

THE *Lagonda*

No. 52

Summer/Autumn 1965



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 52 Summer/Autumn 1965

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

FRONT COVER: Mr. & Mrs. Johnson Taylor's 1936 L.G.45.

Photo by courtesy of the Eastern Daily Press.

NEWS AND COMMENTS BY THE EDITOR

THE CAR CLUB TROPHY LOST A FEW YEARS AGO HAS now been replaced and the Committee's apologies go to the winners of the trophy during that period who were unable to hold it for their year. The winners were able, as is customary, to retain a replica.

★ ★ ★ ★

TONY OSMAN has the history of the Lagonda under preparation and any contributions, even small scraps of information, would be more than welcome.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our congratulations are extended to Rapier expert JONTHAN ABSON who was married during the summer.

★ ★ ★ ★

The quiz photograph which appeared in the last issue created tremendous interest. *Two* members only troubled to reply, both from the North, and the first card through the letterbox came from

MRS. WYNNE BOOTH. The answers were:

DRIVER—HUGH HOWORTH

CAR —M45 SPECIAL

EVENT —FIRLE HILL CLIMB

(CHRISTOPHER TOMKIN TROPHY)

DATE —1950.

The second reply was from Herb Schofield whose letter indicated that the car in question is undergoing restoration in the hands of some Northern members.

★ ★ ★ ★

I have requests from several members to reprint some articles which appeared in the early magazines concerning the development of the light car by Lagonda. This will be done and I shall be pleased to learn if there are any other articles which have appeared in previous magazines that are of sufficient interest to reprint again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Congratulations from the Club to our Competitions Secretary James Woollard and his wife Sherry on the birth of a second son, Oliver Edward, on 21st June.

1965 CLUB CHRISTMAS CARD

Illustrated on page 12 is Geoffrey Allen's design for the Club's Christmas Card this year. This will prove popular with all Club members so please order early to avoid disappointment from J. W. T. Crocker, 54 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

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NORTHERN NOTES

from Herb Schofield

GENERAL NEWS

Doc. Evans sells his High chassis 2-litre to spend more time with his blown model. David Hine has had the coachwork on his white M45 tourer overhauled and resprayed,—this is now a very lovely car indeed. Herb Schofield's LG45 Rapide is having an engine overhaul and is also being suitably modified (mechanically) with the purpose of obtaining some more b.h.p. Thanks for all the letters from members about the building of our special bodied LG45 which appeared in the last issue of the magazine. The weight which many of you asked is under 26 cwts. This is almost 6 cwts. lighter than the LG45R which was the lightest standard car made at Staines before the war. The performance of our 'special' should therefore be very interesting when we eventually fit her with a good engine.

DENNIS ROBERTS has recently purchased the ex Hugh Howorth 4½ litre special (the car illustrated in the back of the last mag). The engine



"I'm beginning to regret buying you that motor-racing book club subscription!"

fitted is M45 with a compression ratio of 10:1. There is no damper and most of the flywheel has been machined away. The performance must be fantastic except that you probably have to spend more time looking at the rev. counter than the road! We only hope that Dennis realizes the value of his purchase and makes every attempt to put the car on the track.

Sorry to hear that Chris Horridge of Heywood is emigrating to the Bahamas with his family.

Joe Unsworth's rebuilt blown 2-litre should be back on the road by the time you read this magazine as should John Beardow's M45 tourer which has also been restored.

I see that another English Lagonda Club member is advertising his LG45 tourer in an American Motor Magazine.

NORTHERN DRIVING TESTS SATURDAY, JULY 3rd

These were run off in fine weather at Sandtoft Airfield, Thorne, Yorkshire.

The entry list was smaller than usual with some of the more familiar names missing; however we did attract three 'first timers' to our driving test meetings in the shape of Brian Green, with his

attractive 2-litre, Brian Rigg in his rebuilt Short Chassis 2-litre, and Dick Williams all the way from North Wales in his Rapier. Certainly it was a day for Rapiers with James Crocker taking the premier award in his wolf's clothing, Rapier Special, followed by Williams with his standard model. This was a very creditable performance indeed by Williams in his first competitive event, and should encourage other non-competing members to come along next year. Winner of Class I was Alan Brown 2-litre and Class III. Dr. John Turner, V.W.

Unfortunately it was not found possible to have a separate class for 4½-litre and Rapier Specials owing to lack of support.

NORTHERN CARS & FACES

Again a plea is sent out to bashful Northern members to send me full-plate glossy photographs of themselves and car. My last request in the magazine for interesting photographs prompted one Northern joker to send me a photograph of his desirable Low Chassis 2-litre, fortunately or unfortunately the photograph also featured an equally desirable young lady—unclothed!



Henry Coates in his old Special again at the Northern Alvis Day.

Photo: D. Hollinsworth, A.O.C.

SOUTHERN APRIL SOCIAL – APRIL 25th

IF THE WRITER HAD KNOWN AT THE TIME WHEN he decided to give the 16/80 an outing on the Spring Social that he would be “requested” to report on the event which was held in the Herts/Essex area, he most certainly would have stayed at home to watch the telly. However, here goes!

On arrival at the rendezvous point, namely the White Hart at Puckeridge, we found a small group of cars huddled on one corner of the Car Park which we immediately guessed was “our lot” and the occupants making the best of the last few minutes of Sunday licensing hours. Unfortunately we were just too late to join them.

Maurice Leo arrived in “The V-12” much to the delight of all those present and some time was spent inspecting it and the other vehicles present.

Shortly after Arnold Davey handed out the instruction sheets the customary hush fell over the Car Park and all that could be heard was the whispered discussions/arguments between navi-

gators and “others”. However, some agreement was finally reached and one by one the cars moved off (with their occupants of course) on the sixty-odd mile journey, in the hope that they would find answers (of one sort or another) to the eleven questions. Whilst waiting for my navigator to plot our route it was rather disconcerting to note that everyone who moved off before us went in different directions. By the time we were ready to leave there were no alternatives left open so we headed west for a place called Nasty. From there onwards I did not know where we were but my navigator claimed (very politely as there were ladies present) that he did. I do recall stopping to count overhead cables and looking minutely at every church tower we passed to see if it was the one in the photograph Arnold gave us at the start. (Incidentally, Arnold mentioned at the finish—yes we got there!—that he had about forty photos left over and was prepared to part with them at cost price. So anyone who would like a photo of the Church at Barley kindly contact Arnold who will, I am sure, be delighted to hear from them!)

By 5.30 p.m. most of the participants had returned to the White Hart having thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon's run. After a roll call it was found that Maurice had gone missing. Some two hours of valuable drinking time later he arrived saying that having failed to find the Church in the photo on the first lap he had decided to go round again. As he had no odometer on the V-12 he had nothing to lose except another six gallons of propellant. Even then he still did not find the Church!

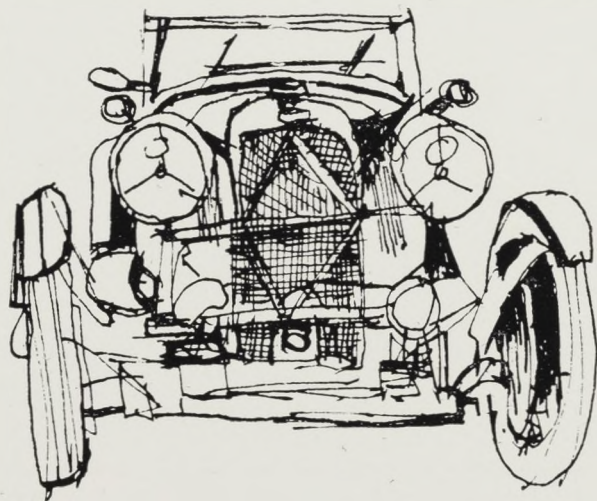
The support for this event was disappointing, only a total of ten cars turned up five of which were Lagondas. The weather kept fine for the whole afternoon and did justice to the time and effort Arnold Davey put into planning a very enjoyable afternoon's motoring in pleasant surroundings. The route and visual clues were not too difficult but at the same time contained just the right amount of spice to make it all very worthwhile.

Only five contestants found the correct answers to all eleven clues and out of these five on mileage there was a dead heat (54 miles) between Michael Jones (Healey Silverstone) and Adrian Whitelegge in his Bentley. Chris Lee with 55.3 miles was placed third driving a 3-litre.

After an afternoon's thirsty work a few stayed on at the White Hart to sample the beer. My navigator and I began to get somewhat alarmed at the number of pennies our wives were demanding and were just about to ration the beer when we discovered that they were playing the Victorian 'Juke Boxes'. Needless to say the tunes are not in the top twenty.

Once again, a sincere vote of thanks to Arnold for all the time and trouble he took in organising a very enjoyable event.

NEIL FRAJBIS



ROMAN ROULETTE AND OTHER GAMES

OVER DESIGNATED "BLACK" DANGER SPOTS ON French highways, 13 helicopters hovered last weekend equipped with doctors and plasma and ready to stop the flow of blood as vacationers swarmed home. In Italy, reports of traffic accidents were filling up to five columns almost daily in Rome's *Il Messaggero*, and madcap Italian drivers scored a record 184 deaths during the Aug. 12 to 24 holiday peak. In Germany where the rate of traffic accidents per vehicle was already five times as great as the U.S., road fatalities were running 30% higher than last year. And even in Britain, where drivers unnerve one another with elaborate courtesy and flapping arm signals that look like the wings of a panicked goose, 81 died in August bank-holiday traffic.

Theory over Practice. The August torrent of vacationers put Europe's motor maniacs on full display. The European driver may appear to be just an exasperated fellow stuck with his underpowered four-cylinder car on an overloaded two-lane highway, but deep down inside he is Ascarl lapping the pack, Rommel leading the tanks, De Gaulle thumbing his nose at the world. Driving is a sport, an intoxication is a release. It is in the blood more than the brain, and spirit means more than skill.

Since Europeans came to affluence later than Americans, most of them first got behind the wheel at a later age. In ten years, the number of autos in England has doubled, and in Germany the car census has grown from 500,000 in 1950 to more than 7,000,000 now. Driving schools are crowded with middle-aged learners. The tests are usually elaborate, but they tend to be more intellectual than practical. The standard French examination, for instance, does not necessarily ensure that a candidate knows how to make a turn from the proper lane, but it sternly requires theoretical answers to such questions as: "What actions does one take when approaching a funeral cortege or a column of soldiers?"*

The French driver is always learning. Once he thinks he has grasped the rudiments, his hands unfreeze from the wheel enough for him to gesticulate and shout freely. Then he learns how to tune up his little car to its top 60 or 70 m.p.h. and hold it there come what may. He advances to understanding the subtleties of the basic traffic

law of *priorité à droite*, which means yielding to the car on the right only if there is no way of bluffing through. Then come more refined arts, such as passing on the crest of a hill.

Educational Honks. The Germans, having established a stable and working democracy, now take their death wish and other peculiar psychological needs out on the highway. Germany still being Germany, there is a hierarchy of cars, so that a Volkswagen has the right to pass a trifling Goggomobil but should never challenge a stately Mercedes. Furthermore, Germans like to play cop to their fellow drivers. Discipline can be instilled, for instance, by an "educational honk" of the horn, and if that is not enough, by a *Deutscher Gruss*, or German greeting, in which the forehead is tapped with the right index finger, suggesting mental derangement in the other fellow.

No one can cut such a *bella figura* or prove himself such a *furbo* (big shot) behind the wheel as the Italian. He passes on the right, double passes on the left, triple parks, turns left from the right-hand lane, lunges at pedestrians, ogles the girls, looks at his handsome self in the mirror, waves his arms wildly and shrieks "*criminali*" and

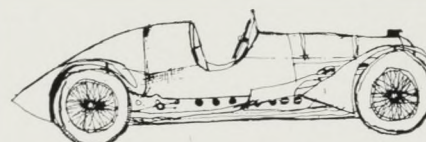
"*bastardi*" at other drivers. He plays Roman roulette, which means hurtling into an intersection without looking to left or right. The one thing he likes better than passing a whole row of cars is passing the car that is passing them.

The only time a European driver behaves is when he visits a neighboring country. Then he is likely to be sane and slow. Naturally. He is scared of all those crazy foreign drivers.

G.N.D.

★ Right answer: "I must reduce my speed, overtake or pass, leaving a wide margin, and always carefully looking out for the movements of the elements of the column; I must never cut through a cortege."

[With apologies to "Time" Magazine from which this is reprinted.]



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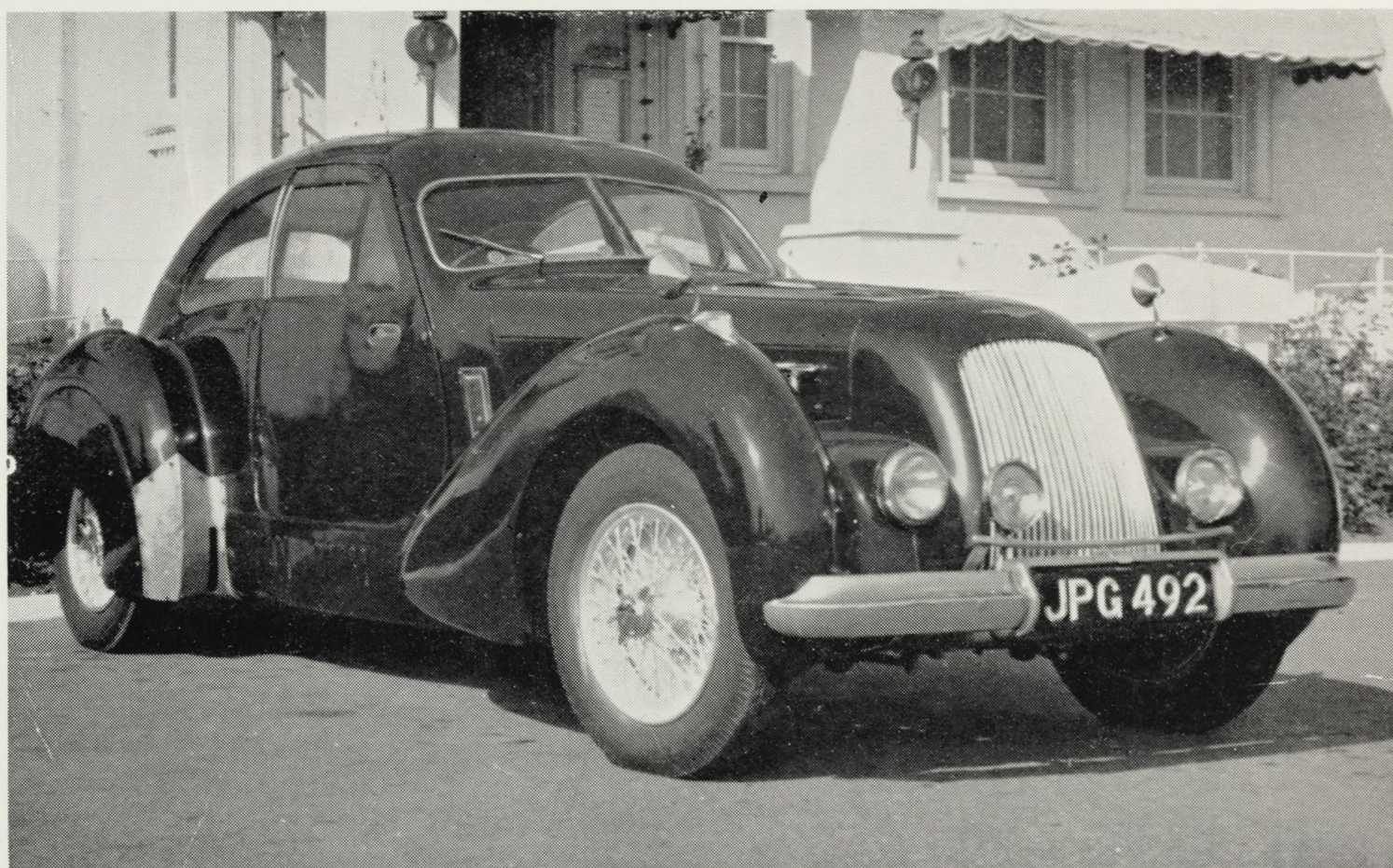
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MIDLAND NOTES

MARK WALKER ASKED, IN THE LAST MAGAZINE, what had become of the special aerodynamic bodied V.12. This photograph of JPG.492 may provide the answer.

The car is in everyday use by Mr. P. Armour-Tandy who is the manager of a restaurant with the exotic name of "Chateau de l'aperitif", Wilford Lane, West Bridgford, Nottingham. The chassis is almost certainly a one-off project (Chassis No. and Engine No.: 14117), and was laid down by W. O. Bentley in 1939 for the specific purpose of attacking the world record for saloon cars at Brooklands. The engine is a Rapide version of the V.12 and has four carburettors. In 1940 the car was bought by Lord Fraser for £3,800.

There can be little doubt that, but for the second world war, this car would have carried the name, and the Company of Lagonda Ltd. to an early position in the world of motoring which was eventually, and very much later achieved by Jaguars in the post-war development race.

The Tri-car

Your Chairman, together with the Midland Secretary, went up to the sale of the Sword collection at East Balgray in Ayrshire, but were unfortunately not able to get the car.

The efforts which were made on behalf of the Club were considerable. James Crocker flew up to Glasgow and yours truly went by car, so that if the weather proved difficult, one of us might get there in spite of it.

James entered the sale-room with justified confidence and a credit of £500, though we were not terribly sure where it was all coming from. Although early bidding was obviously on the high side, and there was an element of hysteria in the air, we hoped there would be small interest in what was after all an obscure car. However, judge our surprise when the bidding for the Lagonda started at £500 and quickly went to £700. The car was finally sold for £720. Very sad indeed; but on reflection one wonders what we should have done with it besides spending a lot more of the Club's money completing it, then drooling over it once a year at the A.G.M.

Midland Meetings

We are all very grateful to Ken Painter of Stafford for organising film shows for us at the Cock Inn, Stableford. Ken's 3½-litre white tourer is a most attractive car, and has kept the flag flying throughout the winter.

Interest is undoubtedly growing in this Section of the Club, and we hear of a number of cars which will be coming to the meetings this season.

C.S.G.

[Editor's Note: These Notes arrived too late to be included in the last issue.]

BLOW THOSE TYRES UP HARDER STILL!

FOLLOWING THE NOTES IN THE SPRING ISSUE GEORGE Purnell must have produced a lot of science, courage or something because at the first v.s.c.c. Silverstone meeting this year he reduced the 2-litre lap record to 1 min. 39.2 sec. To stop people accusing the timekeeper of having a funny watch he went out in a later race and returned 1 min. 37.8 sec.! This is a fantastic time for this model and all congratulations to George.

Just to confuse the record book even more Jonathan Abson really got to work with the Rapier as times of 1 min. 25.4 sec. and 1 min. 24.6 sec. show. True this Rapier is a rather special, near racing model but this does not detract from a wonderful effort and will help silence those critics who say the Rapier is not a true Lagonda.

A couple of new specials also appeared this season—it is always good to see new cars—as for “shake-down” trips they both did very well. The David Hine/Herb Schofield LG45 car is very well turned out and when it is fitted with a proper engine (at present a standard M45 unit is installed) should be a useful means for getting round the circuits quickly. At the end of the v.s.c.c. meeting David produced the fastest lap of 1 min. 34.2 sec. David Mahoney's M45 Special is a bit more down to earth but times of 1 min. 36.8 sec. and 1 min. 35.6 sec. should leave him well pleased and give encouragement to others to have a go. Keep up the good work during the rest of the season.

“FLAREPATH”

$$\left(\frac{1}{2} \ 11.9\right) + \left(\frac{1}{2} \ 11.9\right) = 1 \ 11.9$$

THIS CONCERNS SOME RESTORATION THAT IS BEING carried out in New Zealand by member Ken Oakenfull. He has developed the unusual habit of stumbling across disused Lagonda 11.9s. The first he found nestling in the grass and weeds close to the Harbour Basin at Dunedin some five years ago. It was in a very sad state, not so much a chassis but a way of life.

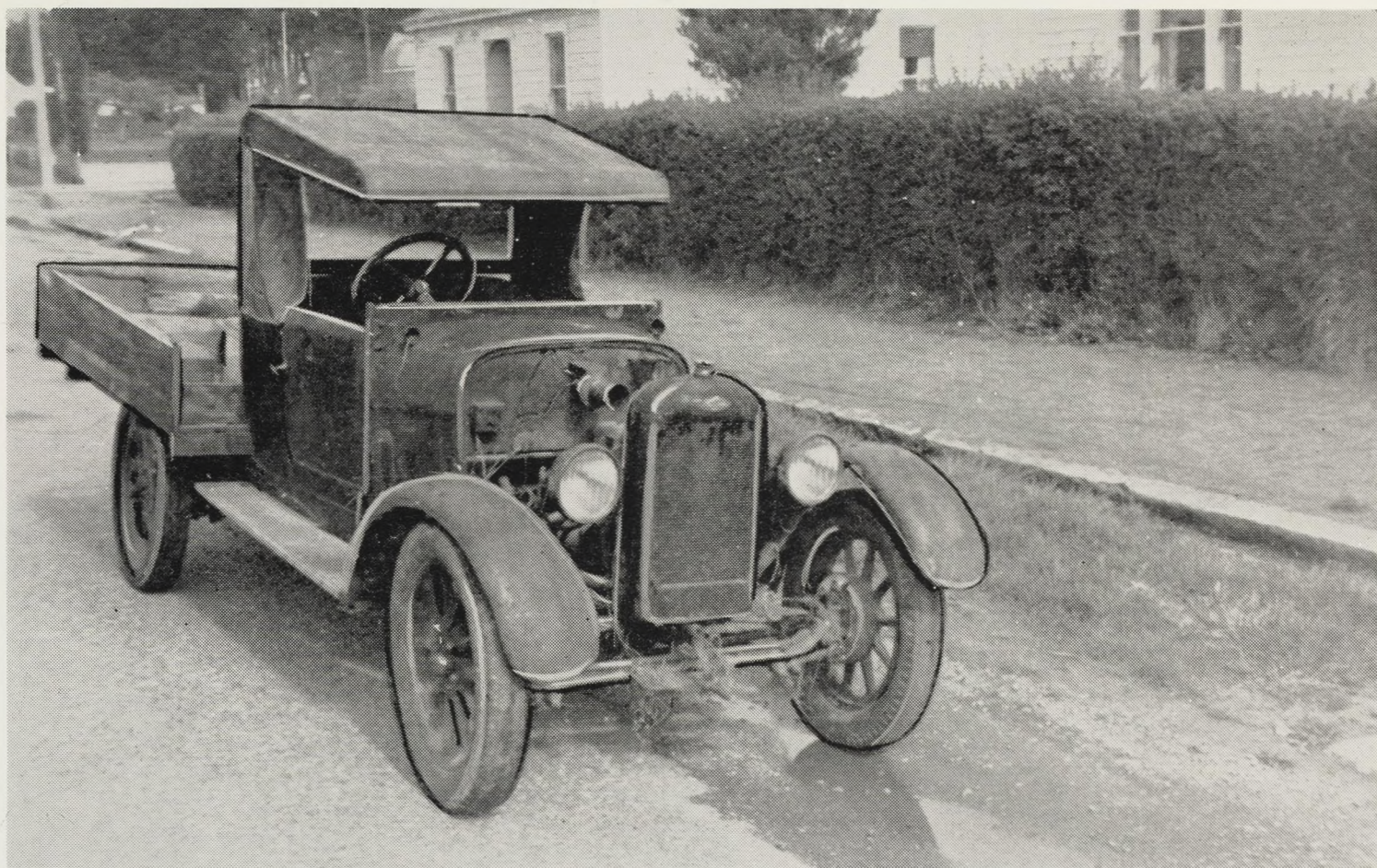
The experience was repeated a year later in 1961 when another 11.9, heavily disguised as a pick-up truck, was discovered behind a service station. The sorry vehicle was purchased and towed to a nearby railway station from where it travelled by rail to Kens home to join the other Lagonda. Here they rested until their new owner was ready to start the restoration work.

Ken stripped both cars down to the chassis and by combining the best parts of both he produced one sound chassis frame. Similarly the best mechanical parts of the cars were pooled to create a whole unit. From a mechanical point of view Ken has quite a number of bits and pieces which he is in the process of putting together. He is suffering from a great drawback of not having any bodywork but he is hoping to create eventually something fairly close to the original. Altogether a very praiseworthy project and we look forward to having news one day that the hybrid 11.9 is again roadworthy.

John W. Grayer

THE CLUB IS SADDENED BY THE DEATH OF Club member John Grayer whose 1930 3-litre tourer was well known especially in the Northern Region. He was 59 years of age and had been for many years headmaster of Milnthorpe Secondary School, Kendal, and was working in this capacity until his sudden death.

An active man with many varied interests he will be greatly missed by all whose pleasure it was to know him.



Lagonda Light Pick-up Truck.

Photo: K. Oakenfull



Both chassis were stripped to this condition.

Photo: K. Oakenfull

COMPETITION NOTES

HALFWAY THROUGH THE SEASON, AND THE CLUB finds itself very active, and, on the whole, very well represented at events both within the club and at invited meetings. One must assume that members prefer to compete in a cool summer as the oil pressure is less likely to drop so alarmingly as on a really hot day!

Dealing with the poorest meetings first, the Southern April Social was for no apparant reason badly attended. This is a great pity as Arnold Davey gave us a very good afternoon's fun which those of us who did turn up thoroughly enjoyed. Surely this lightly competitive, potted type of road rally, with most of the stings taken out, must appeal to a large number of our more gentle members? It should be mentioned that Maurice Leo's appearance in the D.B. V.12 does not necessarily mean that 310 B.H.P. is required to complete the course, but it did add a little colour to the proceedings!

The only other disaster for this year was the newly arranged picnic rally at Woburn Abbey, on July 17th. A handful of stalwarts assembled under a cluster of dripping oak trees to eat their sodden sandwiches and put on a brave face. This assembly point, chosen for the beautiful views all round, only served to warn us in advance that more rain and wind was sweeping across the valley. By 4 o'clock, everyone was soaked and the meeting abandoned. However, thanks to those who did turn up, especially two new members, for whom this was their first taste of club events. Let's hope that next year we shall be more fortunate with the weather.

The Southern Driving Tests 23rd May

This was again a very successful meeting, with 25 out of 26 entrants starting. The location at Turweston airfield, Brackley, seems to be a fairly happy compromise, as seven entries came from the North with several other northern members marshalling. This was a jolly good effort on their part, amply justified, as Roy Paterson took first class award in Class II.

The surprise of the day, needless to say, a very pleasant one, was to find Maurice Leo the overall winner in the D.B. V.12. Hardly the car best suited temperamentally for driving tests one would think, so all the more credit to Maurice for his skill with all those horses!—The F.T.D. usually goes to a modern in Class III, but Mike

Wilby trying very hard in his V.W. fell short of Maurice Leo's time by only point eight of a second! An easy win in Class I went to Harry Gostling in his black and white continental 2-litre with Phil Ridout coming a good second.

Half an hour before the start, the organisers were sitting despondant in the Treasurer's tent, while a torrential storm washed away all their nice chalk marks on the runway, not a competitor in sight. Within ten minutes the sun was again shining and everyone arrived at once, which cheered things up a lot. The rest of the day went off well with the usual pleasant gathering at the "Sun" in the evening.

The Northern Driving Tests 3rd July—from a Southerner's viewpoint.

The writer, having missed attending the C.O.M.C.C. during tests the week before, made a sudden decision to travel North the following Saturday. It was planned that Londoners Gostling and Dickson should travel via Woburn Sands and continue in convoy with Woollard and Hartop. Wilby and Crocker were going straight to Grantham, where we all arranged to meet at

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11.30 a.m. for coffee. All went as planned except that it took the 2-litres rather longer to reach Grantham, so coffee was forsaken and we all pressed on to Bawtry for stronger stuff. Sandtoft airfield must be nearly 20 miles beyond Bawtry it always seems to take a long while to get there. However, Herb Schofield had delayed the start until 2.30 p.m., which gave us all plenty of time for lunch, walking through the tests and all that. The tests were quite fiendish and tortuous, just as they should be. Although we started quite late, the whole meeting ran so smoothly, that we were all finished and back at Bawtry by opening time. The provisional results declared James Crocker as the outright winner in his very neatly prepared new Rapier. After a refreshing interlude, Crocker, Hartop and Woollard, each having parental duties to return to, left the bachelors gay to a night of revelry(?) and set off back southwards. The Rapier and 2-litre made good travelling companions on the homeward trip, with only one stop on the way to take in a plateful of Chinese nosh. The only other thing worthy of comment was the incredibly cold night as we

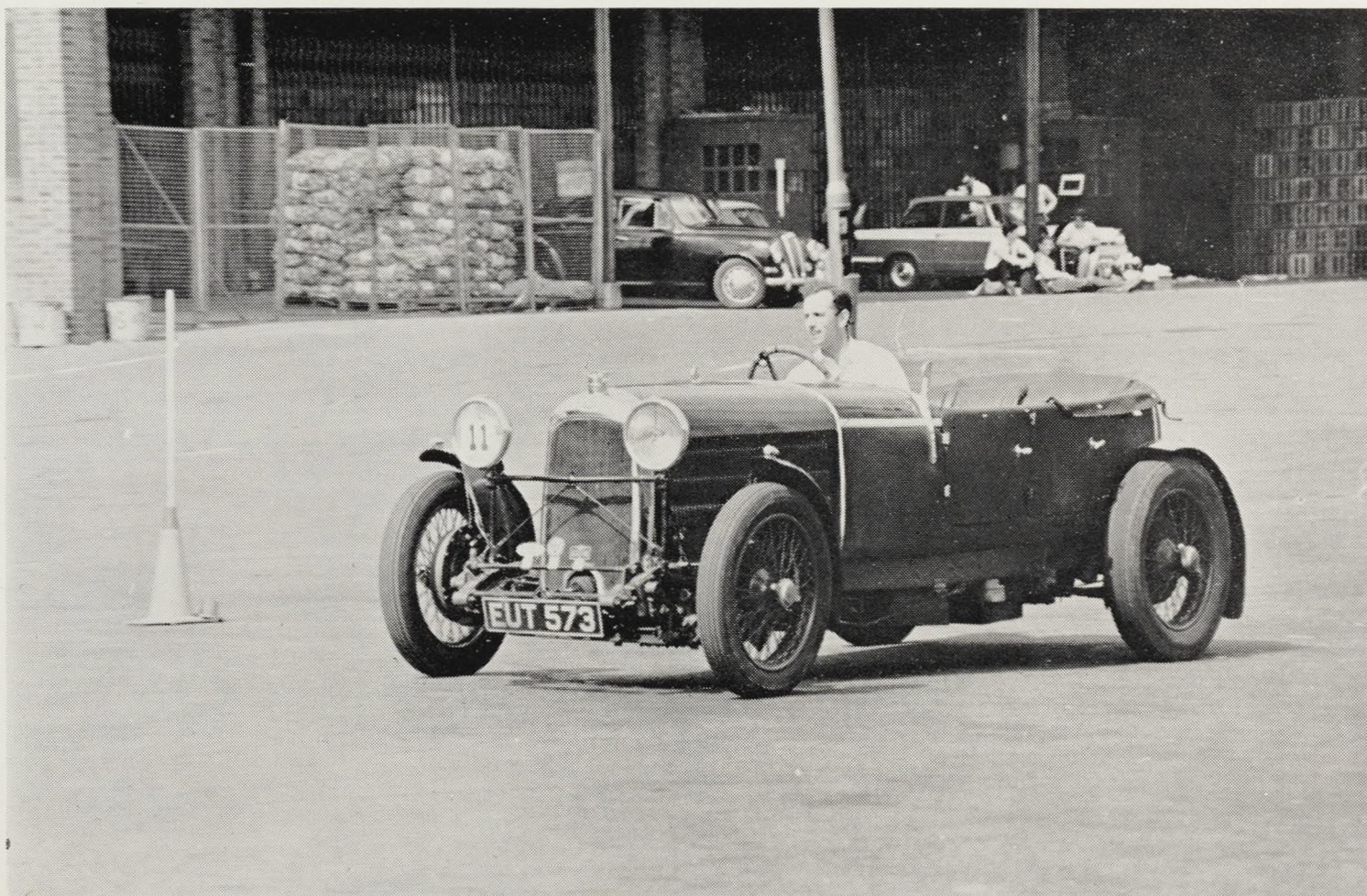
got further south, the last 20 miles being covered in dense fog, with temperatures near freezing point. An unusual hazard for early July!

C.O.M.C.C. Driving Tests 27th June

Three teams of Lagondas were entered for this event, held at Brentford Market, Chiswick. The 2-litre team was made up of Bugler, Leo and Gostling, the Rapier team of Wood, Organ and Westall. The 4½-litres of Dickson and Roberts were a man short at the last moment, but ran anyway as independent entries. No results are through to date but the club certainly put up a very good show, and it is to be hoped we carried away some of the awards.

The V.S.C.C. Oulton Park race meeting in June was also well attended, but without any notable success. Jonathan Abson ran out of petrol at the wrong moment, Crocker's Rapier didn't go very well; Schofield and Hine had some more practice with their new 4½ special, while Edwards and Doc. Young came all the way from Cornwall and Devon respectively! (who says enthusiasm is dying?).

J.C.W.



Colin Bugler and 2-litre at the C.O.M.C.C. Meeting.

Photo: A. Davey



The Club's Christmas Card. Please refer to page 2 for full details.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

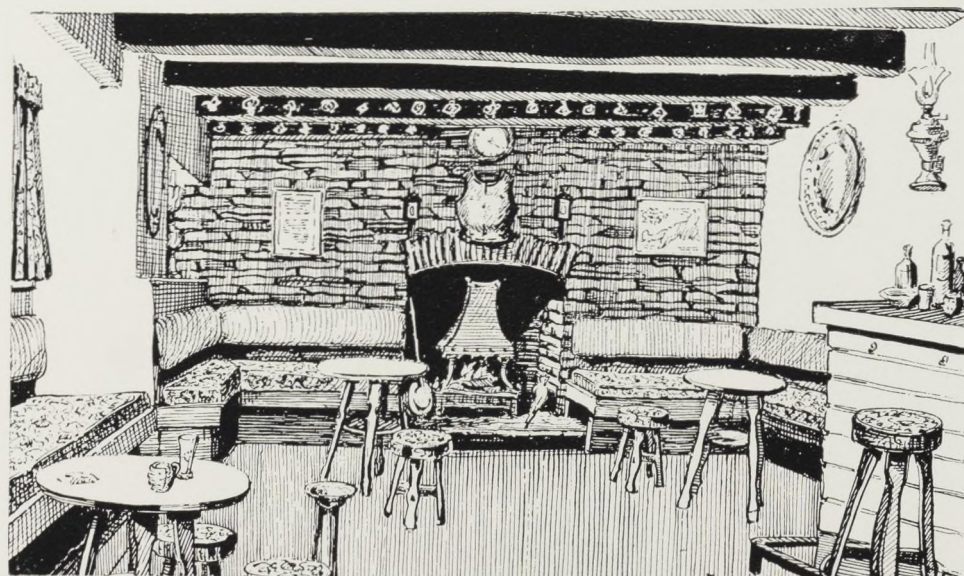
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NORTHERN CARS AND FACES No. 5

Roy Paterson

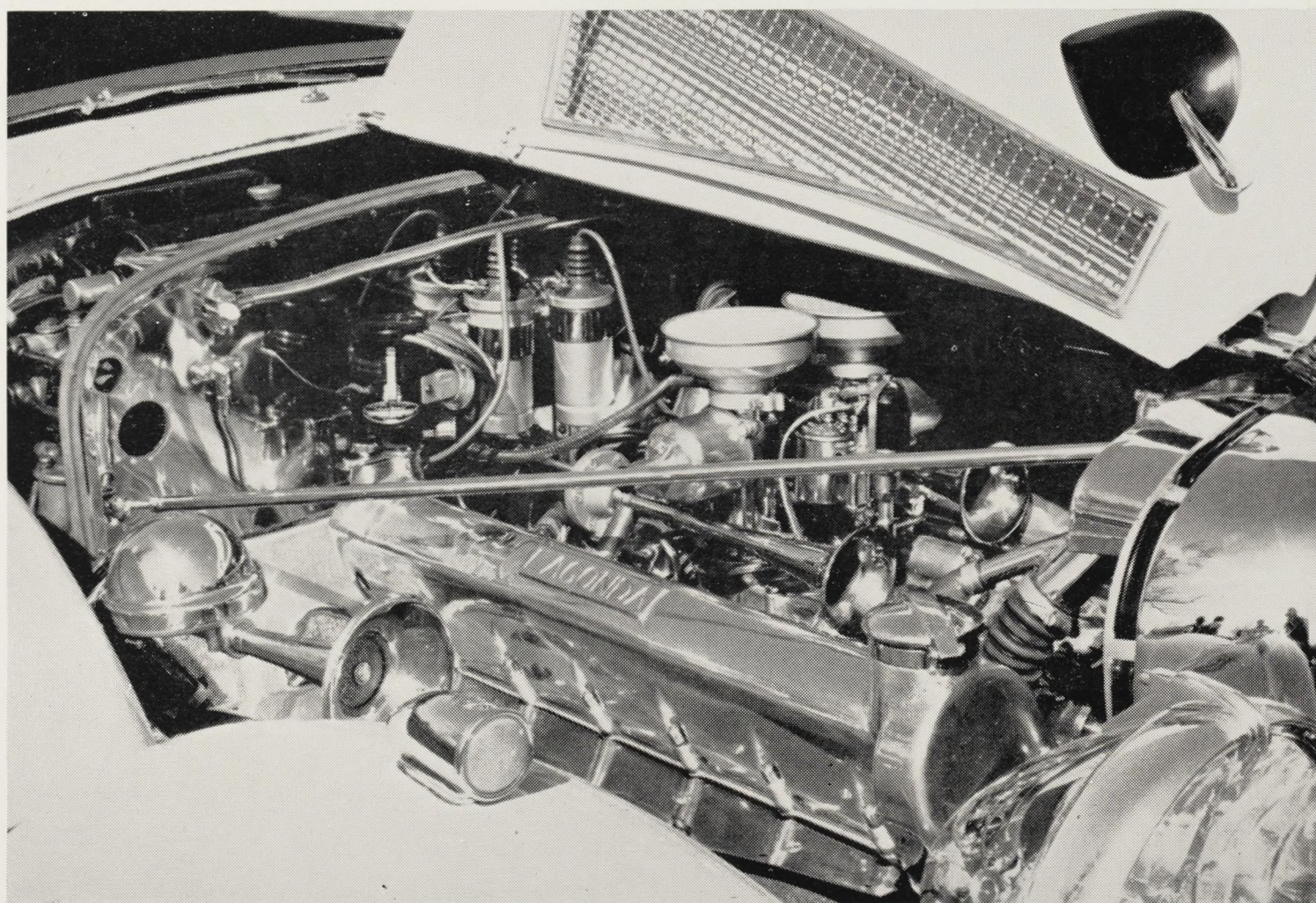
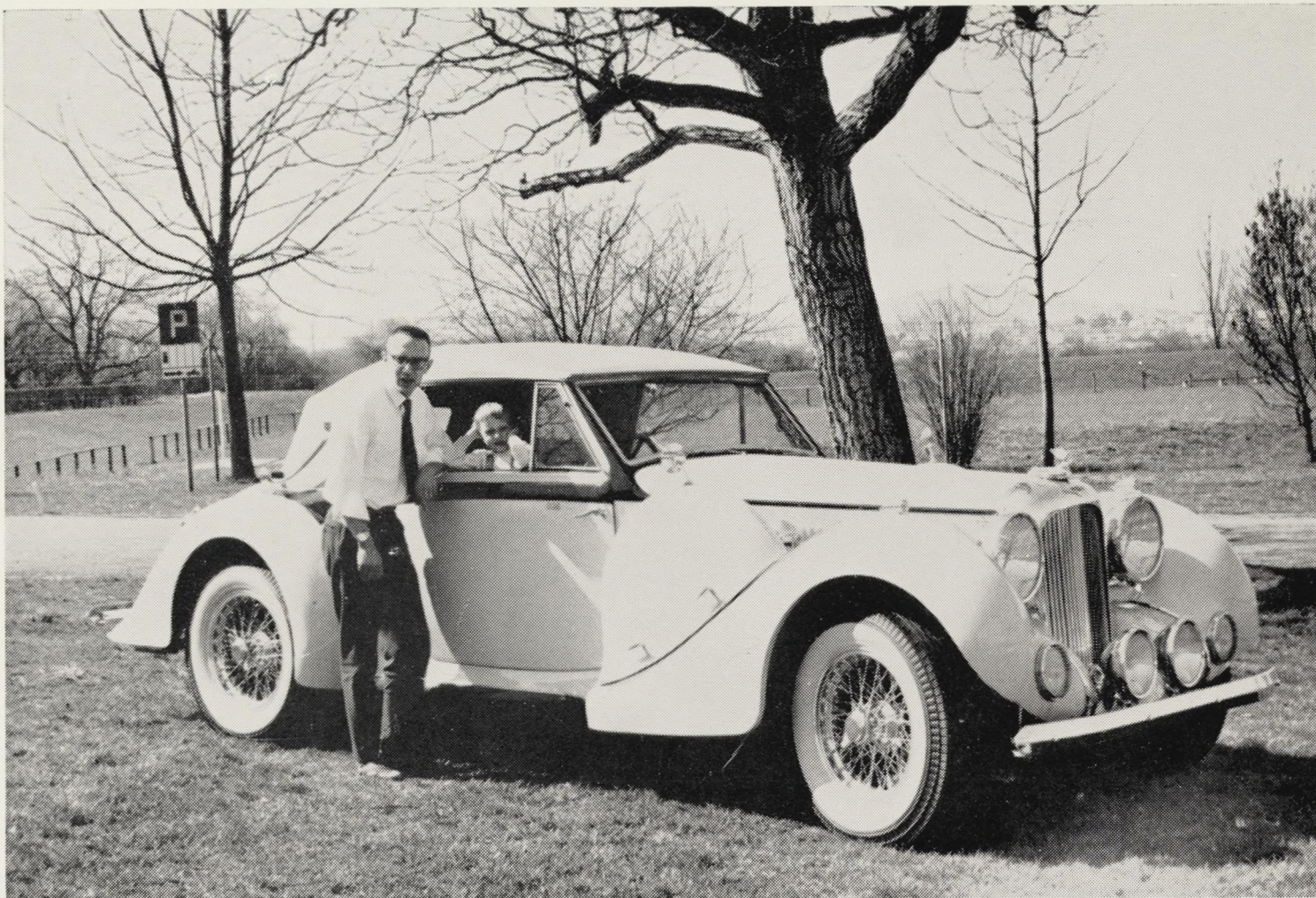
1951 the year he bought his first vintage car. This led to being advised to introduce himself to Mr. Henry Coates, described as “enthusiastic and knowledgeable,” (with which I am certain all must agree), and he was forthwith proposed for the VSCC, co-opted to marshalling for our Club, and invited to local meetings. For several years had a succession of other vintage cars for everyday family motoring.

In 1959, on the spur of the moment, acquired a unique M45 tourer with large deep and comfortable Lagonda coachwork, and so became a Lagonda Club member at last.

Last year found him able to have a two-seater instead of a family-sized model, and he considers himself extremely fortunate to have had the chance of taking over Henry’s well-known special. Is still highly delighted with it.

For the (distant) future? Would settle for another special—combining the performance and comfort of the 4½ with the parkability and consumption of the Rapier!

(Photo: Frank Holmes, H.P.S., B.R.S.C.C.)

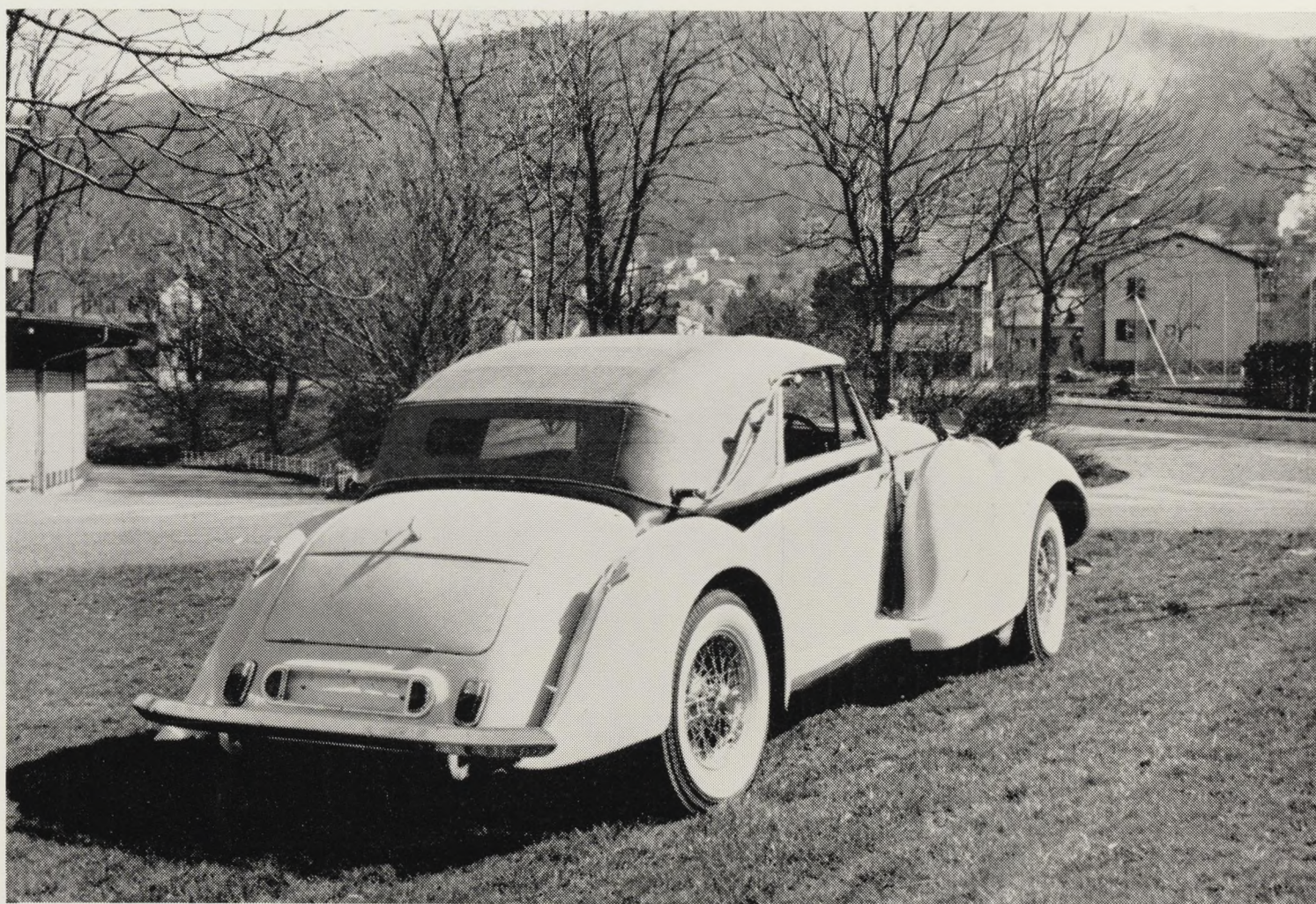


LAGONDA REBORN

A pre-war V12 model now assuming a new lease of life in Switzerland

During 1962 DIETER MARX came to England on a visit from his home in Switzerland. He was very interested in getting a pre-war V12 Lagonda. Finding one in not very good condition he thought it worthwhile buying in order to restore it. Mr. Marx spent most of 1963 completely overhauling the car during which he noted from small details on the bodywork that it had apparently been assembled after the war. From club records this V12 was an entry in the 1950 Monte Carlo Rally when it finished 20th. (Its English registration was LUN 596.)

The photographs on these pages show what a splendid car Mr. Marx now has after hard and careful restoration work and he reports that it is in daily use.



NEW **DISCOL** —now better than ever!

Petrol's first cost is only one, and should not be the main consideration. *What about* immediate starting in winter and summer—*What about* miles run per gallon—*What about* engine maintenance, clean plugs, avoidance of valve burning, general reduction of engine carbon—*What about* guarding against carburettor icing, a little understood phenomenon, and not least, *what about* having your engine's maximum performance available when you most need it!

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London to Lands End
VIA
Ben Nevis & Snowdon

It is indeed a compliment to receive a letter from someone on holiday. We were therefore proud for more reasons than one to hear from the owner of a 3-litre Lagonda on tour in Cornwall. Fulsome praises for his machine are followed by laments at being unable, on the whole journey from London to Land's End, to find one hill really to try the car's capacity. He should have gone via Ben Nevis or Snowdon. Though even then he might have succeeded in climbing both. Then, like Alexander, he would have had to weep for fresh hills to conquer.

Dunlop tyres, Cerric finish and Acetex Safety Glass standard to the All-British Lagonda. LAGONDA Ltd., STAINES, MIDDLESEX.

LAGONDA

CVS 34

A Lagonda Company advertisement that appeared in the "Motor", November 18, 1930.

Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of that Journal.

A 4½-LITRE RIDES AGAIN

ALMOST FOUR YEARS AGO IN A LONELY FIELD IN Dorset, 26-year-old Vic Adcock of Bethnal Green, London saw a derelict car . . . a 1935 4½-litre Lagonda.

Now Vic, a printer by occupation can boast of having virtually rebuilt the sports/saloon car. And this model is probably the only one registered in East London.

When the car was first guided into a Bethnal Green courtyard, neighbours thought Vic had set himself too big a problem, as he himself admits he was comparatively a novice at rebuilding. The "throughbred" was not much more than a hulk and the past 11 hours had been spent at the wheel, being towed all the way from Poole.

East Londoners told him, "You'll never get that going mate". But the enthusiast was to prove them wrong . . . and how!

The shining beauty which cost a mere £75 to buy—but cost £400 to put right—got back on the road this month.

Rebuilding the car set Mr. Adcock many problems. First of all the pillars were non-existent; so too was the front axle . . . the engine was useless (a Perkins diesel unit). To obtain spare parts and an engine, Vic travelled all over

the country. Sometimes the journeys were fruitless. A trip to Glasgow was one of many disappointments.

Yet an engine was obtained for £40 at Huddersfield. "I hired a van and travelled up overnight. The owner and I haggled over the price for hours, but we finally got it", said Vic.

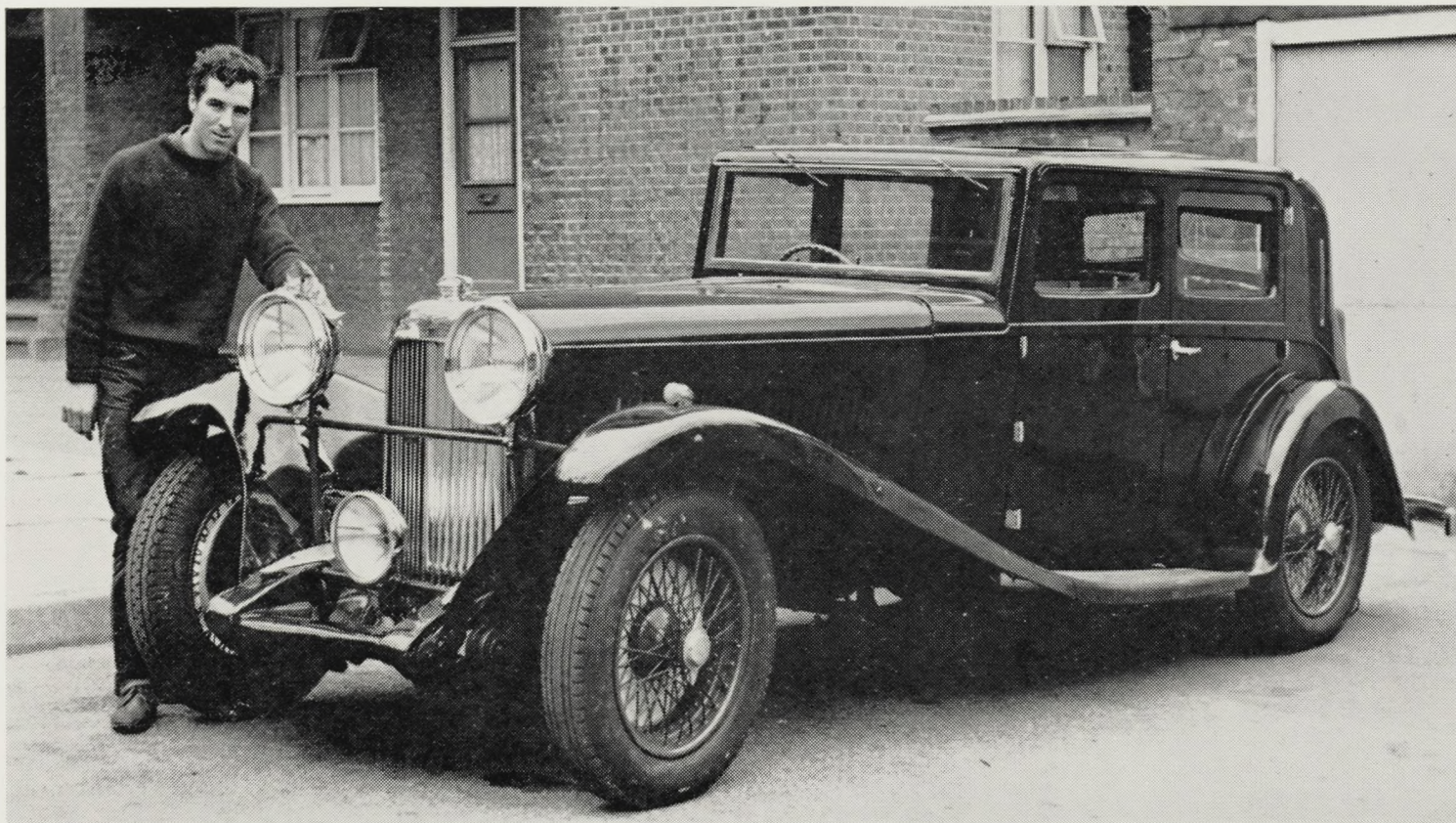
Hours, days, weeks and months rolled by. Work was speeded up when Vic obtained the services of his friend Vic Carroll of West Ham, a fellow Lag owner. The team worked like demons; gradually the pace became faster and a Lagonda was being re-born.

The original engine was disposed of and a '38 six-cylinder with "head" designed by the renowned Mr. W. O. Bentley himself, was hoisted into place. This re-housing job, which took some days to accomplish was very difficult. The line-up of the clutch and gear box with the engine needed careful planning and concentration.

Yet with technical data supplied by Mr. Ivan Forshaw, problems were quickly solved.

Seats were re-upholstered by craftsmen at Ilford, and Vic's father, a re-production chair-maker "helped me with all the wood wheelarches and door pillars". Vic himself, was meantime even taking parts into the kitchen—much to his mother's dismay.

Carburettors were overhauled . . . new door



Proud owner . . . fine car.

Photo: K. Newman

panels bought . . . wheels re-built. The general public, by this time, were beginning to take notice of the work. People going to the nearby Petticoat Lane on Sundays would pause and stare in wonder. "We used to get the regulars and many of them were genuine admirers", reflects Vic.

To give the club member some idea of the expense entailed on this particular project, over £25 was spent on nuts and bolts alone!

And so the five nights a week toil came to a close recently—when the respraying was finished. "I had never done spray work before and I thought there could be some bad moments. But I looked up the paint book manuals, studied them and hoped for the best in the finish".

The result is incredible when one considers the lack of experience of the two men. Finished in a shade of burgundy, the overall picture is of a "rich man's car" look. Getting a car in such poor shape into condition again has been no easy task. It has taken time, money and working in all climatic conditions. Vic readily admits that he would think twice about engaging on another renovation exercise. What are his feelings about the four years of sweat. His is simple philosophy: "I look on it as having saved a number plate".

N. R. GANSELL.

BORDER RALLY

13th JUNE

NEW LIFE WAS INJECTED INTO THIS ANNUAL event this year when Robin Colquhoun graciously consented to set out the course. The news quickly got around and entries were received from all quarters, Henry Coates and Viv. Harrison came up from Hull and although I don't think he actually HAD to resign from the medical service 'Doc' Turner got the message, took the week-end off and came all the way from Skipton. Pity his L.G.45 didn't entirely agree with him on the subject but we are all very pleased that he went home again and got his Volkswagen and competed anyway—Very nearly won too!!

There was quite a selection of Lagondas although for the first time ever not a single Rapier—It looks as if Elliot Elder and his contingent of Rapier experts are all changing over to big Lagondas now that he and John Abson have proved that the little Rapier can do

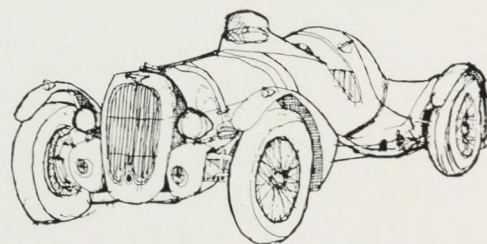
a lap at Silverstone faster than the four and a halves.

The Rally was a great success and J. S. Broadbank did well to carve out a decisive win for himself in the L.G.6 without any assistance from Meadows, James Crerar was also using a diesel engine in his L.G.45. This one by Gardner, and a very impressive sight under the L.G.45 bonnet.

W. H. Golding who is doing an extensive refit on his 2-litre brought a Vauxhall to Cornhill and proved to be the winner of the novices award.

To my dying day I shall regret not being able to supply the answer "DUKES STRIP" to the question "Are there frolics in the woods to be another attraction in our stately homes?"

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Open 12.30-2.30 pm and 7.30 pm-midnight.
Closed Wednesdays.

THE KNOWN HISTORY OF THE GUNN FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES

TO UNEARTH FACTS ABOUT A FAMILY WHO LIVED over a half century ago is a formidable task; and when, as far as is known, there are no living descendants, the problems are multiplied. However, two men have been found who now live in Springfield, Ohio, USA, who personally knew the Gunn family. They are Mr. William W. Kiefer, Attorney-at-Law, as well as President of the Clark County Historical Society. Mr. Kiefer was a close friend of the Gunn family and knew the two Gunn boys when they were children together. The second is Mr. Walter T. Hamilton, who is now President of The Airetool Manufacturing Company of Springfield, Ohio, who manufacture tube cleaners, expanders, pneumatic hand tools. He was associated with the Lagonda Manufacturing Company. He knew Mr. John W. Gunn, the father, and Mrs. H. S. Bradley, the daughter, as well as Marjorie—Wilbur Gunn's daughter. Much of the following account has been made possible through their knowledge and generous assistance.

The Gunn family appear to have moved to Springfield, Ohio from Lexington, Kentucky about 1863 or 1864. Inquiries have been made to the City of Lexington, but their records can shed no light on the family. Mr. J. W. Gunn, the father, was a Methodist minister who is said to have been a circuit rider in Lexington but who, according to Mr. Kiefer, was retired and not active after he moved to Springfield, Ohio. At one time he operated a book store in Springfield. They lived on the southeast corner of Limestone Street and Clifton Street (now Selma Road) and the house is still standing in good condition as shown in the accompanying photograph.

The Gunns had three children: Nannie, Wilbur and Newton. Nannie was the oldest and it is believed that she was born about 1855. Wilbur was born about 1860, apparently before the family moved to Springfield. Newton, the youngest child, was born on September 3, 1867 and his birth is recorded in the records at Springfield, Ohio.

Nannie married Mr. H. S. Bradley of Springfield, Ohio. On July 18, 1902 the Lagonda Manufacturing Company was formed under charter 81546. The incorporators were H. S.

Bradly, H. F. Weinland, J. W. Gunn, C. D. Pence and Baldwin McGrew.

Mr. Bradley was one-third owner and President and his father-in-law, Reverend J. W. Gunn was also one third owner with Mr. Weinland the remaining one third owner. From Mr. Hamilton's knowledge, Mr. Bradley was the business man-promotor. Mr. Gunn, eventually the Treasurer of the company, appeared to have had no technical or business experience and worked in the shipping department only. Mr. Weinland was a mechanical engineer having previously been chief engineer for the International Harvester Company. He was the person in the organization who had technical knowledge. This Company produced mechanical tube cleaning equipment for cleaning tubes of steam boilers and other heat exchanger equipment. They also produced steam valves, grease extractors and strainers. The original factory was located on Washington Street, Springfield, Ohio but has since been torn down.

Mr. Walter T. Hamilton went to work for the Lagonda Manufacturing Company in 1903, a year after it was founded.

The Lagonda Manufacturing Company prospered and remained in business until April 28, 1916. At that time, having lost its patents, it was decided to close down the business. The Elliott Manufacturing Company, being interested in acquiring the Lagonda plant and using their name, arranged to have the July 1902 corporation change their name to the Belmont Machinery Company which was subsequently dissolved on May 18, 1916. Simultaneously on April 28, 1916, a new corporation called the Lagonda Manufacturing Company was formed by representatives of the Elliott Company. The Elliott Manufacturing Company is still in existence now located at 1809 Sheridan Street, Springfield, Ohio. This concern is now a division of Carrier Corporation and has plants in Jeannette and Ridgeway, Pennsylvania and Newark, New Jersey. The Springfield, Ohio plant continued to use the name "Lagonda Manufacturing Company" until February 27, 1936 when that corporate name was dissolved and the business became known, as it is today, "The Lagonda Plant—A Subsidiary of the Elliott Company".

Mr. Hamilton knows that Wilbur Gunn was never connected with this Company which is borne out by the fact that Wilbur moved to

England several years before the (American) Lagonda Manufacturing Company was formed.

Wilbur Gunn was well known to Mr. Kiefer from their earliest childhood as their families were close neighbours. However, after they grew up their paths separated and they saw less of each other. As far as Mr. Kiefer recalls, Wilbur had only a common schooling and probably high school training. While it is not known where he studied music, he gained quite a reputation as a singer and did concert work in America. Mr. Kiefer has no knowledge whatsoever of Wilbur's interest or training in mechanical knowledge.

Volume 12, page 352 of the records of marriages in Springfield, Ohio reveals that on July 23, 1885 Wilbur Gunn was married to Bertha J. Meyers. The ceremony was performed by J. W. Gunn "A minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church". The Probate Court of Clark County, Springfield, Ohio, has advised that on July 24, 1898 Wilbur Gunn was divorced from Bertha J. Gunn, nee Meyers. It must have been about this time that Wilbur Gunn emigrated to England. Mr. Hamilton writes "I believe you are acquainted with the fact that the Bradleys raised Wilbur Gunn's daughter, Miss Marjorie Gunn. I don't know whether the Bradleys adopted Majorie but I am inclined to think they did". She lived with the Bradleys until they died at which time she moved to New York City and her whereabouts have been lost.

Newton Gunn, the younger son was interested in a concern called "Gunn-Richards Company" of New York City. This Company was engaged in the systematizing of businesses and Newton appears to have managed a branch of the business in Springfield, Ohio. About 1917 he is said to have systematized the business of the United States Rubber Company and apparently did such a good job that he became acting president of that company for a time. He died in the 1930's and left two daughters who resided in New York City or New Jersey. Their married names and whereabouts are now unknown.

To get back to Wilbur, it could be assumed that his separation from his wife and his interest in continuing his singing in Europe accounted for his move to England. At any rate Mr. Kiefer never knew of him being in any business in this country before going to England and he was never connected in any way with the Lagonda Manufacturing Company in America. Mr.

Hamilton who knew Reverend John and Newton Gunn quite well recalled that both men had lots of personality, were good talkers and could sell themselves and their ideas. He stated that today we would call them successful promoters. Whether this personality trait was also true of Wilbur is not known as Mr. Hamilton met the Gunn family after Wilbur had moved away. However, history is full of successful manufacturers who were much more promoters, business organizers and salesmen than outstanding mechanical wizards. In America, Walter Durant and Walter Chrysler both fall into this category.

While there appears to have been absolutely no connection between the English and American Lagonda Manufacturing Companies, Mr. Hamilton recalls that on a trip to New York City many years ago he saw an advertisement for the Lagonda car painted on a shop door. This building was located behind the old Taft Hotel but has since been torn down. This is the only early knowledge that Mr. Hamilton has of the existence of the Lagonda Company of England.

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TECHNICAL NOTES

by Ivan Forshaw

Gearbox and Rear Axle Lubrication

THIS REQUIRES VERY CAREFUL ATTENTION. MOST of these assemblies were originally set up on Castrol R or Speedwell White Ideal; these are vegetable oils, products of the castor oil plant, and *will not mix* with normal mineral oils; to introduce the two together into the same assembly is to invite disaster; there is no doubt that a great deal of damage has been done in this way in the past, by indiscriminate topping up or oil changing, particularly when the work has been left to a garage where the problem is not understood. A change-over from oil of one base to that of another is not as straightforward as it would appear, since good solvents for vegetable oils are difficult to find and normal flushing methods are therefore not sufficiently effective. My advice is that you should identify with care the base of the oil at present in possession and *continue to use* oil of that base; the only really safe alternative would be to strip the assembly completely, and thoroughly clean all individual parts before setting up again with oil of the base it was then intended to use, and this is not normally practicable. Castor oil is readily identifiable by its distinctive smell and sticky consistency, and by its unfamiliar appearance—almost colourless when new. Castrol R is still available to order, at almost double the price of ordinary mineral oils, and in fact is held in stock at many motorcycle depots. It is doubtful if it has any advantages or virtues not now possessed by the modern extra pressure gear oils.

In mineral oils any good brand of gear oil of SAE 90 rating will be suitable for the gearbox, and SAE 140 for the rear axle. Castrol Hi-Press, Shell E.P., Mobiloil E.P., or Esso Expee.

Messrs. Wakefields do, in fact, make what they describe as a Special Flushing Oil for use in evacuating Castrol R, and this should be available to order from any garage. I have no personal knowledge of its effectiveness, and would be inclined to discourage its use because of the rubbery and almost varnish-like deposits left by vegetable oils in use over long periods, and which it would seem impossible for any flushing oil to dispose of. Should it be necessary to use this flushing oil in an emergency, or in case of doubt

concerning oils now in use, I would without prejudice suggest the following procedure:

1. Drain the assembly or assemblies after a longish run, when the oil is warm and fluid.
2. Jack up the rear axle, and block it up securely.
3. Fill the assemblies to level with hot flushing oil as above. Run the engine for a few minutes, engaging the gear variously the while. Drain off the flushing oil, and repeat the above procedure if thought advisable.
4. Fill to level with Castrol Hi-Press or other mineral oil of correct rating as above. Drain when hot at 500 miles, and refill with new oil.

GEARBOX AND REAR AXLE OIL CHANGES SHOULD BE MADE CONSCIENTIOUSLY AT 5,000 MILE INTERVALS. IT IS CHEAPER IN THE LONG RUN.

STOP PRESS. FOR SALE—1937 LG.45 Saloon de Ville. Engine good, gearbox and rear axle fair. Spare valve, springs and piston. Apply NICHOLAS KINDERSLEY, BISHAM COTTAGE, MARLOW, BUCKS.

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GO WEST! YOUNG (?) LAGONDA, GO WEST!

"WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES!"

Said the man in the well-tailored suit as I walked towards him down the gangplank of the *Queen Elizabeth* early last September. Somewhere in the vast, looming black hull behind me lurked DFG 698, two litre Lagonda, 1930 vintage. The place was New York and the crisp American was a representative from the philanthropic Foundation that was financing my visit to the University of California. "I do hope you had a good trip. I'm afraid that you've got almost as far to go before you reach San Francisco and your university, as you have come from London. Perhaps we could work out your travel arrangements as soon as we get to my office. You don't want to be late arriving at the university of California, do you? Have you any preference between air or train travel for crossing the continent?"

"Well, actually I've been planning on driving across." I admitted.

The competent-looking American looked a little less competent and a little taken aback. But he recovered well.

"Oh are you planning on buying one of our over-size vehicles. Your English licence is valid in most States; perhaps we can help you choose a suitable car."

Looking past my companion's head I could see that DFG 698 was slowly emerging from the cargo space of the *Queen Elizabeth*, hanging from the end of an enormous dock-crane. The Lagonda dangled there, caught for one moment like some ungainly spider. She looked strangely monstrous, black and green with the sun glinting off the Lucas headlights.

"Well . . ." I ventured hesitantly, "I brought a car over with me, which I'm planning to drive across country. There it is now in the crane slings."

The calm, efficient American turned and squinted upward. There was a moment of horror-struck disbelief before his poise crumbled.

"Why weren't we weren't we warned about his? Why weren't we warned about this?" He muttered to himself again and again.

But one person who did have notice of my arrival was Bob Crane, the Club's American representative. It had been a thoroughly heart-warming experience on the evening before the

ship docked to be handed a telegram from Bob inviting me to stay with him and Mrs. Crane. At their fine home in Sparta, New Jersey, Bob and I messed about preparing the Lag's luggage-carrying fittings, eventually lashing one trunk to the running board in the style of Charlie Chaplin's *Gold Rush* days. In another corner of the garage, Bob's splendid V-12 regarded the proceedings with supercilious detachment.

Two days late and fortified by one of Mrs. Crane's gargantuan breakfasts, I turned the nose of the Lagonda westward and set out on the 3,000 or so miles between Sparta and San Francisco.

Somewhere someone said that the Lagonda is a splendid touring, not a town carriage nor yet a racer. How right he was. The 2-litre purred its way along the turnpikes, attracting startled glances and some ribald comments ("Lagonda, whatta kinda Italian car is thatta, huh?"). The American vintage enthusiast seldom indulges in long-distance driving, largely because the distances really *are* long (It can be nothing unusual in the West to drive 100 miles and back to see a film) so constant high speeds are the order of the day. Thus the appearance of my Lag humming briskly across the countryside produced considerable interest—in one small mid-West town the local newspaper ran a front-page article, while day after day I got used to be flagged down by curious motorists.

The police, however, provided the most interruptions to my progress. Normally they were plain curious about the 2-litre. But I never did get used to that heart-constricting moment when the scream of a siren a few yards from the rear bumper made me slam on the brakes, wondering exactly what outlandish law I had broken. The tough, gun-belted cops, searching for an excuse for stopping me, would usually query the English licence plates, but within seconds the conversation would turn to things vintage and automotive.

Untroubled by mechanical problems, DFG 698 cruised steadily westward at 55-60 m.p.h. In Pennsylvania I had the pleasure of sweeping past an SSK Mercedes which was being driven to a rally by some doddering polishing man who evidently regarded his vehicle as too delicate to move at any speed. Central Iowa produced a thunderstorm which, according to the papers, stopped all traffic for three hours. Somehow the Lagonda didn't hear about this and kept plugging along through zero visibility.

Up and over the Rockies I approached the most worrying stage of the trip—Bonneville Salt Flats where the climate is not recommended for fan-less 2-litre Lagondas. Inevitably I got my schedule out of phase so that a scorching noon sun caught me exposed in the middle of the salt desert with the water gauge reading 200 fahrenheit and no habitation for 60 miles in any direction. Miraculously the water temperature never went higher; I kept my foot down and sped on with only one halt when an overheated tyre burst.

Just short of gambling Reno I visited Harrah's fine collection of "classic autos", mourning that they should stand there unused. On the other hand Bill Harrah, who maintains a large staff solely for restoration work, has saved many an outstanding car from extinction and what better way is there of spending the profits from his Nevada gambling houses.

One more day's run and I calculated on getting to San Francisco. But the Lag had other ideas. 90 miles short of my trans-continental goal the petrol line clogged. Stuck in the Sierra mountains late at night with a dead torch, I decided to push

ahead regardless. With just enough petrol reaching the carburettors to-splutter along at 15 m.p.h., the Lag stop-started down to the Pacific coast. Ten miles from my future university and 2 a.m., a black-and-white Ford Galaxie of the California Highway Patrol took me in hand. Behind his flashing red light and wailing siren we crept across the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco. Lag and I went home and dry.

TIM SEVERIN

The Green Dragon

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James Crocker's and Ron Kerridge's Rapiers at the Southern Rally.

Photo: A. Davey

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: Red Bar, Ridley Arms, Stannington, Northumberland. Last Wednesday of each month.

HULL: Tiger Inn, Beverley. 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.

NEWCASTLE: (Staffs.): Cock Inn, Stapleford. Last Wednesday of each month.

DORSET: Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas. First Friday of each month.

BECKENHAM: (Kent): Three Tuns, High Street. Each Sunday lunchtime.

A Member Comments

FROM TIME TO TIME TWO THEMES APPEAR IN THE vintage car world in general and in our own club in particular, both of which are hotly disputed; the first is whether to race or not to race, the second concerns the flow of desirable cars to America.

To deal with racing first, it is generally supposed that the lack of support in competitive events is due to lethargic members, and no doubt this is true in many cases. Nevertheless, with the apparent paradox of increasing membership and diminishing support, there are plainly other reasons for nonparticipation.

Nearly all events designed for our sort of cars are either races or driving tests and hillclimbs. These demand, admittedly, a degree of driving skill, but they must also produce tremendous strain on cars which, by virtue of their age,

already have some metal fatigue. We've all seen old cars screaming round Silverstone, or being thrashed on a timed hillclimb—hardly the sort of treatment to lengthen the life of a car. Is it not sufficient for members to enjoy owning, maintaining, and driving their Lagondas, (presumably the makers' intentions), and in many cases restoring them to their original condition? As far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind if somebody's idea of fun is driving his car into the ground, but please let the rest of us carry on looking after our cars properly; it's fairly obvious which cars will last the longest, and give more fun in the long run. It seems to me that if accusations are to be levelled at anybody, they should be at those amongst us who are slowly reducing the number of Lagondas (and spare parts), by persistent and pointless ill treatment.

Schofield, whose views on most things can hardly fail to be known to members, disapproves of Lagondas going to the States, and he's not alone. There is always the hint that the man who sells his car to a foreigner, usually at a high price, is somehow guilty of some sort of unindictable offence. From all we hear, our American friends provide excellent homes for our cars, and appreciate them so much that they are prepared to pay dearly to own one. Assuming his car is going to a good home, only a fool or a millionaire would not accept the highest price possible, and I for one would rather sell my 2-litre to a careful American than to an English 'sports enthusiast'.

As it is, there are still more than enough vintage cars to go round and owners have them for various reasons. In the Autumn magazine Schofield describes a 2-litre in a T.V. 'Detective' story being driven by a delightful looking girl, and goes on '... but remembering the performance of the 2-litre I think in this instance I would prefer the girl', which makes one wonder what he requires of *his* Lagonda. . . .

C. E. PEERLESS

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These are genuine extracts from motor claim forms received by a large insurance office in London:

1. The accident was due to the other man narrowly missing me.
2. Lorry halted and worked for the Corporation.
3. The occupants were stalking deer on the hillside.
4. I left my Austin 7 outside, but when I came out later, to my amazement, there was an Austin 12.
5. To avoid collision I ran into the other car.
6. There were plenty of lookers-on but no witnesses.
7. The water in my radiator accidentally froze at 12 midnight.
8. I was scraping my nearside on the bank when the accident happened.
9. There was no damage done to the car as the gatepost will testify.
10. Accident was due to the road bending.
11. The witness gave his occupation as a gentleman, but it would be more correct to call him a garage proprietor.
12. Ice on the road applied brakes causing skid.
13. I remember nothing after passing the Crown Hotel until I came to and saw P.C. Brown.
14. I was taking a friend home and keeping two yards from each lamp post which were in a straight line. Unfortunately there was a bend in the road bringing the right hand lamppost in line with the other and of course I landed in a ditch.
15. If the other driver had stopped a few yards behind himself, it would not have happened.
16. I bumped into the lamppost which was obscured by human beings.
17. I hear a horn blow and was struck violently in the back. Evidently a lady was trying to pass me.
18. Three women were all talking to each other, and when she stepped back and one stepped forward I had to have an accident.
19. I can't give details of the accident as I was somewhat concussed at the time.
20. Wilful damage to the upholstery was done by rats.
21. A pedestrian hit and went underneath my car.
22. I blew my horn but it would not work as it was stolen.
23. A lamp post bumped into my car, damaging it in two places.
24. My car was stolen and I set up a human cry, but it has not been recovered.
25. The car in front stopped suddenly and I crashed gently into his luggage grid.
26. On entering Wales I blew my horn at the left hand corner.
27. I was proceeding along the road at moderate speed when another car rushed out of a side turning and turned upside down in a ditch. It was his fault as he said.
28. I looked for the sign but the more I looked the more I couldn't find it.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fast Rapier

Dear Sir—I do not know whether “Gaslight” was dozing at the April V.S.C.C. meeting at Silverstone, but it was a warm sunny day and he has done Jonathan Abson, and my Rapier which he was driving, a severe injustice in his report.

Jon’s official best lap time, when winning the scratch race was 1 min. 24.6 sec., not 1 min. 28 sec. This was no fluke as he was lapping steadily in the 1 min. 25 sec. region. “Finding his way through the field” occupied only two-thirds of a lap—he had already a clear lead first time round—and made fastest lap every time. He won by sixteen seconds out of sight of the 4.3 Alvis Special, Speed Six Bentley, with the 4½-litre Lagondas sadly far behind.

Jon’s driving deserves praise more than the car’s performance, for far from being “very much hotted-up” as Bunny Tubbs suggested, it had standard camshafts, standard size valves, ports and pistons. The Rapier used normal pump fuel, touring tyres, a full length and nearly full weight chassis, standard axle ratio, together with an engine remetalled and rebored some 65,000 miles ago. Now naturally somewhat worn, the engine runs nevertheless up to 6,500 r.p.m. in third and nearly as much in top! The car’s total cost, including new wheels and tyres, plus trailer, was about £200. It will soon be fitted with a 1½-litre Rapier engine (they do exist).

I am sorry to correct “Flarepath,” who wrongly states in his article in the last magazine “Blow Your Tyres up Harder” that Michael’s LG.45R is the fastest pre-war Lagonda at Silverstone. This honour must go in fact to a blown 1935 Rapier. Daniel Richmond in 1935 lapped at over 74 m.p.h. when winning the Percy Andrews Trophy for Formula Litre cars. What a pity that this Rapier is now kept only for display! A final point Sir—if the big Lags. have 4452.664 c.c.s. under the bonnet why do they lap so slowly? Rapiers can only muster 1104 c.c.s!

ELLIOT ELDER,
Edinburgh.

Wilbur Gunn

Dear Sir—Further to the enquiry about Wilbur Gunn in the Spring magazine, he did not as far as I know take British nationality. He always gave the impression that he was still American. If he did so then it was done very quietly.

I was interested in the price obtained for the Sword Tricar—I wonder how many details were still original?

G. H. HAMMOND,
Staines, Middlesex.

[We are pleased to hear from Bert Hammond whose unfailing memory of early days at Lagondas has proved so useful in the past. Editor.]

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