

THE *Lagonda*

No. 39

Summer 1961





Reminder..

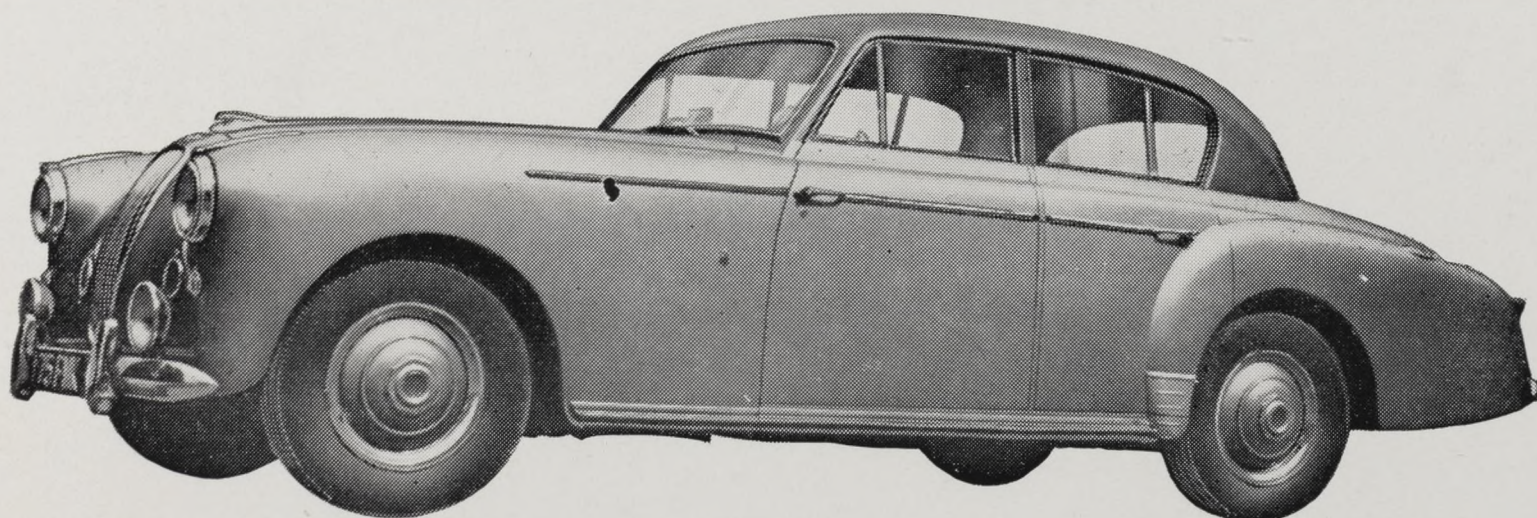
Spares and factory service facilities
are available for all

Mark I, Mark II and 3-litre Lagonda cars.

10 YEAR TEST—

We are pleased to announce that facilities exist
for Lagonda owners to have the 10 year test
carried out at the factory.

Telephone Feltham 3631 for appointment.



By Appointment to
His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh
Motor Car Manufacturers
Aston Martin Lagonda Limited

ASTON MARTIN LAGONDA LIMITED

HANWORTH PARK · FELTHAM · MIDDLESEX

A subsidiary of the David Brown Corporation Limited



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

PATRON

DAVID BROWN, ESQ.

President :

ARTHUR W. FOX, ESQ.

Vice-President:

P. A. DENSHAM, ESQ.

COMMITTEE, 1960-61

Chairman:

J. W. T. CROCKER

Competition Secretary:

R. P. F. HARE

Midland Secretary:

T. H. WAREHAM

Northern Secretary:

R. H. PAINES

Treasurer:

D. D. OVERY

Spares Registrar and Technical Adviser:

IVAN FORSHAW,
415, Ringwood Road, Parkstone, Dorset.
Telephone : Parkstone 3149

Editor:

A. B. WHITELEGGE,
3, Craven Hill Mews,
London, W.2

(continued)

P. G. BARTLEET

E. J. A. KENNY

A. DAVEY

A. J. LOCH

A. H. GOSTLING

G. E. LOVE

C. S. GREEN

L. S. MICHAEL

H. J. M. STRATTON

Secretary: MRS. V. E. MAY,

2, The Glade, Winchmore Hill,
London, N.21

Club Equipment Officer: H. C. LONG

Office Telephone: Vigilant 3116

Club Registrar:

W. C. HARTOP

Australian Representative :

E. J. WHITEHEAD,

4, Dress Circle Road, Avalon,
Sydney, N.S.W.

U.S.A. Representative:

R. T. CRANE,
3200, Crestwood Trail, Lake Mohawk,
Sparta, New Jersey, U.S.A.

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

EDITORIAL

Positively the last appearance in print of your present Editor. A successor has at last been found and he is Ian Smith. (This announcement is made now, firmly and in writing, before Ian gets a chance to change his mind.) Ian will already be well known to many members as he is a keen competitor in all sorts of events. In Competition Notes in this issue, "Lepus" refers to London members who believe the North begins at Barnet. They may even believe that Literacy lasts till Luton but Ian comes from Grantham and

his appointment is therefore particularly appropriate at a time when the Club is becoming increasingly active elsewhere than in the immediate London area.

This seems a suitable moment to say a word of thanks to the various people who help behind the scenes with the Magazine and in particular to Ann Stratton who does the layout and Tony May who does the proof-reading. Without their skilled assistance there would be no Magazine—or at any rate no Editor, for it is their help which makes his task possible.

COVER PICTURE

Lagonda á la cart
Henry Coates, 4½ litre and trailer

NEWS ANNOUNCEMENTS AND REPORTS

Congratulations to Henry Coates on winning his class at V.S.C.C. Measham Rally and also on gaining a 1st Class award at the Heston Driving Tests. Bill Michael demonstrated the versatility of the Team car by gaining a 2nd Class award at the same meeting and James Crocker managed to bend the vast LG6 Saloon round the drums enough to get a 3rd Class award. For once Arthur Barnett hit some markers.

Gerold Kutter, who has a Rapier in Switzerland, is really getting the thoroughbred car fever. In addition he has a Lancia, Aprilia, a Bugatti Type 40, and a 3.8 litre Maybach. So he is surrounded by cars from the surrounding countries—wonder what he does with any spare time after servicing that lot!

Dr. Rexford-Welch, better known as Rex and Competition Secretary for so many years,

now finds himself at the School of Aviation Medicine in America for two years. Although he couldn't take his M45R or the 1910 Itala with him, he is finding time to support the local "vintage type" club and to keep his hand in on a proper motor car; he has acquired a Porsche 90, which he threatens to bring home with him!

Colin Ferguson is organising great things for Scottish members and also those in the Newcastle and Carlisle areas. If you are not already in touch, his address is 152 Morning-side Road, Edinburgh, 10.

The April Social in the Chilterns was once more "organised" by Tortoise Taylor and Charles Elphinstone. One could hardly believe it was as easy as it appeared—and it wasn't. Lawyers among the competitors threatened afterwards to take counsel's

opinion as to what the instructions really meant but in the end it seemed probable that Tony Loch had won: as he put it, the organisers were last heard of trying to think why he hadn't. Not quite the traditionally fine weather that this event has had in the past but a most enjoyable afternoon's motoring nevertheless.

SPORTING MOTORIST is a fairly new motoring monthly which is worth buying. Well produced and illustrated on good quality paper, it deals (as the title suggests) with all aspects of the sort of motoring we really like. Race reports are accurate with a great deal of information and this feature alone makes it a worthwhile buy.

Stop Press

We are delighted to announce the engagement of Tony Loch and Jennifer Weld. Jenny was navigating for him when he won the April Social (a particularly commendable effort as it was her first try at anything of the kind) and we feel that this teamwork must be an excellent omen for the future. Our best wishes to them both.

GLOSSARY OF IDIO(MA)TIC PHRASES

Martin Hutchinson has kindly supplied this list for the benefit of members "going foreign" this year. As he says, the little

colloquial phrase, dropped casually into the conversation, can make such a difference.

<i>French</i>	<i>English</i>
La Brassiere	Device for turning mountains into molehills.
La Carte	The cart. The Postcard.
La Carte Salaud	The dirty postcard.
Chemin de fer	Mug's game.
Le Cortège	Oxford Street, late Friday afternoon.
Cochon!	Coachman! Form of address to taxi-driver.*
Le Dernier cri	No, George!
Entre-nue	Undignified exit from bathroom.
L'état-uni	The married state.
Les Etats-Unies	Successive married states.
La fable	"Sorry, dear, but I've got to work late tonight."
La Fleuve	The merry widow.
Feu de joie	Bonfire
Fille de joie	Non bon girl
La Gonda	Archaic chariot.
Grand Guignol	Parisian traffic conditions
Horloge	House of entertainment.
Le massif Centrale	Middle-age spread.
Le moment juste	Just a moment.
J'ai mal-de-mere	I am sick of your mother.
Ménage à deux	Me and Bert.
* e.g. "Cochon! Etes-vous fiancé?" = "Taxi! Are you free?"—Ed.	

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

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

MANsion House 8733 (Day)
SLOane 9420 (Evening)

AFRICAN ADVENTURE

By HAMISH MOFFAT

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of "The Bulletin" of the V.S.C.C.)

This article originally appeared in our issue for Christmas 1953 and is now reproduced so that members who have joined since then may read of this historic trip.

Towards the end of 1952, I was faced with the opportunity of taking my 1923, 11.9 Lagonda across Africa.

After making a few tentative enquiries for passengers and receiving negative results I decided to do the trip alone, thereby saving time and consequently expense, supporting the idiom that he who travels alone travels quickest.

In February of 1951 a friend had driven his 1921, 11.8 Calcott across Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias, and the experiences he encountered made me resolved, finances permitting, to cover as much as possible of Africa, north to south.

Four weeks were needed to prepare the car, obtain the necessary visas and endless documents, and to fit the extra petrol tanks, etc., for the Sahara: the final preparations being completed the evening before departure.

For the technically minded the car is of 1,420 c.c. with overhead inlet and side exhaust valves and develops 24 b.h.p.—magneto ignition and thermo-syphon cooling. A transverse leaf spring in front and quarter elliptics at the rear support a four-seater touring body. The car has original bores, bearings and big ends, the only replacements to the motor being a set of new exhaust valves and new rings. There are no front

wheel brakes and no shock absorbers.

The original beaded-edge wheels had to be converted to well-base and the motor was stripped, cleaned, and carefully reassembled.

At 6.45 a.m. on Sunday, 21st December, after much burning of the midnight oil, we slipped out of Hampstead with a friend who was coming as far as the airport, through the damp and deserted streets of London and out on the A.2.

At Lympne, courteous and extremely speedy service on the part of Silver City Airways authorities cleared the documents and I drove the car into the gaping jaws of a Bristol freighter. A representative of David Brown, the present manufacturers of Lagonda and Aston-Martin, arrived in a glittering D.B.2 to wish me *bon voyage*, and in twenty minutes we touched down at Le Touquet. Here there was the same expedience and the Lagonda was soon let loose on the roads of France.

We had to be in Marseilles by 3 p.m. the following afternoon to load the car on to the ship, which entailed driving gently for most of the intervening time. I gave the new rings about 300 miles to bed in, and then settled down to the car's comfortable cruising speed of 38 m.p.h. Endless stops for cups of black coffee during the night were followed by a change to the spare magneto at dawn, due to the points (new in London) having burnt out. I had some nougat at Montelimar which regrettably attached itself to the steering

wheel, and was alongside at Marseilles shortly after two.

We sailed at noon the following day, by which time I had purchased another set of platinum points.

On the way over to Algiers I made the acquaintance of four members of the Italian Moretti team for the Algiers/Cape Rally, and also four Australians who were motoring overland to Kenya. We docked at 6 a.m. on Christmas Eve.

Followed Christmas Day, an extremely festive occasion with the entire Italian Moretti and Egyptian teams for the rally aboard the Lagonda racing through Algiers from wining place to dining place. Then a desperate week obtaining more visas and trans-Sahara permits, etc.

The first day's run to Mascara, over the Atlas Mountains, was eventless except for an Arab funeral procession. At Mascara, due to a bureaucratic slip-up, I had to make a detour of some 200 miles to cash traveller's cheques. This entailed making for the Foreign Legion town of Sidi bel Abbes and then striking south to pick up my original route. Unfortunately, there was no track in one part where I had hoped to find one, which meant making my way in the general direction by stars and compass, motoring across the desert. After five or six hours I saw in the distance a light which proved to be in the village of El Aricha. From here I was able to take a track to Berguent in Morocco, and from there pick up the route from Oudjda to Colomb Bechar, passing *en route* the desert memorial to General le Clerc.

On the run to Colomb Bechar a knock developed in the engine which on stripping proved to be big-end trouble. The bearings are located by a small white metal dowel which in this case had sheared, causing the bearing to turn in its housing and starve itself of oil. The bearings are fed by splash lubrication. I had a spare but decided to keep this in case of future necessity. In Colomb Bechar I was lucky enough to find an old lathe and a blowlamp, and with some pieces of white metal from a scrapped truck managed to turn up an apparently satisfactory new bearing.

In Colomb Bechar a young European asked me for a lift to Gao on the other side of the desert, to which I readily agreed. At midnight, as the New Year came in, we set off for the next oasis of Beni Abbes. Running steadily on a well-indicated track we arrived between four and five the following morning. Then through to Reganne, where there is a pretty little oasis and a military post, the commandant of which refused to allow us to continue until another vehicle arrived with which we could travel in convoy. After four days nothing appeared, and to our relief he told us that we could depart early the following morning with the object of arriving at the military post at Bidon V, with whom he was in radio communication the same night. This was achieved quite comfortably, in spite of the fact that we had to dig ourselves out of the sand some seven or eight times. The terrain all day was entirely flat, and there was always a fairly clear indication of the way made by previous vehicles and marker drums dotted along the desert. Mirages, of an uninteresting nature, were quite frequent.

At Reganne we had both been unfortunate enough to get dysentery due to the lack of all but salty water. At Reganne also we had taken on thirty-five gallons of petrol from the dump there to last us through as much as possible to Gao. In Africa one can never predict very accurately the petrol consumption, due to gradient, altitude and nature of the surface; even humidity appears to have marked effect.

We decided to continue without delay and I allowed my passenger to drive. Unfor-

The Green Dragon

AN INN OF UNTOLD ANTIQUITY
STOKE FLEMING DARTMOUTH

**On the glorious South Devon Coast,
near famous Blackpool Sands.**

**A welcome awaits you from
JACK AND JOAN POCOCK
and LUCY THE 2-LITRE LAG.**

Bed and Breakfast only.

Two Furnished Cottages & Holiday Caravan To Let

tunately, due most likely to the fact that sandy surfaces are not easily discernible at night, he put the car into a big hole, out of which it bounced and landed on a soft mound of sand with all four wheels in the air. Excavation proved not difficult, but the front spring was broken, which meant changing to the spare.

Then through Tesalit to Gao, where the military entertained us in a truly French manner. Timbuktu is close at hand. My friend, Gerrit by name, now asked if he might continue with me as far as Kano.

We were now regrettably passing out of the Sahara proper. It is such an interesting place, with everything constantly and rapidly changing, from the hour by hour topography as each set of dunes or mountains unfold to the tremendous change in temperature at sunrise and sunset, the latter being of indescribable beauty.

After Niamey, Gerrit again driving, he had the misfortune to put the car into a river over quite a considerable drop. Luckily it was almost dry, and after vigorously wiping the magneto I was able to drive it out.

However, the drop had broken the front spring and one of the back ones, fractured the mudguard and windscreen supports and cracked the chassis.

The mudguards and screen supports were removed and stowed carefully in the back ; blocks of wood between the axles and chassis, firmly secured, dealt with the broken suspension as I had no more spare springs, while a wooden splint roped into place gave strength to the chassis fracture.

As such we continued the journey, the ride over corrugations being somewhat akin to that of a pneumatic drill, but we soon found that driving slightly faster than our normal pace relieved the strain slightly as the corrugation speed was somewhat higher.

The next day a big end suddenly collapsed, number three, the one replaced in Colomb Bechar, and for no other reason that I can think of than bad metal. The other three original bearings were perfectly sound. In a few hours we were off again, having replaced number three with the original spare. The

The Coach & Horses

**AVERY ROW
GROSVENOR STREET
LONDON W.1**

Beers · Spirits · Wines · Snack Buffet

car now had four 1923 big ends, and we felt happier.

These difficulties, although troublesome, were nothing compared to the constant irritation of tyre trouble. Before leaving London I ordered a set of 5.00×19 tyres. The people concerned unfortunately, due to a slip, fitted a set of 4.50×19 , and by the time I received them there was no time to have them changed. I think these tyres must have been just insufficient to support the weight of the car, as the internal fibres were constantly working loose, causing abrasive punctures. On reaching Kano the score was twenty-seven punctures and one burst. Another harassing difficulty at this stage was the way that a seam in the radiator kept on opening due to there being absolutely no suspension at the front.

On the evening of Saturday, 10th January, we arrived in Kano, completely covered in dust and sand, made our way to the European hotel and had an extremely welcome bath and cooked meal.

I stayed in Kano a week, watching the Rally come through, looking around the district and repairing the springs, etc., of the car. I met the Australians again, who had taken the Haggart route without mishap except petrol pump trouble. The Lagonda had taken three days less to arrive in Kano than both the Australians or the Rally, the latter of course having to keep to a schedule.

While in Kano I made the acquaintance of Captain Hill, a B.O.A.C. pilot, who very kindly arranged to collect and subsequently deliver to me in Nairobi another spare conrod and big end from friends in England, to replace that already used.

Gerrit, my companion, had various irregu-

larities in his papers, and asked if I would take him over the border into Equatoria, where he would find his nearest consulate.

A good run through to Maiduguri and Fort Lamy, passing *en route* countless flamingoes and crossing one ferry. After Fort Lamy we came across a considerable amount of wild life, including two herds of elephant and innumerable smaller beasts, panthers and leopards, etc., etc. We also had the misfortune to hit a skunk, which "stayed" for a day or two.

Just before Fort Archambault the surface of the track became appalling, causing the three wheel studs on the nearside rear brake drum to snap. The wheel raced ahead of the car, which took on a very down-at-heel appearance. The cure for this was to remove the brake drum, knock out the old studs, bolt the wheel to the brake drum with some $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bolts I had with me, and, without the hub cap, replace the whole unit and do up the half-shaft lock nut.

After Fort Archambault, Gerrit made his departure, and I went on through Fort Crampel to Bambari, where I again met the Australians. Shortly before Bambari, some extremely kind American missionaries put me up for a night, providing great interest and entertainment with their local stories.

After Bambari, I had a spot of bother with some natives, and again while in the Oubangui-Chari stopped at a mission village. Here a native requested a lift to another village some eighty miles away. We had not been driving for twenty minutes when he led me off to a mud hut where he said we would find beer. With slight misgivings and visions of the warm fermented mealie beer that the natives brew, I entered to find some bottles of a very good brand of Dutch Pilsener.

We continued a now somewhat erratic course, and shortly this magnificent negro dressed in his loin cloth and my duffle coat, as the night was chilly, halted me at a small native village. Here we went into one of the circular mud huts again and sat down to a sumptuous meal of stewed antelope, sweet potatoes, rice and sweetened milk.

With some sadness I dropped this splendid

man in his home village and gave him a pull-over as a parting present, bringing tears of delight to his large round eyes.

Crossing the River Bombu at Bangassou brought us into the Belgian Congo. The ferry there is made up of a raft capable of holding a large lorry, which is secured transversely to eight long canoes hollowed out of tree trunks. The natives sit in the stern of these canoes paddling with long pointed paddles, chanting the while to a big drum made from a hollowed-out log. In the bows stand natives steering with long poles that reach the bottom. The crossing takes twenty-five minutes.

In the Congo I again broke a front spring and had to resort to a block of wood, which again caused radiator trouble. This time I came across a native village at dusk, removed the radiator, heated up a tyre lever in their fire, and by using battery acid, as a cleaning agent, and a small piece of solder that I had on board, managed to effect a good repair: soldering pieces of an old oil can on to the split.

The Congo, like the Sahara, is quite the most fascinating territory to pass through, with its exotic vegetation and flowers, brilliantly coloured birds and its many and very different native tribes. In the Congo also, I had the pleasure of accepting the kindness of numerous missionaries.

We passed through Bondo, Buta and Paulis, with the car going extremely well, to Mambasa, in pygmy country. Between Mambasa and Beni there is an extremely narrow and twisty ninety-mile track, so much so that it has only one-way traffic: that leaving Mambasa having to wait until after 6 p.m. I passed along this track in a really thundery, black and menacing tropical night, with the jungle meeting in a high arch overhead through which a full moon occasionally filtered. I think I enjoyed that night's run more than any other.

After Beni, through the Albert National Park to the Uganda border post on the foothills of Ruwenzori mountains. According to local legend there are only sixty days in the year when it is clear enough to see the top of this glaciated snow-capped mountain situated

so close to the Equator.

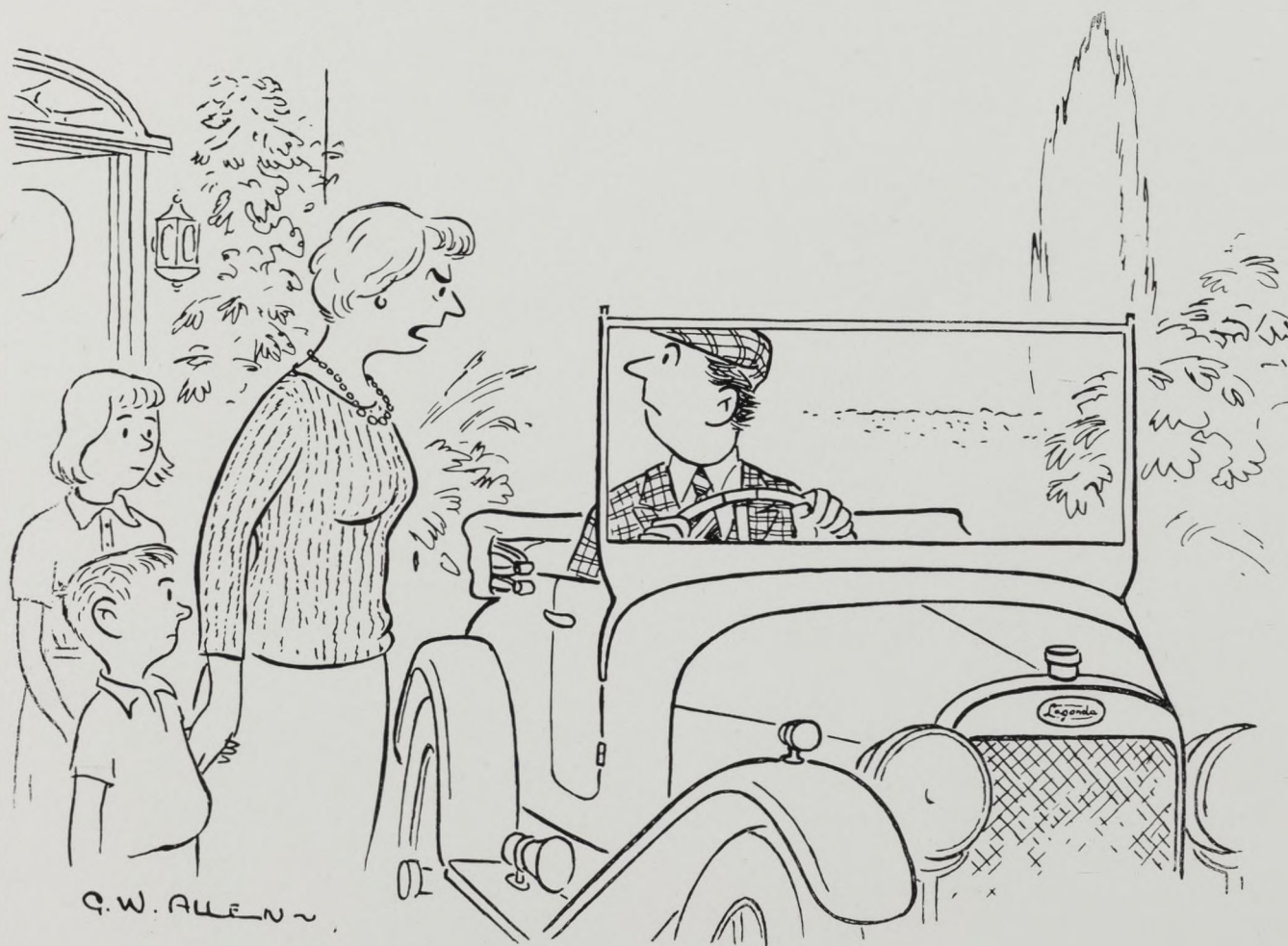
Just before Mbarara something really rather extraordinary happened. The same wheel came off again for the same reason, raced ahead of the car down the length of the headlight beam and almost hit a lion standing in the middle of the road. This was the one and only lion I saw on the whole trip, and he regarded my wheel in the same way that a very small kitten might look at a very large ball of wool. Fortunately it bounded off into the scrub, leaving me petrified in the car. I was not carrying any arms as it involves so much extra red tape at the customs and various frontiers and being in an open car I felt a little vulnerable. After an age I plucked up courage to go and collect the wheel, but could not find the hub cap, which being vintage and rather beautiful I did not wish to be without, so I curled up in the bottom of the car, firmly clasp ing a tyre lever, to wait for the light of dawn, when I effected the same repair and

continued on towards Kampala.

A Jowett Javelin saloon went through the Uganda-Kenya border post at Busia just ahead of me. I met this car twenty minutes later, completely overturned on its back off the road ; the driver, having crawled through one of the broken windows, was standing, bleeding and somewhat dejected, gazing at the loose rear wheel that caused the trouble. We attached a rope to a chassis member of the Jowett and the front axle of the Lagonda and rolled it back on to its four wheels. Very little work soon made it serviceable, and we continued in convoy to the next town.

Shortly after Kakamega, now a ghost town where gold mining once boomed, I again stayed with a missionary, made the more enjoyable by the fact that his wife held a culinary degree.

On Tuesday, 3rd February, we had a very good run into Nairobi along what was for the most part an excellent road, and having



“For pity’s sake, what sort of a status-symbol have you bought **now** ?”

crossed the Equator for the third time since being in British East Africa, on this occasion near Molo at nearly 9,000 feet.

The puncture score at Nairobi was fifty-seven, the purchase of two new Goodyears being an excellent investment, as they gave no trouble all the way to Cape Town. I spent a week in Nairobi looking round the district, working on the car, buying tyres and visiting friends, and again met Captain Hill, who, true to his word, turned up with my con-rod. I also made the acquaintance of two Dutchmen and one Italian who had come from Europe, overland, the former in an army lorry, the latter on a motor scooter, which he had however loaded on a lorry for the Sahara crossing. While in Nairobi it was very pleasant to come across some vintage machinery again, including a fine 3-litre Bentley and a blown 1750 Alfa-Romeo, also an extremely elegant and pristine Phantom I tourer.

The first day's run after Nairobi to Babati in Tanganyika produced various forms of wild life: giraffe, bucks and wildebeest grazing fairly close to the road, comparatively unruffled by the car.

I filled up at Babati, and having climbed the Pinnear heights, came to a barrier where I had to drive the car into a large wooden shed to be sprayed for tsetse fly. Then through the delightful village of Kondoa Irangi to Dodoma, where I stayed for two days at the kindness of Dr. John Robson and his wife, a fellow-member of the V.S.C.C. An amusing time was had in a P.W.D. yard there sorting out a spot of spring trouble when a touring film unit took some photos of the car and a native who was driving a tractor. The native, 4 ft. 6 in. in bare feet and the most enormous straw hat, immediately demanded higher pay as a film star.

And so to the very lovely Southern Highlands province of Tanganyika, through Iringa, over the M'mporotos at 9,700 feet down to the customs at Mbeya. I arrived at Mbeya at dusk and decided to continue to the border post of Northern Rhodesia at Tunduma, 71 miles distant, where there was a small rest-house, before turning in.

As I drew up in darkness outside this rest-

house, a man framed in the light of the doorway said, "Hey, there is a car out here nearly as old as yours". A small avalanche produced Paul Fawcett, the owner of the aforementioned 1921 Calcott and my previous daily companion in England. We had previously met some five months earlier while both on holiday in Marseilles. He had no idea I was in Africa, and I was fully thinking he was in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. The Calcott was some miles down the road in Nyasaland, the magneto having burnt out, and Paul was on his way with two friends from Abercorn, where he was temporarily living, to collect it in a lorry. As our routes crossed at Tunduma it was quite extraordinary that we both appeared on precisely the same day, and it is with but few regrets that I say that four of us dried up the beer stocks of that rest-house that evening.

The next morning we drove down to where the Calcott was stranded and fitted my spare magneto to it. What a meeting! How marvellous to have together again after exactly two years and one day two cars and two people previously inseparable, and in the middle of Africa. We motored back to Abercorn, 150 miles away, together just as of old on the roads of England, quite an unforgettable run. We got bogged at a river crossing, but some nearby natives hauled us out.

I spent a very delightful ten days at Abercorn, at the foot of Lake Tanganyika, while Paul finished his work there, and we then crossed Northern Rhodesia together. The rains were now in full spate in the Rhodesias, causing much havoc to the earth roads. I went over the most appalling bump which yet again broke the front spring. The chassis landed heavily on the track rod, which being fairly solid, and unable to articulate vertically, broke the offside track arm. Fortunately I had a spare, which was replaced, and I reset the toe-in adjustment, in the most appalling thunderstorm.

Shortly after Kapiri Mposhi the Calcott landed in a deep rut which broke the main oil pipe from the pump, losing all its oil before Paul realised it. We did not have sufficient spare oil, so the Lagonda took the Calcott

in tow to Broken Hill, where a repair was effected. In Broken Hill the next day we met Michael Stafford with a very beautiful 1928 Morris Cowley.

At Kifiri Bridge, the old Waterloo Bridge across the Thames, we parted: Paul to return to Salisbury, myself to continue through Livingstone and to the Victoria Falls. As I watched the pretty little two-seater Calcott disappear down the road I could not but help wondering under what conditions and where the two cars would next meet. The Falls are certainly not to be missed by anyone within striking distance. I was lucky to see them really raging due to the current heavy rains.

Some miles outside Bulawayo I came across a modern American car with petrol pump trouble which the Lagonda towed into a garage there.

Over the border at Beit Bridge to the good roads of South Africa and an uneventful run to Johannesburg, where the Automobile Association of South Africa entertained me for a day.

After Johannesburg the road to Cape

Town is all tarmac, providing good fast motoring. People coming past who had read about the Lagonda in the Johannesburg newspapers, were handing me out bunches of fruit and newspapers while on the move. All through South Africa I met extreme kindness and hospitality. On the last morning of the trip I had to forsake the car for the first time and hitch-hike fifty miles through the Karroo to get a new tube.

At the top of the Du Toits Kloof, with fifty miles to go, I met some people with a welcome crate of beer, and at the bottom some representatives of the Mobiloil firm of South Africa.

Over the last few miles down a magnificent dual carriageway I let the car out just to see if it was still capable of its normal performance. The engine rose steadily in the revs, with that healthy edge to the exhaust note telling of a motor basically in good heart.

Drifted around the Van Riebeeck statue, still with wooden suspension, and, with 12,500 miles in six weeks' actual driving, pulled up outside the Automobile Association offices, seemingly all too soon.

Pub Meets

For your information, here is a list of the regular meetings:—

LONDON: Coach & Horses, Avery Row, Grosvenor Street, W.1. Third Thursday of each month.

MANCHESTER: West Towers Country Club, Church Lane, Marple, Cheshire. Second Thursday of each month.

LEEDS: Princess Hotel, Little London, Rawdon, Nr. Leeds. Second Tuesday of each month.

NEWCASTLE: Lion & Lamb, Horsley. First Wednesday of each month.

HULL: Half Moon, Skidby. Last Tuesday of each month.

CANTERBURY: The Grove Ferry Hotel, Upstreet, Nr. Canterbury. First Sunday of each month.

HORSHAM: Crown Hotel, Carfax. Nr. Horsham. Last Friday of each month.

Pub Meet. Dudley Palmer of Weymouth has been organising a very successful monthly meeting for members in Dorset and neighbouring counties. Time: 7.30 p.m.; last Friday of each month; at the Hambro Arms, in the lovely village of MILTON ABBAS, just off the main BLANDFORD-DORCHESTER road. Lagonda owners on holiday in this area will be most welcome.

Northern Notes

Our Spring Social once again opened the season and Brian Dearden-Briggs held it in the Derbyshire/Cheshire area. I understand it was very entertaining—at least so I was told by Ken Duckworth, but then he and his wife won it.

The North Riding Rally was great fun and as it is reported elsewhere (in Competition Notes) I will only say that, finance permitting, it will be held again next year.

The calendar is very crowded over the next few months and in the North we have Ted Townsley's Treasure Hunt in the Harrogate area and Iain Macdonald's Border Rally, both of which will have taken place by the time these Notes appear in print. The Northern Rally will probably be at Tholthorpe, but a circular will give full details to all Northern members. Members from other parts will, of course, also be welcome and anyone interested should send me a postcard.

RICHARD PAINES

THE NORTHERN PARTY

This was held on Friday, February 24, at the Crimble Hotel and Country Club, Bamford, Rochdale, a very pleasant hostelry run by vintage motorist Norman Ledson.

The bar, as is usual on occasions like this, was packed with tidy, and even cleanly washed, Club members with their wives or girl-friends. A four-piece band was attempting without success to make itself heard above the din made by seventy-odd people talking their heads off about 2-litre water pumps, G.9 gearboxes and suchlike!

Most people arrived by car—some even in Lagondas. Among the interesting machinery

was one of those unusual Ford Anglias with a backwards sloping rear window (what will they think of next), and one or two early examples of Mini-Minor and Standard Vanguard. Lagondas on show included 2-litres in all shapes, M.45s, LG45 Coupes, an LG45 Tourer, and an LG45 Rapide.

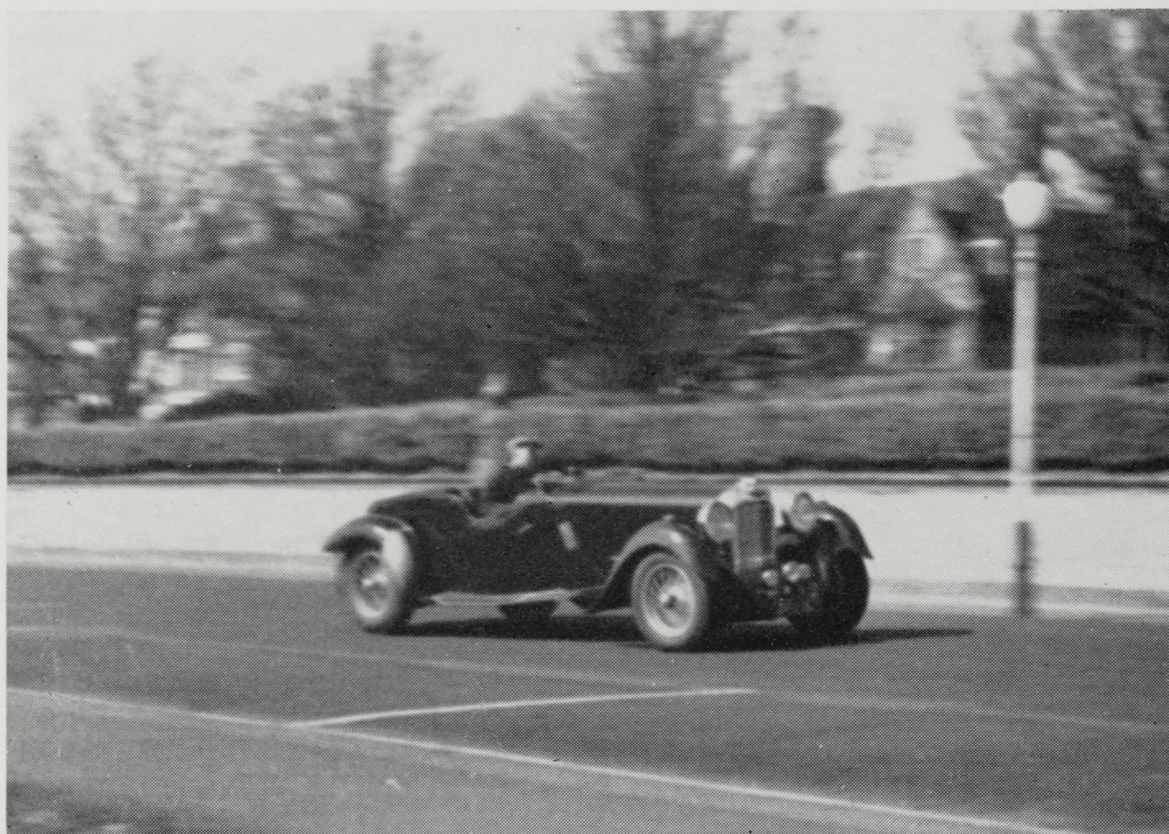
The management apologised for the poor meal service, caused apparently by twenty or more people who decided to book tickets at the very last minute. The meal in fact took two hours to complete which left very little drinking time afterwards.

Chief guest of the evening was, most appropriately, Mike Wilby. It is always most pleasant meeting Mike and all the Northern members I know will join the writer in thanking him for coming up from the big, bad city, and entertaining us with an amusing and informative speech. The cups, tankards, and prizes were then presented by Jill Paines, wife of our Northern Secretary. It did seem a pity, however, that so many trophies were won by members of other clubs. The Northern Rally, you may remember, was won by an Alvis Special (anybody in the Club got a V12-engined 2-litre?).

The evening concluded with a most excellent film show by Brian and Betty Randles, who, on arriving at the hotel earlier in the evening, discovered that the film projector had been left by mistake back in Huddersfield. They at once left for home and returned, complete this time some hours and many miles later. Our thanks are due to these two very fine people for the trouble they had taken, for the high standard of the films and for the entertainment and amusement they provided.

The party broke up well after 2 o'clock in the morning when the damp, misty air of Lancashire was disturbed with the noises made by a large number of overfed, over-filled people driving off in their ancient motor cars, bound for home. We are all most grateful to Bill Briggs, Henry Coates and the others who helped to make it such a successful event.

HERBERT SCHOFIELD



The Chairman
shows how.
("Wot? Another
picture of 'im?"
'Well, after all, 'e
did win'")

Photo: Barry Jones

Bentley Drivers' Club Eastbourne Rally

Without any doubt this is the finest long distance rally for our type of car and whilst our own November Handicap follows the same general lines, it is somewhat easier and much shorter as it needs to appeal to a wider audience.

For a good many years the Club has produced a good selection of Lagondas to do battle with Bentley, Jaguar, Aston-Martin and the Police Driving Schools and year by year we have appeared higher up the results list. This year we had the LG45R and V12R of James Crocker and Donald Overy, the LG45's of Ian Smith and Iain Macdonald, Maurice Leo in a smart M45 Saloon, the 2-litres of Pete Whitman and Harry Gostling and, to bring us up to date, the DB 3-litre of Bertie Jones.

Your gallant Editor with his 4½-litre Bentley had to drive for the opposition this time and regular competitors, Richard Hare and Mike Wilby, were this year checking the whole route in advance of the competitors as they could not raise one whole Lagonda

between them! It seems that this job was more exacting than actually taking part as the thought of getting lost with the route marked on the map didn't bear thinking about!

From a late start at Brimpton Grange, scene of our A.G.M. in some recent years, the route did about 3½ laps of the Chilterns before fetching up at Hindhead for the compulsory one hour and supper stop. Lest you should think it was as simple as that, it is worth remembering that the route card when handed to the competitors appeared to be part of a children's game. It looked like a wheel and each of the six spokes represented a different form of navigation, which included "straight line" navigation, reduced scale and enlarged scale route tracings, reversed route tracings, etc., and if you are not quite sure what this is all about, come along and try it some time—it isn't easy.

This was the most difficult part of the whole night and thus many "high hopes" were shattered early in spite of the first

arrival, one of the policemen, being 24 minutes early—I ask you! !

One by one the Lagonda people came in, some looking happy, some bemused and some downright miserable, but all declaring it was great fun. After the eggs and bacon, off again, this time with a series of photographs to identify on the map, sometimes to find on arrival it was the wrong spot anyway. Finally passed Gatwick Airport to the beginning of the third and last section. Still dark at this stage,* the early morning light was soon to make life a bit easier for the navigators but to offset the daylight jaded brains had to cope with a route that continually ran from one map to another and *you* try quickly changing maps in a 2-litre at 60 m.p.h.!

And so to the final control at Eastbourne, some late, some very late and some not at all (but not the Lagondas, of course) and all the while Tony Loch, who with an army friend, Peter Reynolds, did the navigating for James Crocker, muttering something about being on time.

Following a well earned breakfast and just as the driving tests were about to start, the

clerk of the course mentioned to your Competitions Committee that a quick check on the results so far showed *only two* clean sheets on the road section, one of the policemen and your worthy Chairman! What would the driving tests reveal? Could James, on top of his form with a large and bulky motor car, get between the markers quicker than a police driving instructor and a Wolseley 6/99?

James, trying a bit too hard, was for him a little ragged at first but a calmer approach on the second runs proved right, and what did the results show? Best aggregate in the driving tests—J. W. T. Crocker. What can be fairer than that, lose no marks on the road and make best time in the driving tests. So for the first time the B.D.C. Eastbourne Rally has been won by a Lagonda—well done, James and his navigators Tony Loch and Peter Reynolds!

The rest of the Club entries didn't have quite so much success and as full results are not yet known, their final positions are not

(Continued on Page 16)



Bertie Jones demonstrates the independent suspension of his DB 3-litre.

Photo: Barry Jones

Lagonda Club Annual Dinner-Dance

On April 8th at the Pavilour's Arms, Page Street, Westminster, seventy-five members and their friends attended the Club's Prize-giving and Dinner Dance. A message was sent by Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Fox wishing the evening every success and regretting that due to ill health they were unable to accept the Club's invitation to attend, and a cable was received from Dr. and Mrs. Rexford-Welch, who could not be spared from keeping a watchful R.A.F. eye on the doings of atomic scientists in the United States. We wish our

President a speedy recovery, and thank Rex and Small for their thoughtful gesture.

The evening was considered by all concerned to have been by far the most enjoyable of the three dinner dances that have been held to date. A very good meal was quickly and pleasantly served, and the excellent band succeeded in persuading even the most hardened bar-flies on to the floor.

For the knowledgeable the first part of the evening involved a degree of brain fag caused by the harmless competition dreamed up by





And yet another jolly party

the organiser's wife. Competitors had to record the names and cars of as many members as possible who owned vehicles *other* than Lagondas. The first prize being a bottle of whisky, a great deal of concentration, collaboration, and even frustration, was occasioned, until Maurice Leo emerged the winner with seventy-five authenticated correct answers. Adrian Whitelegge followed with sixty-six correct and was rewarded with a hundred Senior Service, while third prize went to Mike Wilby with forty-five. A large number of the entrants scored over forty, while the non-awarded booby prize would have gone to the nameless member who scored six!

Although it is obviously a convenient venue for those living in the Home Counties, the Committee much appreciated the attendance by members from more distant parts. Brin Edwards, whose M45 Tourer

goes so indecently fast at Silverstone and elsewhere, brought a party all the way from Rhondda, Gingell came from Coventry, while the Woollards and Hartops arrived from the more remote and rural parts of North Bucks. Everyone was very pleased to see Arthur Barnett receive what must have been the largest number of prizes ever won by one member in a season, a feather in the cap of the Rapier brigade and a very fine achievement.

We express our thanks to both Mrs. Crocker, our Chairman's wife, who charmingly presented the prizes, and to Mike Wilby who so ably assisted her.

In response to a widely expressed demand, the Paviour's Arms has already been booked for March 10th, 1962, as it was felt that this event would be more welcome earlier in the year.

(Another photograph overleaf)



(Continued from Page 13)

available. However, they all gathered in the bar at lunch-time and through the haze of fatigue and Worthington, it was obvious that everyone had thought it great fun and couldn't wait for another "bash" next year. Thank you B.D.C. for a first-class event.

P.S. Of course there is a non-experts class as well, so you in the back row there come forward and have a go another time.

* This is quite wrong, it was broad daylight when we got to Gatwick. But one advantage of being very late is you do so much more motoring in daylight! Ed.

The Best Print Developer you ever used

100 cc	2'6
250 cc	3'6
500 cc	5'6

WHEN THE TIME COMES

FOR A NEW BLOCK
IN YOUR RADIATOR

STILL INSIST UPON A

SEARLE (*Patent*)

COOLING ELEMENT

AND SECURE SATISFACTION

SPECIALISTS

IN THE REPAIR OF

VINTAGE BENTLEY RADIATORS

ALSO MANUFACTURERS

AND REPAIRERS OF FUEL TANKS

NOW MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY

GREAT WESTERN RADIATORS (London) LIMITED

70 Brewery Road, Islington, London, N.7

Telephone **NORTH 6161/2**

Sole Manufacturers of the SEARLE (Patent) Cooling Element

Lagondas at

Silverstone

The V.S.C.C. race meetings are some of the best and the first of the season in April saw a record entry of 166 for the hundreds of spectators to feast their eyes upon!

As always there was a good selection of Lagondas taking part although a quick look at the programme showed that Arthur Barnett and Brin Edwards hadn't had time to put their engines together and for once were spectators.

Nevertheless with Bill Michael, James Crocker, Tom Goodman (he has the other 1935 Le Mans car), Jeff Reed, Frank Moore, Donald Overy, and our old friend "Tweedie" Walker, back with a 2-litre after some years with the "other car", it seemed certain that the Club would be well represented.

Of course, as Lagondas were taking part it rained, the only consolation being that this time it rained all the afternoon so everyone raced in the wet. The 4½-litre cars were concentrated in one race which accounted for everyone except Tweedie, and as Bill Michael was scratch and no less a person than Peter Binns with his O.M. on limit, it was going to be a fast, if damp, race. As it turned out, three of the Lagondas non-started. Bill Michael damaged his leg earlier in the week and couldn't drive, Frank Moore dropped a valve in the M.45 driving practice and as he couldn't see if any damage was done, wisely decided not to overwork it, and Tom and

the Le Mans car just were not there. A great pity as they are three interesting cars.

Donald was driving the V12R in its first race and it was a very open question if he could beat James from the same mark in view of his lack of experience with the car. Perhaps he wished he had brought the "Scarlet Woman" so that their battles of last year could be resumed. While this problem was being pondered upon, Jeff Reed had departed smartly with his 25 secs. handicap over the other two. James drew steadily away from the V12 and with 4 laps gone it looked as if he might get through the field as he chased the M45R up under the "Motor" bridge.

Over the top of the hill for the last time and the LG45R nicely out on its own, gently round Woodcote and James records the first Lagonda win of the year. A collection of cars came into the final corner with Jeff Reed, after a first-class drive with a heavy car, nibbling at the heels of the third place Bentley which promptly span in front of him. Calmly dodged, Jeff secures his third place and Donald strolls in in 5th place, well pleased with the car's first outing.

Later in the day Tweedie Walker struggled with a handicap more suited to his 4½-litre Bentley than the 2-litre, and as the rain changed from a downpour to a very heavy drizzle, the three 4½-litre cars came out again. In a race containing a good many racing cars, Jeff found himself starting first and made good use of the empty track whilst he had the chance. A couple of cars got by but he didn't relax the pressure and as he slowed for Becketts for the last time, James closed with him. Down the straight they went and the LG45R couldn't quite find the steam to get by the M45R, a shade more suitably geared. Another sensible race by Jeff gave him third place and James, not displeased, in fourth place. Donald had earlier found the vast stretch of water at Copse and spent some little time getting himself off the wet grass—who says I.F.S. is more stable!

Many congratulations to all the drivers for some good handling of fast cars in poor conditions.

Competition Notes

by "LEPUS"

The good weather is on the way and intense activity in some garages during the winter will be proving something or other. By the time this appears in print—if the Editor accepts it—the Brands Hatch Sprint and Southern Rally will have been decided but there remains the Northern (Driving Test) Rally on July 1st. Richard Paines has been trying hard to find a suitable airfield and it looks as if we shall be at Tholthorpe, a few miles north of York. Charles Green has already made most of his arrangements for the November Handicap Rally on November 11th. It will start from the Measham grounds which, as V.S.C.C. members know, is between

Leicester and Derby. Then there are some important events organised by other clubs who generously invite us year after year and deserve all possible support. They are:—

Lancia Motor Club, Driving Test Meeting at the Crystal Palace on Sunday, June 25, for one-make teams. If you go to watch, the entrance is in the little road which forks left as you descend Anerley Hill on the west side of the grounds.

Bentley Drivers' Club, Silverstone Race Meeting, Saturday, August 5.

Firle Hill Climb, Sunday, September 3.

It should not be necessary to remind you that our friends in the Bentley Club promote some of the most interesting and best-run meetings open to us.

Vintage S.C.C., Prescott Hill Climb, August 27. A team of Lagondas appeared last year. We hope to field another team in August.

More recently James Crocker gained a first and third place at the V.S.C.C. Silverstone

THE CHEQUERS INN

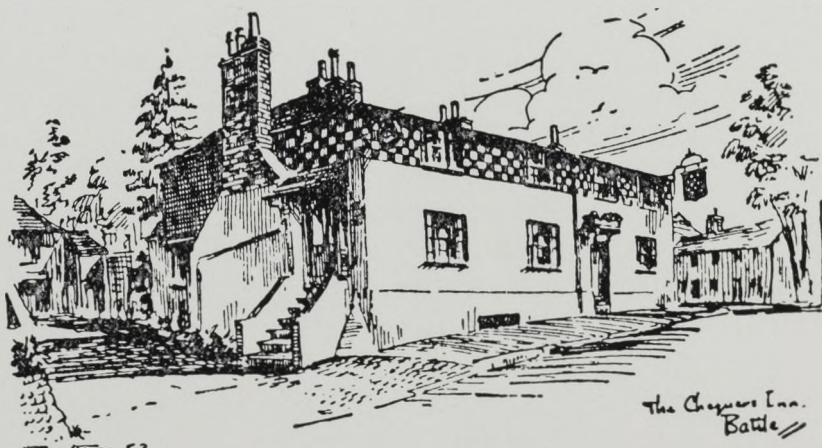
BATTLE, SUSSEX

(TEL: 88)

Sheet 184. MRP. 752157

55 miles from London on A21

extends a particular welcome to Lagonda Club Members.



Quick meals and sandwiches.

Fully licensed.

Excellent steaks and fine choice of wines.

Fremlins Beers.

Double room and breakfast 35/-.

(Members 30/-)

Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Staermose

meeting, Jeff Reed a second and third. James also achieved his ambition for several years, an outright win in the Bentley Eastbourne Rally. He made certain of victory by easily the best performance in driving tests after the road section. Officially entered teams of Metropolitan Police Driving Instructors beat us to the team prize this year. Did the presence throughout the Rally of several Very Senior Police Officers have any bearing on the matter? (V.S.C.C. Silverstone and the Bentley Eastbourne are reported elsewhere in this issue. Ed.)

With his car under repair, your contributor has been unable to compete except as a passenger and was fortunate to be invited as co-navigator in the North Riding Rally with a 2-litre. Charles asked us to spend a weekend at his cottage in Wales and suggested we should take in the Rally on the way because Henry had put in so much hard work on the organisation. London members who believe the North begins at Barnet may not agree that Yorkshire is on the way to Wales but Northern members seem prepared to travel grater distances.

We arrived at Northallerton after some vintage motoring and incredulous looks from natives on the way. Charles said he was not regarding the Rally too seriously so his navigators took him away from the start on the wrong road and, in turning back, got trapped at a level crossing for ten minutes while a goods train shunted around. They then changed their minds approaching the first secret check and tried to persuade following competitors to turn back as well—a harmless little trick which succeeded with a few—whereupon the driver indicated that he wasn't all that disinterested and if we didn't wake up we should miss supper. This last suggestion had an immediate effect and we covered the rest of the route at a fair rate of knots with hardly any mistakes. We even tried to convince Richard Paines that he was really a courting couple when we arrived three minutes early at the half-way control and we actually found Ken Pape at the second secret check.

The route went up and down a lot for

100 miles along almost deserted roads over the moors. Little white dotted roads which had caused misgivings, especially when they faded into other printing on the map, turned out to be well-surfaced, suitable for any type of car. We didn't tell the driver at the time we weren't certain where we were going but reassured him in a loud voice whenever we found ourselves on course.

Next morning we were having breakfast when the hotel became empty and Peter, the chief navigator, had to be told firmly that it was a fifteen-mile walk to Tholthorpe. He leapt in the car half-dressed. We started off on the wrong road once more and arrived by a circuitous route with three-quarters of an hour to spare. After that Charles did the driving tests with great proficiency but we had made certain of failure by our antics the previous evening. It was encouraging to see a very fine 8-litre Bentley put up best performance in the driving tests despite furious sliding, and axle tramp from modern Anglias, A.40s and the like.

Herbert Schofield (LG45R) and Ken Duckworth (V12 Coupe) will, we hope, come to more of these meetings after their success. We thoroughly enjoyed the event thanks to Henry Coates and his assistants.

LETTER FROM AMERICA

During the winter we decided to take a motor trip to the West and I at once organized an itinerary that would take me to the greatest number of Lagonda owners.

Our first stop was in Detroit, Michigan, where Al Ott owns two Lagondas. Both were under the weather, but the LG-45 Gurney-Nutting saloon was in the capable hands of Ray Jones, who was repairing the body for repaint. Al's LG-45 drophead would come next.

In Chicago, we had luncheon with Bill White and his wife, who had his V-12 Rapide tourer just about ready for the concours.



This is G. B. Calkin's car—1934 BPK.201 (M45R) taken in Washington, D.C.

The complete chassis and engine had been rebuilt and when I saw the car the leather interior had been re-done and the top was being installed. It will be a handsome car. Bill, by the way, has about thirty cars from Model N Fords to three Rolls including a post-war. He devotes a lot of his personal time and efforts to the job which produces outstanding results.

Next, in Chicago, we called on Albert Grimm, who is an artist as well as an expert optical machinist. He owns an LG-45 which carries a Bugatti saloon body. A very beautiful specimen, but I did learn from the data plate that at one time the car had a drophead body. Al is also working on an Alfa roadster which is occupying his time at the present.

Later in the trip and some 1,000 miles further west, we called on Truman Stockton and his wife in Denver, Colorado. They are charming people and were most cordial and hospitable to us. Tru has a V-12 Rapide but the engine was ruined and is now equipped

with a Cadillac V-8. This car had been owned by a movie actor and at one time all of the bright metalwork had been gold-plated. Some of this is still in evidence, such as inside the gas filler cap where not exposed to the weather or polishing. This car was in the shop for a complete overhaul and painting, and will be a real credit to the Club. Tru is an ardent fan with six cars to his credit including a Hiss and a Spohr Maybach.

Finally, on the way home, just outside of St. Louis, we stopped to see the Lagonda of Bill Abbott. We found that he owned about thirty cars, many antique, and at one time had operated an auto museum. Although closed at the present, he took us to the building and there we found his LG-45 drophead in like new condition. He had bought it several years ago in Florida from a dealer who had taken it in from the original owner. Bill drove it over 1,000 miles home with no trouble other than a flat tyre. Since then the engine has been completely rebuilt and looks

and runs like new. The body is repainted and the top replaced.

Of course, all along the line I took pictures of the cars and now have most of the sixty American Lagondas shown in my album.

Aside from meeting many wonderful people, it has been a real joy to see that most of these outstanding automobiles are not only being kept in carefully maintained condition, but are being restored when needed to bring them back to reliable condition.

And so, more of the cars and the people I have long been corresponding with have become realities and have added to my pleasure in this Lagonda hobby.

BOB CRANE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Glen,

The Warren,

Caversham,

Reading.

March 25, 1961.

Timing of the 2-litre engine

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must lay down my spanners temporarily and put pen to paper concerning this subject. Surely, with all due respect to the originators, the method described in the last issue of *The Lagonda* is unnecessarily laborious? The method I used which seemed to "come naturally" (i.e., I didn't sit and think about it so it may not be the best yet) is roughly as follows:—

1. (a) The flywheel indeed rotates anti-clockwise when viewed from behind.

(b) In my case, being one of the "lucky few", the camshafts revolve clockwise as viewed from the front of the engine.

2. Forget all about the number of teeth anything has, you don't need to know, and I am sure I should forget which is which.

3. Assuming you are reassembling after an overhaul and the chains are off, before doing anything else take what the instruction book calls the "timing adjusting plate" and the spider off by undoing the three set screws and the big lock-nut. (Don't drop the key—of the spider—down the timing case unless you're going to take the sump off anyway!) These plates and spiders can be put safely on one side for *some time*.

4. Having done this you will observe that the camshaft chain wheels revolve freely and independently of the camshaft which makes getting the chains on much easier. Feed the chains on, winding them round the sprockets so that they look something like they did before you took them off.

5. Having joined the chains (with the head of the securing clip "facing direction of motion") adjust them now, once and for all

CHROMIUM PLATING

OF ALL TYPES OF
CAR EQUIPMENT & ACCESSORIES

★
Vintage Car Work
our Speciality
★

24-Hour Service for Re-silver Plating Reflectors

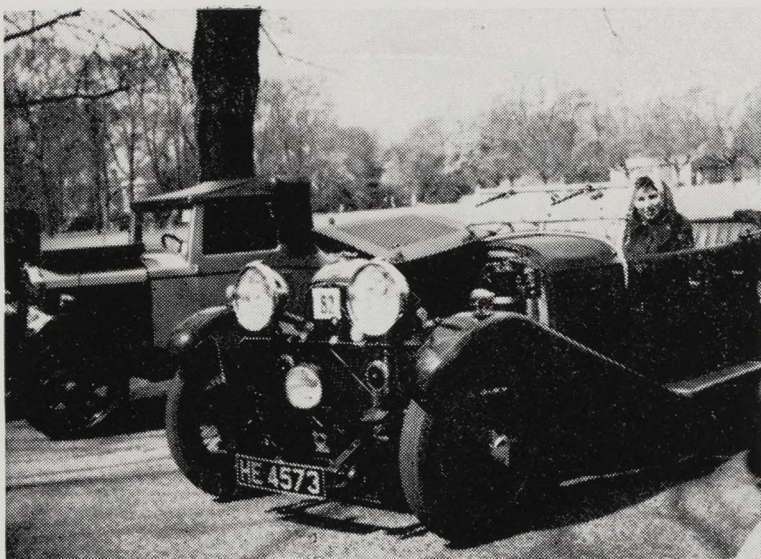
★
Damaged parts repaired prior to plating,
if requested

MURRIVAN LTD.

99 Tamworth Road
West Croydon · Surrey

CRO 4709

Collection and Delivery by our own Transport



(thank goodness) in the usual way—you know, top one slack, clamp down, adjust bottom one, clamp down, adjust top one (after slackening off) and clamp down.

6. Now we can begin the real business of the day. Revolve the crankshaft (I used my biggest ring-spanner across the dynamo driving dog (until the flywheel marks 10 & EC are near the top, decide which camshaft you are doing first and set the flywheel appropriately. The camshafts will have “settled” in some position with none of the valves open fully so they will not (apparently) get bent.

7. Now put just the lock-nut on the camshaft and use it, when tight, to revolve the camshaft *independently* of the chain wheels until it is just beginning to open (say) the inlet valve No. 1. The task now is to give a quick jerk and thus free the lock-nut without upsetting the camshaft timing which doesn't usually take me more than three attempts.

8. Owing to the aforementioned tendency of the camshaft to “settle” it probably will not stay *exactly* where you want it, but this does not matter.

9. Now go and find the timing adjusting plate and the spider.

First replace the spider, then the plate, you will probably find that the holes for the screws in the plate and the chain wheel sprocket do not coincide, adjust the “vernier”,

screw of the spider until they do and then bolt the plate on.

10. At this point comes the final delicate adjustment—using the “vernier” screw (or rather “bolt”) to revolve the spider but not the chain wheel (or any other part of the engine). When this rather fiddling job is finished and you've bolted round to look at the flywheel half a dozen times to check that the inlet really does open exactly when it says 10, you can now put the lock-nut on for the last time.

11. Repeat for the other camshaft.

12. All that now remains is to make sure that the magneto isn't firing at the same time as inlet and exhaust—it should be one whole revolution late!

Timing the ignition has so far defeated my genius—all this messiness of 19 teeth one side and 20 the other—but which is which? I always end up with the timing exactly as before or grossly over-advanced!

NOTES (i.e., things I forgot to mention)

(a) Remember that the rocker adjustment must be made *before* timing, otherwise if the clearance is wrong the timing will turn out wrong (slightly).

(b) If you think “Oh, I'll bolt the water pump on later”, which I did, think again, because as you tighten the chains so it pulls the sprocket out of true, and when you do bolt the pump on the camshaft chain is tightened horribly.

(c) Do tighten the camshaft lock-nuts really tight and fit the biggest split-pins that will go in. If you don't you may get either (i) the exhaust lock-nuts coming off and making a curiously regular rattle, as it jumps about between the shaft and the bush it bears against. This isn't too bad as it can be remedied with little dismantling ; or (ii) the inlet camshaft bedding down leaving things slightly loose. This is the opportunity for the “vernier” screw to swing round at 90° so that there is a great gap, and when the chain-wheel and timing plate come along it hits the camshaft for six and then gets itself left behind until it catches up again, and so on. This knocking plus that of the valves caught unawares and shooting back up to hit the

rocker a resounding smack causes the engine to sound like an out of sorts diesel and earns you the pitying looks of the populace (which is worse than the "wottle she do (i) in m.p.h. and (ii) in m.p.g.?" and the "they don't make 'em like it now", routine).

(d) It is possible by fixing one's gaze myopically on one part of the camshaft chain to imagine that it is tight. In fact it is probably nothing of the sort, all the slack being stored cunningly over the other side of the engine and kept there by the tendency of the camshafts to "settle". If you then see it and tighten up the valve timing goes for a Burton. It is as well to realise this *now* and not after you've reassembled everything.

(e) The valve timing recommended by the makers does after all seem to be the best!

If anyone has seen my car, the only one registered in Barnsley as far as I know, and thinks "How dirty that bloke's 2-litre is—disgusting", I would point out that it is because I am always trying to catch up on the mechanical vagaries (usually due to doing it wrong in the first place). To prove that it is occasionally clean I enclose a photograph (see page 23) taken at the 1960 Easter Parade.

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL JONES.

80, Park Hill Road,
Wallington,
Surrey.
6th May, 1961.

Dear Sir,

While my brother and I have been rebuilding our respective 2-litres we have discovered that Standard Triumph make a shackle pin and bush exactly the same size as the originals.

Bush 50057 6/9 approx.
Pin 47612 7/6

This does away with the rather tinny but better-than-nothing Morris Commercial Shackle Pin Conversion. Apart from using Ariel Red Hunter pistons, we have found no other substitutions, and owing to Ivan Forshaw's wonderful spares service we have not had to find many.

While I'm writing, does anyone know the

for WELDING of every description

including aluminium

**HULTON
EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.**

LIND ROAD, SUTTON, SURREY

VIGilant 3116

whereabouts of engine OHL 1411 (2-litre L/Chassis). It should be in my car, but isn't. I'd be very grateful if all members with the above type of engine could have a peep under the bonnet (not in the log book as the number OHL 1411 may not be there) when they next mount their machines. If anybody has it, could they please let me know?

Yours faithfully,
T. J. PEERLESS.

17, Malcolm Road,
Shirley, Solihull,
Warwicks.
12th May, 1961.

Dear Mr. Whitelegge,

I recently was foolish enough to acquire a low chassis 2-litre from D. Cumbers in spite of the fact that his leg was in plaster from the strain of scooting it in an endeavour to obtain some slight sensation of acceleration. The registration number of this machine is PG 8804, first registered 1930, Chassis OHLS,

Engine OH/401. I agree with peg-leg Cumbers that it must surely be the car illustrated on page 14 of the Winter 1960 magazine in conjunction with the article on the Fox Trophy. On the strength of this I persuaded Mr. Cooke, Chief Paddock Marshall at the recent B.R.D.C. Silverstone meeting, to talk Mr. W. M. Couper into coming round to the paddock to see one of his old competition cars.

Unfortunately he was as disappointed as I was when this turned out to be not the case. He claims that he always wore a white crash helmet and that his car is the high chassis No. 32 in the lower photograph on page 15 of the same issue of the magazine. He went on to say that the illustration of car No. 14 on page 14 is not even competing in the Six Hour Race as it is going the wrong way round Brooklands for that event. The text about him in the article is, however, correct.

I am now wondering whose car it is that

I have acquired, assuming that Mr. Couper's memory is correct. At the moment the car has standard Lagonda helmet-type wings in place of the abbreviated type shown in the magazine and the curved back over the spare wheel and petrol tank is not fitted, the bodywork finishing at the vertical line on the rear axle centre line seen in the magazine. There are, however, the remains of two hinges in the top of the back of the body where the rear curved portion presumably was hinged to give access to the spare wheel and petrol tank. This tank is of vast proportions holding about 25 gallons, made out of sheet copper with a very large diameter quick-release filler. Under the scuttle is a large reserve oil tank with a sight drip-feed leading into the sump (rather like the older type of motor cycles fitted). There is also an undertray from the clutch housing to the rear chassis cross-member. The dashboard switches resemble house lighting fittings but are properly etched

Specialist work at prices you can afford

H & B MOTORS

(REDHILL) LTD.

P. A. Hunt

SPECIALISTS FOR
LAGONDA and BENTLEY

Oakdene Road, Lower Bridge Road, Redhill, Surrey

Map Ref. : 170/276503½

Phone : Redhill 3642

BARWICK GARAGE

E. TOWNSLEY



YOUR YORKSHIRE
LAGONDA
SERVICE DEPOT



Welding • Panel Beating
Painting • Major and
minor overhauls.
Used spares stocked

Approved M.o.T.
TESTING
STATION
Club members welcome

Leeds Road, Barwick-in-Elmet

2½ Miles West of Great North Road—NEAR LEEDS. Barwick-in-Elmet 229

MAGNETO, SIDELIGHTS, HEAD LIGHTS. The only fuse fitted is in the cut-out! The dash-panel is not Lagonda standard but has a large rev. counter filling the centre, with oil and water thermometers and oil pressure on the near side, standard speedo and switches on the off side. Double shock absorber brackets are fitted on both front and rear axles.

It would appear that Mr. Fox's memory has jumped a gear in identifying the photograph published of car number 14. Do you think Mr. Green could persuade Mr. Fox to have second thoughts on this subject? I could let him have photographs of the car as it is now, including a view of the dash panel and the engine, which incidentally has a breather on both front and rear offside engine bearer brackets.

Yours very slowly,

G. TWEEDIE WALKER.

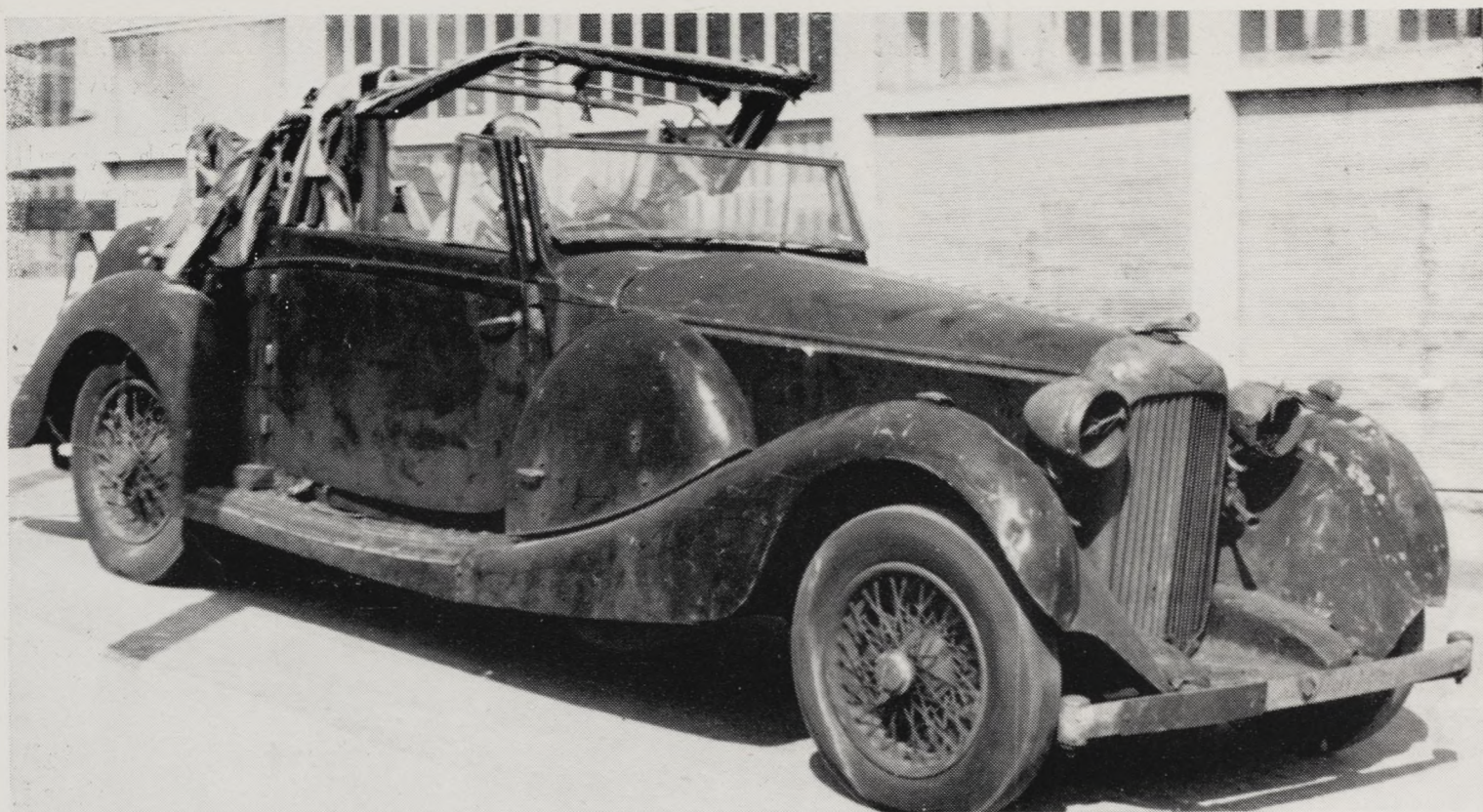
PS. I have just remembered that Mr. Cumbers said the engine has a special

corrugated(?) clutch plate and was originally fitted with non-standard lightened rockers and very high compression pistons.

For Sale

LAGONDA V12 1938 D.H.C. Winner 1938 R.A.C. Rally Concours. Laid up nearly 3 years after £285 Staines engine overhaul, not yet fully run-in. Recently fitted new lined hood, carpets. Silver leather upholstery. GPG 131. £400. Duckworth, 226 Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancs.

FOR SALE: 1938 LG6. Long chassis saloon. Mechanically sound, body good, well shod. Offers to J. W. T. Crocker: Tel. Mansion House 8733 (office) or Sloane 9420 (home).



Photos : Stanley Sedgwick

"Needs some work to complete", as the adverts. say.

A LG45 d.h.c. arrives at Montlhéry to join the Jerry Crombac "museum". He is

slowly rounding up all the fine cars in France and is saving them from total destruction but as a good many of them are like this Lagonda, there is a lot to be done!



Another Letter—Stop Press

TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Further to my recent letter, I yesterday received a letter from Mr. W. M. Couper which may contain some information not already known. His letter reads as follows:—

"I have looked up past programmes and press cuttings so I can give you some information of Lagondas at Brooklands in the three Double Twelve Hour Races and the B.A.R.C. Six Hour Race—so here goes:—1929 Double 12, May 10th & 11th.

Class E 1,500-2,000 c.c.

24 A. W. Fox —

Rose Richards and Randall.

25 A. W. Fox —

Edmonson and Roberts.

30 A. W. Fox — King and Woolfe.

31 A. W. Fox —

R. R. Jackson and Broomhall.

34 W. M. Couper — W. M. Couper —

Class Results.

Ist W. M. Couper 66.4 m.p.h. 9th overall.

2nd Edmundson and Roberts 64.87 m.p.h.

13th overall.

3rd Jackson and Broomhall 63.52 m.p.h.

14th overall.

6th King and Woolfe 61.84 m.p.h.

18th overall.

This race was run anti-clockwise and while I had the old high chassis the other Lagondas were the new low type. These cars had trouble with fractured exhaust manifolds which slowed them up while repairs were being made.

1929 B.A.R.C. 6 Hours Race June 1929.

Class D 2,000 c.c.-3,000 c.c.

10 A. W. Fox —

F. King —

11 A. W. Fox —

J. S. Hindmarsh —

Class E 1,500 c.c.-2,000 c.c.

12 R. S. Hebeler —

Hebeler and Hepburn.

14 W. M. Couper —

W. M. Couper —

15 A. W. Fox —

Rose Richards and Randall.

16 A. W. Fox —

Roberts and Pollard.

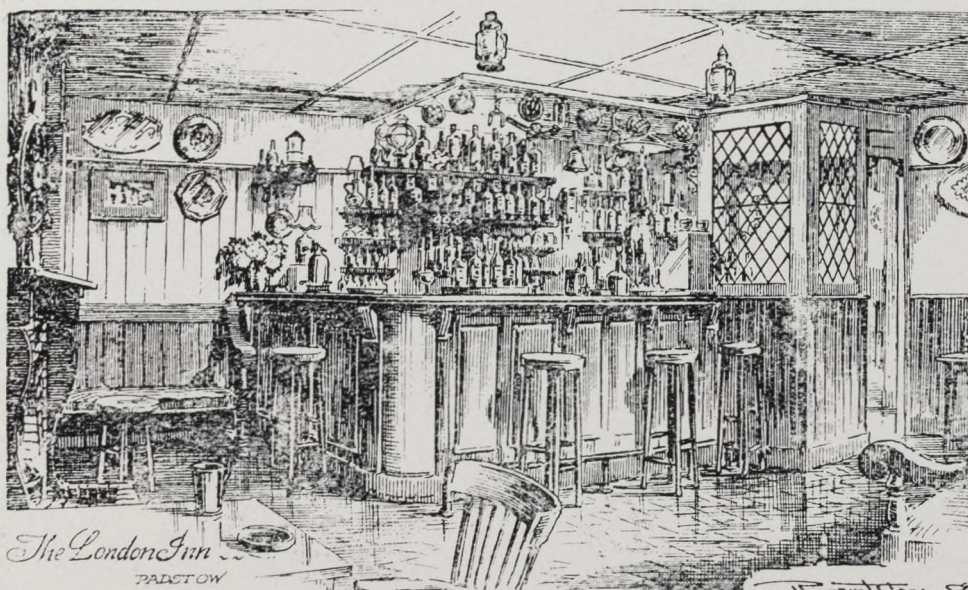
17—A. W. Fox —

Woolfe —

18 A. W. Fox —

R. R. Jackson and Broomhall.

To be continued in the next issue



The London Inn
PADSTOW

THE LONDON INN

PADSTOW · CORNWALL

J. M. WEARNE

Bed and Breakfast

Phone: 155

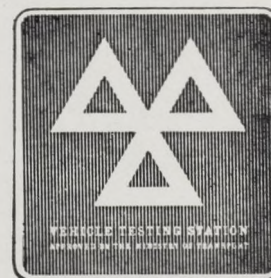
Even Lagonda Owners Welcome!

LAGONDA SERVICE



all motorists please note...

We are pleased to announce that, in addition to being a Ferodo Brake Testing Station, this garage has now been appointed an authorised examination centre by the Ministry of Transport for the compulsory testing of vehicles ten or more years old.



9/26

MAURICE LEO LTD

Gregories Road Garage • Beaconsfield • Bucks • Tel : Beaconsfield 538



When you use Esso Golden
you feel you're driving a better car
-and you are!