



No. 8

Spring 1953

THE LAGONDA CLUB

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THE LAGONDA CLUB

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EDITORIAL

At this season of the year, in common with some of the larger public undertakings, car clubs such as our own, experience an "off-peak period". Gone is the care-free Summer Rally, and the enthusiasm of all but the completely waterproof has been tempered by the moist menace of the autumnal A.G.M. . . . only to suffer utter extinction in the multiple miseries of the Winter Treasure Hunt. The resources of the erstwhile keen motorist are at a low ebb, and he is prone to indulge in introspective fantasies featuring gargantuan car-heaters on wheels with slight understeer characteristics. In extreme cases, he may even neglect handling qualities entirely.

This sad spectacle would cause the heart of a sensitive non-motorist to brim over with pity. Were such a person further endowed with other finer human qualities, he, or rather less likely—she, would try to think of some means of succouring the wretch.

The Editor, being neither sensitive nor a non-motorist, is of the opinion that it is about time the fathead shook himself out of his complacent bone-idleness, and took immediate steps to retrieve the situation. He could, in the first instance, compose something for the magazine, and this done, take photographs of his forsaken Lagonda and send them to Mr. Hartop (or Mrs. Hartop). With these short preliminaries completed, he could then write to the Hon. Competition Secretary offering his services

as a marshal at any time of the day, night, or year, and at the same time give the Hon. Competition Secretary *carte blanche* to enter him for any event the Hon. Competition Secretary sees fit to enter him for. As a precautionary measure, it would be as well at this stage for him to beat his wife. Already benefiting from the mental stimulus of these measures, he might now do the decent thing and write to the Hon. Treasurer on that rather superior quality of tinted paper obtainable from any reputable bank, or on the inferior but serviceable equivalent provided by the Post Office. He should not, under any circumstances, send cash to the Hon. Treasurer ; this should be addressed to the Editor.

Now with the first flush of his old enthusiasm returning, he could communicate with the Hon. Spares Registrar & Technical Adviser, with a view to obtaining the advice and parts necessary to return his car to a state of roadworthiness. Realising his own deficiencies, and the obscurity of the advice received, he would then be wise to place the actual work in the hands of a competent professional person (see advertisements). If these matters are attended to with even moderate willingness, the revived enthusiast should find himself in a position to enjoy a very happy season in 1960.

No longer owning a Lagonda, it is with very great pleasure that the Editor takes this opportunity to publicly spit an infinitive.

MISCELLANY

From two independent sources (Mr. J. P. Abbott of our printers, and Mr. K. Denton, Assistant Editor of the David Brown Companies "Newsletter"), comes this extract from *Reveille* :—

"As recently as 1930, an Oxfordshire man swapped his wife for a Lagonda car . . . and as far as is known the deal was a success."

If this man is a member of the Club, will he please communicate with the Editor immediately ?

The Itala of Rexford-Welch and Michael Kennard is progressing very well ; since the last issue of the magazine, it has grown to nearly 8 litres !

Dr. Arnold Young, writing from Malaya, promises "to supply further chapters of the eternal saga, 'Man versus Machine'." At the time of going to press, word was received that the sump of the M45 was full of water, and that a running noose had been suspended from a nearby tree. . . .

Dennis King, the old Editor, and Valerie Hahn were married on 7th March, 1953. The best wishes of all will go to them, together with a tear for Lucretia.

Eric Gordon, writing from Kenya, mentions that the Emergency there has brought his 1930 3-litre a lot of extra running . . . over what we in England would call tracks, and that of the available transport in the area, the 3-litre was the only vehicle in reliable running order. "Doubtless a little matter of breeding", he says !

The demand for extra copies of the last issue of THE LAGONDA was so overwhelming that many members could not be supplied ; the limited stock soon going "out of print". More copies of this number have accordingly been ordered, and the previously unlucky members are advised to try again !

The first batch of car badges (25s.) and lapel badges (5s.) has now been delivered to D. J. Roberts, and members desiring these should write to him with a suitable enclosure at "Hawthorne Lodge Bungalow", Bracknell, Berks.

Copy for the next issue must reach the Editor by 1st May, 1953, or there'll be another tiddly-poo like the last one ! The Hon. Spares Registrar & Technical Advisor is requested not to misinterpret these remarks *again* ; the Editor did NOT offer to do his washing for him !

The Hon. Treasurer and the Editor propose to start the "Austin Seven Club", as no existing organisation caters for these fine cars in their original form. Enquiries to the Hon. Secretary, Charles S. Elphinstone, The Lodge, Woodcock Hill, Berkhamsted, Herts.

It was noted in translating and rewriting a great many of the contributions in this issue, that judging by the frequency with which the Editor is pilloried in introductory sentences, contributors are resentful of the honour done them by being invited, at least, to *try*. Those who have done so, will all admit to a flush of pride on having the formulation of their little ideas read out to them. Why don't YOU try ?

The "Lagonda" is sometimes published quarterly, and is sent free to those members of the Lagonda Club who have paid the current subscription. Extra copies, price 2s. 6d. post free, may be obtained from the Editorial Offices.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

	£	s.	d.	
Full page	5	5	0	(These charges are exclusive of the cost of half-tone or line blocks which are chargeable to the advertiser.)
Half page	2	10	0	
Quarter page	1	5	0	

Particulars of reduced rates for a minimum of four successive insertions may be obtained from :
M. F. KENNARD, 29 St. Edmund's Court, London, N.W.8.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Prix de Grand Londres

1st December, 1952.

Darling boy,

Somehow, even after all these years, it still seems so strange to call you that !

How sweet of you to send me your little magazine. At first, when I saw its name—La Gonda—I thought it was going to be one of those naughty French things (such *peculiar* illustrations !) which your dear father showed me the one time we met ; how well I remember holding the matchbox for him in the pouring rain in Hyde Park, and how funny they looked upside down.

I was so proud to see your name on the first page, dear boy, and to find that you have inherited your mother's generous nature ; because it was so sweet, after all the *horrid* things those two nasty Stark and Inglis men wrote to you, for you to give them full credit for doing so well in the competition in 1907. You will not remember, because you were just a dear wee tot at the time, but it is really quite a coincidence, because you yourself were Miss Harpic of 1906—I still have the pot you won, dear boy. All that was long before those unhappy months in the winter of 1917/8, of course, when your sex gradually changed. But there ! Perhaps I should not have reminded you of that difficult time ; forgive me, darling boy, for letting a mother's pride run away with her.

I had such a *nice* note from dear Fishy and look forward to seeing you both next visiting day.

Lots of love, dear boy,
from

Your loving
MUM.

P.S.—The methylated spirits are almost finished.

The Scrubs,
London, W.12.

dear mister editor,

My missus, wot can reed now red me them letters wot you got from them fellers Messers Stark and Inglis. Seeing as how they talks posh with long words i wasnt tort at borstal i coodnt make out wot they was on abowt but it seams as how you wants a pal to help you out in this here bull and cow. If you wants a second just you let me know and praps i can flog you a nice cosh or nuklduster wot you can hit them with or praps i can give you a nice picture wot you can use for a tidy bit of blackmail. Seeing as how mister inglis done me proud for passes last year dont treat him too bad but dont yer stand any old buck from them seein as how you are the editor and wot you say is final.

hoping this find you as it leaves me

yours trooly,

A. HOLLISTER (His mark) X

“Brier Patch”,
Valley Road,
Swanage, Dorset.

12th January, 1953.

Dear Mr. Taylor,

I was most interested to see Mr. Lake's views printed in your last issue.

I whole-heartedly agree that the vintage or post-vintage thoroughbred type of car offers incomparable hack service. Indeed, I scare myself stiff and frenzied in almost any other financially feasible conveyance. There is, however, a point I have not previously seen ventilated ; how many vintage vehicles does one need to stay mobile ? I have hitherto managed on two, but this arrangement is on occasion a shaky do, involving unexpected overtime and domestic strain. Admittedly, my cars are definitely belted about over a large monthly mileage, far from spares suppliers and skilled help ; I feel, however, that three vintage vehicles constitute the minimum necessary for avoidance of that

sinking feeling—a conclusion greeted with acclaim by all except one's wife. (P.S. She has a Morris.)

Another thing ; I am tending toward the interesting theory that a given standard of performance costs about the same, whether one buys a new car or a vintage one. This is a thing which did not occur to me, for one, on first entering the vintage field. Let me hasten to add that I speak of vintage cars immaculately painted, hooded, and upholstered, and which have been brought to first-rate mechanical condition. Lesser standards are, of course, eminently acceptable and enjoyable, for less serious work. My Speed '28 2-litre has had, in the six years I have owned it, between five and six hundred pounds expended on purchase price and on what one might term capital expenditure, to get it up to as near new condition as is possible. The M45 drophead, I fear, looks like costing nearly twice that amount by the time it reaches peak condition.

For this, I have an almost new 2-litre ; I have yet to meet the car I would swop it for—and that goes for DBII's. Judgment is reserved on the M45 ; it is certainly better than any comparable machine I have tried out here, including Mk VII Jags, but it remains to be seen whether it will ultimately measure up to my admittedly odd requirements.

What do others think ? That should start something !

Yours sincerely,

ARNOLD YOUNG.

Georgetown Chambers,
Belfield Street,
Ipoh, Perak, Malaya.

TECHNICAL ADVICE

To the Editor, THE LAGONDA.

Dear Sir,

In the editorial of your last issue you complain of lack of written contributions by members. May I, as a consequence, and by the courtesy of your columns, appeal to all members NOT repeat NOT to put pen to

paper on any subject whatsoever lest they suffer such a fate as befell me.

You have a member called Forshaw—"Doctor" Forshaw I believe he is called by his low beer slugging pals, which I definitely am not (pal I mean, beer slugging definitely, yes). Well, in a moment of careless abandon I wrote to this Frightful Fellow Forshaw (hereinafter referred to as F.F.F.) and told him, amongst other things, why my car was called "CUMULO NIMBUS". Your readers may remember that he duly published these reasons in his so-called "Technical Topics" finishing up with the remark that all the stewardesses at Northolt agreed that it was a very dangerous car to go into.

Now the point of my story is as follows :— I had at the time a most beautiful fiancée ('phone : MUG 9999) and I was talking to her in bed one morning (she wasn't well, so I had gone round to her house with some reading matter, and was sitting on the side of the bed talking to her) and she was idly glancing through THE LAGONDA magazine when she came across F.F.F.'s. statement. Imagine her rage and my mortification, and to cut a long story short I no longer have a fiancée—and all thanks to this F.F.F.

So rush not into print dear fellow members. Let F.F.F. say what he likes in his technical topics but give him not one tiny little piece of your confidences—let him stick to his job as I wanted to stick to mine.

I must close before my feelings get the better of me. Life is empty now with nothing left but buckets of beer in low taverns (the best beer here is at the Elephant). Should by chance any female member with a 4½-litre be looking for an eligible spouse will she please send me a photo at once (of the 4½-litre, of course, not of herself).

And don't forget, put not your trust in F.F.F.

Melancholy yours,

J. A. H. COOPER.

Keepers Cottage,
Tidmarsh, Nr. Pangbourne,
Berks.



"Well, it'll all wash off with a drop of paraffin, won't it?"

BASHING ON

Malaya's main trunk road stretches from Singapore some 590 miles up to Kangar, in Perlis ; it has some very creditable bits, and some others which don't even score backwoods "B" rating. There are, be it understood, a good many other roads in the country as well, but not nearly so trunk.

This road, and various recognised subdivisions of it, are used from time to time and quite unofficially, by the more right minded citizens for a little motoring against the clock. My more brutal acquaintances maintain that it is the only one long enough to wind up a 2-litre on. Actually, or 'ectually' as they said at the time, I once held the record for the Kuala Lumpur to Singapore trip, in the spring of '46, when all the bridges were Bailey and some of the road was Macadam without the tar, with a 3½-litre special, mostly Jaguar ; 250 miles in five hours flat. It took me two days to get back again, but that is another story, in a manner of speaking.

We were, I think, discussing Lagondas. Mine live now a matter of 400 miles from Singapore, which, besides being the source of the more garish trappings of civilisation—there is, however, the snag that you have to wear a tie there—possesses the only live motor club in the country. It becomes, therefore, essential from time to time to traverse the length of the peninsula, if that is what I mean, in search of relaxation, and this trip has become my yardstick in judging the worth of the various machines which afflict me.

Singapore Motor Club's Johore Grand Prix is an annual "must" ; last year, Ferguson, who has a Cooper 1,000, impressed Jack and I for pit work. The old 2-litre was the obvious choice of medium, and we bashed off, loaded to the gunwales with our spares and Ferguson's methanol, early in the morning, before the Comrades in the jungle get up and set about the day's ambushing.

The first few hundred miles were delightful,

except for the anguish I always suffer when someone else murders my second gear teeth, and then we were stricken by an odd sort of fuel starvation—or rather, saving editorial parenthesis—the 2-litre was. We had a series of most instructive roadside conferences ; I confess to membership of the brute force and adjectival ignorance school, but Jack is a chap with all the right kind of letters after his name, and I heard a lot about the functioning or otherwise of Autovacs and early Zeniths. In the end we decided, or rather Jack did, that we had, or I had, at some time made a nonsense of replacing the filter bowl, and that the resulting crack was not airtight at full suck. How right he was.

We therefore continued by the reliable method of fuel feed ; Jack balanced the Jerrican on his knee, and a long rubber tube—I never move without one, do you ?—(joke for Rexford-Welch) snaked under the bonnet. Thus we arrived in the big city, to seek Jack's lodging, situated, he maintained, in Fifth Avenue. This thoroughfare turned out to be a steep acclivity used, it appeared, more often than not, by considerable quantities of water. It was not as Jack remembered it from his last visit three years before, and we found, halfway up, that the gradient was too much for our limited head feed. So we finished in reverberating reverse, leaning out of the car on opposite sides and bellowing to each other "changed a bit since I was here last, old boy".

At the top, Jack said it must be First Avenue, and so it proved to be ; we started to short circuit the defective fuel filter by applying a blow lamp to the pipe nipples. The resulting realisation almost caused this saga to be entitled "Brazing On". We were, nevertheless, on time for the big show at 0730 next morning, a show mainly notable for the Cooper's stealing it, leaving XK's and all at the start, and staying in front until the end. There was also a 1927 4½ Bentley, pounding round like a train, never in the picture, but how lovely. The owner con-

trived to make two noiseless changes down as he passed our signalling station on each lap ; we silently rose and removed our hats every time he did it.

The trip home again was remarkable—I will not say unique—in being trouble free, which resulted in the creditable time of nine hours and a quarter for the 400 miles, including the only stop.

This year, Ferguson, was still in his Cooper, but we were much more upstage in the '34 M45, and lapped in dropheaded luxury by courtesy of Messrs. Freestone & Webb. This, painted delicatessen green (Not NAAFI green !?—ED.), is an impressive machine. We lost our “paddock” windscreen sticker, as usual, but the copper on duty, after one look at the beer in the back, let us in without question, and without laughing as much as he did last year.

This year there was opposition ; a new Cooper 1,100, a modified XK120, and a tubular-framed special with a blown Jupiter engine. The owner of the modified XK, by cutting big holes in his front wings and discarding his rear ones, contrived to be the only XK with any brakes at all by the halfway mark, and eventually won, followed home by another which got round its corners by ricochetting off the trees on the last four or five laps ; Ferguson was third, mostly on one cylinder, and the Cooper 1,100 fourth, after more trouble than you'd think possible outside vintage circles, and the blown Jupiter kept both its heads, for the first time on record.

The frivolous part of the proceedings being thus satisfactorily concluded, the serious undertaking of getting back home again with a minimum of delay was then tackled. After putting in another water pump gland washer—it is wise not to move very far without one of those too, though it is hoped that Davies' latest modified brainwave has changed all—that we crossed the causeway separating Singapore from the peninsula, otherwise known to its denizens as Malaya proper, at 0700, and lit out for the wide open spaces.

Later on in the day, one drives in an atmosphere redolent of fevered machinery, one's subcutaneous fat frying gently in the scorching sun, liberally seasoned by the all pervading laterite dust, but sparrow cry is a very pleasant time of day to drive, or, indeed, to do anything else, especially to stay in bed. Thus musing, the miles passed in gratifying succession, till the gauze which optimistically lives in my filter bowl let through enough gubbins to disorganise the essential proceedings in the gas works. Must get a vane type like the 2L has. Shortly after this under-bonnet excursion, we came up astern a globular thing on a twisty bit of road—“Unibilt ; you step DOWN into a globular thing”. No prize for deplorable solution.

The chap in front seemed to think the Thing should stay in front of 4½'s ; he was fairly obviously driving for the first time, and mother-in-law in the back with the children, after it had cascaded round a few corners, was fairly obviously driving in it for the last time. Honour satisfied, he changed his mind, and let me past.

The next diversion was provided by one of Messrs. F. & W's. rear wings, which, after eighteen years' devotion to duty, fell off. Making the reprehensible screw hole bigger, I bunged in a ¼-in. bolt, which promptly pulled out too. Disconcerting.

Lashed up, we bashed on. It is a funny thing about wood ; whether in new cars or in my cars, it rarely survives more than two years in this country. Dry rot rather than termites seems to be the trouble ; there is a flourishing local industry in replacing coachbuilders' masterpieces with local timber better able to stand the climate. It has been flourishing on my 4½ for a month now, but one can scarcely complain after all those years. The next landmark to gladden these old eyes was an A40, skilfully and inexplicably balanced on its roof in the middle of a straight bit, then the black place in the road where two buses, fired by the Other Side, went up in flames unquenched by the tears of the insurance companies, past the place where the railway station went similarly up

the week after. They are building a new one now—reinforced concrete. So to our next rendezvous with Nemesis ; I have some beautiful new Forts, with little gold medals on the side—like a clot, I had not observed the passage of time, and one of them wore right through and went off bang fifty miles from home. It seemed, at this juncture, only just that the jack should hold more air than oil.

However, half a dozen Indians appeared from nowhere—awfully decent chaps, they always do—and hoisted the car up while I changed a wheel. Fortunately, it wasn't

the one with the twisted splines ; that one took an hour and a half to get off the last time, and taught me some new Malay words.

We were all a bit short of breath and essential fluids on the last stretch, and we bumbled in through the garden gate, eyes glued on the Time of Flight hands ; nine and a quarter hours exactly.

So the 2-litre (Speed Model !) may continue its insufferable preening for another twelve months or so ; short of importing a V twelve, I don't quite know what to do about it.

“QUACK”.

ELEVEN POINT NINE

At the very outset, let me make the position quite clear—I have been forced against my will into this “writing an article” nonsense ; and let it be understood that I know nothing whatever about Lagondas.

Although I always read THE LAGONDA from cover to cover, it never occurred to me that I might send any contribution to the Editor. To me, Editors are erudite, awe-inspiring people who write rude things about innocent members and their cars ; and once they get to know one's address, they send constant demands for contributions and Regulations for Race Meetings, and they tell you that it has been decided that you are just the person to organise a Lagonda Rally in the Shetlands. (A Treasure Hunt, not a Rally.—ED.)

This morning, however, the magenta-coloured post girl delivered the magenta-coloured December issue of THE LAGONDA, to which was firmly pinned an ultimatum from the Editor demanding an article on the 11.9. Naturally I had not the slightest intention of writing one, and dismissed both the post girl AND the ultimatum from my mind and finished my breakfast (black coffee and dry toast, as I had only returned a few

hours earlier from a “social” vintage weekend).

During the day—as I began to recover—I wondered whether to write to Wilbur Gunn and ask him for a detailed treatise on the 11.9 Lagonda, but decided he was probably dead : alternatively, if I wrote to Lagonda, Staines, I should almost certainly receive an illustrated catalogue of the 1953 Petter Oil Engine. Then came revelation . . . I WOULD write an article, and shake the Editor still further by submitting it in type (the typewriter being bought partly because I couldn't read my own writing, and partly because the Hon. Northern Secretary had been boasting that HE had one !) (Always thought the Hon. Northern Secretary used a lawn mower.—ED.)

Before commencing this 11.9 discourse, I would mention that I became a member of the Club (then Register) by foul means. In 1948—when petrol was to be had for nothing if you had enough coloured tickets—Arthur Fisher wrote to me and offered to give me all the tickets I required if I cared to take my car to Silverstone. That decided me as, a few days earlier, I had seen a 2-litre Lagonda

offered for sale in Sheffield. I borrowed a large bag of gold and acquired my first real motor car—together with an instruction book and six months' free membership to the Club. I duly motored the 2-litre to Kingston Blount, where it was parked amid dozens of other examples of the marque. Arthur immediately tore things off it, adjusted taps and took all the plugs out, and proclaimed that it undoubtedly WAS a 1928 High Bonnet ZF model. It broke down on the way home, and I completed the remainder of the journey afoot.

On another occasion I was introduced to Wilbur—"Very nice indeed; a Morris Cowley?"—Wilbur's owner was not amused. However, he was so loud of its praises that when I heard of a similar model residing only a few miles from home I had to investigate immediately.

The outcome was Lady Grey—an 11.9 Lagonda 2-seater coupe, born early 1922 and owned by an eccentric and aged lady who had ordered the car from the local Light Car agent immediately after the first war (it seems there was quite a waiting list for these cars), and she had insisted that the car be painted purple to match her sitting-room curtains, even though all Lagondas were turned out Lagonda Green. The price *then* was £395. Lady Grey had been chauffeur-driven from new and had been taken out on dry weekends only, until 1932 when she was laid to rest in a reasonably damp garage. Everything seemed to be there; tyres, hood, instruments, instruction book—all except the leather undershield.

After some weeks of bargaining the 11.9 was mine. The first time I took her out I was depressed—another bag of gold gone. . . . What had I done! She looked dreadful in the full light of day: the remaining nickel-plate bright green, coachwork mottled rust, and the original tyres all flat at the bottom. The engine certainly ticked over well but had an interesting knocking noise (it still has, and is presumably part of the design). The frail control pedals had not the slightest effect on the running of the engine or the movement of

the car, no matter how hard they were pedalled.

I re-read the Lagonda book of 1922, and referred to a paragraph from a letter dated the 19th September, 1921, wherein 'twas said: "*during my summer holidays in Devon and Cornwall, I climbed all the notable hills with four up and luggage. The hills climbed were Porlock, Lynton and Dartmeet. During the whole tour I experienced no trouble whatsoever with the exception of one puncture*". Slightly re-assured, I took the car home . . . and hid it.

My first journey with the 11.9 was to a V.S.C.C. meeting at Nidderdale: it was not a success, and I arrived well after opening time. But by now other ardent 11.9 owners had got at me and I decided to get down to it—scrape off all the existing paint, repaint as near as possible to original specification, fix two new front wings (List Price 1922, 25s. each), remove remaining nickel from brass ornaments, feed hood on warm neatsfoot oil, fix a new set of tyres and tubes, new pistons to standard, have mains and big ends remetalled, and a lump taken out of the timing chain.

The work was completed just 24 hours before E.T.A. Virginia Water for the start of the V.S.C.C. Light Car 1927 Memorial Run to Lands End. I didn't really expect to reach London, but once we were in the company of other light cars, Lady Grey comported herself with dignity and assurance, and conveyed her cargo to Lands End to their complete satisfaction.

I make no pretence that the 11.9 is MY everyday car: she has not been used to it in the past, and I know she is waiting patiently on her little car chocks until the spring, when she can again go south and talk overhead inlets, Fellows Folly and two-bearing cranks to Wilbur and Titus—I never interrupt, it's all far beyond me.

Should anyone having read thus far, contemplate buying an 11.9 Lagonda, then do so: the Editor would probably be delighted to produce a separate magazine—devoted exclusively to 11.9's.

JOHN VESSEY.

THE COST OF RUNNING A 2-LITRE

according to Geoffrey Walker . . .

We all know that everything in this world costs too much, it always has and it always will ! Unfortunately, costs are comparative but in matters motoring there is no doubt among the initiated that the running costs of the 2-litre are low, even compared with more modern and smaller cars.

I have driven 2-litres for a longish time, shall we say since the days when they were in their prime, and when 75 m.p.h. was really fast for a touring car. And it may be of interest to some of those still not converted to ownership and perhaps to try and convince the true-believer that I put down in facts and figures the ACTUAL cost to me of running KY-2712, 1932 2-litre Continental.

Perhaps a few notes on the car should be given. I bought KY-2712 in March 1948. It had been run right through the war and had obviously done a fair mileage, say an average of 5,000 per year as a minimum (80,000) ; probably much more.

It has a quite standard engine, with single S.U. carburettor and Lucas R.F.4 Tractor Magneto. The axle is 4.2 : 1 and the tyres are 18 × 5.50. Square-type gearbox with 5.279, 8.249, 13.201, 3rd, 2nd and 1st gears.

The engine was completely rebuilt at the time I bought the car. The total mileage from March 1948—December 1952 is 27,977. The car is used for business and pleasure.

There is no item included for garage as I am lucky in obtaining this without cost—nor is one included for self-applied elbow grease. All repairs have been done by myself and these are not many.

The somewhat formidable item for spares and repairs represents everything bought for the car and a list is appended if the Editor thinks it worthy of interest to include it. There is nothing included for depreciation. I have no intention of selling so it does not enter into my calculations.

I have not hesitated to renew anything that ought to be renewed in order to keep the car in first-class condition ; except perhaps the paintwork, which, although fairly good, some may consider wants doing—anyway we have been most successful at the last three Concours !

Although some say the performance of the 2-litre is not brisk, it is undoubtedly an above average touring car and it is rare for one to be overtaken in normal touring. In 1950 we had an exciting 20 miles chase after a Ford Vedette on the way to Le Mans and eventually vanquished him, amid much happy gesticulation from the inmates of both cars ! We were not below 70 for that 20 miles and were mostly around the 80—(I reckon the car will do 82). Similar amusements were had with a new Peugeot and Citroen. It is on such roads that the car excels and once wound up will stay there.

When new the safe revs of the 2-litre was 4,500 maintained for about 10 miles and around 4,250 for long periods. Remember that a 2-litre Lagonda once held the 200 mile record for class E at something over 80, done on Brooklands, so a speed of nearer 90 would have to be maintained.

I always like certain references in the handbook such as "This part will never require attention", and it's very nearly true !

Apart from punctures there has been only one failure on the road—the magneto—but managed to borrow another and got home under our own power ; without doubt and by any comparisons it is very reliable motoring.

All figures are to the nearest pound.

The lowish petrol consumption figures (21.8 m.p.g.) are due to much use of the gearbox and to a certain amount of caravan towing.

In France, on Super Carburant, the m.p.g. was just on 30.

Spares and Replacements for Lagonda 2-litre

KY-2712. March, 1948–December, 1952

	£	s.	d.
Tonneau cover	3	0	0
4 Brake cables	3	5	2
Master switch		17	3
4 hub caps	5	2	1
Clutch greaser		2	6
3rd gear pinion	6	10	0
Starter couplings		6	8
2/21" wheels	3	10	0
Gearbox bearings	2	10	0
Gearbox layshaft repairs	7	0	0
2 front seat squabs	4	10	0
12 KLG. M'80's	1	15	2
Rebuild 2/18" wheels	6	0	0
4 road springs and set up	11	5	0
Replacement Magneto	7	10	0
New shackle pins	4	0	10
Cover over front seats	1	10	0
New hood	11	0	0
New steering wheel	2	13	3
4 Brake shoe pins	1	17	6
Brake linings	2	15	0
Reline front drums	4	3	3
Water pump parts	1	17	6
Cylinder Head gasket		12	6
8 corks, 2 rocker box corks		3	6
Windscreen glass	1	18	6
4 Hartford Shock Absorbers	10	10	6
Back light for hood	3	1	6
2 new rear lights	2	0	0
3 ball joints		7	6
Wire, switches, etc.	3	0	0
	£114	15	2

5 Years Total Costs 1948–1952

Year	Mileage	Total Cost	Cost per Mile	Spares and Replacements
1948	3,000	£61	d. 4.88	£19
1949	4,100	72	4.21	18
1950	5,827	119	4.90	43
1951	7,353	126	4.10	16
1952	7,697	128	3.99	18
5 YEARS	27,977	£506	Average 4.31d.	£114
Item	Cost	Cost per Mile		
Road Fund Tax...	£76	d. 0.64		
Comp. Insurance	55	0.47		
1,281 gall. Petrol	201	1.72		
27 gall. oil ...	13	0.11		
Tyres	47	0.40		
Spares & Replacements	114	0.97		
	£506	4.31d.		

GEOFFREY WALKER.

THE COST OF RUNNING A 2-LITRE

according to Bill Hartop . . .

Well-meaning people often say "how on earth do you afford to run a car like that", and to tell the truth, I sometimes wonder myself. I have, however, kept a careful check on all the monies expended, and the Editor, in his search for copy, thought a few figures might be interesting to other members of the club.

First of all, the car. SC6331 is one of the early low-chassis 2-litres, being made in the latter part of 1929 and first taxed in January 1930. She is one of the few (about forty I believe) whose camshafts go around the

wrong way owing to the omission of the sprocket on the off-side. Engine number is OH1315 and chassis OH9571. She is standard except that a Zenith 36VH carburettor has been fitted in place of the enormous Zenith (the only I have one seen like it) previously there, and which was rather thirsty and probably worth a small fortune as scrap bronze. The 36VH has standard settings except that the main jet is 105 instead of 110, and the progression 180 instead of 160. Some predecessor of mine had at some time or another, fitted ribbed

cast-iron brake drums, but those in front have been discarded in favour of the standard steel drums for lightness, and the rear end will receive the same treatment when next the brakes are relined. Ignition alternates between the ML magneto originally fitted and a Bosch FU4B which gives excellent results. Plugs are KLG M.80's.

It is impossible to say how many times the 10,000 mile clock has been round and as the log-book is not the first, I know little of the back history of the car. This I must remedy one day. Mechanically, the car was in quite good order, except that the rear axle must have had a clout at one time or another, for the nearside end flange of the casing was out of true and did in a couple of half-shaft bearings and a half shaft before the true cause of the trouble came to light. This, of course, necessitated a new banjo casing. I acquired the car in January 1950 and she has been on the road ever since then except for a total of about three months. Quite a lot has been spent on her including a lot of chroming, as for some reason she was all nickel which looks very nice but is the very devil to keep clean if one hasn't much time. At the same time, the radiator was fitted with a new core and cooling in consequence is more than adequate. Later, the front brakes were relined and the linings obtained for the back. The clutch was relined in the Spring of 1952. King-pins and bushes were attended to quite early on and it was found that some bright person had fitted pins that were .006-in. larger than standard, and this put up the cost of this item as the new ones had to be sprayed and reground. A new hood has been fitted and all the other covers have been renewed although the side-screens still need attention. She is now well-shod and there are seven new covers in the garage.

She has let me down on two occasions, the first of which was the not-unusual stripping of the fibre skew-gear. This happened late at night near Oxford, but fortunately it was summer, so I ran her into a gateway and slept in her. Davies sent out a man next morning on a motor-cycle, and

I was on my way again by lunchtime; the charge was very reasonable. The second occasion was also connected with the ignition when I "cooked" a magneto late at night and of course, had no spare with me. Luckily, we were not far from home. The two-way petrol cock under the scuttle was found to be a natural trap for foreign matter and could be counted upon to get blocked at awkward times every 5-7,000 miles or so. This was cured by fitting a gauze over the suction end of the "main" tank pipe, "reserve" was already adequately covered.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that expenses have not been light. As much as possible has been done at home and advantage taken of the services supplied by the club and its members where practical. Every penny that has been spent on the car has been logged including garage and all other incidental expenses, and the figures that emerge are interesting but hardly startling. To date (31st December 1952) a total of 30,261 miles has been covered in three years at an average of 900-odd miles per month. No allowance is made for depreciation, the initial cost of the car being treated as a write-off, and included in the total cost. The overall cost-per-mile works out at 6.82d. and this figure declines by about .02d. per mile each month. If one draws a curve, it is seen to be flattening out, and I estimate that it will settle down between 5d. and 5½d. at some future date if no unforeseen expenditure is incurred. Fuel consumption over this period has been 1,120 gallons which gives a figure of 27.02 m.p.g. and oil (Snowdens 40 S.A.E. + ¼ pint colloidal graphite per gallon) which has been changed every 2,500 miles seems to have been consumed to the tune of 34 gallons which does not seem excessive. Oil consumption was high some 25,000 miles ago, so the engine was taken down and new rings were fitted with Tranco rings in place of the scrapers. So far, these have proved very satisfactory. The engine was decoked at the same time, and has not been touched since, but will have to be decoked again fairly soon. The cost of fitting the rings incidently was

under 50s. and took just over a fortnight of spare time.

The figures for the last year are perhaps the most interesting, as they give a fair idea of the general running costs of a 2-litre—that is, if one does as much of the work as possible oneself. The only expenses apart from those which cannot be avoided, such as petrol and paying the Club subscription, were a new ammeter, a new carburettor float, repairs to body and P100 headlamp—the result of an argument with someone larger than myself—about £15, a new spot lamp 75s. and an exchange magneto, £5 10s. A new battery was fitted in the autumn and at one time the consumption of bulbs was rather heavy until a couple of “shorts” were sorted out, there being no fuse-box on this particular model. Expenditure for the year has, therefore, been fairly normal : normal that is for a vintage car. During this time, 9,500 miles have been covered using 350 gallons of petrol and just under 10 of oil. At a total cost of £155 15s.,

this works out at 3.90d. per mile and 27.14 m.p.g. for an average monthly mileage of 792. The car is not driven particularly hard, rarely being cruised much above 50 m.p.h. nor is 2,000 r.p.m. often exceeded in the indirect gears. The best month during 1952 was April when we got through 1,265 miles including a tour in Cornwall and back at an average of 30.12 m.p.g. The worst month was September when fuel consumption dropped to 23.00 m.p.g. and this was traced to a leaky washer on the carburettor float-chamber.

Some clever gentleman with a slide-rule could undoubtedly work out all sorts of interesting things from these figures, but that is as far as I intend to take it. It is quite appalling to think how much it costs to run the car as it is, but nonetheless, one does get a lot of fun out of it—at least, this one does, and his wife won't hear of him selling the brute either !

W. C. HARTOP.

? ARE YOU SATISFIED ? **WITH THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR LAGONDA**

If not, bring it along and have it tuned up for your next Rally or Hill Climb. Prices are low and the work is carried out by an enthusiastic Club Member who is always pleased to discuss your problems over a pint of ale.

MAURICE LEO

KING'S HEAD GARAGES, HOLTSPUR, NEAR BEACONSFIELD

'Phone: BEACONSFIELD 337

All Specialist Work by Laystalls

SPARES AND TECHNICAL TOPICS

Spares Registrar and Technical Advisor :

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

If these notes appear at all they will be a monument to the patience and forbearance of Tortoise Taylor who has borne with me during a long period when I have been unable or unfit to cope with them. In spite of a particularly depressing winter, however, re-fitting and refurbishing has been even more extensive than before and there are numerous claims of the "best car of its type in the country", and determination to put the matter to the test at the next Concours.

Carburation. Worn and badly adjusted carburettors are the greatest single cause of petrol wastage and poor consumption figures. Garrard obtained more than 3 m.p.g. extra from his 2-litre simply by renewing the float chamber needle units on his Zenith carburettors and fitting an extra washer to compensate for float pivot wear. Simple carburettor reconditioning is well within the capacity of the average owner, and spares, particularly for the S.U. instruments, are usually readily available. Stark records 21/22 m.p.g. on long trips with his 3-litre saloon but at the other end of the scale Fuller gets only 23/24 from the Rapier. Driving methods and conditions of use will have a marked effect on petrol consumption figures.

Ignition. The horizontal Scintilla type MN6 magneto fitted to 16/65, 3- and 3½-litre cars is an unusual instrument, being driven at $\frac{3}{4}$ engine speed instead of the normal $1\frac{1}{2}$. It follows, then, that an ordinary 6-cylinder magneto will not serve on these engines, and conversely the type MN6 $\frac{3}{4}$ cannot be adapted for use on other engines—these are points to be borne in mind in the event of trouble. Scintilla magnetos, being of the stationary windings and rotating magnet type, are very reliable but the magnets are necessarily small and it may be found that re-magnetising at more frequent intervals than is usual will be required to keep the instrument up to concert pitch. The magnet

on the MN6 $\frac{3}{4}$ type is of the 4-pole pattern and re-magnetising will involve removing it from the magneto. Scintilla magnetos appear very susceptible to dampness, particularly on the fibre distribution blocks. Service booklets and spares are obtainable from Scintilla Ltd., 20 Carlisle Road, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

Rapier. Harry Wareham offers assistance to Rapier owners in reconditioning their water pumps; those interested write direct to Hay Wood Cottage, Five Ways, Hatton, Nr. Warwick. Askew is buying a 3-litre and offers his Rapier at a very reasonable price to anyone looking for a car in sound mechanical condition but with shaky bodywork—Dr. A. H. Askew, Krithia, Clowne Road, Barlborough, Chesterfield. A complete Rapier gearbox, or information leading thereto, is sought by E. M. Lane, 123 Whyteleafe Road, Caterham-on-the-Hill, Surrey. Sets of king-pins and bushes at 42s. 6d. are offered by Downton Engineering Works Ltd., Headlands, Downton, Wilts., a firm specialising in the supply of Rapier parts.

Starter. Jamming starter pinions on 2-litre, 16/65, 3- and 3½-litre cars may be caused by damage to the flange on the aluminium housing for the driving shaft to the Bendix gear. Withdrawing these housings is a fiddling procedure owing to the proximity of the chassis frame cross-member and many have been fractured through careless handling.

Tools. Whetham offers to exchange a $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. Wolf electric drill for a smaller one. Enquiries to Wing-Commander L. M. Whetham, Charlcombe, Bishops Down Park Road, Tunbridge Wells. Loan of certain special tools such as Rudge hub drawers may be had from me as heretofore.

Lubrication of Gearbox and Rear Axle. Following my recent notes on the danger of mixing mineral and vegetable oils in the same assembly, and on the problems of evacuating these oils in changing from one base to

another, I am informed by Messrs. C. C. Wakefield that a special solvent is marketed under the branding Wakefield Special Flushing Oil, and is obtainable to order at 8s. 6d. for a gallon tin. Wakefield's also recommend a procedure for its use, which will be published at the end of this paragraph; this relates to engines but will apply to other assemblies with the proviso that the rear axle should be jacked up to prevent any load being imposed during the flushing operation, and the gears should be variously engaged during this time. This information is offered entirely without prejudice as the writer is still of the opinion that the only completely satisfactory way of disposing of the residual deposits of the vegetable oils is by stripping and thoroughly cleaning.

RECOMMENDED PROCEDURE FOR FLUSHING ENGINES AFTER CASTROL "R"

Run the engine until the Castrol "R" is well warmed, and then drain immediately.

Ordinary Flushing Oil of light viscosity is found effective if it is heated to about 140°F. before putting in the engine.

Special Flushing Oil of solvent type is more effective and need not be externally heated.

Using either of these flushing oils the engine should be run for ten minutes at a fast tick-over, *not under load*, with occasional five-second bursts at moderately fast speed.

The flushing oil should then be drained and if it is of dirty appearance it is advisable to repeat the flushing process.

If varnish-like or rubbery deposits exist on the outside of the engine, they are best removed by scrubbing with a stiff brush and a mixture of methylated spirit and benzol.

Garages. Maurice Leo is now in business as a specialist repairer of Lagondas at the King's Head, Holtspur, Beaconsfield.

Spares continue in good supply, except for the perennial shortages of certain rear axle and gearbox parts. Two pairs of Lucas P100 headlamps are available, and a pair of P80. And some excellent tyres of various sections in 18-in., 19-in. and 21-in. sizes.

Small Torque. I have often remarked on the fact that my car will excite the liveliest attention and the warmest approval from the middle-aged and elderly but that it passes unnoticed, or appears as a subject for ridicule to younger people. And this I conceive to be an evil result of war, that those whose misfortune it is to be born or reared in its shadow, in sorry times of make-shift and shoddy, should have so little appreciation of quality, and none at all of craftsmanship.

Britten rolls his Rapier on an icy road, with disastrous consequences to the body-work; he himself escapes with multiple contusions and a head described as a phrenologists paradise. Abram reports his starting handle stolen by "some tarry-fingered specimen"—a useless theft, though it would make a first-rate cosh. Hoare asks for information "in words of one syllable, that even a simple sailor may understand".

The strangest spares enquiry on record comes from R. D. C. Taylor in Austria. It is for an off-side leg and foot, white, to fit a size 11 shoe. This is a replacement for one broken whilst ski-ing—the thing which worries Taylor most is that a non-vintage clevis pin has been used to repair the existing assembly and it is therefore no longer completely original. It seems an extraordinary thing that this accident happened on the last day of his holiday; and his recovery is likely to be curiously retarded in a hospital where alcohol is positively encouraged. Beer is available at any time for the asking and all the patients are surrounded by bottles of cognac, Tiroler and Rhine wines, and German whisky (which Taylor thinks would make an excellent racing fuel). Passing doctors pause for a drink and a natter, and twice a day there is tea heavily laced with rum. Taylor is "Yours horizontally", and little wonder.

Budd, Dudley and Garrard are amongst those engaged in extensive overhauls—Garrard's pistons began to disintegrate after more than 130,000 miles; this is a complaint which few owners of modern cars will ever be in a position to make. The rear end of

Manning's bodywork is being restyled following the discovery of rot in the wheel arches ; but, he says, any wood which may find its way into a modern car is rotten before it is put in. Tony Frazer's car also has a new look tail whilst Tyler, whose neighbour has given up his habit of dropping in on him, is another in the thick of an overhaul, but with better facilities than most.

Graham Brown unearths an early Lagonda in Wales, and further particulars are awaited. Payne, suckled on Castrol "R" but for years denied the means or opportunity of owning a first-class car, is most pleased with his acquisition of the ex-Goslett, ex-Griffiths, ex-Forshaw black saloon, 2-litre. Seaton arranges a temporary loan of a 21 h.p. Wolseley and is horrified at a petrol consumption of 8 m.p.g. A fractured starter motor housing introduces Weiswall to one of the weak spots of the 16/80 engine. Wing Co. David would entertain an exchange of his 16/80 for a 4½-litre folding head coupe.

Mack Stratton, earlier reported as having borrowed an electric drill for weight reducing surgery, recoils from the task. A patient, described as "grateful", has offered to do the carving with an oxy-acetylene torch ; we have written in horror that this man may be simulating gratitude only for the purpose of

revenge. After an almost super human labour of restoration and re-building Simkins at last reports himself master of the situation.

When these notes appear Hill-Smith's high-chassis, 2-litre, will be touring in Spain, a good send off for the motoring season. Gompel's shortly leaves for South Africa with his 3-litre. Grogono offers his thanks for "the best technical service I have ever experienced", and Beresford writes warmly of "this quite remarkable jet age service" (entirely unsolicited, the originals may be seen at our offices). Unhappily, it is not always so, and there have been many shortcomings during the past winter.

Spiller's 2-litre demonstrates the power of high octane petrol by breaking its timing chains on the very first day. These chains are a standard motor-cycle size but only Italian chain is available as a replacement. Is not this a remarkable illustration of the planners at work—doubtless the importation of this chain is designed to boost the economy of our late enemy, whilst our own chain, the best in the world, is sent to the Fiji Islands as trade for coconuts. And with this sad thought, and to give airing to a word but now recalled from early pursuit of scholarship, these lubrications must be brought to a somewhat weary close.

MIDLAND NOTES

Your Editor considers that it is high time that readers of THE LAGONDA should have some news of the recently-formed Midland Centre, and wrote to tell me so. His request being in effect a command, I laid down my spanner and handbook, regretfully resigned myself to the fact that top gear on my pre-selector box must needs go on slipping for another day or two, filled my pen, settled down comfortably by the fire and awaited inspiration. Three hours later I was still waiting. An uneasy and brooding silence had descended on the Wareham household, punctuated by muttered oaths, imprecations, moans of pain and the occasional feverish

crumpling of paper. As the hours went by, the tension gradually mounted until the female Wareham could stand the strain no longer and sought her couch, leaving your Secretary still waiting inspiration and dozing fitfully.

By now the more perceptive of you will have realised that this is mere padding to disguise the fact that there is hardly any news from the Midland Centre and your Secretary has nothing much to write about. (Masterly evasion !—Ed.)

We held our inaugural meeting last October—six members turned up. Five came

to the next meeting in November ; of these five, one is not a Lagonda owner and two types came over fifty miles from an area which is not strictly covered by the term "Midlands". Only two Lagonda Midlanders appeared. Plaintively and more in sorrow than in anger I say "this just isn't good enough, chaps". If you want the Midland Centre to flourish you must give it better support. Ten members live within ten miles

of our last rendezvous but did not grace the occasion with their presence. Do try and come next time and you will be sure of finding a very cordial welcome !

If you would like me to run an event or film show write and let me know or, better still, come along to our next meeting and tell me what you would like organised.

T. H. WAREHAM.

BOOKS TO BORROW . . . AND TO KEEP !

Bouverie Street to Bowling Green Lane, by A. C. ARMSTRONG, A.I.A.E. 20s. *Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., London.*

"Zeal is the inspiration of achievement, and this is a story of the courage, faith and enthusiasm of pioneers who, 55 years ago, inaugurated a new style in technical journalism and built up a successful business in specialised periodical publishing" . . . on the dust cover, describes better than we can the scope of this most interesting and exciting book. Amongst other facts which emerge, that of the amalgamation of the Coventry firm of E. J. Hardy and the American Spicer Manufacturing Co., in 1926 to form Hardy-Spicer is probably not known to many readers. This book is well worth obtaining, and if any reader has difficulty in laying hands on a copy, your reviewer knows where a second-hand copy can be got—not his, however !

Wings, by H. C. BIARD. *Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., London.*

The author, in 1910, went to Hendon, climbed into a machine, and took to the air, without any previous lessons, on his second morning there ! This is a fascinating book, and full of the courage and dare-devil doings of the early pioneers of flight. He became an instructor soon, and one of his pupils insisted that a turn immediately one got the nose off the ground would help the take-off. The obvious happened, the machine swinging round and crashing nose first into the side of a building. A window shot up and an empurpled face appeared above their heads,

at least empurpled on one side, and covered with lather on the other, a most entertaining sight. It was the Works Manager. "I saw it !—I saw it all", he screamed, bubbling through his soap. "You did it on purpose, damn you !"

In these days of super-sonic aircraft, the story of the early efforts tends to be forgotten and we think this book will open readers' eyes to the difficulties and dangers of those exciting times.

More Sketches by Casque. *Iliffe and Sons, Ltd., London.*

This book, by Sammy Davis, is rather a rare bird, your reviewer having been looking for a copy for some twenty years. We especially care for the idea of television in the pit, and this, coupled with two-way radio communication, could be quite something. It is a great pity that the owner of this copy lives a mere ten miles away, otherwise it might well stray into our library !

* * *

The stream of books from well-wishers and publishers, notwithstanding the tactful hints in our last review, failing to materialise, like the contributions for which our long-suffering Editor is always appealing, your reviewer has tapped another source, and on a strict one for one basis, has the run of another library !

This item is, therefore, likely to continue, at least as long as the Editor puts up with it. (What about "Books to Borrow—and to Return ?"—ED.)

D. P. KING.

LAGONDA XMAS PARTY

On 15th December, 1952 the Lagonda Club held its first Christmas party in London. The idea having emanated from our present Comp. Sec. and the organisation being largely the large pigeon of Peter Bartlett—as it is frequently said that the Club is not interested in matters social it was pleasing to find that over seventy revellers attended and on an evening which was characterised by the coldest and slipperiest of weather ; as the feelings of the Club are now known it is hoped to have a bigger and better party next year.

The Rubens hotel had put at our disposal two large rooms, one for the serious business of drinking and feasting and the other for a small amateur slide show depicting the club members' on wheels over the year. Excellent bar arrangements were available and refreshment, on a generous scale, was passed around by the attentive hotel waiters.

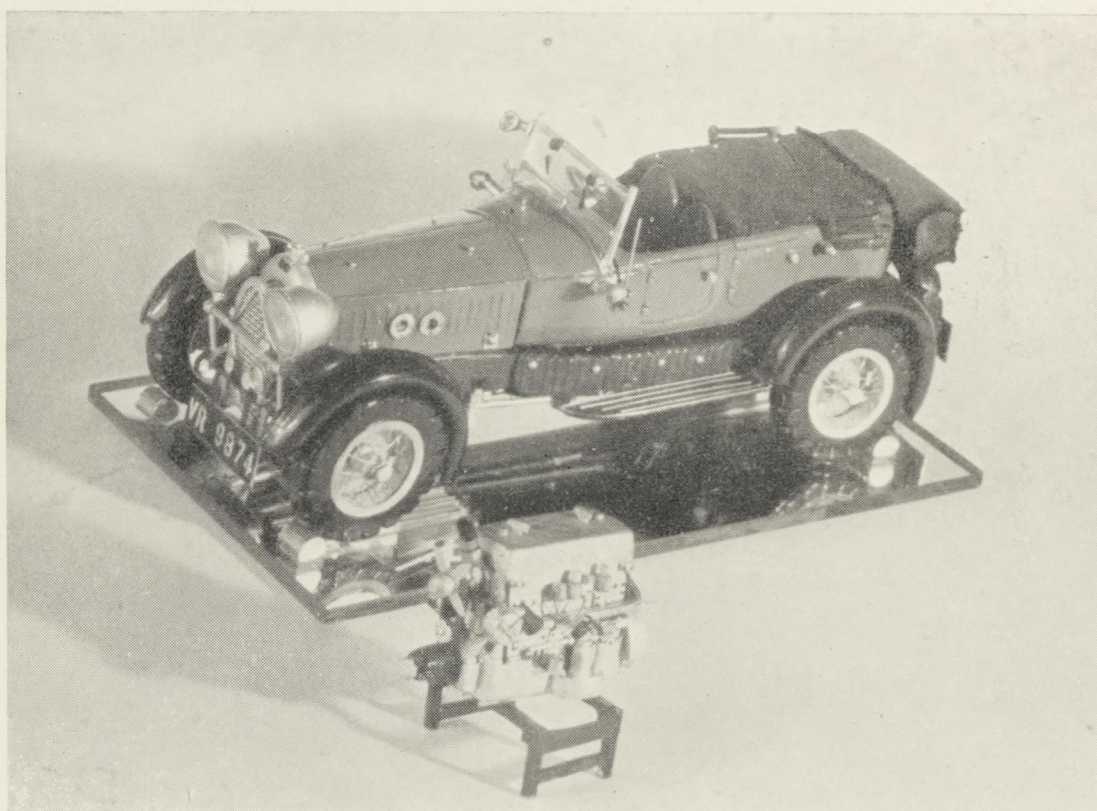
After the ice had been broken and members were enjoying the quiet noggin and natter they were shanghied into taking four indoor tests, valuable prizes being offered as bait !! *Test 1 :* Professor Bill Hartop enquired into the shallow pool of the members general knowledge—questions ranged from Paul Revieres ride to the size of the meat ration to what to do the following initials stand for—of these O.M. and H.W.M. were sorrily mangled. *Test 2 :* Showman "Beau" Russell proffered a large bag and the members were invited to guess by stereognosis its contents—why a common or garden rubber glove should cause such amusement among the ladies was not understood by some of the younger members ; (Russell was heard to remark that a member was wearing the ex-Russell goatee !!). *Test 3 :* "Sweetie" Bartlett stuck under the noses of the company a board with plastered advertisements for identification—pity people mixed pneumatic types and pneumatic falsies ! *Test 4 :* Garage attendant Audsley requested mem-

bers to park a model of the Freeman-Wright (very nicely made and painted) fire-engine into a miniature parking space on a miniature board by miniature technique and the results were also very miniature.

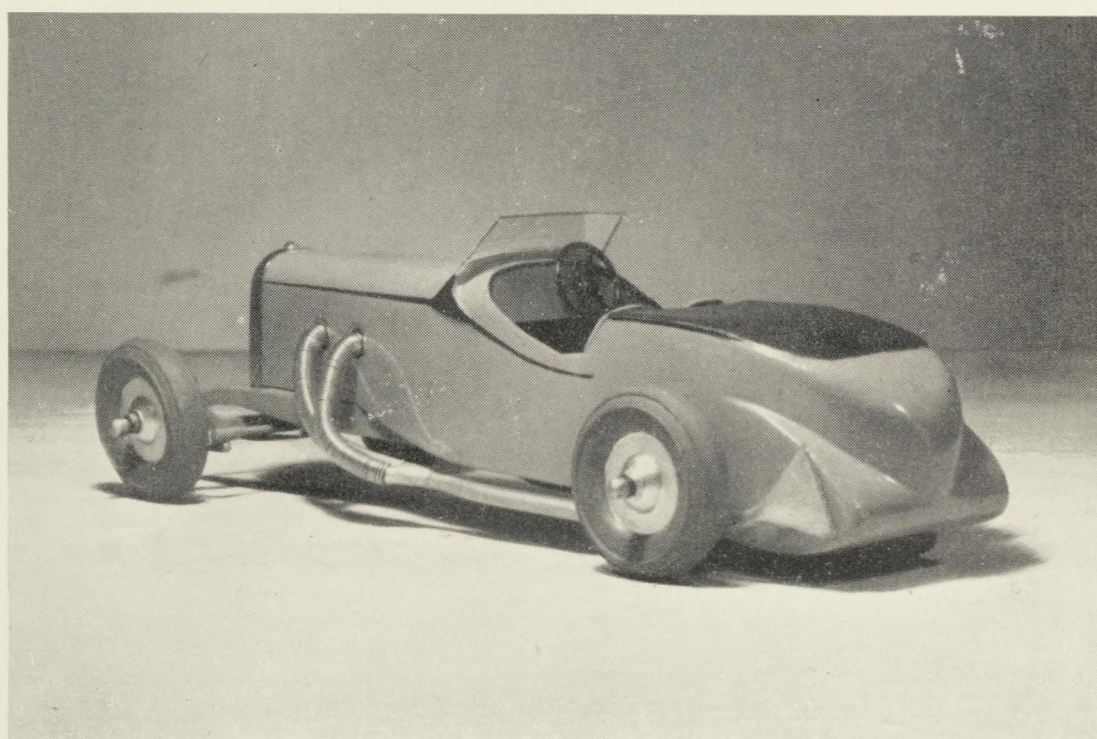
Following a beer break the company were hounded and coshed into the room set aside for the slide showing where a mixed bag of club members were shown on the borrowed silver screen. The slides were technically excellent and the material well chosen—Fishers blown 2-litre in the pits with a nice pool of oil beneath—John Vessey drifting at Silverstone (on the track not the bar)—Rexford-Welch's house-boat upside down—Bosworth working out the S. Rally results (the cry of cooking from the audience was probably fair comment). The final slides depicted the inside of the stomach, plus ulcers—this being the cue for the Club to withdraw to the bar.

No sooner than glasses were filled than the merry lucky guests who had paid to enjoy themselves were shepharded back to see more beastly slides which when finished was followed by the PRIZE GIVING of the Year's Trophies. Lady Freeman Wright preparing to give out the prizes and breathe beer on the hapless winners. This proceeding went well except that all the Club prizes had been won by members of other clubs ; it is suggested that the committee devises some kind of tarriff barrier to prevent this unhappy state of affairs. By a miscarriage of injustice, Mr. and Mrs. "8 Clubs" Barclay Inglis won the indoor competitions 1st prize ; certain of the evenings winners left before the final prize-giving (*list below) and if they can manage to contact the Club Secretary, they will get what is coming to them.

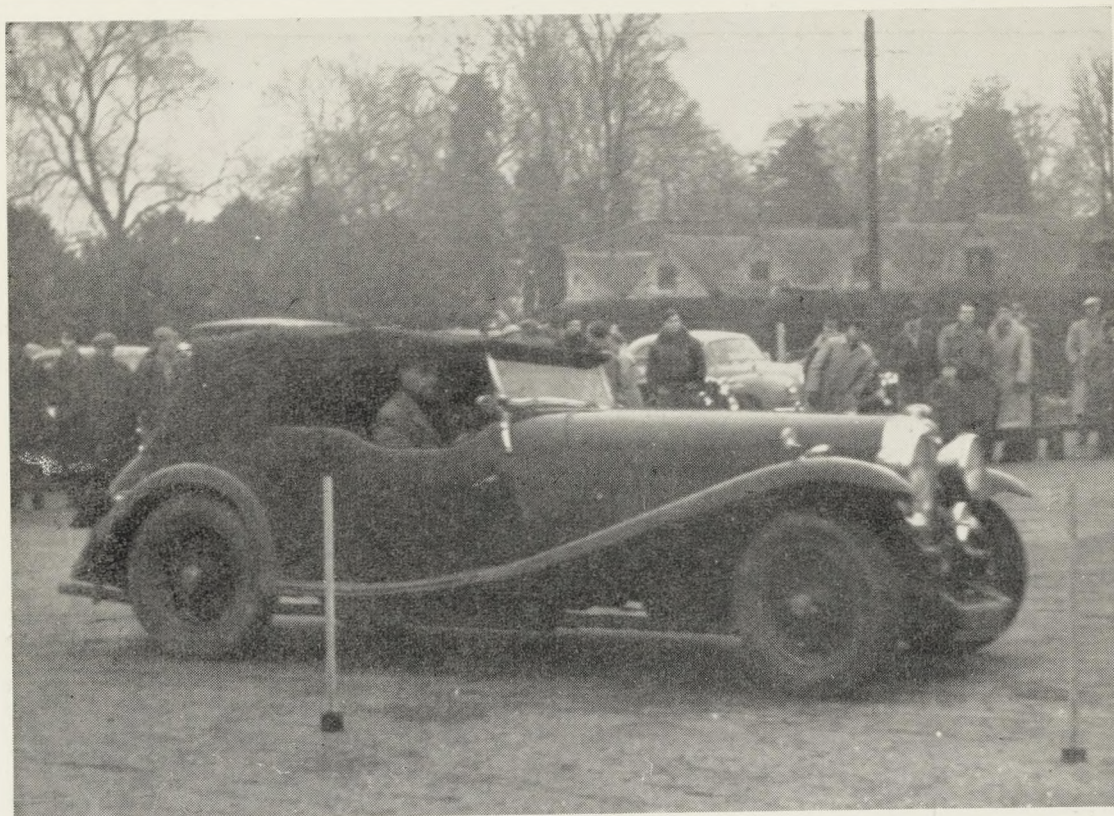
The members after this touching ceremony and two blue jokes from the little blue book of the little blue Lady Freeman were permitted back to the bar which was shut—you see the



Rexford-Welch's beautiful little model (about 4-in. long) of his 3-litre tourer. Is that a spare engine, or has there been trouble?



This model, has a pendulum type of steering actuation and is manoeuvred by tilting the surface on which it runs. It was made by our Hon. Secretary, and was a great success in the Parking Test at the Christmas Party.



George Sanders giving one of his customary polished performances with his 3½-litre at the recent V.S.C.C. Measham Rally.

Photograph by John Vessey.



The pit of the Lagonda Relay Team at the last Eight Clubs' Silverstone Meeting. Billy Michael warms his hands on the radiator of Rexford-Welch's 3-litre, while its owner clicks the shutter and Bob Wright circulates.



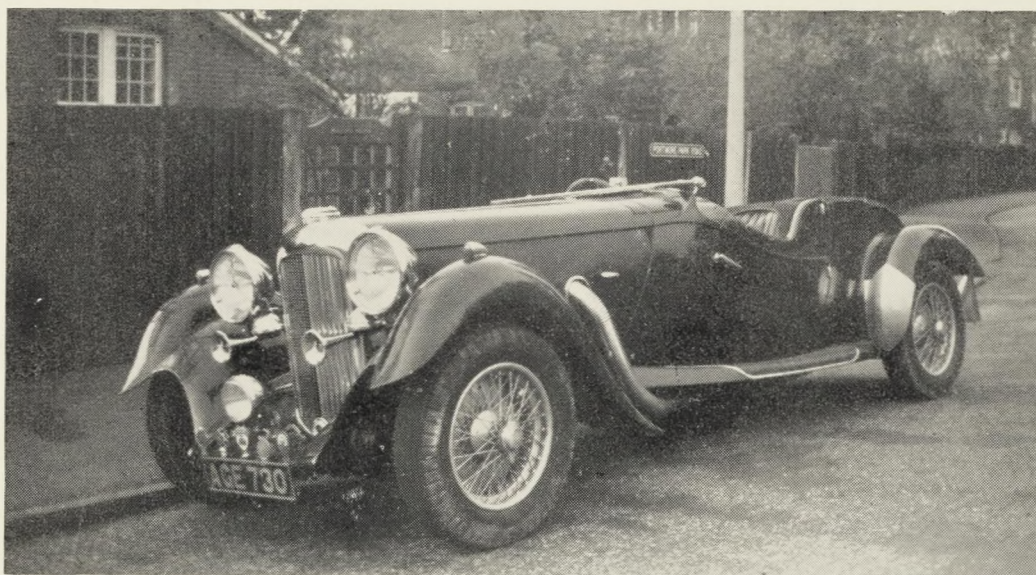
Martin Hutchinson's "roomy" High-Chassis Two-Litre.

Photograph by Guest.



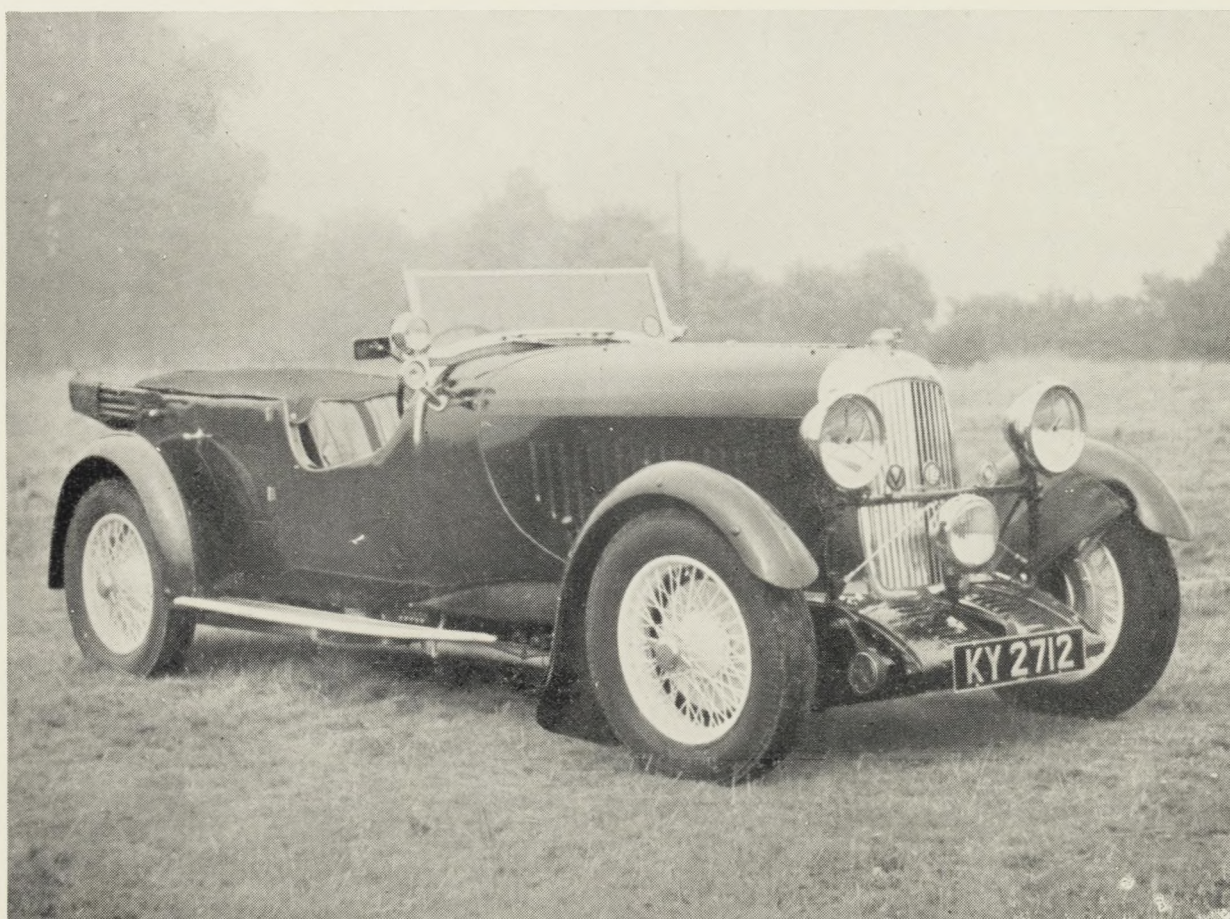
*Our Chairman having what our Hon. Competition Secretary describes as
"a Go !"*

Photograph by Rexford-Welch.



A 4½-litre Rapide Tourer similar to the model tested by the "Autocar". This is Bob Wright's well-known projectile, and is here seen in its 1949 guise.

Photograph by Kodak ?



Geoffrey Walker's fine 1932 Continental Tourer which has been consistently successful in Club Concours d'Elegance.

Photograph by Owner.

committee thinks of your pocket always!! Nevertheless, the "affair" was a success and strangely enough the customers enjoyed themselves.

P.S.

Telephone Conversation One with "spares"

Forshaw "who said he was present in spirit" sounded the truth.

Telephone Conversation Two with "Mac," McIlvenna also sorry not present nice of these boys to ring! BARTLEET-WELCH.

* Sorry! Lost the list!—ED.

THE AUTOCAR ROAD TESTS

No. 1,116—30 h.p. 4½-Litre Lagonda Rapide Tourer

PERFORMANCE OF AN OUTSTANDING ORDER ALLIED WITH QUIET RUNNING AND COMFORTABLE RIDING

It is extremely satisfactory to be able to claim the latest Lagonda Rapide as a thoroughly British product, for it is a machine that can worthily uphold national motoring prestige. The performance is terrific, yet subdued in the sense that neither mechanical fuss nor noise is present.

The maximum available is of an exciting order, and gives the car background, as it were. It is the more striking that the Lagonda attains this outstanding production-car velocity without exceeding a rev counter reading of 4,000 r.p.m.—at which the red reminder line for limit speeds on the gears is set on the dial—and with no deviation from everyday trim other than lowering the windscreen. Also, with ordinary anti-knock fuels in use there is no more than mild pinking when accelerating, and this can be eliminated if the ignition control on the steering wheel be set a few notches towards retard position, which does not seem to detract from the performance for ordinary purposes.

This car's sheer maximum is a fascinating thought, and a quality that is held in reserve for the greater part of its running, of course. Far more practical and interesting is the ability to average a high speed without going within 30 m.p.h. of the ultimate limit. The car travels with astonishing ease at speeds that feel high on the majority of cars. It takes no notice of the ordinary sort of main road hill, and one of the most satisfying possibilities is to climb a long slope effortlessly

and quietly on third gear, holding 60 m.p.h. and soaring away from other vehicles that have been overtaken.

At 30 m.p.h. the engine is a whisper, at 50 the speedometer is not believed until it is checked and found to be less than 1 m.p.h. fast—as applied at 60 m.p.h. also, while even at 80 the error was not more than 1.4 m.p.h. high on the car tested. Approximately 27 m.p.h. per 1,000 r.p.m. is given on top gear. During the best timed speed run over a half-mile on Brooklands track a highest speedometer reading of 104-106 was held. The car was also timed with the windscreen raised in the ordinary way, and covered a quarter-mile at exactly 100 m.p.h. by stopwatch, the mean of four such readings at different points giving 97.04 m.p.h. Over only a quarter-mile an additional timed speed of 104.65 m.p.h. was recorded with the screen down. Racing tyres were fitted as a precaution.

Two examples of the Rapide have been handled: one of them had seen considerable service, and on this car the performance and other figures were recorded. The second example has been driven some 400 miles on the road, this being a new car, still in the first 1,200 miles of its life.

Referring again to general performance, hills give opportunity for all manner of different treatment, according to mood or the need of the occasion. The usual 1 in 6½ gradient was climbed twice—on third gear,

the speed not dropping materially below 40 m.p.h. until the corner at the summit was reached, and a second time on top gear. Even then the speed did not fall below 30 m.p.h., apart from the corner, where a change down to second was made, though the car would probably just have pulled round on top.

A combination of second and third gears provides a wonderful recipe for safe, lightning overtaking on special occasions. The right opportunity having been awaited, the Rapide will leap past other machines by a quick burst on second up to about 50, the driver then passing quickly through into third and top. Particularly was this method useful and

attractive on the latest car mentioned, for one of the objects of trying it was to sample the new gearbox, with right-hand change and synchromesh on second as well as third and top gears, now fitted to the Rapide model.

Second is a very high ratio, higher than most thirds, and the synchromesh gives just that encouragement to its use that is desirable, thereby making the car more vivid. A remarkable point, however, is that it still stays soft and quiet when something approaching full performance is employed. There is no exhaust note beyond a mild burble from the tail pipe, no bark, no roar. One does feel that this is very fully typical of the modern

DATA FOR THE DRIVER

30 h.p. $4\frac{1}{2}$ -LITRE LAGONDA RAPIDE TOURER

PRICE, with sports touring body, £1,050. Tax, £22 10s.

RATING : 29.13 h.p., six cylinders, o.h.v., 88.5×120.6 mm., 4,453 c.c.

WEIGHT, without passengers, 31 cwt. 3 qr. 1 lb.

LB. (WEIGHT) PER C.C. : 0.80.

TYRE SIZE : 6.00×18 in. on knock-off wire wheels.

LIGHTING SET : 12-volt. Automatic voltage control.

TANK CAPACITY : 20 gallons ; approx. normal fuel consumption, 14-16 m.p.g.

TURNING CIRCLE : (L.) 47 ft. ; (R.) 48 ft. 8 in. GROUND CLEARANCE : $5\frac{3}{8}$ in.

ACCELERATION				SPEED	
Overall gear ratios	From steady m.p.h. of				m.p.h.
	10 to 30	20 to 40	30 to 50	Mean maximum timed speed over $\frac{1}{2}$ mile	100.28
3.31 to 1 ...	10.0 sec.	9.5 sec.	9.0 sec.	Best timed speed over $\frac{1}{2}$ mile ...	103.45
4.30 to 1 ...	7.0 sec.	7.2 sec.	7.0 sec.	Speeds attainable on indirect gears (normal and maximum) :—	
5.56 to 1 ...	5.5 sec.	5.8 sec.	5.3 sec.		
8.66 to 1 ...	3.9 sec.	3.9 sec.	—	1st ...	23-41
From rest to 30 m.p.h. through gears ...	4.7 sec.			2nd ...	43-64
To 50 m.p.h. through gears ...	10.3 sec.			3rd ...	61-82
To 60 m.p.h. through gears ...	12.8 sec.			Speed from rest up 1 in 5 Test Hill (on 1st gear) ...	23.32
To 70 m.p.h. through gears ...	18.4 sec.				
25 yards of 1 in 5 gradient from rest ...	4.9 sec.				

BRAKE TEST : Mean stopping distance from 30 m.p.h., 35 ft. (Dry concrete).

Performance figures for acceleration and maximum speed are the means of several runs in opposite directions

(Latest model described in "The Autocar" of August 28th, 1936)

idea of a big sports car. It is fast but not fussy, as powerful as can be wished, but perfectly docile. In fact, in town it can be handled mostly on third and top, or top and second, and is surprisingly flexible considering the high rear-axle ratio.

With the new box the right-hand gear lever is inclined slightly towards the driver and placed a little farther forward than formerly. The synchromesh will act well without assistance from speeding up the engine, though, of course, it is advisable to adjust the engine speed if a change down is made when travelling fairly fast. All upward changes are helped by the synchromesh. The movement is not as light as with the old right-hand lever. It is possible to mistake third for top, so quietly does the gear run, and sometimes, especially in town, one is not sure even about second. Certainly there is something extremely satisfactory in the now rare right-hand gear lever, though its interference to some extent in this case with use of the driver's door cannot be denied.

Control as a whole is of the order that would be hoped for on a car of this calibre. The machine is really steady, and the springing is not of a harsh kind. A fair amount of movement may be noticed at times, but it is not hard. On this model the type of shock absorber controllable while driving is not fitted, and there are occasions when it might actually be an asset to have a device of this nature. In general, however, a fine compromise has been struck between true stability and comfort of riding.

Firm at speed, satisfactorily accurate for a car of this performance, yet not unduly heavy for making a sharp turn, the steering is moderately geared, requiring a bare $2\frac{1}{4}$ turns from lock to lock. There is a decisive caster action, and shocks are not given back through the steering, though a small degree of wheel movement is noticed on some surfaces. Girling brakes are fitted, and the retardation obtained is progressive, according to requirements and the pressure applied to the pedal. These brakes behave satisfactorily from high speeds, pulling the car down in a

smooth, safe-feeling deceleration. The hand-brake lever, of fly-off type, is on the right, a little far forward under the scuttle in the "off" position.

As regards the placing of the steering wheel and the actual seat, the driving position is excellent, and good support is given to the back. A definite rest for the left foot would be appreciated by some drivers. The throttle pedal is between the clutch and brake pedals, a now uncommon arrangement. In the visibility of both wings to an average-height driver, in spite of the impressive length of bonnet, the car forms an object lesson, and this point undoubtedly assists towards accurate control.

Although the object of this Rapide model is to provide an extremely high performance, the owner is not asked to accept sacrifices of convenience or comfort. Even in the rear seats the upholstery is deep and yielding, and plenty of leg room is given by foot wells, while in front the car has all the comfort of the best type of open machine. Again, there is good side-screen equipment, the panels attaching unusually easily and firmly to a slide type of bracket. The concealed hood can be put up and down single-handed, and allows enough head room. It can be said from conditions during part of the test that the mudguarding is efficient. Detachable flaps carried on the windscreen pillars are effective in stopping back draught.

Even on this type of car, traffic signals, controlled by a time switch, are appreciated. A tail locker with a hinged lid is largely occupied by the spare wheel, and there is no definite luggage accommodation. The Rapide does not carry permanent jacks as fitted to the other models, but it has an automatic chassis lubrication system. Although a concealed battery master switch is fitted, it would be better, especially as regards leaving the car after dark, if the ignition switch could be locked. A reserve petrol tap is fitted within reach of the driver.

(Reprinted by kind permission from the "Autocar" of 4th June, 1937.)

AGE 730—AND STILL GOING STRONG !

From time to time I receive a moan from the Editor who requires more material for the magazine. I try to oblige, but this time I'm going to enjoy myself as well because I'm writing about "the Scarlet Woman" or to address her with proper reverence, my 4½-litre 1936 Rapide.

If my reader is technically minded he is wasting his time in reading much further because of all Club members I am probably the least knowledgeable about a car's innards. Frankly, as far as the "S.W." is concerned, this is not a great handicap because my friend and co-member, Peter Hunt, lavishes such care on the lady that all I am allowed to do is hang around and hand him a spanner occasionally or to attend to the washing and polishing side!

I first thought about acquiring a Lagonda in 1945 when my means of transport was a 1½-litre open 4-seater M.G. This was quite an amusing little motor car but I hankered after something larger and faster. A friend of mine had seen a 1935 4½-litre at Marshall's Garage near Shepperton and off I went but only to find that in addition to that machine, there in all her glory was the "S.W." The result is obvious, and for more money than I care to think of in these hard times, the "S.W." became mine.

Her history was :—First registered in March 1937, and shortly after, the property of Mr. Nervo of "Crazy Gang" fame. Laid up during the major part of the war, then used by John Marshall as his personal transport, until he regretfully handed over to me in exchange for much gold.

Nothing much was done to the "S.W." for a while. Petrol white and "black" was scarce and the 4½ is somewhat thirsty. Lagonda's de-coked, and did a bit of rewiring and generally tuned up. The first time I ever thought of using the car for other than high speed touring was in 1947. I had met Marcus Chambers about that time and got him to give it the once over. He was quite impressed with the car's performance, and as a matter of interest, more than anything else, we entered

it for the Brighton Sprint. Result 36.98 seconds or an average of 60.49 m.p.h. This wasn't too bad, but nothing else was attempted for a while. In June 1948, I drove in Peter Clark's team of H.R.G's. at the 24-hours race at Spa and that really got me wondering about doing a little more with the "S.W." About this time too, I met that enthusiastic bearded gent and joined the Lagonda Car Club.

Nothing drastic was done to the engine at this time, but we did play about with the carbs and the suspension. Strombergs were fitted in place of the normal S.U's. but although these seemed satisfactory to start with, for no apparent reason we suddenly started getting a "flat spot" at 1,500 revs. The experts took everything to bits, changed jets and so on, but all to no avail. Finally, but some time later, we changed to two-down draught Carter carbs and these have been retained ever since. They have been no trouble at all and really have added something to acceleration and all-out performance.

On the suspension side, we discarded the luvax shockers and put Newtons on the front and Armstrongs on the rear. The Newtons were excellent for a while, but eventually I discarded them for triple Hartfords, and added Hartfords to the back with the Armstrongs. The result is somewhat rigid as you might imagine but for main road motoring at speed I have no complaint.

In June 1949, I was again driving at Spa, and we took the "S.W." over for an airing. The Belgian pave and rigid suspension did not agree, and both Mellowtone horns dropped off with the brackets broken clean through. The Belgian garage owner where the cars were garaged, and the local populace, were much intrigued by the Lag. I took the proprietor round the circuit itself, which we lapped at around 70 m.p.h., so he was even more impressed. On the return journey we diverted to have a dash down the fabulous Jabbeché autostrada, and with two up, wind-screen up, and the back piled with spare

tyres for the H.R.G. and luggage, we notched a speedometer reading of 110 m.p.h., which was all very satisfying.

The next effort was the first Production Car Race, held in August 1949, at Silverstone. Hugh Howarth drove a similar car, but unfortunately had to retire with overheating due to a faulty radiator, but the "S.W." managed to keep going, finishing, I think, twelfth.

After these preliminary excursions, we really got organised and since then I have consistently driven at Brighton Sprint, run at Gosport, Prescott, Firle, and had a go at most of the Lagonda events and at other night trials, driving tests and what have you.

On the pure sprints and speed events, I wouldn't say we have got anywhere in particular; my sideboard is not a mass of "pots" won in competition events, but we have had a modicum of success and we've had a lot of fun.

There are, I feel, few full four-seater cars which, after 15 years, have a very much better all-round performance, from going up Firle in 32.8 secs. to taking four in comfort on a pub crawl. Not unnaturally, I am somewhat prejudiced as the proud owner!

We have, of course, done quite a lot to increase performance and, working it out by mirrors, we *think* we now have about 160 b.h.p. available. The compression has been increased to about 8.25 by carving bits off, the head has been coppered, an undertray has been fitted under the engine, the running boards scrapped and cycle tape wings fitted on the front. The front has been cleaned up by removing the Mellowtone horns and fitting

more raucous Marchal's under the bonnet. The P100's have also been exchanged for Marchal headlamps. An ingenious clutch stop has been devised and fitted and on sprints and hill climbs this makes quite a difference. Also for sprints we fit 15-in. wheels to the back—instead of the normal 18-in.—and the difference up to peak revs. in third gear is quite staggering.

Another rather ritzy but none the less utilitarian addition was achieved by scrapping the chrome radiator slats and substituting a mesh grille plus a spring-loaded blind inside the grille for regulating water temperature. This works very well and is especially useful as we run without a fan during the winter months and are still able to control the temperature.

All these engine modifications have had their reward in improved performance. The 1952 time for the Brighton Sprint was 33.69 seconds or an average of 66.40 miles per hour. On the weighbridge with 10 gallons of petrol on board and the odd coat or two in the back, the car weighs $31\frac{3}{4}$ cwt.

Details of performance *according to the speedometer* (which has not been checked for accuracy). 1st—45 m.p.h.; 2nd—70 m.p.h.; 3rd—90 m.p.h.; Top (at Silverstone)—117 m.p.h. With screen flat and two up, normal back wheels:

0 — 50 m.p.h.	$7\frac{3}{5}$ secs.
0 — 60 m.p.h.	$9\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

In case I have painted too rosy a picture which my readers may think has some ulterior motive the "Scarlet Woman" is not, repeat *not*, for sale.

R. FREEMAN-WRIGHT.

The Editor has much pleasure in recalling that he was travelling in the back seat of the Reverend Mother on the occasion when she and the little Allard or Mr. B. Inglis were crawling round Sussex together some two years ago.

Two memories come vividly to mind; the first is of the Reverend Mother approaching Pevensey Castle at approximately 47 m.p.h. on full right lock and with all wheels locked. Such is the confidence inspired by the Reverend Mother's wonderful directional stability, that the Editor had no doubt but that she would go straight on!

The second incident took place a mile or so further on, when the Reverend Mother—going into a left-hand turning on full right lock with the power on—was passed by the Allard from which a considerable number of persons appeared to be attempting to alight while the vehicle was still depositing its tyres on the road.

By and large, these were two very happy experiences which the Editor is glad to have got over and done with! Pevensey Castle has been re-sited further west.

ON SHARING A LAGONDA

When my younger son achieved the age of seventeen, and showed that he was going to be a competent driver (having had a year's experience on a motor cycle) I found a wonderful excuse for indulging my own tastes. At the end of the war, my scandalised family had insisted that it was no longer respectable for one of my mature years to continue to ride a 500 Ariel combination, which had been, whenever I could start her, my delight ; but now I was left with a very scruffy Morris 8, which was no delight, and I held that if I exchanged her for a really solid sports car, it would not only wean Christopher from a life of extreme danger on a motor cycle, but would save me from an untimely death from the sudden disintegration of the Morris 8 on the road. After a good deal of enquiry, we found our present 2-litre, and despite her rakish appearance and various very obvious defects, bought her.

We nearly met our Waterloo from the most ridiculous cause. Nothing would keep her front mudguards from flying off at the most inauspicious moments. They would suddenly clatter off into the road in front of a cycling policeman, or mow down some portly business man, sedately walking along a pavement. Rude remarks were passed and it was eventually borne in on us, that we should have to abandon our amateur efforts, and call in the experts, if we were not going to be "grounded". Fortunately, a nice Bournemouth firm took the job in hand, and we have had no more real trouble from that. Gradually all the other defects showed up, and many and lengthy telephone consultations with our long-suffering and ever-helpful technical adviser sorted them out, and Chris gained, month by month, more and more skill and knowledge in getting everything put to rights. The measure of their success was that the car was able to compete in last year's 24-Hour Rally.

This rally was a very high spot for Chris, who by then had reached the age of eighteen. He had gradually taken over more and more

of the driving, as well as all the repair work, and feeling this event would be a bit too tough for me, a valiant friend, with racing experience, said he would go with him. They lasted out till the small hours of the morning, when the clutch, which had always been troublesome, packed up, and they had to retire. But it was the thin edge of the wedge in our partnership, as I became more and more the owner of the licence holder and petrol tank, and Chris became more and more the owner of the driving seat ! A couple of operations in the summer cooked my goose, and now I have a glimpse of the car on Wednesday afternoons and Sundays, and, *if* she is not being taken down, or put together, I climb into her, and get a share of the driving.

To any anxious mother of a motor-cycling son, I can recommend this method of detaching a young man from his passion for motor cycles, as a Lagonda gives him all the fun and experience he craves for with a very much larger margin of safety than he had on two wheels. He will also get a very wide experience of motor engineering, as even the greatest lover of Lagondas, cannot pretend that a 1929 car can be run without a fair amount of attention. But to drive a real car can give as much pleasure as driving a motor bike, and the Lagonda certainly is a real car.

Apart from the fun of driving a Lagonda, I personally get a lot of kick out of the friendliness engendered by this type of car. One never stops without someone coming up and wanting to know all about it. But strangest of all is her effect on London traffic. It is often my fate to drive an aged, but very respectable looking Morris 18 in London, and my sense of direction in towns not being very good, I am usually not at all at ease. With the Lagonda, things are quite different. Taxi and lorry drivers lean out and advise me as to the best way to go, buses wait and let me get into the right stream of traffic, passers-by are helpful, and I arrive at my destination in half the usual time. Sometimes

I am afflicted with a dreadful doubt as to whether all this kindness is engendered by these people all thinking I am a lunatic at large. Perhaps the sight of a middle-aged female in her best London hat driving a 2-litre minus any hood, is a little strange. Which brings me to the fact that we are about to fit another body to our Lag, and this one has all the trappings for a hood. This is very difficult for me, as I have always held that a vintage sports car looks much better without a hood, and is free from draughts. I only get doubts on the subject when stationary in a

downpour, in my best clothes. Chris, who has to get to and from work in all weathers, does not seem so positive about the disadvantages.

I can thoroughly recommend a partnership in a 2-litre Lag to any mother and son, as long as *one* of them is a mechanic, and they both love a good car. I could not keep the car on the road without Christopher to do the mechanical work, and he could not afford it without me. So taking it all round, it is a happy arrangement.

C. J. LETCHER.

THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

After a very quiet year during which scarcely any new cars made their appearance in the book—there were 51 photos of 22 different cars at the beginning of December, when a sudden spate arrived just before Christmas. It is not known if the senders thought that the 'photo-album-looker-afterer' would not be getting any other post at that time of the year, but his Christmas mail was greatly enhanced thereby. My wife has developed an unerring nose for these things, and I generally find that by the time that I arrive home, they have been opened and I am only allowed to look at them when she has finished.

Earlier on, there arrived pictures of Knowles' most sumptuous-looking machine and then amongst others came some views from Dr. Rawlins of Manchester, of his formerly blown 2-litre saloon, suitably enough at this time of the year—in the snow. I once saw this car down at Staines; it was in beautiful condition and is one of the few cars that I have permitted myself to covet. Dr. Rawlins has had it for the past sixteen years and before that had a Semi-Sports tourer from new in 1927; this must make him one of the oldest continuous supporters of the marque in the Club. Russell from Leigh-on-Sea sent a variety of assorted proofs from which to choose, and McConnell some of

two Continentals side by side on the square at le Mans; an unusual sight this, to see two such comparatively rare birds together. There were also some of that well-named contraption of our former editor—I suppose it *is* a Lagonda? Finally, Newbold sends excellent full-plate, if not larger shots of his M45 tourer, and Crane views of his V12 amidst surroundings of scenic beauty in the States. Can the present owner of the 16/65 NF7381 let me have details as to year, chassis and engine numbers of that little-seen type?

All members are asked to get at least one photograph of their Lagonda in the album—if not more. Most of us can generally borrow a camera from some unsuspecting soul and providing that the negatives are at all reasonable, it should not be difficult to produce decent enlargements. Once again I would emphasise that post-card size is the minimum. Would anyone sending contributions, give, if at all possible, engine and chassis numbers, as well as the year and type; and, of course, the name of the owner too, if it is not their own. These details are available in most cases for the cars that were listed in the old Register, but there are naturally many others for which we have no such information, and it is our policy to give as much detail with each car as possible.

W. C. HARTOP.

STOP PRESS

It has been agreed amongst the more regular visitors to the local meet at the Coach & Horses, Croxley Green, Herts., that the next meeting there shall be on Tuesday evening, the 28th April, 1953.

NORTHERN NOTES

At the time of going to press the main pre-occupation is whether the entertainment laid on at the Party is adequate for the company—and counter to that, whether the company will be adequate in numbers to cope with the entertainment. At all events a very pleasant afternoon was spent at Cottons, after a most excellent lunch of a portion of ox, by those who perpetrated the route. Perhaps a different view prevailed when those present got home and settled down to consider what they had promised to do! Five Lagondas paraded, but the thunder was stolen by two more Lagondas—a late Rapide just out of its band-box and an almost equally glamorous V12—not owned by members—a situation it is hoped to remedy in due course.

As the Party will be over by the time this appears, there is no point in trying to stimulate sales of tickets by a description of the attractions in store—anyway that depends to some extent on members themselves! Also it would, perhaps, be unwise at this stage, to anticipate and write a graphic account of the proceedings on the night, as it may well be that actuality falls short of prognostications. The temptation is there however, if only to gain credit for the Editor for such prompt and up-to-the-minute reporting and publishing, as to be able to present an account in the March issue of an event taking place two days before.

Geography proves a useful and worthwhile study in connection with one-make club activities, and the tabulation of Lagonda incidence proves an absorbing occupation. In the Northern part of the Kingdom

(Queendom?) the approximate average is one Lagonda to 133,000 people (why the other 132,999 people do not use Lagondas is not immediately obvious, though there probably is a reason) with no great variation among different groups of people. The incidence per square mile is another story, and owing to the appropriate page being missing from our work of reference, figures are not yet available. With perhaps insufficient regard for the results of the survey, four centres of activity are functioning with some regularity under the auspices of the Lagonda Club, and we are invited to several more by other one-make clubs.

From Warburton comes the following dispatch:

“The gatherings at the Saracens Head have been small but cheerful. Friends and non-members sometimes outnumber the regular, usually Sanders. Caville has removed his camouflage and come by a big-end knock (Part exchange?—Ed.) Graff-Baker moves south. Speakman finds his way through from Colwyn Bay in his 2-litre. Bentley, Leaf, Riley and 750 types have been coming along, and Nall has been seen arriving by bus!

Are all the Cheshire members' cars out of order? Warburton is about 2 miles N.E. of Lymm and 4 miles W.N.W. of Altrincham.”
R.S.V.P.

In the East Riding of Yorks a very live gathering congregates monthly at the Red Lion, Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, a small but high-sounding township, liberally supplied with comfortable inns and hyphens in its name. Fourteen is the average muster, an awkward number to divide into £1 when

ascertaining individual liability for the welcome hot sausage rolls and assorted sandwiches provided, and while all the methods of transport are not beyond reproach, the conversation and animation are of a high order. People have been seen departing in Austin 7's, M.G.'s., Bentleys, and on foot—Lagondas too of course—and the Beverley road has been the scene of many stirring drives.

Hoggard from York finds rat-tail files of some hindrance to the amooth working of his pistons, but perseverance and a most helpful volunteer mechanic enabled him to bring the machinery along last month. A prospective member, Copley, was having a final bachelor fling—our best wishes to him on embracing matrimony. The Bentley driver was in good fettle but somewhat thoughtful after several rides as passenger in industriously driven Lagondas—one advantage of a Lag being that it can be driven in the winter. The M.G. owners are busy trying not to be M.G. owners, so that they can become Lagonda owners—prospective Lagonda sellers please hold back ; it's a closed and almost vicious circle, as no one can buy a car until he's sold his own. Unless we can find someone who has not a car already to set the thing moving, everyone will be driving the same car in fifty year's time ! Anyway, there are sets of parts for two BEAUTIFUL saloon Lagondas to find homes for before we start looking further afield. Allison Bros. started well by selling their saloon to an appreciative farmer, and are planning to rebuild a blower 2-litre, but Coates spoilt the job by introducing a car from outside.

The Club was represented at the Aston-Martin O.C.'s. Christmas Party, a first-rate dinner making the journey well worth while. The function was held at the Engineers' Club in Manchester, and there are 325 whole slabs and 47 part ones in the pavement outside the edifice.

It was very pleasant to see Vessey presented with the Northern Lycett Trophy, and to know that he is also to receive THE Lycett Trophy, which is awarded to the V.S.C.C.

member with the highest aggregate of points in the country, irrespective of area. He becomes deeply involved in high-level inter-club politics, the results of which may incur the consumption of petrol and midnight oil on the part of active members.

The February "Mottram" is too late for a report to be included, but the Bentley bogey is still haunting the place !

NEWS FROM SCOTLAND

Reports indicate that Gillingham is working with tremendous energy, and that the influence of the club is extending into Scotland. Some of our members, under his auspices, joined with members of the Aston-Martin O.C. for a meet at The Newhouse Hotel, the other Sunday afternoon. This follows meets at Bridge of Allan, and when the most convenient geographical location is decided on, it is hoped to be able to settle down to a regular "Monthly". Some motoring is proposed when the days are longer and when all the Lagondas are out again after their winter re-fit. Alvis O.C. will probably collaborate when their full strength is known.

Medicine and the Navy are well represented, but it is sad to lose a pillar of each, in Dr. Kirkpatrick and Lt. Roberts, to the South so soon.

Gunn and Rider make the journey in company from Edinburgh, Gow and Scott-Barrett are exponents of the 16/80, and Gillingham is building up a blower 2-litre, meanwhile travelling in an Austin 7. Incidentally, Gillingham is in a high state of mental confusion after obtaining profuse but contradictory advice as to desirable compression ratio, from more than one well-intentioned source.

Geography, and the relative sparsity of Lagondas—motor cars of any sort, for that matter—in the rural areas are a handicap, but it is the aim to enable those for whom cars are a little more than just transport to congregate at suitable times and places.

D. H. COATES.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL—or A NIGHT IN THE LIFE OF A LAGONDA PASSENGER

It was not long after I first met James, that a definite outing was proposed, and we set sail from London with high spirits, and a jolly warm glow of anticipation for a good meal at a pub somewhere near Kingston, where there was also said to be dancing on a floor with sufficient space for it to be enjoyable.

With considerable consideration, and I gather no mean effort with the glue-pot and much brown paper, the side-screens that had no talc in them had been covered over, and the Chariot quite reasonably weather-proofed. There was no necessity for James to mention that the Lagonda in which one has been taken out, was in fact older than oneself, nor for that matter to have begun a conversation involving comparative ages between the vehicle, the owner, and yours truly, providing that one was content to admire the vehicle, and be admired oneself. However, the jolly warm glow was maintained all the way to Wimbledon Common, where you may remember, there is a very oblique Y-junction, which necessitated James getting right out of the car to see if anything was coming, owing to the opaque brown-paper side curtains. The engine stalling would have been trivial had we had a starter that worked: however, as it was, there was a convenient hill, and apart from being left all alone in the Lag. while it was pushed from behind, with a bitter wind blowing in from the side, all went well, and we were off again within five minutes.

James' choice of pubs is, frankly, good and appears to be associated in some way with his motoring interests, and this one would have been thoroughly up to standard had not a wedding party been in possession of both the dining room and the ballroom. As it was, I was quickly given a gin and something to keep me quiet, while some fast telephony procured an alternative venue, and off we went again towards Richmond, where I

understood a benign head waiter was guarding the last two suppers with his life, and the most musical bands was that night engaged.

I expect you know Richmond Hill. You may even recall the one little flat bit in the middle that goes neither up nor down. That is where the Chariot gave out altogether. The starter was still u.s., and some snag prevented the use of the handle. Of course, the poor dear had put on his very best lounge suit to take me out, and for once was wearing a white shirt with clean cuffs: which was a pity, in that the battery on a 2-litre is almost completely underneath. It was apparently essential to get at this, and after I had been moved about the interior of the wretched machine like a knight in chess (I say this purposely, for it involved two moves across the front seat, and one to the back), James disappeared practically upside-down through a little hole in the floor, through which he thought I couldn't hear his remarks about the garageman who had not tightened up the terminals. Anyway, it was all in a good cause, for immediately we had a starter—even if it only went to prove that we did not, on the other hand, have any petrol. Now I have always been told by Auntie Jesse about this business of running out of petrol, but on this occasion, I was quite sympathetic to the gauge being out of action, and the feasibility of the reserve tap having somehow got in the wrong position. I was even bold enough to ask whether we had a can on board, for you will agree that it's nice for a girl to try to be interested, even if it turns out that the remark was not exactly the right thing to have said.

Just at that moment, the most enormous lorry came down the hill, and one of the things that surprised me about the whole evening, was the way in which it appeared to be quite natural to both James and the lorry man to pull up about twenty tons of

wagon, unsheet two tarpaulins, to get at a tin from beneath the load, and then go under the lorry with a wrench (I believe from the conversation that it didn't quite fit) in search of some plug from which they got out a lot of petrol, most of which went up James' sleeve. At this stage we were all nearly cheerful, and I even managed a little pun in French about "tu sens d'essence", before what was probably the major catastrophe for the night. This occurred just as I was allowing myself to wonder about the two suppers that were being guarded somewhere in the vicinity. I didn't know, but seemingly the petrol cap on a 2-litre is rather special: I mean you can't just go out and buy another one. Anyway, it slipped out of James' greasy hands (my dear, they were filthy!) and before we knew what had happened, rolled right along the gutter, and went straight down a drain.

Well, as it says, we eventually "came unto Richmond", and of course by that time the pub had closed. Nevertheless, I must say that James did some very good work with a

café; we had a most marvellous meal, and I was in good spirits, with some good spirits in me too, by the time we left, with the jolly warm glow back again. In fact, I felt quite friendly towards Lagondas.

You know Putney? It was just before there, that there was the most awful flash and all the lights went out. We did a very nice little skip across Putney bridge with no lights whatsoever, and then adjusted the cutout, and bought new bulbs. These were a great success: ever so bright—and then went out just like the first set. I did rather think I might be put on a train here, but apparently it would be a sort of sacrilege to abandon a Lag., so James produced a large red hurricane lamp from the back of the car, which he tied on the side with string. It would have been better if there had been oil in it, but we came by some paraffin from the back of some works, and jogged along through Fulham like a mobile hole in the road. I would never believe there were so many policemen in London: let alone Fulham, but fortunately there was always

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some parking place into which we were trying to get the car off the road, for everybody's safety, and so we proceeded.

I suppose it was about half eleven when we reached James' rooms, so we brewed coffee, and he put me in one of those nice

new taxis, and said he was sorry things had got a bit muddled, but perhaps we could fix it up for another night, when they hadn't got a wedding party, and the place was really open to the public.

ANNE OMINOUS.

3-LITRE ENGINE INTO 2-LITRE CHASSIS

Being guilty of the above perpetration, and being threatened with violence by the Editor unless I justify the proceeding, the long-suffering subscribers must resign themselves to seeing a portion of this issue, which might be better occupied, devoted to a discourse on an unethical engineering contraption. (If the Editor does his stuff it may perhaps be grammatical, but no other merit is claimed.)

The seed was sown when a friend lent me a 3-litre pillarless saloon for a weekend, and I was charmed with the amiable and unflurried way the engine swept the heavy car up the Pennine slopes on the way to Manchester. Soon after this run I rescued a very second-hand engine from complete decay, and over the course of a couple of years amused myself by taking it to bits. Another similar engine was collected from Carlisle, and in due course one engine in working order emerged. The scheme developed of building up a car with this and my spare 2-litre parts. The preliminary manoeuvres had barely begun when the 2-litre developed acute indigestion from over consumption of gudgeon pin pad, and requiring to be mobile at an early date for an interesting appointment, it seemed the quickest way to achieve this by arranging wheels and seats in appropriate positions relative to the "new" engine.

At first glance the use of a fairly hearty shoe-horn would appear necessary, but after much thought it was found possible to dispense with the use of this instrument. My spare frame had been cracked already so I had no compunction about mutilating it. This was from a blown car and it was found

that there was just enough room for the engine between the radiator in its normal "blown" position and the foremost of the three main channel cross-members. The bearer brackets had to be moved of course, and the front pair were re-fitted four inches forward and the rear pair three inches to the rear of their normal positions. Complications here are that the frame is not deep enough to take the forward brackets in their new position until the lower flange is beaten down a little—this can be done quite neatly with a couple of hefty hammers if the part is well warmed with the torch, and does not appear to weaken the frame—and the rear brackets in their new location are at the point where the frame begins to widen. Only the forward of the two "sideways" rivet holes now registers with the side member, but the one rivet—high-tensile bolt, I should say—seems adequate; better perhaps to make a wedge-shaped spacer and use both holes.

The clutch is now three inches nearer the gearbox, and the clutch shaft and fabric coupling too near the cross-member for comfort, so the large hole in the centre of the member is enlarged sufficiently to clear the fabric joint. This entails cutting away the top flange completely. A similar hole is cut to allow the withdrawal of the bendix drive and housing. To reinforce the mutilated member, a piece of 2-in. by $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. spring steel is bolted along the upper flange and arched over the apertures to clear the fabric couplings of clutch shaft and self-starter drive, the piece being shaped and the holes drilled before cutting the member, to guard against distortion. Naturally the main jack-shaft has to be shortened to suit, and the self-



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starter jack-shaft is shortened to its minimum, but this still only allows the starter motor to be held by one strap. A re-designed saddle may be advisable but the one strap seems adequate.

At this stage it was found that the clutch cross-member fouls the front brake cross-shaft, so I lowered the shaft by inserting about $\frac{5}{8}$ -in. of packing between the brackets and the frame, and using longer bolts. The shaft then fouls the chassis struts and I removed mine, but it would be better to re-adjust them to clear the shaft. The new location of the shaft does not adversely affect brake operation.

So much for the chassis surgery, which was done at the local blacksmith's. Pending the arrival of a body from the ever helpful Forshaw, I mounted the open body from my 2-litre. Not wishing to mutilate the beautiful bulkhead casting, I segregated works and occupants with some 1-in. ply and as my 3-litre radiator was too high for the body I used the one from the 2-litre, which despite not being "deep" and with small header tank, has proved more than adequate for cooling purposes. A comic fabricated connection takes the place of the thermostat and an even more comic fabrication completes the circuit below.

The pedals were rather a headache, as the clutch pedal now pivots three inches to the rear, and the brake pedal has to be re-adjusted further back in its "off" position so that it does not foul the engine bearer in the "on". For a tallish person the treads require fitting much nearer the arms and further holes have to be drilled on the stems. But being so short they would not allow sufficient travel if working through slots in the toe-boards in the normal manner, so a box affair has to be rigged so that the complete pedals are inside the body. This is not perfected yet, but the controls work perfectly normally.

In this form the hybrid has proved a thoroughly roadworthy vehicle. The engine was not overhauled completely, and requires new bearings, but is very sweet and the

performance is very useful. No attempt has been made at obtaining maximum power, rather was the aim for a comfortable, easy running touring car. Slightly heavier springs at the front might be advisable. My 2-litre springs were already rather flat, and I proposed to fit wedges to give a little more caster action, but it handles very well.

The sensible person desiring a 3-litre would indubitably go out and buy one ready made, but having most of the bits already, it seemed a pity not to use them. Also it is more compact than a standard 3-litre. Perhaps too it was rather fun to be DIFFERENT, and SURPRISE people. It was certainly fun to do, and it has had to GO.

Further plans were for a saloon body, as I felt such a vehicle would provide dignified, comfortable and not too sluggish transport for my declining years. A 3-litre radiator was to have been fitted, and an aluminium bulkhead modified to clear the engine—once I had decided that the car was practicable, and that the casting would not be wasted.

The first deflection from my purpose of developing the hybrid was the discovery of a 16/80 saloon, with most BEAUTIFUL cushions and carpets, in a field. This was trailed home behind the hybrid and bits of rusted panelling ruthlessly removed, when a further temptation came my way—a Lagonda with equally beautiful carpets, and this time in working order. On the strength of an Autocar Road test, which promised most exciting speeds, I decided to defer my decline and collected this as well, excusing my profligacy by pleading that as it is more or less in working order and fairly respectable, it will provide reliable and dignified transport at less cost of time that should be devoted to agriculture. A good home has been found for the 2-litre with the Allison Brothers, who intend to rebuild it with great care to its original state, and I have sets of parts for two surprising Lagondas to dispose of (advert.)—my tractors would be grateful for the room!

D. H. COATES.

STOP PRESS: The Bentley Drivers' EASTBOURNE RALLY, 1953

(or the Pons asinorum multans)

The Club was again indebted to the Bentleys for an invitation to the best type of event run for our cars and our appreciation was shown by an entry of 13 cars—unfortunately, dropped by two retirements; Freeman Wright who disengaged a conrod at ninety, and Charles Elphinstone with chronic cooling troubles. Starting from the London Police Drivers' School at Hendon were: WILBY in a Rapier, BARTLEET and MAURICE LEO in high-chassis 2-litres, CROCKER in his 16/80, LONG, REXFORD-WELCH, and STANDLEY in low-chassis 3-litres, with MICHAEL, WESTALL, and WOODWARD in 4½-litres, while WYLAM started from Fordingbridge in his Rapier, and HUNT entered his 4½-litre in the supplementary tests only. As the majority of our entry started from London this route only will be described, the course being *common* ("very so", my navigator said) from Aston Rowant. The start was conducted with the customary efficiency after competitors had accepted the hospitality of the police canteen. Bartleet arrived late plus Bosworth as his intrepid navigator done up in a tank suit, plus a nice example of a walking plaster cast for the left leg—fractured fibula. The first section was familiar to most competitors, involving a run to Aston Rowant via Baldock—good simple fun if one didn't get lost in Luton—all the Club managed this. (Which? —ED.) At Aston Rowant Arthur Fisher awaited the competitors; and saved the life of Bosworth who did not appear to notice a 10-ton lorry doing a modest 50 when he was crossing the road! Refuelling for the serious night section was carried out here and all prepared for the tail twisting section. It was pleasing to find a novel, difficult, but very fair innovation included in this rally. In brief, the next section involved crossing the Thames at Oxford and working down to London crossing the Thames by all methods other than ferry, each crossing consecutive and in the opposite direction (i.e. as Oxford was south—north, the next bridge had to be north—south), with checks on unspecified crossings and penalties from incorrect compass approach. Forty-two ways were available and that the final check point of the section was at Morden—the whole being done against the road averages of 30 m.p.h. for the slowest cars. Comments on this section are very fragmentary as the author had his own troubles, but certain cars were observed during the section, notably; Maurice Leo entering a one-way street the wrong way, lead by car driven by a *driver* one does not associate with this sort of thing! Rexford-Welch nearly demolishing Lambeth Palace, Bartleet in the Hip Bath was observed sideways up many a straight road. The cunning twist in this section was that tunnels counted. Next section was Morden to Boxhill—straightforward but demanding quite brisk motoring and no mistakes on the route. Breakfast both welcome and substantial was provided. It was pleasing to note that all Lags arrived and that Bartleet, Crocker, Michael and Westall had done very well on the "Thames" section. Boxhill to Goodwood was a little more difficult as the averages were spoilt by quite heavy fog on the last twisty 20 miles, and many competitors arrived by the skin of their teeth. The drill at Goodwood was to cover one lap as practice, and then do two consecutive laps as fast as possible but with equal times, discrepancies of over one second either way incurring penalties. This evolution was carried out with pleasure by all, assisted by most excellent marshalling in which the safety factor was most studiously observed. Long was observed driving his 3-litre saloon as if it was his Le Mans 2-litre—discovering the difference at each corner! Billie Michael clapped on a crash hat, ejected his passenger and really had his entry value! The last section used the coast road—Goodwood – Arundel – Shoreham – Brighton – Newhaven – Seaford – Eastdene – entering Eastbourne by Beachy Head road. Speeds on this section became higher and higher as traffic increased and after hold-ups at a toll bridge, and later in Brighton time became short—when the coast road became enveloped in sea mist. Near Seaford, waves were breaking over the road and more than one car took it green. Many entrants were late at the Eastbourne control. Verdict; a nice road section but the Thames could get on very well with far less bridges!! Eastbourne is a town that is becoming very familiar to many members, for we also receive hospitality there for the 8 Club Rally. It is a pity that more local bodies are not blessed with a Mayor and authorities so progressive in their ideas. The Club was honoured by one of its members being asked to a reception and luncheon given by the Mayor to the Officials of the Bentley Drivers' Club. The guests were entertained with no niggard hand! Six tests were carried out on the front in the afternoon of the usual type, with the pleasant addition of a test delighting in the name of the "Tadpole" which involved some very hearty action avoiding chicanes and ended up in a garage. Both Wilby and Wylam in Rapiers acquitted themselves well, their cars being much more manoeuvrable than a certain 3-litre I could name. Bartleet in the Hip Bath appeared to not even notice the wiggley line in the "Drunkards Dilemma". Sunday dawned dry but with a wind of a couple of hundred miles an hour. With a prayer that it was blowing up the hill and not down it, the competitors departed to Firle Hill. All were permitted a practice climb, and after repairing to Alphinstone for refreshment, the business of the afternoon began. It may be recorded that all Lagondas climbed the hill, though there was some doubt over Maurice Leo who suffered from clutch slip. A notable triumph was scored by Billie Michael who returned fastest time of the day with a very neat fast climb. Woodward also was very rapid but a new comer to the hill, and he will, no doubt, become one of the serious contestors in the future. Officials result are not out yet, but it is safe to say that Crocker, Bartleet, Michael and Westall did well on the road section—Westall being

certainly in the first ten. Other points of interest were ; Long who had, unfortunately, blown up the Le Mans car attended in a 3-litre which, considering its unfamiliarity, he drove well ; Wylam, a new member, who had a very good crack at the rally—his first—but was dogged by really bad luck, though showing the best Lagonda tradition in arriving, despite cracking a head ; the keenness of Freeman-Wright and Charles Elphinstone, who though minus their cars, turned out at Firle and Aston Rowant respectively ; Maurice Russell who apart from navigating Westall into a high position on the road section, provided a wife to assist in the tests and also looked as if he was Saville Row dressed throughout the event. Finally, the members of the Club who took part in the Rally would all wish to express their thanks to the Bentley Drivers' for inviting us to such an epic rally, run with such impeccable smoothness—where do they find such nice marshalls?—and trust that we will be on next year's invitation list. Thank you Stanley Sedgwick and Col. Berthon !

A COMPETITOR.

HIGHER WOTHER'S JOURNEY

Adagio giocoso ; eight to a bar

You shall hear of Hamish Moffat,
He the driver of Lagondas,
He the pride of all Vintagents,
And the Club of most Lagondas.
Very brave was Hamish Moffat,
Short and fair and full of know-how ;
Drove eleven-point-nines in England,
Sought to drive one down to Cape Town,
In the land of apartheid,
In the land of veldt and bushland,
Driving alone and unaided.

Friend was he of Arthur Fisher,
Colleague in the cult of motors,
He the Champion of Lagondas,
Curator of old two-litres
Blown and unblown, staid and sprightly,
And of many lesser models,
Even of the little Wilbur,
Drove it in the Eastbourne Rally,
By the grace of Bentley Drivers ;
Drove to finish, transitively,
Finished Wilbur's old transmission,
Heavy-footed was A. Fisher,
Heavy-hearted not long after.
Likewise when he broke his Lancia,
Which he loved beyond all others,
Which he kept all burnished, polished,
(Which had lovely basket seats.—ED.),
Which he seized beyond redemption.

He it was who taught young Moffat
How to change a broken half-shaft,
How to change a gearbox layshaft
In the light of his experience,
Even in a waning torch-light.
Taught him how to coax magnetos,
Old magnetos, tired and battered ;
Made him fit to drive Lagondas.

Thus did noble Hamish Moffat,
Fired with much enthusiasm,
Take his car about the country,
Through the green and rolling southland,
Through the bleak and baneful northland,
And the craggy Celtic country ;
Gained awards, and broke his motor ;
Mended it, and went yet further.

Well he kept it, his Lagonda,
Long he strove with jack and spanner,
Screwed and wired and gently hammered,
Polished and sponged to keep it ship-shape.

Soon there came a longing to him,
Harking back to the primeval ;
As the ducks fly south in winter,
Looking for a land of sunshine,
As the tramp moves south in winter,
Seeking climates not so rigorous,
So the errant Hamish Moffat
Turned his thoughts to austral langour,
In the wake of the pathfinder,
In the trail of Hinchcliffe's Humber.

Said Lagondas, "Hamish Moffat
Wants to drive his car to Cape Town,
Let us expedite his passage."

So it was that Hamish Moffat
Set out on the long road southwards,
Midst the wonder and amazement,
Midst the scorn and much derision,
Little cared he for the insults,
Little heeded he the jesting,
Thick of skin was Hamish Moffat,
Wore it all off in the desert
Dealing with successive punctures
Which beset him by the dozen ;
Then his engine threw a con-rod,
Left him stranded in the desert,
Till a plane should bring another,
Then a door from off the body
Went, or got lost, in some manner,
Must have left it lying somewhere,
Jettisoned it to climb sand-dunes
Or, swopped it for loan of camels,
This distracted not young Moffat's
Masterly grip of the essentials.

Such his fate and such his fortune
When we last had information.
So we leave him to his efforts,
And you to your own devices.

Longfellow Setright.

MONKEY SOUP—or

HAVE YOU AXED ANY GOOD QUESTIONS LATELY ?

In case you didn't know, it's 2,562 miles from Bucharest to Gibraltar. And just in case you think I am now going to give you a vivid description of how I covered that tremendous distance in an unblown 2-litre, let me disillusion you straight away. I would not dream of doing anything so silly.

But I can tell you that the annual rainfall in Venice is 27 in., and the temperature in Maastricht in February is 39 degrees F. If you wish to cross the Arlberg Pass in Austria, which is intermittently obstructed (the pass of course, you comical creatures) you will have to climb to 5,912 feet, by which time your engine efficiency will be 80 per cent. of what it is during a day at Brighton. What happens to Lags when they cross the Isaran Pass in France, which is 9,085 feet, I shudder to think.

There is a hotel in Brussels with 500 rooms and the same number of bathrooms, and one in the aptly-named Spanish town of Murcia (the "C" is hard, as in Clot) with 73 rooms and no bathroom. On the other hand there is a Portuguese town with two hotels, neither of which has a bathroom—or apparently any other sort of room. Nor do they, understandably enough, charge anything for this, especially as they don't speak English.

Denmark is composed of several hundred islands, some of them uninhabited, which would seem to make motoring a trifle difficult, except perhaps for Mr. M.ch.l B.sw.rth who is famous as the owner of the only amphibious Lag in the club. Holland is full of bicycles which should make it a happy hunting ground for Killer Taylor, and "an evening stroll along the canals, lit by lanterns, is highly recommended", which should make it an even happier one for all the other male members of the club. And, before I forget, you can tow a caravan through France at 31 m.p.h.

Now I'm not trying to show off my superior knowledge, nor am I bragging about all the places I have been to. All this fascinating

information comes from my 1949 copy of the R.A.C. Continental Handbook. You don't care? Ah!—but you should. You never know, you might one of these days buy a Morris Minor, and go motoring abroad. Then where would you be? (All right, I know—abroad!) For at the back of the book, there are several pages devoted to the translation into many foreign languages of technical terms connected with motorcars, and careful perusal of these pages might save many embarrassing moments. You might for instance think when you get to Norway, and somebody tells you that you want your back licked, that you should take violent evasive action. You might even punch the bloke on the nose. When you wake up in hospital, you'd find he was talking about your baklykt, or rear-light. Nor need you assume that when someone talks about your vevhus krumbtaphus bunnpanne, he is necessarily being filthy. He merely means your crank case. Petrol in France is, of course, of essence, and your jack is aptly called "cric". If a Dutchman tells you you need a new carter, he doesn't mean that the horses under your bonnet have got out of hand, he merely means your crank case again. In France, the bougies in your engine turn into sparking plugs which is a relief, and when they talk about an old roue, you can give your conscience a rest because they only mean your wheel.

In Spain they don't mean a dental cigar when they talk about a corona dentata, but a crown wheel. In Italy a camera d'aria is not a room full of enormous sopranos, but an inner tube. Nor do they mean card games but headlights when they talk about faro. Even in Portugal, furo, a puncture, is *infuriating* and should anyone there offer you porca, you won't get any chops, but only nuts, and metal ones at that. Fascia elastica in Rome has nothing to do with your pin-up girl's garters, but is a piston ring. On Spanish roads you might need a muelle,

but not to tow you, because it's a spring, whereas your back teeth will do the same job in Portugal, where the word is mola. In that country they also seem to solda instead of weld, while in Denmark they are morganmad for breakfast, and for all I know Ford crazy later in the day.

And should you think that when they say chassis in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland and where have you, you are quite right. Which only proves that some knowledge of foreign technical terms is essential, unless you restrict your conversation to chassis.

Now you might think that the very clever heading to this article was merely designed to catch your eye. Not a bit of it. You do me a grave injustice. One of these days, when your car makes expensive noises in France

some mécanicien might tell you to axe de piston. In desperation you might have done this, were it not for your Special Correspondent who herewith takes pleasure in informing you, free and gratis, that all the gentleman means is your gudgeon pin. Which has probably dropped into your coppa del motore, which is not, as in your ignorance you might have thought, a Spanish motorcycle policeman, but our old friend the crank case under yet a different name. As for monkey soup, that, as you all know, is far from being a new motive power to replace petrol, but French for valve. Though now I come to think of it, it should be soupape. Same thing, the French, after all, always put the descriptive word behind the noun as in clef anglaise, which is not an English musical sign, but a spanner.

M. F. KENNARD.

COMPETITION NOTES

Since the last issue of THE LAGONDA, much motoring has taken place—the Monte, and battles in the South Americas—however, these affect us little, though it was pleasing to see that a Lagonda saloon was the first car into Paris on the Monte. On a more practical note our requested dates for the coming season have been accepted by the R.A.C. and are listed below :

SOUTHERN RALLY—Sat., 16th May.

NORTHERN RALLY—Sat., 20th June.

A.G.M. —Sun., 20th September

INVITATION EVENT—Sat., 14th November

The running of the Northern Rally will probably differ from previous years in that it is hoped that *suitable* clubs will amalgamate to run the event as a combined rally ; the reasons that have led to this idea are simple, for it has been found that several clubs are running similar events and all have been suffering from a relatively small turn out. It is not proposed that clubs should enter into competition one with another, but only use the same course and pool marshals. It is hoped that this idea will meet with approval

from the competitors, as it will undoubtedly be welcomed by the organisers ! !

We doff our sumps to :—

George Sanders for gaining a second-class award in the Measham Rally. In the final tests he clearly demonstrated that, large though his 3½-litre is, it does not hinder him in the matter of smart parking and other girations.

It is proposed to hold a Sunday afternoon treasure hunt in the Beaconsfield area in about two months time. The event will be simple, involve a *very* small mileage, and it is hoped to provide a lot of fun. Maurice Leo has consented to run the event and will undoubtedly end us up in close proximity to some good ale.

FLASH—It is with regret that we record that our ex-Club Secretary, Mike Bosworth, has injured his ankle. This worthy dilettante has been weathering in Switzerland, and is now forced among the ladies—to whom he no doubt shows his operation !

C. S. REXFORD-WELCH.

Competition Secretary.

POINT HUNTING

or

Hunt the Point

Maurice Leo has kindly offered to lay on a Sunday event which, it is hoped, will afford both a little mild competition and a social gathering at the minimum of cost.

DATE:

Sunday, 19th April, 1953

START AND FINISH: King's Head Hotel, near Beaconsfield, on A40 $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles on Oxford side of Beaconsfield.

OFF: at 2 p.m.

ENTRY FEE: 5/-

ELIGIBLE: Paid-up members of the Lagonda Club driving anything, O.S. Map 159 only for navigation.

No competition licences necessary.

Course not more than 50 miles.

SCHEME: Simple map reading only necessary.
Ideal for beginners and experts alike.

ENTRIES: to Hon. Comp. Sec., now or on the day.

