

THE *Lagonda*

No. 61

Winter 1967/68



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 61

Winter 1967

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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: Mike Wilby ponders on the stark cockpit of the V.12 of Maurice Leo.

NOTES NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

At the recent FIRLE HILL CLIMB the Chief Scrutineer pointed out to the B.D.C. that a good many of the older wheels fitted to Bentleys were now coming to the end of their useful life and the presence of rust, often underneath the paint, would soon necessitate a good deal of respoking if not complete rebuilding.

Obviously the same problem must also beset a good many Lagondas and intending competitors should check on their wheels as maybe scrutineers will run their pencil around the spokes a bit harder than in the past.

* * * * *

It was good to see BOB CRANE, our American representative, over here recently and it was a great pity that he had to leave just a couple of days before the A.G.M. Bob does his best to keep tags on the Lagondas scattered over the United States, and at least once a year gets them all together. We also had the opportunity recently of welcoming Mr. & Mrs. Barrett, on leave from Hong Kong.

* * * * *

All the members who read PROFILES will be sorry that issue number 96 was the last one. It has been a splendid series covering a wide range of cars and has been worth while for the photographs alone. To take their place Profile Publications have now started a series on armoured fighting vehicles which, for the war-minded, will be just as interesting. In case you thought there were only a few tanks the current programme runs to August 1968, and includes no less than 72!

* * * * *

The COMPETITION CARDS that find their way back in a steady trickle contain some interesting news items. From these it is seen that Lt.-Col. Bowden has had his M.45 tourer since new and over in Ireland Lord O'Neill has just rebuilt the engine of his Le Mans V.12 and is about to tidy up the replica body. Another famous car undergoing renovation is Henry Dunleath's LG.45R team car, the companion to Bill Michael's car. Henry's car is quite original and will attract a lot of attention when it re-appears.

REGIONALISATION

The Club's regionalisation plans are gradually taking shape and the country has been divided into what is hoped to be convenient areas based on location of members.

Below are listed the names and addresses of local representatives and the proposed meeting places and if everyone can go to every-one else's, so much the better:—

Area No.		Monthly Meetings, 8/8.30 p.m.
1	N. Ireland	J. Longridge, Flat 2, Lismoyle, 22 Warren Road, Ballywilliam, Donaghadee To be arranged
2	Eire	L. C. Thorn, 5 Grange Road, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14 To be arranged
3	Scotland	J. McKellar-Cairns, 22 Rullion Road, Penicuik, Midlothian Edinburgh & Dist. Motor Club's 'place', Nelson St. Edinburgh. 1st Thursday
4	Border country	I. G. Macdonald, 37 Oaklands, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne Red Bar, Ridley Arms, Stannington, Northumberland. Last Wednesday
5	N. & E. Ridings	D. H. Coates, Hill Farm, Swine, Nr. Hull Duke of York, Skirlaugh.—on A.165 and about 9 miles N.N.E. of Hull. Last Tuesday
6	W. Riding, Notts, and Lincs.	Dr. J. G. Rider, The Range, Hatfield, Doncaster. The Hatfield Chace, Hatfield—on A.18. 2nd Thursday.
7	Lancs, Cheshire, N. Staffs & Derbys.	H. L. Schofield, 81 Green Lane, Hollingworth, Hyde, Cheshire. West Towers Country Club, Church Lane, Marple, Cheshire. 2nd Thursday.
8	Wales	(See notes below)
9	Worcs, Shropshire, Glos., & Hereford	(See notes below)
10	Warwicks, S. Staffs & Leics.	C. H. Noltan, 29 Hollyhurst Road, Banners Gate, Sutton Coldfield. Malt Shovel Hotel, Stonebridge-junction off A.45 and A.452. 2nd Tuesday (See notes below)
11	Essex & East Anglia	J. D. Abson, 11 Highfield Green, Bury Lane, Epping. To be arranged
12	Bucks & W. Herts & Bedfordshire	D. D. Overy, The Old Cottage, Bourne End, Boxmoor, Herts. The Anchor, Bourne End,—on A.41. Map Ref. 1" O.S. sheet 159 022063. 2nd Tuesday.
13	Berks. & Oxon.	M. B. Jones, 4 Grass Hill, Caversham, Reading. The Bull, Sonning. 3rd Friday.
14	W. Home Counties, Middx. & W. London.	A. H. Gostling, 8 Ridgeway Road, Isleworth, Middx. Anglers Hotel, Staines. 2nd Wednesday.

Continued on Page 31.



"The one bright spot is that by the time we get this on the road Barbara Castle will be 'Minister of Harps and Haloes'—or 'Fires and Furnaces' of course".

NORTHERN NOTES

by HERB SCHOFIELD

A DOCUMENT RECENTLY CAME into my hands listing all known Lagondas and their owners in the United States. Out of a total of at least 140 cars no less than 40 are V.12s (which seems to be the popular model), 15 are LG.6, 27 LG.45, and 17 M.45. The balance is made up of the other models and two team cars. 23 out of the total are Rapides.

Obviously a number of Lagondas were exported to the States new before the war. Nevertheless we in this country should be concerned that apparently so many of our cars are finding new owners abroad. I realise of course that I have said this before—and been told many times that you will never stop people selling abroad for big money. I would suggest therefore that perhaps the solution could be found in some form of legislation banning the export of unique motor cars. Anyone agree?

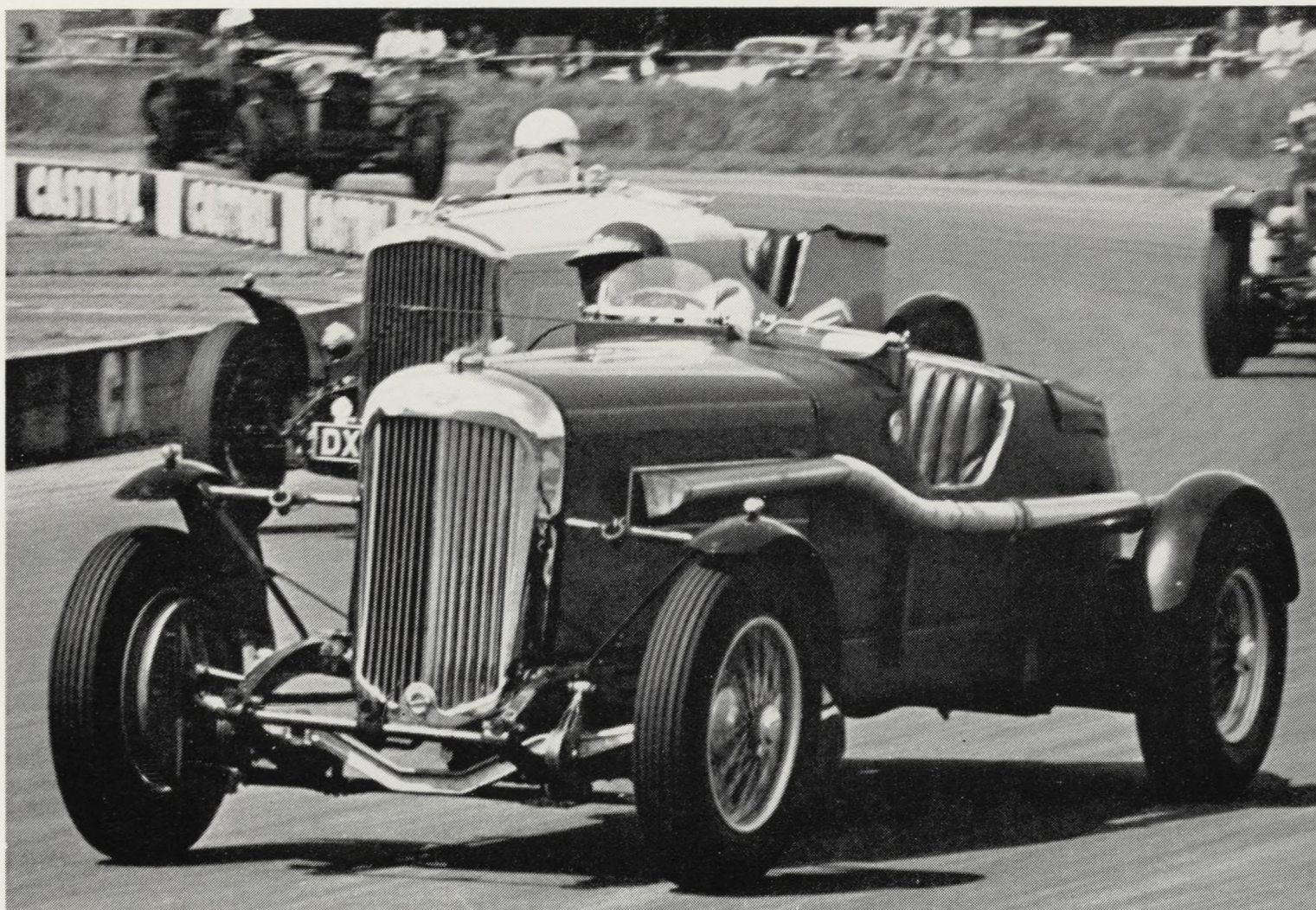
Autumn Social, Barwick Garage,
Sept. 10th, 1967

Another of those warm sunny days in a pleasant setting which will leave a happy memory through the winter months.

This meeting was organised by Mr. and Mrs. Ted Townsley to whom we are most grateful for allowing us to use their land and also providing us with free drink.

The meeting consisted of a Concours d'Elegance and Novelty Driving Tests and attracted, I suppose, about 30 cars from far away places like Newcastle, London, Hull and Cheshire.

The Concours was judged by the Northern Secretary and fellow Committee Member Alan Brown who awarded 1st Prize to Harold Golding with his very nicely restored High Chassis Speed Model 2-litre. We thought perhaps his choice of colour scheme was a little, just a little, bright, but nevertheless it was a beautiful car in which the owner completed a Continental holiday recently (nice to see some people actually use Concours cars!). Second was Neil Prestwich and his 14/60 tourer, which sported a more "period" colour scheme. This again is a car which is used often



The Schofield/Hine 4½-litre Special and Bentley at Silverstone

Photo: H. Barker

for Vintage Rallies, etc. Third was Ted Townsley (NOT TOWNSEND as suggested on the cover of the last Mag), and his LG.45 tourer. Other cars worthy of mention include David Hine and his LG.45 Rapide which was clean and straight on the outside, but was untidy under the bonnet—but knowing David I would imagine that this will be put right soon.

The LG.45 drop-head of Nigel Scott was rather nice but had painted instead of chromed radiator shutters. Geoff Thorneycroft turned up in a modern Bentley but we missed his old 3½-litre tourer. Peter Weir arrived in a rather clapped MGA but made up for it by being most elegantly dressed (perhaps he thought the Concours was for members).

Bernard and Amy Raines (nice to see them again) came in a Skoda, and Roy Paterson was with his well-known 4½-litre Special and Razzma-Tazz blazer.

Alan Ogden brought his original M.45 tourer and Harry Gostling his Continental 2-litre—all the way from London. Alsager used a beautiful

Mulliner V.12 saloon, Hoare a David Brown 3-litre drop-head and Henry and Viv Coates their Lagonda-powered-by-Ford 3-litre.

The results of the Driving Tests as follows:

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1st | H. L. Schofield | LG.45 Rapide |
| 2nd | N. Scott | LG.45 |
| 3rd | A. Brown | 2-litre Grand Prix |

Thank you, once again, Mr. and Mrs. Ted for a wonderful day.

National Sprint Championships, Sandtoft Sept. 17th, 1967

Another excellent meeting, the Vintage and P.V.T. class being well supported. This was to be the last event in which the Hine/Schofield LG.45 Special would be used by its builders before being sold. David Hine, unfortunately, couldn't make the meeting but Schofield did and as it was the last time decided to try a little bit harder than normal, winning the class and taking the course record from Frank Sowden and his 8½-litre Bentley Special.

Other Lagonda running included Doc Rider

M.45R (not LG.45R as captioned in the last Mag.), Alexander 4½-litre Special, Paterson 4½-litre Special, and Alan Brown 2-litre Special.

Various

I read the letters of Edwards and Attwood in the last magazine.

There are, I agree, two different types of Club Member as Mr. Edwards suggests, but as follows: (a) Those who organise, compete or attend our meetings; and (b) Those whom we never see. Unfortunately the Lagonda Club consists of approximately 5% of the former and 95% of the latter. It is a sad thing indeed for Mr. Edwards to have to say that his sole reason for being in the Lagonda Club is to be able to get hold of some spare parts, to be used on a car we are, presumably, never going to see.

Turning to the competition side. It is perhaps understandable that many members do not wish to compete. But to suggest that those who do regularly blow up and run their cars into the ground is absolute rubbish, I repeat absolute rubbish. To take a case in point. In the construction of our LG.45 Special and at the present time the V.12R we have not used any of the Club's spares, and two **extra** Lagonda cars have been created from spares obtained from friends, and sources outside the Club. In three seasons active competition I cannot recall any Lagondas blowing up or crashing (apart from 3 Rapiers—but they have their own Club and spares).

Apart from the LG.45 Special I have used my own LG.45 Rapide in the eight years I have owned it for Rallies, Driving Tests, an odd race, and other Club events. When I purchased the car it was the finest example in the country—and it still is. From memory the spares I have purchased from Ivan Forshaw comprise of one spotlight, two brass filler caps and one flexible drive windscreen wiper cable!

We organize many purely social gatherings—Concours, Dinners, Picnics and Pub Meets, to attract those members who one would suppose would like to see other Lagonda cars, or show off their own, and meet other members. Unfortunately even these meetings do not attract a great deal of support. I often wonder why.

By all means, Mr. Attwood, enjoy your car for "quiet pleasure", but remember there are some of us who really like to use our cars and obtain some real enjoyment by competing in them.

THE FORSHAW WEEK-END

I EXPECT MOST PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER THAT THIS included a visit, after public hours, to the Motor Museum at Beaulieu on the Saturday and the New Forest Picnic on the Sunday.

All was well till, stretching up after peering into the 1905 Lagonda Tri-car, I came face to face with the Spares Registrar and organiser of the week-end, "Ah, Harry, a Report again, please!" There is one member of the Club I dare not offend. No marks for guessing who. Anyway, many weeks later I am regretting my slothfulness in not putting pen to paper as soon as I got home. Luckily, like various reporters for another Motor Club Magazine, I had the proverbial scrap of dirty paper so have a few names and a bit of data.

This meeting is catching on in a big way—there were ninety people in our private car park and some 20 Lagondas. There were an awful lot of people I did not know and our West London Group were no help—they did not know them either; there was only one thing to do—go up and introduce myself and say who are you? One of the first to be accosted was a Brian Morgan with a V12. Ten minutes later the penny dropped—THE Brian Morgan, co-author of "The Restoration of Vintage and Thoroughbred Cars", a book I had been studying very closely over the last six years. The car which he has is a saloon and is a special, memory seems to tell me that it was prepared for attempts on Speed Records. I saw it take part in a race at Silverstone some years ago. Can anyone let us know its story? How about you, Mr. Morgan, please.

I must pay proper tribute to the keen types who don't mind how far they travel in order to attend our event, a few I noted were the Allsager group from Cheshire. Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn Stephens from Swansea. Friend Beardow from Hull, Wilf Naylor from Sheffield. The prize for distance must go to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Barrett from Hong Kong! Home on leave, of course, the car left behind out East. It was very pleasant to meet again our ex-stalwart Humphrey Griffiths. I hope you enjoyed yourself and it will not be so long before we see you again.

The morning of the picnic was a disaster—I had no idea how wet the rain in the New Forest could be. As usual we had brought no food with

us and got very damp wandering round Lyndhurst trying to find a shop which was open; eventually we got back to the Continental when, for the first time ever, the full set of side curtains was put up. Luckily for us Friend Ivan has contrived that there is a Hotel with a large car park at the site of the picnic, so for this year at any rate the event moved a few yards from the Common. The rush when the doors opened was something to see. The sun did not let us down and we eventually had a very fine afternoon, the bar was deserted and we managed to cook the bangers in the open. The cars were much the same as attended the Museum. I counted 18 Lags, nine of which were 2 litres including two Saloons; it's not so long ago that the 2-litre was usually conspicuous by its absence. It's good to see that they are catching on and what's more are so impeccable in appearance. If you want one—jump at anything you can find. If you are lucky enough to own one—keep it. In any case make sure you don't give it away. In the humble opinion of yours truly they are catching up with the 3-litre Bentleys in price.

Hope to see you in the New Forest next year!

A. H. GOSTLING

IRELAND, 1967

The First F.I.V.A. International Rally

WE, JULIAN DOWN AND I, DROVE MY 1920 Bedford Buick out of my home drive early on the morning of Thursday, 4th May, in a flurry of wind and rain. The rain continued and so did we until about 11.30—when we stopped for coffee. Apart from running out of petrol, we arrived at Fishguard at 6.45 without trouble and in sunshine. Having looked at all the cars on the quayside which included a superb Edwardian Silver Ghost with a Maudsley wagonette body and a Roamer (Duesenberg engine) which I at first mistook for an American Rolls!; we then went aboard, dined and retired for the night.

We awoke to find the ferry steaming well for Cork. On arrival the Steam Packet Co. provided tea and sandwiches whilst the cars were unloaded; we then signed on at the hotel, washed the car and provided ourselves with a navigating board and then supper. It was that afternoon that we met the Doctors Missen (husband and wife), their Bugatti type 30 with Jack Wilson and his XK 150 (tender car); we were to co-operate

in the next few days. An official dinner in the evening was attended by the Prime Minister of Ireland.

On Saturday morning we collected our 3rd crew member, Martin Jacobs, from the train; he went straight to bed as he had had no sleep, merely advice on Irish drinking habits (have a pint of Guinness first, then you can drink as much whiskey as ever, the Guinness makes a blanket for it to lie on—begorrah!). We signed on and spent the afternoon tacking our rally plates on. Not being interested in the sprint, we and the type 30 shot off to Blarney to visit the Motor Museum and kiss the stone.

Sunday was the first day's run and off we went (late of course) to the start. It set a fair example for all the rest of the rally, a vague state of chaos. Having wrong slotted at the first turn we went merrily along finding only the marshals who were there, some weren't, until we had the first attack of the Autovac trouble that was to dog us through the rally. Having lost time we missed lunch but having received help from Mr. Bendall we sallied forth again; we had only one stop for the Autovac and a second for tea kindly given us by three charming Irish girl marshals. We arrived late in Limerick, hurriedly cleaned the car and ourselves to catch the bus taking us to a dinner dance at Killalve (waited 45 minutes in bus). The dance was quite fun but we were a bit short of the gentler sex (a misnomer for female vintagers in certain cases). The bus back to the hotel, community singing was led by Mr. Barker (a lady from the Far North featured in one remarkable ballad!).

We lined up next morning in numerical order and then took off in no particular order. This was the only really sunny morning and the only time the Autovac emptied itself was on top of a mountain with a superb view. Lunch was at Youghal and after this we had a fairly easy run to Waterford (more Autovac trouble though).

As Tuesday was Concours day, Waterford was the scene of much careful "bull". On Monday night accommodation for the cars had been found in a garage near our hotel; one of the engineers stayed on until 11.00 while three crews cleaned their cars and we tried to deal with the Autovac too; this splendid gentleman was not only very helpful to us but whilst we worked he washed a 20 h.p. Rolls and then beat out, filled and sprayed in a rear wing damaged on the boat to Cork.

The Concours was held the next day in a somewhat grim barracks square; oddly devoid of soldiery. We were sort of lined up and I was between Nos. 75 & 77 (I was 76) for the first time in the rally (77 was the Mobil competition Bentley.) When the Concours was over, I think my car was vaguely looked at; and having photographed one of our charming female marshals in the car, we set off on the route. When the Autovac emptied twice in so many miles, we struggled on and by luck came across our Type 30 friends at a pub (as usual—many cars spent most of their time loosing it whilst we went flat out nearly everywhere.) We proceeded to empty the muck out of the Autovac and carefully check over the copper pipes supplying it; this must have helped as we had no more trouble. We proceeded to Wexford at a steady 50 m.p.h. After lunch, we left on the last stage of the navigational sections and arriving back at Waterford, we were stopped after the last control to complete the Concours (just after a run of 120 miles, mostly in the wet, the Buick was beautifully dirty). However, the scrutineer contented himself by calling my car a General Motors Abortion at which I merely called him “an ignorant ‘B’ of a bograt” under my breath and left.

On Wednesday, we had a good run up to the Moat of Ardscul doing the 60 miles in 1½ hours. Here Madam Carraciola unveiled a plaque to commemorate the Gordon Bennett Race when Mercedes won; this was the first race on a closed circuit. After a sandwich lunch we all trooped off to Dublin via a nearby hostel called “The Hideout”, very popular. To let a very attractive girl drive the Buick, I was consigned to a Silver Ghost; being Ireland, we lost contact and before I met up with my car again, I had driven in the XK 150, the Type 30, the 21-Litre Metallurgique and an omnibus (talk about sublime to ridiculous.) We had the Irish Minister of Social Services to talk to us at our final dinner/dance and prize giving; maybe he thought we were the pensioners, not our cars.

On Thursday, the Buick, the Type 30 and John Mitchell in Bendall’s 30/98 travelled down to Rosslare through mists of fog and alcohol. We drove our cars onto the British Rail Ferry and bestowed our luggage in the communal berths allotted to us; it wasn’t until I had changed for bed that Martin said to me, “There’s a woman in that berth over there”. This being British Rail,

I wasn’t surprised; however, we eventually were supplied with correct tickets after giving the passengers a laugh at British Rail’s expense.

We then returned to North Bucks. in the rain and some sun; the Buick took to boiling instead of emptying its Autovac!

This was an enjoyable event, if somewhat chaotic, (it was Irish after all). The Irish people were very friendly and we received a Royal welcome; Julian had a bad attack of Royal elbow. Apart from the scrutineer, who annoyed others apart from us (he ought to be thrown into the Liffey), we got on well with the Irish.

There were some splendid cars on the run, the most notable in their going being FitzPatrick’s Metallurgique, Barker’s Napier, the Talbots of Barry Clark and the Towleys, a cut and shut 6-Litre Bentley with very spartan bodywork, and the superb Silver Ghosts of C. J. Bendall and Mr. Smith.

Having spent £2 on maps myself, most people actually used a 6d. Esso map. On our route, there was one tricky bit of navigation. Two Lagonda Club Members found this (our Buick and a Bentley) by the right road; several others by devious means, and the rest including the marshals never got there (one of these won a Premier Award, but who is worried?). The classes were odd—we were lumped in with the large vintage sports cars and all the P.V.T. machinery.

However, whatever the weather (usually wet) we all arrived home with brown faces (weather-beaten, not sunburnt) and memories of an interesting rally.

D.S.J.

COMPETITION NOTES

WINTER, 1967

ONE OF THE MINOR EXCITEMENTS OF BEING H.C.S. is watching for the postman to bring lots of entries for the coming event. As closing date approaches with only a handful of names, one tries to boost the morale by saying that “they will all be in by ‘C’ day”—and they usually are—or the day after!

With the last event of the year fast approaching entries for the November Rally are coming in well and it looks as though it will take place after

all. This is a good thing in many ways, not least because the V.S.C.C. had their route turned down for the ever-popular Eastern Rally, so we hope that our rally will make up for this in some measure.

Thinking about this year's events brings some very pleasant memories: the second half of the season was blessed with good weather (mostly) and a lot of enthusiasm. Since the last magazine we've had the huge success of the Driving Tests at Finmere, a good day's racing at Bentley Silverstone and the usual flawless weather for Firle Hill Climb. Let us, for the moment, have a closer look at the Finmere Driving Tests, which, to the organisers, threatened to be a cumbersome and unwieldy affair, being, in effect, three events in one.

As it turned out the Bentleys had a jolly good inter-regional bout, we had some fine sparring within our own classes, and Duncan Westall & Co. sorted out the inter-club contest in no time flat.

Finmere airfield is just an ordinary expanse of worn concrete, but on 23rd July it rather more resembled a fairground, such were the crowds in attendance. Some 60 or more Lagondas and Bentleys took part, a splendid sight for all to see, and indeed worthy of the honour done to them by the attendance of W. O. Bentley himself on this summer's day. Judging by the contented smile on his face he must have enjoyed seeing so many fine examples of the two marques with which he has been involved for so many years.

The result of the inter-club contest was gratifyingly close. Taking the best 10 Lagonda times with a total of 1,536.8 marks lost, the 10 fastest Bentleys lost a total of 1,464 marks. An inter-club trophy is being presented by us and therefore goes to the Bentley team for the first round.

Our own class awards are as follows, with the best Bentley time for comparison:

Best individual performance		
	H. P. Hine (BDC)	127.0
Best Lagonda		
	J. W. T. Crocker (Rapier)	142.4
Lagonda Class Places		
Class 1	C. Bugler (2-litre)	159.4
	A. Brown (2-litre)	163.0
	H. Gostling (2-litre)	174.6
Class 2	J. Crocker (Rapier)	142.4
	R. Kerridge (s/c Rapier)	144.8
	H. Schofield (4½ Spec.)	145.8

Class 3 M. Leo (DB V.12) 153.6

The Lagonda team was Messrs. Crocker, Kerridge, Schofield, Leo, Paterson, Johnson, Rider, Bugler, Hine and Brown. Congratulations on a fine effort. Come back next year and beat 'em!

The Lagonda Race at Silverstone on the 19th August was neatly won by Jeff Ody in his newly-acquired and rebuilt 2-litre, closely followed by Richard Roberts in his faster than ever M.45 3-carb Special and Herb Schofield in his prettier, and almost as fast LG.45 Special. Nice to see four 2-litres running in this race for a change. Also a pleasant surprise at the last minute to see R. D. A. Wills again with his cooking/racing DB Rapide. Apart from having to mix it with a lot of MGs this was quite a good race.

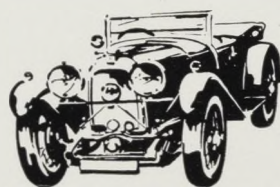
After a lapse of a year, Firle followers drove down to Sussex on the 17th September with even greater pleasure than before. The day was as fine as ever, the Lagonda entry somewhat depleted by the toll taken at Castle Combe the day before. However the rest of us enjoyed ourselves very much, though the anticipated duel between the 2-litres of Ody and Woollard went a bit awry, as neither car condescended to climb very smartly, much to their owner's disgust, and derision of the ignorant spectators!

Richard Roberts' time overall of 26.39 secs. won him first place, with Geoff Hibbert second 26.59 secs. and Ron Kerridge third 26.92 secs.

A table of lap times at Silverstone, for those who took part this season, will appear in the next magazine. Meanwhile here are some provisional dates for the more important meetings for 1968:

19th May. Curborough Sprint
 15th June. Ford Sprint
 6th/7th July. Northern Driving Tests & Sprint, Bawtry
 21st July. Finmere Driving Tests
 17th August. B.D.C. Silverstone
 15th September. B.D.C. Firle Hill Climb
 29th September. A.G.M.
 9th November. November Rally

J.C.W.



dinner dance

A MUSEUM is a collection of things.

A ZOO is a collection of animals.

but A CLUB is an association of *people* ... "...united for social reasons, or by common interest, meeting periodically, for co-operation, etc."

The club is the people. The Lagonda Club is 800 people with a common interest in Lagonda motor-cars.

There are different clubs for different kinds of people. (Working men's clubs: Services clubs: Soroptimists clubs, etc.)

Each club integrates similarly minded people.

Six months ago the question was asked "Whither the Club?" Today, I ask "What is the Club?"

Reason for question:

We "meet periodically", and in particular we meet annually at the dinner-dance. To determine what sort of dinner-dance, one must ask: "What sort of Club?" i.e. "What sort of people?"

Recent magazine correspondence has emphasised the high proportion of members who enjoy their Lagonda as one of the fine things of life. These people are revealed as discriminating, even fastidious. There are certainly many who set and enjoy high standards. One correspondent interpreted our *raison d'être* as "to provide maximum opportunities to enjoy, and share the enjoyment, of owning a Lagonda". Others like a competitive challenge.

There is no doubt of the popularity of social events, not only for technical discussion, but at which the common thread of Lagonda ownership can open up a dozen topics. ("Lags. abroad" leads to holiday talk: "Fashion in Lags." leads to girlish gossip: "Women in Lags." leads to trouble: "Boasting of Lags." leads to satisfying reminiscences: "Parking Lags." leads to pubs, beer, wine and gastronomy; or try any of these subjects in permutation or combination!) Lagonda ownership is not synonymous with mysogamy: indeed it might indicate a trait of exhibitionism so we can't leave femininity out.

So what of the image?

Discriminating: gregarious: not impecunious: fond of fine things and pleasant people.

So what of the dinner?

Let's make it worthy of ourselves, our ladies, our cars, our standards and ideals.

The dinner-dance will be held on SATURDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1968 at the REMBRANDT HOTEL in the West End of London. (The same venue as last year).

Tickets 50/- each from D. WESTALL, 129 Hamilton Terrace, London, N.W.8.

We intend to make it an occasion worthy of the Club, to which every member feels it is a "must" to go, and at which a warm welcome and good company can be assured.

D. J. W.

1967 A.G.M. Arnold Davey

NOW THAT "THE LAGONDA CLUB A.G.M." HAS BECOME A definition for a movable feast, in the geographical rather than calendar sense, the latest move to Staines can have been a surprise to no one. Looking in my Roget for a better word than "migratory" to describe the habits of the meeting I find "errant, discursive, devious, rambling, undirected", which is almost uncanny. So is the way in which rain is inescapable at Club functions now. There has been some talk of a "return" to Staines although as far as I know it has never been held there before. But of course most of the cars knew it even if it is a little difficult to recognise the old place now (first on the left over the bridge going west.)

Very bravely the management at The Anglers permitted Concours entrants to park on the grass, most of which ultimately found its way into the hotel, but any intention that Harry Gostling may have had to segregate the entry into classes was defeated by the general tendency to head for the bar the moment the wheels came to rest. Nevertheless an encouraging number of Lagondas eventually appeared, variously estimated at from 63 to 75, which was not at all bad under the rain forest conditions.

The meeting proper was slow getting under way though not due to any fault of ours, and Mike Wilby made his first speech of welcome to everyone in the capacity of Chairman, claiming that it would also be his last, which was to prove a delusion. In a brief outline of contemporary events he touched on the subject of regionalisation, which you will find discussed elsewhere in this issue, and said how nice it was that each of the people approached to be regional organisers had agreed. Mike had some flattering things to say about the Magazine and News Letter and mentioned that the competition cards sent out with the Spring Magazine were coming back well by our standards with 260 returned out of 800 so far. He was sorry, as everyone was, that Bob Crane's strict timetable had not allowed him any extra days to stay for the A.G.M.

Valerie May admitted to having been rehearsing for weeks while doing the ironing but also admitted that she had thought of nothing startlingly original to say. Our membership stays steady between eight and nine hundred with about 12 per cent turnover every year. The trend towards the post war cars was continuing and the new Register would show how far this has gone. She offered spare Register cards to those of us who had lit our pipes with the originals, and reminded members that she had back numbers of the magazine in stock, from No. 31 to date. She referred to my own current project, the "Lagonda Spotters Guide" which is still in draft form, and to the reprinted and much superior instruction books now available. Battling bravely with the noise of a jet passing seven inches above the roof, Valerie reminded us that Ivan now has workshop manuals for DB cars in addition to the handbooks and that the original Meadows' catalogues have been reprinted. The London Film Show was to be on 6th December, and the Dinner Dance on 10th February, 1968. Finally, and with a note of despair creeping in, please would everybody quote their membership number when writing to Club officials. Those sprawling scribbles for signature are more evidence of poor co-ordination than of dashing personality and take a fearful time to decipher.

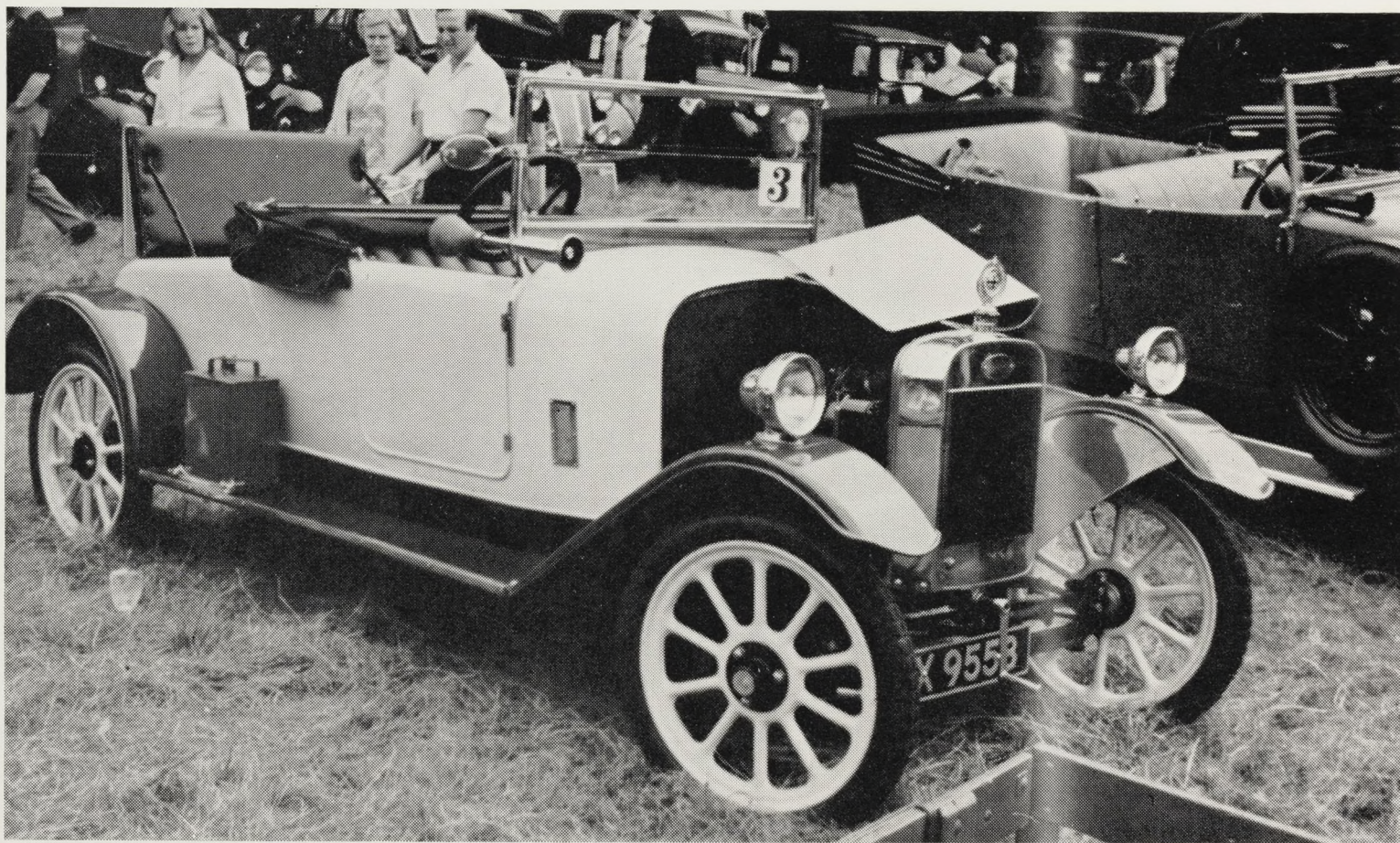
Ivan Forshaw then addressed the meeting remarking that he had heard from Mrs. Fox that Arthur, our President, was making some slow progress but was still a very sick man. Ivan started by producing a splendid 1934 Lagonda Car Club badge and remembered that the Club in those days, although confined to about 50 members, boasted 2 secretaries, one the late Mr. Vokes of filter fame, and the other Joe Seager, still living in the Bournemouth area. There was no spares and technical service, hardly surprising with the factory still going strong. He admitted that he had been known to repeat his stories on occasion but a virgin audience was a strong temptation. Sternly fighting that temptation he gave us a harrowing account of a day in the life of an Hon. Spares and Technical Advisor. The Beaulieu and New Forest meetings had been a great success and were certain to be repeated, and a new venture this year had been his lecture at a Hampshire technical college on vintage cars. They had heard none of his yarns before and he got paid for it. Life can hold little more. Ivan welcomed Mr. Lewis from Aston Martin Lagonda

and publicly thanked him for his and his company's continuing interest in Lagondas. The traditionally light-hearted discourse then took a more serious turn and he began to explain, not only the spares position but also why certain parts, notably gearboxes, were only available second-hand. For some of the more scarce items he has lately introduced a rule that he will only supply them on fairly strong proof that the other one is broken. A lot of new parts are being manufactured and Ivan set out an impressive list of those available for the 2-litre alone, 23 separate items, if I caught them all, but returned to the thorny problem of gearboxes. It was a reasonable estimate that something like £800 capital was needed to buy even a small run of new gears and he stood to lose if they all turned out wrong for any of half a dozen reasons. Second gears for the G9 box were a favourite topic and whenever the subject of making them came up a chorus of approval greeted the idea but this died right down when £25 cash in advance was suggested.

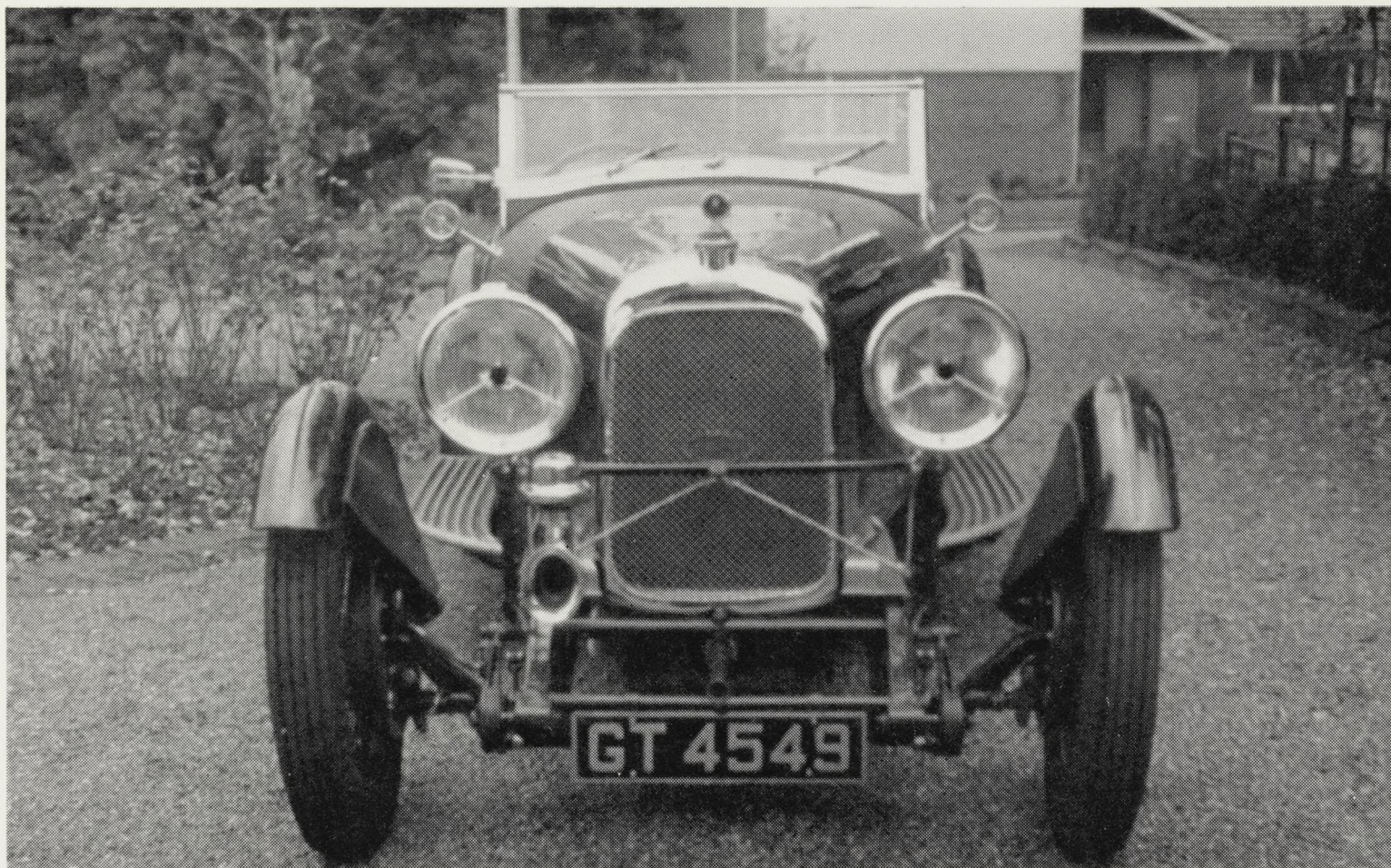
A considerable debate followed Ivan's sitting down, started by Harry Wareham recalling a scheme he launched ten years ago when Henry Meadows were still going. It was agreed that 10 sets of G9 seconds could be made for £200. There

was no shortage of applicants for these sets but when Harry asked for the necessary £20 from each in advance, not a single person was prepared to pay. He finally had just one set made and soon showed that you can't put new gears in old boxes anyway. There was some expansion on why the cost of cutting gears is so great, what special tools are involved and where suitable blanks might come from. Alan Brown thought he may have found a cheap gear-cutter in Sheffield and was pursuing this. Ivan joined in again with some prices which he had worked out when 3rd gears for G8 boxes were being considered. The first pair of gears cost £164 and this reduced for a quantity until it reached £26 a pair for 50 pairs. These figures plunged the meeting into an orgy of hastily contrived schemes for spares, levies and the like, but none of them was acceptable or indeed fair. The discussion finally petered out with gloom all round and no comfort to the hapless LG45 owner except the thought that Alvis boxes fit quite well and have the dreaded synchromesh on all four.

James Woollard, whose Competition Report came next on the agenda, denied that competitions were all part of a plot to keep Ivan's turnover up. He reviewed the year's events with suit-



R. J. Punter's Award-winning 11'9.



M. Benkert's 2-litre Award winner.

able comments about the future of each, if any. Ford Sprint will be in June next year as there was some feeling that this year's cancellation was in part due to the early date. The Southern Spring Social had been successful and something similar will be organised again. Curborough Sprint had suffered from the weather but a good crowd turned up and this will be held in 1968, but for 1969 there was a chance that Sandtoft may provide a better track. The Inter-Club driving tests at Finmere were not only successful but profitable too. As the losing Club we have manufactured a trophy to be competed for annually and at this James produced the trophy, consisting of a walnut plinth upon which is mounted the remains of a 16/80 con rod and piston assembly twisted into a sculptural shape by a big end bolt letting go. Despite its official title this trophy seems likely to be known as the "Expensive Noises Trophy". Assembled by Richard Hare from parts provided by Ivan Forshaw it will become one of the most original prizes in vintagedom. James then returned to his résumé of the season, remarking that a 2-litre victory in our race at the Bentley DC meeting was the first one for some

years, and after giving out the results of Firlie the previous week, went on to coming events and stirred up some enthusiasm for the November Rally.

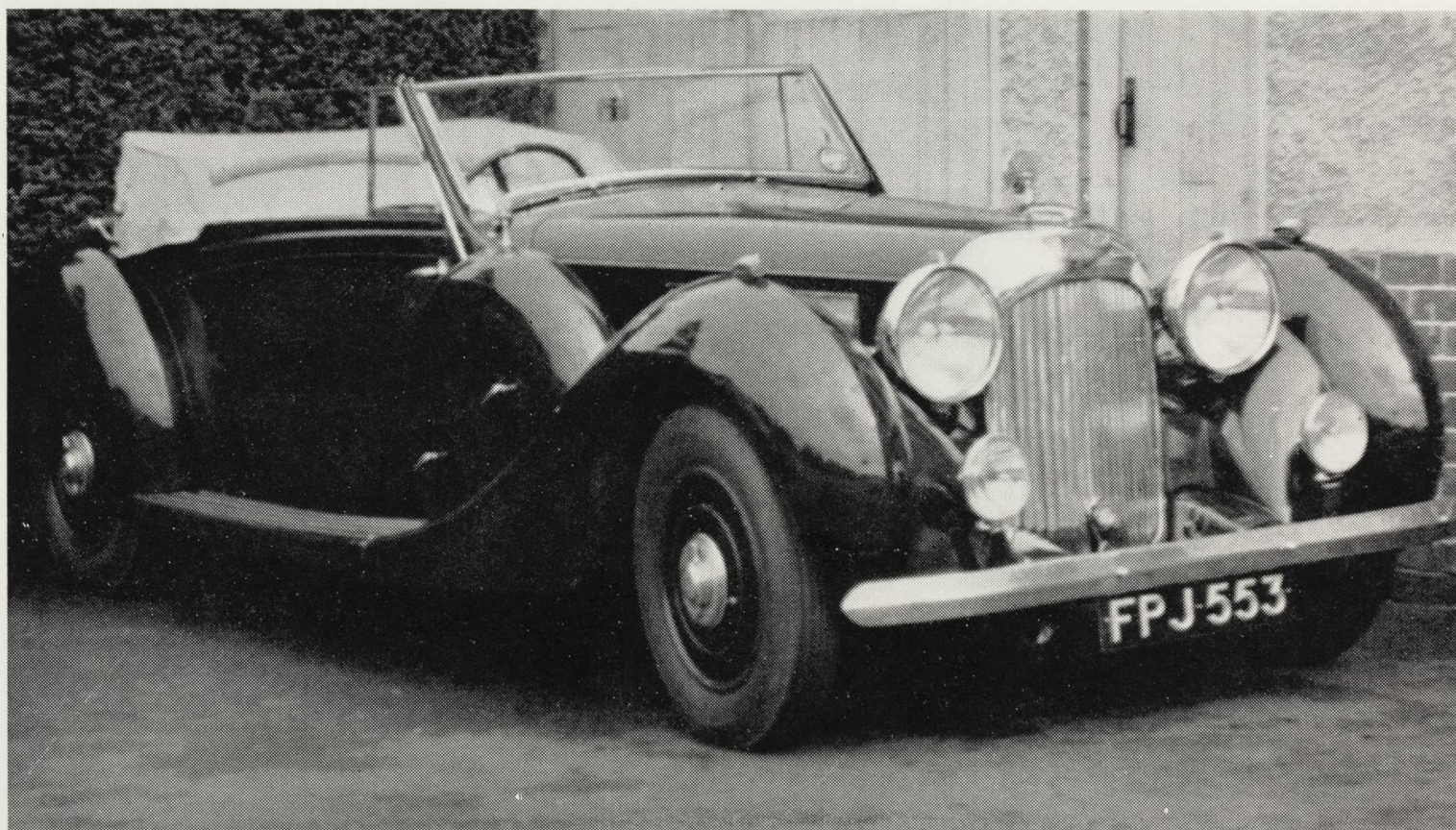
During the latter part of James' address there had been mysterious comings and goings on the part of the catering staff who now started to serve tea to everyone whilst the Competition Report was debated. Using the sort of logic to be expected of them, plates and cups were placed only on the tables so that people not sitting at tables but wanting tea got none, whereas those sitting at tables but not wanting tea got it anyway. None of this chaos was Harry Gostling's doing, in fact a buffet after the meeting closed had been agreed, but as is well known in hotel management circles, tea may only be served from 4 to 4.30, any other time being immoral. As a result the remaining speeches were drowned by a crescendo of tinkling and munching and the committee's shoals of papers grew steadily more sticky and stained. Harry Wareham told the meeting that Lockheeds had opened a new test track at Edgehill, near Banbury, and that there was a possibility that it could be hired for events. This seemed

interesting and will be followed up. He went on to bemoan the Midlands' lack of interest in any sort of event, even predominantly social ones, but agreed he would soldier on. Alan Brown, deputising for Herb Schofield, recounted the Northern competition scene during the last year. The Northern spring social had only attracted 3 members and must be counted a flop, and the Northern Driving Tests were well down on entries. However, a very cunning ruse had salvaged Ted Townsley's "do". He had organised a social event with driving tests. 20 cars turned up to watch but no-one entered. He then set out the tests and when the nature of the tests was made clear and people saw that no desperate manoeuvres involving 7,000 r.p.m. in reverse were required, only things like driving between uprights and following a wavy line every single car present was entered. Now this is obviously the procedure to follow in the future and lots of potential organisers were seen scribbling on the backs of their agendas. Alan concluded by recommending the Sprint Circuit at Sandtoft.

Having finished competition matters the meeting moved on to the Treasurer's Report. The accounts had been circulated and Carl Nolten explained one item that may have caused concern; the high cost of the magazine. In fact

this item covers 5 issues and since last year's accounts accordingly only covered 3, the necessary cash had been brought forward last year in a special fund to pay for the odd one. He ended with the traditional Treasurer's plea for everyone to pay their subs promptly. We now proceeded to the election of club officers. Mike Wilby's chances of escaping from the Chairmanship vanished when he proved to be the only candidate and four committee members retired and were re-elected before they could draw breath. There are three new committee members this year; Alan Brown will help Herb Schofield in the North, Len Buck and Jon Abson (now living near London) further South.

"Any Other Business" was largely taken up with a debate on life membership. Eric Lane had suggested a scheme but unfortunately was not able to be there to propose it himself. Although sounding rather complicated when read out it was in fact quite straight forward, but the familiar suspicion of anything new prevented its acceptance. Discussion revealed a surprising amount of feeling and after a series of votes the whole question was referred back to the committee to consider and for them to bring a proposal to the next meeting. After Lieut. Lingard had told members that he had 2-litre body



LG6 Award winner owned by B. J. H. Martin.

drawings available, we came to the final formal part of the day, the results of the Concours d'Elegance. Overall winner, as often before, was Geoff Seaton's 3-litre. The 11.9 and Rapier class went to Punter's 11.9, the 2-litre and 16/80 class to Benkert's 2-litre and the DB class to J. C. White and his 3-litre. The winning car in the 3/3½ and 4½ class was FPJ 553, an LG6 owned by B. J. H. Martin. This car was used at Brooklands to attempt the "Hour Record" in 1938. In addition ten "Award of Merit" plaques were agreed by the judges, who were Ron Kerridge, Ben Walker and Gordon Preece.

After the meeting was over it was found that the weather had now brightened up a bit and some under-bonnet fingering was possible after all, and many members took the opportunity to chat with the ex-Lagonda employees who had turned up after the previous publicity had reached them. One had been an apprentice in Wilbur Gunn's day which made most of us feel very young. They have all been invited to the regular meetings at The Anglers in future, and I trust that someone is making notes of all their stories and gossip. There were also the interesting old photos to look at in the foyer, kindly lent by Petters, and the interesting old members in the bar, kindly lent by their wives. An unusual A.G.M., more serious than most, was my impression and the venue quite a good one when some of the management's funny ideas have been straightened out.

A.D.

JOTTINGS FROM SCOTLAND

NOT A GREAT DEAL HAPPENED IN SCOTLAND IN 1967, no Border Rally and no social meetings. However, Elliot and Jonathan continue to do great things, the Rapier is now proving faster everywhere than anything with the exception we think of Billy Michael's Silverstone time—and thus having guaranteed some future correspondence let's move on remarking only that it's not a bad Lagonda that keeps up to Elliot's 'bus let alone Rapier.

A curious aside, we have two 4½ saloons in Scotland (think I'm right) and neither of them has original engines. Elliot's 4½ is now 3½ as you have read and Crerar's car has a smell from the exhaust like a Corporation bus, with many of which it

shares a common type of engine—Gardner—and no doubt they talk to one another as they line up for the Princes Street handicap. I can almost hear snatches of the conversation, "I don't allow standing upstairs," and "I don't have an upstairs". The mind boggles.

George Done visits London, gets a mention in *Motor Sport* and also gets involved, complete with wife, family and car, in an impromptu experiment on arrested motion. The full results of this are not yet to hand but a preliminary survey does indicate that a motionless Lagonda struck by a moving Triumph Herald—was it puissant or Pursuivant, George?—can bend even a Lagonda. The Done family returned to Scotland in a hired Ford, later than an "A" but not so good, and great tales have been told of this journey; one half I can't remember and the other half I'm sure is libellous.

Robin Brownlie, after four years, fits a hood to his 2-litre and talks of running boards. Hamish Gunn looks for his garage keys and the writer looks for oil pressure, both exercises prove difficult. Thornton finds a Lagonda Club badge in his cupboard, starts a train of thought and goes off to look for his 2½-2-litres. Don't tell the poor lad one half is 16/80. I was going to say pure but then that's not true is it?

For this year a fairly ambitious programme is being sketched out. We hope to have the Newcastle area people up here for a social meeting and hope to have a further two social meetings. It might be worth noting that the Scottish Alvis Club hold a driving test at a very nice venue near Edinburgh in September. Now, before we go along and say "can we join in?", could anyone who is interested let us know?

A final mention, the Pub Meet in Edinburgh is at the Edinburgh and District Motor Club's place, Nelson Street, first Thursday of the month. It's really a V.S.C.C. Meet, but more Lagondas usually turn out than anything else and Elliot brings a different car each time. If he doesn't he contrives a colour change. We should mention that the Nelson Street Meetings are only until and including March—it then goes on tour; you'll be kept informed, folks.

We were piqued folks, no-one wrote about the disappearing Lagonda, and as we close, who read about the V.12 in *The Times* (we found it)?

May your Gears never Grunt.

J. MCC.

THE WEST HOME COUNTIES REGION

OUT IN THE WILDS OF THE WESTERN SUBURBS OF London we have had our own sub-division of the Club for a good many years having grown by word of mouth rather than design. As the nucleus of a new region I hasten to try and get in first with a report.

For some six months we have tried to widen our scope and have been having a monthly meeting at the Anglers Hotel at Egham (the venue of the A.G.M.) on the second Wednesday of the month at 8.30 p.m. Attendances have been very encouraging and we get up to twenty people. Earlier in the year we had a Sunday afternoon tea party with the magnificent number of sixty-five. This will be repeated in the first half of 1968.

The benefits we have gained are very real and quite a few come readily to mind: first of all making up parties for our own club events, then visits to V.S.C.C. meetings at Oulton Park, Silverstone, Presteigne and the various driving tests. Most of us were at the recent Brooklands Memorial Meeting. Any members who mentions a visit to friend Ivan Forshaw departs with a very long shopping list. Various pairs have arranged foreign tours with much mutual benefit over shipping and petrol costs. There are at least four restorations in hand and a chat to a fellow toiler does help to maintain the morale when nothing seems to be working out. By keeping the ears open a lot of information can be picked up; the very rare car for sale, the location of the elusive spare part or how to do it.

If you have any ideas for the region will you please drop me a line: HARRY GOSTLING, 8 RIDGEWAY RD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDX. (01-560 2038).



HISTORIC MOTOR CAR PRINTS

Delight them with the perfect gift—a Hale-Hamlet Print. These superb reproductions from original water-colour paintings by artist Brian Powell are acclaimed the best prints available of veteran, Edwardian and vintage motor cars. The original paintings, which have brought fame to the artist, are accurate perspective views, each one of incredible detail.

Subjects (Series A)

1907 Rolls Royce Silver Ghost

Messrs. Rolls Royce Ltd. supplied the artist with technical information, advice and photographs to enable him to execute the original painting. The interest in this particular models is world wide. A recent example made press and television news when it was sold to an American for over £8,000. The basic colours of this print are—yellow/black.

1934 Aston Martin (Mk 2—short chassis)

Approximately 140 of these fine 1½ litre sports cars were made, 120 of them still exist today, most of them in superb condition and used on the track and the open road by their proud owners. They are particularly noted for their excellent road holding, which is superior to many modern cars. The basic colours of this print are—pale blue/red.

1934 M45R 4½-litre Lagonda

The particular car depicted is the 1935 Le Mans winner. It is still in perfect condition and is raced at V.S.C.C. meetings. The six-cylinder engine is rated at 29.8 h.p.; the car still being capable of the magic 100 m.p.h. ! This

print is perhaps one of the most attractive in the series, the artist having captured the sheer power of the vehicle in its resplendent red paintwork.

1929 4½-litre Black Label Bentley

The fabulous Bentley, perhaps the best loved of all vintage cars. The subject of this print, in British Racing Green, reflects all the glory of the victorious Le Mans Bentleys. A glance at this picture and one can almost hear the Bentley's big four-cylinder engine ticking over like a lapping bulldog. Tuned versions of this car were capable of 100 m.p.h.

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ON COMPETITIONS AND THE CLUB

I WAS VERY CONCERNED TO READ THE LETTERS of Messrs. Edwards and Attwood in the Autumn Magazine and I hasten to write a few words in defence of Competitors.

It is difficult to explain the attraction of competitive driving to a person who has not been bitten by the bug—but presumably all Lagonda Club members are keen drivers as well as enthusiastic Lagonda owners. The enjoyment of driving lies in the thrill of controlling your car as well as possible, including cornering, silent gear-changes, etc. This does not imply fast or reckless driving, but if we regard our hobby as a sport it follows that an element of competition and therefore of speed must creep in and the proper place for this is an organized event where sensible safety precautions have been taken.

There is a competitive spirit in any sport whether it be football, golf or any other hobby in which one's skill or ability is compared to another. The attitude apparent from their letters is that competitions should be banned completely, I believe the majority of non-competing club members are definitely not against competitions, but simply are not interested in entering. This probably stems from a fear of damage to the car. If Mr. Edwards had ever met Henry Coates he would realise that here we have a real "character" whose report on the Measham must be taken with a suitable helping of salt. V.S.C.C. Rallies are very difficult and to gain an award a high standard of driving and navigation is required, together with a reliable car. The latter fact points to no serious damage to the Lagonda. The frightening photograph of a twisted chassis inside the back cover of the magazine reminds me that I have seen two similarly damaged chassis during the last year. Both were caused by crashes on the public roads which were the result of bad driving.

I have competed fairly regularly during the last 13 years and the only part I have damaged was a front brake Perrot shaft which I bent last year during a Driving Test Meeting. This was caused by the dreaded axle tramp which has since been cured. At one Silverstone meeting I ran a big-end, but the engine had been emitting a knock for

some months, so the writing was on the wall. Provided one drives sensibly, and I know of no reckless competition drivers in this Club, there is no reason to expect accidents. The main wear involved is to the tyres and these present no supply difficulties. Mr. Attwood's remarks about three broken crankshafts in one season amaze me—to whom does he refer? To get past the Scrutineers our cars must be clean and in first-class mechanical order. Their examination is more exacting than the M.O.T. test, so it follows that our cars are kept on the top line all the time.

As for Mr. Edwards' statement that our cars were never designed to be raced, I have always thought that the only cars so designed are out-and-out racing cars. Nevertheless, the bulk of club racing in this country involves sports cars (which I believe Lagondas to be) and I seem to remember Lags being raced at Le Mans by the Works and others. I wonder what W. O. Bentley would say?

Incidentally, most of the Club's officials are or have been regular competitors. The same applies to the Rapier Register, the V.S.C.C. and presumably other similar Clubs. The only conclusion I can draw is that the competition-minded members are also the members who are prepared to work for their Club. The excellent Lag Rescue Squad is organised by David Johnson, a regular competitor. This is a very good scheme, but should not every member be a potential rescuer, however limited his knowledge or facilities? No doubt the incredible apathy of the average member precludes this. Regionalisation is another excellent idea and I hope members living in far-flung parts of the country will soon take part in Club activities as never before.

On the question of spares and in particular those parts which are becoming extremely scarce, several years ago the Club asked for volunteers to join in a scheme for the bulk-purchase of such parts. The response was negligible. I suggest that another attempt is made to sound members' wishes, but any subsidy from the Club's funds should be kept to a minimum.

In conclusion, I enjoy the humour of the news-sheets and am satisfied that I get good value for my subscription. Before anyone asks, "What do I get from the Club?" he must first answer satisfactorily the question "What do I do for the Club?" At least Mr. Attwood has offered his services and I hope the Committee will take

advantage of them. I am neither rich nor semi-rich, but only a bank-clerk who has to watch his pennies. Please don't spoil my hobby by taking away Club competitions on the insistence of a few who apparently wish their personal views to be forced on others.

COLIN BUGLER

A NUTTY TALE

GIVEN THE PROPER TOOLS, I AM TOLD, engine work is child's play. What problems could arise in taking off the big end caps of my DB 2.6 litre engine, with my shiny 27-piece socket set?

I soon found out.

Close inspection from the usual inverted reclining position revealed some of the nuts to be smoothly rounded off by the previous owner's worn out box spanner. Quite a bit of the shine of my $\frac{5}{16}$ " socket was removed when I ground it thin on the nose to try and get a bit farther down the nut. All I achieved was a shade more rounding off. Ah me!

Three evenings and six broken Junior hacksaw blades later, I had the nuts off, and if you can tell me a worse job than manipulating a hacksaw in the confines of W.O.B.'s crankcase, then I don't want to hear it.

I needed new nuts. I rang Ivan Forshaw, I tried B.M.C. and Ford stockists, I tried cycle shops, but the nearest I could get was back wheel nuts for pushbikes, which, whilst of the correct $\frac{3}{8}$ " \times 26 threads, were far too short, and shortness was the root cause of the trouble. So, D.I.Y.

Metal stockists will only supply a whole length of hexagon, so ten feet of .600 across-flat mild steel arrived, and I made a dozen on the lathe. I tapped them out with the tap held in the tailstock chuck to ensure dead truth of the thread to the face, and fitted them on with a spot of "Loctite" on the thread, tightening to 35 lbs./feet with a torque wrench.

Will my new nuts come unscrewed? A nut with a good true thread, properly tightened and aided with "Loctite" will never, in my opinion, come undone. With a castellated nut, what do you do if the hole doesn't line up? Go on a bit more and strain it or back it off? I never do know what to do in these circumstances, but one thing I am sure of, and that is that the proportions of the original nuts were all wrong for the job in hand.

B. SHIPLEY S.20

"TALKING OF SPORTS CARS" (No. 51)

'Autocar', May 23, 1941.

Five Years and Forty Thousand

*Thoughts Arising from a Run in a 1936 Lagonda
Which Proved to be in Excellent Condition.*

YOU PROBABLY READ AN AMUSING ARTICLE IN *The Autocar* last week by the Glegg brothers—of Dorcas Special Shelsley and speed trials fame—describing a frenzied attempt made some time before the war to plant themselves on the highest peaks in Scotland, Wales, England and Ireland within twenty-four hours. I was particularly struck by the references to average speeds achieved in rushing from point to point with a 1936 $4\frac{1}{2}$ -litre Lagonda.

There was mention of a 57 average over one section and 60 on another part of the route. It is to be noted that they had gone over the ground in detail beforehand and worked everything out most carefully, but these figures say something for the piloting and the motor-car. I noticed them the more particularly because it happened that shortly before reading the article in question I had had a run in a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -litre Lagonda tourer of similar date.

I was considering it as a sports car, for though it was not of the Rapide outside-exhaust pipe type, a Lagonda, and an open one at that, always strikes one as belonging to the select circle of cars. In the present circumstances I was thinking of it principally from the point of view of how a car of this description had stood up over nearly five years. Once again I repeat that one cannot tear about indiscriminately in a "high-powered car" these days—or in any sort of motor-car—even if the petrol were by any means available.

This Lagonda showed over 40,000 miles on the "clock", and, knowing that it had had a certain amount done to it recently, while at the same time it looked in very nice condition outwardly, it seemed a good specimen to pass judgment on from the durability angle.

By its date it would belong, of course, to the W. O. Bentley era at Lagonda's, though it was not of the still later type that had a similar chassis, with independent front springing, to that of the

newly designed twelve-cylinder. "W.O." and his technical staff did quite a bit of good to the "4½" in that interim period before the twelve-cylinder was launched, it providing a promising foundation.

It's something of a change to find a car that shows a good high mileage on the speedometer, especially when it turns out to be a thoroughly satisfactory machine as judged by a road run.

Handling Qualities

Appreciation of the 1936 Lagonda steadily increased. It had one or two rattles, and the steering could have been lighter for manoeuvring, but it was a pleasure to drive, from every point of view, and gave the impression of being likely to go on consistently. It fulfilled that first of elementary requirements, namely, ease of starting, the engine firing at practically the first touch of the switch after the car had stood in the open all night, it possessed very considerable power, and it handled well. As remarked of a rather similar type of car not long ago, I should have expected more pinking than there proved to be; it was not necessary to juggle continually with the ignition control.

During the few miles out of the total distance covered on which I used anything approaching full throttle, it was pleasant to taste the urge available on second and third for accelerating and rapid climbing of an awkward gradient, but also the top gear power was excellent. You notice these points more than ever in a car which has an outstanding performance when running over a route which you chiefly cover nowadays in something inferior—most inferior at times!

The most useful part of the Lagonda's performance in present conditions was its high averaging—high enough to be interesting, that is—without using more than 60, and with plenty of coasting in neutral included. It was obvious from the feel of the whole machine that it could do startling things on a real journey of the peacetime kind, and the Glegg effort I quoted at the beginning is by way of illustration of the capabilities in enterprising hands.

As tested when current, a tourer of this model achieved 96.77 m.p.h. as the best speed with the screen lowered, and was good for 73 on third and 54 on second at limit revs. Top was 3.66, third 4.76 and second 6.15 to 1—very high ratios, it will be noticed. The push-rod six-cylinder engine could be put up to 4,000 r.p.m. or a little more,

but was best kept down to 3,800. On this present car no such engine speeds were attempted by me, for general reasons already stated.

Take Your Choice!

The original price of the tourer would have been £1,050, and today it is offered at £575 by a firm whose constantly floating stock of desirable machines I have had the opportunity of referring to upon previous occasions—Brooklands of Bond Street, 103 New Bond Street, W.1. I could create envy and covetousness by quoting a list of out of the ordinary machines they have on hand at the moment—Bugatti, S.S.100, supercharged 4½-litre Bentley, 8-litre Bentley tourer, Alfa and Hispano are a few of them. I only wish the times and fuel supplies were such that it was possible to try the whole lot!

As regards the Lagonda in particular again, the right-hand change was a good thing. First and second were plain and third had synchromesh, working very nicely as a whole, and also it was pleasing to have a fly-off hand-brake lever. The Girling brakes had plenty of power, and were even in application, and the suspension, though of the ordinary half-elliptic type, was very reasonably comfortable as well as stable, there being an adjusting lever on the steering column for all four hydraulic shock-absorbers, which had some noticeable effect.

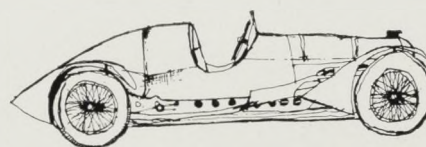
It will be remembered that this engine has dual ignition, there being a set of plugs on each side, supplied by two Scintilla Vertex vertical magnetos.

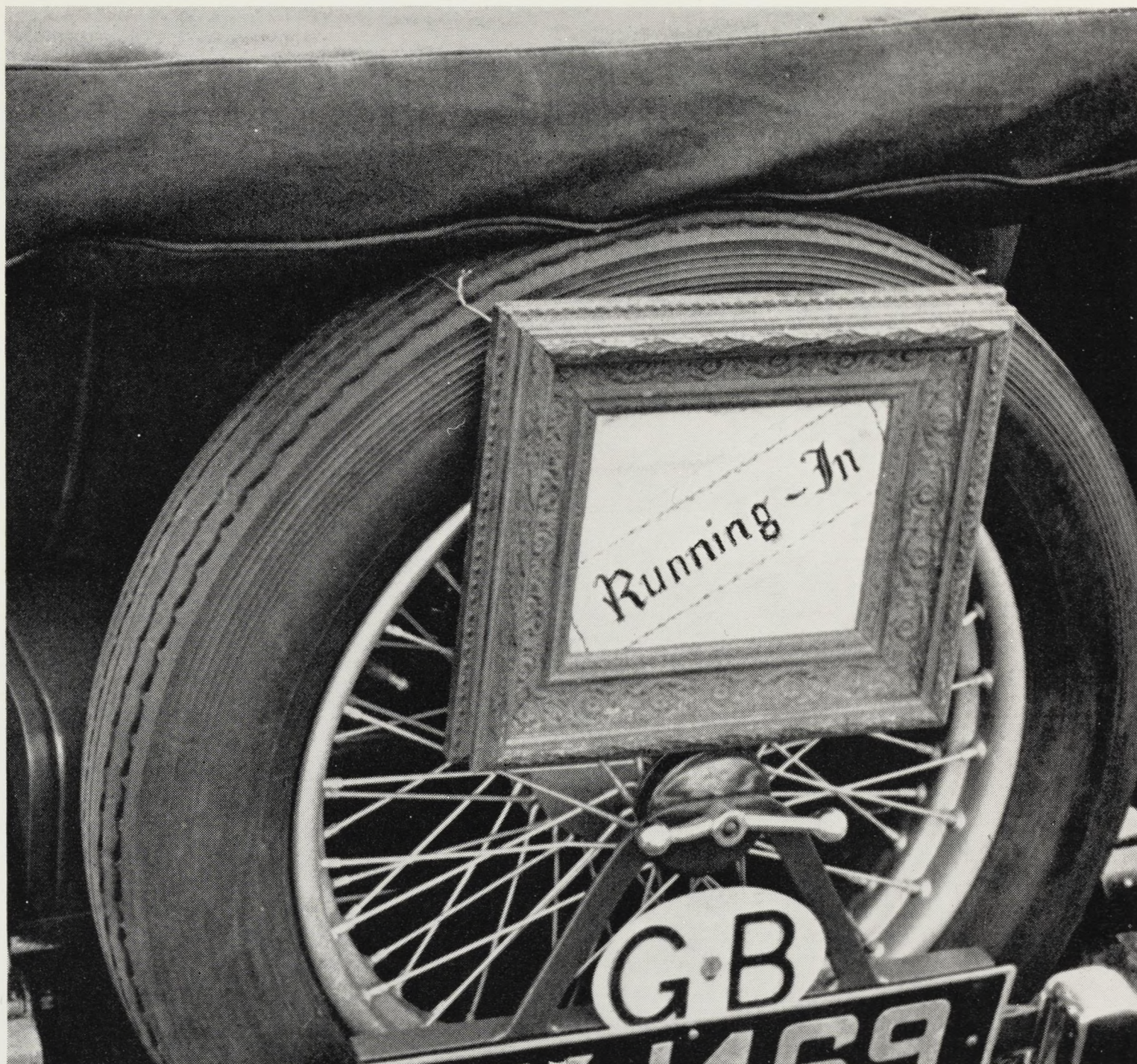
During one of the several cold spells when this spring decided to revert to winter it was found that the hood and side-screen equipment was useful as regards checking draught. It was a roomy and comfortable tourer body, with eminently usable back seats and a sensible amount of space for luggage.

Yes, it was a pleasant refresher in Lagondas.

Incidentally, I should be interested to hear how owners of open sports cars have tackled the immobilising business, especially on those fitted with a magneto and no removable ignition key. "V".

(Reprinted by courtesy of Autocar)

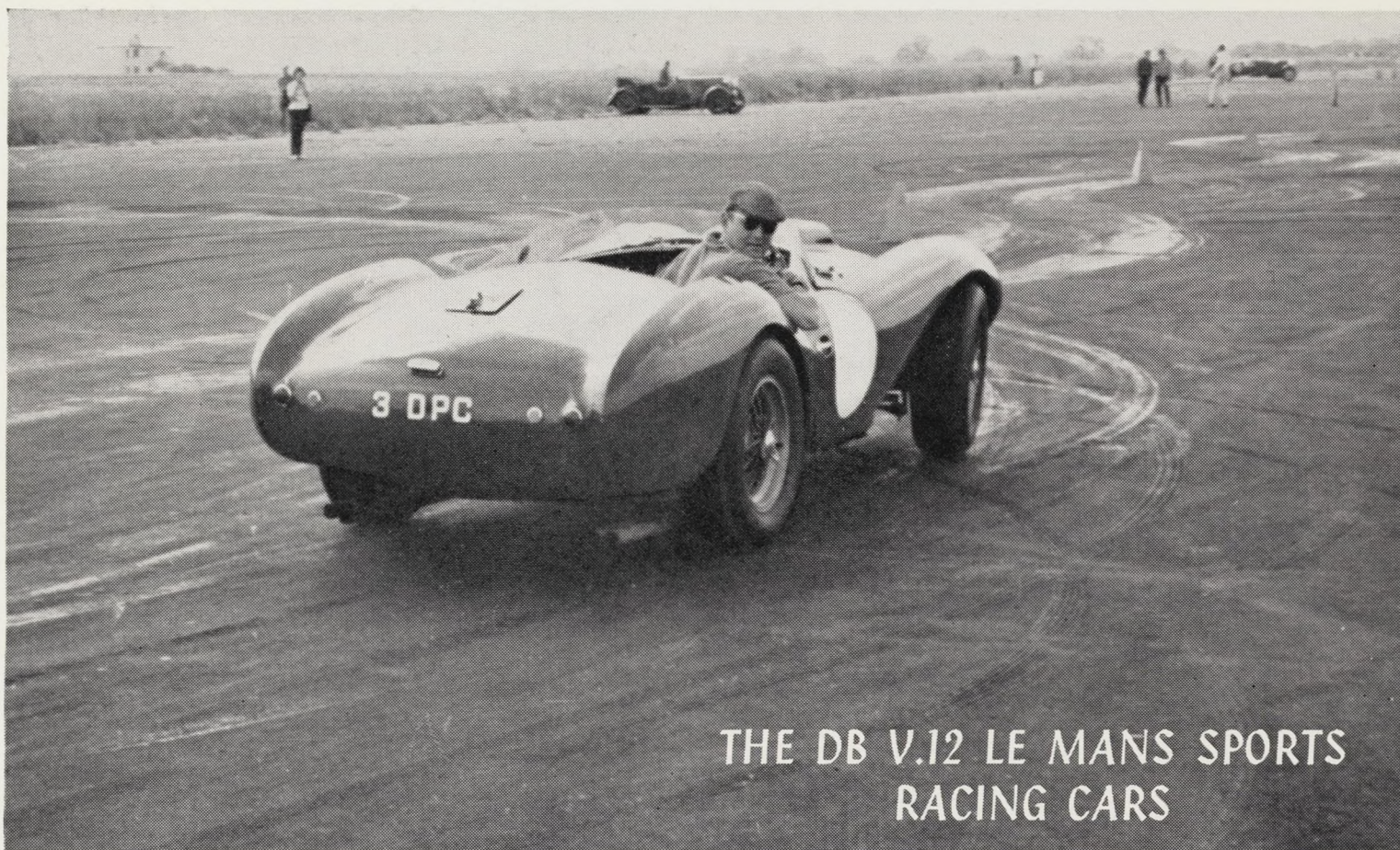




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AND ABROAD A HAPPY AND
TROUBLE-FREE 1968

LAGONDA
DINNER DANCE
—
APPLY NOW TO
DUNCAN WESTALL
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SEE NOTICE PAGE 9



THE DB V.12 LE MANS SPORTS RACING CARS

I NOW FEEL MORE QUALIFIED TO EXPRESS AN OPINION on the general performance and handling characteristics of the David Brown V.12 Le Mans cars, having driven both cars in a number of contrasting events this season including driving tests, sprints, hill climbs and race meetings.

The V.12s have shown remarkable success during the past seasons, they have also proved themselves to be thoroughly reliable and efficient sports-racing cars.

Personally I find the performance of the cars electrifying with 305 b.h.p. under the bonnet, propelling a car weighing only 21 cwts. Power arrives with a mighty surge at 3,500 r.p.m. and rushes straight up to 6,000 r.p.m., the safe recommended limit. 6,000 r.p.m. in top gear provides a road speed of 150 m.p.h. by my own calculation, based on an axle ratio of 4.22 to 1 with 7.00 x 16" tyres. The Works quoted a speed of 168 m.p.h. at the same rev. limit. As no speedometer is fitted it is sometimes rather difficult to determine the exact road speed in the indirect gears. The V.12 Lagondas are easily capable of exceeding 100 m.p.h. in third, with two more gears available.

This V.12 all-aluminium engine is the right size and type for steady development.

A brief description of the chassis and engine may be of interest to club members:

ENGINE: The capacity of the engine is 4,486 c.c. with a bore and stroke of 82.55 mm. x 69.85 mm. Piston area 99.56 square inches.

Valve actuation by four overhead camshafts. Compression ratio 8.65:1. 305 b.h.p. at 6,000 r.p.m. Maximum torque 295 ft./lbs. at 4,000 r.p.m.

LUBRICATION: Dry sump, 4-gallon light alloy tank and oil cooler.

Carburettors—Three four-choke down-draught Weber type 401F4C.

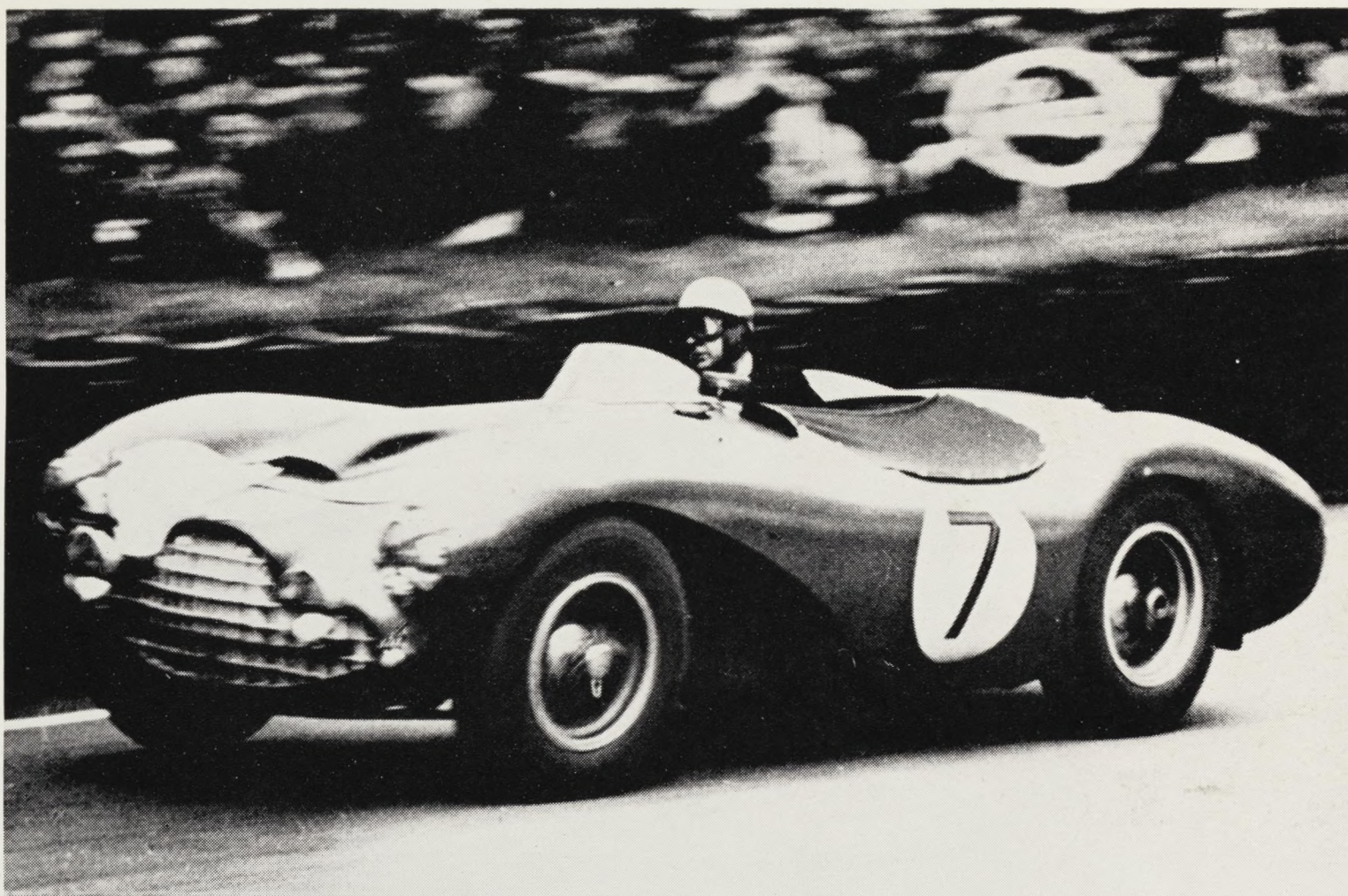
IGNITION: Dual Scintilla magnetos with 10 mm. sparking plugs, two per cylinder.

Gallay light alloy fuel tank, capacity 45 gallons.

COOLING SYSTEM: Marston light alloy radiator incorporating integral oil cooler. Water capacity 4 gallons.

TRANSMISSION: Borg and Beck 7½" diameter triple plate clutch with VG95 lining.

GEARBOX: David Brown type S532 with five forward speeds and reverse with baulk ring syncromesh on 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th gears. Final drive David Brown 8¼" diameter spiral



Eric Thompson at Le Mans 1954

bevel unit incorporating Z.F. limited slip differential.

BRAKES: Girling hydraulic with Servo assistance. Alfin drums all round with Mintex M14 linings.

SUSPENSION: Front—I.F.S. with parallel trailing links controlled by transverse torsion bars.

Rear—De Dion axle located by parallel trailing links and controlled by transverse torsion bars.

STEERING: Rack and pinion, $2\frac{1}{8}$ turns lock to lock.

PERFORMANCE: 5th gear. M.p.h. per 1,000 r.p.m. equals 28.8.

Litres per ton mile (dry)—4,500.

B.h.p. per ton at 6,000 r.p.m.—265.

Four cars were built to run in the 24-hour Le Mans Sports Car Race in 1954. One car was destroyed by fire, I understand whilst undergoing Airfield testing. I imagine that 3 DPC previously owned by Joe Goodhew was the Dennis Poore and Eric Thompson car which crashed in 1954 on the 25th lap. Thompson attempted to pass a slower car through the Esses, found insufficient room for two and clumped the bank with such vigour that it was some two hours before he was able to work the Lagonda free. He then drove to

the pits where it was found that although the car was in perfect mechanical condition it would have to be withdrawn as the tail lamp had been smashed and no replacement for it was carried on the car. The fastest lap was the 15th at 111.04 m.p.h. and the maximum speed of the car recorded over a flying kilometer was 148.27 m.p.h. The following year, 1955, a second V.12 Lagonda driven by the late Reg Parnell was entered. This particular car was of improved design utilising a space frame, and also fitted with disc brakes. Before 250 miles were completed, the minimum refuelling distance, the Lagonda ran out of petrol owing to fuel spillage on corners. The petrol tank cap had not been properly closed when sealed by the Plombuer. This car is now in the United States of America and we would very much like to locate it. Perhaps some of our American Lagonda Club members can assist in locating it. Name and address of present owner would be welcomed.

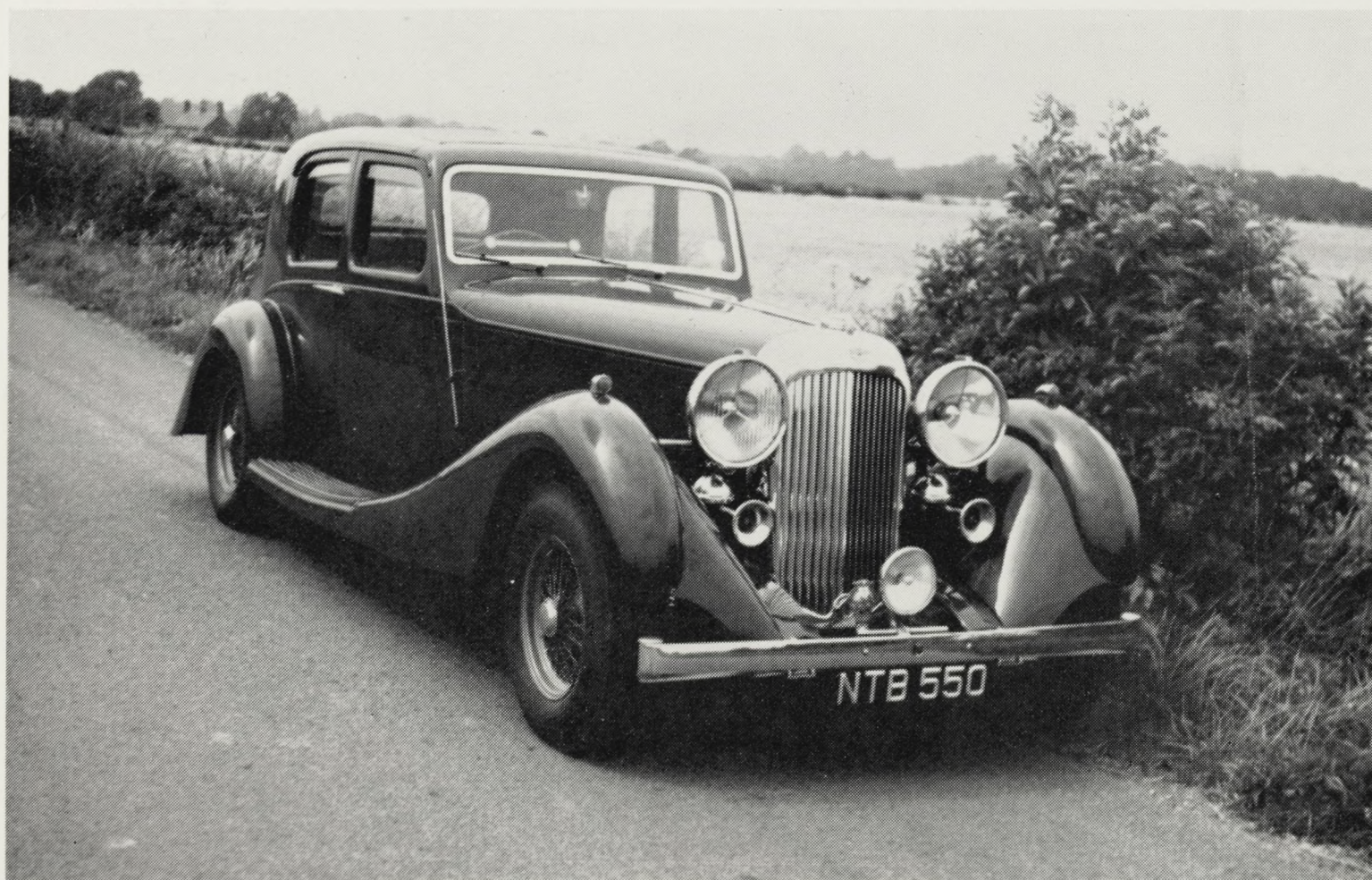
A point of interest is the performance of the Lagonda at a Brighton Speed Trial. The speed of the car over the finishing line at the end of a standing kilometre was 130 m.p.h.

MAURICE LEO



Thorne's Rapide ▲

Elder's LG.45 ▼



◀ INTERESTING RAPIDE

Leslie Thorne, our new-found Club representative in Southern Ireland, has, as can be seen from the photograph, a somewhat unusual LG.45R. This car was acquired from the original owner, Mrs. Gwendoline Slazenger, wife of the maker of all those tennis balls and sports equipment. Soon after Mrs. Slazenger bought it she found the luggage space a bit lacking for long trips on the Continent so the car was returned to the Works who rebuilt the back end to give greater room for the good lady's clothes.

During the war the Rapide came to the Slazenger Irish estate but after a few years it was used less and less and finally lay in one of their factories neglected and forgotten.

Leslie was lucky enough to be able to purchase it at long last and the fine job of restoration can be seen.

◀ UNUSUAL LG.45

Another unusual car is Elliot Elder's early LG.45 with a Lagonda-built body that differs somewhat from the usual run. In fact it looks more like the body that was fitted to the "interim" M.45/M.45R just after LG Motors was formed and W. O. Bentley joined the Company.

This car was purchased new by Gardiners for diesel engine experiments; who took out the Meadows engine and replaced it by their 6LK 5½-litre diesel. The bigger engine accounts for the slope of the radiator and other modifications they carried out included Alfin brake drums, increased chassis lubrication, and a centre change to the G.9 gearbox.

After a while the engine was fitted to another car and the engineless car was acquired by Tom Ellison. He promptly fitted a smaller diesel engine and the present 16" wheels and again, after the fullness of time, it passed into Elliot's hands—once more without an engine. He has now fitted the engine and gearbox, complete with overdrive from an XK.150 and finds the 210 b.h.p. more than useful. A cool 70 in second gear sees most people off and those who do not know stare with wild eyes when they see the rev counter of an LG.45 reading over 5,000 r.p.m.!

HOW TO BE A HOBBILY MARRIED

WOMAN by Valerie Longridge

WHEN YOU MARRY A MAN YOU take his hobbies too. This being so I suppose things could have been worse—after all he might have been an amateur steeplejack or a trainer of circus fleas. Certainly at the time we met his hobby of collecting, restoring and driving Vintage cars seemed quite innocuous. How was I to know, when I agreed that this hobby should be part of our married bliss, that we would soon have old motor cars like other people have mice? Further, how could I (another woman driver!) have foreseen that the Vintage car disease (for disease it most assuredly is) would prove to be contagious? Of one thing I am certain, with the possible exception of rabies, it has the longest known period of incubation—but unlike rabies it is not deadly; it is simply chronic and incurable.

At the time of our marriage my husband was the proud possessor of a 1927 2-litre Lagonda. It was an open green tourer. It was not the funniest car I had ever seen but I must confess to a certain amount of self-consciousness when being driven around in it, and this was by no degree lessened when small boys running alongside and keeping abreast without apparent difficulty, hailed our appearance with shouts of "Hi Mister, is it home-made?" and other juvenile witticisms. I eventually decided that if I was ever really to enjoy this car I would have to learn to drive it. A momentous decision and one which I was very tempted indeed to review the first time I climbed into the driver's seat and found that in addition to a crash gearbox (of course I know that the word crash is synonymous with gearbox when men think about women drivers) I was going to have to cope with the re-positioning of most of the essential controls—for example, the gear lever was on the right hand side (a position incidentally which you very quickly become convinced is the only sensible one) and the accelerator pedal was where the foot brake is in a modern car. Eventually, after much indignation and a few tears, I mastered the brute. On reflection, mastered is not the word. In point of fact we reached a compromise—I agreed to treat the gearbox with proper respect and in return the great beast ceased snarling and grinding its

teeth at me. I suppose in time it became resigned to being driven with more enthusiasm than skill.

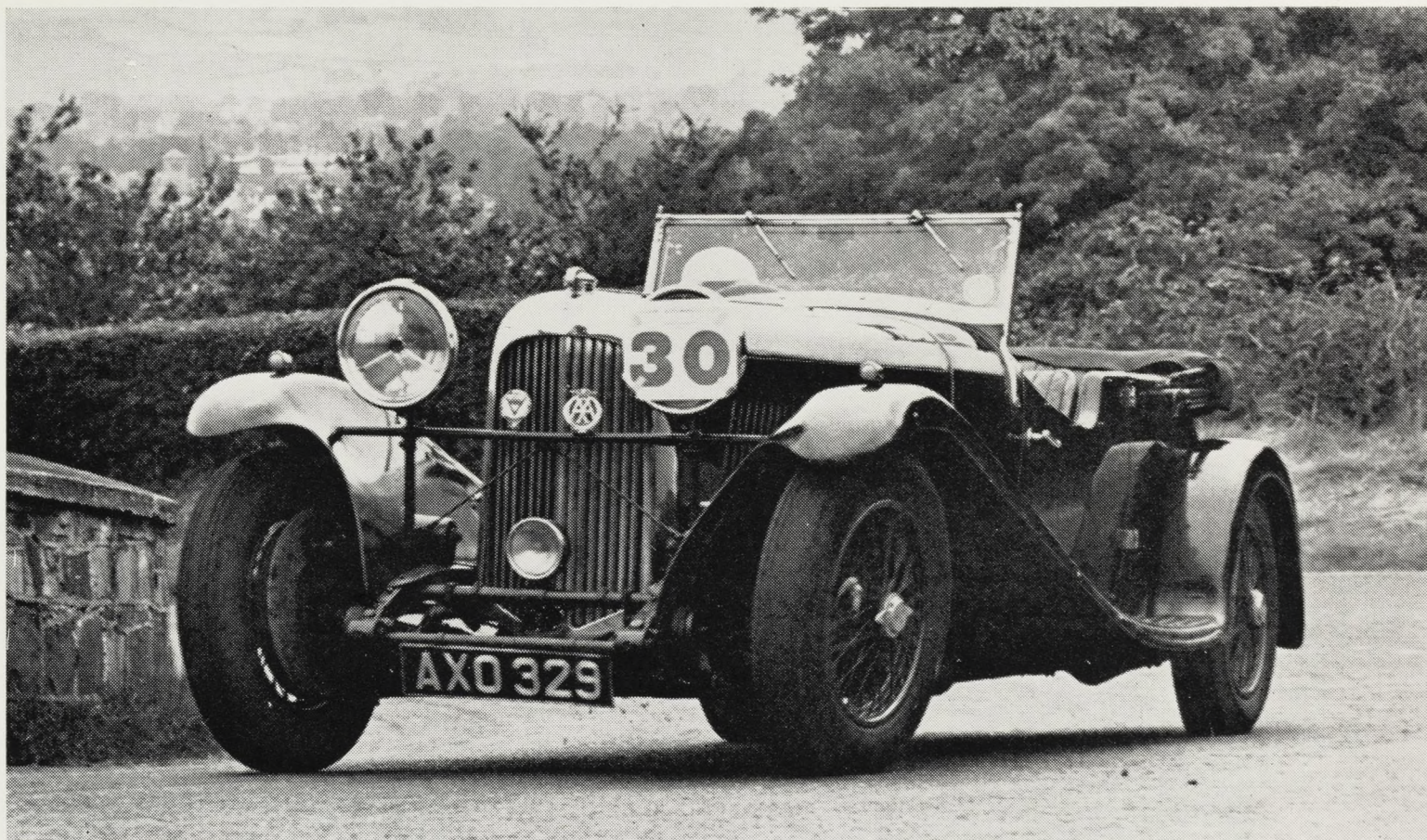
In a weak moment, at an Annual General Meeting of the Lagonda Club at Ascot, I agreed to the purchase of a 4½-litre Lagonda. I was assured that the real purpose in this was to enable us to enter local motoring events—in short, **HE SOLD ME THE BENEFITS!** Such was my knowledge of cars at the time that I failed to appreciate the difference between 2 litres and 4½—and needless to say I was to drive the 2-litre. The vast difference in the performance of these cars (not to mention the difference in the drivers) became apparent even to me during the Craigantlet Hill Climb in the summer of 1963. I discovered what everyone else already knew, that a 2-litre touring Lagonda was not built for competitive hill climbing. At all events it was a pleasant outing as the sun shone all day. The hill is just over a mile long and after getting into 2nd gear I had ample opportunity and time to enjoy the panoramic view stretching from Scrabbo Tower to the Mountains of Mourne and if I'd had a self-server on the runningboard Jimmy Duff's sales would have gone up faster than I did. At the end of the second run my husband, who had won the event, agreed in an unguarded moment to allow me to drive the 4½-litre in the same event on some future occasion.

In the meantime we purchased a 1939 Rolls-Royce Wraith, for after all what family can afford to be without one! To say that you haven't lived until you've driven a Rolls-Royce is of course a gross exaggeration; on the other hand it is a unique experience. For example, I assure you it is the only car that a policeman has ever assisted me to park in a **NO WAITING** area and called me Madam as he apologetically pointed out that I had overlooked the small question of renewing my Road Tax. I suppose it never occurred to him that I couldn't afford to!

From the sublime to the ridiculous—our next purchase was a 1932 Austin 7 saloon. It had had only one owner since new and until we bought it the owner and his wife (both school teachers) spent the summer months touring England, and every year since 1932 had completed the marathon journey from Land's End to John o'Groats. This, of course, is a fantastic demonstration of the Austin 7's reliability. I fear, however, it would take a lot more than this to elevate them in my

estimation. I hate them—yes, I hate them—snarling, snapping little things with gear levers like whiplashes and apologetic rubbing sounds for brakes. When driving them the sound is a mixture between that made by an irate tramcar and a bad-tempered tom-cat. I suppose by this time the Vintage car disease had become chronic with me too, for, believe it or not, I didn't leave home when my husband bought another Austin 7, this time a 1934 model. I will not bother to extol its virtues for fortunately neither was destined to be around for long (neither Austin 7 I mean!). One was completely wrecked by a friend to whom we had foolishly lent it and the other was flooded with petrol and set alight by vandals and thus quickly reduced to ashes. My husband still has a sneaking suspicion that the vandals were in my employ.

By this time I was becoming really keen on driving the 4½-litre Lagonda—so keen in fact that the 2-litre was seldom used and was subsequently sold. This decision my husband has since regretted very much indeed for although it was not a particularly sporty car it was delightful to drive (if not to be driven in) and the very fact that it was 1927 would have made it the only truly Vintage car in our now somewhat diminished collection. However, at this stage the Post-Vintage 4½-litre really did come into its own. It is wonderful to drive both competitively and for pleasure (not that these two reasons for driving are necessarily separate). We have had many memorable experiences. No matter how level headed and sensible one considers oneself in everyday matters it is surprising how irresistible one finds a challenge proffered by young enthusiasts out showing off to their girl friends in their fathers' cars—or for that matter in their own new "Specials". Young people are extremely derisive about anything purporting to dignity in motor car design and it is true that the appearance of the 4½-litre is particularly deceiving. Its potency is not readily apparent but having been inveigled, by dubious signs and provocative laughter, to give chase you become suddenly aware of the tremendous power of the machine. As the good driving books have it "you depress the clutch and engage the gear and start motor-ing". As you thunder past your rival it is whimsical to note how often his little car has a black and white chequered grille. How safe one feels in a motor car weighing about two tons.



This right-hand bend was so terrifying I could not bear to look

Photo: A. McGrath.

In August of last year I won the Craigantlet Hill Climb handicap event for Vintage and Post-Vintage Thoroughbred cars. (I had to do something to silence the widely held fear in the club that the entry was wasted on a woman driver). Driving the 4½-litre up the hill bore no relation at all to my previous experience in the 2-litre. I suppose it was like the difference between eating Galaxy and ordinary milk chocolate! After the first run I was reduced to tears with the terror of it all as I was literally thrown all round the car by the tremendous sideways forces at the tight bends—in fact, I felt like the last Malteser in the box. Even before I received the official time for the final run (for which I had been securely wedged in the driver's seat by various improvised devices) I knew that my form had improved considerably for I heard a young boy remark, "Look Daddy, there's the lady racer." This was high praise indeed for on completion of my first run I had overheard a similar small boy describe me to his father as "a boy with lipstick on"—understandable I suppose as I was the only woman competitor and was wearing the obligatory crash helmet. In any case I had vindicated women

drivers for although I won on handicap my actual time was only two seconds slower than my husband's best time the previous year.

If anyone should be foolish enough to wish to emulate the foregoing eccentricities let me point out that it is not entirely without its pitfalls and heartbreaks. One has to learn, for instance, without actually asking, that Vintage cars are those built between 1920 and 1930, therefore a car does not become Vintage simply by getting old. Cars built up to 1914 are Veteran and are definitely NOT called Old Cocks! Certain cars from 1930 to 1939 which were still hand built in the Vintage tradition, such as Lagonda, Rolls Royce and even Bentley, etc., are called Post-Vintage Thoroughbreds. As for heartbreaks, at Christmas instead of the much-needed cocktail dress one is liable to get a re-ground camshaft (whatever that is!). There is too the inevitable juggling with finances at the end of each month and usually some little bill gets overlooked—for want of a better word. It's all a question of getting your priorities right, or wrong as the case may be—why else would I be writing this by candlelight?

VALERIE LONGRIDGE

LAGONDAS I HAVE OWNED

Peter Densham

BY ALL THE RULES MY FIRST CAR should have been an Aston Martin. My first taste of real motoring was experienced as passenger in a brand new T.T. model and I can see now the road blurred between the near-side front wheel and the chassis as we tore along the Highland roads. The finest sight in all Europe. The fact that, years later, in 1936, I bought my first 2-litre Lagonda was due more to chance than anything else.

News that I had fifty pounds to spend on a car spread rapidly among my friends in the City and in no time at all I was on my way to Purley where a smooth young man in a sports jacket was waiting to show me a 2-litre Lagonda. Although £50 was nearly four times more than most of my contemporaries could afford it still wasn't enough to buy a 3-litre Bentley which would have been most people's first choice. Any Bentley less than £100 was slightly suspect and the Lagonda seemed, in looks at least, a fair compromise.

There was nothing odd about owning a Lagonda in 1936 and no heads turned when a few days later I drove back to Hammersmith wrestling for the first time with a four-speed box and a throttle-stop that had been carefully set at stalling point. The traffic at Hammersmith Broadway was controlled by four policemen and after several minutes of my antics not one of them could have been described as a Lagonda enthusiast.

Very soon a knock in the engine became a mighty hammering, only to be silenced by removal of my foot from the accelerator. A mechanic at Rapier Motors in the Kings Road said he had never seen a big end like it. No metal left at all; the bill was £3 and I dipped for the first time into my clothing account, in fact I never dressed decently again.

I learnt at last to drive the car and became very fond of it. When second gear collapsed I swapped the car for another identical one and £12 passed in the wrong direction.

It was now 1937 and ownership of a Lagonda was still no mark of eccentricity. To put this matter right I was living on a sailing barge, moored at Hammersmith not far from the Doves. I was working in a shipping office in Leadenhall

Street and I was a member of the H.A.C. Life seemed to me very good. I was earning rather more than some of my friends and at £2 16s. 0d. per week was able to indulge in most of the vices available at the time.

My train fare from Ravenscourt Park to Mansion House was 4d. and my lunch, at a cafeteria in Moorgate, cost between 10d. and 1/4. Petrol was round about 1/- per gallon and Players had just gone up to 6½d. for ten. A ten shilling note in my pocket on Monday morning saw me safely through the week until Friday.

My parents had retired to Parkstone and I have very happy memories of my week-end drives to see them. The Kingston By-pass was a three-lane death trap and I used to be thankful when Esher was behind me. Even then I found little pleasure until the long drag to the Hog's Back was over. Thereafter it was wonderful motoring with the Lagonda, well warm by now, eating up the miles at no less than 50 miles per hour. I can say with truth that I envied no man his car.

I swapped again; this time it was one of the first low chassis 2-litres but still having the long front wings. It was quiet and efficient with typical 2-litre characteristics. By now I realised that new cars were getting more and more unattractive to me and it is not surprising that I found my way to the fringe of a tousle-headed group that could be seen sometimes on the downs above Lewes, sometimes at Brighton, often at Brooklands. This was the Vintage Sports Car Club; voices crying in the wilderness. Another connection with this exclusive circle was the fact that John Bolster had been at school with me, though a year senior. His mother used to appear at school functions driving her Frazer Nash.

Munich came and went and life seemed set fair. Until a phone call to my desk one day in August 1939, shattered completely in forty-five seconds the world I have tried to describe. This could be the end of my story; in fact it is only the beginning.

Somehow I clung to the Lagonda, I found a garage for it in barn or pig-sty as my battery moved crazily round the country: Elstree, Swanage, Newmarket, Cranleigh, Dorking. I drove in the first days of the blackout on side-lights only and those blacked to a pin-point.

One of our moves was to be treated as an exercise in security. Our destination was to be a secret. By chance I went on leave and saw our

quartermaster in a neighbouring town. I guessed what was about to happen and when finally the battery arrived at our "secret" destination they had the pleasure of seeing my Lagonda parked neatly outside the billets.

I remember a Sunday in September 1940 when, driving back from Tonbridge to our camp in Vachery Park, Cranleigh, I had to move my driving mirror out of line. The sky behind me was utterly terrifying and I could not believe that one stick or stone of London could possibly remain standing; I could not bear to see it.

The motoring world was beginning to recede. Any private car on the road was almost certainly running on "unauthorised" petrol. Although we continued to slop it about by the gallon and the RAF were reputed to leave their hoses running permanently it became difficult to find a spare gallon. Another hazard emerged; one of our cooks heard that his wife was receiving the attentions of a neighbour and very reasonably he decided to "go home and bash her". His attempts to start the Lagonda (minus slip ring) were almost disastrous.

Soon we moved to Wootton Hall near Dorking and I laid the car up in a garage in Leatherhead, making exhaustive arrangements for its proper care. Fortunately so, because in January 1941 I found myself zig-zagging hungrily across the ocean in HMTS Highland Chieftain. This went on for ten weeks until, by sheer chance, one of the zigs (or was it zags?) brought us safely into Bombay.

All my letters home for the next four years included a paragraph "Have you remembered to pay the garage?" and all the letters back from bomb-torn England included the brilliant news that the garage rent was paid. Of all the wild exaggerations that could have been heard from lonely guard rooms, flooded gun-pits and fever-ridden jungles none pleased me more than my oft repeated though modest admission that I owned a Lagonda. A remark that caused a satisfactory silence among the assembled car owners: the word vintage had no place in our motoring language. There were cars to be mentioned and cars that must not.

Unbelievably the day dawned in April 1945 when I came home, to be greeted by the very last V2. It fell with a bang in Lewisham. From the welter of memories that come to mind I will tell you one story that I hope will illustrate the terrible "have not" conditions in England; so

different from the Services, who at this time had everything they needed, from jeeps to clothing.

Within a week of disembarkation I joined a party of friends who had arranged a week's sailing on the Broads. Beneath a sky filled by the bombers forming up for a raid we enjoyed perhaps the last uncrowded sail that will ever be possible. At one point I threw overboard a pair of socks (woollen, grey). Moments later there was a wild cry from a yacht behind, she gybed all-standing, a member of the crew dived overboard and another put off in the dingy while the yacht went aground.

Eventually the dinghy came alongside, between gasps the oarsman held out my socks: "They fell overboard", he said shyly, obviously embarrassed by the certainty of overwhelming gratitude. "Thanks awfully", I said, "but actually they have got holes in them. I chucked them away".

I can see now that oarsman, his mouth hanging open as he rested on his oars and the dinghy swung astern.

On my own yacht there was a terrible silence until someone, avoiding my eyes, said, "We just don't do that in England".

No! In England in 1945 you didn't throw a pair of socks away just because they had holes: nor did you throw away pins, nor paper clips, nor pipe-cleaners. In every garage stacks of spare tyres, through to the canvas and beyond, rose like tottering memorials to motoring.

My journey to Leatherhead was something of a pilgrimage and as I approached the garage I half expected to see the Lagonda gleaming behind the show-room window.

There was no window, the glass lay on the floor and grass sprouted from the cracks in the concrete outside. I found the owner but I didn't recognise him. "Your Lagonda? Oh yes. It's round at the back" he said, and added, "We had a bomb you know".

Round at the back was a corrugated iron roof supported by four pillars. Beneath it was a caravan, its wheels removed and a notice saying ARP AMBULANCE. On the concrete floor among the rusty remains of a hundred oil tins were the seats and cushions from the Lagonda. Brambles clawed their way towards them.

Behind the caravan, pushed up close to one of the windows which had been used as a rubbish tip was my car.

I felt hot with shame because this was no ordinary rubbish.

The caravan had been used by ambulance crews who for years had thrown every scrap of rubbish from their table out through the window and straight into the back of the Lagonda. Empty tins and refuse filled the car above the level of the doors and spilled down over the running-boards to the ground. This was a job for me to do quickly, by myself before anyone saw it.

It is easy to recognise a turning point from the distance of twenty years. At the time I saw it only as a decision which must be taken and my feelings for the car were all I had to put into the balance.

My disembarkation leave expired in three weeks and I was determined that when I joined my regiment near Aberdeen, I would drive there in my car.

I took rooms in Leatherhead and with a pathetic collection of tools started work. Until then and in spite of all my fine talk I had never really done more than adjust the tappets or drain the sump. Now, without help and using the crudest tools I must first free the engine and then carry out a complete overhaul. No spare parts were available and I didn't know any other owners who could have offered advice.

By some miracle the car ran. It was terribly

rough and I suspected the mag. but time had run out and I must collect my kit and set out for St. Albans and the North.

At Biggleswade the car spluttered to a halt and in the gathering dusk I raised the bonnet. In turning the engine to check the mag timing I was nonplussed to find that the mag was not turning. The fibre timing wheel had stripped and was making only occasional mesh with the pinion on the drive shaft.

The railway took over at this point so that eventually the car arrived outside the Mess in a remote spot on Deeside (Milltimber near Aberdeen). The situation was finally solved in the most unexpected way. My mother mentioned in a letter that she had seen in Parkstone a car like mine and that the owner was often to be seen ministering to it outside his house. Should she ask his advice?

In due course a long letter arrived. It started "The defect you mention is not unknown . . ." and went on to give painstaking advice on fitting a new fibre wheel. The letter was signed Ivan Forshaw, and the date was 1945. In fact there were no fibre wheels to be found though I managed to obtain a blank and have it machined.



Peter Densham driving his M.45 at Finmere

Photo: A. Davey

Once more the car was on the road.

I decided to drive South and in spite of a strong vote of no confidence from my comrades I set forth. If I had realised the conditions or the incredible distance that lay before me I might never have made the attempt.

By the time I reached Arbroath oil pressure had disappeared and my prayer that it might only be a faulty gauge was not answered. I limped into Dundee with a big-end hammering away. I found a garage (MacLeans Ltd.) who were incredibly kind. They had no skilled labour whatever but they allowed me to use their pit and draw out the offending piston. They had it metallised and allowed me to put the engine together again. During this operation I was visited by a young man who owned a Lagonda and we chatted for a while.

The rest of the journey was remarkable only for complete loneliness. Very few garages were open and I don't suppose I passed a dozen cars in an hour. The country was wild and time and again I offered a prayer that nothing should go wrong.

One of my first visits was to Ivan Forshaw whom I hadn't actually met. There was no need to hunt for his house: it was clearly defined by the dazzling 2-litre which stood outside. Introductions weren't difficult and we saw quite a lot of each other. It was to Ivan that I first mentioned my belief that there should be some sort of club for us; he was doubtful if it would work and his feelings were confirmed by correspondence in *Motor Sport*. Someone had written suggesting a register of the owners of his particular car and a reply in no uncertain terms had come from an illustrious pen in the V.S.C.C. Suggesting that his club was the answer and that lots of small one-make clubs were unnecessary.

The war quite suddenly ended and when the echoes of the cheers had died away there was a nasty silence. There wasn't really anything left.

I had decided to learn to farm and soon I was lodging in a minute cottage without light, water or drainage. The Lagonda, garaged in the village pub, was positively my only link with the world I knew. I arose at 4 a.m. and went to bed soon after eight; even so there were long hours of darkness in the winter when I longed for contact with the sort of friends I was used to. Once more the idea of a club for 2-litre owners came to my mind and I could not now dispel it.

First I put an advertisement in *Motor Sport*

offering my car for sale and then I bought a note book and ruled several columns on the first page. I headed it THE 2-LITRE LAGONDA REGISTER and the date was October 1946.

The few replies from my advertisement proved beyond doubt that there was a place for one-make clubs. All the replies were friendly, none was particularly business-like and the tone of them all could be exemplified by the following quote, "I do not want to buy your car because I already have one, but I thought I would write to you and tell you about mine, etc., etc., etc." for six pages! But it was Ponsford Jones (No. 11 on the list) who really hit the nail when he said, in green ink, "I don't think you want to sell your car at all."

Now I was sure of my ground I went ahead and advertised in *Motor Sport* and the *Autocar*. I devised a simple questionnaire for members to fill in and I gave a number to each car as it appeared. From the first I decided that the car should be registered rather than the owner so that names and addresses were given on a separate list. Each new member received a folder containing the particulars of all the cars so far registered. The lists became longer and the weight of the folders heavier and heavier. This early work was done by candlelight and using my trousers-press as a table supported between my bed and my upturned uniform trunk. I mention this because it explains my annoyance when success seems to be gauged by the size of an office desk. Anyway, the Register succeeded!

On April 20th, 1947, our staff-work was put to the test. By all available means we let it be known that 2-litre Lagonda owners should bring their cars to the Royal Aircraft Establishment in Farnborough. Petrol was still heavily rationed and the difficulties of motoring cannot be exaggerated. At this time few of our members had met and I doubt whether more than a handful of 2-litres had ever been seen together. For me it was an almost overwhelming experience; as 11 o'clock approached Lagondas appeared from every quarter of the tarmac and in the ensuing moments I knew that the Register had already filled a need. It should be food for thought that in 1947, against almost impossible odds, over 60 cars arrived. There was already a nucleus of helpers, not yet to aspire to the term "committee" and I would like to have mentioned them by name. To be fair I should like to have named

every owner who came to Farnborough on that day because there was not one who had not come as much to see if he could help others as for any other reason. Many had brought spare tyres and other parts which were then unobtainable. I can truthfully say that many of my friends to-day were among those present on that remarkable day.

From that moment we never looked back, our numbers grew steadily and a sort of framework appeared which needed little alteration as the years went by.

I swapped cars once again and the circumstances of my buying my last 2 litre are worthy of mention. I was working in Hampshire at the time and could not go to Scotland to see the car which was advertised in *Motor Sport*. However I liked the owner's description and the letter he wrote. The address was Dundee so I mentioned my sojourn there and asked if by chance he knew the young man whom I had met. He replied that he was that man and I sent my cheque immediately. PJ 2843 (No. 66) first registered January 1932 arrived from Scotland in a cavernous railway truck. As it rolled down the ramp I knew I had found a real beauty and in fact it turned out to be one of the best cars I shall ever own. In 1950 I entered an unhappy period in my life. During the next four years it seemed that I must lose everything. My tears at parting with my car were stayed only by the fact that when the deal was completed the new owner was unable to start it and it needed complete rewiring before it would consent to leave the garage.

Without dwelling on times that are best forgotten nor bringing personal matters where they do not belong I am glad of this opportunity to mention that when at last I arrived in Solihull to make a new life for myself it was a Lagonda owner and one of the first members of the Register who offered friendship and the sort of sympathy that was needed.

End of Part I

The Editor regrets the late appearance of this Magazine which should have been published in December. The proofs were missing for nearly two weeks in the pre-Christmas post which partly accounts for this delay. However, this issue has more copy than usual which it is hoped will compensate.

HULL & EAST RIDING MEMBERS NOTES

THE SEASON DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE. There is only the November Rally left, and one or two preparations are going ahead for that.

Undoubtedly the pride of the stable this year has been John Beardow's M.45T whenever it has made an appearance. After organizing work on it in exchange for its star turn as the centrepiece in the display for Quality and Reliability Year and then organizing the northern section of the Bentley Driving Club for their Hull Docks outing, he took his family on a splendid holiday to include the Beaulieu Visit and the New Forest Picnic. He also made a commendable entry in a Concours d'Elegance at Cleethorpes, narrowly missing an award. There was one other Lagonda, entered by the widow of the late Bill Grundy, VCC. The programme notes reported that it had made a 1,000-mile tour in the Dutch Veteran Car Rally of 1962, a noteworthy item which had previously escaped our notice. The car is FE 3914, and it would be interesting to know whether it is known to other members of the Lagonda Club.

Good Old Vic

No doubt the Northern Sec. will enlarge upon the SYCEC National Sprint Meeting at Sandtoft, but these notes may fill in an odd gap or two. *Saturday:*

Roy Paterson and Vic Wiltshire in the Swine Large Special (assembled by Henry Coates of Lagonda Farm, village named Swine, East Yorks.) about the first to arrive for scrutineering and practice. Marshals still staking out, etc. Friendly welcome from officials expressing interest in the car and wishing us well. "You know you'll be here again next year," they say, "for your own sprint meeting with the Bentleys." Though Northern Sec. when he arrives, is not so sure.

Some meetings have Official Number Painters. Look round for them here. This meeting does not. Consequently Vic keeps busy borrowing Mel-tonian for successive Lag. arrivals. Always borrows from driver of No. 23, ignoring the men driving the other sixty-odd cars. She is the only young lady competing. He wishes her well. Glad she wins an award.

Scrutineers always an unknown quantity as noted in recent newsletter. Vic, taking time off from building the Swine Small Special, brings

along his most comprehensive portable (if you're strong enough) toolkit, smoothes the way through for RP 1951 when the scrutineer notices one item missing, viz. one seat. Herb now arrives, his Special is faulted. Vic volunteers the tools, though Herb does most of the work himself, and that is another Lagonda through. Alan Brown passes (one seat only, no comment, but different scrutineer for him) and is then puzzled by lack of practice performance. Finds valve cap has disintegrated. Who has spare valve cap in stock? Vic, but it takes a little time to locate it. Gordon Rider is scrutineered O.K. on merit and not just because he is member of South Yorkshire CEC and Doctor-on-duty.

Sunday:

W. P. Alexander turns up, one of the privileged few to be granted Sunday practice. His 4½ goes well, faster than at Vintage Silverstone. Ask him if he's done anything to improve the urge. "Och ay, I put in a new engine on Thursday. I was driving at Castle Combe (VSCC) yesterday."

After first runs, Gordon not too happy with clutch adjustment on his immaculate white Rapide. Vic is still around . . . Gordon has much better second run.

So it is that five Lagondas enter, five Lagondas start, and five Lagondas finish.

And in between times, Vic nips home to Hull and returns with bargain gearbox (30/-) for 328 BMW competitor.

Good meeting spectatorwise too. Seven Hermes reps and friends give support, and brand-new member turns up in extremely quick 2.6 DB saloon and makes himself known.

At Ted Townsley's

Many thanks to Ted and Eleanor for marvellous afternoon. Our part in it was to muster three Lagondas, four drivers (snappy changeovers by Ian and Mary North), ten other crew, wives, children and friends, and in case you wonder how they all crowded into one two-seater, one 16/80 tourer, and one DB saloon, they didn't. There were two other cars too. A notably absent car was John Beardow's. Usual excuse. Booked for wedding transport, fourth time recently, so John and family came in his ex-Ken Pape Jaguar.

The Chairman

One weekend in July Roy and Vic, Ian and his co-driver, saw Mike Wilby when they also fitted in quick visits to Silverstone and Finmere. Interesting to find Mike and his family have now

visited up here, and gratifying to find him so sympathetic to proposed Sandtoft Sprint for Lag/BDC.

Pub Meet

Local members will always be pleased to welcome visitors on the last Tuesday of the month at the Duke of York, Skirlaugh.

HERMES

Regionalisation—Continued from Page 2.

15 Kent	L. N. Buck, 21 Willow Walk, Culverstone, Meopham.	The Malta Inn, Allington Lock, Nr. Maidstone. 3rd Tuesday in the River Bar. (Approaching from the M.20, take the A.229 towards Maidstone, then 1st turning on the right (Aylesford road) and the inn is signposted 200 yards on the left.
16 Surrey & Sussex	N. T. Walder, Old Park House, Ifield, Crawley	Star Inn, Rusper, Nr. Horsham. Last Friday.
17 Wiltshire, Dorset & Hampshire	D. J. Palmer, North Carolina, Quibo Lane, Weymouth.	Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas, Dorset. First Friday.
18 Devon, Cornwall & Somerset	Dr. Arnold Young, The Towers, Hookhills Road, Paignton.	To be arranged.
19 London		Coach & Horses, Avery Row, W.I. 3rd Thursday.

Areas 8 and 9 above—John Organ has kindly offered to act as representative for part of this area and it is hoped Malcolm Sherwood will assist with the rest. Further details will appear in the next News Letter. We shall, however, still need a representative in North Wales and the Secretary will be pleased to hear from anyone who is willing to help.

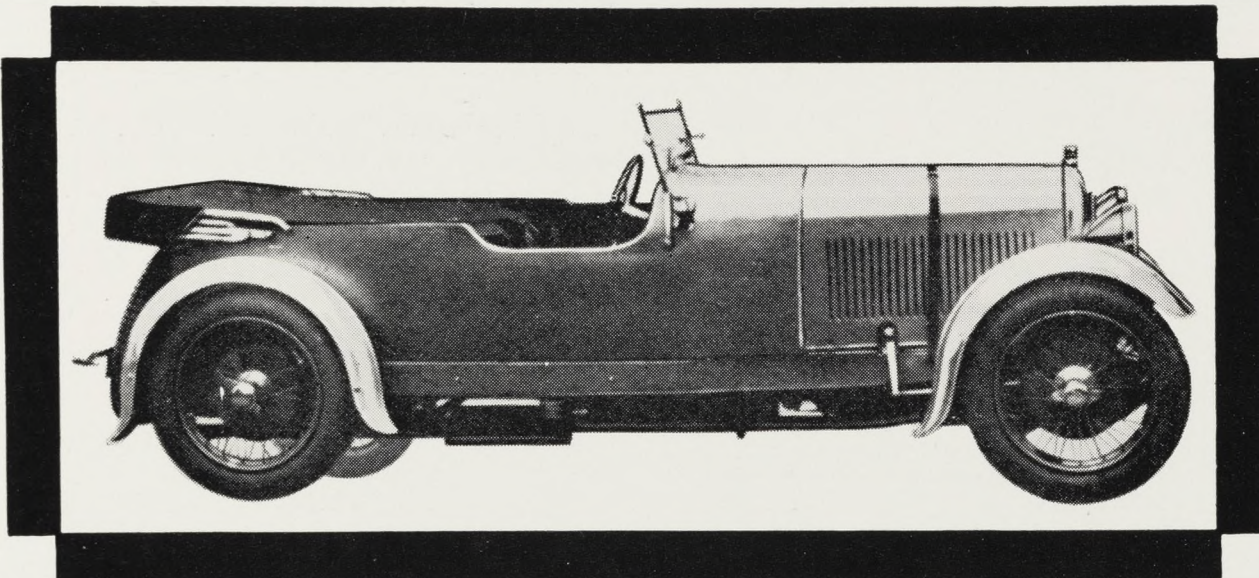
Harry Wareham, as Midland Secretary, is hoping to run a new pub meet in his part of the country. Details will follow.

The names of all club members except London (other than W.) and overseas have now been passed to area organisers. London members already have a regular pub meet and can attend other club functions with ease. If they wish, they should ask to have their names included on any of the other lists.

As mentioned above, members are not of course tied to any particular meet and should join whichever is most convenient, but should ensure their names are with the appropriate organiser so as to keep in touch with local events and ideas. Announcements will be made regularly once a month in the News Letter.

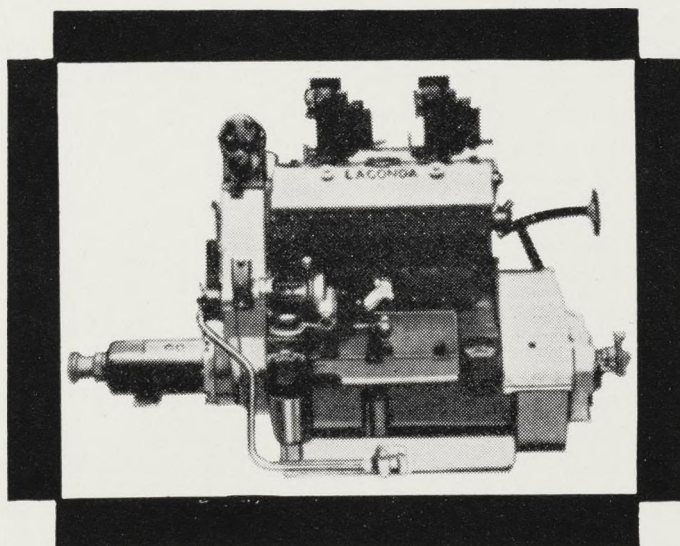
It will, in fact, be obvious from the above list that many more organisers in each county are urgently needed, so how about YOU! The Secretary will be pleased to hear from any members who are willing to try and work up enthusiasm in their part of the country.

The Committee realise there are bound to be teething troubles in getting such a scheme off the ground but at least a start has been made.



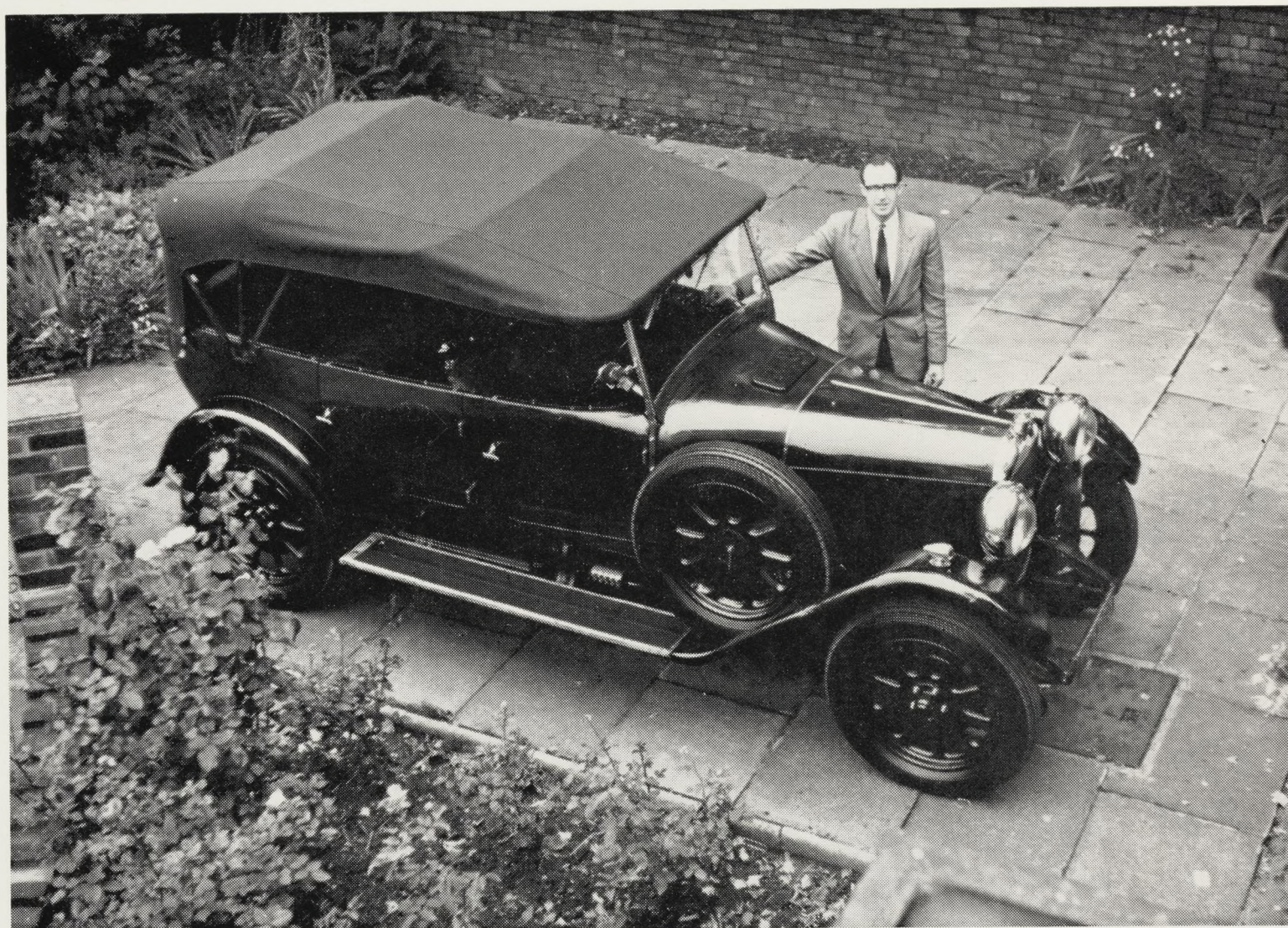
LAGONDA TWO-LITRE SPECIAL

THIS model has been produced in addition to the Two-Litre Speed Model to enable the Lagonda range to cater for the enthusiastic "open car motorists" and the competition drivers who require the last ounce of efficiency. This car has been lightened very considerably and the engine power increased, giving an astonishingly high maximum performance. Available in chassis form or fitted with open four-seater body only.



EVER seen one of these? This is a page from the 1930 catalogue and seems to suggest that this special version of the 2-litre was available on general order.

The interesting feature is the carburation with twin Zenith or Solex feeding directly into the valve ports. This should help the breathing quite a lot and the only known car like this belongs to Pete Whitman. Pete is a pretty quiet chap and never says how his car came to be like that. Can someone make him talk?



NORTHERN CARS & FACES NO. 12

NEIL PRESTWICH

Pictured with his 1927 14/60 2-litre. This is his first Lagonda which was purchased in good condition in April 1966, since when it has appeared in most of the "Vintage" rallies in the Lancashire and Cheshire area.

Awarded merit plaques at the Club's 1966 & 1967 A.G.M.s the car is largely as original, the lamps being a notable exception.

Future tentative plans are for the acquisition of an LG 45 and fitting a replica Rapide body.

Photo: H. S. Schofield

MOTORMANIA

(or how I lost my head and joined the Lagonda Club)

STANDING AT THE STATION BOOKSTALL ONE FEBRUARY DAY in 1961, having purchased my copy of *Motor Sport*, I was enjoying a free look at the voluptuous maidens in *Playboy*, when I noticed that a large and tweedy character was also trying to get a look-in at said lovelies. This fellow student of anatomy turned out to be none other than that well known automobilist and entrepreneur of all things mechanical, Henry Coates.

I first made the acquaintance of Henry at an early age, when he and my father had shouldered arms together, thereby gaining my first ride in a 2-litre Lagonda, somewhere in the 1940s. In 1961, I had just sold my Triumph Dolomite and had become the proud owner of a 1949 Allard. Henry obviously thought that if I was mad enough to motor in such unusual machinery it was time I was introduced to some real motoring and an invitation was issued to assist him and Ken Pape to try out the route for the 1961 North Riding Rally on the following Saturday. The appointed day arrived and after meeting up with Henry and Ken in the Mk. 1 Special at Beverley, we set out in convoy towards Helmsley.

The Allard was quite fast, but so was the 4½, and with the rain pouring down, Henry and Co. snug and dry with hood up, yours truly did his best to keep in station and reasonably dry (Allard had no hood). After negotiating one corner, with two wheels in the ditch and two on the road, whilst a very posh Bentley motored in the opposite direction, and on Henry's request investigating a possible road (road, he called it) I soon realised what was meant by "real motoring".

Later in the year it was suggested that I might like to become a member of the Lagonda Club, so I paid my money and jumped in with both feet. In 1962 I purchased from Henry an M45R chassis and enough bits to make it work, and set about to make myself a motor car. The chassis was towed to my home (ever been towed on a bare chassis at considerable speed? It's quite diverting) then after placating Mother and persuading Father to let his nice new tractor live elsewhere, I began.

The building of the special occupied all of the winter (how I escaped frostbite I'll never know) and most of the next year. The Northern Rally was attempted in the Allard which was now getting a bit tired of life and was piqued at being neglected, and a month before the special was finished, decided to call it a day by dismembering its rear axle and torque tube at 50 m.p.h. Very interesting things happened then. After pushing it to the side of the road and picking up assorted shrapnel, I hailed a passing friend with M.G. to give assistance. M.G. no good, 4½ Lag called in, very good, towed Allard with locked rear wheels 100 yards easily. Big bang, Everything goes round. So homewards.

November '63, special on the road and entered for November Handicap. Day arrives. Won't go. Friend's wife's Mini pressed into service and thoroughly enjoyed rally, especially local hostelry where much ale consumed afterwards.

1964 and the special was now pretty reliable and we enter for the North Riding Rally, where we decide that a motor boat would perhaps have been more useful. Motoring briskly round a corner we were faced with a stream, emerging from the rock face and across the road. Stream. It was about 4ft. high and 3ft. wide. The Crown at Borobridge looked like a cross between a Chinese laundry and a Turkish bath when we arrived. Memories of John Beardow marshalling at the driving tests with the colour out of his hat running down his countenance.

December '65 and the 4½ is taken off the road after proving that Lagonda motoring is the right thing to do. It is decided to rebuild it more suitable for competition. This left me without transport, so Henry offered me the LG6 saloon CKY 520 which had finished 97th in the Monte of 1950. The car had been fitted with a Perkins P.6. diesel by the aforementioned Coates, and provided Mini economy with Lagonda comfort, as well as a nice dry ride to the pictures in your Sunday best.

This year saw our first venture north of the border to participate in the Border Rally which by some strange chance we won, Ian North doing most of the brainwork (Good Lad). The car was used every day and on one occasion during the Summer we ran out of road (uphill) necessitating hasty 'phone call at 3 o'clock in the morning to John Beardow, who promptly came to the rescue (another good lad). The Southern

Rally was attempted later in the year but to no avail.

1966 and one pot on the shelf, it was therefore felt that we should enter the Northern Rally at Sandtoft after which I was told "you won". This was accompanied by a demand for beer all round. Herb then informed me that he had his sums wrong, and that I had the class award (David Hine being the winner). I then called for return of all refreshment, this being greeted by loud booing from the ranks (miserable lot). However we were quite pleased with the result and another pot on the mantle.

Organising the Autumn Social passed several pleasant weeks before the coming of the close season and frozen fingers in the garage rebuilding the M45R.

The present year has been much occupied by business and the need to earn a few coppers, with the result that the rebuilding ground to a halt. However the LG6 provided interesting everyday transport. Work restarted in the garage during August and the Rapide should be on the road by the end of September (famous last words) if no interruptions are encountered. What's this? *Playboy* . . . Ye Gods look at . . . Ah well.

JOHN BROADBANK.

A RARE LAGONDA

I DO NOT CLAIM THAT A MOTOR CAR can have a soul, in fact I would find it difficult to define what a soul is. But it is certain that some cars have something about them, something indefinable which sets them apart, which is as noticeable to the sensitive driver as it is hidden from those who regard their cars as merely machines for making a journey. This individuality is never possessed by a new car, and is not too common among cars made after about 1930. My 2-litre Lagonda, however, certainly possessed it. In many ways it was a strange and unique motor car and on one occasion even verged on the supernatural.

The first 2-litre Lagonda appeared late in 1925, and my one was made in 1926. It was rather distinctive in appearance through having a two-seater body with a pointed, canoe-like tail. Most 2-litres have 4-seater touring bodies and I never saw another like mine either before I had it or since. Its body was painted dark red and the bonnet was polished aluminium.

MAGAZINE COPY DATES

The **Spring** issue will appear in mid-March and copy should be with the Editor by the end of January. The **Summer** issue appears mid-June and closing date for copy is April 20th.

The car had been crashed by its previous owner a couple of nights before Christmas on that rather tricky down-hill S-bend about a mile or two south of Beaconsfield. It had been late at night, the roads slightly slippery, and the car had finished upside down in the ditch. The driver had been killed but the damage to the car was only superficial. The place was only a few miles from my father's house where I was staying over Christmas. Although I do not normally like to buy cars which have been crashed, when I saw this one standing rather forlorn at the side of the local garage I could not resist, and bought it. The damage was not serious, consisting mainly of a bent offside stub axle and front wheel and broken windscreen and lamps. A few weeks' work put it right and the Lagonda turned out to be a delightful motor car.

The following Christmas my wife and I were staying with friends near Leicester. I had taken a few days off and we motored up on a glorious, crisp, cold, sunny day with the hood down and the motor singing. I don't know what it was that reminded me of the crash, but that evening it suddenly came into my mind that it was almost exactly a year ago that the previous owner—who had, I felt certain, loved this motor car as much as I had come to love it since—was killed in it.

That night I dreamed I was out on a long drive. There was someone with me who occasionally took over the wheel, and although normally I never lend my motor car to anyone else, somehow he seemed to have a perfect right to drive and I was quite happy to let him. Like all dreams it was not very consistent, and sometimes I seemed to be behind the wheel and sometimes in the passenger seat, and sometimes not even in the car at all but floating above it or beside it with

this other chap driving.

But the journey we made seemed real enough and I knew the road well. We were going south from Leicester, through Husbands Bosworth towards Northampton. This has long been one of my favourite roads, quite broad and well surfaced but twisty enough to call for skill, and with lovely views. On this occasion it was night, but there was a moon and the headlamps clearly picked out the road ahead. We went through Northampton, with the pubs just emptying, up the long main-road hill on the other side with the car going magnificently and the booming exhaust note getting deeper as the throttle was opened. We kept right at the top for the road to Stony Stratford—fairly twisty but all right if you know it. Stony Stratford was nearly empty of traffic, it must have been about 11.0 p.m. Sharp right at the end of the High Street, left at the T-junction, the road to Winslow. Quite a tricky road this, very much a minor road, but good fun at night when there is no-one about. It must have been my turn to drive, for I noticed by the feel of the steering wheel that in some exposed spots there was a little ice on the road. Nothing very serious yet, more like a thick frost, but caution was needed. We turned left into Winslow, another sharp turn in the square, then along the good fast road to Aylesbury which we found deserted except for a policeman. On we went through Wendover, Missenden (the by-pass had not yet been built), then Amersham where we turned right up the hill to Beaconsfield.

My companion was driving when it dawned on me who he was and where we were going. I would have liked to withdraw from the expedition there and then, but seemed quite powerless to do anything about it. Through Beaconsfield we went and took the road I knew so well. The car was going better than ever, the gearbox singing as we accelerated in third and the exhaust echoing back from the last cottages. The moon was throwing broad shadows under the trees and the road was white with frost. The S-bend came nearer and nearer. Finally, in absolute desperation, I yelled at the top of my voice, "Slow down, you fool, slow down!". And promptly woke up in a sweat.

Well, thank goodness it was only a dream, and in the morning one can have a good laugh about it and after breakfast go out to the garage just to prove that it had only been a dream. The Lagonda was still there, of course, and it could not have been out because I had drained the

radiator the night before in case there was a frost.

And then my father rang up. Was I all right? "Yes, of course I'm all right. Why?"

"Well, you know that friend of yours, the chap who's got a Lagonda rather like yours, he rang up five minutes ago and said he saw you late last night, absolutely belting through Beaconsfield, coming in this direction. He said he was certain it was your car because there isn't another like it. But obviously he must have made a mistake."

"Yes, of course." I managed to say, and felt I had to sit down.

JOHN KENDALL

PUB MEETS

LONDON: Coach & Horses, Avery Row, Grosvenor St., 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 of each month.

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

HULL: Duke of York, Skirlaugh, on the A 165 and about 9 miles NNE of HULL.—Last Tuesday of each month.

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

STAINES (Middx.): Anglers Hotel.—Second Wednesday of each month, 8.30 p.m.

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

SUSSEX: The Star, Rusper, nr. Horsham.—Last Friday of each month.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir—In the 1967 Autumn number of this magazine Mr. Paul Edwards stated that his "own reasons for belonging to the club are to make use of Ivan Forshaw's excellent spares service", and in his view "far more use could be made of the available funds in the manufacture of spare parts".

I cannot agree with this member's reason for joining the club. While I am sure that most of us at one time or another have dealt with our noble technical adviser, it would have been refreshing to have heard from Mr. Edwards as to how much he was prepared to put in to the club by way of time and effort rather than what he was prepared to take out. As to the manufacture of spare parts,

I only hope that he was present at the A.G.M. when this very point was raised; and whether he was there or not, perhaps he would care to put down the sum required to start such a venture off on a sound footing.

Lastly, if Mr. Edwards regards the Flashlight/Gasbulb image as "banal", and if he does "not want to continue paying £2.10.0 a year to receive two or three pages of funnies every month"—so what? Had this rather bitter comment been coupled with an offer to write articles for the Newsletter or Magazine, then it would have deserved some attention. As it is, I would rather see the club £2.10.0 worse off.

T. J. PEERLESS,
Surrey.

Are there any more?

Dear Sir—I have just returned from a trip round Southern Scotland and the Lake District—in the 2-Litre, of course. It is perhaps worthy of mention that the sun actually shone every day but one.

The weather, however, was not the highlight of the holiday but a little incident that happened as I motored out of Dumfries.

Despite the fairly early hour it gradually dawned upon me that the two occupants of the car in front were taking just that extra amount of interest in the 2-Litre. It began to get rather disturbing—was something leaking or was a mudguard about to fall off?

After about a mile I saw hand signals which could only mean—I am slowing down—I am turning right—you turn right also! I reckon I'm large enough to take care of myself and the car, so I followed—into a petrol station.

All at once everything clicked into place! Facing me through the open door of the workshop was the rear end of a low chassis 2-Litre. The day's mileage schedule went for a "Burton" before it had started.

But to get to the interesting bits: the Log Book said last taxed in 1946! Seemed right. The headlamps still had the wartime masks. The leather though dirty and dusty was original. The door hinges had no wear. The aluminium strips on the running boards were as new. The year—1932, with Z-type gear box.

Anyone else for a leisurely tour round Scotland next year?

HARRY GOSTLING.

Early Lagonda Trials

Dear Sir—I have had in my possession for some time a specimen book entitled "The Automobile"; this being "a practical treatise on the construction of modern motor cars, steam, petrol, electric and petrol electric". "The Automobile" was specially prepared for subscription, and not obtainable through general book sales. The date of my specimen is August 1905.

Of particular interest is the addendum, giving results of various hill climbs, speed trials and reliability trials, also the results of the 1904 and 1905 Gordon Bennett eliminating trials and races. In the results of the "Auto Cycle Hill Climb, Northshaw, May 1904 (700 yards) steepest gradients 1 in 8", there figures a certain Wilbur Gunn riding a Lagonda Motor Cycle.

In Class III the result table shows that Wilbur Gunn on the Lagonda was 5th with a time of 56.45 seconds. The weight of the machine is given as 161 lb. and that of the rider was 151 lb. The Bore and Stroke of the engine is shown to be 78×82 mm. At this event there must have been an excellent "beer and butties" tent as our hero, in time for Class, IV had increased his weight to 285 lb.! The bike, presumably a different one, weighed 323 lb. and had a Bore and Stroke of 86×96 mm. All this weight was, however, not to Wilbur Gunn's disadvantage, as this time he managed second place with a time of 1.15 seconds.

A 4.2/5 h.p. Lagonda cycle, ridden by H. Rignold, also took part in the 1904 Blackpool speed trials. In the Flying Kilometer the Lagonda did not disgrace itself, coming 14th out of nearly 100 entries with a speed of 54.5 m.p.h., fastest speed at 84.7 m.p.h. being made by an 80 h.p. Napier. 2nd place went to the Hon. C. S. Rolls on a 100 h.p. Mors at 84.1 m.p.h.

At the same event there was a standing mile, but unfortunately, the Lagonda's times are not shown for this. Presumably the rider was frightened of putting on too much weight. My wife's theory about the weight business is that in Class IV they had to have two riders!!! Perhaps she is right judging by the heftiness of some of the other riders in that class.

A. M. CAWLEY,
Hatfield, Doncaster.

Touring in a 2-litre

Dear Sir—The summer edition of the magazine arrived the morning my wife, daughter and myself were leaving for "The Continental Tour". The Tour has been the spur during three years apprenticeship in Vintage Motor reconstruction which to the majority of my friends, family and myself seemed even more improbable than a successful completion of the job.

The 1928 high chassis 2-litre speed model tourer again took to the road in March this year, and was re-baptised in a snowstorm. Minor irritations such as seized lay shaft bushes and water leaks were overcome without too much loss of face. The car was proved on the Brooklands Anniversary Rally, where it blushing accepted the award for the farthest travelled vintage car of its class.

The tour was "on" and the magazine was hastily pushed into the last remaining space after all camping equipment and essential provisions had been loaded aboard.

The new Tor Ferry for Immingham to Gothenburg was extremely comfortable and is highly recommended. The camping and driving in Sweden was delightful and the experience of left-hand driving is something that will not be repeated. (Right hand driving from 3rd September).

The letter by Mr. Mogens Bessermann Neilsen of Copenhagen prompted us to make contact with this very keen and thorough enthusiast and we spent a pleasant evening discussing "Lags".

The tour continued through Germany and Holland returning via Amsterdam to Immingham. The friendliness of the people and the interest in the car was tremendous, the car giving no trouble over the whole trip, and I can recommend to anyone that they renew their search for a run-down 2-litre at a handy price and do a quick three-year job to get the most out of their Continental holiday.

W. H. GOLDING,
Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

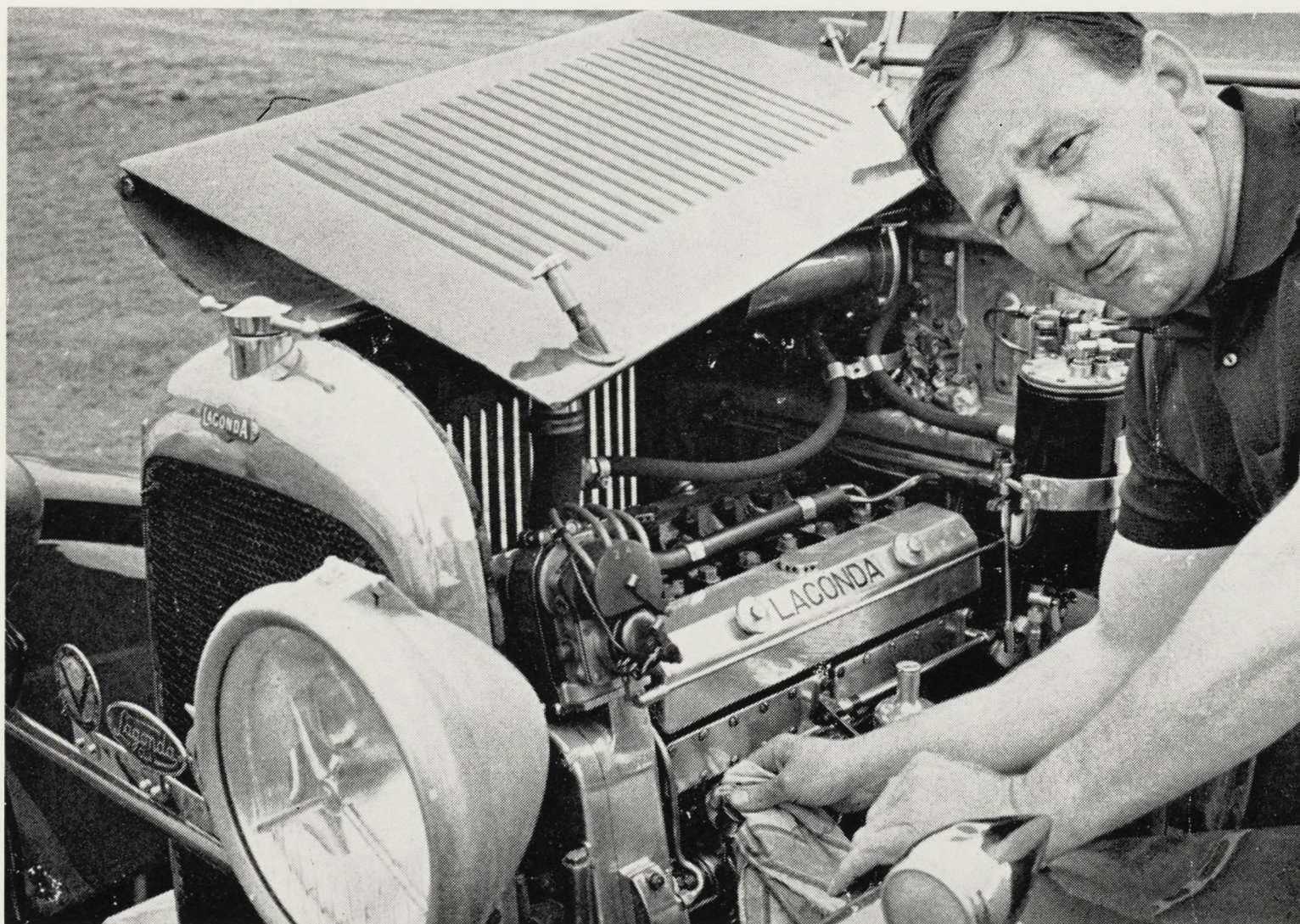


Photo: Politikens Presse Foto

P.S. Enclosed is a photograph which appeared in "POLITIKEN", Copenhagen, with the following caption:

"A 40-year-old Lagonda is probably the most shiny vehicle at Bellahøj. It belongs to Harold Golding, whom we have to persuade to open the bonnet.

It's a bit oily, he says, revealing a four-cylindered, twin-cam engine as bright as a mirror. This fine car easily runs 70 m.p.h. and does 25 miles to the gallon."

Whither the Club?

Dear Sir—Ray Attwood's letter appalls me. He seems to envisage the club as a combination of museum and cosy social organiser. Both these functions may be suitable for other makes of car but Lagondas are primarily sports cars and I think it very important that the club should never forget this.

P. F. BESLEY,
Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Dear Sir—I find it difficult to agree with what Ray Attwood had to say in his letter printed in the Autumn Lagonda Magazine, but I am sure we

would all defend his right to say whatever it was he did say. Because he is a Lagonda Club Member I am sure he must have meant that I should have the right to use my car for my own enjoyment.

Where I really must disagree with him is in the suggestion he makes that the Lagonda is a fragile and unreliable car, not actually suitable for the purpose for which it was designed.

Even though most of them are over thirty years old and have seen much service they still are in fact, one of the most robust and reliable vehicles on the road today—if correctly rebuilt and serviced—as those who use them competitively can testify. In my own case a couple of races at Silverstone is inevitably followed by a return journey of about 250 miles, and I hate walking.

You must not worry about the crankshaft on your 4½-litre, Ray. The only one I've ever heard of breaking was due to the harmonic stabiliser being taken off—a sure crankshaft breaker on any six-cylinder engine of any make.

These cars are also delightful to work on because the engineering is so basic and functional that there really are few parts which cannot be made if necessity arises in order to keep them going at full efficiency. Indeed, although Mr. Attwood may not wish to agree, the improvements in fuel and lubricants over the last thirty years have even allowed improvements in performance and economy. Dare I say it?—some of the engineering can be improved upon too.

So we need not be too worried about shortages of spare parts.

Of course these cars were of the highest quality of their day—built by craftsmen; and there really is more to rebuilding a Lagonda than sending off to the worthy Forshaw for a "part used" replacement and wedging it in where a completely used part had been and then proceeding at a modest pace to the nearest "well organised Rescue Squad" depot before the next breakdown.

These cars are strong and reliable! Of all the competitive events for cars Le Mans 24 hours is probably the most demanding of these qualities and out of more than forty British Contenders only four have won this race outright. In 1935 it was a Lagonda similar to Ray Attwood's own car. Jaguar won five times with the XK engine unashamedly derived from the engine of the Lagonda Rapier, Aston Martin won it (and were second as well) in 1959 with an engine developed

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from the 2.6 litre Lagonda engine, originally designed during the war by W.O. Bentley whose cars were the only other British make to win at Le Mans.

So let us please have no more apologies for our cars or our Club, let us all try to improve them both.

Finally, a tip for Mr. Attwood. Perhaps if he could stop those thousand and one ideas from circulating he would not need to fall over backwards!!!

IAIN G. MACDONALD,
Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Complaint

Dear Sir—Married woman I am and bar-maid here (very respectable and no drinks served on the Sabbath). Last week commotion there is outside and when I peep through the curtain enormous old motor-car I see, lamps like soup-plates, wheels with wire spokes and body looking covered in crocodile skin like my best hand-bag.

Driver with dirty trench-coat walks in and asks for pint. Oh, I say to myself, villainous he looks, not from Welsh Wales indeed—be careful Blodwen—so before I let go of tankard,

“That will be three shillings, please, look you” I say.

“Haven’t got a penny” says he “but would you take this instead?” and pulls great live lobster from his pocket. A very fine lobster whatever, and so I say “Yes indeed, and I’ll take it home for dinner”.

“Oh no” says customer “Don’t do that. He’s had his dinner. But tell you what, he’d simply love to go to the pictures.”

Any more of this we shall be not only close Sundays, but all days of the week as well, so there.

BLODWEN MORGAN (Mrs.),
The Red Dragon, Fulth, Glamorgan.

The Ards Circuit

Dear Sir—I enjoyed the article and photographs about the Ards Circuit which appeared in the Spring issue of the *Lagonda* and felt it captured the spirit of the circuit very well.

Unfortunately that issue of the magazine must have fallen into the hands of the ‘Powers-that-be’ with terrible results. A few days later contractors started digging up the Pit Area with obvious intentions of making a dual carriage-

way... I am Irish and not very superstitious, but I wonder...! The Little People should have been contacted before Mike Wilby wrote the piece.

The circuit today stands better, I suppose, than might be expected. Niblock does not now have the chemist’s shop but meat is still sold in the same place. The closing of the railway has made the crossing obsolete and done away with the three bridges on the circuit. The pavement is not flush at Conway Square and the Square itself is now a car park. I cannot remember when the Chas. Hurst sign disappeared but the large hoarding also shown in the photograph with a tiger on it advertising some modern substitute for litres, has just been removed to make way for the aforementioned dual carriageway. The photograph of Fairfield in No. 2 was taken at Quarry Corner, not Bradshaw’s Brae.

JIMMY LONGRIDGE,
Donaghadee,
Co. Down.

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