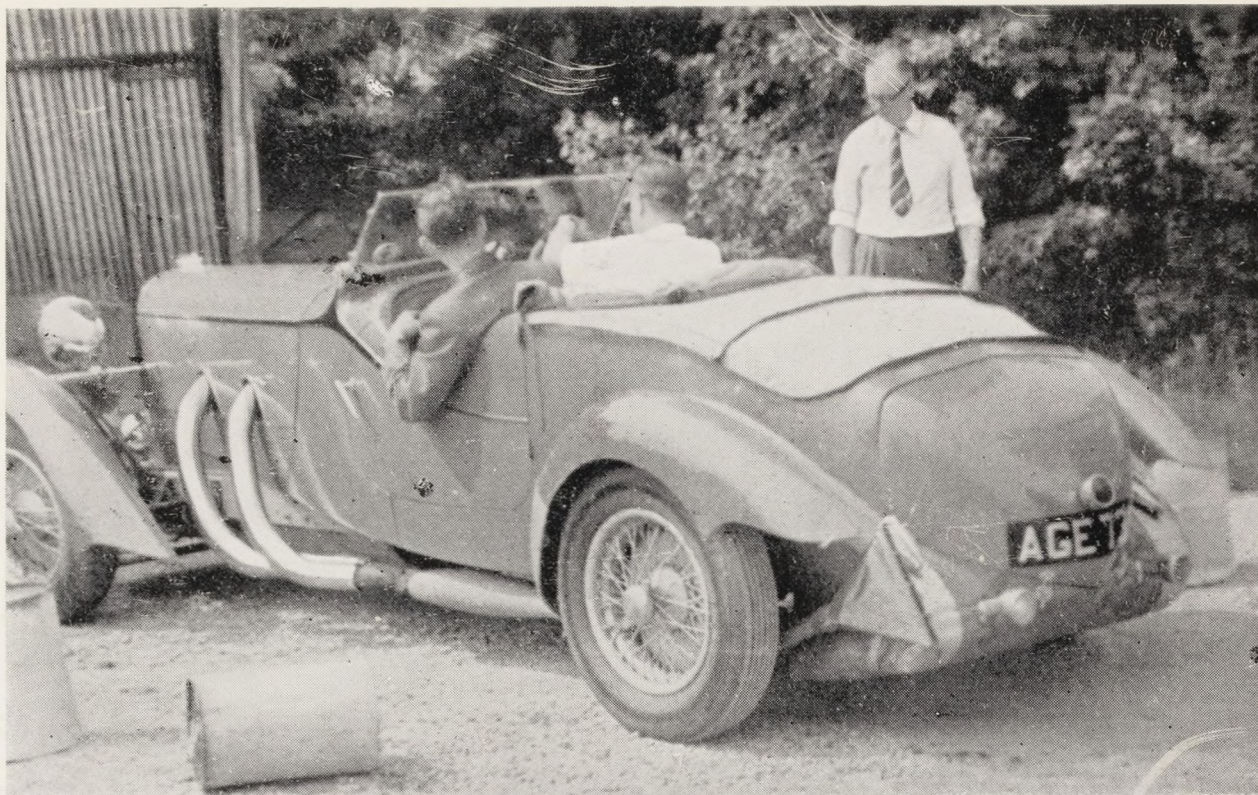
EIGHT CLUBS SILVERSTONE. Remfry and 4½ drift round Beckett's.
(Photograph by A. Hollister.)



*EIGHT CLUBS SILVERSTONE. Michael and 4½ await the flag.
(Photograph by A. Hollister.)*



*EIGHT CLUBS SILVERSTONE. Michael in flight at Beckett's.
(Photograph by A. Hollister.)*



SOUTHERN RALLY. DEVASTATION . . . Wright is wrong ! Peter Hunt passengers apprehensively, Bob Wright twiddles all availingly, and Clifford Rees deplores the passing of another drum !

(Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)

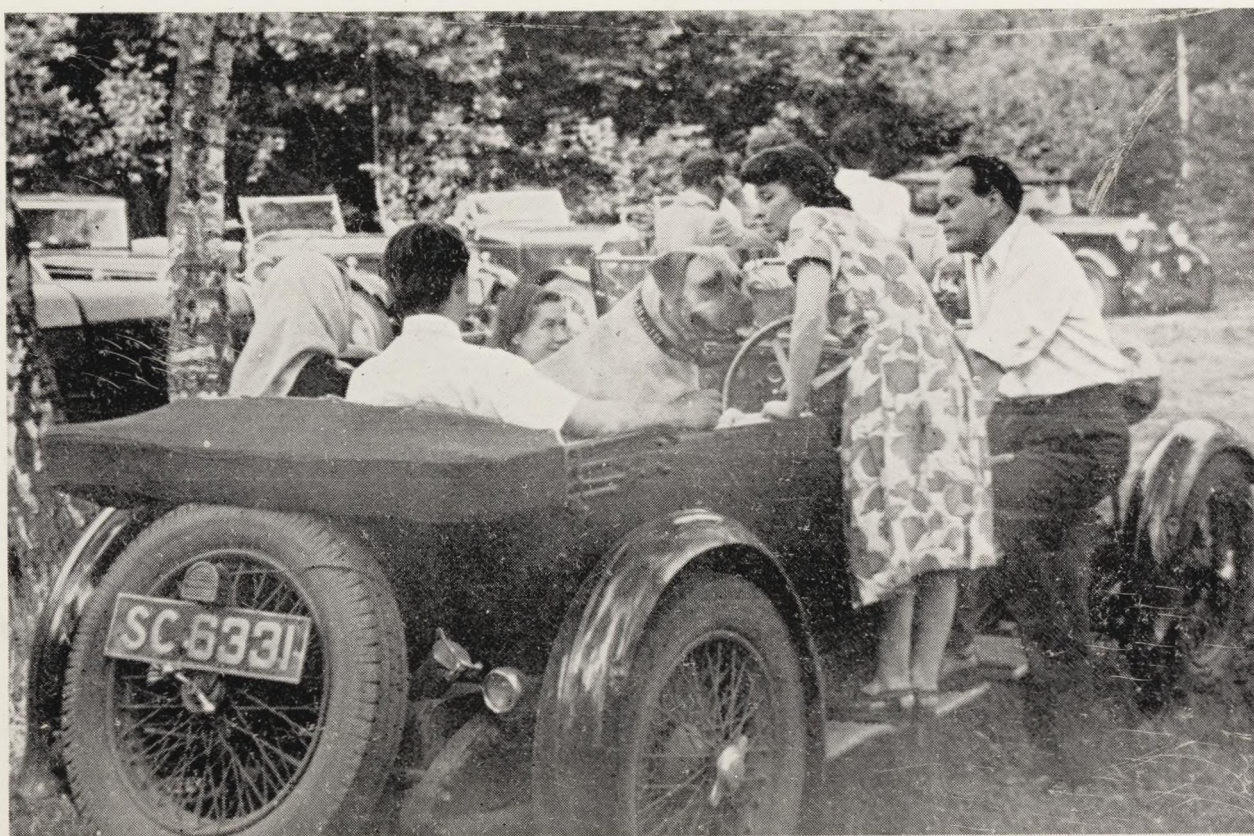


SOUTHERN RALLY. Competitors' cars in a sylvan setting.

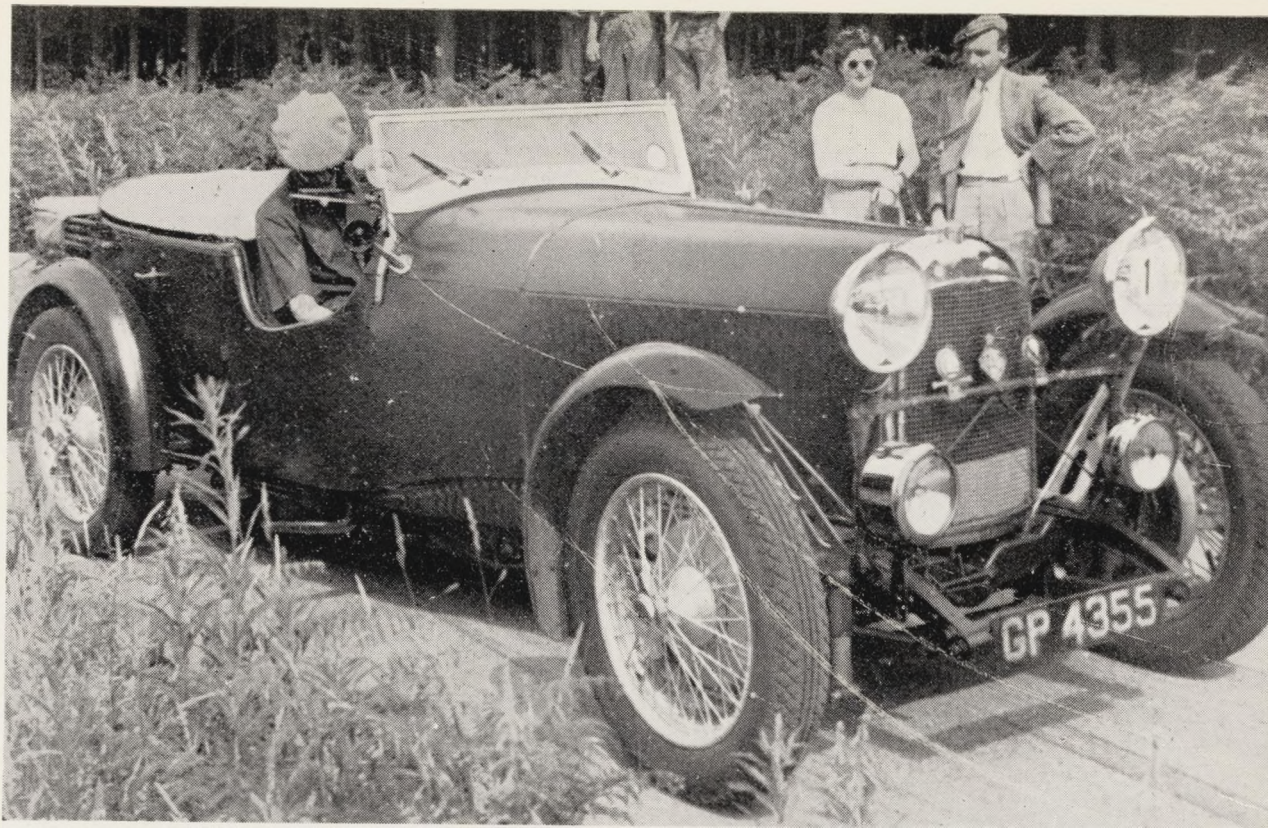
(Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)



SOUTHERN RALLY. Our Hon. Comp. Sec. mowing during the Figure of Eight Test. (Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)



SOUTHERN RALLY. Dog-talk at Bigwood Holiday Camp. L. to R., Mrs. and Mr. Peter Barfeet, Mrs. and Mr. William Hardup, Mrs. Small-Welsh, and Bobblechops. (Photograph by Big-Welsh.)



NORTHERN RALLY. Tortoise Taylor assisted by Lily "encountering difficulties of his own making". (Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)



NORTHERN RALLY. "No dear, not the blown car for shopping." (Photograph by Rexford-Welch.)



NORTHERN RALLY. Your new Editor doing the Wiggle-wobble test. Note the 3-lb. hammer. (Photograph and technical assistance by Rexford-Welch.)



NORTHERN RALLY. The ultimate winner, Brown in the blown Rapier, receives an earful from Chief Marshal Costigan, while John Vessey receives a mouthful from the blown bottle. (Photograph by Thatmanagain.)



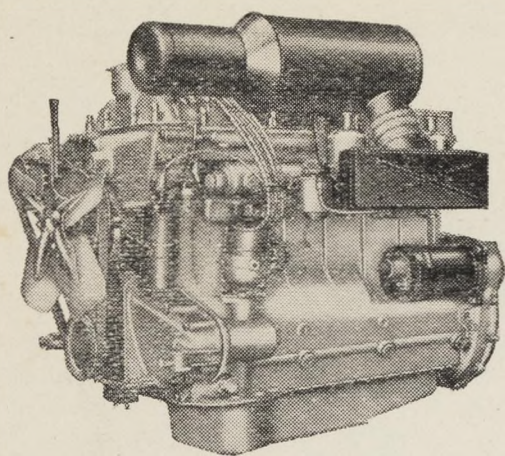
NORTHERN RALLY. Hibbert in the blown 2-litre wiggie-woggles and goggles backwards. (Photograph by Rexford-Waggle.)



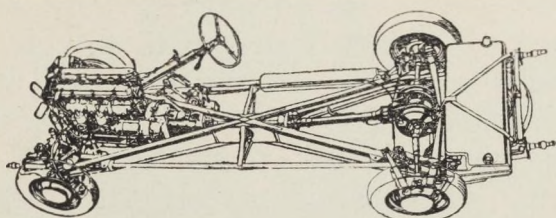
SOUTHERN RALLY. Our ex-Joint Hon. Sec. Michael Bosworth, the well-known aquatist, strides past the "Snort" in which he is shortly to attack the Water Speed Record. (Photograph by Letsford-Squelch.)



SOUTHERN RALLY. Clifford Semi-Rees, Marcia Partial-Fisher, Small Semiped-Welch, Wilbur Calthorpe-Fisher, and Hubby Cubby behind the camera.



THE 2½ LITRE ENGINE—a marvel of inspired designing developed by engineers of the David Brown Group. It gives an output of 105 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. yet its petrol consumption is only 20/22 m.p.g.



THE CRUCIFORM CHASSIS is an advanced example of modern engineers' thinking and has proved outstandingly successful in practice. There is independent suspension at front and rear wheels.

THE HAND-BUILT COACHWORK is a rare luxury—yet also a necessity for the leader among cars. In no other way can one attain the ultimate in poise and comfort at high speed. Finished to your own taste, Saloon or Drop-head Coupe.

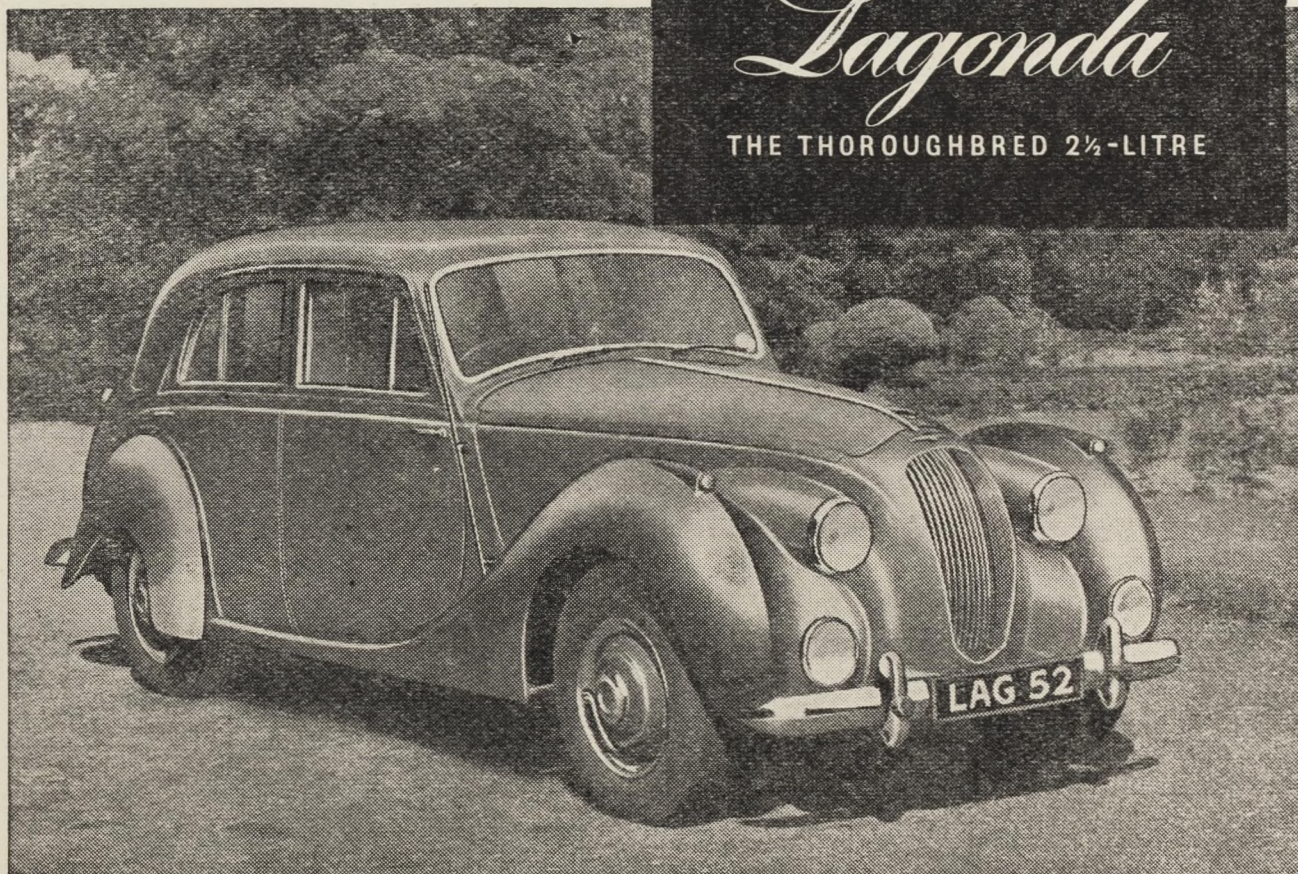
The making of a thoroughbred...

The Lagonda asks to be judged by the most exacting standards in every particular—design, production, assembly, coachbuilding, finish and above all things, performance. Each car is the climax to the skilled personal efforts of a great team of skilled automobile engineers, and craftsmen coachbuilders. Then, on the road, she is supreme—riding poised in a perfection of smoothness in the eighties, and nineties, responsive, lively and—a Beauty.

London Showrooms: 103 New Bond Street, W.1.

Lagonda Ltd., Feltham, Middlesex.

A PRODUCT OF THE DAVID BROWN GROUP



GOODWOOD NINE HOURS SPORTS CAR RACE

One night, three months ago, Joe Goodhew telephoned me and asked if I would be his co-driver in the *News of the World* nine-hour race. My enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when he added, "I doubt if we'll get a drive anyway with all the "works" entries, but I have to put *someone* down as co-driver!" We heard nothing more about the entry, and in the meantime the "Lag." blew up at Boreham. Tentative plans were made by Joe to cure its maladies, which were given some impetuous attention when he heard his entry for Goodwood was accepted—even though we were only fourth reserve in the unlimited class! Later, we became quite sought after—two telegrams arrived confirming we were required and asking if we could make it. The "blow up" was an expensive one entailing a reground crank and new big ends and pistons—added to which the normal tank only holds twelve gallons which was hardly enough. A twenty-gallon tank was acquired and much midnight oil was burnt until at 3 p.m. on Friday the 15th everything was fixed, and after some energetic handle swinging, it started! We motored gently over to Goodwood hoping nothing untoward would occur before scrutineering, and arrived with about 30 minutes to spare. The paddock was somewhat depressing, full of sleek XK 120 C's., D.B. 3's and other excessively fast and modern machinery. Slinking off to be scrutineered (a relic of another age!), we were treated very kindly, if somewhat hilariously, and told that to comply with regulations, more illuminated numbers were required. These were fitted, and the "Lag." now looked rather like a Christmas tree, needing only a bearded gent to complete the illusion. The clutch race was not behaving, so Alec Goodhew, Wilf Rider and Joe took this to bits and re-assembled it successfully. We also took a headlamp off my own car (The well-known red bitza—ED.) to give us more illumination for the nocturnal gyrations. At 8 p.m. we started to practise, and took it in turns to

proceed sedately round the circuit. Jaguars snarled past, the Levegh Talbot crackled by making a fantastic noise, Allard's whoofed by, but we continued circulating slowly and sedately. (Breeding does count!—ED.) No major clamity occurred, but the brakes were not so good, so these were relined on Saturday morning.

I expect that most of you know Joe's Lagonda in its new guise—it's lower by some 8 inches than the normal LG 45 R, and has had the chassis shortened by about 18 inches. I had only driven it once before and had found the seating position most uncomfortable. To change gear required, for me, extraordinary acrobatics with the possibility of causing myself very severe injury. (Pity!—ED.) Luckily this had been fixed, and the seating position (when stationary) was now very pleasant. Visibility is good (you can see, as well as feel, the suspension working), the car feels taut, and I found that if it slides on corners it all goes together, without the tail breaking away. (They don't make tails like that anymore!—ED.)

We discussed tactics before the race and as it was clearly no good trying to keep up with the faster cars, we decided to stick to a rev. limit of 4,000 r.p.m. (it has been operating at anything up to 5,000 r.p.m. in the indirect gears), and to finish if humanly possible. In fact we did not go much over 3,700 r.p.m. and tried to conserve the engine as far as possible. We decided to drive two hours each to start with, Joe a further two hours and then 1½ hours each to finish; Joe starting off. I expect most members have already read reports of the race in the *Motoring Press*, and so there's little I can add to the general picture. After a few warming up laps, Joe was going round in just over two minutes, and everything seemed to be functioning all right. Then just before 4 p.m. the car came in—no water, engine mighty hot! The water pump drive had sheared.

It looked pretty hopeless but with eight hours to go we decided to whip the pump off my car (What, water-cooled?—ED.), and fix it on Joe's. By smart work, with a red hot engine, Alec and Wilf did this in forty minutes and we were off again.

I took over at 5.30, by which time the field was beginning to thin down. The car was going magnificently, and after a while the pits put out a large "S" sign. Having been told that I was to expect some pretty silly signs from the pits, it took me some time to appreciate that we were going too fast. (I found out later that I was lapping at about 1 minute 58 secs.) The "Lag." was running like a train and the only thing that one could complain about was the suspension. Goodwood is pretty bumpy in parts, and the "Lag." became decidedly skittish. In a short race this does not matter so much, but when you are doing between 50 and 60 laps at a stretch, it begins to pall. (Tried rubbing it?—ED.) After my two hours "dice", we refuelled, re-tired, and Joe was off again. It was now getting dark and whilst this didn't

seem to bother Joe, I found it cut down my speed quite a bit. The offside headlamp was not very effective and I think we could have done with a spot lamp trained on the offside to pick up the verge.

On the whole, it was a comparatively incident-free run for us. Joe had one moment when a car (whose driver shall be nameless) spun in front of him, and I misjudged the Club corner once and only just scraped by the chicane. The "Lag." was lapping as strongly at the finish as when it started, and considering its "running in" had consisted of about fifty miles before being raced, I think its performance was a remarkable tribute to the marque Lagonda. Much of the modern machinery fell by the wayside, and if the race had been for twelve hours we might have finished higher in the list of results. This is pure speculation, but apart from the final placing, it was a most enjoyable day's racing, for which I am indebted to Joe, and to Alec and Wilf who did the work.

R. FREEMAN-WRIGHT.

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

There are, to the best of my knowledge, five Lagondas in Malaya, and two of them live in my back garden; a 1928 2-litre Speed Model and a 1934 M45 4½ drop-head coupe. The 2-litre has been mine for six mostly maddening but sometimes ecstatic years, except for one regrettable and temporary lapse (NOT "regrettably temporary", Claude!) when I had to flog the old lady to finance a special. It is, therefore, in pretty fair shape by now; the 4½, acquired at a bargain price on my last leave in U.K. a year ago, is still a little rough round the edges.

Last month, the motoring types in Malacca, 246 miles away, held a speed hill climb, and it was decided to show the flag. The 2-litre accepted the news with equanimity, but the 4½ threw a temperament the week before, and was only appeased at the cost of a new

coil, a battery, and a set of plugs. Finally, it swallowed its water pump gland washer, and a new one was inserted on D-I. We are getting quite quick at this lark by now; our time is down to 25 minutes, unless the tools get lost.

Charles came from Penang, 110 miles in a Minx, from which he is still recovering, to drive the 2-litre, while I took the 4½. Loaded with tools, spares, tow rope, and artillery sufficient, we hoped, to awe the Other Side, we took off on Staurday after lunch, except that we hadn't had any time for lunch. It was, of course, raining buckets.

The 2-litre currently sports but half a windscreen—the top half—so she was immediately awash; the holes in the scuppers were barely sufficient to cope. We alternated, therefore, between sitting in a shower bath of

impressive capacity in the 2-litre, and quick drying out in the $4\frac{1}{2}$, which is hotter inside than it should be.

The 2-litre proved the better proposition, actually, once the art of breathing like a crawl swimmer had been mastered, and I bashed on down the road at a massive 2,500 revs, the only bloke at large who could see anything at all. I find the only way to avoid pneumonia on these occasions is to sing at the top of my voice all the way. Fortunately, I was alone, and, fortunately again, was completely speechless on arrival.

After a while, I realised that I was more alone than I should have been, and stopped to wait for the $4\frac{1}{2}$. A Chinese gentleman in a beautifully dry Vauxhall stopped and wound down his window to tell me (I don't know how he conceived the association) that the $4\frac{1}{2}$ was stationary five miles back, and that he thought it hadn't enough water. This theory struck me as a little far fetched, but, thanking my kind informant, I went back to find Charles looking for the awful scream the magneto makes when it's little felt lubricating pad runs out of lubricant. We whipped out the Simms coupling, and continued by coil.

It was getting dark by this time; we continued with velocity unabated, once Charles had found the switch that works the P100's on the 2-litre, but with added uncertainty, since we were navigating over unknown roads by a silk escape map issued for another purpose many years ago. The next obstacle in our path proved to be a big notice in the middle of the road we wanted to go down, saying it was under curfew, and anybody passing this was way liable to be shot at. So we had to seek Police H.Q. at the next big town (well, fairly big !) for permission to proceed.

The sergeant in charge said, "Certainly", provided we didn't stop at all in the curfew area; I said we certainly wouldn't, which made him laugh like the Malay equivalent of a bucket when he looked and saw the cortege outside. We finally arrived in Malacca at about nine o'clock, found our

quarters by sheer luck, and creaked inside, full of ideas about bags of sleep before the morrow; unfortunately, the place was full of chaps who had brought their motor cars up from Singapore for a little dicing too, so that idea didn't really work out either.

We were in the paddock by 0800 next morning, having put in a couple of hours pansying up the cars, and found a brave collection. The more mentionable entrants included a 1927 $4\frac{1}{2}$ Bentley, 1923 Baby Peugeot, the Vaughan Frazer Nash, a Jupiter, and an Austin "Heavy" 12/4. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ was second in it's class to a Citroen, rounding the wicked S-bend at the top in what I am convinced was a classic four-wheel drift (or "dray"?—Ed.) and the 2-litre was second to the Bentley in the vintage class. The third entry in this latter contest was the baby Peugeot—but this is not generally mentioned!

Then, as if we hadn't had enough already, Fate struck. On her third run up the hill, the 2-litre, accelerating viciously in second—you know—(I don't!—Ed.) made a non-standard noise astern; a further run later, there was no doubt of its expensive character, and when we removed the back axle drain plug, out fell a tooth. (Yes, Claude, there was some oil in it, too.) This was undoubtedly it, and we tied the old girl behind the $4\frac{1}{2}$, and lit out for home. We towed as far as Kuala Lumpur, 92 miles, before collapsing from exhaustion. This chapter was comparatively free from incident, apart from the affair of the Fiat 500, a bilious AA yellow one; I blew this character off the crown of the road with full decibels, and followed the usual drill of smacking the tug into third and unleashing the horses. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounded past, and our chum in the Fiat pulled back into his usual position, between me and Charles. The sight of a tow rope snaking past seemed to unnerve him rather, and Charles' audible and vocal warning sent him scuttling back to his own side of the road in time to avoid immolation.

Both Charles and I were due back at the daily grind on the following day, so we left

the 2-litre in Kuala Lumpur, and reported for duty on time, breathless, and a little under strength.

My spare back axle, acquired, I think, from a 16/80 which I found growing out of a patch of nettles near Southampton in 1945, was subsequently stripped for examination—it looked fine—and sent to Kuala Lumpur for installation. Other owners of vintage spare

back axles can guess the next bit of that story; I am beginning to think the 16/80 may, perhaps, have been left in its nettle patch for some good reason, and we now await the results of an SOS to Davies!

So ended our dirty week end, Malayan version. It's a jolly good thing to do occasionally—keeps you from getting too soft.

“QUACK.”

COMPETITION NOTES

A 2-litre owner was recently heard to say that the best Hill Climb course for a Lagonda was a timed quarter mile on a not too undulating aerodrome. Even then most people will tell you that it would be as well to exclude other makes of car from the competition. Be that as it may, many members have started the season by getting a lot of amusement and not a few awards out of their chosen forms of competition.

In the M.C.C. Lands End Trial at Easter, whilst in the Vintage section, John Vessey driving his own 11.9, and Hamish Moffatt and Bill Boddy (the Editor of *Motor Sport*) driving Nancy Audsley's and Marcia Fisher's respectively, were collecting two silvers and a bronze, H. J. Finden was gaining a 1st Class amongst the moderns in his Rapier. Four out of four; well done!

Joe Goodhew has now shortened his 4½ so that it looks rather less like a cigar without being any less like a Lagonda. No report of the effects of this operation are to hand but the car soon collected a laurel wreath when it suffered from claustrophobia whilst shut in Mr. Morgan's new chicane at Goodwood.

The Club entry for the Bentley Eastbourne Rally was poor considering that this is undoubtedly one of the highlights of the year. Heavy snow made the road section full of fun but unfortunately necessitated the abandonment of the Speed Tests at Goodwood. L. S. Michael in his beautifully repainted M 45 R was one of the very few competitors to have a clean road sheet but

he found the large car rather cumbersome in the seafront tests. Fisher on the other hand found the lost inches of his shortened 2-litre sufficient advantage to win the Supplementary Contest for the results of the tests and Firle Climb. At Firle, Bob Wright's 4½, obviously upset at having to carry a small bell in front in order to placate a gentleman of the Press who last year likened it to a fire engine, did its best to return down the hill before completing the bottom corner. As a result we had to surrender F.T.D. to the Bentley camp.

Eight Clubs Silverstone saw lots of Lagondas around the circuit but precious few on it. Indeed another one make club in the Association with less than half our membership and with, one would have thought, very much less suitable cars produced almost twice as many competitors. No matter, Renfry in a really beautiful 4½ drophead coupe was obviously enjoying the high speed trial or “hour blind”. Michael in a handicap managed to catch the minnows in front of him but the P.A. announcement that there was a Lagonda in the lead was not quite quick enough for by the time we had rushed to the pit counter to have a look he had been caught by the whales behind. The only other Lagonda was the competition secretary's but this sheared the bolt securing the fan pulley in its first race and although a carriage bolt was found to fit in time for the next, this lasted no time at all and the resulting heat did more to roast the owner's toes than warm spectators' appreciation of the marque.

The Aston Martin meeting used to be a good Lagonda holiday. This year the call for volunteers to run in the David Brown Challenge Cup relay event produced but one volunteer. (Last year we had three teams.) However, Bob Wright is always willing to "have a go" when he's needed, and when another member decided at midnight on the Friday night that he would not come after all, Rexford-Welch was allowed in by the Stewards at the thirteenth hour to join Michael (the Volunteer) and make up the team. By this time we had not much chance of winning but it was great fun. An Aston owner came in to say that Rex's long chassis 3-litre was not going very fast but it took an awful long time to get past it!

Vintage Prescott saw only Leo and Fisher competing but nice cars belonging to Dudding and Clarke lined the course. Leo's full weight and 12 lb. of boost against Fisher's stark body and 4 lb. seemed a fair bet and ale was laid. Low Boost won the first round in practice but High Boost got down to 59 seconds in his first run, to even the scores. Then in the last run Low Boost (the clot) changed gear with the brake lever at Pardon, but High Boost did worse and ended up at the Esses when his throttle linkage fell off and he had No Boost At All!

When the B.B.C. commentator announced that Goodhews "Old (my foot) Lagonda" had come in to the pits at the beginning of the Goodwood nine hour frolic "With steam issuing forth and a suspected gasket blown" more knowledgeable people many miles away shook their heads and wondered whether it was permissible to change water pumps in the middle of the race and whether, if so, Bob Wright's car was far away. The answers being that "It was" and "It wasn't" in the correct order, work proceeded apace. They changed pumps in forty minutes and went back in to the race to finish 18th out of 30 starters. Good show indeed, I almost wish I had wasted my nights sleep to watch it all.

G. A. Seaton showed what a 2-litre saloon can do by collecting a second class award at the A.C. Club Rally Round. Even more

creditable he was in fact the best pre-war car!

For those who feel the economic effect of the "dreaded sideslip", much fun can be had at sprint speed trials. Gosport always seems to be a happy hunting ground for Lagonda owners and this year, although Goodhew abandoned his Lag. to make 2nd F.T.D. in the Alfa, both Bob Wright and Peter Cavanagh did very well without quite collecting an award.

The Club social meets gain steadily in popularity, but it's a pity members do not arrive a little earlier. Even more of a pity that no one runs one in the South of London area.

FUTURE PROGRAMME

SAT., 20th SEPT. Midland meet at the Fox Inn, Shenstone. On the Sutton Coldfield to Lichfield Road, 6.30-7 p.m. This is the evening before the A.G.M. Midlanders will have the opportunity to form a Midland section and announce the fact next day. Northerners might well find this a congenial stopping place on the road South.

SUN., 21st SEPT. Rally, Concours and A.G.M. about which you should all know.

SUN., 28th SEPT. Bentley Drivers Club Hill Climb Meeting at Firle Hill on the South of the Lewes/Polegate Road.

We shall not be asked to the Hants & Berks Night Trial this year, so intending competitors must enter under other Clubs.

SOCIAL MEETINGS. Don't forget the First Tuesday of each month at the Woolpack Inn, Coggeshall, Essex and the last Tuesday at the Coach & Horses, Croxley Green. The Woolpack is a really wonderful old pub. The first meeting here was an enormous success but since then attendance has fallen off. Have a night out and give it a try. A steady and pleasant company attend the Coach & Horses but why so late? These evenings can be great fun. Try one!

A. JEDDERE FISHER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor,

It may come as a shock to you to learn that some of us can read. I can assure you that it is true. Furthermore, many of us did not like your last issue one little bit for, being Lagonda enthusiasts all our lives, we'd seen most of it long ago before you copied it all out again. Perhaps you are short of material so I am writing to tell you of my experiences in the re-run of the 1927 London to Lands End Trial organised by the V.S.C.C. and the M.C.C. this Easter.

I'd been told about this Lands End run a long time ago but then one gets hold of a lot of things at my place that, in fact, never come off. Imagine my excitement when I was told by my mistress that all was fixed up and that I was to be driven by an Important Editor Fellow in a team with Titus (Nancy Audsley's 11.9 who used to live with Wilbur.—*Ed.*) and Lady Grey (John Vessey's 11.9.—*Ed.*). A month before the day I had awful tummy pains like white metal in the appendix but everyone seemed busy on other things and I was left to suffer in agonies of pain and apprehension. Indeed it seemed that I was not going to be able to go until at the very last minute my insides were taken out and rushed away to London. They only came back on the morning of the event and you should have seen the panic. My mistress trying to clean me and cursing master for making oily finger marks and master retaliating by cursing me for putting oil on his fingers. My radiator was put on two hours before the start which was at Virginia Water forty miles away. Oh, dear ! Mr. Oates and Mr. Needham never used to do things like that ! I believe Mr. Needham is a member of your Club ; you should get him to write something about the old days. He likes writing too.

I was to be run in on the way to the start. Indeed I was ! How I ached ! At Virginia Water there were crowds of people including

the Important Editor Fellow who was rather smaller than I had hoped. He was very worried about my non-arrival but had time between jumps to introduce me to a moustache who had navigated the winning car in some winter rally to Monte Carlo. Oh how I hoped that he would not navigate me too fast. How I ached.

And oooh ! the I.E.F. let the clutch in with such a bump just as I caught sight of Titus starting off and I wasn't ready for it. Then he said that I was worse than a Clyno he knew all about. I daresay he did, but I nearly seized up solid in protest and probably would have done if I hadn't seen ever such a nice young dainty Calthorpe starting off. I just HAD to follow.

We started twenty minutes late but the I.E.F. hurried me along gently enough with my indignation retarded and soon we began to catch up the others. We passed a Hillman doctor's coupe whose lighting set would not work when the bonnet was fastened and a 1921 Morgan with more oil in its plugs than in its tummy. A Trojan was stationary changing chains for the morning hills. Oh yes and we were nearly run into by a bull-nosed M.G. who said his name was Cecil Kimber's and that he was the first ever built. "Nothing to boast about," I told him, "when you were designed after Wilbur Gunn died" ; but he couldn't be expected to see that as he hadn't any lights. By morning he hadn't any big ends either. Breeding does count.

Porlock was easy although a Humber blew its core plugs out there. Such inconvenient things I always think. I do not know why detachable heads were ever invented. We just had to laugh when the rider of a 1914 Lea Francis had to dismount over the handlebars because the cylinder was too hot.

We had to go all the way down Countisbury in bottom gear and then straight up

Lynmouth. My gearbox ached something dreadful with the stitch and I'm afraid that we had to stop and wait for a minute before the top. Then came Beggars Roost. It was a beggar all right and both Titus and Lady Grey failed to get up. This was very sad, especially as I remember that the whole team got up in 1924. Perhaps gravity is growing stronger.

On Bodmin Moor we ran along with the dainty Calthorpe. I liked that. Then we hurried on passing Titus and Lady Grey. The Titus crew looked sleepy but Lady Grey's master was talking about Lancias. Such silly talk. Titus, who was following all the time, was taken in by it all at first until I told him afterwards that my master has one now and such trouble it gives. You see the pistons and valves are always playing at Lions and Christians. When the Christians are thrown at the Lions, as I told Titus, "My dear, the noise."

Bluehills Mine was as near original as any of the hills and was really the greatest fun. I went up first. Lady Grey followed at top bottom speed, valves bouncing fit to float, and she showered stones out behind as she rounded the hairpin. Titus, on the other hand, took it very gently and seemed very pleased with himself. At the top we found some of the cars having air put in their tyres. Pity it wasn't a hot day.

Cornwall has rather rude small boys but the grown ups seemed to respect us and certainly paid us the compliment of taking notice. At Land's End it was bleak and cold but I was allowed to park next to the Calthorpe, such a pretty daffodil yellow.

It seems that only four of our party of twenty-two failed to arrive, which a Rapier in the modern section had to admit was a better percentage than his lot were able to achieve. It came on to rain hard as soon as we turned round but we managed to make Newquay before it got dark. I was rather afraid that I was going to be left out all

night but Lady Grey's master came and took me to a big airy garage and put us to bed together. There was no sign of the Calthorpe.

Next day my mistress came to take me away and left the I.E.F. to follow in master's Lancia because the I.E.F. stayed overlong in bed and they all thought that the Lancia would be quicker. Of course, the inevitable happened and when I had got all the way to Exeter, master had a telegram to say that the Lions had been given another good feed of Christians and I had to go all the way back to Liskeard to pick up the I.E.F. and the moustache. We didn't get back home till early next morning and I had to set out almost at once for Goodwood. Master promised that there would be a meeting of Lagondas after the racing had finished. Some meeting! One of these days I shall write you a letter about what I think of your Club and its embers. "Oil on the hearthrug Society" I call you.

Well that's the story of a pleasant 900 miles of weekend. I hope that you publish it as I think that some of your car readers would like a bit of real news.

Yours chearily gearilly,

WILBUR.

P.S.—Whilst I was going in the wrong direction back to Liskeard we met the Calthorpe coming the other way. She never even recognised me. Never, never, never trust a blonde.

The Garage,
Apsley Cottage.

* * *

11th May, 1952.

Dear Wilbur,

As my blokes (I don't hold with this master and mistress business!) were working on my front end this afternoon, a letter fell

out of the Editor blokes'* pocket, well thumbed and tear stained, your letter, in fact. I feel you are doing him less than justice, however, for although you are a little old in the cogs, some of us were born much later, and perhaps our blokes have never seen Care & Maintenance, etc., etc.

I was very pleased to read of your adventures on the Lands End Trial, my—that must have been fun. I read also the report by the I.E.F. in *Motor Sport* for May, and his remarks re "swinging you like a barrel-organ" and "sounds as of a juvenile threshing machine" quite hurt my feelings, no wonder you had gearbox ache, why, he was lucky to get a bronze, mind you have it put on your rather bare dash !

I do so sympathise with you over all this Lancia talk, you would think that by now he would have unloaded it on some other mug; always there is this talk of better continental models, I don't hold with it. My blokes are removing my Zoller inspiration and fitting a Rootes type (from an Alfa—Oh dear !), still, its better than that horrid Cozette. THEY seem to think that they will make many pence selling all the lovely heavy Zoller bits and pieces—let someone else have some fun, they say.

I am hoping to be on the road again in time for the A.G.M., if only to hand over that nice Densham Trophy that I won last year ! My bloke goes to work on the City coach, and sits happily criticising the nasty modern tin cans which just manage to pass the coach, but he comes up to see me often and croons over me, I think he misses Miranda, my sister, he was so proud of his slick top-third-top gear changes !

Well, that's enough for now,

Yours to a tooth,

LUCRETIA.

The Garage,
Brook Street.

(* i.e.—The Old One as then was.)

The Editor,

30th March, 1952.

THE LAGONDA.

Dear Sir,

The editorial in Number 5 of the above has given me more food for thought on the subject of road accidents. I have been interested in this subject since I started driving, a good many years ago, and have studied the official statistics.

Road accidents are, as is well known, due to a wide variety of causes. It is, in my opinion, true to say that an error of judgment on one party's side is the cause of most of them, at the time of the accident. There are, however, what might be called primary causes. Many of these, such as bad roads, traffic congestion and high speed are recognised, but others, such as weight, size and composition of traffic do not seem to be noticed.

The roads may not be fit for fast traffic, they may not be fit for heavy traffic. They are most decidedly not fit for traffic consisting of heavy vehicles going fast.

Heavy vehicles should be subject to lower speed limits and these should be strictly enforced.

Further, as much heavy traffic as possible should be put back on the railways which are designed to take it. Why substitute the roads for the railways ? Why ruin this green and pleasant land ?

Although I am fortunate in being able to state that I have not had an accident causing damage to any other person, I am glad to agree that we should all endeavour to be as skilful and careful as possible. I should, however, like to add, that, although some of the younger members of motoring clubs seem very fond of trying hedges and ditches, it is very seldom that any innocent party gets hurt.

Yours sincerely,

J. S. W. GRAHAM.

6 Dominic Road,
Liverpool, 16.

Dear Sir,

Though only a member of the Club (ex-Register) for a few years and acting in no spirit of zoilism, it is, unfortunately, apparent that we are entering fewer cars in active competition, both with other clubs, and more seriously among ourselves. It would appear that the time is rapidly coming when this will become a dominant factor in the politics of the Club, and it is hoped that our governing body is alive to this disconcerting landslide in a motoring club possessing one of the larger memberships.

In the following paragraphs it is hoped that some reasons, and even more important, tentative solutions can be set out, and food for thought among the members provided so that after digestion other members' views may regurgitate suggestions for keeping the Club on the map.

£ s. d. It is thought that this may be one of the over-riding causes; the costs of motoring are mounting day by day, and it is felt that all competitions should be designed to keep overheads to a strict minimum. This will no doubt mean that events will have to take place in districts where the membership is heaviest, and courses will have to be short and well surfaced. Nevertheless, the Southern and Northern Rallies, which fulfil these requirements, were badly patronised; a not very heartening portent to the Club officials who gave up much time and petrol to ensure their smooth running.

Interests. Are members interested in competitive motoring of even the gentlest sort? This is difficult to answer—other clubs, smaller than ourselves, have much better turnouts, and are increasing their fixtures. It should be born in mind that the average entrant does not expect to win prizes, but does hope to have a good day's motoring, and above all to meet other enthusiasts during and after the event. We, as a club, should certainly be able to ensure this, the onus for success being on the individual member.

Outside Events. We receive a very fair number of invitations from other clubs—Bentley, Aston Martin and Lancia to mention a few; but unfortunately, few Lagondas are seen in open competitions, and the Club Competition Secretary is hard pushed to raise even **THREE**. This problem is, perhaps, more easily answered, as this tends to be expensive, and it must be admitted that our cars, with few exceptions, are unsuitable. However, other clubs are conscious of our difficulties and of the cost of petrol and tyres, and they are willing to give very fair handicaps if only more Lagondas appear on which handicapping figures can be based.

Alternate Cars. "Members of the Club (paid up) driving Lagondas" has always been conspicuous on entry forms at our closed events. It is perhaps high time for us to reconsider this wording. Many members either have their Lags in dock awaiting the attention of Dr. Forshaw, or not licensed for the full year, and are running some other more humble car in the interests of economy; would we not be wiser to admit them, albeit not driving a Lag, to these closed events?

Expression of Views. "The man who pays the piper calls the tune" is as true a saying as ever and it is hoped that other members, the piper payers, will put forward ideas and solutions. In some ways it is a pity that the cars cannot give the answer, for after having observed several family 2-litre saloons in action at the recent Rallies, their answer would undoubtedly be an elderly, restrained, but definite—"Have a Go!"

I am,

Yours sincerely,

C. S. REXFORD-WELCH,

M.A., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

124 Clarence Gate Gardens,
Baker Street,
London, N.W.1.

What is YOUR problem ?



Is it service for your present Lagonda?

Or are you thinking of a change of Model?

In both cases we think we can help materially. Don't forget — Spring is just around the corner!!

Why not consult

THE Lagonda Specialists
NOW



We are
appointed Agents
for
The New Lagonda
and
Aston Martin Cars

DAVIES MOTORS LIMITED

Managing Director: J. E. DAVIES,
(20 years Service Manager to Lagonda Limited)

273 LONDON ROAD, STAINES

Telephone: 4211 (5 lines)
or (Private) Walton 1562

PRIX DE GRAND LONDRES

This classic event, run on 13th May, was won by Barclay Inglis who cheated. Starting from Gordon's Wine Bar in Villiers Street, competitors were directed by their navigators from tavern to tavern, with unsympathetic and relentless observers in the back grimly deducting marks for the silliest things imaginable. Highlights of the event were provided by the progress through Rotherhithe Tunnel of Mike Samuelson and his fine Edwardian 40/50 Rolls at a steady 65 m.p.h. . . . with the exhaust cut-out open ! Later, in the same place, a demonstration of Arthur Fisher's Theory of Infinite Velocity was given by the same Rolls and the younger 40/50 Rolls of Iain Lumsden. The theory states that two vehicles (with rear wheel brakes only) approaching each other at terminal velocity, and unable to brake sufficiently hard to ensure a collision, will pass by the thickness of an S.A.E. 50 oil-film.

Esmonde Seal's Lambda, travelling down Tottenham Court Road at not less than 73 m.p.h., passed Lily (speedo. reading 86

m.p.h.—Ed.) who was just stopping at the right hostelry, and disappeared confidently in the general direction of Dymchurch. A characteristic apparition of the night was Barclay's Allard approaching NO ENTRY signs at constant velocity with all four wheels locked. Lily jammed her starter once and her gearbox twice, but fortunately our Staff Photographer was at hand to assist and to wipe the greasy floorboards all over the new tonneau cover. Michael Bosworth, wearing a particularly irritating smirk, greeted competitors on their arrival at each inn. Apart from slight dribbles, there was nothing to show how he had got there, until he was spotted at Wapping in a submarine.

Altogether this was one of the most enjoyable events of the season, and many thanks are due to Arthur and Iain, to whom fell the prior task of mapping the course. Fortunately, they are both sedulous practitioners.

By Our Special Correspondent.

CARS FOR SALE AND WANTED

Charge 5s. for two advertisements.

Details to J. H. T. GRIFFITHS, Little Chesters, Stoke Poges, Bucks. (All communications should be addressed to: The Secretary, ALAN AUDSLEY, Greenways, Hedgerley Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks., until 19th October, 1952.)

Will all advertisers *please* notify Griffiths or Audsley as soon as a car has been sold or bought, as this makes it possible to keep records up-to-date and avoids publishing and sending out incorrect information.

CARS FOR SALE

Rapier De Clifford 2-str. in excellent condition and of beautiful appearance. New tyres

and full weather equipment. Modified exhaust system, new valves, guides and springs. Bores perfect. Very fast and economical. Will exchange for 4-str. 4-cyl. low-chassis or Continental Tourer in similar condition, or sell around £360.—H. Bostock, Tattingstone Park, Ipswich.

Rapier 1935 D.H.C. in perfect condition except hood which is old but adequate. £500 spent on car during last three years.—DAVID ELLIS, Mercury Theatre, 2 Ladbroke Road, London, W.11.

2-litre (unblown). This is the ex-Broderick Hemshall car. Late property of enthusiastic undertaker; now fitted with

very pretty sun-saloon body, three seats (one full-length). Meticulously maintained by Morgue Motors. Modified engine with extra large clearances giving greatly reduced operating pressures. Special reverse-camber rubber-assisted springs giving low C.G. with incredible road-holding. Fire Power Head. Very light but powerful sprag. Gearbox with 2nd gear adequate for all normal purposes. Original oil. Suction wiper overhauled, bills shown; spare wiper blade available. Lighting conductor, goes like the clippers! 120 m.p.h. speedo. Ideal for keen learner. 425 gns., or would exchange 1951 Atco, condition immaterial.—A. JABBERE KISSER, Upsydaisy Cottage, Kingson Jaunt, Oxen.

2-litre 1928 Tourer, 12,000 miles since rebore, gearbox and back axle good, rewired throughout, new timing chains and mag., brakes and steering good, body moderate. £150.—J. W. MACALPINE, 49 Brompton Square, London, S.W.3.

2-litre 1932 Continental Saloon, black. Engine overhauled 1951, dynamo and magneto rebuilt. Good body and interior (fabric and glass renewed, lamps, re-chromed, etc.). Brakes need attention otherwise good chassis. Good tyres. £270.—E. D. ROBERTSON, 4 Old Palace Yard, Richmond, Surrey. Tel.: Richmond 5742.

2-litre Open four-seater, 1930 engine. Body rebuilt on 3-litre chassis. Re-upholstered recently and very smart. All-weather equipment good. 20 m.p.g. Excellent performance. £375.—P. K. RYLANDS, c/o Rylands Brothers, Warrington, Lancs. Tel.: Warrington 426.

2-litre 1932 Black Saloon ex-Forshaw, ex-Griffiths. 5 good tyres. Clutch, starter ring, valve guides, timing wheels, etc., overhauled, new battery. £225., or near offer.—R. G. GOSLETT, Ford End, Denham, Bucks. Tel.: Denham 2025.

2-litre 1928 Weyman Saloon. Extensively overhauled and rebuilt. Temporarily in Northern Ireland. Owner going overseas. Register No. B.35. £185, or near offer. LIEUT. (E) J. S. BROOKS, R.N., 2 West End Park, Lonemoor, Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

16/80 Special. Registered June 1933. Van dan Plas open 2-seater with occasional rear seats. Green. Manual gearbox. New rad. and water pump this year. Taxed, insured for 1952. Apply:—IVAN FORSHAW, Lyngarth, Sandecotes Rd., Parkstone, Dorset.

16/80 Pillarless Saloon, first registered 1935. 8,000 miles since £80 engine overhaul. ENV gearbox, twin S.U.'s. well shod, mechanical condition very good. Coachwork quite presentable. £275, or near offer.—R. PAINES, 23 Eastbury Road, Northwood, Middx. Tel.: Northwood 2812.

16/80 Green Saloon, reg. 1933. In excellent condition and rebuilt throughout. 25 m.p.g. £300.—Full details of work done, etc. from: R. M. RICKARD, 7 Linden Road, Bedford.

16/80 Heatley Special in first-class condition throughout and including about £100 worth of spares. £450.—Full details from: R. P. HEATLEY, 16 Petts Wood Lane, Petts Wood, Kent.

Spares. Six new KE. 965, 16/80 valves, 10s. 6d. each. Two 5.50 × 18 Blue Peter unused retreads, £4 each, carriage paid.—G. L. AUTY, Sunny Fields, Winterbourne, Nr. Bristol.

16/65 (18 h.p., 2.8 litre) Nov. 1927 Tourer. Five good tyres, wheels respoked, brakes relined last year. Spare engine and dynamo. Good hood and bag. 22 m.p.g. £150.—LT.(E) T. D. A. KENNEDY, R.N., R.N.A.S. Stretton, Nr. Warrington, Lancs. Or: White Cottage, Grange Road, Bushey, Herts.

1933 3-litre Chassis with large shooting brake body built 1948 regardless of cost, 4½ gearbox, strengthened springs, 4 new tyres. Taxed and insured for year. 22 m.p.g. touring. Very fast if necessary. £450.—D. R. H. JOLLY, Edmondsham, Nr. Wimbourne, Dorset.

3-litre 1933 Saloon. Mayback 12-speed gearbox. Over £350 spent on car including engine overhaul by Davies Motors Ltd. 2 new tyres, 2 new retreads, 4 tubes. Very fine car—reason for sale arrival of new car. £450 or near offer.—A. G. L. STANDLEY, 27 Orchard Drive, Cowley, Middx. Tel.: Uxbridge 1312.

3-litre 4-seater tourer, sports. 25,000 miles since engine overhaul. Excellent mechanical condition. Complete all-weather equipment. Taxed to December, 1952. £250.—G. E. G. SMITH, 18 Moor Green Lane, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

4½-litre 1937 saloon, green. Very good order.—MRS. COLEY, 22 Norland Avenue, Hull, or to Northern Secretary.

4½-litre 1934 M45 Special Saloon, black with sliding roof, modern lines, all aluminium panelling, hide upholstery, double boot, P100's, good chassis, etc.—For further details, apply: J. H. T. GRIFFITHS, Little Chesters, Stoke Poges, Bucks. Tel.: Fulmer 24.

4½-litre 1937 L.G.45 Tourer with G.10 gearbox and right-hand change. Laid up during war. Works maintained. Ten good tyres, including four unused. £500, or near offer.—J. W. MUNN, Derrymore, Ashley Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

4½-litre 1934 black pillarless saloon. In excellent condition and well shod. 95 m.p.h.—18 m.p.g. £200.—R. M. SKINNER, Tanglefields, South Park, South Godstone, Surrey. Tel.: 3144.

4½-litre 1934 Pillarless Saloon. Requires rebuilding but basically sound. £120, or near offer.—F/L H. R. COLLINS, A.F.C., R.A.F., Upavon, Pewsey, Wilts.

4½-litres

(a) 1934 Pillarless Saloon, excellent mechanically, new back axle, brake linings and brake cross-shaft. Requires respraying and dynamo reconditioning. £175.

(b) LG.45 Pillarless Saloon, registered March 1936. Grey, blue upholstery. Maintained Davies Motors. In outstanding condition except worn front tyres. Newton shockers all round, manual radiator shutters, Mello-tone horns, new carburettors and pumps. £650, or near offer.

C. G. MEISL, Connaught Engineering, Send, Surrey. Tel.: Ripley 3122.

1938 V.12 Sports Saloon. Sanction I replacement engine 1949. Car in superb condition throughout with many improvements and additions such as twin Servais exhausts, special Ferodo brake linings, Hi-volt oil coils, radio, heaters, etc., etc. Approx. mileage 41,000. £1,700.—For full details apply: P. V. KORDA, High Garth, Nightingales Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

WANTS TO BUY

2-litre tourer required by:—B. V. PAYNE, Leander Club, Henley-on-Thames.

4½-litre 1935 D.H.C. required by:—DAVID ELLIS, Mercury Theatre, 2 Ladbroke Road, London, W.11.

2-litre 16/80 or 3-litre Lagonda, 1930/35, required by:—D. C. MURGATROYD, Leighbridge Farm, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent.

