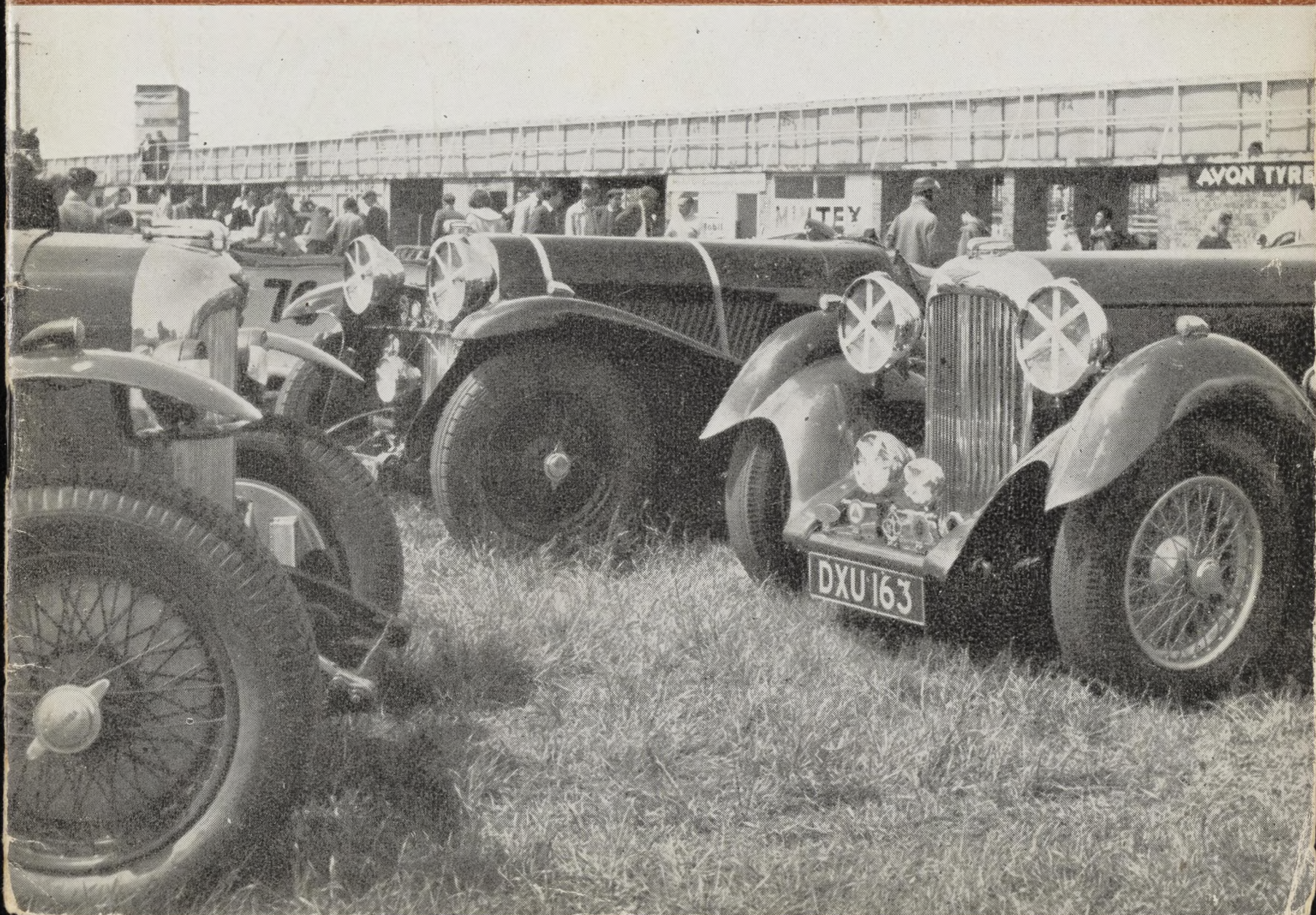
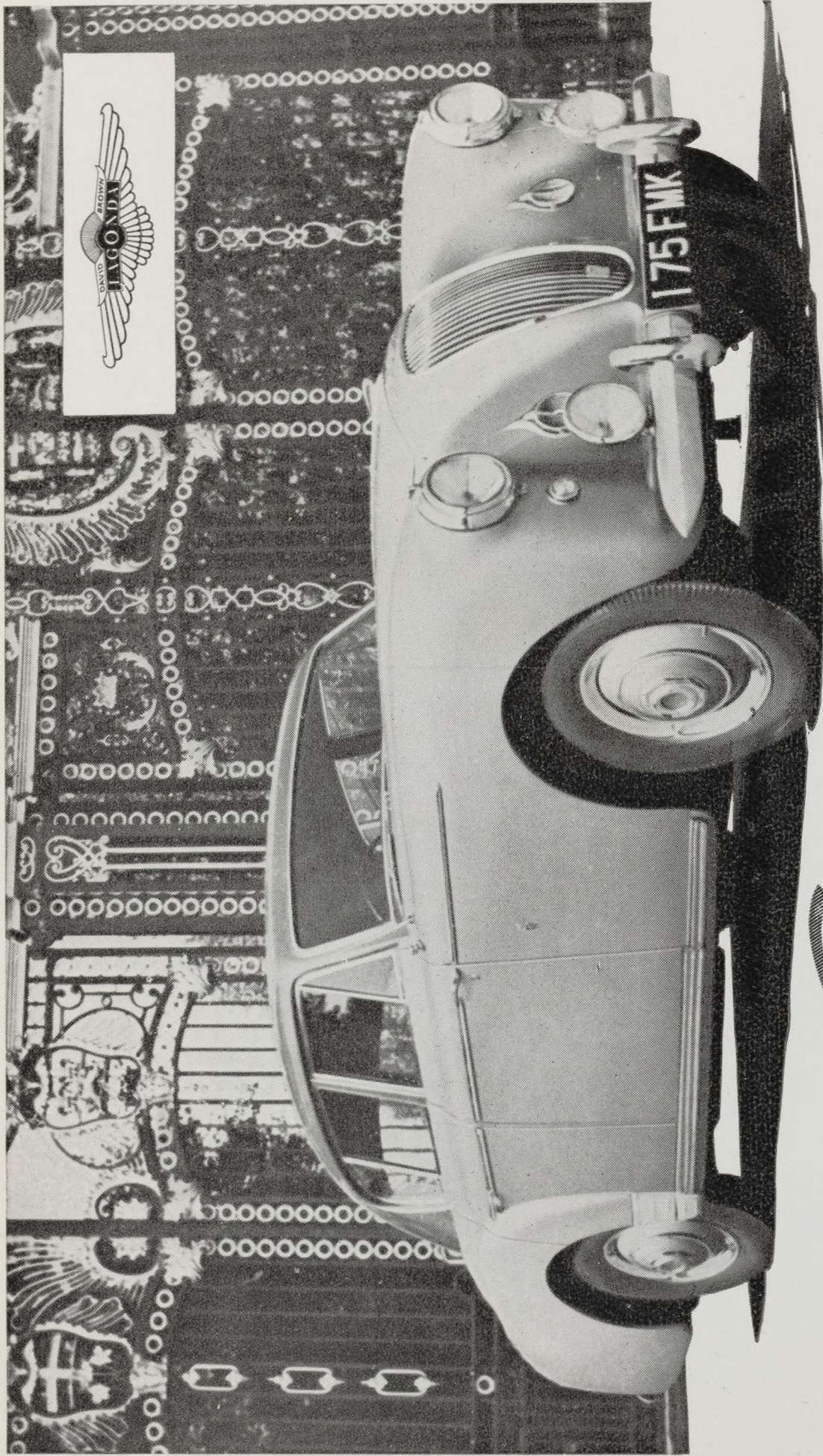


No. 29

Autumn, 1958

THE
Lagonda





The designer's flair, the engineer's science,
the craftsman's art... all, in due and just proportion find
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Contributions do not necessarily represent the views of the Committee nor of the Editor, and expressed opinions are personal to contributors

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EDITORIAL

The current popularity of conversion kits and general motoring requisites prompts the thought that an untried field of endeavour awaits the speculator amongst Lagonda owners. It is doubted, for instance, if the keen owner could resist *The Leo Tuning Set for Two Litres*, (supplied complete with Fork and Test Rice Pudding (sack returnable), or *The Hunt Plastic Metal High Compression Piston Converter* (no dismantling necessary), while no Rapier owner would miss the opportunity of reaching an equal footing with Two Litre owners through the *Whitmee Frame Extendor* (cast in solid lead).

A tremendous success would be assured for *Forshaw's Fulminating Furies*, attractively moulded in flesh-coloured plastic and designed for rear mounting, and none of these fine cars would be complete without that distinguished radiator mascot cast in bronze, *Hare's Harem* (weight 187 lb.).

● continued on page 22

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THE COVER PICTURE

The Paddock, Silverstone

Photo: Jeremy Mason

which incorporates The Lagonda Car Club and The Lagonda 2-litre Register, aims to bring together owners of these fine cars for the exchange of knowledge and technical information, to provide help, and to organise social and sporting meetings.

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News

Announcements

BOB CRANE our American representative made a welcome appearance at a recent Committee meeting when on a visit to this Country. Among the things discussed was the best way of collecting the subscriptions from our American members. It was decided that as from the 1st October 1958 all American members should pay to Bob Crane at his address, P.O. Box 278, Sparta, N.J. This way it saves them time and money, and Bob hopes it will keep them all in touch more.

THIS NOTE should remind English members that their own subs also fall due on the same date and should be sent to the new Treasurer, Donald Overy, The Old Cottage, Bourne End, Boxmoor, Herts.

COLIN BUGLER like so many others finds being married and running a car somewhat expensive, and as he has had the car longer than he has been wed he has decided to give the Rapier up for the time being. He reckons that as soon as circumstances permit he will be back with a 4½. We shall miss Colin, he has always come long distances to take part in Club events and his driving, especially at Driving Tests, has been a model to many. He won the Southern Rally a couple of years back and has represented the Club more than once.

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ARTHUR BARNETT on his way to the Northern Rally broke a timing chain, but nothing daunted had it all running again in an hour and a half and still arrived in time to have some lunch.

HENRY COATES, until recently the Northern Secretary, has had more time to spend on his farm of late and has invented a special attachment to enable sacks to be lifted without the chap getting down from the tractor and without any other help. There is no truth that he really wants it for lifting Meadows engines!

THE V.12 SPECIAL being built for Donald Overy by Peter Hunt is now looking quite like a motor car and will soon cause Maurice Leo to look round for another 4½ engine to put along side the existing one in Bill Michael's team car!

CHARLES GREEN has purchased a number of Scintilla contact breaker springs and offers them at 1s. each. He is to be found at Brampton House, 14, Bakewell Street, Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent.

OUR CHAIRMAN Bob Freeman-Wright has at long last been forced to give up this work. His many commitments elsewhere give him little time for this now, but he will stay a member of the Club and continue to have a bash with his 1.5 Riley. Bob has done a great deal for the Club over the last 9 years, in fact he has been Chairman since the amalgamation, and we shall miss his efficiency and his dirty stories! James Crocker takes over the Chair, and what could be a better choice? We wish him well.

IF YOU are still looking for the leaflet about the Advanced Drivers Club which should have been in the last issue I can tell you it is still under Valerie's kitchen table. Anyway she has promised to get them out and see it is in this issue.

THE SISTER car to Jack Kibble's 1935 Le Mans winner is for sale by Tom Goodman up in Leeds. This very desirable car is going for £500 or so and anyone interested can get his address from the Secretariat.

POSITIONS FOR the Fox Trophy (Best performance in Club calendar events) after the Bentley Silverstone meeting were,

| | |
|----------------|----------|
| Charles Green | 65 marks |
| Arthur Barnett | 46 " |
| Tony Loch | 46 " |
| Joe Branson | 44 " |

There are still a lot of events to come and it will be interesting to see what happens in the next few months. Do not forget that marks for the other Trophies must be submitted to the Competition Secretary (Richard Hare) or Mike Wilby by the middle of November. The Club year finishes with the November Handicap.

and Reports

ON FRIDAY 17th January 1959 (put the date down straight away) we are holding a dinner dance and prize giving at the Pavours Arms, Page Street, S.W.1. This is off Horseferry Road, by Westminster Hospital. There will be a decent four course dinner, with dancing on a pleasant floor and all drinks from a proper bar (on the dance floor) at reasonable prices. Dress will be optional, well do not come in your garage clothes, and the price will be kept down to 20s. to 21s. per ticket.

Now the success of this depends on you. If you do not turn up the Club will lose a lot of money and in future years we will have to go back to the old not so nice evenings.

We feel this will be popular so come along and justify the Committee's faith. Full details and tickets from L. S. Michael, 26, Bryanston Square, London, W.1.

ONE MORE race meeting before the end of the year. On the 4th October the B.D.C. jointly with the Jaguar Drivers Club are running a race meeting at Silverstone, and by kind invitation there will be a 7 lap Handicap for Lagondas. The idea of 7 laps is a good one as even with the lap start rule the slower cars get plenty of fun for their money!

It is hoped that the Club will proudly maintain its reputation of providing plenty of competitors and Spectators and Regulations and details are obtainable from Mike Wilby at 4, Lancaster Garages, London, N.W.3.

WE ARE pleased to see another 11.9 come into the Club. This 1923 model is owned by R. A. Collings in Cardiff. Also we now have a 4½-litre in India, owned by Mr. Normington and it spends its life splashing through the rains in Assam.

JOE WHITMEE and his immaculate 3-litre leave London for the South West. He will be missed from all the usual meetings and Londoners will be sorry that his coachbuilding and repair art will be so far away.

From now on he can be found at The Bellows Garage, Newton Poppleford, Nr. Sidmouth, Devon, where he will charge no extra for filling 30 gallon petrol tanks.



CLUB FIGURES No. 7

"Lepus"

ARNOLD YOUNG, our dear "Quack" of Malaya, comes home for good, and will be a welcome addition to the competition field as soon as the LG.45R has been sorted out. We shall miss his racey dispatches, but we can have them from Scotland instead.

BIG SOCIAL NEWS

The Committee have at last taken the plunge and are going to put on a real Social Occasion. It has been felt over the last year or two that the Prize Giving and Christmas Party is neither one thing or the other and that the time has come to split them. This year the Christmas Party will be just what it says, that is, plenty of drinks and sandwiches at a pub. You can come and go as you like and eat and drink as much as you need. The pub—"The Railway Tavern" Liverpool Street, E.C.2.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

Full page £5 and *pro rata*. $\frac{1}{8}$ panels 12s. 6d. Small advertisements 2d. per word. 10% discount for four successive insertions. Enquiries to:- Advertising Manager, J. W. T. Crocker, 42, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3

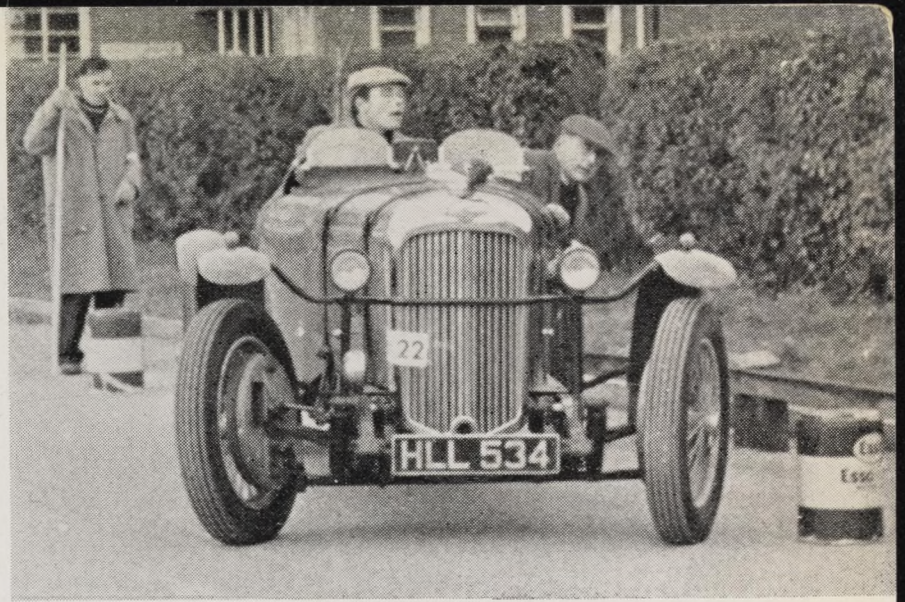
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COMMENT

November Handicap 1957
Photos : Jeremy Mason

Dunleath

Leo

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Firestone

Nylon

SPORTS TYRES

For high cruising speeds use Firestone Sports or Super Sports.
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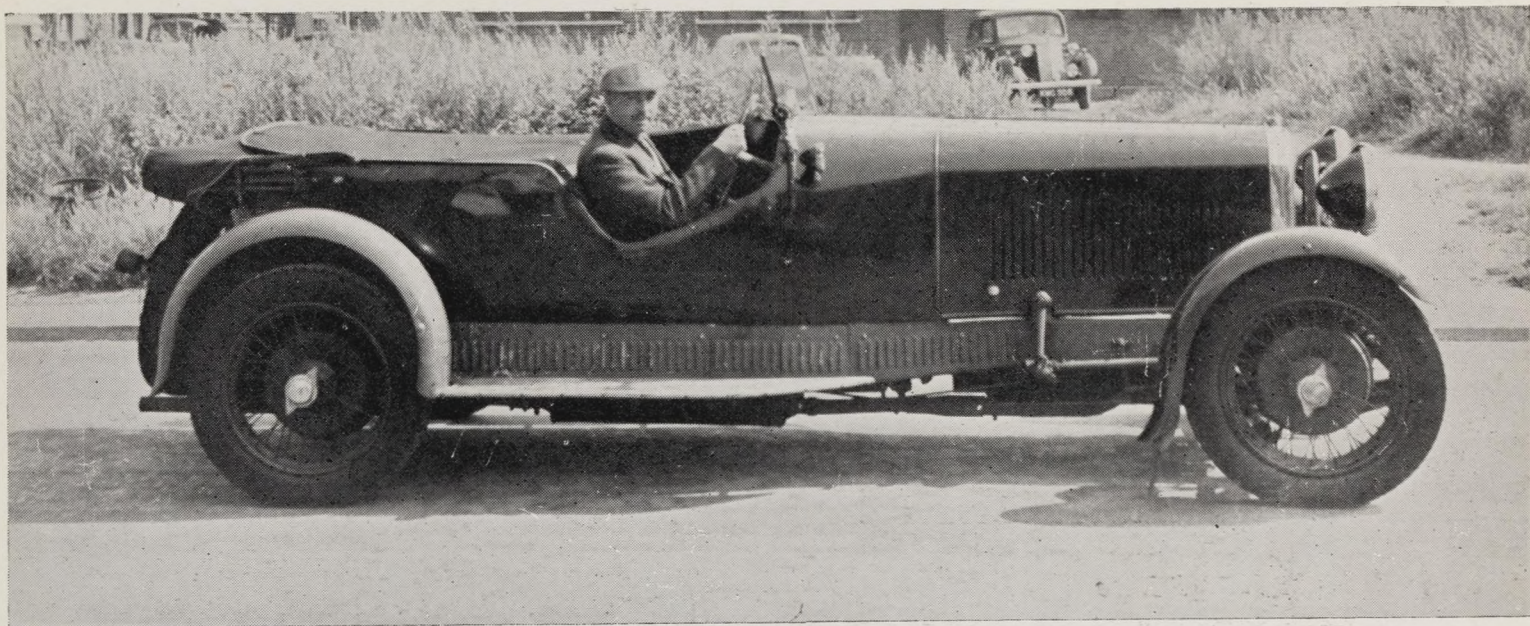


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Firestone have made over 50,000,000 Tubeless Tyres.

Firestone TYRES

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Doug. Price at the wheel of his Vintage 3-litre

ROAD TEST 3 Litre Tourer

Courtesy AUTOCAR

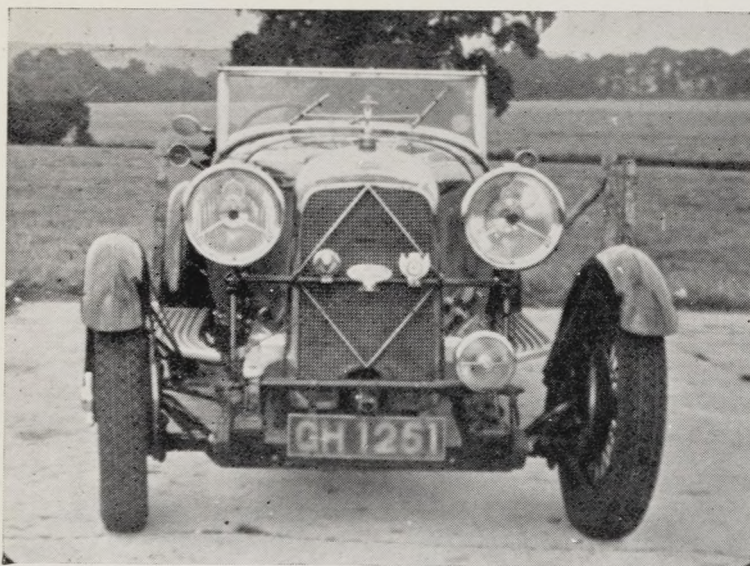
IT IS difficult to imagine a car nearer an ideal than one which combines the full performance of a speed model with the top gear performance of the best modern touring car. Now ideals are nearly always unattainable, and it is in the nature of things that the motor car is always the result of a series of compromises. But there are certain cars produced recently which come very near to this ideal; they represent the first attempts, in fact, to create something which ought to be in great demand. Of these the six-cylinder three-litre Lagonda is certainly one of the most interesting machines.

Broadly speaking, the idea underlying the car's construction is this: Few motorists hold always to the same mood; one day they require a machine which is soft and smooth and does its work without any "driving"; yet another day something in them seems to require a little more fierceness, a little more liveliness, and driving for the sake of driving,

with all that that entails, makes an irresistible appeal.

It is extraordinarily difficult to combine the two ideas; but the Lagonda can be driven by a man who will not use more than two gears at the most—one for starting off, the other for the rest of the journey. So handled, it can still maintain a high average without necessarily ever attaining a high maximum. The engine has that smooth feeling of latent power which in itself is a satisfaction, and the car will accelerate well enough from something like 8 m.p.h. on top.

In fact, the actual production model will shortly give an even greater range of flexibility, and handle even more easily, for the car tested, being one of the first built, did not run as slowly as the type can, and was extremely sensitive to its ignition, even with a benzole mixture in the tank, all of which means that it would perform far better when handled by an experienced driver than it



Geoffrey Seaton's 1930 3-Litre

would with what one can only term the average motorist at the wheel. This particular car also had the higher top gear of the two ratios available, and a very close ratio gearbox, which means that for the lover of top-gear performance third would be very little used, an objection met by the fact that the alternative gearbox has wider ratios.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that this car could be handled through traffic and uphill on top gear in a way that left its real power unsuspected. On the other hand, if the gears were used as they should be, the car had all the attributes of the modern speed model: the sense of power, of exhilaration, which only the type can give. The table of maximum speeds shows the advantage of the high third, an advantage even better realised if that gear is used early on a gentle slope of considerable length.

First should be low enough for all practical purposes, and, of course, to obtain the best results the ignition control must be handled intelligently. By the way, if the range of the ignition advance lever could be somewhat increased the control would be all the easier even for the expert.

At certain speeds there is a marked exhaust boom, probably heard in exaggerated form by the occupants of the car. Difficult though it is to effect, if this boom could be deleted the car would be simply magnificent, for

silence and great speed combined are extraordinarily fascinating.

In general, the three-litre Lagonda handles as a thoroughbred; it gives the driver the feeling that he has full control of the machine in every possible way. It has that "solid" feeling when cornering, and the steering is definite and accurate, the lock not being limited by the adoption of cycle-type mudguards, which certainly reduce the head resistance and should be efficient in wet weather. Incidentally, the cycle-type mudguards became all the more interesting because both types were tried, that is, a car fitted with cycle-type mudguards and a car fitted with ordinary mudguards, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and it was noticed at once that the cycle-type mudguard scored heavily because the driver could place the off-side front wheel on a fast corner exactly as though there was no mudguard round the tyre at all, and everybody who has driven fast machines knows that the bare tyre gives one more confidence in cornering than one which is partly concealed by any form of fixed mudguard which does not turn with the wheel.

With the clutch stop set as close as it was in this car—and to set the stop very close seems to be almost a religion in some quarters—the gear change was not without its trickiness, but when once the tricks were mastered it was a pleasure to handle, and the controls generally gave the sense of fitness which only proper placing and proper design can impart. If the strength of the clutch spring, or, rather, the effect of that spring upon the pedal, could be reduced, it would be of benefit when the car has to be held up for some time in typical London traffic blocks; otherwise, the clutch is smooth and progressive in action.

A racing-type hand brake is definitely an advantage, and the pedal brake is good and decided. The instruments are grouped as they should be, and include a revolution counter as well as a device which, if correctly set and understood, automatically switches on the lamps at lighting-up time, and so saves the future owner one more little trouble.

The head lamps and their dimmer are excellent.

The suspension, a point where the difficulty of effective compromise becomes most marked, naturally depends upon the adjustment of the shock absorbers, which, if tight, make the car ride stiffly on a rough surface, but immensely improve its stability on corners. If loose, they allow the springs to deal adequately with rough surface, but also permit roll on corners.

On the particular car tested there was one of the worst windscreens that could have been fitted: a high, two-panel affair with a rubber strip exactly in the line of the driver's sight, and a clip device for the hood that was none too certain in action; so it is just as well that the defects of this type of screen have been discovered, and it will not be standardised.

Starting in the morning presents no difficulties for anyone who will deal gently with the Ki-gass fuel pump, the over-enthusiastic

use of which naturally will make it practically impossible to start at all. Once started, the engine rapidly warms to pick up its load.

Taken as a whole, a really promising car with much more reason for its being offered for sale than is often the case.

3-LITRE LAGONDA FOUR-SEATER DATA FOR THE DRIVER

19.28 h.p., six cylinders, 72 × 120 mm. (2,931 c.c.).
Tax, £20.

Wheelbase 10ft. 9in., track 4ft. 8in.

Overall length 15ft. 1in., width 5ft. 7in., height 5ft. 8in.

Tyres: 31 × 5.25in. on detachable wire wheels.

| Engine—rear axle gear ratios | Maxima (m.p.h.) | Acceleration (10–30 m.p.h.) |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|------------------------------------|
| 12.88 | 29 | — |
| 8.05 | 42 | 5 ¹ / ₂ sec. |
| 5.15 | 70 | 8 sec. |
| 4.1 | 80 | 12 sec. |

Turning circle: 47ft.

Tank capacity 20 gallons, fuel consumption 20 m.p.g.

12-volt lighting set cuts in at 18 m.p.h., 9 amps.
at 30 m.p.h.

Weight: 30 cwt. 2 qr.

Price, with four-seater body, £1,000.

Specialist work at prices *you* can afford

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THE LONDON — SETE RALLY

by Peter Bartleet

Adrian Whitelegge who had previously taken part in this rally in the 3½-litre Derby-built Bentley, must take the blame for dragging two defenceless Lagondas—Richard Hare's immaculate LG45 and Peter Bartleet's well-known 2-litre—across France, into Andorra, to finish in Sète. Adrian was in his 1930 4½-litre Bentley on this occasion.



At one time it had been hoped that it would be possible to field no less than six cars i.e. three 4½-litres and three 2-litres. Up until a matter of a few days before departure we felt we had a strong team of four cars as Duncan Westall was also intending to compete in his recently-acquired 4½-litre Bentley. Unfortunately his business decreed otherwise and it was not to be.

Previous to the departure on the Lord Warden at 9.30 a.m. on Monday the 30th June, Adrian Whitelegge and his crew, Belinda and Tim Keown, had spent the night in Dover. The two Lagonda crews had agreed to spend the night at the Motel just outside Folkestone but while Richard and his navigator, James (2-litre) Woollard had arrived safely and on time, Peter was still in the throes of painting the 2-litre and after that departed to pick up a spare rocker from Maurice Leo and pay a few social calls into the bargain. Although Pam and Peter did not arrive until the early hours of the morning their team mates, clad in pyjamas, were there to welcome them.

After a very smooth crossing from Dover to Boulogne the cars were driven off and having been lined up over the Gare Maritime all contestants assembled for champagne tasting and an address of welcome from the Mayor of Boulogne on behalf of the local chamber of commerce.

After this, our first taste of French hospitality and the mere portent of greater things to come, the competitors set off at half minute intervals, each person complete with a packed lunch—half a chicken, ham, salad, cheese, quarter bottle of wine and even a plastic set of knife, fork and spoon. This first day's run was of no great distance or difficulty and took competitors through the less picturesque parts of France to Epernay. Most competitors followed the marked route but Pam decided to take Peter an entirely different course which in fact saved a considerable mileage.

Epernay control was close to Merciers cellars in the Avenue de Champagne. There our host for the evening, M. Jacques Mercier, posed beside the 2-litre for press photographers. An hour later we returned to tour some of the twelve miles of cellars tunnelled deep into the chalk hills. Employees lined the road with flambeaux and in a hall above served a magnificent banquet by candle and torchlight. Bottles were brought in each time with a little jog trot procession round the hall and applause from the diners. The last procession produced 1937 vintage Brut (very dry) which, said M. Jacques, was always esteemed by people with a wet, foggy climate! Belinda drew from a hat Pam's menu number—a good piece of team work. It won a magnum of Brut for Pam. For her trouble, Belinda was awarded

*M. Jacques Mercier greets
Pam and Peter Bartleet at Epernay*

a foiled chocolate champagne bottle (Mercier, of course) complete with bucket and imitation ice. On the way back to the hotel, we stopped for a coffee and were joined by eight students who got out of a 2 CV Citroen.

Tuesday's run of 250 miles to Vichy should not have been difficult even with a leisurely lunch and other stops, but during the afternoon we had heavy rain and Peter had a leaky petrol pipe. After that was fixed only forty or so miles from Vichy it meant really rapid cruising to avoid late arrival. Then Peter was stopped and lectured by two fierce motorcycle patrolmen for not slowing sufficiently at a crossing with winking amber light. The 2-litre responds when things look desperate. We all arrived more or less together at the control for the usual reception and photographs with crowds of spectators.

Our vintage team passing in numerical order through towns and villages caused quite a stir. In France they seem to regard vintage models with tolerant good humour but not seriously as motor-cars. *Midi Libre* however, reported that despite our cars' antique appearance their "pointe de vitesse" remained.

They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. This was to be proved wrong, as one of the other competitors driving in a Morris Minor was struck à droite by a 2 CV Citroen at the very same point at which his car, then driven by his wife, was struck the preceeding year. Sammy Davis said it resulted in "Citroen press", but the Morris went home by rail.

The third day's run of 290 miles took us through the most interesting country so far through St. Flour, Rodez, Albi and Castres to Carcassonne. Here the Lagonda-and-Bentley team arrived in formation a few minutes before closing time—for the control—but well in time for the wine tasting which was mainly concerned with some of the local specialities, as for example Blanquette de Limoux, Clairette and Corbières. Run concurrently with the tasting was a general knowledge test on French and English history, local customs etc. at which your team cheated like hell until the demands of the inner man bade them retreat.

Competitors were allowed sufficient time the following morning to visit the Cité, the ancient double-walled town which can now be seen much as it was in the middle ages. Here, saved by the rapid intervention of a French woman, Belinda just missed going backwards over the battlements. Unfortunately Tim and Peter were not able to make this visit as they were concerned with getting the 2-litre's exhaust pipe welded back to the silencer. The two parts had parted company just before reaching Carcassonne on the previous day. At last having found a firm who would do the job in the time, the boss took them to the local agricultural show, of which he was president, and after plying them with local beverages took them back to the perfectly repaired car and refused to take any money for the work.

If the run from Carcassonne to Andorra was short in terms of miles it more than made up for this in its ups and downs. Before reaching Ax-les-Thermes several Cols, including the de Chioula, had to be negotiated and afterwards the roadside lunch was partaken on the banks of the river Ariège before embarking on the long climb up towards the frontier and the Envalira Pass. During the ascent Adrian, tearing past a string of TR2s and 3s, lost his petrol filler cap while taking the hairpin at the end of a straight. (Unable to obtain a replacement in Sète, the car turned up to the Concours d'Elegance with a green and white spotted ball stuck in the orifice.)

The Port d'Envalira, between the peaks of Mata (8,661 ft.) and Envalira (9,226 ft.) is itself 7,897 feet high and is therefore the highest in the Pyrenees and one of the highest in Europe. The surface on the later stages after crossing the frontier is decidedly poor and this limited the pace, especially for Richard with his heavy body. He propped his bonnet up an inch to prevent overheating. Peter had to press on as he was getting low on water. Adrian with a well louvred bonnet had no worries. None of us experienced any fuel vapour locks too prevalent on modern cars at such altitudes. The gentle descent on the other side was successfully completed and all cars—except a brand new £8,000 luxury car—arrived with plenty of time in hand. All competitors were hospitably received by His Eminence the Illustrious Syndic at the football stadium. Later that evening a reception was held in the 12th century Casa la Vall or Maison des Vallées by the Sindicat d'Iniciativa.

The following morning was taken up by a timed hill climb up into the mountains where the famous barbecue lunch of roasted mountain lamb was being prepared. Preceding the roasted lamb was the most enormous hors d'oeuvres, the whole accompanied by local wine and finished off with ice cream, coffee and brandy or liqueur. Several rallyists, including Belinda and Pam were introduced to drinking from porrôns, the Catalonian spouted glass drinking vessels. Having the rest of the day to ourselves we wandered up into the mountains and Richard and Peter attempted to reach the snow line but although they failed in this they managed to gather two large bouquets of alpenrosen for the two ladies in the team. They were rewarded by a bottle of excellent local wine, none of which ever reached Richard's lips!

That evening dinner was at the local La Rotunde where a fine exhibition of Spanish dancing was put on for the weary British.

To get out of Andorra the next day the Envalira Pass had to be ascended in the reversed direction with the 2-litre stopping repeatedly for water (with Pam driving and Peter taking photographs) while team manager Richard grew greyer hairs waiting for them on the summit. Needless to say, with petrol at 3s. 6d. a gallon we all filled our tanks to the brim.



Peter Bartleet's 14/60 at Sète

The route to Sète, beginning with the descent which involved some hundreds of slow bends also took competitors through Perpignan and Narbonne during the midday break and the large number of bicycles and other vehicles on the roads in these towns considerably slowed things up with the result that the 2-litre only had a few minutes break for lunch and the bigger cars had little more. From then on, out of the towns, the roads were fast. The Bentley tore past a whole string of TR2s and 3s—to their great surprise—and the LG45 held eighty for miles.

The last part of the route from Béziers through Agde to Sète had a smooth, but swelteringly hot surface and the Bentley's normal 50 p.s.i. oil pressure at 60 m.p.h. was down to 12. Richard was still having trouble with overheating and had stuffed all his spare clothes under the trailing edge of his bonnet to increase ventilation. Did he say he is going to cut louvres in the bonnet side panels? Peter with no brakes, as a result of hard driving he thought, but actually through a broken spring and a loose back axle kept having a 190 SL very close under his front wheels. On arriving at the outskirts of Sète the other two cars were waiting for him and with their help some suggestion of brakes was obtained with the result that the 2-litre was not by any means at the very bottom of the acceleration and downhill braking test which was held immediately on arrival. Richard and Adrian with their very heavy cars both did extremely well in this test even beating modern cars with efficient (?) braking systems such as TRs. All three cars had, in fact, completed the day's run dead on time and finished the road section of the rally without the loss of a single mark.

Having driven on to the Mole, all crews sampled the product for which Sète is world-famous—Vermouth.

There were in all four days in Sète before the formal dispersal of the Rally and the following day, Sunday, was given up to oyster tasting at Mèze. A boat was laid on to take the rallyists across the lagoon and to visit the oyster beds *en route* but Peter misled Pam and Richard and so they missed the boat. Taking the longer way round in the 2-litre the spring finally broke and stranded the party a short distance from a lorry repair shop which quite obviously specialised in spring repairing. Unfortunately they were not able to undertake the repair until the following day and so the 2-litre was out of the Monday regularity run. After the oyster lunch,

your team took to the dodgem cars at the local fairground and Adrian in particular drove with grim determination. To complete the day we missed the return boat.

That evening in the dusk various cars were seen furtively practising the Tour de Montagne. The cheery Rolls Royce competitor made Richard take the Rolls for a trial run with some apprehension.

Regularity meant a precise average speed with penalty marks for every second adrift at secret timing points on several circuits round the town and up the mountain. Police guarded every intersection to help competitors. The two 4½-litre cars were well placed—Richard 9th equal and Adrian 12th—through good timekeeping by their navigators. After lunch Richard drove Peter to pick up the 2-litre. The whole repair was a mere 2,000 francs, about 35s.

Next day a parking test was arranged some miles away at Pézenas. It was laid out in the centre of the high street with a band of hornplayers in green hunting dress to welcome the rally. In the test Adrian lost no marks and Peter one mark. Richard's car was temporarily out of action and did not take the test. A reception, in the jardins followed with local petits pâtés de Pézenas, fierce Pézenas brandy, Vermouth and Clairette. The huntsmen again regaled us with their coiled and unstopped hunting horns.

We returned to Sète for yet another candle-light banquet in the cellars of Cazalis et Prat (Rugby players will remember Jean Prat). Tables were set in a long line flanked by enormous barrels. Peter slept through dinner which finished about 2 a.m., awaking only as each new wine came up.

Wednesday morning was devoted to spit and polish for the Concours d'Elégance. Cars were driven up to a platform in front of the judges so that it was only necessary to clean that side. Pre-war styles did not impress the panel. We were not placed but the LG45 took the Marchal Award for best kept car and cleanest engine. The Bentley was second. A thunderstorm broke. Everyone dispersed hurriedly.

Owing to the weather the ball to be held at the conclusion of the Rally on the last night, could not be held as originally planned and this took place in the local gymnasium. Here Miss Rally was elected and she and the runners up, including Belinda, were given their prizes. Likewise the award winners in the Rally itself and in the Concours were also given their prizes. We are pleased to record therefore that Adrian won a big pot for the highest placed pre-war car. As mentioned above your team completed the road section without loss of marks and their final placings were as follows:

Adrian—12th. Peter—23rd. Richard—25th.

If the two latter cars had not been *hors de combat* on two tests the results would have been somewhat different; particularly in the case of Richard's car.

The following morning the Rally was formally dispersed in the local Chamber of Commerce where bottles of Vermouth were handed out to all competitors.

Although we all had a long run home we were all loathe to leave Sète where we all had very enjoyable moments. In fact after packing we all went down to the beach for the final swim before leaving the town. Tim and Belinda had suffered from mild sunstroke. James had decided to tan scientifically with a collection of bottles, gathered in three countries and applied at set intervals. Time off on the beach was all too short however.

The two larger cars took similar routes home: up the Rhône Valley and via Rheims, where Adrian did a quick circuit of the Grand Prix course, before making direct for the coast at Le Touquet (where they couldn't get in the water for crowds) before turning for Boulogne and the boat home.

Fortunately before reaching Rheims, Adrian stopped to check a split in the wall of his tyre only to find a worse split on the inside and the actual rim of the wheel itself split for 8 in. Peter—some people will never learn—decided to cross the Massif Central for a second time on his way to spend the



At the top of the Envalira Pass.

weekend with friends near Poitiers before going on to Dieppe for the Newhaven boat. Of course this route took them through Le Mans where the 2-litre with little encouragement did two laps of the Circuit Permanent.

Your team thoroughly enjoyed themselves and are all quite prepared to take this punishment again but, perhaps, not in the too near future.

We wish to thank the G.B. Car Club and the organisers of this event, their 6th London-Languedoc-Sète Rally, Lt. Col. and Mrs. G. L. Portham for this wonderful event. Out thanks are also due to the other marshals and to "Sammy" Davis who acted as steward.

L'EQUIPE.

HELP!

Will some kind person teach me, Oh please
To alight from Lagonda with grace and with ease?
I am 5 foot seven with heels of course more,
With the lid off its simple—step over the door.
But those 7 inches I find quite a curse—
I get my legs knotted, or something thats worse.
When the door's shut, the lids down and its pouring
with rain,

I wonder if ever I'll get out again.

"It's easy," says Peter and nips out with ease,
But then he is not blessed with skirts to his knees.
I've tried feet first and head first, (and other parts too)
Know a use for new nylons with knees that are
through?

When admirers come from near and afar,
Why should I worry? They are looking at Car.
As I desperately try to reach for the floor,
And look tidy too, through that d— silly door.
So won't some kind person answer my plea
And think not of Car, just this once, but of me.

L LAG HAG. L

COMPETITORS DINNER

The Competitors and Marshals Dinner will take place on Friday October 17th at the R.A.F. Reserves Club, South Street, Mayfair, W.1. A well known personality from the motoring world will give a short talk. This is invariably a most enjoyable evening in pleasant surroundings, but because accommodation is limited only fifty tickets can be issued. We therefore urge you to apply for tickets at once—price 14s. 6d. each from Mrs. Joyce Michael 26, Bryanston Square, London, W.1. Please ensure that a stamped addressed envelope is included together with your remittance.

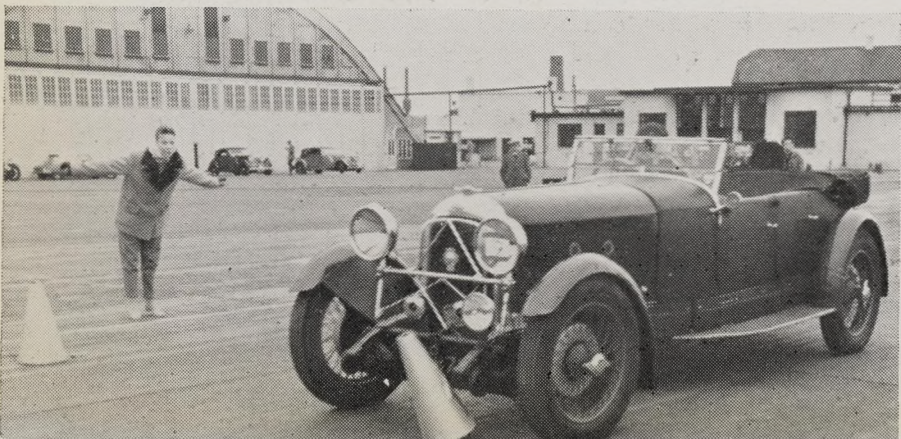
Those eligible to attend comprise any club Member who has taken part in or assisted in any way at a Lagonda Club event. Members who wish to bring their wives as guests—if they are not otherwise entitled to attend—may do so if all tickets are not taken up by competitors. Please indicate whether your wife is applying for a ticket as a competitor or as a guest.

GREAT MOMENTS

No. 1

Betty Woodhead remotely controls a helpless Joe Whitmee in the Blindfold Test at the Southern Rally.

Photo: Jeremy Mason.





*Jack Kibble in the 1935 Le Mans winner.
Photo: Dick Page.*

COMPETITION NOTES

by Lepus

Whatever the reason, be it the myriad dust particles from atomic explosions round which rain drops are said to form or persistent anticyclones over Greenland and the Azores, the weather has been most unkind this summer especially for the two Lagonda Races at Silverstone. At the Eight Clubs meeting heavy rain fell on a dry track just as our drivers emerged from the paddock and we observed a new fashion. Several of them sat in their cars under umbrellas waiting for the starter. We know from what we saw on a recent trip abroad that Peter Bartleet will not put the hood up in torrential rain and wonder whether the others do the same. Apparently all this disorganised the officials because a five lap race went on for six laps. Fortunately the timekeepers had everything recorded and were able to give a true result although, since the order changed considerably on the sixth lap one or two people must have experienced some disappointment.

Again at the Bentley Drivers Club meeting a thunderstorm broke just before the start of our race. It put the electricity supply out of action for a time

and once more disorganised things so that the race had to be rerun later.

Charles Long made his threatened return to racing and was out early to practice. He was told his time after a few laps and pronouncing it "Not good enough" started going round again five seconds a lap faster. Ian Sincock was circling half the morning, slightly more quickly, in fact than during the race. Tony Loch lapped quite slowly hoping perhaps for an adjusted handicap but speeded up a lot during the race. Charles Green continues to surprise us with the speed of his 2-litre. Maybe he's just a good driver. James Crocker is amazingly consistent. Two laps in the race took precisely the same time and his two sprint times were only separated by one hundredth of a second. Bill Micahel now has a touring car axle 3.58 to 1. He must be delighted to have seen off in his sprint all the Bentleys, a post war Aston Martin and several Jaguars. He also put up fastest time in two races.

Bill also took two second place awards at the V.S.C.C. meeting while Lord Dunleath won a

first and a third at Oulton Park. Both drivers are well known and could not surprise the handicappers.

The Singer O.C. Driving Test Meeting at Heston was reported in the stop press of our last issue. Last year we took a lot of prizes and this year we understood the handicap formula used for deciding winning teams was to be modified. Still the results again showed Lagonda teams 1, 2, 3. We did notice that a 4½ went through a "wobble wobble" faster than screaming, supercharged Ford specials.

Southerners had their revenge on the North when Tony Loch took Premier award in the Northern Rally. Our late respected Northern Secretary has more than once come South to return home with the silver.

The Alvis O.C. Club Rally next month has been cancelled because their two hardworking officials have been recalled for pressing domestic duties. It

has not been possible to make alternative arrangements at short notice.

Our own November Rally will not suffer a similar fate as already the organisation is in the capable hands of the Midland Secretary, Harry Wareham.

The general idea will be much as before with driving tests in the afternoon followed by an evening navigation section after high tea. The finish will be well before closing time at a suitable point about 40 miles from London.

As we invite many well known one make clubs and the V.S.C.C. we need a good turn out of both competitors and marshals so send a card to Harry at Haywood Cottage, Five Ways, Hatton, Nr. Warwick as soon as possible and let him know if you want the regulations or will do a job of work on the day, the 8th November. LEPUS.

B.D.C. Silverstone 1958

Following the plea in the last issue of the magazine for more entrants in the Lagonda races, the Competitions sub-committee had been sitting back with their fingers crossed. How pleased they were to see that so many had responded nobly and the 17 entries at this meeting was only beaten by the promoting Club which produced 25. These sub-committee men have had great smiles on their faces ever since and are telling everyone what a fine spirit there is in the Club and so forth, so you had all better keep it up or the said smiles will slip!

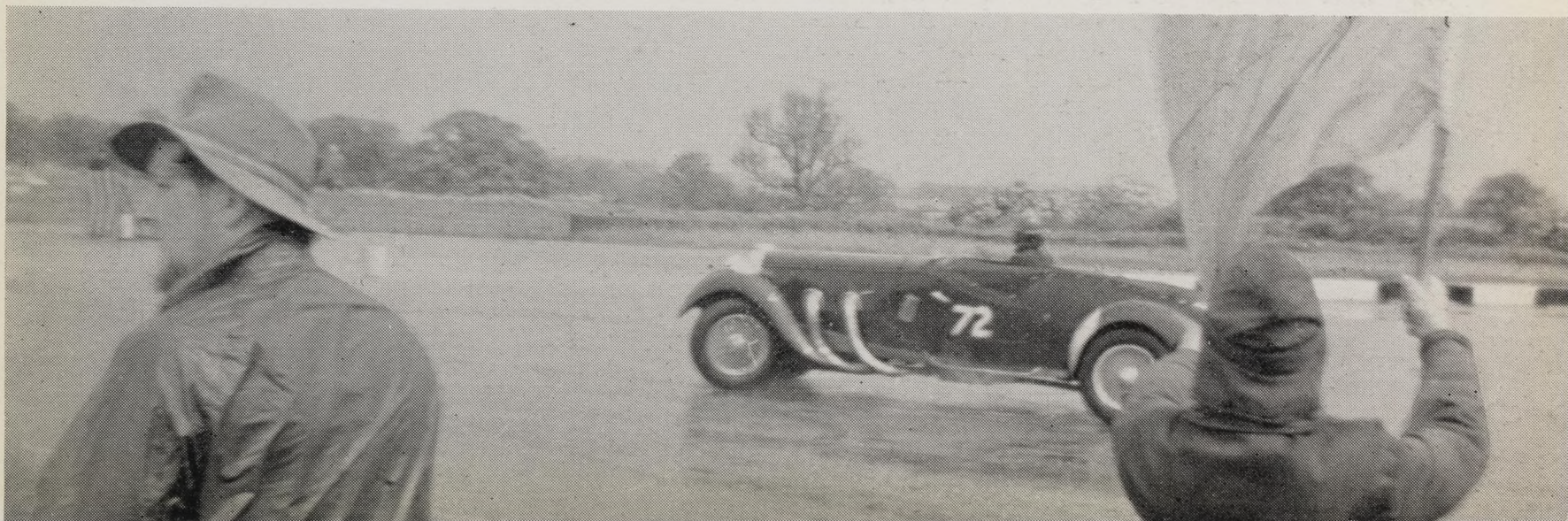
It was good to see yet more new names in the programme and we hope the newcomers found it as good as we said it would be and will come again. Most of the old faces came along with their cars but notable absentees were Lord Dunleath and his 1936 team car as they could not get away from Ireland and Mike Wilby and Joe Branson in their Rapiers. Both cars were being run in after engine rebuilds so they had to sit back and pass rude remarks at the others.

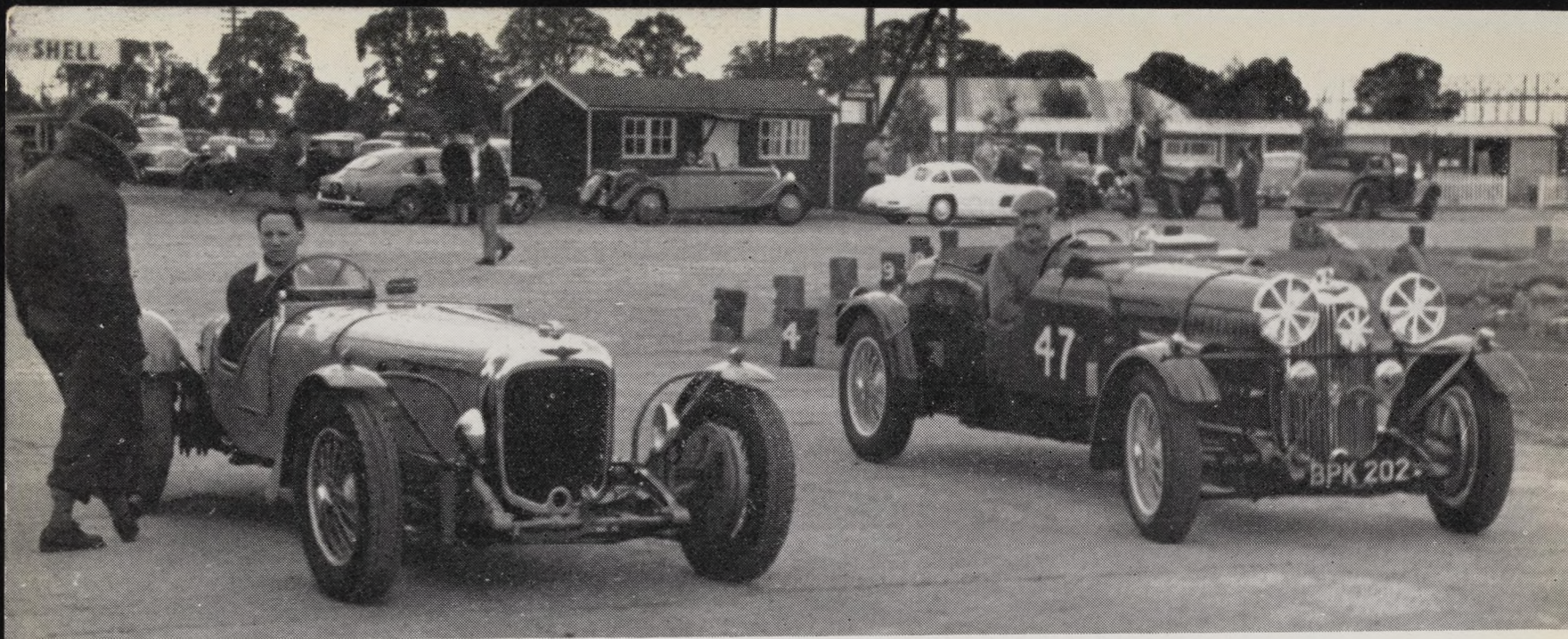
As the cars came out to the start line the programme read as follows:

L. S. Michael. 1936 Team Car. Scratch
R. O'Beirne. 16/80. 1 lap + 10 secs.
H. C. Long. 2-litre. 1 lap + 25 secs.
C. S. Green. 2-litre. 1 lap + 25 secs.
D. D. Overy. Scarlet Woman. 25 secs.
J. W. Crocker. LG.45R. 30 secs.
R. Greenway. Rapier Coupe. 1 lap + 30 secs.
A. H. Gostling. 2-litre "Continental". 1 lap + 30 secs.
D. C. Cumbers. 2-litre. 1 lap + 40 secs.
I. Sincock. High chassis 2-litre. 1 lap + 40 secs.
R. Newman. 3-litre. 50 secs.
J. B. Kibble. 1935 Le Mans winner. 1 min.
A. J. Loch. M.45 tourer. 1 min.
R. S. Page. blown 2-litre. 1 min. 5 secs.
A. Barnett. Rapier tourer. 1 min. 40 secs.
J. M. Read. Rapier tourer. 1 min. 45 secs.
I. Howat. Rapier tourer. 1 min. 50 secs.

James Crocker takes his L.G.45R through Becketts on a new line.

Photo by Editor's Brownie Box.





Michael's modified 1936 Team Car and Jack Kibble's 1935 Le Mans winner.

Photo: Dick Page.

Of these Ray O'Beirne and Rodger Greenway did not start as Ray knocked the wall down at Copse on the way out practicing four wheel drifts in the wet, which meant his front wheels were very a-drift, and Rodger found his steering not quite to his liking.

The only cloud burst of the day occurred five minutes before the start and not only did it make things very unpleasant for the drivers but it put the public address system out of action so no one could tell what was going on. All rather like the silent film days. Anyway after splashing about in the wet for a while a gentleman waved the chequered flag and everyone said jolly good and came in.

Some of the more bright who had been counting thought this a bit odd as only four laps had been run, a thought that occurred to the organisers a few seconds later. Everyone was very nice about it and said we could have another go if we liked when it had stopped raining. All the boys only were too pleased to get two races for the price of one said yes please, so we started all over again. All except poor Dick Page who had to get to the other side of England and could not wait for the re-run, jolly bad luck.

By the time the race was lined up again the rain had stopped, the track was dry and everyone could hear what the Commentator, who on this occasion was Mike Wilby, was saying.

With the lap start rule operating the whole thing looked a shambles until one managed to sort things out and at the end of 2 laps they were all in a nice long line about a mile separating the first to the last and it was Cumbers in the lead with all the 2-litres following along behind. Jack Kibble had got the better of Tony Loch and as Ron Newman was not going round the corners sideways it was assumed the 3-litre was not running too well. Next time round he thought so too and drove into the paddock, bad luck Ron. Three laps saw Charles Green pulling away from the other 2-litres but Harry Gostling was not giving up the chase very easily. Donald Overy could not make much impression on Crocker's similar car and all the while Bill Michael pounded along in the rear making up ground as only the team car can.

Lap 4 still looked like a 2-litre benefit but Howat was fast closing with the Rapier and Arthur Barnett's fast car had now disposed of Jack Read's ex Malcolm Campbell car. The heavy metal still had a long way to go and Jack Kibble the first of them was no higher than 8th, the wonderfully restored Le Mans car looking a picture and being very well driven in spite of Jack saying he was going to go slowly as it was his first time out.

Over the top of the hill on the last lap came Green with Howat almost alongside him, Gostling still hanging on, and then a flash of red and Kibble was catching them as they ran into Woodcote. The 4½ was into the corner first, the Rapier close behind and then the two 2-litres side by side as Harry made a big effort, but Charles was not put off and came home

Paddock Scene with Tony Loch on extreme Left.

Photo: Dick Page.



third by the length of his starting handle. Barnett next a few feet away and James Crocker not just finding enough room to get by. A wonderful finish with 6 seconds covering the first six.

Congratulations to all the drivers for putting on such a good show, especially the "new boys" who did so well first time out. The full finishing order and the fastest laps were as follows:

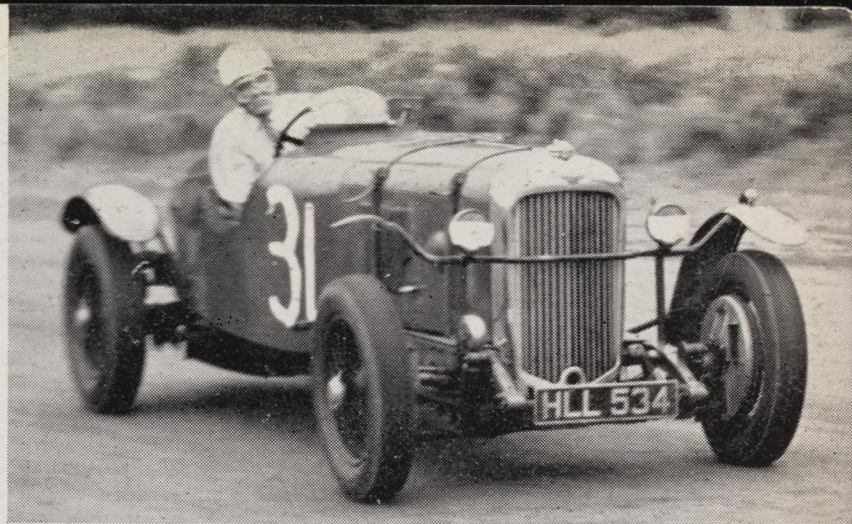
| | |
|----------|---|
| Kibble | 1 min. 33 secs. |
| Howat | 1 min. 43.4 secs. |
| Green | 1 min. 48.6 secs. |
| Gostling | 1 min. 49.6 secs. |
| Barnett | 1 min. 43.2 secs. |
| Crocker | 1 min. 29.2 secs. |
| Michael | 1 min. 23.4 secs. (fastest lap—69.5 m.p.h.) |

| | |
|---------|-------------------|
| Read | 1 min. 44.2 secs. |
| Long | 1 min. 49 secs. |
| Sincock | 1 min. 55.6 secs. |
| Overy | 1 min. 30.8 secs. |
| Loch | 1 min. 38 secs. |
| Cumbers | 1 min. 58.4 secs. |

Before lunch the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile sprints took place and the Class for 2, 3, $3\frac{1}{2}$ -litre and Rapiers provided a fine struggle for the Rapiers with Howat doing 23.03 to Barnett's 23.34 and Read's 23.17. None of these could cope with Ron Newman's extra litres and his time of 21.43 was fastest in the Class. Of the 2-litres Charles Green did a very brisk 24.00 which was over a second faster than Freda Roberts next up with 25.21.

In the larger class, as expected Bill Michael had things much his own way but his time of 16.78 was by any standard excellent and was only beaten by one other car all day, a "C" type Jaguar.

As usual Donald lent the Scarlet Woman to Peter Hunt who said thank you very much and beat him



Lord Dunleath's 1936 Team Car at Oulton Park.

Photo: Jeremy Mason.

by point four of a second to take second place with a time of 18.06.

A jolly good day out for which we must thank the Bentley Drivers Club and all the many people who worked so hard to make things go so well. A vote of thanks also to all those members who came along to spectate and cheer the Club on.

FIRLE HILL CLIMB 1958

The Club was not well represented this year but the old firm of Overy and Hunt charged up and down in the Scarlet Woman and received support from Arthur Barnett's Rapier and David Cumbers and his two litre all the way from Bristol—a very good effort.

David by running the 2-litre on small wheels caught the handicappers out and was easily first in the handicap—well done.

The best times were:—

| | | | |
|-------|-------|---------|-------|
| Hunt | 33.46 | Barnett | 47.85 |
| Overy | 34.03 | Cumbers | 50.54 |

Goodman's 1934 Team Car at Oulton Park.

Photo: Jeremy Mason.



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NORTHERN NOTES

Northern Pub Meeting

Photo : Donald I. Innes, F.R.S.A.

As in previous issues of this magazine, publicity has been given to Northern events only *after* they have taken place, we have, by A Cunning Ruse arranged that the following report was prepared *after the occasion*, thus making it necessary for the editorial office to antedate the event, this, it can be stated with confidence, has not been done.

The Northern Rally, 1958

Sandtoft, the well known Lincolnshire beauty spot, had been rendered even more bleak by the removal of the hangars which had provided some shelter in other years, but although the weather remained dull, shelter was required from nothing other than flying gravel. A most representative selection of Lagondas were present, and it was in fact possible to see at least one of every model from 14/60 to V.12. There were some other type cars!

In a field of 21, the South were represented in both numbers and strength, as the results show. For the first time at the Northern Rally one saw Capt. Loch in a very tidy M.45 tourer and O'Beirne (16/80)—who had combined, in a trip North, an entry at V.S.C.C. Oulton with a very good effort here. New member Pullar performed in Rider's M.45 Rapide. Hill was persuaded to essay his newly acquired LG.45 coupe and a new sight was Brown's 2-litre special which will be made to go as fast as it looks. Stalwarts, Green—2-litre, Wilby—Rapier and Page—2-litre(s) showed that experience is of some help.

Among the spectators and marshals was any amount of interesting machinery, including a very nicely restored 14/60, Smith's handsome LG.45 coupe, a T.T. Frazer Nash and one or two cheese-dish shapes, which one recognises as the pretty pass to which sports car bodywork has come.

Tests had been cunningly devised and painstakingly laid out with boulders, canes, string and gravel by Henry Coates and Richard Paines.

Test One, which is traditionally a wiggle-woggle, was enlivened by a pause in a garage, driving skill was the prime essential and the modern saloons seem to have been at a disadvantage, Moor's 3-litre Lagonda saloon, with his assistance, putting up a creditable time.

Both going fast and stopping quickly were required in Test 2, and Lagonda brakes seem to need no apologies. Hill was especially rapid in his new motor and his time was beaten only by Robertson—Coupar's TR-2, which did not stop at the first attempt.

Particularly divergent times were put up in Test 3, which defies description and is remembered only as a series of superimposed dotted (backwards) and full (forward) lines. Wilby and Barnett (Rapier), in particular, knew what they were about.

Considerable mental effort was required to remember what was expected of one in Test 4 and "dummy runs" were had by the score. Oldroyd, who later retired, was handicapped by an absent reverse gear and Pullar drove his borrowed Rapide

with commendable respect for the machine—watched by the car's owner from one, unshingled, eye.

Test 5, was a dodge to allow people to see how fast their cars would go over a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile while keeping within the R.A.C. Regulations which forbid a speed trial. The hazards this year were a Le Mans start and a pair of oh so close posts to be passed between at the end of the distance. Those who had confidence born of closed eyes and aimed themselves did well. F.T.D. was put up by Robertson-Coupar's TR.2 and next best thing by Dick Page's 2-litre, which might only mean that the latter is a non-runner. The wind of J. A. Brooks's Standard in passing blew over a post, but he was charged all the same.

Most people were much better at their second go at Test 6—notably Allison (2-litre), and T. S. Brook (Peugeot 403), due to an inability to find line D-D, notwithstanding Mrs. Smith's generous efforts to attract lost competitor's attention.

Test 7 was a jolly sort of thing called a Four Leaf Clover, which proved unlucky for Raine, bringing his incipient clutch trouble to a head and causing his retirement. Longbottom's Hip-Bath remained vertical while gravel flew in all directions.

The Rally was probably won on Test 8, an egg-and-spoon race in reverse, in which Loch's best time was 20 secs. (100 points) better than the next.

After the tests the cavalcade headed for the Crown Hotel, Bawtry, where venery of the other kind was sought. While over food and drink everybody told lies about why they had gone so slowly, Paines and his mathematical staff worked on the results which were produced the same evening—a very creditable effort—and they did not need correcting!

Grateful thanks are extended to those people who marshalled so ably. Please do it again next year, if what you saw does not incline you to have a go yourself.

The results:

| | | |
|---------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Premier Award | Capt. A. J. Loch | M.45 Tourer |
| Class I | C. S. Green | 2-litre Tourer |
| Class II | M. H. Wilby | Rapier Tourer |
| Class III | B. Dearden-Briggs | Morris 1000 Traveller |

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|--------------|
| Award of Merit (Class I) | R. B. O'Beirne | 16/80 Tourer |
|-----------------------------|----------------|--------------|

A.G.M. Brimpton Grange—28th September, 1958

This function will doubtless be given ample publicity throughout this issue: one hopes that some Northern parishioners will feel inclined to make the trip South to the non-English speaking parts of the country, where it is said there are a lot of Lagondas. This meeting is primarily organised in order that you may give vent to the dissatisfaction you feel with your elected Northern representative, and may volunteer for this well-known sinecure. Do so!

Pub Meets

Alcoholic beverages continue to lubricate the throats of line-shooters at the following meetings in the North:

Half-Moon, Skidby, Nr. Hull—last Tuesday in the month. Red Lion, High Lane, Nr. Stockport—2nd Tuesday each month, and occasionally at the Wheatsheaf, Gomersall, Yorkshire.

B. DEARDEN-BRIGGS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JIM'S DARING DRIVE

Richard Todd has been making a dramatic thriller called "Chase a Crooked Shadow." While on location in Spain, he referred to film stars in a very "down to earth" manner.

Richard was talking about some hair-raising driving he did for the film, along a twisting, tortuous road 1,000 feet above the sparkling sea of the Costa Brava, where every turn makes a driver conscious of the sheer drop over the side should he make an error.

"Naturally," said Richard, "the company wanted me to have a 'double,' because if anything had happened to me it would have put an abrupt end to 'Chase a Crooked Shadow.' Any sort of injury, let alone hurtling to death over the side of that road, would have meant delay—and delay costs money." But Richard looked more serious when he said, "But who are we? If others take chances, why

shouldn't we? Who are we, as stars, to be any different?"

I liked his way of looking at it, but I felt a tinge of sympathy for Douglas Fairbanks (producer) and Michael Anderson (director). They suffered agonies as they watched their death-defying star try out the car prior to rehearsals. To add to their ulcers, there was Anne Baxter (over from Hollywood for this film) in the passenger's seat.

Richard was all too modest about his driving, but Anne Baxter said, "I know a good driver when I'm with one. After a trial run, I counted myself in on the death and glory stuff."

Apparently their hell-for-leather drive together is of tremendous importance to the story, and Richard was keen to give the audience a real thrill. "None of this phoney stuff," he said.

Erwin Hillier, the cameraman, said, "For such a

sequence it would be impossible for either myself or the director to accompany the car. All I could do was to fix two tiny Arriflex cameras fore and aft of the car, set them running—and hope for the best. With the artistes so game, I would have gone mad if a camera had fallen off.”

“Now tell me about the drive,” I begged, and this is the story I heard.

“Full co-operation was given to Fairbanks by the Spanish authorities, so there were plenty of civil guards to keep things in order. The road was kept clear of oncoming cars. Only those obstacles required in the script were in Todd’s way as he did the run. Richard and Anne were given last minute instructions, and reminded that along the circuit was a posse of ‘tourists’, a bunch of ‘cyclists,’ and a coach—hazards he must avoid at eighty miles an hour!

“With a mighty roar and a blast of scorching vapour from the exhaust, the car shot past Fairbanks.

“As it raced up the hill, eyes strained through binoculars watched the car swerve past the tourists. Another swerve, and it thundered past the cyclists.

“Then the parked coach! The road was very

narrow. Never have I known such tension in filming. It seemed that to pass the coach Todd must plunge over the cliff to the shore a thousand feet below. All of us were horror stricken when he nearly did!

“As he swerved past the coach, Anne Baxter covered her eyes with her hands. The back wheel touched the edge of the cliff, but miraculously the car kept to the road and Todd manoeuvred it past the coach. It was definitely touch and go.”

Turning to Richard, I asked what he had to say, now that I had the full story. Shyly he said, “Well, it was a pretty near thing. I thought we’d tipped the edge.”

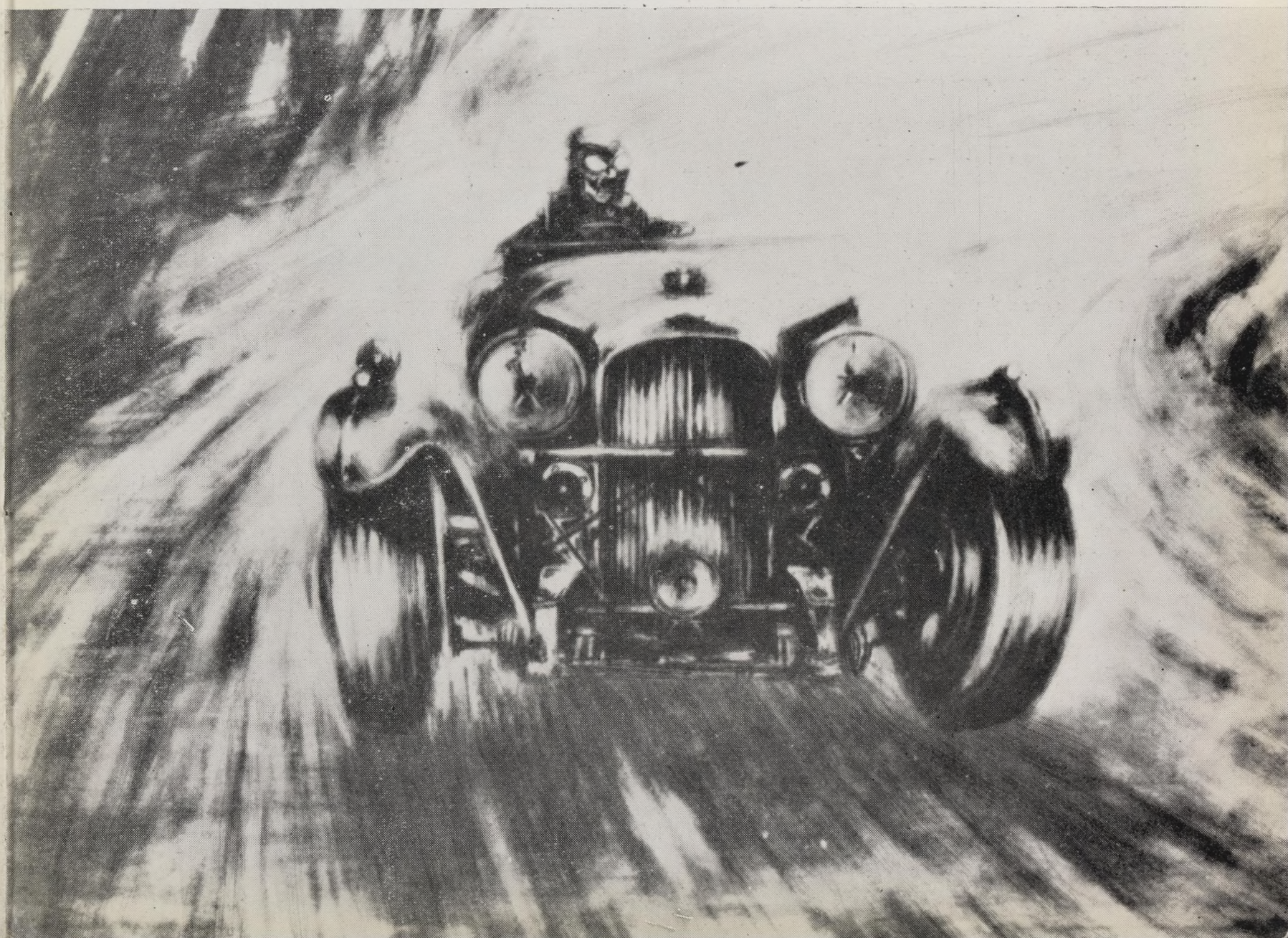
Unfortunately there wasn’t even a laurel wreath to put round Todd’s neck! I am quite sure any of our famous racing drivers would have been proud to do so.

On completion of his latest film, “The Naked Truth,” in which he stars with Juliette Greco, Richard hopes to spend a few days at home with his family. “It will be a welcome change to drive quietly and carefully around the lanes of Buckinghamshire,” said Richard.

(per Joy Adams, *Rootes House Magazine*.)

M45 in full flight by an unknown artist

(Courtesy Maurice Leo)



CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Mister Editor,

I was STRICKEN to think that they won't allow you to write any more lovely editorials. I ALWAYS read them, although my owner says if you want tripe why not read the *Sunday Pictorial*, but I don't take any notice because anyway he's the sort of type who would read Paul de Coq sandwiched between the covers of a Waverley novel.

Yours sincerely,

LUCIA.

P.S. Does s.a.e. stand for "same again, Edith"? (Yes, thank you—but what about the 17s. 6d.? Ed.)
Blackboys,
Goldrings Road, Oxshott, Surrey.
25th July, 1958.

Sir,

I enclose order for 17s. 6d. Publish and be damned!

Yours etc.,

"LITTLE LAG."

(Will "Little Lag" please contact Editor with view to signing order? Also, what is significance of "Now wash your hands?" Ed.)

The Editor.

Sir,

Please find enclosed a lady with Lagondaitis:—

(From "Woman's Illustrated", March 22, 1958.)

VETERAN CARS

From Mrs. D. Danaher, Halstead, Essex.

"I am the wife of a veteran car enthusiast. I often wonder how other wives react to their husbands' hobbies.

"In my time I have made two canvas hoods for the cars, a *tonneau* cover, re-covered seats, and mended side screens.

"I have had to ride in a Lagonda that had no doors, which meant literally climbing in, causing me embarrassment, and amusement to passers-by.

"Another 'beauty' had a door only on the passenger's side, necessitating my getting out before my husband could get in. This was most annoying if anything went wrong and it was pouring with rain.

"I must say it gives my husband hours of pleasure, respraying and renovating them, but I dread to think of the next one appearing, as he always makes a change at regular intervals."

I am the owner of GY 9500 which Dick Page kindly boosted in the last Lag Mag.

When I first procured this machine, (or had it thrust on me, I was after an Aston), I also used to push my wife out first, when I had the hood up, until one day I let said Page drive me home with my wife in front. When he stopped to change over, instead of pushing wife out in rain, he baled out in one. So, thought I, if the Page boy can do this (At his age), so can I, and I suggest to the lady in Essex that she refuse to move out of her seat when it is raining or buy her husband a booklet on "How to bale out in five easy lessons" by members of the Lag Club.

My wife has also made me a hood, tonneau and envelope and provided you acquire a special needle from your sewing machine people, no harm will come to the works.

Reference her last paragraph, he could buy a modern car, when he would age twice as quickly.

Yours sincerely,

W. W. BRIGGS B.90.

Ellesmere,
51, Mersey Road,
Sale, Cheshire.
24th May, 1958.

EDITORIAL—continued

Why not cure your 4½-Litre's overheating problem by fitting *The Aqua Trunk*! Kit includes 50 feet of 4-in. diam. rubber hose and 120 gal. heavy-duty galvanised steel water tank with fibreglass cover in the form of a dummy boot trunk. Of irresistible appeal to the competitive owner might be *The Crocker Course Direction Indicator* (indispensable for a wet Silverstone), or *The Overy Suspension Kit*, the first really practicable answer to the problem of reducing unsprung weight on 4½-litres (plastic foam tyres moulded on to your own brake drums . . . old wheels credited).

A great commercial future could be foreseen for *Michael Mollioyl*, a general purpose additive for lubricants, guaranteed to contain the purest paraffin and soap powders only (and acknowledged amongst connoisseurs to be unsurpassed with gin and Dubonnet), while *The Wareham CLUTCHER Seat Belt* would be sure of retaining firm adherents. A bright ray of hope for owners of that ugly duckling, the 14/60 Saloon, would be *The Hartop (Straw-reinforced) Hardtop*, particularly as it would also be eligible under the Rules of the Thames Punting Association.

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1928 2-litre high chassis. Original wings, bonnet. Aluminium body. Hood only fair, mechanism good. Offers, Joyce, 46 College Road, Bristol.

1933 ZM. Lagonda, 4-seater, D.H.C. (black) 21 H.P. Good condition throughout, taxed and insured. Any trial £95 o.n.o. Apply Whiteoak, 12 London Road, Brentwood, Essex.

Fold-flat screen wanted suitable for 2-litre or 16/80 Tourer also 2-litre, 16/80 or 4½-litre engine with accessories in good condition. I have for disposal the following body parts for 16/80 Saloon—Windscreen, rear window glass, 4-doors complete, Scuttle, boot lid and near seat squab. R. G. L. Dallas, 125 Jockey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

L.G. 45 late 1937. Body very good but engine has slack valve guides. Move to garageless abode forces me to part with really fine example of these cars. Will sell only to genuine enthusiast at low price of £175. Will haggle. Ricketts, 8 Melbourne House, Berrowside Road, Shard End, Birmingham.

1933 2-litre continental D.H.C. one owner since 1938. Alvis all-synchromesh gear box. Generally in very good condition, including tyres. B. E. Treganowan, 9 Ashley Close, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

For Sale in Italy, 1951 Drop Head. Dark Blue, New hood and batteries. Mechanical condition excellent. Upholstery bit shabby. Italian Licence plates. £250. Jarratt via Appia Pignatelli 198 Rome.

1935 Lagonda 4½-litre Pillarless Saloon. Black with green leather. Generally good condition throughout. Just decoked. Brakes and Steering Excellent. Offers to C. Johnson, 61 Lancaster Mews, W.2. Pad. 5948.

1935 M.45 Tourer, Green, bodywork good, engine completely re-conditioned three years ago, gearbox overhauled this year. This is the car used by Kenneth More in "Doctor in the House" and "Raising a Riot". Lemkow, 20 Wilton Row, S.W.1. Slo 4394.

Lagonda—Long Saloon, V.12, 1939, Grey, Excellent Condition, small mileage since complete overhaul. Pearson & Co. (Chesterfield) Ltd., The Potteries, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel. 2913.

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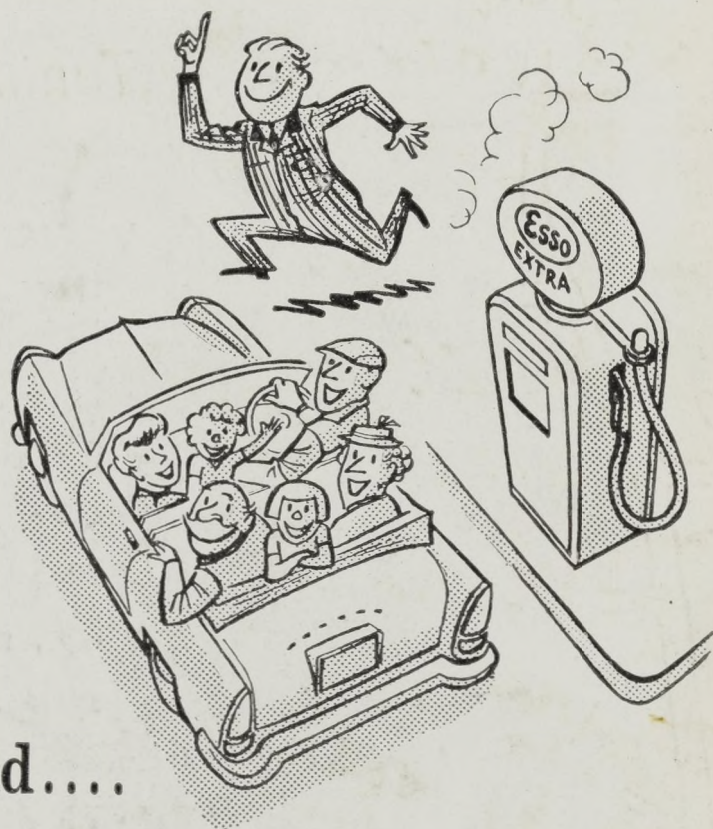
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