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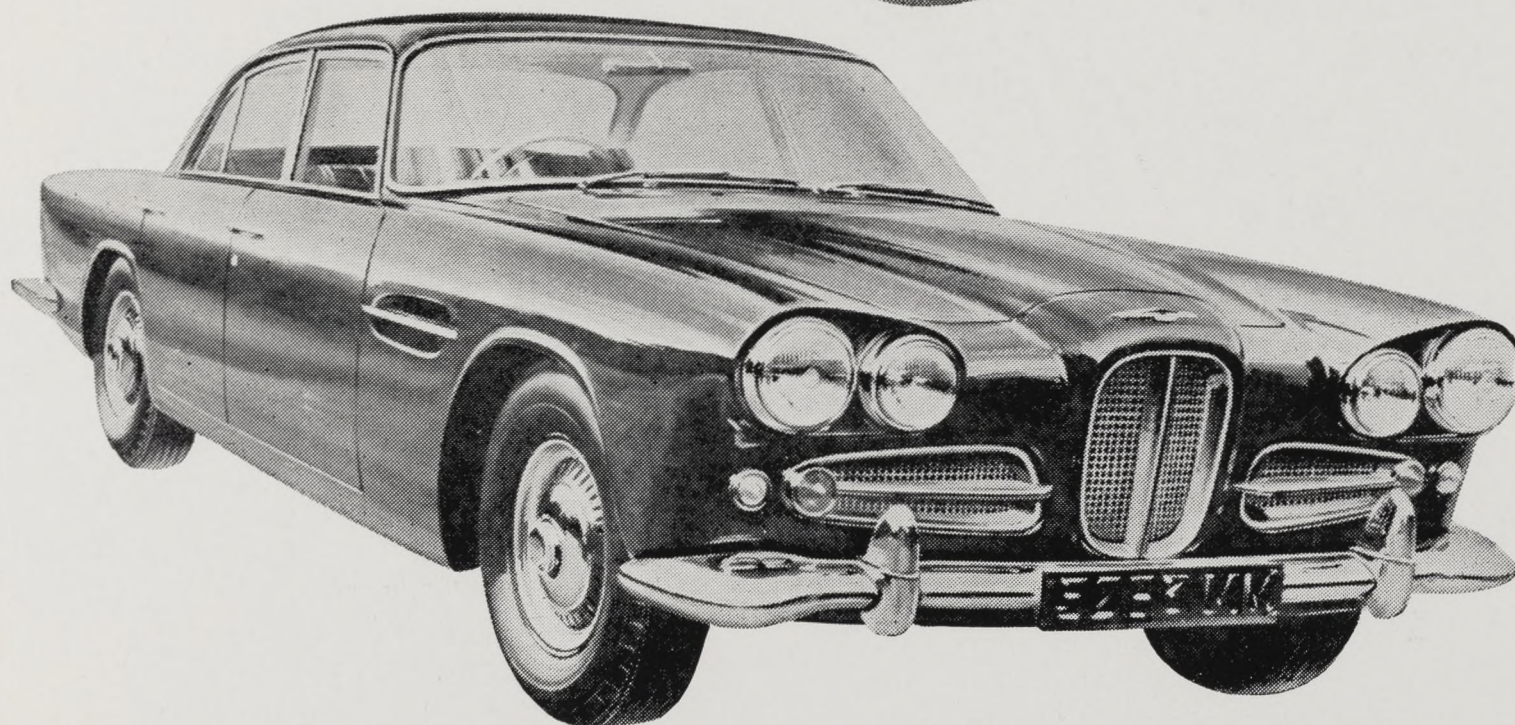
Christmas 1961

# THE *Lagonda*





# Once again



THE DAVID BROWN

# LAGONDA

# RAPIDE



## THE FINEST OF FAST CARS

The illustrious Lagonda can be judged by the most exacting standards; truly "the finest of fast cars." Its power, silence and docility are remarkable; the fully automatic transmission enables it to glide through traffic with ease and grace, or to accelerate effortlessly to speeds in excess of 125 m.p.h. Here is a car which serves with distinction every business and social purpose.



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Aston Martin Lagonda Limited

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## THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

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## EDITORIAL

A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW RAPIDE AND AN appreciation of the man who is responsible for it, is contained elsewhere, so there is no need for further comment here, except to thank Mr. David Brown for producing such a worthy successor to a long line of successful motor cars.

It is interesting to read of the humble beginnings of the founder of the line, an account of which is also given in this issue.

It's a far cry from the Toledo mail carrier of 1808 to luxury 100 m.p.h. cruising in 1961. Perhaps it is appropriate however that the photograph of the new Lagonda is taken in a stable yard with room in the "boxes" and the "bonnet" for plenty of horses.

By the time this is in print the 1961 season will be over, "Pots" will have been collected (and subs., I hope), willing (?) event organisers bludgeoned into activity and hosts of marshals and time-keepers lined up—at Gunn-point, ready for the 1962 calendar. marshalls and time-keepers lined up—at Gunn-point, ready for the 1962 calendar.

The competition committee have got plenty of interesting events lined up together with new ideas about social activities. They would be pleased, however, if you could send in ideas so that the feeling within the club may be assessed.

After having had a go at the North and the West, what about the Midlands Area! "You drove the others into the far corners of the country, surely you're not going to let them swamp you again, or are you too busy 'pottering' about to 'stoke up' the interest?"

*There will be no Spring Issue of the magazine. A revised Club Register will be printed instead, so copy for the Summer Edition should reach the Editor by Wednesday, 2nd May, 1962.*

## COVER PICTURE

Clive Dalton, Northampton, poses with 2-litre for photographic evidence of a trouble-free holiday run to Switzerland involving some 2,000 miles of 1961 Continental curiosity.

## REPORTS, ANNOUNCEMENTS

Award winners:

J. M. READ (Rapier).

J. W. T. CROCKER (LG45R).

D. H. COATES (M45 Special).

HENRY COATES gave a party to all who helped organise the Northern Rally.

★

Mr. BRIN EDWARDS, 8 Upper Gynnor Place, Ynyshir, Rhondda.

Moen dachrea cwrdd pob mis yn dre lle mia yn byw mia moen clywed o pob un sydd yn gofal.

★

Mrs. Brin Edwards recorded the Highest Note of the Day on tape recorder at J.D.C. Silverstone when hubby went round Woodcote sideways (as usual).

★

The repair of cast iron parts which had fractured has been regarded as more difficult than it really need be for some years. If the fracture is accessible the job of repairing it has been made a great deal easier by some recent advances in electric welding techniques. A Swiss firm has produced, and is marketing in the U.K., rods which can be used on cast iron parts without pre-heating. A deposit of similar properties to the original casting is produced, although it is a little lighter in colour when machined. I have had good results with these rods on Lagonda castings, and if any Club member would like to contact ANDRE KENNY he would be pleased to advise on any job involving the welding of cast iron parts.

★

CLIVE DALTON reports that he may be able to obtain unmachined brake drums for 2Ls (Mild Cast Steel BSS 592, Grade A) for about fifty shillings a pair.

★

CHARLES GREEN, of Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent, would like to hear from Midland members regarding a proposed monthly noggin and natter in the Uttoxeter area.



## AND NEWS

T. C. MANN's 4½-litre Tourer which was first registered by him on February 7, 1934, completed 250,000 miles on August 21, 1961.

★

PAUL STAERMOSE, from Battle, has been on the Continent with the ex-Crocker "Duchess", the only excitement encountered was at the airport when he insisted on embarking the car himself.

★

DONALD OVERY has enough to worry about with 18 cylinders and 9 litres of Lagonda, so don't let your SUBS slide any further. Pay up NOW!

### FOR SALE

V12 D.H.C. 1938, only 900 miles since full Staines overhaul 1957, laid up 3 years, new lined hood and carpets; v.g.c. at low price £280 as wanting 2 litre. Duckworth, 226 Walmersley Road, Bury, Lancs. Tel. 5702.

1924 11.9 four seater Tourer. Good sound condition. Engine completely overhauled last year. Passed Ministry test. Heaps of spares. Offers to: Croft, Dukes Hyde, Lung-hurst Road, Woldingham, Surrey. Woldingham 2131.

1936 LG45 Tourer in very good condition. Full details, photo and price from Dean, Clamp Farm, Newtown, Fareham, Hants. Wickham 3166.

Rapier—the ex-Wilby, Abbott Tourer still in first-class order—£175. (Worn front upholstery only defect.) Spare engine, clutch,

gearbox, axles and numerous other parts, £25. Must be sold with car. J. Scates—Whitehall 6711.

1940 LG6 Saloon. Sliding roof, excellent mechanical and bodily condition. Price about £320, or exchange for an equally good LG6 Tourer or open 4½ or 8-litre Bentley! C. A. Norton, "Bleabeck", Boot, Eskdale, Holmbrook, Cumberland.

1934 Lagonda. Re-wired, new battery. Bendix, re-upholstered overhauled, excellent, Sellman, Ireland Farm, Gaydon, Warks.

1938 white coupe Lagonda. Immaculate condition. 30 h.p. 6 cyl.: £450. Gower. Tel.: BELgravia 2311.

1937 LG45 S.III 4-door saloon. Black/white, bodywork in very good order, new carpets and headlining, mechanically very sound. Brakes re-lined and drums skimmed. Rear hubs re-splined. Well shod. £250. Munden, 84 Uphall Road, Ilford, Essex. Ilford 3414.

1934 Lagonda 16/80 Weymann pillarless saloon. Crank reground, etc. Crown wheel and pinion, differential replaced. Re-wired, cut-out renewed. Brakes, steering, perfect. Tele controls. Tested. History available. £150. Details: D. Batterbury, 28 Empress Avenue, Wanstead Park, London, E.12.

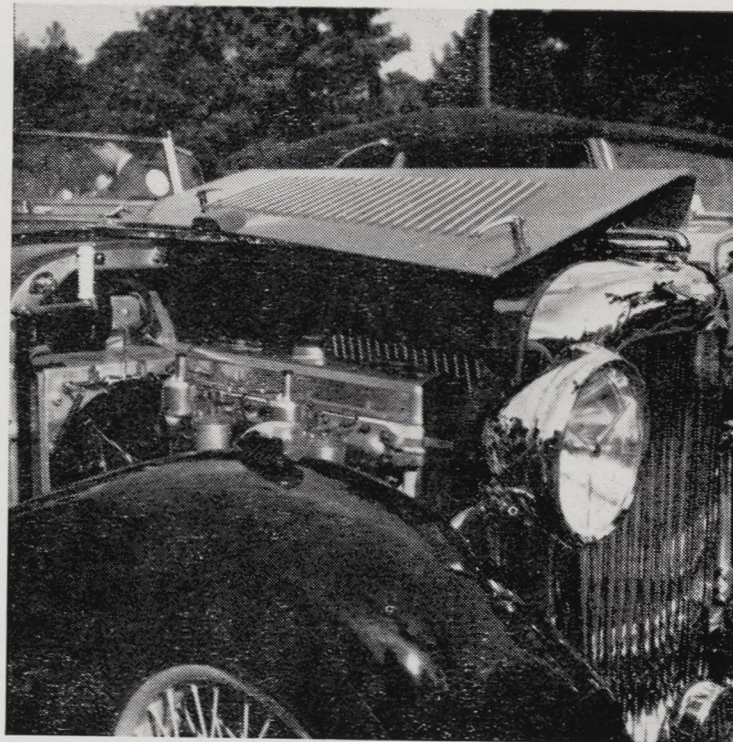
2-litre 1928 totally rebuilt now in highest mechanical order and body condition with spare engine. High offers please or will exchange for LG45 or V12 drop-head coupe in similar condition. Love, 6 Sefton Avenue, Mill Hill, N.W.7. MIL 7307.

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Above, left: Schofield! Never heard of him. Nice lot of cars, though. Above, right: Ian McGregor's M45R. Photographs by Peter Bartleet.

## 1961 A.G.M. Report

by Arnold Davey

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING HARRY GOSTLING to organise the Annual General Meeting is that from his height he can see good weather coming from a long way off and steer it our way. You may not believe this, but can you produce any better reason for the sunshine at the last few A.G.M.s? This year we were again at the Royal Ascot Hotel and on arriving, at their various interpretations of lunch time, members were asked to leave their cars in the three car parks, Concours entrants proudly in the public eye, the less grand Lagondas in the inner courtyard and other makes decently interred by the cowshed. The owners of the shiny ones then set about dusting the tyres and perming

the hood while others lunched or poked about under bonnets and engaged in those conversations that involves, "Does yours go bump-tinkle in second on the overrun?" BEN WALKER and DON ROBERTS were the judges for the Concours and they were soon started on their round, hampered to begin with by the reluctance of some owners to give the cars' vital statistics, or even their own name.

The meeting proper was due to begin at half past three and we nearly managed it this year. JAMES CROCKER as Chairman opened the meeting by welcoming members and their friends and told them that there were 94 Lagondas present, not quite the hoped-for



100, but a good turn-out all the same. Under the rules adopted last year a certain number of the committee had to retire each year and he thanked the retiring members, Messrs. BARTLEET, LOCH, MICHAEL, WAREHAM and WHITELEGGE for their work. IAN SMITH had already taken over the Editorship. Also under the rules it was necessary to give notice in writing of points to be raised under "Any other business"; as no notices had been received the Chairman told us there would not be "any other business". This was a delusion, as you will see.

The Treasurer's report followed from DONALD OVERY who showed the club's finances to be steadily healthy. He ran through the accounts, pointed out that the cost of one issue of the magazine should be deducted from the surplus shown for the year to get a better idea of the true position and promised no increase in subscriptions. The accounts were accepted without any questions, which you can take as a kind of silent tribute of Donald and Betty's work.

In previous years MIKE WILBY has been VALERIE MAY's representative and has delivered the Secretarial report, but this year's committee, more brutish than former ones, insisted that she do it herself. And very well, too, surviving the interruption of the annual large policeman and the resulting loud-hailer broadcast about cars parked in everybody's way. Club membership remains at about 800 despite a considerable turnover every year. Members were reminded of the cards available to leave on any non-club car they saw and of the various social functions during the winter. They were also asked to print their name at the bottom of all letters as some of the more dashing signatures waste an awful lot of time being decoded.

RICHARD HARE then gave the Competition report. He spoke of a better year than previously with 100 members now entering and was very encouraged by the enthusiasm now being shown in the north of England. In fact, the three leading contenders for the Fox Trophy were all northerners. Firle hill-climb had produced 22 Lagonda entries which was very pleasing, both to ourselves

and to the Bentley D.C. He mentioned the amount of work still being done for the Club by MIKE WILBY, even if Mike does put it about that he's retired, and commented on the distances covered by some members in order to compete, notably Messrs. EDWARDS and MACDONALD. It was suggested that future fixture cards should show the location of each event and this was agreed.

IVAN FORSHAW was next called upon to deliver the Hon. Technical Adviser's report, which is a very heavy title for such an entertaining event. He remarked on the heartening way in which the standard of maintenance of the cars in the club rises every year, when it might easily be expected to fall and told some stories about the keenness some members displayed. There were, for example, two members at the meeting over from Ireland for the day, and one from Borneo (presumably making a weekend of it). Ivan undertakes a formidable amount of correspondence during the year, a proportion of it only made necessary by the dilatoriness of some members in returning articles they have borrowed. Because of the delays which might arise if letters have to be answered he suggested that anyone in urgent need should telephone in the evening after 8 o'clock. Mrs. Forshaw was included in the vote of thanks extended to her husband, for her forbearance in sharing him with a hundred tons of dismembered Lagonda.

One further change in the club officials for the year is that HARRY WAREHAM has retired from the post of Midland Secretary after serving for ten years and his place is to be taken by CHARLES GREEN.

At this point the meeting was supposed to have finished, but since the Chairman's opening announcement someone had been furtively studying Rule 27 and discovered that, provided every member present agreed, we could discuss whether or not we should bring out a revised Register this year. Everybody did agree, and a lively debate followed, one faction demanding a Register as before, instead of one issue of the magazine (cheered on by the Editor), the other preferring its full quota of magazines (cheered on by



the committee members who would have to produce the Register). In the end a vote was taken and we are to have a revised Register this year. Voting was 54 to 34.

It only remained to announce the results of the Concours d'Elegance and the formal part of the day's business was over. Unfortunately there was some confusion at the time as to who was or was not a previous winner, but the correct results are as follows:

Previous winners class: 1st R. P. F. HARE  
LG45

2nd J. C. LESTER  
2-Litre

Other class: 1st H. L. SCHOFIELD LG45R  
2nd J. D. RYDER 16/80  
3rd MRS. ROBERTS 11.9

(Judged by ADRIAN WHITELEGGE)

Everyone was now free to have their tea or go home, but large numbers seemed to prefer to hang about thirstily until the bar opened, when we had the usual ugly rush to get the best places. Talking, of course, is very bad for the throat, it dries it up.

#### FOOTNOTE

C. W. JOHNSON had a V12R Saloon, 4 carburettors, to Le Mans specification.

Hughes turned up in W.O.'s V12.

Dr. Morton, a works Experimental LG6, FRJ553.

Five LG45Rs including Farrells' GPD117 with G10 R.H. Box.

First to arrive was JOHN LONGRIDGE who had started at 4 o'clock that morning from Belfast.

### **The Green Dragon**

**AN INN OF UNTOLD ANTIQUITY**  
**STOKE FLEMING DARTMOUTH**

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**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*



David Brown

*Reprinted from*

THE MOTOR, September 27th, 1961.

#### **POWER UNDER CONTROL**

DAVID BROWN MADE HIS FIRST CAR IN 1921 when he was apprenticed to the gear making business in Yorkshire started by his grandfather, David, in 1860. It was a "special" with a Sage engine in a chassis of his own design; after running this for some time he bought the Villiers-Vauxhall racing car. Driving this powerful machine at Shelsley Walsh and other speed events gave him ideas about motor racing, at which point his father, Frank Brown, reminded him that the family business had stronger claims on his time and energy.

The young man did not discard his interest in motor racing—he simply put it into cold storage. Nor until he acquired the Aston Martin and Lagonda companies some 25 years later did "D.B." attend another motor race. It was not iron self-discipline that kept him away from Brooklands and Donington; it was just that he has never been a spectator.

*continued on Page 12*



Unless he can actually participate in a race either as a driver or entrant, he is not interested, and he has the same attitude towards his other pastimes. He not only hunts, but is Joint Master of the South Oxfordshire; he likes a day's racing, but only when one of his horses is running; he is an accomplished water skier; he has recently taken up polo; and he has always been a keen shot.

Against the advice of his father he started making tractors, a venture that is now one of the major branches of the David Brown Corporation. And when he succeeded his father as managing director at the age of 29, he expanded the business in many other directions as well, so that today the group consists of more than a score of companies here and abroad making and selling a wide range of engineering products from cars, tractors and agricultural equipment to special gear cutting machine tools, gears of all sizes, pumps, valves, and steel and non-ferrous castings for many other industries. Since his father's death in 1941, when he assumed the chairmanship, "D.B." has gained complete control of the equity capital of the Corporation.

David Brown, now 57, somehow finds time not only to direct all these companies with a mastery of detail that can be disconcerting, but also to live a full and energetic life. He flies by Dove wherever possible, and his motoring is done largely with prototype and pre-production Astons and Lagondas.

He succeeds in doing all these things without the slightest trace of high pressure simply because he orders his life this way. He knows exactly what he is going to do all the time. He never shows any sign of haste or excitement—when his world champion Aston Martins were winning at Le Mans (one of his most cherished ambitions) he calmly went to his hotel for six hours' sleep instead of staying up all night. He will devote just so much time to whatever he is doing, whether it is discussing the state of one of his factories or water ski-ing, and no more—for his whole life would quickly become quite unmanageable otherwise.

## The David Brown Lagonda Rapide

HERE IS A CAR THAT CAN BE JUDGED BY THE most exacting standards, a specialist vehicle created for luxurious travel. In design, finish, performance and appointment, the Lagonda was acknowledged a leader among the really high performance quality cars of the world. It upheld its slogan "The finest of fast cars". The new 4-litre Lagonda Rapide has been designed and developed by particular people for particular people—those who demand luxury and comfort, speed and safety, and a car that is suitable for every occasion. It provides five passenger comfort and is equipped to meet every need. It serves with distinction every business and social purpose, and provides a specification so complete that no additional equipment is required. This new Lagonda is the latest of a distinguished family of cars produced in the finest tradition of British automobile engineering. It will appeal to discriminating motorists throughout the world.

One of the most mechanically advanced cars available today. Many years of practical experience combined with advanced theory in engine and chassis design have been translated into highly successful practice. The engine is a logical development of the world-famous Aston Martin light alloy twin overhead camshaft unit, a design which has attained international renown. The smooth power and silence of this new engine are truly remarkable.

The automatic transmission enables the Lagonda to glide through traffic with ease and grace, or to accelerate effortlessly to speeds in excess of 125 m.p.h. immediately road conditions allow. The David Brown four-speed all-synchromesh gearbox can be fitted if preferred. The independent front suspension and De Dion rear suspension combine to provide exceptional road holding and comfortable riding qualities under all conditions. The chassis, with its tubular steel



superstructure, is a most advanced example of modern motor car design. Light in weight, it has exceptional torsional rigidity and beam stiffness. The steering, by rack and pinion, is finger-light, precise, and free from road shocks. Servo assisted disc brakes provide smooth, powerful braking, more than adequate for any emergency.

The resplendent interior is luxuriously upholstered in the finest English hide throughout, and fitted with the highest quality Wilton carpet. The instruments and controls are neatly grouped before the driver. Radio with electrically-operated aerial; speakers front and rear. Heaters front and rear, with demister back light. All doors open to nearly 90° and have electrically-controlled windows. The two front doors have Yale locks.

### LAGONDA RAPIDE

**Engine:** Six-cylinder twin overhead camshaft. Bore 96 mm. (3.78"). Stroke 92 mm. (3.62"). Capacity 3,995 c.c. (244 cu. ins.). Compression ratio 8.25:1. Power output 236 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m.

**Cylinder Block:** Cast in aluminium alloy. Centrifugally-cast chrome vanadium iron top seating wet liners.

**Crankshaft:** Forged in chrome molybdenum steel, nitrided, statically and dynamically balanced. Shaft supported in seven  $2\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter (69.85 mm.) steel backed lead bronze bearings and fitted with bonded rubber vibration damper.

**Cylinder Head:** Cast in aluminium alloy, incorporating fully machined hemispherical combustion chambers. Flow tested ports. Large diameter valves inclined at 80° included angle with exhaust valve guides in direct contact with water.

**Valve Operation:** Twin overhead camshafts operate the valves direct through the medium of cyanide hardened nickel molybdenum steel tappets, eliminating tappet adjustment. Camshafts driven by two-stage Duplex roller chains with manually adjusted tensioners.

**Pistons:** Die-cast low expansion aluminium alloy. Three compression rings, top parallel

faec'd chromium-plated, second and third taper faced. One twin segment oil control ring. Large diameter gudgeon pin located by circlips.

**Connecting Rods:** Forged in nickel chrome molybdenum steel, weight graded and balanced.

**Lubrication System:** By front mounted chain-driven rotor type oil pump and full flow filter.

**Cooling System:** Cooling by pump and cowled fan with by-pass thermostat control. Cross-flow radiator with separate header tank and radiator blind.

**Carburation:** Two Solex twin choke carburetors with air cleaner and silencer.

**Ignition:** High efficiency coil and distributor incorporating automatic advance and micro timing adjustment.

**Automatic Transmission:** Three forward speeds and reverse with intermediate gear hold controlled from steering column. Gear ratios: Low, 18.27/8.7:1; intermediate, 11.36/5.41:1; direct top, 3.77:1.

(Manually operated gearbox optional) four speeds with synchromesh on all forward gears. Floor mounted centre change. Gear ratios: Reverse, 2.52:1; 1st, 2.92:1; 2nd, 1.85:1; 3rd, 1.25:1; top, 1:1.

9" (22.86 cm.) twin plate clutch with hydraulic operation.

**Propeller Shaft:** Needle roller bearing divided propeller shaft with flexibly mounted centre bearing. Shaft dynamically balanced.

**Final Drive:** Frame mounted hypoid unit. Ratio, 3.77:1.

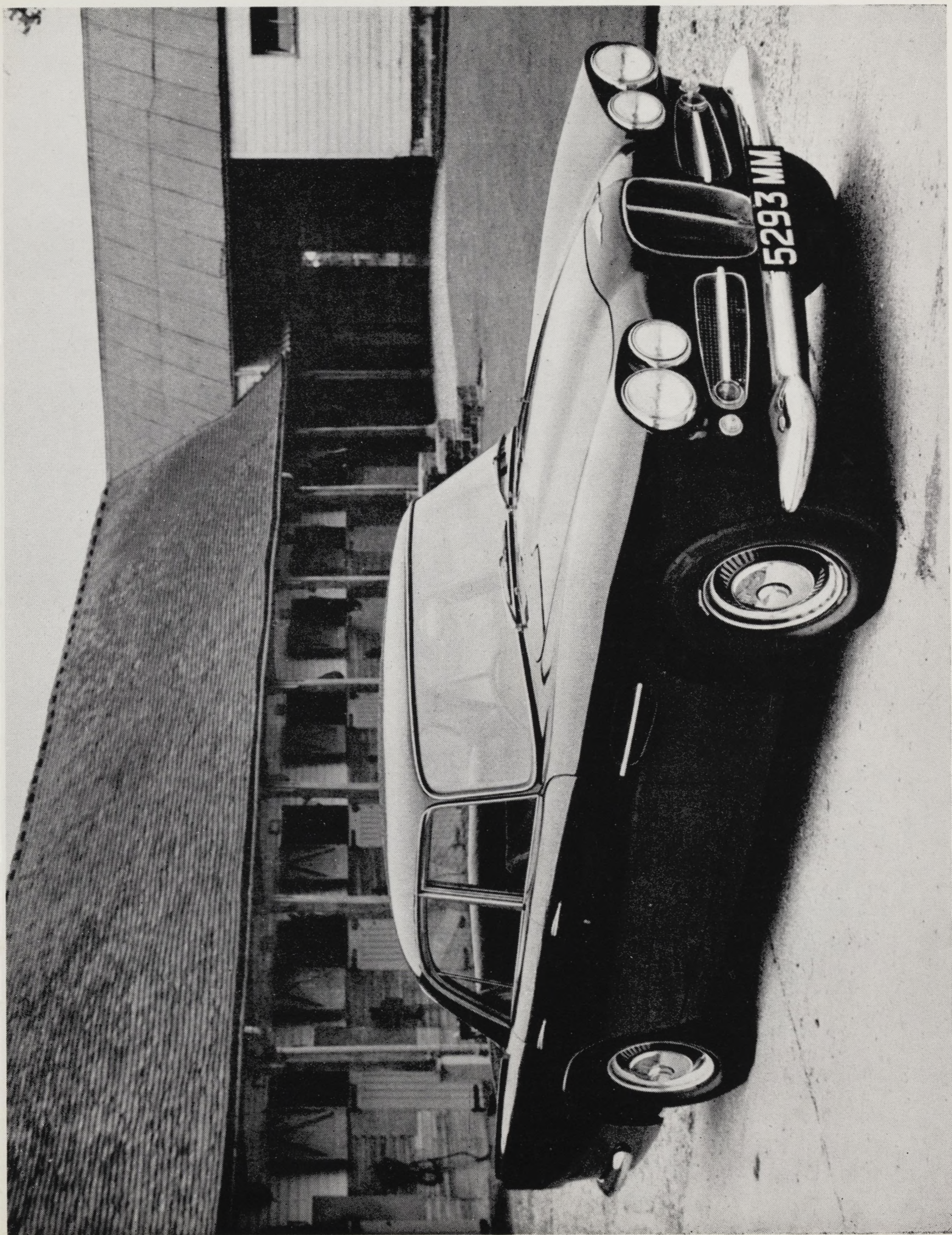
**Front Suspension:** Independent, incorporating transverse wishbones and ball-jointed king pins. Co-axial coil springs and large diameter telescopic shock absorbers.

**Rear Suspension:** De Dion axle mounted on parallel trailing links and located transversely by Watt linkage. Transverse torsion bars and large double acting piston type shock absorbers.

**Steering:** Rack and pinion steering box and universally jointed column. 17" diameter (43.18 cm.) wood rimmed steering wheel.

**Brakes:** Dunlop disc front and rear, hydraulically operated. Bellows type servo operating directly on the brake pedal. Twin







master cylinders providing independent hydraulic systems to front and rear. Floor mounted handbrake lever operating on rear discs. Brake fluid level warning light on instrumental panel.

**Fuel System:** Twin wing mounted petrol tanks with balance pipe for easy filling. Total capacity 16½ Imp. galls. (19.8 U.S. galls., 74.9 litres). Electrically operated reserve 3 Imp. galls. (3.6 U.S. galls., 13.6 litres). Twin S.U. high pressure electric fuel pump. Petrol filler lid electrically operated from interior.

**Exhaust System:** Twin pipe system with six high efficiency silencers.

**Wheels and Tyres:** Ventilated centre-lock disc wheels with 6" (15.24 cm.) wide rims. 7.10 × 15" tyres.

**Electrical Equipment:** 12 volt system. 60 amp.-hour battery incorporating master switch. Heavy duty high output ventilated dynamo with automatic voltage control. Starter motor, distributor and high efficiency coil. Two-speed windscreen wipers and electric windscreen washer operated by single control knob. Twin wind tone horns. Steering column finger-tip lever for operating self-cancelling flashers, headlamp main and dipped beams and for flashing headlamps. Four headlamps providing long-range main beam and improved dipped beam. Separate flush fitting front parking lamps. Separate front flashing lamps. Separate stop-tail, flashing lamps and reflectors, number plate and reversing lamps.

**Body:** 5 seater "Superleggera" construction incorporating magnesium aluminium alloy panels on tubular steel framework in unit with steel platform chassis. Body-chassis unit completely rust-proofed, insulated and undersealed.

Luxurious seating for 5 persons. Bucket type reclining front seats fully adjustable. Rear seats incorporating centre arm-rest. Upholstery in finest quality English hide. Lockable glove box. Picnic tables in rear compartment. Pile carpets throughout.

Complete set of instruments including speedometer, electric revolution counter, oil pressure and fuel gauge with reserve warning

light, ammeter and water temperature gauge and electric clock. Instrument panel illumination controlled by rheostat switch.

Radio with electrically operated aerial.

Comprehensive heating, demisting and fresh air ventilating system including rear passenger heater and back light demisting. Electrically operated windows to all doors. Interior courtesy lamps and rear passenger reading lamps. Map reading lamp in glove box. Cigar lighters and ashtrays in front and rear compartments. Sun vizors. Coat hooks. Luggage accommodation is provided in an exceptionally capacious boot having a depth of 50". Doors, glove box and luggage boot lid fitted with Yale locks.

**Spare Wheel and Tools:** The spare wheel is carried in a separate waterproof and dirt-proof compartment underneath the boot floor. The comprehensive set of tools is contained in a separate tool roll.

**Jacking:** By hydraulically operated jack engaging sockets adjacent to each wheel.

**Principal Dimensions:**

Wheelbase	9' 6"	(289.6 cm.)
Front Track	4' 6"	(137.2 cm.)
Rear Track	4' 7½"	(140.9 cm.)
Overall length	16' 3½"	(496.6 cm.)
Overall width	5' 9½"	(176.5 cm.)
Overall height	4' 8"	(142.2 cm.)
Ground clearance	6"	(15.2 cm.)
Turning circle	40' 6"	(12.3 m.)
Kerb weight	3,780 lb.	(1712 kg.)

*reprinted by courtesy*

ASTON MARTIN LAGONDA LTD.

## The Coach & Horses

EVERY ROW  
GROSVENOR STREET  
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# Competition Notes

by "LEPUS"

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

To scorn delights and live laborious days."  
*Lycidas*

LOOKING BACK ON THE SEASON NOW ENDING to consider the successful meetings, I find that the assembly of a hundred Lagondas at the A.G.M. and Concours d'Elegance is plainly the most important meeting. Of the others, Brands Hatch probably attracts the largest number of members if we include the spectators and officials. At least thirty cars can be expected for the April Social Run round the Chilterns and rather more usually come to the Southern Driving Test Rally. Entries for short races at Silverstone are barely enough to obtain an event to ourselves but twenty-three people decided to try timed climbs of Firle Beacon Hill this year.

When the November Handicap Rally, with driving tests and night navigation, moved to the north-west last year only half the usual number of members turned up. This year, it has gone to Derbyshire and, at the time of writing, entries from the south predominate. Next year it may have to come further south to justify all the organiser's hard work and expense.

In the north, RICHARD PAINES has not only run things himself but has persuaded enthusiastic types like HENRY COATES, BERNARD RAINE, TED TOWNSLEY, CHARLES GREEN, IAIN MACDONALD, COLIN FERGUSON, JIMMY McKELLAR CAIRNS and BRIAN DEARDEN-BRIGGS to arrange meetings in different areas. There never was so much activity north of latitude 53.

What sort of conclusion does all this lead to? That the more desperate events are not favoured because many of us are getting older as are our cars? But the Vintage Sports Car

Club races are more over-subscribed than ever and the Veteran Car Club, with all competing cars at least 57 years old, now has to turn away entrants for the Brighton Run. Night rallies are not popular? Well you can't have one safely in daylight, and rally motoring is closer to ordinary touring than any other form of competition. Driving tests strain the transmission? No more than when you try to beat one of those minis from the lights!

It is difficult to see any pattern from the attendance, but the committee do want to put on the meetings you enjoy and maintain interest in Lagonda motoring. Having watched, with a critical eye, the Veterans on their way to Brighton for nearly thirty years and having seen the standard improve until this year, when every vehicle was spotless and working rather better than it did sixty years ago, it is clear that without the competition many would have decayed and been lost. How many cars come to the A.G.M. without a good deal of preparation? Don't believe those who say all they do before a competition is pump the tyres and fill up with petrol. I've seen them listening to engines with a medical stethoscope. It all adds up to better Lagondas and is, therefore, a GOOD THING.

Growing congestion of all roads near big towns will force motor club meetings on to private land or circuits and the great number of rallies and treasure hunts, organised by sports or social clubs with little experience and no supervision, is tending to make competitors in these events no longer *personae gratae*.

Next year the fixture list will show meetings in north and south at monthly intervals, roughly much as before. Perhaps it is time a new competition secretary was found to bring fresh ideas and enthusiasm.

## Club Challenge Trophies

The November Tally not having been decided yet, HERBERT SCHOFIELD has a strong claim to the Fox Trophy. Northern members HENRY COATES and IAIN MACDONALD are not far behind.

The Michael Trophy looks like moving westwards and everyone will be pleased to



see these main trophies going away from London and the Home Counties.

If you have not sent your list of marks for the year's efforts please do so now—to RICHARD HARE. All the details are on the back of the fixture card.

DAVID BROWN (*continued*)

It is an inevitable corollary that he is not particularly spontaneous by nature, and he takes little part in public affairs. What can divert him from his ordered timetable is sickness or suffering, when no one can be kinder.

Because he always concentrates on the job in hand, he gives his whole attention to whoever he is talking and listening to—being as good at one as he is at the other. Neither very tall nor in the least flamboyant in manner, he does not give the impression of dynamism until he looks you straight in the eyes and talks in a quiet, assured voice. Then you have no doubt about being in the presence of a man with powerful hidden reserves of character.

## WELCOME

Welcome to the following new members:

M.63. A. J. B. Mitchell, c/o Hunting Technical Services, P.O. Box 91, Sukkur, West Pakistan. 1928 2-Lt.

M.77. A. R. McCall, Brockton Cottage, Nr. Shifnel, Shropshire. 1930 4½-Lt.

M.76. R. C. Morrison, 742, Chelsea Cloisters, London, S.W.3. 1931 2-Lt.

D.31. Miss I. Dunn, River View, Weel, Nr. Beverley, E. Yorks. Morris Minor.

C.59. Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Court, 17, Manor Road, Folkestone, Kent. 1930 2-Lt.

M.69. W. F. J. Musson, 23, Hawtry Drive, Ruislip, Middx. 1937 LG45.

A.19. W. P. Andraea-Jones, 8, Salter Road, Sandbanks, Poole, Dorset. 1931 2-Lt.

M.15. H. P. Morgan, Little Patch, Port Road West, Barry, Glam. 1935 Rapier.

B.78. G. R. Bradford, Molloway House, Dunsmore, Nr. Wendover, Bucks. Non-owner.

A.20. E. Andrews, Andrew's Garage Ltd., Motor Engineers, Ilton, Nr. Ilminster, Somerset. 1936 LG45.

*Please reinstate:*

G.34. Mr. & Mrs. D. A. Green, 89, Park Road, Timperley, Cheshire.

## THE CHEQUERS INN

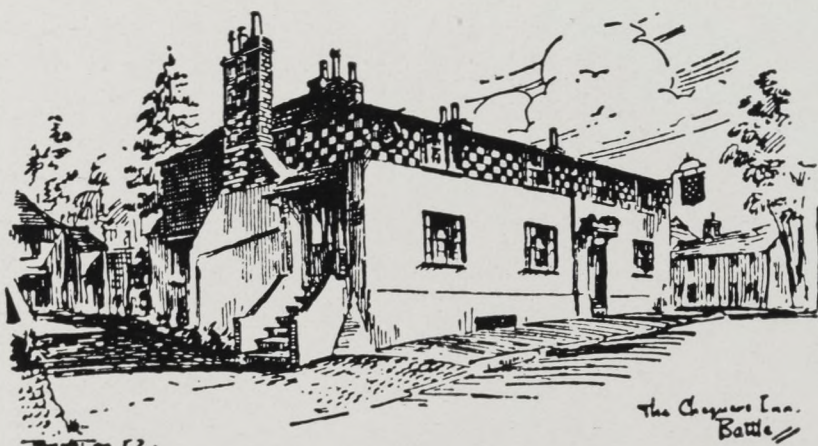
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*(Members 35/-)*

*Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Staermose*



B.5. K. A. Billingham, (new address) 55, Park Drive, Leicester Forest East, Leics.

C.57. F. Chevalerias, 101, Avenue du Maine, Paris 14, France. 1938 V12 (previous owner D. G. Quest).

C.58. B. W. Commons, Sunridge House, Green Lane, Scawthorpe, Doncaster, Yorks. 1930 Saloon.

H.32. W. R. Hill, "Stubham Rise", Myddleton, Ilkley, Yorks. 1935 Sports Tr.

D.30. J. T. Dobinson, 331a, Ansty Road, Wyken, Coventry, Warwicks. 1928 2-Lt.

M.59. Mr. & Mrs. E. F. J. Meayers, 5, Meadway, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middx. 1930 2-Lt. (previous owner W. Bloor.)

L.30. Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Lancaster, Aspenden, Nr. Buntingford, Herts. 1954 3-Lt.

H.33. Miss M. Hyland, 125, Bow Road, Bow, E.3. 1935 Rapier.

L.29. C. Lee, 14, Crawford Avenue, Wembley, Middx. 1930 3-Lt.

E.6. J. M. Evans, 27, Steele's Road, Hampstead, N.W.3. 1932 2-Lt.

C.62. H. M. Cook, 2651, Fondren Drive, Dallas 6 Texas, U.S.A. 4½-Lt. Tr.

A.18. V. T. Adcock, 32, Shipton House, Shipton Street, Bethnal Green, E.2. 1933 3-Lt.

B.85. J. L. Beardow, Dock Masters House, King George Dock, Corporation Road, Hull, Yorks. 1950 2½-Lt.

S.91. L. G. Stanton, Oak Tree Cottage, Coleshill, Nr. Amersham, Bucks. 1928 2-Lt.

O.19. Gerald P. Openlander, 4111, Halifax Road, Toledo 6, Ohio, U.S.A. 1929 3-Lt.

N.6. D. P. Nash, 2423, Lyvere Street, Bronx 61, New York, U.S.A. 1937 LG45.

B.81. N. C. C. Bradley, 6928 Carnegie Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. 1939 LG6 (formerly J. W. Harrison's car).

M.2. G. Moffat, Haywards Farm, Theale, Nr. Reading, Berks. Non-owner.

H.49. R. P. Halse, c/o Malayan Development Machinery Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 1033, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. V12 Saloon.

K.21. E. Kulgoske, 905, North Avenue, N.E., Massillon, Ohio, U.S.A. Non-owner.

W.43. H. S. Warvel, 1056, Ernst Drive, Green Bay, Wisconsin, U.S.A. 1939 V12R (formerly C. R. Bell's car).

W.48. 680535 [Cpl. D. C. H. Williams, E. & I. Section, R.A.F., Geilenkirchen, B.F.P.O. 42, Germany. 1935 Rapier.

L.32. R. O. V. Lang, 12, Park Hill Road, Croydon, Surrey. 1938 Sports Saloon.

L.31. M. E. Luter, 121, Adelaide Grove, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, Hants. 1932 2-Lt.

B.83. B. M. Barton, 111, Nottingham Road, Long Eaton, Notts. 1931 3-Lt.

F.27. A. R. Firminger, 139, Alicia Gardens, Harrow, Middx. 3-Lt. Special.

M.5. Wing Cdr. T. D. Misselbrook, R.A.F. (Retd.), 83, Burfield Road, Old Windsor, Berks. 1937 LG45. (Rejoin)

## Northern Notes

As a result of members' requests, the Leeds Pub Meet has been changed to the Olde Sun Inne at Colton, which is one mile south of the A64 Leeds-York road, four miles after Tadcaster. The date is the first Tuesday in the month.

Manchester still keep to their date and place, likewise Newcastle and Hull. Please note them in your diary and, when in the area, try to drop in—they're good fun. The Northern Party this year is in Yorkshire—probably in Ilkley. If anyone does not think too much of this, please let me know BEFORE I've arranged it.

R. H. PAINES.

## 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: Olde Sun Inne, Colton. First Tuesday in the 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.



# Yorkshire Autumn Social

ONCE UPON A TIME WE COULD RELY ON THE G.P.O.; mail posted in London on Friday afternoon would be delivered in the North the following day. Our August newsletter reminding us of the Autumn Social was posted one Friday, but not delivered until three days later. In the meantime, the event had taken place.

Early indications foretold a difficult day. It was sunny and bright but—never trust a bright morning. (Remember the sudden change from bright sun to torrential rain at East Riddlesden last year, when crews were caught with their car-hoods down.) Each side of the road near the rendezvous was packed with cars and vans; not even a pub-yard for the start. The roofs of the cars stood rock-like above a seething mass of technicolored humanity in dayglo sox and

long striped jerseys, a beehive of activity. Behind the jerseys as they buzzed incessantly along and across the Queen's highway could be glimpsed the twinkling chrome and flamboyant hues of hundreds of cycles; preparations for a cycle race. The starts of cars and cycles seemed bound to clash. By careful scrutiny two Lagondas were then discovered, from one of which emanated a secretive discussion on whether one "observer" could observe at two specified points. It seemed obvious that the day would be more Trial than Social.

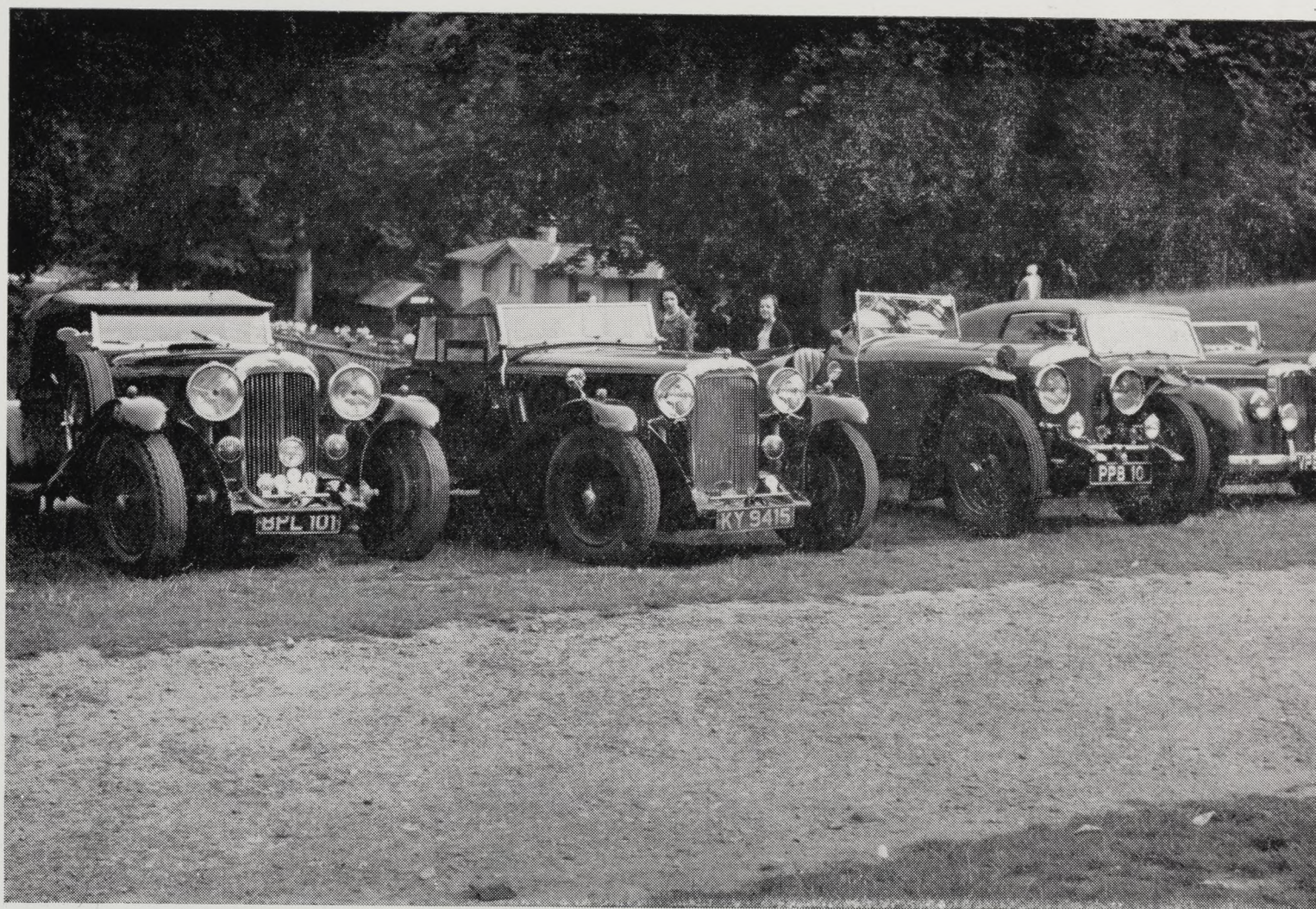
Then, better than a pub-yard, we were suddenly given a paddock far greener and

Nidderdale Natter.

Photographs by G. E. Sunderland.







J. G. Rider's M45R; B. Dearden-Briggs (I think) M45R; F. A. Sowden's 8-litre Bentley and R. S. Halliwell's modern Alvis. Restaurant visible in background.

grassier than that at Oulton Park. After this, we never even noticed any cyclists. At the paddock gate were several petrol pumps, so one entrant filled up with Jet; perhaps in preference to the brand for sale at his own garage but more likely showing the right spirit in a gesture of appreciation for the paddock facilities.

Suitably mounted in the paddock were Lagonda drivers BULLOCK, PAINTER, RIDER, TOWNSLEY, BROOKS, and DEARDEN-BRIGGS; FRANK SOWDEN (last year's winner) and R. S. HALLIWELL in 8-litre Bentley and modern Alvis respectively; and members IRENE DUNN, PAPE, SMITH (J. G. R.) and WINDER in tin-ware at 10% plus. Messrs. UNSWORTH and SCHOFIELD were present in their very presentable Lagondas, but apparently just to spectate.

The Northern Secretary handed a paper to a driver who promptly passed it to the left and that crew were abruptly off. Navigators were absolutely nonplussed by this quite (ab) original Route Sheet naming WOZWUN-SASHALLASPL ASH RAMITINTALOH, and WYNDINANNARRA, but with odd M.R.'s scattered roughly here and there to assist those who worked by D.R. or dead (lucky) reckoning. Time was also to be spent in hunting autographs from observers.

En route, the cunning entrance to the only grassy lane marked on the map, by a yellow line, became the focal point of three cars waiting on the right and three cars waiting on the left all choc-a-bloc with two cars neither right nor left which couldn't get round in one. Paradoxically, on the road where cars should have been passing in opposite direc-



tions we never saw another. Later:—

Two little girls in blue  
Overtook a two-man crew  
And immediately continued  
Down a lane marked No Road  
Through.

There was no celebration  
At the apparent invitation,  
They knew the girls had merely made  
An error of navigation.

Nobody fell by the wayside and 100% of the starters arrived at Studley Royal. The last was KEN WINDER, who had diverted himself to Ripon Hospital for treatment to a painful wasp sting on his temple. Good for the National Health Service, bad luck for Ken but after all he was driving, please pardon the expression, a "buzz box".

Another driver discovered that the antics of his modern baby induced a feeling of nausea in his irregular navigator and wanted a Welfare Officer to offset his 10% tinware penalty with a Sickness Bonus.

The social gathering of cars totalled twelve Lagondas (eight 4½ and one each of 16/80, Rapier, 2-litre supercharged and 2-litre high-chassis), four Bentleys (one each of 8, 6½, 4½ and 3-litres, quite representative), Alvis TC 21/100 and an appropriately red Firefly, and an Observer's p.v.t. Riley, besides eight others. It later transpired that the Bentley Boys had made a particularly spirited effort and a dash from another event in order to be present.

The social gathering of crews, observers all seemingly connected with the organiser, and spectators, included at least six families with youngsters, some not even toddling. They had refreshments, where, unfortunately, the industrious and imperturbable BERNARD RAINE had a lot to put up with, inspected the cars, discussed the cars, walked round Fountains Abbey, played football and other games, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves in the prolonged bright sunshine, for this was a bright day that could be trusted.

ROWLAND HILL, who was half-expected because he became a member after spectating at this event last year, was an absentee and also, regrettably, HENRY COATES.

Results? The result that matters most is that it was such a good Social from every aspect. The competitive result is that the first six were KEN PAPE, B. DEARDEN-BRIGGS, F. SOWDEN, IRENE DUNN, E. TOWNSLEY, and J. G. RIDER. Thank you to the Observers who did turn up, but the foregoing results are chiefly due to the sustained and greatly appreciated hard work of the Raines and the Paines.

1st—K. S. PAPE (club member), Mini-Minor (ROY PATERSON, navigator).

2nd—B. DEARDEN-BRIGGS, Lagonda, M.45 R.

3rd—F. A. SOWDEN (last year's winner), (Bentley Drivers) Bentley, 8-litre.

4th—IRENE DUNN (Miss), Morris Minor.

5th—E. TOWNSLEY, Lagonda, LG45.

6th—J. G. RIDER, Lagonda, M45.

R. PATERSON.





## Firle Hill Climb

The Bentley Drivers' Club had their hill climb on the first Sunday of September as usual. For once we had a good entry of Lagondas which outnumbered all the other one-make clubs invited. BRIAN MAYNARD did not consider the Rapier he has been working on for some time quite *au point* and IAIN MACDONALD had to stay at home preparing for a business trip to Canada. That left nineteen in the Lagonda Club Handicap. RICHARD PAINES came down south to see what went on, spending the day operating the electrical timing gear. The day was cool and dry so times were rather better. It has been noticeable before that timed runs during a hot afternoon were slower than those recorded during morning practice sessions.

JOE GOODHEW arrived in a 1955 David Brown V12, after gaining second place among the big sports cars at the Brighton Speed Trials the day before. There are only two of these cars in Britain, similar to that bearing the number '1' and driven by REG PARNELL at Le Mans. It is good to know that one of these post-war sports racing Lagondas is now in suitable hands. Joe put in a practice run at 32.94 seconds, then improved to 27.72—second fastest time of the day and just a bit better than a D-Type Jaguar. DONALD OVERY followed in "Jezebel"—time 35.95, improving to 34.94. He says the car goes quite fast when the revs. mount but, from a standing start, the power does not come in such large lumps as with six cylinders. BRIN EDWARDS first practice run was 34.10. Before departing happily to the Rhondda this was reduced to 32.66—a quite astonishing M45 performance. Brin has been over the car pretty drastically and leaves at home anything which does not positively make the car go faster.

So the runs continued. CHRIS HILLIER in an HRG going quite nicely but with non-standard engine—34.83. ERNIE FELTHAM driving the "Scarlet Woman" with some discretion in practice decided he was not happy about the engine. GEOFF HIBBERT,

2-litre supercharged, very consistent, warming up carefully each time—37.42, showing the blower really does make a 2-litre accelerate. HIBBERT Jun. was driving an MG in another class. TOM PINGUEY, 3-litre with an engine that didn't sound very Lagonda-like, unobtrusively fast for the type—40.46. ARTHUR BARNETT, very nicely finished Rapier with special light body, exceedingly quick in practice—35.94; more than 1 second slower later despite trying big wheels and little wheels. JACK READ, another smart and fast Rapier getting down to 37.40. MIKE WILBY and ROGER GREENWAY sharing a Rapier they have worked on together. Mike got in a timed run at 42.15; then the engine made funny noises so Roger only had a practice stint. COLIN BUGLER, an excellent 2-litre time of 43.58. RAY BELLINGHAM, Rapier, competent and consistent at 42.60. PETER DAVEY, Rapier, more gentlemanly in 47.93. HENRY BUCKLEY, his first event in the V12 drop-head coupe, a pretty car beautifully kept, practised in 41.60 then speeded up to 38.57. That caught the handicappers napping. JOCK McCANN, 3-litre—49.36. RON GEE, 16/80, nothing very special to look at but gets along well—44.31. All his three times were within one-tenth of a second. NEIL FRAJBIS in a similar car driven with less abandon—50.68. JOHN KIRKBY unflurried to record a typical high chassis 2-litre time—57.32.

### Handicap Results:—

HENRY BUCKLEY was unexpectedly fast and won comfortably but the next five places were covered by 0.93 seconds.

1. H. M. Buckley V12 Drop-head Coupe
2. J. M. Read Rapier
3. B. J. Edwards M45
4. A. E. Barnett Rapier
5. R. Gee 16/80
6. J. Goodhew David Brown V12

By way of comparison, STANLEY SEARS, driving the 1912 Benz that once served Field Marshal von Hindenburg, recorded 33.93 seconds without exceeding 1,100 r.p.m. !



# Letter from America



Wilbur Gunn's house,  
556, South Limestone St.,  
Springfield, Ohio.

905 North Ave., N.E.,  
Massillon, Ohio, U.S.A.  
June 10, 1961.

Mr. G. D. Needham  
and members of  
The Lagonda Club,  
London, N.21, U.K.

Gentlemen:

AS DENNIS MAY pointed out in his excellent article, "Gunn Metal" (*Sports Cars Illustrated*, January, 1959), Lagonda has indeed "vanished off the map".

Being lifetime residents of the state of Ohio and admirers of the cars of Wilbur Gunn, we embarked upon a programme of research designed to locate this mysterious village.

On your maps of Ohio, about forty miles west of Columbus, appears a city of 78,000 population named Springfield, in Springfield Township, Clark County. The original village of Lagonda is (and since the turn of the century has been) within the corporate limits of Springfield.

However, there is today nothing remaining of the first historic log cabins built here, as

the area has long since been utilized as industrial sites.

The origin of the town is this: in 1799 or 1800 Simon Kenton, John Humphries and six other families settled in what was uninhabited (except for Indians) wild forest on the south banks of a creek the Indians called Lagonda. The name, translated from the Shawnee Indian language, means "buck" or male species deer, and today the stream is called Buck Creek. The reason the first pioneers chose this spot to settle was, no doubt, the fact that abundant water power was available from the creek to run the mills they needed to grind grain into flour, and to power the sawmills they were soon to build.

In August, 1830, the entire reality of the village, consisting of eight or ten houses, grain mill, sawmills and woollen factory, was purchased by a Jeremia Warder for \$3,000. At about this time a clergyman travelling from Cincinnati thru Springfield recorded his impressions of the trip as being a journey "through endless wild, thickly grown forest, with many miles between towns of only two or three log cabins, the only sign of civilisation."

Bearers of the Gunn name were in evidence



almost from the beginning in Lagonda:

As early as 1808 there was a mail communication with the people on the lower Maumee (just south of present-day Toledo), with Horace Gunn as carrier.

In what was then the nearby village of Springfield on March 11th, 1811, the Masonic Lodge received and accepted a petition of a Joseph Vance Gunn.

In 1838 and again in 1840 John R. Gunn was selected as Clark County Surveyor.

Intermittently from July 22nd, 1867 to October 20th, 1875 we discover references to J. W. Gunn who served as secretary to the Central Methodist Episcopal Church. There may have been two J. W. Gunns, as in the old records this name is sometimes prefaced with "Reverend", and some are not. Can anyone help us with this point?

From here we had to rely upon early town directories which reveal the following:

1883-84 Gunn, Jas. W.—Mail Agent

„ Wilbur F.—Sewing

Machine Inspector

1886-87 Gunn, Bertha J.

„ J. Newton, Clerk at Foos  
Mfg. Co. (grain mills)

„ Jas. W.—Mail Agent

„ Mary C.

„ Wilbur

1888-89 Gunn, J. N.—Clerk at 84 S.  
Mechanic St. (Foos Mfg.  
Co.)

„ Jas. W.—Mail Clerk

„ Wm. H.—Printer, 4 N.

Limestone, Boards 66,  
E. Main St.

All members of the Gunn family with the exception of Wm. H., are shown as living in the same house, No. 3 Clifton. The present address is 556 South Limestone St., Springfield. (The building was not moved: the street naming and numbering system has been changed since then.)

We are pleased to report that this sturdy old building is still standing and in use just as it must have been seventy years ago when Wilbur lived in it, and it looks like it will continue to be so for a great many years to come.

The entire Gunn family seems to have moved out of town soon after Wilbur left, and today we are unable to find a trace of them or their descendants in the Springfield area.

A Doctor Evans, who is over ninety years old and has lived next to the Gunn home since 1897, claims that Mary C., who I believe may have been Wilbur's sister, moved to New York State.

Due to lack of time I was unable to compose a family tree, but it appears that we have at least three generations of the Gunn family represented here.

In retrospect, it is easy to see where Mr. Gunn's inclination for operatic endeavour originated, as from about 1830 on there were two opera houses in succeeding years in the area.

Sincerely,

EARL M. KULGOSKE.

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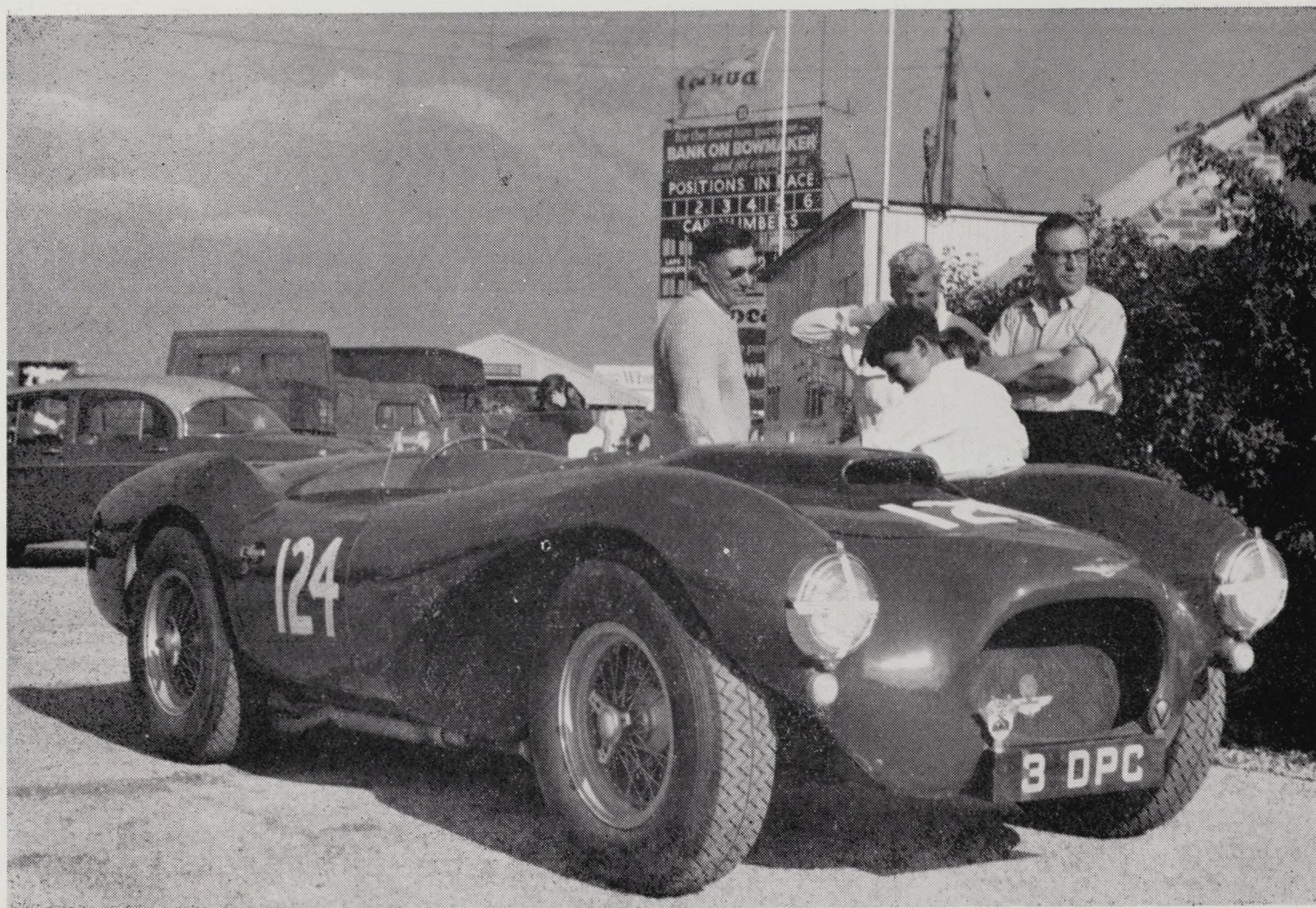
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Joe Goodhew and DB V12 at the meeting.

Photo: Peter Bartleet.

## September Silverstone

HISTORY WAS MADE THIS DAY, BUT HISTORY that must best be forgotten. For the first time a Lagonda race did not produce enough entries to qualify for an event of its own, but luckily neither did the Bentley boys so the combined race with these two makes made a pretty interesting field.

The Competitions Committee think sadly of the earlier Lagonda races when there were so many entries that two races were necessary and their fingers are firmly crossed that next season will see a revival so that we can continue to ask organisers for these races that are so much fun to take part in or to watch.

Although this race was handicapped as one, the clubs were competing for separate awards, so there was really a race within a race. A quick look at the entries showed some noticeable absentees on both sides—no BILL MICHAEL, no ARTHUR BARNETT, no HARRY GOSTLING—these and others who have supported the club races for so long being committed in other directions that day. In all 10 Lagondas and 7 Bentleys appeared in the programme and we had the honour of producing the limit man, J. N. KIRKBY (2-litre) who has had a go at most things in this his first season, and the scratch man JOE GOODHEW in the post-war Le Mans V12.



Most people know Joe has been in the club almost since 11.9's were first made and in the years just after 1946 drove the 1936 Le Mans car now owned by BILL MICHAEL with great success including a worthy high finishing place in the 9 Hours Sports Car race at Goodwood. It is good to see him back again especially with such an interesting motor car but, in the years between he has had a constant reminder of Lagondas as his motor boat is fitted with a Meadows engine of 4453 c.c's—recognise that?

The rest of the Lagonda entries included RON GEE, 2.6; CHARLES GREEN, 2-litre; DONALD OVERY in the V12; BRIN EDWARDS in the terrifying M45; IAIN MACDONALD in the LG45 tourer; ROGER GREENWAY in his lightened Rapier, FRANK MOORE, M45; and JACK READ, Rapier. Of these Gee and Greenway non-started and very bad luck on poor Roger as Mike Wilby had run all the bearings at Firle the previous week before he even had a drive there.

The Bentleys included ROSE's 1928 team car, about 100 yards of 6½ litre (Morley) and RUSS-TURNER's very neat Derby-built 4½-litre complete with supercharger.

One by one they tottered, shot or hurtled off the line (no prizes for which was which!) until in solitary state sat the V12. Soon Joe was away and battle had started.

FRANK MOORE and JACK READ left the line together and appeared to do the laps side by side, the cornering power of the Rapier offsetting the extra speed of the 4½. Eventually experience told and Read, taking the better and faster line through Woodcote, gradually pulled away. Brin Edwards, who can almost claim entertainment tax for the thrills he gives spectators, made short work of the 5 seconds start he had given Donald's V12 and by motoring sideways most of the way round stopped anyone passing him.

While all the blood and thunder was going on, KIRKBY had been driving his 2-litre quietly and neatly in the lead but was then swamped by Charles Green who has 2-litre racing down to a fine art and corners on a steady and very fast line.

Iain Macdonald is another one who works things out beforehand, and he figured that as he won in August he would have to go jolly quick to do any good at this meeting—and was doing just that in an effort to get by Green's car. Having succeeded in this operation as they came down the straight on the 5th lap there was a first-class demonstration at Woodcote that no matter how well you drive an LG45 tourer, two tons of motor car will not go through a corner as well as 29 cwt. of 2-litre. Perhaps Charles was ½ inch from his rear number plate all the way round, and who said 2-litre brakes do not work when you are going fast!

Soon Charles was to drop back with fuel feed trouble and the more exciting dice was over and in the closing stages all eyes turned to Joe Goodhew still threading his way neatly and gently through the field. The V12 not very clean on pick-up from low revs., but showing excellent acceleration higher up the range, was closing rapidly on the leader's back as they ran down the straight for the last time.

Over the top of the hill and it was Macdonald in the lead! Almost underneath him was Jack Read in the Rapier and as they slowed for Woodcote Brin stole third place from Frank Moore, round towards the finish Joe was alongside Moore but he then had to decide whether to run over the man with the finishing flag or gain a place. Pretty unselfish this Goodhew man, he dropped back, but perhaps he didn't want to bend the front of the car!

So it was then Macdonald, Read, Edwards and the rest close behind. Under 10 seconds covered the first 7 Lagondas which incidentally filled the first 6 places of a first-class close run race.

It was good to do battle with the Bentleys and proved adequate compensation for having to share a race.

Fastest lap went to Joe Goodhew at 75.18 m.p.h., and when he finds where 5th gear is we shall see him faster than that next year.

*(continued on Page 22)*



# Iain Macdonald's 1936 LG.45

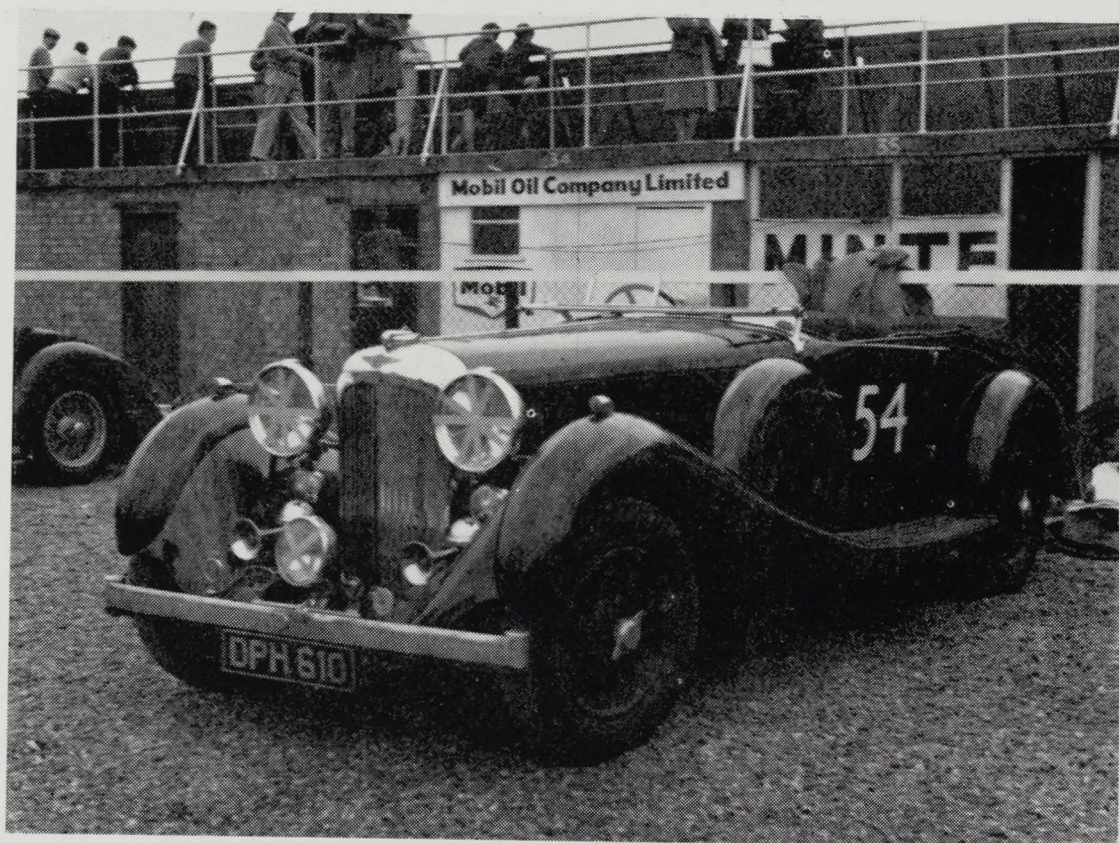


Photo: Derek Walker.

Full finishing order of Lagondas as follows:

	<i>Gross Time</i>	<i>Fastest Lap</i>			
MACDONALD	10' 36.4"	1' 35.4"	MOORE	10' 41.2"	1' 34.4"
READ	10' 37.6"	1' 35"	GOODHEW	10' 41.4"	1' 17"
EDWARDS	10' 38.2"	1' 26.8"	OVERY	10' 42"	1' 27"
			GREEN	10' 45.8"	1' 42"
			KIRKBY	11' 36.8"	2' 00"

## BOOK REVIEW

by GEOFF LOVE

Messrs. B. T. Batsford Ltd. have been well known for several years as publishers of books on motor cars and associated subjects. During the last three months they have published five further books ranging from descriptions of cars and races of the nineteenth century to expert treatises on chassis design for the modern sports car designer.

All of the volumes are plentifully illustrated with line drawings, excellent photographs and contain a wealth of accurate information which will provide many hours of enjoyable reading especially during the coming winter months.

Many of our readers will be familiar with that invaluable volume, *The "Restoration of Vintage and Thoroughbred Cars"*, and therefore they will not be surprised to find that

these latest books all follow a similar pattern of high-class printing and good quality paper with attractive dust covers.

The five books listed below are to be highly recommended as a basis for those interested in forming a library containing information on cars from Veterans to Vegas and are such as will grace any bookshelf:—

The Sports Car Pocket Book	..	8s. 6d.
by William Boddy		
Veteran & Edwardian Motor Cars		5s.
by D. Scott-Montcrieff		
The Vintage Motor Car	.. ..	5s.
by C. Clutton & J. Stamford		
Racing & Sports Car Chassis Design		30s.
by Michael Castin & David Phipps		
Motor Racing Facts & Figures	..	18s.
by Rodney L. Walkerly		



## Cautionary Tales, etc.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH FINDS QUACK retiring circumspectly to the farthest corner of innermost sanctum, behind piles of six fifty by eighteens, there to peruse from last page to first the latest issue of the Mugs Delight, M-t-r Sp-rt. This refuge is not as easily attained as you think, because of all the little rollers on the floor. These will consist mainly of unopened copies of the BMJ and the journal of The Other Club, specifically placed to precipitate maximum inconvenience and minimum determination to open and maybe even read 'em sometime.

1935 Lagonda saloon, £20. Here we go again. Located, furthermore, not thirty miles from base. A telephone, a date, and we go, in LG45 and at vast expense, to view. Nobody at home, but round the back a roofless garage contains an engineless Minor and a knock-kneed Lag, thinking of better

things. Most of the Lag seems to be there, though a good deal of what is there seems to be lying on the floor. Bulkhead data plate says M35R. That does it; have this we must. M35's we have met before, but M35R's we have never heard of.

Bang five quid on price, borrow what little garage man calls his ambulance, which looks to us like little trolley thing for putting under front axle, and rush back to collect in case Pinguey gets there first.

Punch doorbell; nothing happens. Pandemonium inside, so courteously break kitchen window and holler through. Proud Owner delighted to see us, and P.O.'s wife madly charming with cups of tea and eye too glad to be true. "Well" we say, "what about this car?" P.O.'s wife says goodness she must rush, throws kids in pram and disappears down the drive with suspicious celerity.

Back up LG45 and manhandle trolley. Cantankerous crone pops out of P.O.'s upstairs window and shouts, "You can't bring that thing in here, it's private!" No-

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body listens. P.O. has parked Lag astride an old railway sleeper and let the tyres go down, but we are ready for this one and put on our own wheels.

Senior apprentice walks up to M35R and opens driver's door, which comes away in his hand and falls on his foot. P.O. says reproachfully he usually finds it best to get in the other side actually, but decently unbelt leather thong wherewith to repair. Door shoved back in and tied to its rearward mate with P.O.'s belt. P.O. gives it a shake to make sure, and both doors fall in the road, still belted together. Throw 'em in the back and return to P.O. the opportunity to take his hands out of trousers pockets again.

P.O. insists he will drive it out, politely concealing surprise when we offer first to put water in rad. if not oil in sump. This turns out a complete waste of time, since not a sausage anyway. All hands push it down the drive; tricky this since P.O. has wiped off most of front brake linkage on the sleeper, and handbrake suffers from dysdiodokynesia. Hoist front end on trolley and hitch it up to LG45; senior apprentice still feels kindly enough towards P.O. to lift LG45's bonnet and show him what Lagonda engine room ought to look like, or would have if he'd had time for sanitation since a month ago last Tuesday. P.O. says by Jove, looks just like mine, doesn't it? Senior apprentice is heard to mutter something about only resemblance he can see is the badge on the bows, and we wave P.O. goodbye.

LG45 makes little of towing small relation, but courteously allows past sniffy chap in Land Rover towing a much less worthy find than us. Virtue meets its own reward at next minor cross roads when myopic thruster breezes out in A35 and causes a concertina.

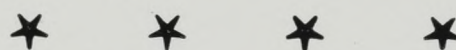
Shove Lagondas in the trees; leap out to help. Unfortunately the only little black bag on board is the one with spanners in it. Winkle owner out of distorted A35, mop up the blood and hurry on, reaching home just as street lights come on. M35R must be put inside first, uphill, so must be started. Plugs changed without much grief, but petrol tank apparently contains nothing but rusty water.

Neighbours becoming increasingly interested, and the vicar falls over towbar. Eventually comes success, and M35R clatters backwards up the drive, to cheers of assembled multitude. Wife says she is surprised to see us get it inside without being arrested for something.

Spend rest of night digging hole in back garden for contents of M35R's rear quarters; yellow mackintosh, dolls legs, old chewing gum, gin bottle, lady's pants and four big wooden knobs sawn off the banisters. Pants, alas, as empty as the bottle, alas, and designed for young lady of three.

Subsequently hear P.O. fined large sum for having no brakes on new car bought with our money, knocking down hedge and finishing up inverted in field. Hope he has enough change to foot fine with.

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## V.S.C.C. Meeting

**J. A. Reece's  
11.9. 1921**

Photo:  
G. Liston Young

THIS WELL-SUPPORTED EVENT WAS RUN ON THE private drive to the park. The course was perfectly straight but slightly humped in the middle. The spacious grass verges provided plenty of parking space and the avenue of trees a shelter from the rain which rather spoilt the otherwise enjoyable afternoon's sport.

The editor and entourage in LG45 had been to Silverstone the day before and had arranged to meet a FIAT friend at Malvern for this event.

On arrival at the park a surprising number of Lagonda members were discovered, five of them competing, the others spectating and one who was eventually roped in by the organisers to help with the timekeeping. Mrs. Editor thought she's like to time the first event, and it was eventually agreed that her watch was more reliable than that being used by the official marshal who borrowed it for rest of the day. Whether or not it has been trained to record better times for friends of the Smiths is not known. Of course it may have been that they really did try hard, as a perusal of the individual times will show.

The five Lagonda competitors very bravely "showed the flag" in the face of a great assortment of machinery ranging from CECIL CLUTTON's 1928 Bugatti to a 1921 Humber whose owner happily burbled through the tests and was last seen heading a stream of traffic through Warwick.

J. A. REECE turned up in a very nicely restored 1921 11.9 D.H.C. which should surprise a lot of other members by its turn of speed. ARTHUR BARNETT seemed just as cool as ever in his newly acquired "ELDER" Rapier.

The official observer was nearly thrown out backwards when BELLINGHAM's Rapier accelerated during the first test.

TWEEDIE WALKER's 2-litre behaved very well although he stopped it ON the line during the rolling reversing test and could not get the back wheels OVER as required.

HENRY COATES' Battle Wagon got terrific wheelspin in the acceleration test but even so recorded F.T.D. by one-fifth second.

The spectating Lagondas provided a nice assortment of cars which did credit to the Club amongst the ASTONS, BUGATTIS,



ALVIS, BENTLEY, etc. M. T. FOSTER with his 2-litre, J. O. HICKS 16/80, J. Organ Rapier D.H.C., J. MARQATTES 3½-litre saloon, and H. T. THIERENS' unique 4-door 2-litre tourer. H. P. MORGAN claimed that he had a Rapier but the only evidence he could produce was a piece of metal in his pocket which he claimed was a valve head.

The best braking of the day was provided by the Editorial LG45 which hit a patch of water during darkness just as it was passing a Mini-Minor the other side of Coventry in the pouring rain. COR!

Henry Coates got a 1st Class Award, and Arthur Barnett, R. Bellingham and Henry Coates gained the Team Prize.

## Northern Rally, 1961

THE FIRST SATURDAY IN JULY SAW A GATHERING of Lagondas and Alvis cars for the Northern Rally, at Tholthorpe Airfield, Nr. Thirsk, Yorkshire. The tests are designed to be as fair as possible to both large and small, and fast and not so fast cars. In fact the winner was an M45 Special and a 16/80 Tourer second.

Two entrants scratched, leaving three in Class 1, sixteen in Class 2, and ten in Class 3. Eight Alvis members entered and the Ladies Class boasted five entrants, Mrs. DAVENPORT, M45 Tr.; Mrs. TOWNSLEY, LG45 Sp.; Miss TOWNSLEY, Singer tourer; Mrs. HARRISON, MG TD.; Mrs. GREEN, Herald 1200 D.H.C.; surely the most in any Lagonda event so far. The "specials" field (5% handicap) were M45 HENRY COATES, NORMAN ROUTLEDGE, Alvis, and MIKE WILBY also in Henry's car. May I take this opportunity of thanking everyone for entering and hoping that they enjoyed themselves sufficiently to want to enter again next year.

The tests were laid out in a slightly different manner this year, so that cars did a circuit ending up back in the competitors car park.

**TEST 1** was intended to get competitors warmed up. In and out between three cones, reverse into one garage, and then forward

and stop in another. The ground was rather loose and too much power could be embarrassing, and there was more cone bashing than in any other test except 6.

**TEST 2.** A figure of eight through a series of marker posts. Very entertaining for spectators, who saw many styles, from steady and neat (Maureen Townsley) to bags of POWER (Mike Wilby). Maureen was one second quicker than Mike, and JOHN TURNER was very fast and neat in his VW.

**TEST 3.** A Wiggle Woggle. To even things out a little, short wheelbase cars (9 ft. and under) had an extra cone to negotiate. GORDON RIDER, M45R, Townsley and Coates were very fast.

**TEST 4.** The front offside wheel had to be driven over three white squares on the ground to finish with rear wheels between a pair of lines. The easiest way of doing this test will not be detailed as it will probably be used again. However, DAVENPORT, M45Tr.

*(continued on Page 28)*

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(continued from Page 27)

SCHOFIELD, LG45R and COATES were very quick.

**TEST 5.** A fast/slow—which caught out the fast boys. Two 20-yard strips had to be covered—the first as quickly, and the second as slowly as possible. RICHARD HARE was far and away the best fast/slow run with times of 6.8 and 35.6 seconds.

**TEST 6.** Four garages back to back, to be entered in reverse, forward, forward and reverse. In spite of carefully laid plans, the larger cars were at a disadvantage. Naylor found his long wheelbase LG45 a handful, the two VWs were fastest, TURNER and HALL, and Mrs. HARRISON third in her MG. After watching Class 3 boys demolishing the garages with great speed, one wonders how they manage to garage their wider Lagondas—could it be the reason for their driving “other” cars.

**TEST 7.** Forward between one lane, reverse down the next, forward again, etc.—a total of five lanes. BROOKES 16/80, PATERSON M45, WILBY and Mrs. HARRISON were all fast and consistent.

Refreshments were prepared and served by ANNE RIDER and JILL PAINES at half-time, competitors then tackled the tests over again, and afterwards made a dash for the Golden Fleece at Thirsk to arrive in time for dinner.

Very many thanks to all marshalls for their help, and especially to Charles Green for his “additional” work.

The results are as below:—

OVERALL WINNER & CLASS 2 WINNER

Henry Coates—M45 Special.

2ND OVERALL & CLASS 3 WINNER

J. Hall—VW Alvis O.C.

ALLISON TROPHY (BEST NOVICE) CLASS 1  
WINNER

K. Brooks—16/80.

LADIES' AWARD

Mrs. Harrison—MG., Lagonda Club.

1ST CLASS AWARD

Mike Wilby—M45 Special.

AWARD OF MERIT

H. Davenport—LG45.

H. Schofield—LG45.

C. Kay—Austin, Alvis O.C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Lodge,  
Woodcock Hill,  
Berkhampstead,  
Herts.

18th October, 1961.

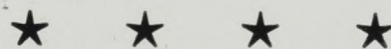
Dear Editor,

I refer to Tony Loch's letter of the 26th July printed in the last issue of *The Lagonda*, querying whether James Crocker is the first Lagonda owner to win the B.D.C. Eastbourne outright.

To my knowledge, up to 1953 Robin Able never competed in the B.D.C. Eastbourne but did win our Night Navigation Rally in 1951 and was the first Lagonda owner to win this event. This was a considerable achievement as in those days this Rally used to attract an entry of sixty or seventy.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES ELPHINSTONE.



## Competition Notes

October 7 saw BRIN EDWARDS, M45, and TWEEDIE WALKER, 2L, on the full Grand Prix circuit Silverstone at the meeting organised by the combined A.M.O.C., 750, and 8 Clubs.

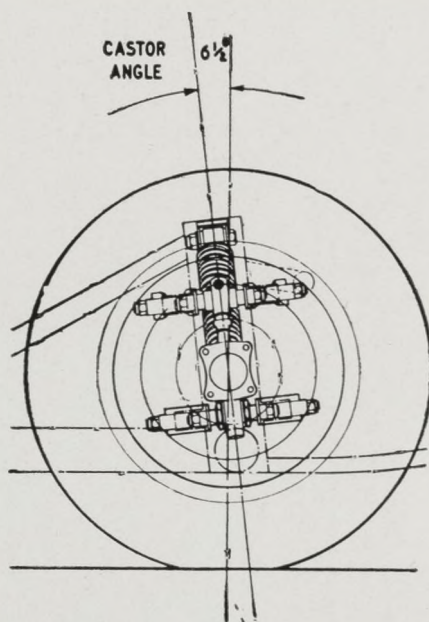
The result of the Vintage Handicap was a rather hairy sandwich:—1, Aston Martin; 2, Lagonda M45; 3, Aston Martin.

The V.S.C.C. Buxton Rally provided another triumph for THE CLUB as the Team Prize was won by a RIDER, DEARDEN-BRIGGS, COATES, combination.



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## Lagonda Loves by E. Warrillow

TO ME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN THE WORLD is the Lagonda V12 Rapide. I have possessed three Lagonda cars. I shall have no more—having realised my heart's desire, which was inspired by a tiny photograph, seen by accident, over ten years ago, of a V12 Rapide (registration number AT1) which we tried in vain to locate and which years later appeared on the cover of the Lagonda Magazine.

In 1955 an advertisement in "Motor Sport" re-awakened my desire. A V12 Lagonda Drophead Coupe (AJY 390) was for sale in Macclesfield. After some discussion—and literally sleepless nights—the car was purchased, and only just in time, for within a few days its previous owner was again contacting me with a view to splitting the profit with me on a new American deal that he could do with the car. My answer was that I intended to keep the car. This elegant model had been driven on a mixture of petrol

and paraffin for a considerable period but, despite this, gave me five years of good service. Towards the end of this period it became obvious that a major engine overhaul was necessary and I proposed to solve this problem by answering yet another advertisement in "Motor Sport" resulting in my purchasing, after haggling, a spare V12 engine from Glasgow.

In due course the engine arrived complete in every way, packed, but for about four strips of wood, in its birthday suit. My wife built a special trolley by which to move it more easily but the removal, from a railway-road transport driven by an elderly man, was a major operation that nearly crippled the three of us. The vast engine graced a large portion of our scullery for a year where it was shown proudly to all and sundry—a fearsome object.

The car was, in minor ways, restored and



lovingly cared for and gave between 12 and 17 miles to the gallon of petrol, according to the length of journey no matter what the speed—but was a whale for oil!

It became increasingly evident that a change of engine could be delayed no longer and it was while contemplating this task that, in a moment of light-headed rashness, I did wilfully cause an advertisement to be placed in "Motor Sport" asking for a V12 Rapide Coupe—to which I received no replies. Frankly my wife and I were piqued and with suitable remarks about our old friend "Motor Sport" we did like Oliver Twist, asked again! Some interesting replies followed at prices between £450—£700. Choosing the most reasonable car offered the owner drove it through the night from Sutton, in Surrey, under conditions best known to himself.

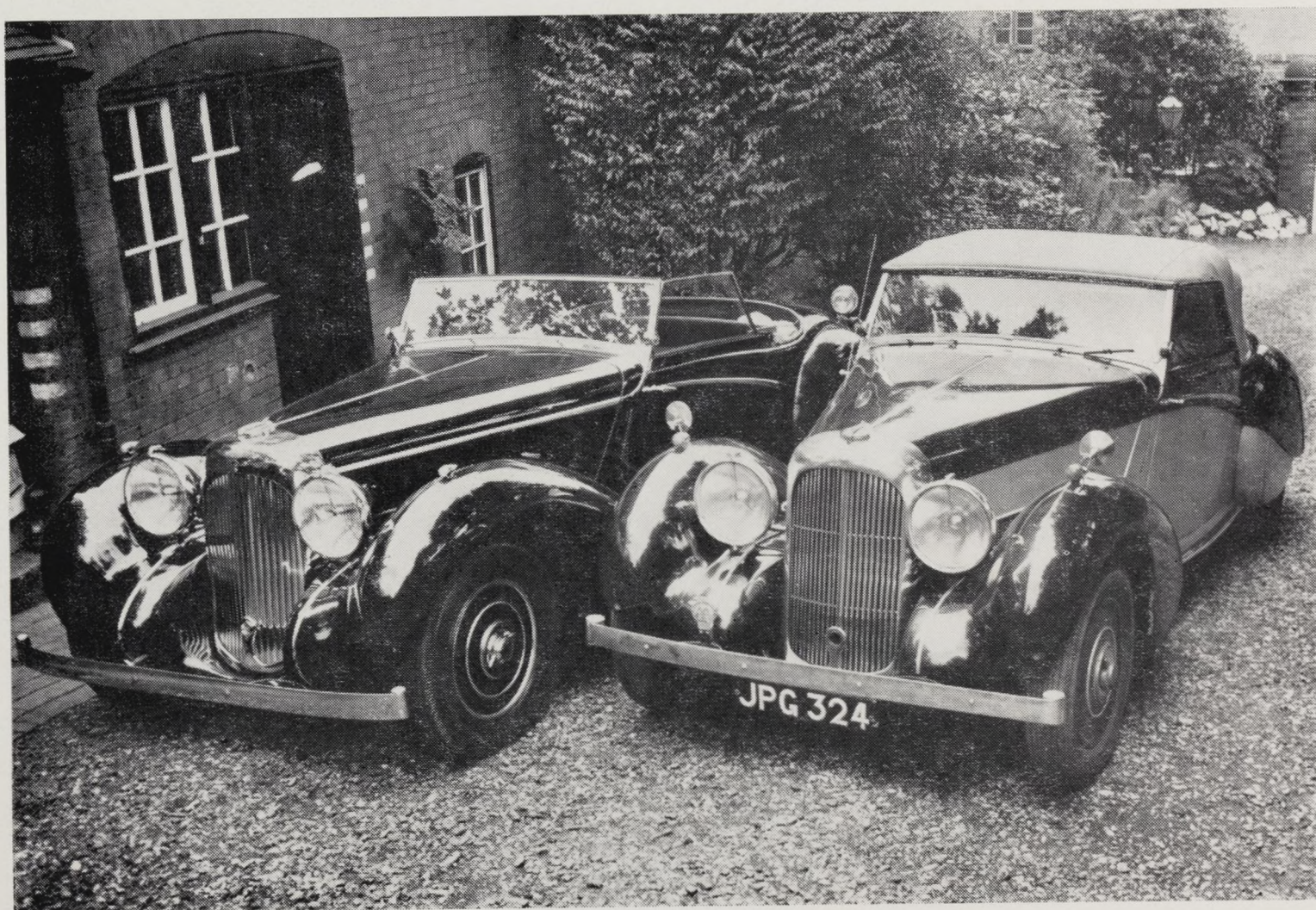
His arrival, shortly after breakfast, was the cause of much excitement and some dis-

appointment, but resulting in a friendly and mutually satisfactory deal.

The car, HPB 438, had had virtually only two logged owners—Sir Robert and Sir Alfred McAlpine, after which it seems to have spent much time in storage.

The magnificent V12, four carburettor, high lift cams, engine seemed little worn, but the bodywork needed some welding attention and repainting, likewise the chrome. Its condition when it arrived did not resemble the lovely car I had fallen in love with some

Above, left: It took me a long time—to get them like this (below).





ten years previously. Rashly I decided that I would demolish the car. The photograph reproduced will give some idea of the work carried out. Practically the whole of the body was taken down, mudguards, door windows, bonnet, floors, dashboard renewed and a host of other details. Every bit of chromium was renewed, the whole re-cellulosed and, piece by piece, reassembled, in all nearly two years work was put into this car.

After having almost completed the car I was contacted by a young enthusiast from Leamington Spa who had been informed by an old friend, David Scott-Moncrieff, that I had a spare V12 engine. It appeared that the young man and his enthusiastic wife required a V12 engine having acquired a V12 Rapide Coupe in which some clever, but perhaps misguided "gent" had installed, very beautifully, a Daimler Century 21 h.p. engine. My young client-to-be wanted to remove this sacrilegious piece of work and restore the Rapide in order that it could again face the world! Would I sell my spare engine? I would—at a price—or would my young friend care to let me have his car (JPG 324) as it stood and take my spare engine and also my V12 Drophead Coupe as it stood? After a week's careful thought he decided to accept. He had a stout heart, for the task he was facing of either exchanging the worn V12 engine with the spare, or making a good one from the two engines would be a heavy piece of engineering. Were it possible I feel that he could well take up the story at this juncture! However, the net result for me was that I now possessed two of the fabulous Lagonda Rapides of which I am told there were only twenty-four made.

What will my Lagonda brethren think of me? After all my work it was the Daimler (shame!) engined car that I decided to keep.

I should add that the V12 Rapide is of 1939 vintage and the Daimler engined Rapide of 1940. Here are my reasons for this decision. Mainly because the "Daimler" gives me as much as 26 miles per gallon—the V12 Rapide (4 carbs.) in the region of 12—15 m.p.g.

Secondly in middle-age I find that great speeds are rarely safe now and can seldom be used—although I miss the wonderful acceleration. The two cars are virtually identical in looks and I—vain person—was really interested in this from the onset.

Sadly I may have to part with the V12 Rapide, which is as spotless underneath as it is above, if I can find a human being worthy of it and one who has also a deep pocket—otherwise it stays here.

## They still turn up in odd places

The following is part of a letter received by ANDRÉ KENNY from PAT HEIGHO of Sacramento, California.

... You may be interested to know something of my 16/80 which I believe to be the only one over here. This fact I base upon culling the lists of members with U.S. or Western Hemisphere addresses in the Register. The car was bird-dogged by a Navy friend whose business took him to Trinidad, and it was there that he also uncovered what is understood to be a very good LG45 saloon, suffering from only a few white ants in the roof. Upon his return to our point of mutual assignment, Aruba, we bumbled with enthusiasm as to how to garner them both. The decision as to who got what was made by flipping a coin, it was about that way. I won, so far as to open car character was concerned; he won, so far as somewhat better mechanical condition was concerned. Then came the consummation of the purchase, and the business of getting the 16/80 transferred physically to the Netherlands Antilles. This was accomplished over New Year via the M.V. *Oranje Nassau*, in the company of a gaggle of Opels and other faceless wonders. The 16/80 was a sensation on Aruba, site of parvenu tastes, when it comes to automobiles.



When the 16/80 was decanted, there could not have been in excess of 100 cars there (there are now about 6,000—a goodly percentage for a population under 58,000 today). To many of the British West Indians resident on the island it was a touch with the Commonwealth, but to the Venezuelans and Arubans it was too strange to elicit anything but nervous, toothy laughs. That was all right; they laughed at the Wright Brothers, too, we are told. The commander and I spent some time learning about the 16/80 (the commander in order to have a few additional clues about the LG45), but nothing too huge in the way of projects was undertaken except for the replacement of the paint. As much red paint as could have adequately covered a Mini-Minor had been egalitarianly applied to brightwork, hardware, coachwork and upholstery, and it galled more than anything (at that time). So—B.R.G., naturally. Only, it was impossible to locate any on that island citadel of silver threads-among the-nylon-type tastes. I retreated orderly to

a two-color scheme I'd bruited about, either yellow coach with black wings and fittings, or dark blue and black. It came out yellow, but not without spiritual travail lest the yellow be too golden, or too dirty-white, such as Jaguar first used in 1950. Awful. The yellow, a Chevrolet truck color, came out pretty much right—yellow, and how. The work was done by a scuttling Colombian there in Aruba who spoke no English (and I no Spanish); a real lesson in international tongue clucking and hand waggling. Almost every time he got the picture. I knew the job would be largely banged up in the course of coming rehabilitative works, but I—simply—couldn't—endure—waiting—with—that—damned red. Now, of course, the upholstery is the most visibly awful remnant, but it, too, is slated for replacement, manana. I will abandon the realms of lofty quality for good naugahyde, in black, when I can afford it and the costs of recreating the seats, which will need carpentry as well. A black tonneau cover hides the sins till then.



*A Merry Christmas to all Members*

*. . . and . . .*

*Good Motoring for the Coming Year*







Pat Heigho's 16/80

When my resignation went into effect and it was time to leave Aruba, I returned to California directly on a German freighter that provides the only direct, scheduled link between Aruba itself, and California. As accompanying baggage for a passenger, the line would carry a car for U.S.\$100. I had two; they agreed to that price for both. I couldn't afford not to travel with them. So the 16/80 and my 3.4 were loaded on, with me, and off we came for San Francisco. The sight of the 16/80 lurking in a hold held fascination for the Salvadoran and Guatemalan stevedores aboard in Central American ports, and the minions of Harry Bridges here. They were so impressed with the spindly qualities they babied it off the ship with only one fatality: some Reg Park type sheared off the hand-brake catch trying to out-think it. Friends helped me ferry the cars home to

Berkeley, across the Bay, and the debut of the 16/80 into the country was accomplished. Since then, when it wanders out on to the highway, it does, I must admit, attract some attention. Most spectators ask if it is a Stutz (chauvinism, well no, not that), or failing the Stutz gambit, a Mercer. Lagonda?—(total blank)—. Italian, huh? No, English, quoth I. That tears it, every time.

In the three months since its arrival here, I've put new tyres on to her, fitted a missing spoke or two, had it properly tuned and the Scintilla thoroughly looked over, among other little chores. Most recently I embroiled myself in refinishing what could NOT have been the original piece of instrument panel wood. Actually, the wood was a comparative cinch, but the backing plate for the instruments. Oh God, how it rained! I wanted to remove the instrument bezels for replating, to join



other bits and pieces being thusly refinished; as Goldwyn put it: "in two words, impossible." With the whole mass of instruments resting heavily upon my shins, I grappled with the wiring, much of which must have been left over from Dover beach emplacements in 1940, judging from the false leads, sharp-ended dead wires, rust and general confusion. In the process of putting it all back together, the only victim was the temp. guage, which leaked its ether after I applied more vigor than it was accustomed to, or deserving. The connections for the Notek road lamp and the gargantuan back-up lamp were discovered languishing among the electrical hysteria, so they were pressed into service. Aside from brilliant but, fortunately short-lived, pyrotechnics from within the wiper motor when it is switched on, I do seem to have thinned out the wire crop and still recreated a vague approximation of the manufacturer's intent.

Current project is the awaiting of cycle-type wings, of light alloy, from V. W. Derrington's, to replace the almost-equal-to-the-upholstery-in-offensiveness fenders. (Of the four, only one has maintained its shape, the left rear, and that suffered a savage clawing by a neighborhood hound of doubtful origin which was in hot pursuit of my Siamese cat, which in turn had taken refuge upon my new and previously unshed upon top bag.) So, when the cycle fenders arrive, Cunegonde undergoes a shift of personality. I waited until I'd seen some illustrations of other Lagondas of current vintage, fitted with the open four-seater coachwork, before making the leap. Now, I'm all a-dither for completion. I'm of two minds with regard to what I'll do with the real estate under the coach and between the fenders; I'd like to fit a cover of sorts with louvres, such as appeared on the 2-litre illustrated in the most recent Lagonda  
*(continued on Page 36)*

# BARWICK GARAGE

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magazine. If I trip over the budget, that may have to join the ranks of projects yet to come. And there you almost have it, a few observations about the 16/80. If I can keep my temper and my wits, I'd like to see it all through to ultimate rehabilitation (restoration in the rip-it-all-up-and-slather-it-with-money-school is too much for me, and Cunegonde wouldn't know what to do with all that). Such a challenge; soooooo busy.

PAT HEIGHO.

## DETERIORATING DIPLAGOTIC RELATIONS

by IAN HOWAT

IT WAS IN 1957 THAT I DECIDED TO RETIRE MY bicycle (0.005 h.p.) and buy "Leonora"—a 1935 Lagonda Rapier four seat tourer. I had just started to study medicine and I got a grant from the L.C.C. which meant that although I could not actually run the Lagonda on the N.H.S. it did help. During the first year of ownership I got around to *thinking* of taking Leonora on holiday. In the second year I *prepared* her to take away, but the cost of preparing her caused me to cancel the holiday. I had had her rechromed and a friend had offered to give her a few broadsides from his spray gun, not all of which landed on the target and paint was expensive. The third year I *fixed* all the arrangements to take her on holiday, but a week beforehand Leonora had a stroke which left her with prolapsed big-ends. Following suitable therapy with a new set of big-ends and general reconditioning—you may remember an increase in N.H.S. expenditure about that time—she duly recovered.

This year she *wasn't* prepared for a holiday, and indeed no holiday was arranged, until one evening at the beginning of August a tent, camping gear, lots of thick sweaters and fifteen tins of stewed steak were cast into the back of the car, and all was set for a Bart's medical student, fiancée and yellow Lagonda to go to Scotland the following day. However, at zero hour the next evening the B.B.C. forecast that the weather for Scotland

would be 'very unsettled' (they did relate with rather more accuracy what it *had* been). A snap decision was made; a call at the insurance office produced a 'green card'; the fuel tank was filled—leaving insufficient money to join the A.A.—Leonora's nose was turned about and the Dover road lay before us. Three minutes and 2½ miles later water covered the aero screens, but adhesive tape quickly ligatured a leaking radiator cap.

As dusk gathered Leonora glided into the unbooked car park at Dover car ferry, and after tickets, currency and fuel coupons were sorted out we rested in the car under the stars until 6 a.m. the next morning, when a Mk.VII Jaguar shuffled a little deeper into the gastrium of the Boulogne ferry to make room for Leonora. But at the last minute it was discovered that we had no car identification form, so this was filled in with the quickest of 'examination' scrawls and we just pipped a Volkswagen which was about to take advantage of the delay. Leonora was tucked in, the sky was clear, the sea was calm and 'Fair stood the wind for France'.

Once on French cobbles we headed Leonora's nose southwards to Rouen where a large bottle of lunch was bought for 3 francs. Interest in Leonora was intense from the start and as she could be heard before she was seen, village people would for a brief moment, put down their wine glasses and peer apprehensively wondering what manner of vehicle was approaching, and as Leonora swept by, the growl from her copper exhaust reverberated around the narrow streets, especially when using 5000 revs. in third.

Chartres was reached that night after cruising tentatively at 45 m.p.h., and a corn field provided a suitable camping ground. Next morning however, early evacuation was made necessary by the approach of a large hostile threshing machine.

The weather stayed fine and the car hummed along contentedly at 50/60 m.p.h. to the beautiful city of Orleans, where a ten minute stop to look around its expensive shops and wide cobbled streets was followed by twenty minutes trying to find the way out again. We drove until late at night intending to reach



Limoges, but just outside that city the side lights suddenly extinguished and no cause could be found on examination. After extinguishing three more fuses in the process, we pulled off the road and slept in a wood. It took three hours to find and rectify the fault next morning, a rear light lead had been compressed by the unprecedented weight in the boot against a chassis member and had slowly chafed away.

The road to Toulouse had many straight avenues, and the lines of tall trees, with trunks like columns of a cathedral in misty twilight, converged miles away on the horizon.

Stops at garages exchanged coupons for petrol and allowed our ever increasing number of bottles to be filled with water, mainly for the radiator which had developed idiopathic Polydipsia.

In warm Southern France our diet of stewed steak, French rolls and wine was almost supplanted by grapes from vineyards which spread from Orleans to the Pyrenees, and by orange sized peaches which were borrowed from heavily burdened trees.

Carcassonne was worth the day spent exploring the fairy book walled city, its turrets and pinnacles standing out immense and strong on the hill in defiance of invading enemies of days gone by. Then, on into the Pyrenees between bleak snow capped crags 3,000 ft. high, from which crystal water cascades into tumbling rivers to the pine forests below. At last, the Spanish border; we joined a line of French cars, the French customs recognised the English car—odd I thought—and waved us through, the Spanish did the same—even more odd—and off we purred toward Figueras on a hot dusty road which carved through fields of tall cane and eucalyptus trees. These first impressions of Spain were shattered when, having slowed for a road junction, we were stopped by a motor-cycle ‘policeman’ in green uniform, steel helmet and with pistol, carbine, huge dark glasses and moustacheos twitching in the breeze, who ranted furiously for a full minute in a foreign language, produced an

official looking book and at one page thrust an acromegalic thumb under 250 pesetas and held out a spade-like hand. My response of ‘now just a moment old sport . . .’ was severed by an eruption of strong oaths and further gesticulation, and although I know only two words of Spanish, it appeared I should have stopped at the road junction, and the immediate fine for not doing so was 250 pesetas, thus for the next few moments I used one of my Spanish words interjecting a ‘si’ whenever there was a lull, and sat looking mildly disinterested. Finally exhausted, he copied all the particulars of the car and driver from my documents on to a form in triplicate, made me sign it, gave me a copy and let us go. The only part that I could read instructed the recipient to report to a police station within fifteen days. I drove on wondering whether we might be invited to extend our stay in Spain and muttering ‘these Spanish police can’t scare me’ and thinking ‘but I wish they would stop trying’.

Towards Gerona the road surface changed to a dusty boulder strewn track, which made Leonora’s suspension work like a yoyo. This sort of road contributed much to the driving pleasures all the way to the Costa Brava, the pot holes were such that one went in one day and came out the next, the boulders and stones gave the Lagonda the impression that the fuel tank had been filled with kangaroo juice, and led to Leonora developing an epileptic desire to explore the surrounding countryside. Undue haste in cornering often prompted the doors to wave to people sitting outside cafes, the wheels were affected and I found that I had efficient one wheel braking—that, unfortunately, was the spare. However, one consoling effect was that it shook the deathwatch beetles out of the ash coachwork, although they had been there for such a time that they provided certain adhesive properties that were desirable. But faithfully, Leonora carried us to San Feliu on the Costa Brava, and here we took the narrow winding cliff road to Tossa de Mar. This road is ideal for Lagonda motoring, the innumerable hair-pins provided excellent second gear work up to 5,000 revs, with the Lagonda’s road holding unbeatable, and



rarely did the straights allow 5,000 in third. A Mercedes 220S trying to keep up soon tied himself in a roof knot and was left several bends behind. The scenery along that road is breathtaking with pine woods on one side, and on the other jagged gaping cliffs furrowed into azure Mediterranean 2,000 ft. below like the cogs of a giant timing wheel.

At Tossa, an official camping site provided cheap facilities and we were to find that the cosmopolitan patrons—tourists vastly outnumbered natives in Tossa—appeared never to go out but to entertain themselves within the compound. The next morning, Leonora having completed 900 miles with only one delaying episode was polished up, and a thousand suicidal Spanish flies were cast from her shiny radiator; then I saw it—a slow traumatic haemorrhage from the fuel tank. Chewing gum thrust into the crack, which was undoubtedly due to pot-hole riding, quickly dissolved, soap wasn't much better, so all the water and wine bottles were emptied—the decision to empty the latter took great strength of character for not all of it could be consumed on the spot—and filled with the contents of the fuel tank. A garage was found, and with much pointing and contortion of words they undertook to repair it. It soon became evident however, that they intended to remove the tank, my six words of Spanish—I was improving all the time—did not allow me to impress upon them that the removal of a Lagonda fuel tank is a gargantuan task so I left them to it. That evening I went to collect it and found that they were just finishing the repair—soldered *in situ*—they had learnt one thing about Lagondas. The repairer who was under the car shook it violently to demonstrate the robustness of his work, he learnt another thing about Lagondas for the boot lid with spare wheel crashed down upon his head. At first he could not share the mirth of his colleagues, and my concern was unilateral, however, he was soon grinning with the rest having been assured that there was no Lagonda left in his head. The repair cost 150 pesetas (25s.) and I gave 25 pesetas tip for all the trouble, although I gather it was unnecessary as

Leonora's boot lid had provided the amusement of the week.

I drove Leonora away down the narrow white streets of Tossa and suddenly her ten horses stumbled and pulled no more, two of them were dead and the other eight had Foot and Mouth disease. Examination showed a loose plug lead and no fuel, so many bottles of "wine" were poured into the fuel tank which evoked from bystanders expressions ranging from incredulity to despair, and when I pressed the starter button there was quite a crowd to witness Leonora's prompt response to Spanish Sauternes. Several people asked what was the type of car, and the reply of "Lagonda" in my Spanish accent was unfortunately mistaken for "Langoustine", and tales were told in Spanish bars that night of the yellow lobster car.

The week passed quickly in Tossa, with the sky ever blue, and warm southern stars dispensed with the need for a tent at night. Seafood was cheap and extremely pleasant, but only in one restaurant could we get octopus and then it was by drawing the waiter a picture, the Spanish word for octopus being Poupou. Small bars in the back streets were vibrant late at night, with tempestuous flamenco dancing to intoxicating and contagious rhythms, sometimes accompanied by vocalised moorish nostalgia, such as . . . 'Morada de las mejores herencias, hound dog hombre'.

The next few days were spent in Barcelona, a dusty meticulously squared city with beautiful architecture and earthen hovels almost side by side. The Lagonda caused great interest wherever she went, and all was well under her long yellow bonnet. We left Barcelona intending to drive as fast as possible to Paris, and on arriving at the Spanish border with only two pesetas in our possession there was a little apprehension about that form which should have been handed in to the police. But again we were waved past the frontier without any check, so the fine remained unpaid, and a little celebrating was undertaken on that account after consuming our last tin of stewed steak.



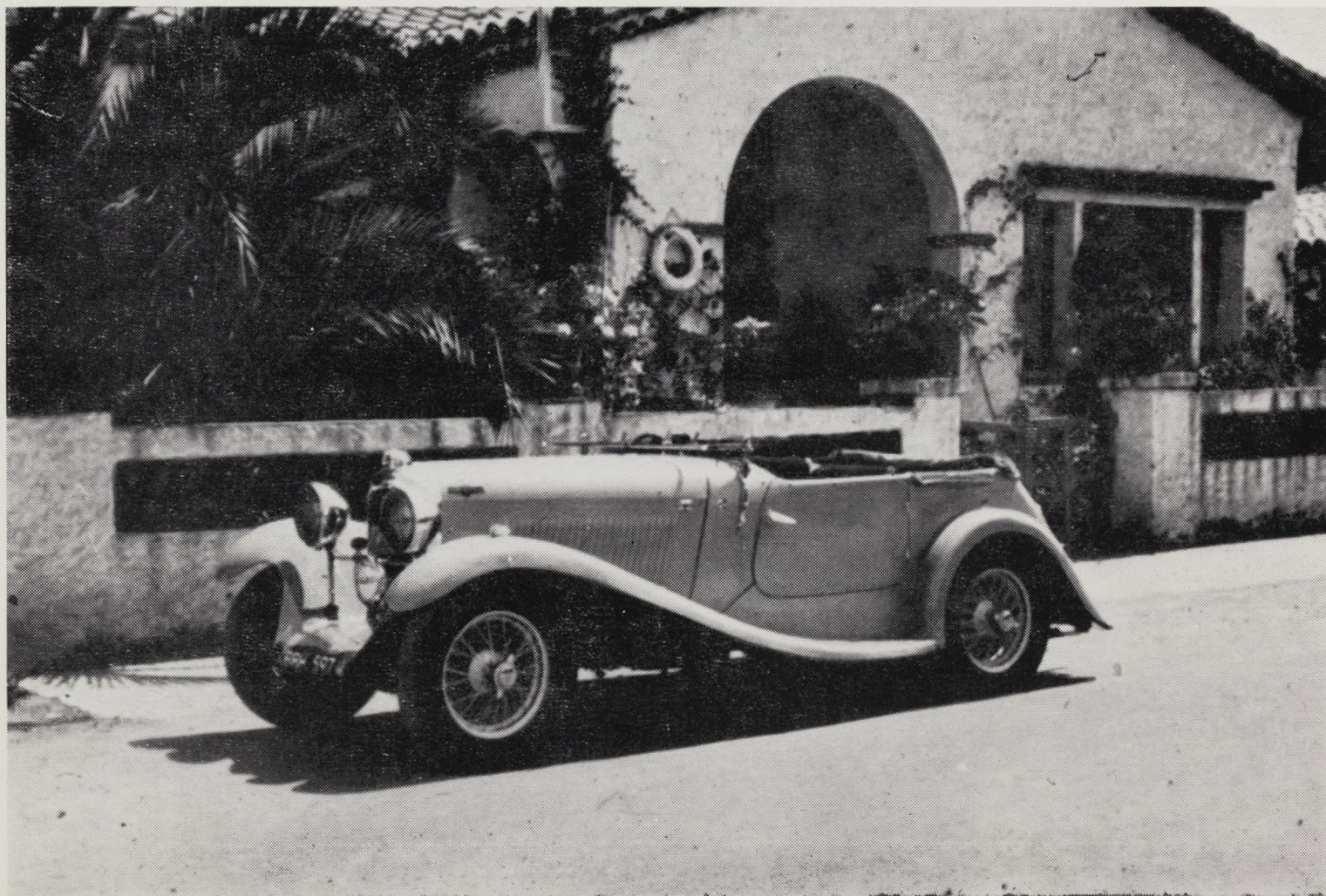
The drive up through Southern France was faultless and Leonora cruised contentedly at 60 mph. The grapes seemed to have ripened considerably during our absence, and they helped to fill the void which on the way out was occupied by stewed steak. 1961 is expected to be a poor year.

In Central France, the fine weather ended, when while driving late at night we ran into a storm, and as we had no windscreen wipers for the large screen, night driving in rain was difficult with aero screens, so refuge was taken in a roadside bus shelter (for passengers not buses) which was just adequate to take Leonora. Farm workers arriving for the early morning bus appeared to resent a yellow Lagonda sitting in their shelter, and as hostilities were threatened, retreat was the obvious course, and the shattering explosion of Leonora's engine in that confined space

will have permanently denuded several fine Frenchmen of their sanity. Progress was slow during the day as it rained continuously and the hood was up for the first time. As the rain decreased, our speed increased and passing through a small village at our customary 5,000 revs in third the hood slipped its catch on one side and veered us towards a cafe scattering the wine sippers and the wine. Fearing retaliation we drove on out of the village, the hood acting as a breaking parachute, and stopped just outside to secure it.

That night Thor's dyspepsia again rumbled amongst the clouds, and a large barn provided cover for ourselves and Lagonda. However, bright sun heralded our entry into Paris the next day where French taxi drivers were

Ian Howatt's Rapier—Costa Brava.





determined to demonstrate their driving skill to us along the Champs-Elysees. At Mountmartre the tourists were more interested in Leonora than in the colourful houses and cafes, and a yellow Lagonda sitting below the Eiffel Tower attracted much attention, from small boys to Paris policemen. A meal at night in Montmartre which disposed of most surplus francs, was followed at 1 a.m. by the start of the drive to Boulogne, but mist and fog slowed us up, and later the driving seat which contained an air cushion, prolapsed suddenly leaving me swinging on the steering wheel. The puncture in the seat was patched, but as the material was twenty-six years old progressive multiple lesions continued to occur until at dawn there were more patches than seat. Then, a little after sun rise I found on attempting to engage top gear, that it had gone for a walk, further exploratory manipulations with the lever indicated that it was not alone in its vagrancy and that the other gears had gone with it. Examination after gliding to a stop, showed a stripped thread on the selector rod, and this was fixed by jamming the thread with tape and screwing on the nut.

An hour later we arrived at Boulogne and had no trouble in getting on the ferry although we were unbooked.

Sad now to relate that Leonora has a new home in North Wales, and her stable is full with a low green beast, which although hatched at Lagondas does not bear the name.

Back in London the mileometer showed Leonora had covered 2,200 miles at 26 m.p.g., and 300 miles per pint of oil without any serious metabolic mishaps. The cost of fuel was the most expensive item—£22. The G.B. may have meant 'Great Britain' going out, but now its 'Gone Broke'.

I keep a careful watch on the post every day, it seems that extradition orders take several months to negotiate, especially from Spain. However, I suppose I could always send them on to North Wales.

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## STOP PRESS

### November Handicap Results

Overall Winner (Night Trial Trophy)—  
K. B. DUCKWORTH, V12, 170.4.

Winner, Class I (Committee Trophy)—  
I. G. SMITH, LG45, 176.2.

Winner, Class II—H. DUCKETT, Austin  
Mini 7, 262.

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