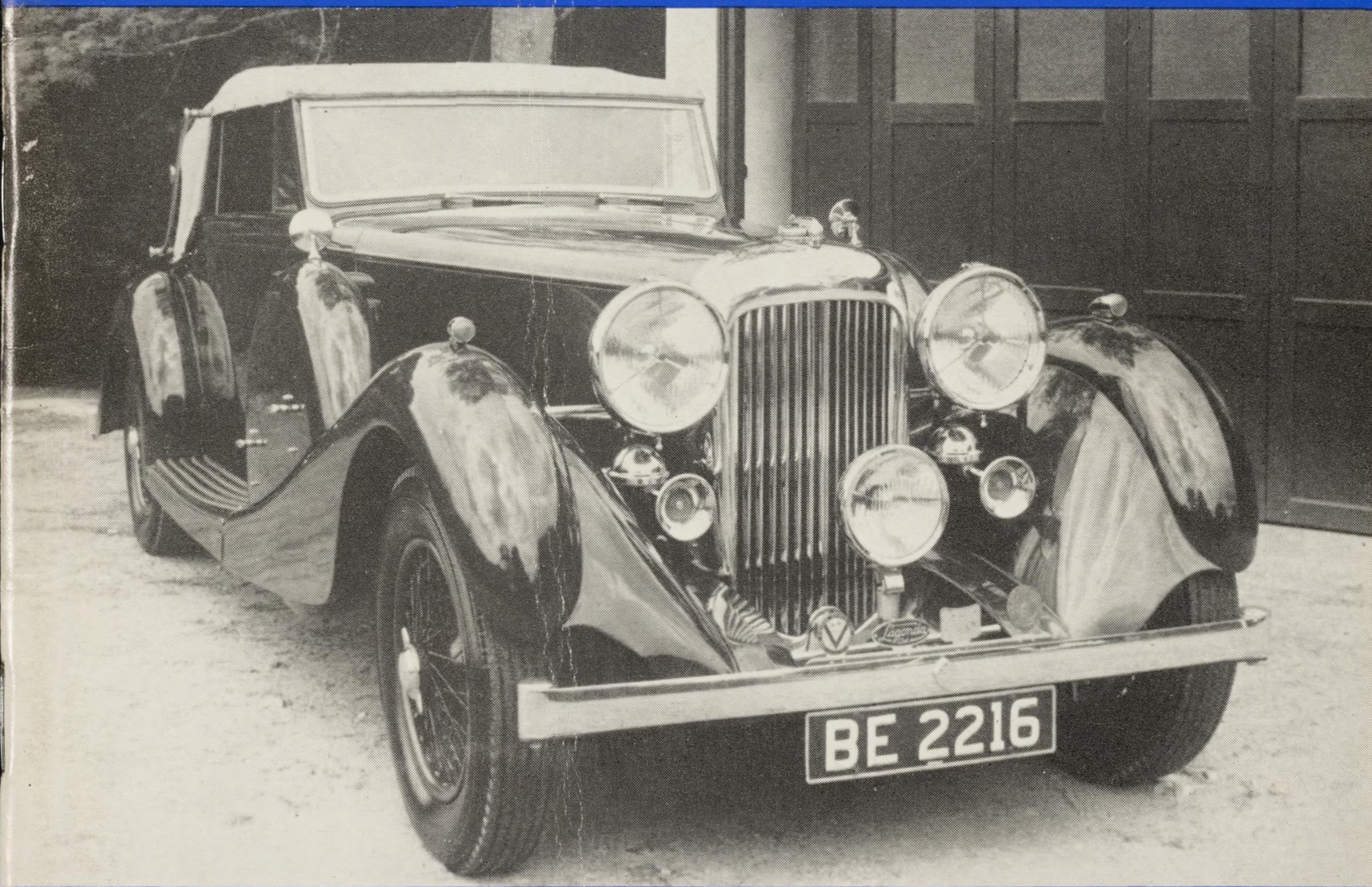


# THE *Lagonda*

No. 66

Summer 1969



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB



# **KEEP YOUR LAGONDA AT PEAK PERFORMANCE**

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## MAGAZINE

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ARNOLD DAVEY · J. W. T. CROCKER · M. H. WILBY

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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: Ken Armstrong's immaculate 1937 LG.45 drop head coupé in far-off Malaya.



## NOTES, NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

OUR NEW PATRON. The Committee are delighted to announce that EARL HOWE, C.B.E., has graciously consented to become a patron of the Club.

The present Earl's father needs little introduction to the older generation of motor sport lovers and drove Arthur Fox's cars, both Talbots and Lagondas on several occasions.

It is a happy connection therefore that his Lordship, who has a great affection and deep interest in all aspects of motoring, should find sufficient time in his busy life to join us.

A warm welcome is extended to Earl Howe in his connection with the Club.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations are offered to LORD O'NEILL for the excellent restoration of the 1939 V.12 Le Mans car.

How faithfully he has returned to the original can be judged by comparing the car as it now is (page 10 and 11 of the Spring 1969 issue) with the photographs shown on pages 2 and 4 of the car in the works on completion.

The rear view illustrates how hollow the body is, just about covering one shoulder blade of the test driver and the complicated compound curves of the spare wheel housing that Lord O'Neill's panel beater has reproduced so well.

The other photograph shows the more "feminine" valences over the front suspension and the recess in the scuttle for the screen which is now omitted on the present body.

Although a full width windscreen was demanded by the regulations this was a pretty token effort being of light weight wire mesh and as can be seen followed the curve of the scuttle. The car must have looked very odd with this screen erect and the hood up!

It will be good to see this car out again and now that Brian Morgan is hard at work on the "Corniche" V.12 it will not be too long before both the most interesting and special of all the V.12's are so beautifully restored to their original glory.

\* \* \* \* \*

LOST ONE SPECIAL V.12. FOR THOSE THAT DO NOT read the newsletter, or have forgotten, the Chairman would be grateful for any news about a

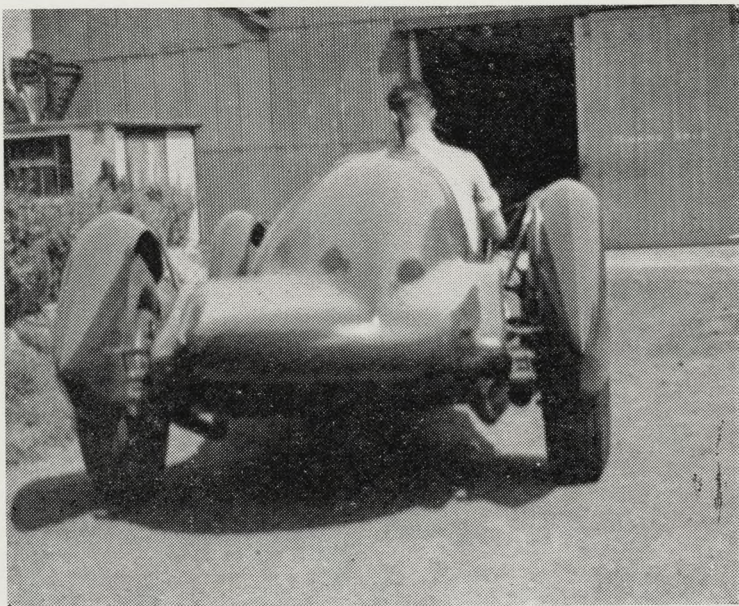
short chassis V.12 that was fitted with a rather splendid body by James Young.

It was known as a Sedan Coupé which meant that the rear part of the body looked like a fixed head coupé (complete with dummy hood irons) and the roof over the two front seats went back into the fixed portion so leaving the front compartment open. There was a large coach-built trunk at the rear that came up above the waist line and opened at the top.

The reason for the anxiety to get a sight or sound of this car is that the makers of the "Matchbox" series of models want to include it in their "Yesteryear" series and as only one photograph is available it isn't sufficient to get accurate measurements.

The body is similar to those fitted on some 4½-litre Bentley's so if you see one in the street stop him and get his address.

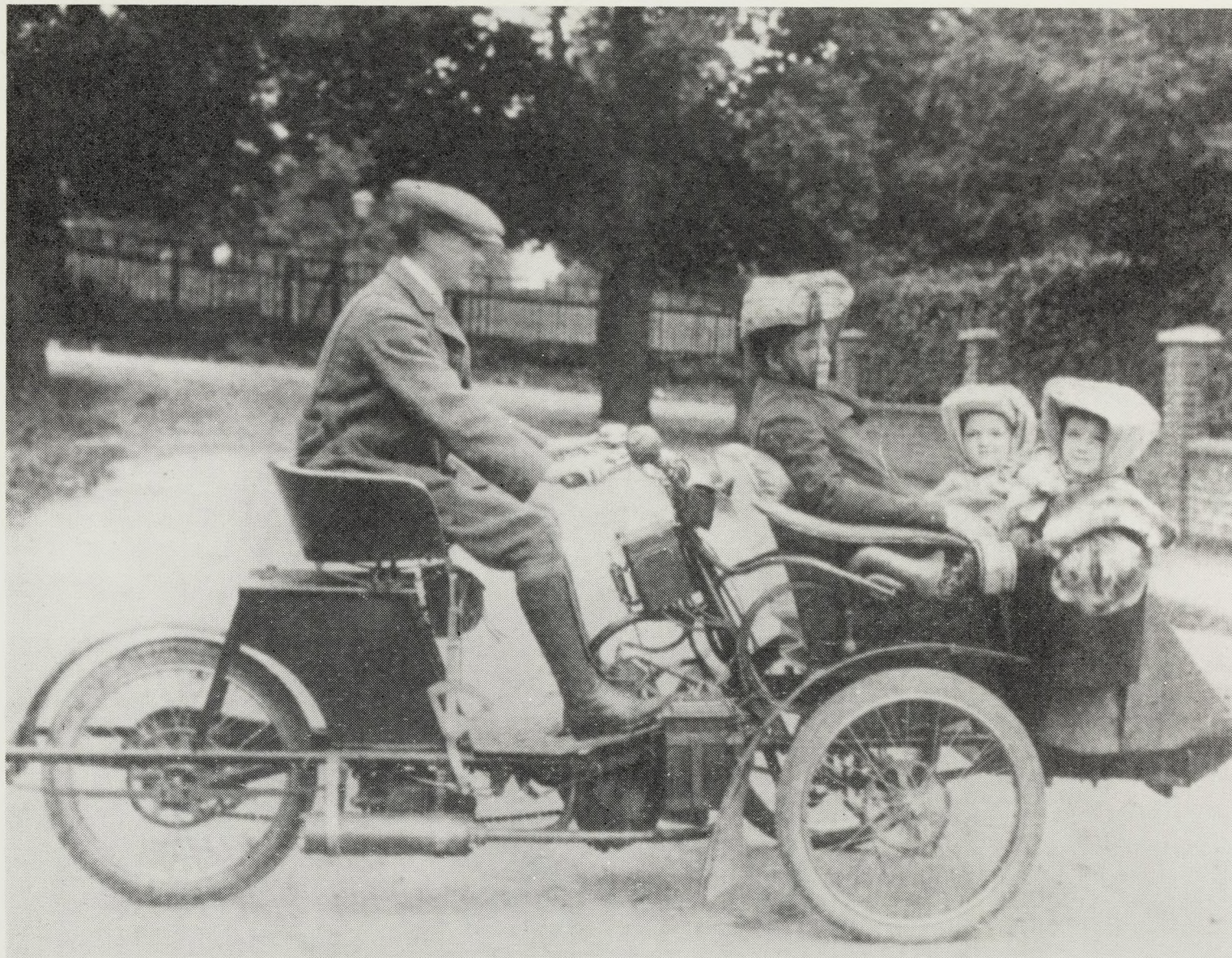
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### TRICAR DAYS—continued

The photograph shows J. Sefton Harwood and his family in their Lagonda twin-cylinder Tricar at Watford in 1905. Since the publication of the article in the last issue I have been in touch with Mrs. Faithfull again and, although the photo which illustrated Basil Crump's article remains unreproducible, she has others taken at about the same time which a friend of hers who is a past-president of the Royal Photographic Society, no less, has re-photographed and the illustration is a print from the new negative. Mrs. Faithfull is the elder of the two children and you will see why Basil Crump was so concerned with the hot running of his rear cylinder when you see how close to the driver's feet it is!—Arnold Davey.





The Lagonda Tricar, described by Arnold Davey on opposite page.

## NORTHERN NOTES

*by Herb Schofield*

PRODUCTION OF NEW SPARES—this is proving quite successful, and at the present time two projects are in hand, the first being the production of new and improved G.9 2nd speeds. It was thought that this project would gain support owing to the weakness of the original design. I was able to place a near £500 order with a local firm but it was a great pity that not everyone with a G.9/LG.45 placed an order. I am sure they will regret this in the future. The second project is the production of 3.31 crown wheel and pinion sets (the LG.45R), this would obviously have a limited appeal but in fact was successful enough for us to place a £240 order with David Brown Ltd.

All this is quite encouraging and it is obvious that in future more and more new spares will have to be manufactured. Your unofficial Northern Committee is prepared to continue with this work providing we get enough support. If *you* are finding various spares impossible to obtain why not drop me a line and we will see what can be done, if it emerges that certain bits are extinct we will do our best to have a batch manufactured, should this be possible.

Before leaving this subject I would like to record my appreciation of the work done by Alan Brown and Peter Weir.

NORTHERN DINNER, 14 MARCH 1969—Despite an unexpected blizzard which blocked all but one of the roads through from Lancashire to Yorkshire this event was a big profitable success—surely the best Club Dinner yet? I won't enter into any



further details at this point, as the meeting has been fully written up elsewhere in this magazine by David Hine.

#### ACTIVE NORTHERN MEMBERS—AN APPRECIATION—

At the time when the Club generally seems to be passing temporarily through a period of members, non-enthusiasm for Club events in general, it is pleasant to be able to record that up here things are still quite active, and meetings, by and large get the same support as in days gone by, and whilst it is true that the numbers who attend are not very great in relation to membership we are at least holding our own. It is *almost* true to say that Northern Meetings are supported by the very same members who attended 8-10 years ago, this makes for enjoyable gatherings but is I suppose a sad reflection on the newer members, or me.

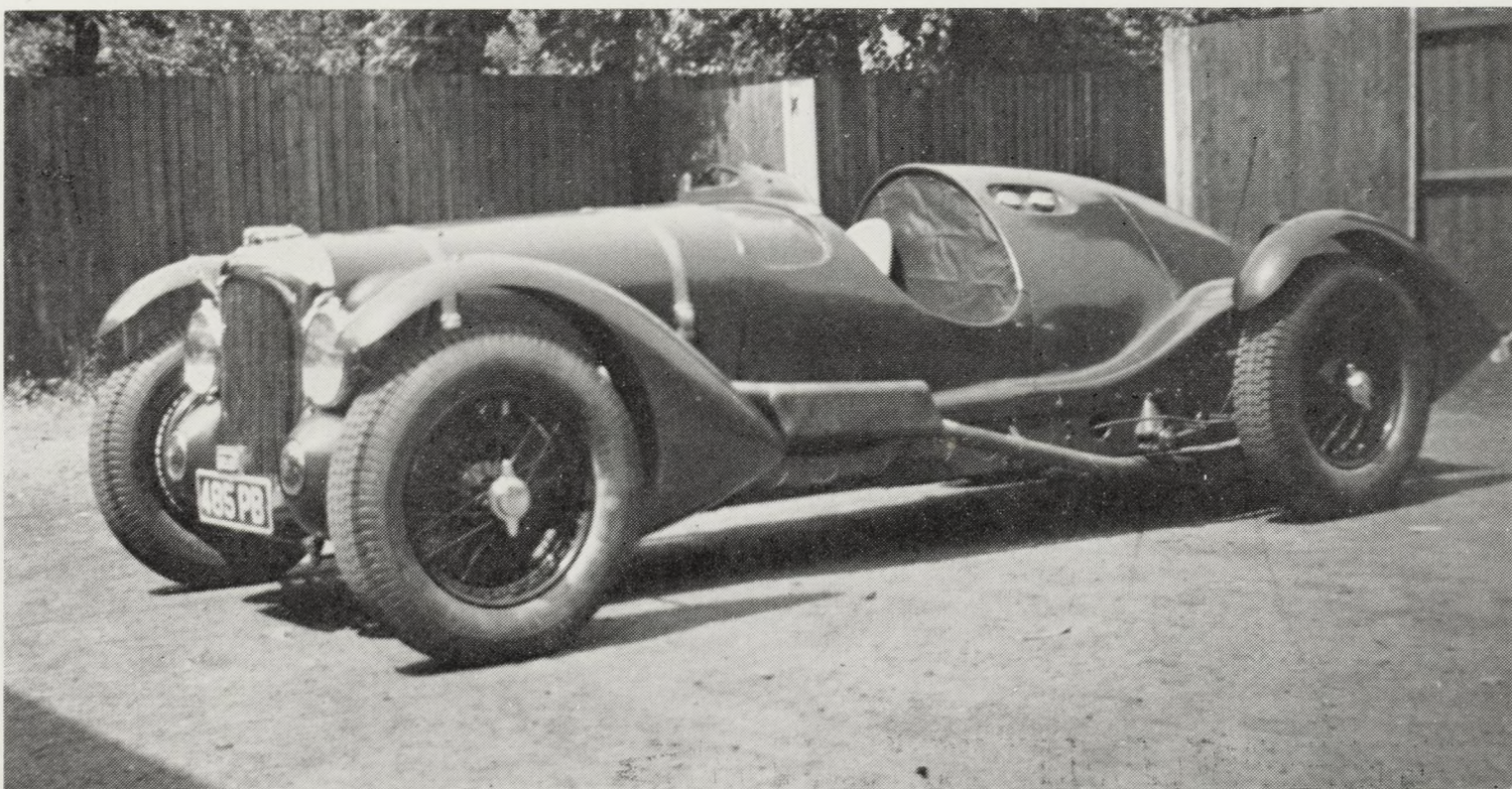
It is probably true to say that we will continue to flourish so long as we can continue to rely on the support of these former "impoverished enthusiasts" (as they used to say in *Motor Sport*) from Manchester, Hull, Birkenhead, Leeds, Huddersfield, Shipley, Doncaster, Newcastle, etc. To all these members I say thanks very much, you add so much to the pleasures of owning a Lagonda car.

OTHER NEWS—Roger Holden who raced an LG.45 last year has now married and emigrated to South

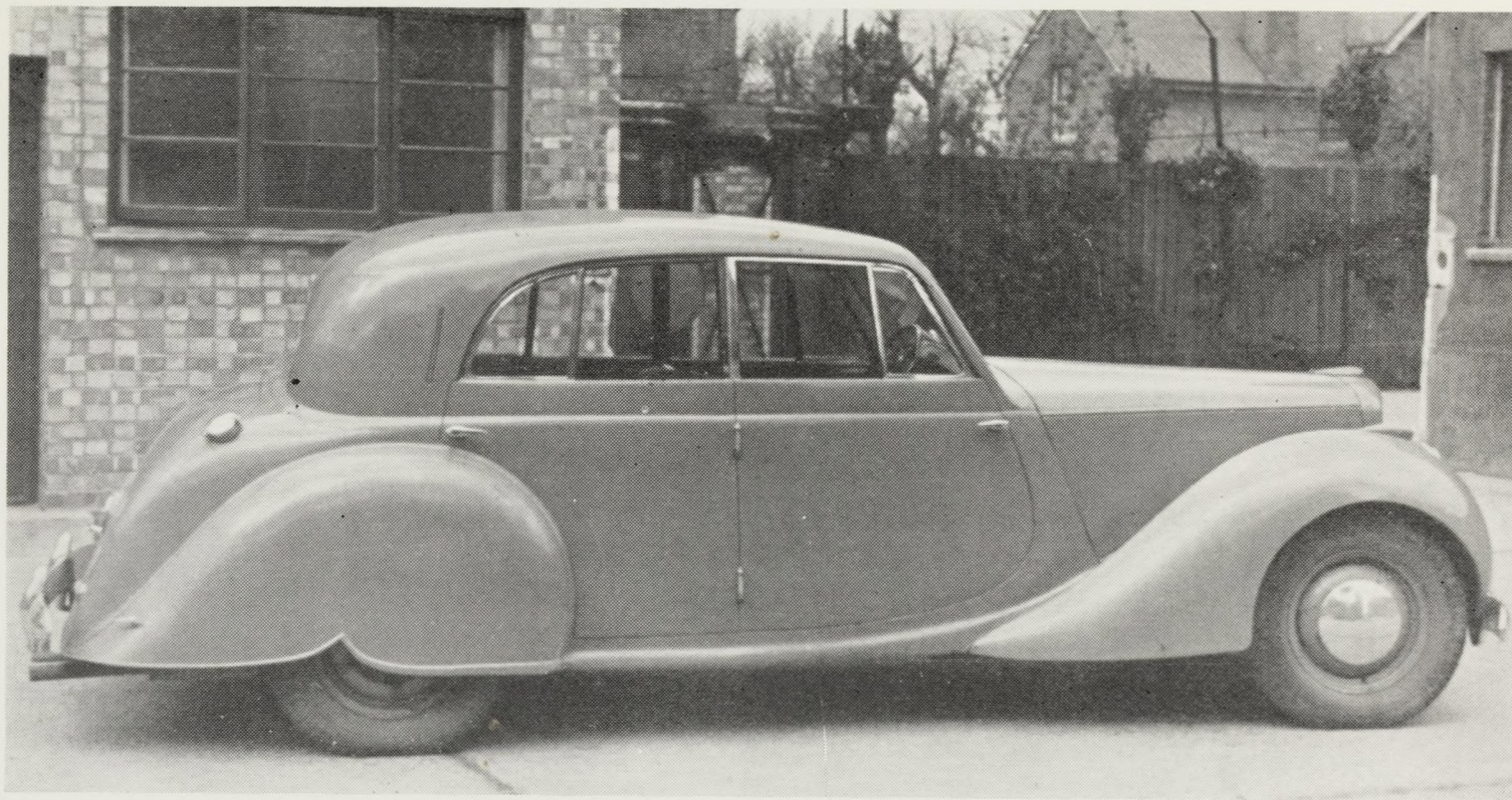
Africa. Alan Brown adds a further car to his collection of stripped-down motorcars—this time a Series II 1955 3-litre which he got in exchange for an old pair of pants and a good address. David Hine's tarty looking LG.45R is now back on the road after a complete re-wire and part mechanical overhaul. The V.12 Le Mans Replica has had its body removed to receive detailed attention to the chassis, braking system, and front suspension, so it would appear unlikely that the car will be performing this season. Ted Townsleys new roadster/special should be on the road about now—very lethal it looks too.

John Beardow's M.45 tourer which was involved in a road accident last year is back on the road, and is available once again for weddings (private joke). Rearend-Briggs contemplates the rebuild of an LG.6—but to his own design. As he is an artist of impeccable taste the result should be very exciting (he gave me a toffee to write that!) Dennis Roberts buys a pipe reputed to have been smoked by W. O. Bentley whilst designing the V.12. Dennis is also giving consideration to having his LG.6 Drop Head rebuilt by John Buckley of Oldham.

A quiz recently organised by the Yorks Thoroughbred Car Club and contested by various one-make teams was won by, guess who, the Lagonda team (wouldn't have mentioned it otherwise), the team included Peter Weir, Dearden-Briggs and Herb Schofield.







Not the particular 2.6 referred to in this article, but the original 1945 prototype.

## Three Years with a DB.2-6

IT WAS MY ASSOCIATION WITH THE LATE C. G. VOKES, a founder member of the Club, that first gave me a close up of Lagondas. As a member of his staff at the Guildford factory I had every opportunity of seeing all six of his cars—ranging from a 1929 2-litre to a 1936 4½-litre. At the risk of being ostracised from the Club, I couldn't help feeling that the saying ascribed to Ettore Bugatti that Monsieur Bentley makes the fastest motor lorries in Europe tended to apply to Lagondas, at least as far as some of them were concerned. But even so, when Mr. Vokes' son Tony, who had followed the family liking for the make, told me he might consider selling me his DB.2-6, 1950 model, I became very, very interested. Here was a car with the traditional Lagonda quality and individuality and with a specification that appealed. Twin OHC engine, all independent suspension, a cruciform chassis, and a rust free aluminium body of elegant line. An advanced and modern car, even in 1966.

So after months of haggling, HEW 893 arrived at my house driven under trade plates, with brakes and engine steaming hot. The car had not been used for three years, four of the six wheel cylinders had seized, and the radiator badly furred. The paintwork was faded, there were a few dents in

the wings, and a 2 in. split in the front o.s. mud-guard. Tony Vokes had fitted an enormous air inlet silencer and one of his equally vast by-pass oil filters in addition to the replacement of the Autoklean main oil filter by a Vokes full flow unit. Sundry non-essential extras and a comic spotlight system that I never did find out how it was supposed to work seemed earmarked for immediate attention.

I was not in the least bit dismayed. After all, I now had a Lagonda, and it was entirely up to me to put it into full working order, and get it as I wanted it. I was in no particular hurry (which turned out to be just as well), but I did want to carry out the absolute essentials and then proceed from there bit by bit.

First and foremost were the brakes. Off with the front wheels and drums, and a visit to the local brake and clutch stockists had them thumbing through back copies of their lists, and new ready lined shoes were produced over the counter. "Did you know Sir" said the B. & C. man—"Did you know that these wheel cylinders are now obsolete for your model?" I couldn't but agree that as three out of the four were seized up solid, they could hardly be anything else. "No, Sir" he went on, "you should fit 1 in. dia. cylinders



on this car, as the later marks had. Your 1½ in. units were found to throw excessive braking on the front end". Very knowledgeable type he was. Lockheed part no. 25451, and all across the counter, which went to show me that one doesn't always have to worry the works for D.B. spares.

I fitted the new parts, and tackled the rears. The drums are of course inboard, alongside the differential unit, and the delightfully clear photograph in the drivers' handbook shows how simple it is to adjust these rear brakes. You just lean across the chassis and stick a screwdriver into the hole in the drum. The trifling detail of the bodywork being in the way was conveniently overlooked. Not for me to grovel in the mire every time I wanted to adjust or otherwise attend to the rear brakes.

So I attacked the steel seat tray above the differential unit. With hammer and chisel, tinsnips and hacksaw, I waded into this tray, and very soon had a hole about 24 in. by 16 in. The sharp edges were turned over with a hammer and a block of steel, and I was able to get to work on the brakes from inside the car. Off with the two drive shafts and the drums. All horrible and oily inside, and the linings wafer thin, so back to my brake shop, and away I came with four new shoes and Lockheed wheel cylinders part no. 25453. At the same time I bought a master cylinder service kit part no. KL.71410 on the principle of not spoiling the ship for something or another that I can't recall at the moment.

A new reinforced cover plate was made of galvanised steel sheet, secured with screws and hank bushes, to complete the access hatch to the drive unit and rear brakes. This has proved worth its weight in gold.

The car was fitted with oversize Michelin X tyres all round. The fronts were approaching pensionable age, but the rears were, and still are, fully serviceable. Just one minor snag. To remove a rear wheel, it was necessary to deflate the tyre, to get it past the spatted style of rear mudguard. I didn't go much on this so called styling, so I cut away all the surplus metal of the mudguards and turned a new rain channel up with my panel beaters' hammer and a block of steel, taking the precaution of annealing the metal first. Being 16 swg aluminium it proved to be easily worked, and the annealing process causing bubbling of the paint where the blowlamp had been played on, but not to bother as a repaint was overdue anyway, rendered this job much simpler than

I had imagined. The rear wings look better, less clumsy, and of course no problems exist re wheel removal.

Much later I discarded the front X tyres and fitted ordinary Michelin cross ply, at once making the steering lighter and eliminating the slight vagueness that is so often a characteristic of radials on the front wheels.

I knocked out a few dents, filled a few more, fixed the split in the front mudguard with an aluminium plate pop rivetted on, then filled over, I rubbed down the whole of the coachwork with 280 wet and dry, used wet, and brushed on an undercoat of Dockers Synthalux maroon. More flattening off, and more filling of those little bits you never seem to see the first time, and when all was hardened off, two coats of top finish were applied, with 320 paper used lightly between coats. Six weeks later, when the paint was really hard, I waded in with a soft cloth and Brasso. The resulting finish is very pleasing.

The front doors, I decided, open too far, and tend to catch on the centre pillar when fully open. I removed the check links, drilled a fresh ½ in. diameter hole an inch farther up, and cut off the surplus. No touching of the doors now. Great improvement in this direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Lag was now a going concern, it looked presentable and would stop. My brake work seemed to be about right, because not only would the car pull up cleanly, it could be pushed along by hand with the minimum of effort on the flat—a sure sign that the shoes are not rubbing. It was the sequence of events that occurred on a business trip up the M6 to Lancashire that dictated the next stage of operations. The ageing lower hose from the radiator to the pump called it a day on the motorway and we coasted to a steaming standstill! The breakdown vehicle that towed me off the motorway and into a Holmes Chapel garage was an oldish Chevrolet which gave the impression that towing a David Brown Lagonda awarded it a sort of one upmanship!

The garage fixed me up with a new hose, and other than frequent stops for water, as the thermometer hovered around the 100°C mark all the way, we returned to base satisfactorily.

I had the feeling that not only was the radiator badly furred up, but also the water spaces around the cylinder bores, and decided a major stripdown was called for. Now to remove the radiator, says



the Service Manual, you take off the front wings and the radiator grille. If you do it my way, you don't need to. Just take a hacksaw and cut through the two stay rods of the radiator, remove the hoses, take off the two  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. BSF bolts from below, and lift out the whole thing. When, in due course the time came to refit, I had ready a pair of steel sleeves, drilled out  $\frac{5}{16}$  in., and fitted each with four  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Allen grub screws, which were slid over the cut and the screws securely tightened.

The radiator was taken to Bagshot Radiator Services, where the worthy Mr. Lambe, in exchange for a five pound note, stripped and rodded through all the tubes, and reassembled complete, and I may say he made a first rate job of this, and is highly recommended.

Just a small point to other DB.2.6 radiator removers. With your radiator out, there is nowhere for the bonnet stay to fit, and to avoid instant decapitation, put a small clamp on the emblem affair on the front of the bonnet and run a length of thick string over the roof and on to the rear bumper. Safety first.

Off came the enormous Vokes air intake silencer, and following it into the dustbin went the sheet steel manifold that does such a fine job of making the carburettors almost 100 per cent inaccessible. I was planning to use a pair of special Gards air filters bolted direct to the carburettor flanges. "If you run without that silencer", said Tony Vokes, "you'll hardly be able to hear yourself think for the intake hiss". In the event, it turned out that there just wasn't any difference!

The carburettors were removed, cleaned and fitted with new jets and GB needles, and laid aside. Off came the vast Vokes tank size by-pass filter, and placed into store against the day when I run a Centurion tank. Camshafts out, head off, sump off. Then came the little exercise of removing the nuts from the big end caps in order to draw the rods. If any reader happened to read the short article entitled "A Nutty Tale" in the issue number 63, he will know what took place, but in the end, six rods and pistons lay on the bench. Now Tony V. had fitted the Aston Martin pistons to this engine in order to get more urge, and had presented me with the original low compression pistons, which all things considered, were more suitable for every day running, and much kinder on the big ends.

All the big ends looked in need of remetalling, so this job was put out to Guildford Auto Services—another firm who know what they are about—

and who also supplied a complete set of rings. I cleaned out lots of rusty sludge from between the bores, and put back the low compression pistons. The crankshaft had been reground about 16,000 miles previously, and I left well alone. The cylinder head came in for the full treatment. All valves out, cleaned and carefully ground and lapped in, and then I had a good laugh at the instruction book which says that no adjustment is necessary or possible to the clearances. Perhaps not, but for all that, two cams at least showed touching on the backs, indicating a zero clearance. I did the logical thing, and ground away each stem end so that the correct clearances were restored. I suppose that over the years the valves had stretched, and several grindings had recessed the seatings causing nil clearances.

The engine was re-assembled, carburettors replaced, new hoses fitted, and run up. The new rings took a few hundred miles to bed in, and then the carburettors were properly balanced with the aid of a borrowed vacuum gauge. The double element nylon Garda filters bolted direct to the intake flanges give full access and I can strongly recommend them.

The leaks from the rear main bearing were cured with a length of polythene tubing and a stub of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. bore copper pipe soldered into the starter carburettor manifold, as I described in issue number 64, and this simple if unorthodox dodge continues to work like a charm.

One day I was tinkering about with the engine, and a young friend of mine whose profession is far removed from engineering said did I realise the fan belt was out of line. "The dynamo pulley is ahead of the belt line by the thickness of the bracket securing the dynamo to the cylinder block". I switched off the engine and found a thin piece of steel strip and laid it across the faces of the water pump pulley and the dynamo pulley. He was dead right, it was indeed out of line, and malalignment of belts on a quality type car just doesn't happen. Was this a draughtsman's error? I removed the bracket, cut it across, and rewelded it with the lug portion set back by its own thickness, packing out the other end of the bracket with washers and fitting a longer bolt. Result is perfect alignment. There is a sequel to this operation. At the 1968 A.G.M., I took the trouble to inspect five other DB.2.6 engines, and four of them had precisely this fault.

I fitted flashers to the car front and rear, and scrounged a German made switch with a little red



light at the end, and bought an Italian flasher unit. I wired all this lot up with twin return wiring as I didn't trust the aluminium body with all its rubber pad supports to ensure an earth return through the whole assembly. The semaphore signals, with the clockwork delay are retained so I am able to flash a right hand turn and signal a left hand turn at the same time, guaranteed to cause maximum confusion to rear bumper hoppers. It was necessary to make shaped sheet steel bosses front and rear to mount the actual flashers on, and the development of these in the flat caused a headache or two, as the front ones straddle the sharp dome of the wings, and the rears are on a compound curve. I kept the patterns if anybody wants to borrow them.

I prefer simplicity to complication, and the optimistic king pin lubrication tank, with its yards of small bore pipe came in for the strip-out-and-throw-away treatment. Two good honest grease nipples went in and I know that each side now gets its fair share of grease.

Down on the chassis, offside, is the steering column gear change linkage, and slack had a habit of returning to the main rocking lever despite a new key, and tightening of the end nut, so I drilled a cross hole through boss and shaft reamed, it out with a taper reamer, and drove in a taper pin. Now no slack.

I keep on doing small jobs to the Lag. It calls for little improvements all the time. The other weekend I tired of the battery terminal lugs—those stupid taper cups that you clout down and then stuff a P.K. screw into the terminal post. For 2s. 4d. each I obtained four clamp type terminals and soldered them to the leads to give a sound shake free connection. Twice I had all the electrics go completely dead, all due to the poor connection of the old terminals.

The current project on hand is the making of four-bolt fixing flanges for the exhaust pipe attachments to replace the poor idea of the split clamps that have always leaked. The flanges consist of  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. thick steel circular plates, bored out to suit the manifold outlets, then brazed on. The mating flanges will be slipped over the pipe mouths and a lip peened over. With a  $\frac{1}{16}$  in. thick Hallite gasket and brass bolts and nuts, I have a feeling that this will be altogether better.

The car is now in the state where I can climb in and drive off anywhere, in elegant luxury, cruise all day at 65 without any strain on the crank return 21 m.p.g. on the so called "cheap" petrol

and know that the odds are against my meeting up with many more like it on the road. At the A.G.M. last year, the car was awarded third place in the David Brown class which has given me quite a lot of encouragement and desire to carry on further with work on it.

B. SHIPLEY, S.20

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## THE NORTHERN SCENE

by David Hine

1968 WAS A VERY GOOD SEASON WITH THE NEW V.12 performing very well once the initial teething troubles were sorted out. However, on returning victorious from the BDC Silverstone meeting I drove her into a spare garage at my father's house, switched off, drained the water, and took out the battery and left her to hibernate for the winter.

I had decided to spend some time on the LG.45R which I had bought two years ago and never really used because I had (a) just got engaged and subsequently married, and (b) built the V.12.

A happy winter was spent rewiring, and tidying up suspension and engine. The engine had and still has rather poor main bearings but I wanted to postpone a big engine overhaul. I have been very interested to find that new oil pump gears have given me much improved oil pressure and minimised that pressure surge one gets when braking in  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -litre cars.

The deadline was 1 March and sure enough it was all back together again and polished up.

The first big trip was going to be over to Monk Fryston in Yorkshire for the Northern Dinner. I look forward to this event with great pleasure as it always seems to start the season, my heart fell when driving to work the day before and that chap on the radio cheerfully announced that all the roads over the Pennines were blocked. During the day the snow was cleared but I felt that modern transport should be used in such conditions.

As it happened the journey was not too bad and I felt very guilty on arrival to see Herb's LG.6 and Alan Ogden's open M.45 tourer in the car park.

A bath and a change and then down to the bar to meet the jovial Yorkshire gang and the usual



sprinkling of new faces (although nobody bothered to come up from the South). The next forty minutes or so consisted of good solid Lagonda talk, everyone getting up to date with the winter's work and hurling down impossible challenges for the forthcoming season.

Then into the dining room for the meal—45 people sat down to a very well served meal of excellent quality.

After the coffee Alan Brown gave his usual impromptu welcome and joke which as usual he got wrong (everybody still laughed at Alan if not the joke) and then introduced our Northern Secretary. Herb gave a splendid speech followed by the prizegiving which was very professionally executed. It was good to see so many trophies going to Northern members and especially those who had won awards in standard Lagonda cars.

Everyone kissed Margaret who was presenting the awards, (Alan Brown went one better and kissed Herbert as well!)

The floor was cleared and the dancing started with the usual fervour. Everyone joined in with the general dances, including musical piggybacks which was quite a laugh until one tried to get up the next day!

It must be mentioned that David Shofield lost ten bob when he bet Alan Brown he wouldn't take his trousers off! I'm sure the cheer that followed this revelation was mingled with relief that he put them straight back on again!

Eventually last orders were called, Auld Lang Syne was sung and the evening was over except for a cup of strong black coffee before roaring off into the night or gratefully climbing up to bed.

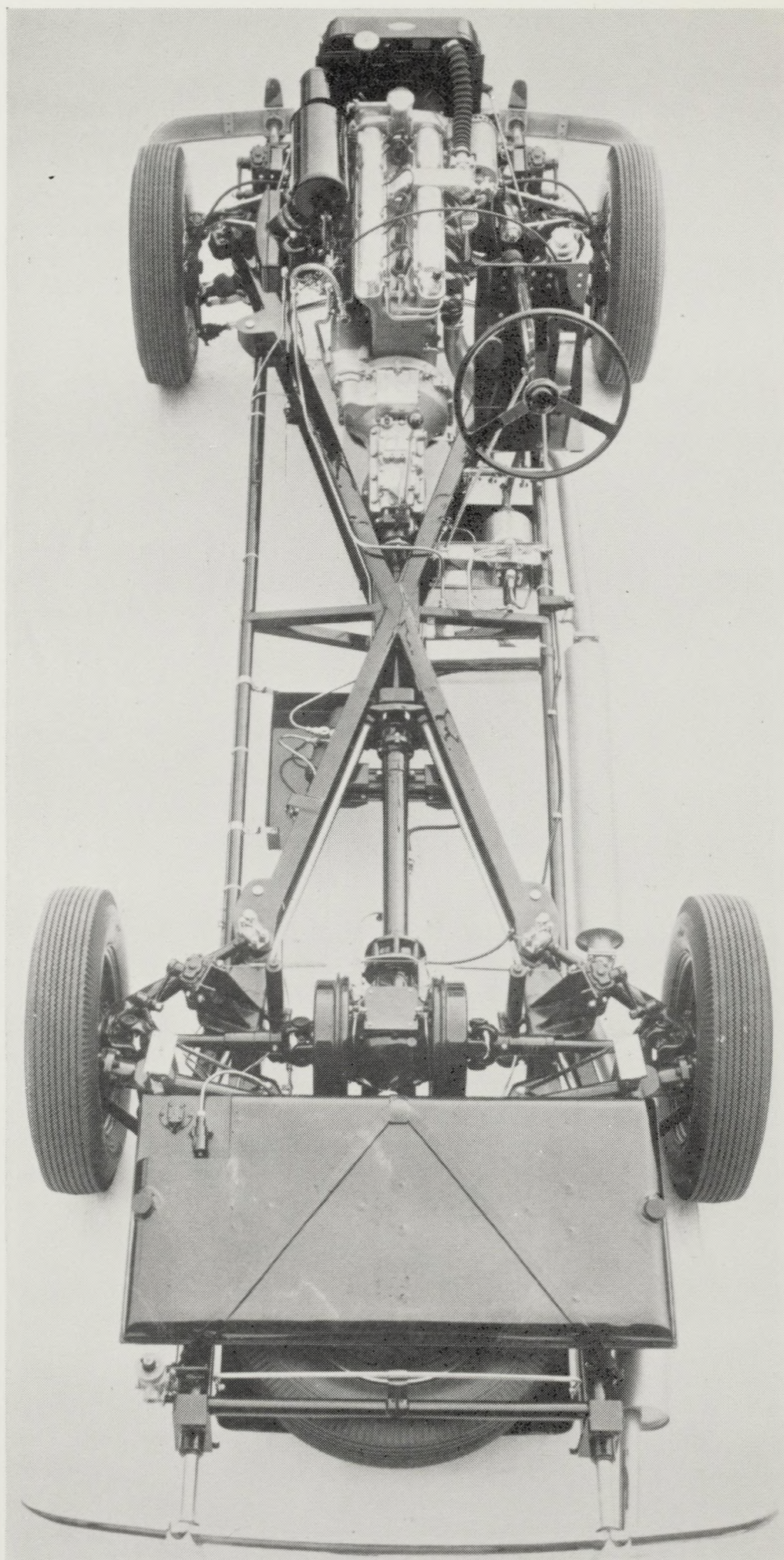
1969 season was well and truly launched.



First time out since rebuild. P. Blakeney-Edwards' 2-litre at Somerset Area meeting.



The chassis of  
the David Brown  
3-Litre Saloon  
Photo by  
A. C. K. Ware





## GLOUCESTERSHIRE AND SOMERSET NEWS

from John Organ

APART FROM OUR SUCCESSFUL MEETING AT Evercreech, which is mentioned elsewhere, there hasn't been a great deal of activity in this area of late. A number of members are engaged in rebuilds of various degrees which should result in far more activity later in the year, we hope!

Robert King has carried out a complete rebuild of the mechanics of his blown 2-litre which is now nearing completion. Robert hopes to have the car running by the end of June and intends running it in during July in preparation for a trip to Austria during August. Meanwhile, his brother David is making steady progress with the restoration of his 14/60 saloon, the work so far is of a very high standard and the finished car should be a very fine example of this model. Their father, Col. King has his high chassis 2-litre running again now and if the other two cars are as immaculate when they're completed the King stable of 2-litres should be one of envy to a great number of members.

Terry Poole is hard at work rebuilding the bodywork of his Rapier Coupé—the last Rapier built by Lagonda's incidentally. Terry has decided to rebuild the Abbott Drop Head Coupé body as original instead of building a special body—a very sound idea as this style of body is becoming quite rare these days.

Your scribe has just completed the rebuild of one of his Rapiers—the Whittingham and Mitchell bodied one which looks like a cross between a Riley Sprite and a 2.3 Alfa. This rebuild has taken far too long, mainly because the Bertelli bodied Rapier has been in regular use and has required a certain amount of regular attention especially in recent weeks since the engine has begun to get tired (not really surprising after the thrashing it had in competition last year). All being well it is hoped that the Organ stable will shortly have two Rapiers both in good health whilst their owner "twiddles" his fingers wondering what to do with himself!

Our pub meet at Almondsbury has not been getting very much support of late, in fact it has been a Rapier Register benefit. However we have found another pub in rather more pleasant surroundings and equally accessible. Details of

the new venue are as follows, THE COMPASS INN, TORMARTON, GLOS. Just off the A46 (Stroud-Bath) about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile NORTH of the M4 Interchange. Every FOURTH FRIDAY of the month.

Perhaps the new surroundings and some recently rebuilt cars might stimulate some interest among the members in the area?

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## The Restoration of JBG492 PART 1

READERS MAY REMEMBER THAT JBG 492. CHASSIS No. 14117, Engine No. 14117, is a V.12 with a streamlined body made on the eve of war as the prototype for a special model to be introduced at the 1940 Motor Show and as an answer to the Bentley Corniche. I have owned the car for the past three years but have been waiting for my new house to be built so that once again I should have a workshop and be able to set about the restoration job. All these things have come to pass and I hope now to be able to give a serial account of the rebuild as it proceeds.

I. Wilkinson Limited of Derby have had the car for the last eighteen months and they have replaced all the rotten woodwork in the body and also slightly modified the construction of the body so that it can be removed from the chassis. Their work is by no means complete and in fact it cannot be until I return the restored chassis to them in about two years' time. However, they have reached the point where the body again has a sound framework and can be lifted from the chassis without fear of it changing shape when mounted on trestles.

As luck would have it my son, now aged 20, has decided to build a replica of the Eccles Rapier which he hopes to race in Vintage events and before starting on the job he built himself a trailer to transport the car. It is a rugged job on four wheels but built to carry the Rapier and somewhat short for the 10 ft. 4 in. wheelbase of the V.12. As we had no other means of transport we set off to Derby in early February not quite knowing how we were going to cope but at least with a powerful towing vehicle in the shape of a Land Rover.

When we had winched the V.12 chassis onto the trailer to the point where the front wheels were as far as they could go, the back wheels were



still eight inches away from coming onto the back end of the trailer. We then jacked up the chassis frame until the back wheels were well clear of the ground and packed up between the trailer and the frame with baulks of timber, removed the rear wheels and put them on the front of the trailer to restore the balance and roped the chassis securely in place. With this somewhat dicey-looking load we proceeded slowly home. I say slowly because it did not take long to discover that at above 25 m.p.h. the whole equipage developed the most almighty wobble, the short wheelbase of the Land Rover was not helping stability, and so 20 m.p.h. was the order of the day. The trailer is perfectly stable up to 65 m.p.h. unladen but I now learn that the cure for a wobble of this sort is to get more of the load on to the ball coupling and so introduce some friction into the system just like a steering damper. We could not have done this even if we had known it at the time but at least we now know that with the Rapier aboard all tools and spares must be carried on the front end of the trailer.

After three years of waiting the V.12 at last stood in my workshop and the great dismantling was started upon. The chassis was quite the filthiest thing I have ever worked on and my finger nails were in deep mourning during the whole process. The reason, of course, was that the centralised lubrication system had liberally dosed everything with oil for the last 30 years but the great bonus is that not a single bolt was rusted-up and once the spanner had been engaged everything came apart very easily.

I am a great believer in removing the largest possible pieces without detail dismantling and to put these away, still uncleaned, until I am ready to overhaul that particular assembly and install it on the growing chassis. In this way one does not have to keep detailed notes of how a particular part was assembled and the oil continues to preserve the parts until they can be properly dealt with.

The bulkhead seemed an obvious large item to start with and all the wiring was cut off and scrapped being in a terrible state of decay. I have kept all the piping as although I shall probably replace it many of the unions are now obsolete and will probably have to be used again. I never actually throw anything away until the whole job is complete as even broken pieces can be a useful reminder of how things went together when one's memory fails after perhaps two years have passed.

Next the steering column came off and then the engine was uncoupled from the gearbox and lifted out complete, put onto a trolley and wheeled, still filthy, into the stores. I always try to leave the engine overhaul until the latter stages of a rebuild as it is by far the most interesting part of a restoration and tends to raise one's morale when all the more tedious pieces are already finished. The gearbox came off next followed by the pedal assembly and handbrake. I was sorry to find the only broken piece was one of the handbrake cross-shaft ball race housings so a swift letter to Ivan Forshaw was dispatched with a plea for help. This resulted in a replacement cross-shaft complete being delivered almost by return of post in beautifully clean condition and ready to put straight on when the time comes.

While getting on with the dismantling I was making mental notes of anything which I could reasonably leave off the car with a view to weight reduction. Although a purist restorer at least I see no reason for not discarding useless items and in view of the fact that this particular car was intended to have the maximum possible performance shall do my best to reduce its weight without detracting from its general character and outward shape. For instance, the original shock absorbers had presumably worn out but some previous owner has left them in place and added four more. These are all mounted on enormously heavy brackets made by the village blacksmith and represent at least an extra 50 lb. which can promptly disappear. I feel that the built-in jacking system is now so unlikely to be used more than once a year that it can well be removed. By doing so I can fit telescopic dampers between the front wishbones using the original bump stop mounting for the lower anchorage and having bump and rebound stops inside the new dampers. The Le Mans cars had this arrangement so I have a good precedent. The rear jacks are on the axle and their removal will reduce unsprung weight, always a difficult reduction to make.

Whilst in the midst of this work I received a letter from the second owner of the car, Mr. Ian Fraser Murray, who had it from 1949 until 1954 and then in very fine condition. His only criticism was that the inside of the body got excessively hot and that the scuttle ventilators were useless, merely taking in more hot air from the bonnet side louvres even after he had turned them round to face backwards when opened. I shall have to improve the insulation of the bulkhead to over-



come this and also pay great attention to removing the heat from the exhaust manifolds through the bonnet sides and not underneath the floorboards. Otherwise he loved the car and several times had the speedometer over the top marking of 120 m.p.h. Ninety in third was apparently easily obtained. Some going for a 1939 4-seater saloon. Mr. Murray sent me a copy of a letter from Lagonda Motors dated 1949 which states that my chassis was prepared to full Le Mans specification including air scoops on all the brakes, 4.09 to 1 rear axle ratio, one extra leaf in the rear springs on top of the main leaf to prevent axle wind up under heavy torque, friction shock absorbers in addition to hydraulics on the front (since removed) and, of course, a four carburettor high compression engine. During his ownership he fitted Alfin front brake drums because he suffered with cracking of the original cast-iron ones due to very hard driving and lack of cooling despite the air scoops. Luckily these are still in place. Reverting to the dismantling, I was most impressed with the enormous torsional rigidity of the frame. All my previous restorations have been to Vintage cars and to be able to jack up one corner of the frame and to see the opposite side rise at the same time is an experience which I have not had before.

When the time came to remove the front suspension I sought the advice of the *Motor Trader* servicing sheets provided by Ivan Forshaw. I was highly amused to read that the whole unit on each side could be unbolted and slid out of the front end of the chassis frame, bearing in mind that the poor mechanic had to do this while it was enveloped in mudguards, the engine presumably in position and all the wiring and piping threaded through the frame. Having taken out the tubular cross-member and detached the steering linkage and undone innumerable bolts, all split pinned, everything still seemed immovable until I put a hydraulic jack horizontally onto the back end of the torsion bar when slowly the whole assembly reluctantly decided to move forward. I was interested to see that the wishbones had originally been polished, presumably for crack testing which I shall repeat. Before removing the units I measured the total up and down travel so that I could order the telescopic dampers which will be Koni as they are adjustable and I am not sure how much damping I shall need. There is no sign of an anti-roll bar ever having been fitted at the back of my car, I think because it would have interfered with the rear seats and so I shall fit

telescopic dampers at the back and see how I get on.

The only rusted-up part proved to be one of the rear spring shackle pins. These are case hardened steel and run in bushes of similar material. Rather than risk breaking something I removed the whole spring hanger from the frame and attended to this later.

After about a fortnight all that remained in the workshop was a bare frame still extremely filthy. The one big snag with a box-section is the great difficulty of getting inside the box to clean and to paint. It was no good sending the frame to the shot blasters as the layer of oily mud would only trap the shot so I started work with a scraper. The first rough effort removed at least 20 lb. of filth and one very large stone which was lodged in the centre of the cruciform. The oil had preserved the metal to a wonderful extent, the original paint still being in place over most of the surface and there was very little rusting anywhere. I was surprised at how light the frame is, certainly considerably less than a Speed Six Bentley and of course, infinitely more rigid.

Luckily a friend of mine has access to a chassis frame degreasing plant and when I had done my best by hand the frame was whisked through this process on the night-shift and got a phosphate treatment into the bargain. The finish does not have to be marvellous as none of the frame shows with the body in place and rust prevention is the only real consideration. I then sprayed the whole frame with one coat of Calcium Plumbate Primer and one coat of oil-bound matt black and by thinning the paint and using a high air pressure achieved very good penetration up the hollow sections.

I then decided to start at the back and work forwards and dismantled the rear springs. All except one of the shackle pins and bushes were good. I drove out the siezed bush which is knurled on its outside and took about 25 tons to push it out. A new bush and pin were made of UBAS steel and case hardened. All the leaves were polished and the springs assembled with a liberal dosing of my favourite brew which is a mixture of SAE.200 oil and powdered graphite. They were then gaitered and fitted to the frame.

Next came the back axle. This is a Salisbury made in America and I was relieved to find that the very rare 4.09:1 crown wheel and pinion were as good as new. All the taper roller races and oil seals had suffered and were replaced, the races



are ex-stock at Timken and all the seals have modern replacements that fit without modification except for the cork rings on the outboard end of the axle shafts which I replaced with synthetic rubber seals and had to make adaptor bushes to fit the axle casing. I had the shafts crack tested purely as a precaution and polished the portions on which the seals run. The unmachined parts of the shafts were very rusty due, I think, to unventilated axle tubes so I have added breathers to these on each side. The brake drums looked as good as new and a reline of the shoes and new rubbers in the hydraulic cylinders is all that is necessary.

One of the Rudge hubs had very badly worn splines and this was rectified by R. P. Engineering Limited of Woking, Surrey at a moderate charge and within seven days.

The axle is clamped onto the springs with what I take to be a sound absorbing woven cotton pad between axle and spring. These were rotted away but I find that Ferodo make a flexible friction material of asbestos and rubber of the correct  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. thickness and I made the pads from this.

A tip on getting the split pin out of the large hub securing nut may be worth passing on. Only one hole is drilled in the hub through which the split pin is inserted, the pin then being bent over by driving a chisel up the open end of the hub. I could not see how I could possibly get the pin out again until my wife made the brainy suggestion of putting a  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. drill up the open end of the hub and drilling the head off the pin and also the tails. The pin can then be punched down through its cross-hole until it hits the bore of the hub when again the tails are drilled off and this is repeated until the pin is removed. It only takes about five minutes and is far less damaging than merely undoing the nut without taking out the pin. By this time the Koni dampers had arrived and the axle casing could be put onto the springs in order to design the damper mountings. I had the dampers made to the following dimensions—Rear extended length  $19\frac{1}{4}$  in., closed length  $12\frac{7}{8}$  in. Front extended length  $13\frac{1}{4}$  in., closed length 10 in. Bump stops  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. thick and rebound stops  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick are fitted on both front and back and the above dimensions are with the stops incompresssed.

I decided to mount the axle-end of the dampers on an extension of the half-round U-bolt saddles which are normally made of aluminium. I remade these in mild steel, forming the two in one

piece on the lathe and then slicing it longitudinally down its centre line. By liberal drilling and milling I reduced the weight of these nearly to that of the originals and then welded the mounting stud across the end, projecting inwards so that the dampers are inside the frame. I would have preferred them to be outside the springs but the brake back plate is in the way. The top ends of the dampers are anchored on studs welded to back plates which in turn are bolted to the inside of the frame using the four bolt holes originally used for mounting the shock absorbers.

The arrival of the Spring edition of the Magazine reminded me that it was now time to write this first instalment and I can only hope at least some members will find something of use to them here if they are engaged in a similar project.

BRIAN MORGAN

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(I am quite sure that Brian Morgan's methodic way of tackling a rebuild together with his scrupulous attention to detail sets a high standard for all members to follow. EDITOR.)

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## SOMERSET MEETING

### June 1st 1969

THE IDEA OF HOLDING A MEETING AT REDLANDS Farm, Evercreech was first mooted at a Christmas party held there by Rapier Register members John Sealey and Andrew Saunders. John obviously took the hint about his long drive being a suitable venue for a meeting and eventually the date was arranged, June 1st being chosen as it didn't clash with any other events—one of the few weekends when this was possible.

The Sunday morning was wet and dull and all looked set for another damp meeting but at midday just as the landlord of the pub up the road was opening his front door the sun broke through the cloud and within minutes a small gathering of members of both the Lagonda Club and Rapier Register were sitting outside enjoying the sun and, of course, the ale. With the arrival of other members of both clubs we also had quite an interesting array in the car park too, much to the interest of the locals who popped in for their Sunday pint.

Eventually we all drifted back to Redlands Farm where another small gathering had assembled busily enjoying their picnic lunches. An



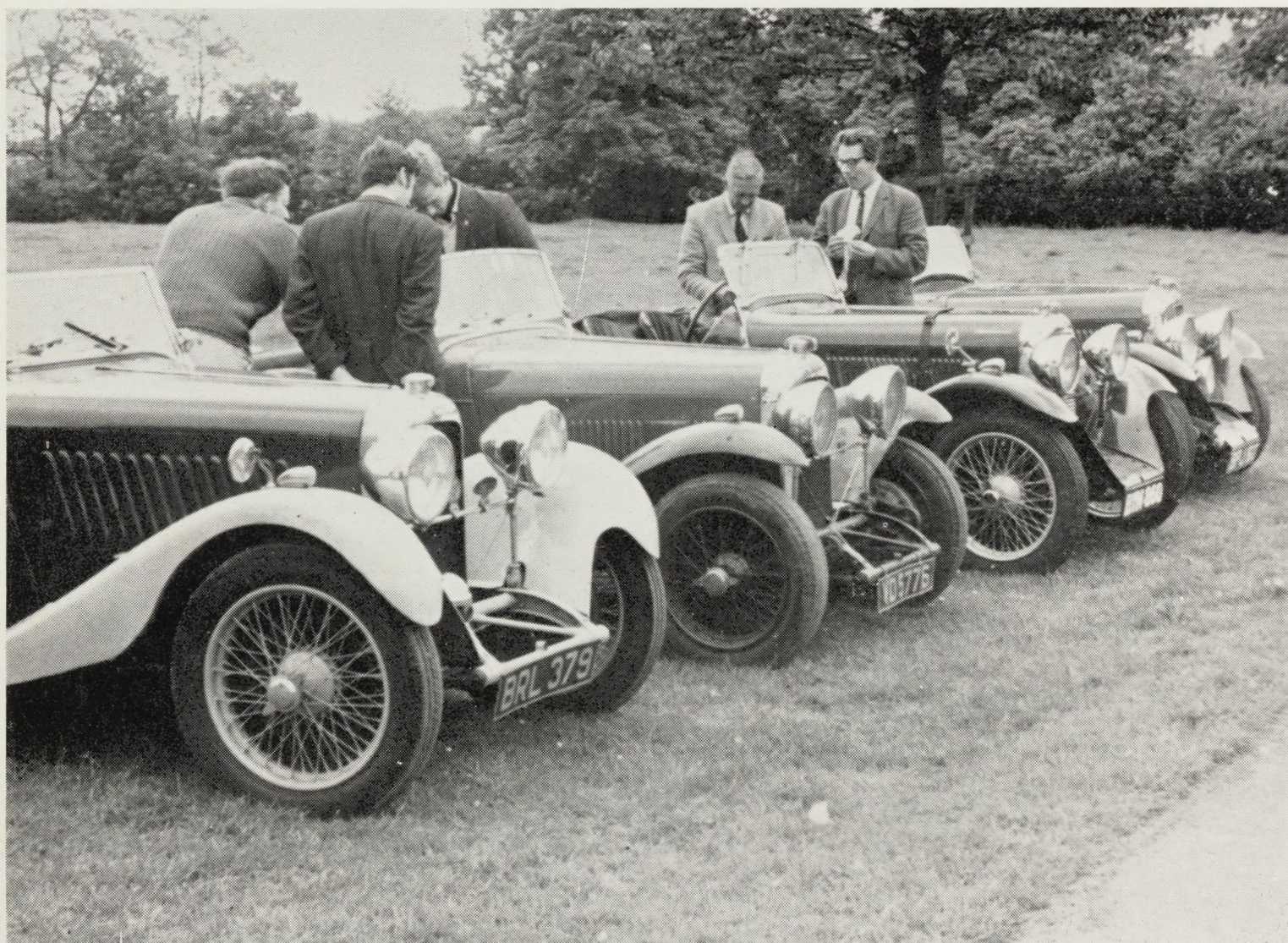
interesting assembly of Lagondas were lined up along the drive comprising of Rapiers (all two seaters) and 2-litres (two high chassis and one low chassis) together with a Sunbeam 20 Tourer and an Austin Seven saloon. During the course of the afternoon the ranks of the Lagonda assembly were swelled by another low chassis 2-litre, a Rapier special and an LG.45 Rapide. The two high chassis 2-litres were both immaculate and were a very fine sight parked side by side. One of them was Piers Blakeney-Edward's which was making its first "public" appearance following a three year rebuild—the result is really first class and much credit is due to Piers' patience and skill. Col. King's car is identical to Piers' apart from the colour—this too hasn't been seen very often in recent years but this should be rectified by its new owner. This car was restored about twelve years ago and has had very little exercise since then—the engine being still fairly tight when Col. King acquired it in the latter half of last year. Another interesting car was Richard Fletcher-

Jone's Rapier special. This has a shortened chassis (7 ft. 7 in.) and a Bugatti styled body built by Hoffman and Burton. The engine was built from parts by Daniel Richmond some years ago and extensively "breathed" upon in the process—as one can imagine the result is a very light and potent machine and immaculately turned out as well.

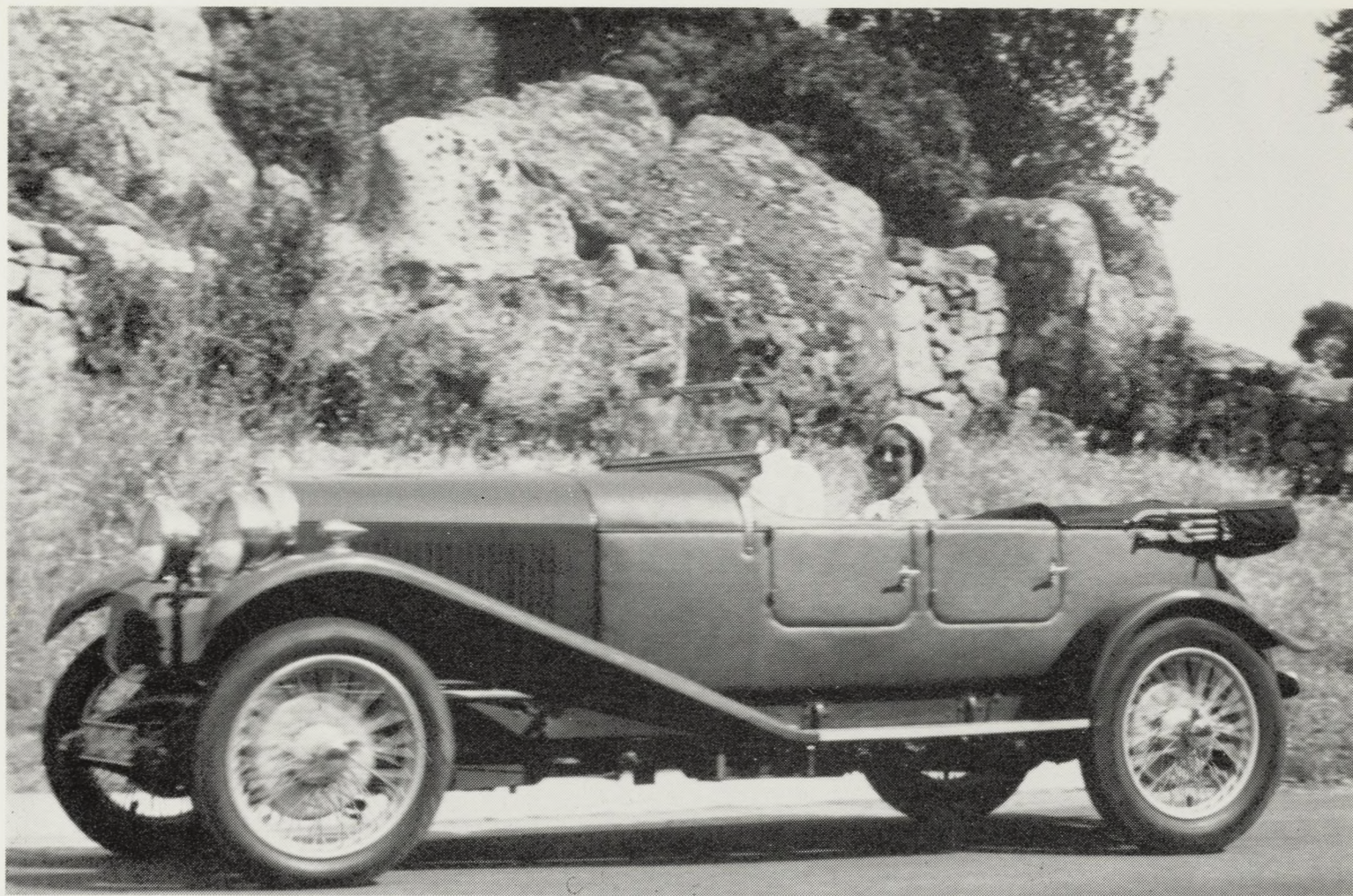
Originally it had been intended to hold some mild form of driving tests on the drive during the afternoon but everyone was so busy talking that it seemed a pity to break the conversations up. However the entire party was eventually ushered up to the farmhouse where the Sealey family had laid on a most magnificent tea for all present, a most generous gesture that was very much appreciated by all who were present.

Our first meeting in the South West was without doubt a great success, due to a large extent to the enthusiasm of our host John Sealey—it is hoped to make this an annual event in future.

JOHN ORGAN.







## SARDINIAN SAGA by Elizabeth Golding

THE THIRD VETERAN AND VINTAGE INTERNATIONAL Rally was described in one of the well known motoring publications in deprecating terms as far as serious rallying was concerned. They were, of course, perfectly correct—the times schedules were arranged in such a way, that brewing coffee, light or heavy refreshments could be taken en route, without the slightest danger of losing points. In fact, it was essential to do so, to prevent being penalised for speeding. This method of running a Rally, coupled with warm, mediterranean sunshine, unlimited supplies of local wines, and a carefully selected cross-section of delectable cars is the civilised method of rallying from now on.

We were quite “green” to all this when we applied and so naive that we imagined the delay in confirmation was due to lack of response!! 800 applicants for 100 places!!

It was quickly realised why the competition as the hospitality commenced, from the signing in at Colombo Dock, Genoa, to disembarking at the same dock seven days later. The reception on the island and round the entire route was terrific,

tantamount to a national holiday. The picnic lunches consisting of local fare, roast sucking pig, and quantities of sunny wines were the ideal antidote to “green crystals”.

One almost became used to living in £10 a day hotels with private swimming pools and night clubs. What a party!!

The stupidity of publicising this form of rallying is obvious as every vintage Lagonda that can scrape together a new set of 21 x 525 Dunlops will be applying, but as the 1970 Rally is in Australia, good luck to the Australian members.

For the technically minded, the total distance, door to door, that is not counting the North Sea, 2,530 miles. Average petrol consumption, 21.6 m.p.g. “Hard” rally driving in Sardinia, 26.1 m.p.g. Oil consumed, 1 gallon. Mechanical trouble, nil.

It is also pleasant to record that the British contingent of 19 competitors collected more than their fair share of prizes, excluding yours truly.

A wonderful three weeks holiday with the hood folded the entire trip.



# Lagonda in the Sun

by Ken Painter

MUCH PETROL HAS FLOWED THROUGH THE S.U.S since the story of my first six months in Singapore with the 16/80 was printed in the Spring '69 Lag Mag. My plea for details of the earlier history prompted a very quick reply from Arnold Davey—for which many thanks—confirming that my car *is* ex-Crocker as I had suspected. I suppose it serves me right really as I sold James the Rapier around whose log-book his special has been built.

Pre-war cars of any type are rare in Singapore and Malaysia, but Lagondas are the second most common in the Malaysian and Singapore Vintage Car Register. Most common is the Austin Seven, virtually all of which have been here since new. The Lagondas all seem to have been imported by, or because of Doc. Young. That man certainly has a lot to answer for, no wonder he has hidden himself away in Devon!

Needless to say I was encouraged to join the M.S.V.C.R. as soon as I bought the 16/80. The Register has about 120 members scattered throughout Malaysia, Singapore and the rest of the world, so finds it very difficult to organise a competition programme and the club is kept alive by its *monthly* magazine. Modesty forbids me from lavishing praise on this epic as I was "persuaded" to take over as Editor only eight weeks after joining the Register! Suffice it to say though that matters Lagondic are reported there almost as fully as Lag Mag. Not really surprising as the Sub-Ed is Harry Robinson who owns an M.45 (ex Doc. Young, see what I mean?) Incidentally "my" compositor neither speaks nor reads English, what was *your* excuse for omitting a line from my last article?

Such motoring events as are held here are normally organised by other clubs, rather than the M.S.V.C.R. These events include driving tests, sprints, hillclimbs and races, and the vintage drivers are often offered a class of their own. The Grands Prix of Singapore, Johore, Bahru and Malaysia (held at Kuala Lumpur) normally include a vintage handicap race. Harry has been competing in these ever since he bought his car, winning the Singapore event in 1967 and coming third in 1968.

My race attempts have been much less successful but hardly less spectacular. My first attempt was in April 1968 and the engine blew up in a big way on the *slowing down* lap of practice, when two connecting rods came out for air. The cause of this was traced to the "extensive overhaul" I mentioned in my earlier article, which had not extended to split-pinning any of the internals of the engine. More of this overhaul later.

The repairs to the engine took a long time, since the internal damage was extensive and included a cracked block, a broken oil pump drive, two damaged connecting rods (one looked like the twin of the Expensive Noises Trophy), a smashed piston and a large hole in the upper sump. Unfortunately the repairs were entrusted to one

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Terylene Ties	17/6 "

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LG.45	45/- "
LG.6	45/- "
M.45	30/- "
DB 2.6 lt. and 3lt.	45/- "

Workshop Manual for DB 2.6 lt. and 3 lt. 45/- "

V-12 Instruction Manuals available to order through the Secretary or direct from Ivan Forshaw "Motor Trader" Service Data 63/- "

Sheets for V-12 15/6 "

LG.45 Wiring Diagrams 4/- "

### Photostat copies of original Sales Catalogues:

1926/27 2-litre	25/6 each
1929 2-litre High Chassis, all models, and 16/65 and 3-litre cars	37/6 "
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1932 2-litre and 3-litre (one book)	40/- "
1932/33 16/80 Special Six	16/- "
1934 16/80, 3-litre and M.45 4½-litre (one book)	35/- "
1936/37 Rapier	18/6 "
1937 LG.45 4½-litre	45/- "
1939 LG.6 and V-12 (one book)	60/- "



of the worst bodgers in Singapore and the results were far from satisfactory.

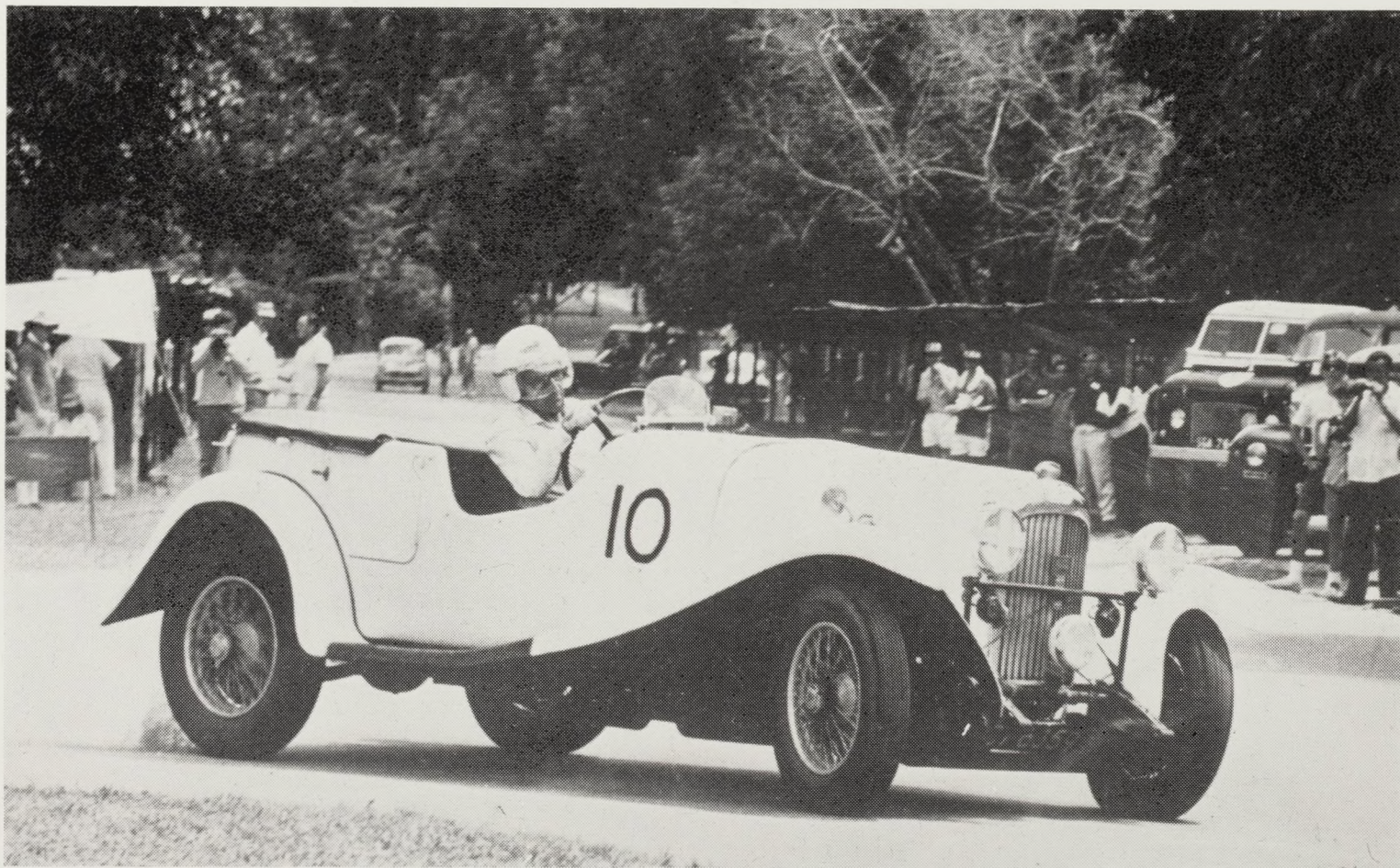
Not only had the "extensive overhaul" proved to be a poor job, but the respray had apparently been carried out without even de-waxing the old paint and the green paint was peeling off in strips. The black upholstery was a mistake too as it got far too hot in our tropic clime. The body woodwork was showing increasing signs of rot and eventually the framework became completely detached from the scuttle and bulkhead. The decision to rebuild was not so much made as forced upon us! A visit to all the local body-builders convinced us that self help was the only answer, even at Singapore's low rates for labour, so, during the children's long holiday, the body was removed from the chassis and the rotten woodwork carefully removed and gently carried to a local coachbuilder. We were afraid that the old parts would prove too rotten to be of any use as a pattern, but we need not have worried. Immaculate new parts, cut from chengai, a very tough local wood, were made in just three days, brought home and fitted with no trouble at all.

With the body removed the chassis was degreased and derusted, then treated to five coats of paint. The refurbished body was then stripped of

paint and replaced on the shining cherry-red chassis. After a complete rewire by an R.A.F. electrician (who now wants a Lagonda of his own,—some people just won't learn!) the car was driven, sans trim, to a respray shop and sprayed Mercedes Ivory. I had finally admitted defeat in the battle of trying to convince the registration authorities that the car was green and elected to have it sprayed the colour they insisted it had always been.

Encouraged by the example of Jan Evans, a local "vintage" wife, my wife Christine completely retrimmed the car in maroon leathercloth which exactly matches the chassis colour and very well it looks too. I cannot praise Christine's efforts too highly during this ultra rapid (seven week) rebuild as she did nearly all the hard and dirty work of cleaning the chassis and stripping the paint from the bodywork during the daytime while I was at work. Working in constant sunshine may sound idyllic, but the heat here is very tiring and Chris did this day in day out for weeks on end.

During the strip-down we found a cracked brake-drum and this was welded by a local firm—who then cracked it by cooling it too fast. It was rewelded and machined, only to crack again as







Chris refitted it. (I had cut one hand and burned the other in two separate accidents, so was unable to do much myself at the time.) The firm re-welded and machined the drum and it was fitted, literally with minutes to spare before practise for the Johore Grand Prix vintage race, after which it was found to have cracked again . . .

The repainted and re-trimmed car attracted a great deal of favourable comment at Johore but the extent of the bodging after the Singapore G.P. blow up was already showing signs of serious unbalance. Even so, I managed to finish fourth on handicap in the pouring rain, although I contrived to spin off immediately in front of the grandstand and my arch rival Peter Hughes in his 1932 MG.F2 Magna. This must have frightened him even more than it frightened me as I caught and passed him on the next lap and stayed in front for the remainder of the race.

Harry Robinson had recorded fastest lap during practise but the track was so wet during the race he found it impossible to maintain his dry track times and he finished well down the field.

In January I returned to England for a few days temporary duty and two weeks leave. The leave was a darned sight busier than the temporary

duty as my time was spent commuting between Maurice Leo and Ivan Forshaw. A happy and prosperous retirement is now assured for these worthy gentlemen as a terrifying amount of money changed hands and a vast number of 16/80 and M.45 bits became mine.

Fortunately I had had the foresight to ensure that my return flight was made on a freight aircraft as my personal baggage included, for Harry's M.45; five new tyres, six new pistons, first and second gears, a new timing gear, a set of decoke gaskets, a new clutch, and a new switch panel, and for my 16/80; six new tyres, six new pistons, a set of brake linings, a replacement brake drum, a new oil pump drive, a new sump, and lots of small spares. All of which weighed 350 pounds—the personal baggage limit should be 80 pounds!

On my return the car's brakes were overhauled and the engine was stripped down and the combined efforts of the last two overhaulers finally put to rights. The cracked block which had been badly welded after last year's blow up was welded properly and the engine rebored to take the new, plus 50 thou pistons which Sylicum Pistons had made for me. Unfortunately further



manifestations of the previous so-called overhaul revealed themselves here as all the bearing caps were found to be "out of round", where they had been filed to take up the bearing clearances. The bronze caps therefore had their edges very carefully built up by brazing and were then machined truly round again. In addition the old pistons had been re-ringed with unsuitable rings and the bores had worn barrel shaped and in places were worn from a nominal plus 30 thou to just over 60 thou! As if this wasn't enough, the piston which had been fitted after the Singapore G.P. blow up was found to have a lower compression height than the others, to be of a smaller diameter and to be considerably heavier than the original, small wonder the engine had seemed very unbalanced! New liners had to be fitted to take my new pistons but these were not available ex-stock and the engine was rebuilt with the sloppy bores so that I could compete in the Vintage race during the 1969 Singapore Grand Prix weekend.

As soon as the car was reassembled Christine undertook to run it in for me and in the one day available she managed to log almost 250 miles in Singapore's traffic.

At the same time as my car was overhauled Harry Robinson was having his M.45 completely rebuilt under the direction of the same very talented Chinese family garage business. The old ex-Doc. Young, and Adrian du Feu tourer body was taken off and replaced by a "modified replica M.45 team car style body and the engine was lined down and the newly acquired standard size pistons fitted. Unfortunately he had absolutely no time to run in his engine, with catastrophic results in the race.

In the race I maintained the conservative rev. limit of 3,000 r.p.m. and the engine ran faultlessly throughout. Harry also maintained a low engine speed, but the lack of a running in period told almost immediately and his engine seized solid about a quarter of the way round the second lap. I had been given a very tough handicap (1½ minutes behind the MG Magna and a 3½-litre Bentley for instance) and finished last—but I did record fastest lap in the process.

Immediately after the race the 16/80 went back to the garage to have the new, specially made, liners fitted and to have the worn skew gear which drives the oil-pump repaired. This has been done by machining down the old gear and oil thrower thread and pressing on a newly cut gear. I had a spare set of both driving and driven gears cut and

could have more manufactured should any 16/80 owner be interested.

Now labour charges in Singapore are extremely low, but even so I was rather staggered to receive a bill for fractionally under £200 for the engine and brake overhaul. Admittedly this included stripping and reassembling the engine twice and providing a new heavy duty battery, as well as specially made sleeves for the worn bores, and the oil pump driving gears, so I suppose it was all worth it. The engine is certainly running beautifully now and I have run it up to 5,000 r.p.m.—although I hasten to add that this was not deliberate, nor was it maintained for very long. The *Autocar* road test of the 16/80, which was published on 16th September 1932 does state, "an engine limit of 5,000 r.p.m. is available". I have often wondered if this was a misprint and even now I'm not sure!

So there we are, we now own a 16/80 with a really sound engine and with excellent paintwork and trim. In spite of the "instant submarine" effect of sudden tropical downpours we still have no hood, in fact the windscreen wasn't even replaced after the body was rebuilt and the hood frame has now almost rusted away. A new, fold flat, windscreen is to be built now and the hood frame repaired, when this work has been carried out we really will get a hood, perhaps even a set of side screens as well. We plan great things for the car now, but details of these will be given later on . . .

KEN PAINTER

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## CASTROL SPORTS SERVICE

### NOTING THE PAGE

by Geraint Phillips

"FAST LEFT INTO FAST RIGHT. FIFTY. KAY RIGHT and open hairpin left. Hundred. Flat over crest. Hundred. Bad right into caution bad left and right-over-bridge. Twisty fifty. Kay left. Hundred. Flat right and flat left and caution bump-over-grid. Hundred. Fast right into flat left. Fifty. Dirt and left at tree. Fifty. Farm and right and left and bad right into left-through-gate . . ."

This, according to one of several systems, is how one would hear pace notes being read out to a driver by his co-driver. They would not be written out in full in this way; a system of



abbreviations, using initial letters, dots, circles, oblique strokes and other symbols are normally used, the variations being infinite.

Pace notes are normally the preserve of professional rally crews since they, largely, are the only people with the necessary time and financial support to spend weeks in protracted practice, making the notes in the first place then checking and re-checking until there is no possibility of an error or a bend mis-graded.

A set of pace notes is a highly personalised document. It is certainly not something which can be passed from one crew to another and used with impunity, as some amateurs believe. If a driver intends to put all he's got into a particular test, he would be ill-advised to rely implicitly on someone else's notes. On the other hand if he drives with a little in reserve, such notes would be a help and would probably render his passage over the stage that much safer.

Among some rally people there is a misconception about pace notes. Too many confuse them with navigation notes, which are no more than series of Tulip diagrams arranged similarly to the road books used by the Home Internationals. In the main, it is not possible to use pace notes on British events where there are either rules forbidding reconnaissance trips or there is no time for such trips between announcement of the route and the start of the event. On the Continent it is a different matter and, if a British crew wants to do well over there, a few extra days for a sensible note-making run over the route would be time well spent.

The way to go about making notes is straightforward. Firstly, come to some agreement with your co-driver as to the means by which you are going to grade your bends and the terms you are going to use. This is mainly the decision of the driver, but it is important that the co-driver should be *au fait* with his way of thinking, for it is he who has to read the notes back quickly.

Make an exact note, using a signpost, junction or other permanent feature, of where your notes begin. It is infuriating to have a first class set of notes only to become confused at the start of the stage and not know where to begin reading because the organisers have moved the start control 200 yards further up the road.

Then drive steadily over the stage calling out your notes so that the co-driver can write them down. Don't forget to define surfaces and the gaps between bends. Don't be too particular

about getting the distances absolutely accurate. An approximation will be quite enough to give you an idea, during the heat of the rally, of how much road you have before the next bend comes up. Most professionals use multiples of 25, or even 50 (yards or metres), whilst others don't use the figures as a measure of distance at all, but merely as a measure of how hard to hit the throttle when leaving a bend or when breasting a brow.

Don't forget to include the odd permanent topographical feature. To be able to say "Bad left at end of white wall" helps the driver enormously, especially if the bend comes up after a half mile straight permitting flat-out speeds in top. Furthermore, if the co-driver loses his place in the notes, this sort of information helps him find it again quickly.

Don't be too worried about taking copious readings from your tripmaster. You'll have very little time to look at it during the rally anyway. But taking the readings at junctions, just for reference, is sometimes helpful. Of far greater use is the inclusion of 'grid', "greenhouse" or "Z sign". But always use features close to the road, especially if you are making your notes by day prior to a night stage. Remember that they should be within the range of your lights.

After the first note-making run, drive over the stage the second time, this time with the co-driver reading the notes back to the driver. Invariably you will find that some of your bends will need re-grading. Some of your initial ideas will have changed, mainly because you were probably too cautious in your choice of grades the first time over. Then, if you have time, have a third run. You will be surprised how much faster and safer you get, although be extremely cautious if you are doing it by day. All too easily you can forget that the roads are not closed to other traffic.

Each works driver has his little idiosyncrasies when it comes to making pace notes. It would hardly be advisable for me to explain some of these to you. Far better that you should devise your own. When two bends follow closely, for instance, would you use "left into right" or "left and right". To some drivers these two phrases have different meanings and I would be needlessly complicating the issue if I attempted to explain them. Work out your own systems. A little bit of cautious trial and error is of far greater benefit than rank imitation.

*To be continued*



## There, but for the Grace of Henry Ford, Eric Broadley, John Wyer and Co...

HEADLINES IN THE MOTORING PRESS OF THE PAST few weeks, relating to the amazing victory of the Ford GT.40 of Jackie Ickx and Jackie Oliver in the 1969 Le Mans 24 Hour Race bring to mind that equally historic occasion in 1933 when the first two cars were separated by only 9.2 seconds at the finish.

In 1933 the "Grand Prix d'Endurance" was in a state of decline, the halcyon days of the "Bentley Boys" were over. There was a total entry list of only 41 cars and of these only 29 came to the start line. At the head of the entry list was the 6,882 c.c. Duesenberg (yes they had American cars at Le Mans in those days too!) of Prince Nicholas of Roumania with his co-driver Cataneo. The second largest car was a 4,975 c.c. Bugatti driven by one of the two women in the event, Madame Despres and her partner, one Bassienne. The other woman driver was Mme. Siko in an Alfa Romeo (she had come fourth in 1932), hacked up by "Sabipa".

The only Bentley entered was the ex Birkin "Blower 4½", now driven by Messrs. Trevoux and Gas.

Alfa Romeo had a very strong contingent of 2,336 c.c. cars, with Nuvolari and Sommer, Chinetti, Guy Moll, Louis Chiron sharing the fourth car with Franco Cortese. A fifth 2.3-litre Alfa was entered for the Hon. Brian Lewis and Tim Rose-Richards.

Other entries included a 1½-litre Bugatti for Count Czayowski, 1½-litre Aston-Martins for

Mrs. Wisdom and Penn Hughes and two MG Midgets in the hands of Gordon Hendry and H. Dines Parker with Ludovic Ford and Maurice Banmer in the second car.

Just before 4 p.m. on the afternoon of 16th July the cars were lined up for the traditional "Le Mans" start. With a few seconds to go the starter, Col. Lindsay Lloyd raised his flag, held it aloft and with the tension mounting for both the drivers and the spectators, after what seemed an age finally brought it down.

The drivers sprinted across the road and leaped into their respective cars, Brian Lewis was the first away, closely followed by Chinetti and Sommer, who in turn were being tailed by Moll and Chiron in the fourth and fifth Alfa's with the Duesenberg and the Bentley dancing attendance. Sommer opened up and took the lead from Lewis on the corner preceding the Mulsanne Straight, while Chiron came up and challenged for second place past the Cafe de l'Hippodrome, beating Lewis on the braking for Mulsanne corner. Sommer, still in the lead completed his standing lap at a staggering 85 m.p.h. with the rest of the Alfa's jockeying for position, far outdistancing the other runners. By the time five laps were complete, Sommer was already lapping the tail enders and setting up a phenomenal pace, while the experienced Louis Chiron was driving all he knew to keep the leading car within striking distance.

Further back the two MG's were running steadily. Banmer in front of Hendry whose car temporarily stopped at Mulsanne.

Suddenly it was realised that Chiron was missing, all sorts of wild rumours were flying about, whereupon Chiron finally appeared, his car misfiring badly with ignition trouble, however this was soon rectified and the car roared back into the race.

This now meant that Alfa Romeo's filled the first five places, followed by the 5-litre Bugatti, the Bentley, the Duesenberg and the No. six Alfa Romeo of Mme. Siko.

After five hours Sommer, lapping at around 89 m.p.h. was nearly a lap ahead of Brian Lewis, at about this time Lewis handed over the wheel to Rose-Richards, letting Chinetti into second place. As Rose-Richards left the pits the Blower Bentley rumbled in, Trevoux being replaced by Gas who on his first lap unfortunately misjudged the Mulsanne hairpin and catapulted into the fence beyond the sandbank, although the car was

### THE MAGAZINE

The Editor regrets the delay in the appearance of this Summer issue. Unfortunately insufficient copy materialised to complete the issue at the correct publishing date. Fortunately several stalwarts rose to the emergency calls for articles to enable the issue to go ahead.



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extricated it was found to be too badly damaged to continue.

Soon, the leading Alfa of Sommer halted at the pits for fuel and to hand over to Nuvolari, while Bassienne in the big Bugatti handed over to Mme. Despres. Mme Siko changed places with Savipa and Prince Nicholas handed over to his partner, Cattaneo. Further down, the Aston-Martin pit was busy with Mrs. Wisdom taking over from Goodall, Penn Hughes taking over the second car and in the third car, S. C. H. Davis making his first appearance in a race since his Brooklands crash, took over from Bertelli, to loud cheers from the British contingent.

As time went by and darkness fell Nuvolari was steadily pulling away from Chinetti, while Chiron was driving like a man possessed to make up for his earlier misfortune.

Meanwhile the little MG's were still running well, Ludovic Ford maintaining his schedule although Hendry and Parker were being troubled by a leaking tank which was cured by the time-honoured "chewing-gum" method. There was a minor panic when Ford apparently forgot to switch on his lights, with his pit frantically signalling to him to do so, to avoid disqualification. They breathed a sigh of relief when the car finally went by, almost on the prescribed time limit with his lights finally on.

By the time night had fully set in, Nuvolari was more than a lap in front of Chinetti with Rose-Richards, Chiron and Guy Moll in third, fourth and fifth positions. There was great consternation when the Duesenberg in sixth position was disqualified for refuelling before the prescribed distance, which brought Mme. Despres and her 5-litre "Bug" behind the Alfa's.

Suddenly, Guy Moll's car soon after a spectacular spin was brought into the pits with flickering headlights and retired with battery trouble, immediately followed by Czayowski's fast 1½-litre Bugatti from the same cause.

A jammed starter dropped Rose-Richards and Lewis into fourth place behind Chiron who, driving at an incredible speed eventually rocketed past Chinetti into second place, making the fastest lap at the same time! When Cortese took over he moved up to less than one minute behind Sommer, who had replaced Nuvolari in the leading car. At one third distance Sommer was three quarters of a minute in front of Cortese, Chinetti, Lewis and the rest, with the MG's both running perfectly now continuing on their way.

With less than a minute separating the first four cars, little happened for several hours until Nuvolari pulled into the pits with a loose wing, while this was being repaired it was noticed that the tank was leaking, it was repaired with chewing-gum, only to find that their starter had jammed, as had Rose-Richard's earlier in the race. When the car finally left the pit, Cortese's car had taken the lead, however more drama was to come for Lewis came in with a flapping headlamp and the 5-litre Bugatti came past the stands on fire, however when it pulled into the pits on the following lap the conflagration seemed to have cured itself.

By morning Cortese was still in the lead closely followed by Chinetti with Sommer third and Lewis fourth, while Mme. Siko had, by process of attrition moved her Alfa into fifth place. Chinetti now decided it was time to challenge for the lead, and closed right up on Cortese who, taken by surprise however, responded magnificently and managed to pull out several hundred yards lead again. Cortese eventually pitted to refuel and to hand over to Chiron, only to have the starter jam once again. Chiron was equal to the occasion, however, and managed to get going after some magnificent jiggery-pokery with the jacks to get the car rolling backwards and "free" the starter!

Soon after this diversion Mme. Siko crashed her Alfa in the biggest possible way, skidding off the road going into Arnage, demolishing several trees and the car, but miraculously escaping with minor injuries. The impact of her crash brought down a tree right across the road, causing Driscoll in the Penn Hughes Aston some exciting moments, both on and off the track before continuing on his way.

By this time the fast and reliable MG of Ford and Banmer had taken over ninth position and was running beautifully while the drivers of the two leading cars were changed, Cortese taking over from Chiron who had worked the car into first place and Nuvolari taking over from Sommer. Just about 9 a.m. Nuvolari slammed his car past Cortese to retake the lead, and began to draw away steadily until he brought the car in for re-fuelling and to hand back to Sommer. This put Cortese back into the lead. For several laps Sommer gradually closed up on Cortese and finally overtook him. Desperately trying to regain his position Cortese skidded at the Esses into the bank, buckling the front wheel and bending the axle, forcing its retirement.



This left Sommer in the lead with Chinetti second, Lewis third and Driscoll in the Aston an amazing fourth. However, all was not well with the leading car for the tank was leaking once again and the delays allowed Chinetti to take the lead, Nuvolari and the rest of his pit were desperately worried in case his car should run out of petrol before the statutory 24 laps so he was being as careful as possible without getting too far behind, a difficult task. At last the 24 laps were up, the tank was boded and Nuvolari went out again for the last two hours of the race, losing ground all the time however to Chinetti. Nuvolari eventually began making ground on Chinetti and they closed right up again, still with Lewis in third place. With little over 45 minutes to go Nuvolari was forced to stop at the pits once again to take on petrol and repair the still leaking tank, while Chinetti stopped a few minutes later letting Nuvolari into an apparently unassailable lead. However Nuvolari was slowing, his brakes were getting steadily worse and Chinetti began closing rapidly so that by the beginning of the last lap, Chinetti was right on Nuvolari's tail. It seemed inevitable that Nuvolari would have victory snatched from him in the dying seconds of the race. Chinetti shot past Nuvolari on the exit of the Esses, however Nuvolari's car had the greater speed on the straight so they drew level past the Hippodrome cafe, the Italian edging slightly into the lead, only to be overtaken on the braking into the Mulsanne hairpin. Ahead lay Arnage, and beyond that, at the end of the long sweeping "straight" the stands and the finish line. As the cars pulled away from Mulsanne, Nuvolari floored the throttle and crept past Chinetti with two wheels on the verge. Somehow he kept the car on the road through the intricacies of Arnage and blasted through White House at a searing speed with Chinetti's car almost on his exhaust pipe and then on down the long straight, gradually leaving Chinetti's car behind, to take the chequered flag and victory, 9.2 seconds in front of Luigi Chinetti.

In all this excitement little notice was taken of the sterling performances of some of the other cars in the race. Third came Brian Lewis and Tim Rose-Richards. Driscoll and Penn Hughes in the Aston were fifth behind a Riley and sixth was the amazing little MG of Ludovic Ford and Maurice Banmer, both of whom were driving in their first big event.

C. MANN

## IN MEMORIAM

### RILEY

1898 - 1969

*"As old as the industry, as modern  
as the hour"*

## 2-Litre Camshafts

IT MAY BE OF INTEREST TO OTHER 2-LITRE OWNERS that it is now possible to have camshafts ground to the original profile in the North London workshop of Ian Walker Garages Ltd., Woodhouse Lane, Finchley, at around £12 the pair.

I was recently in need of reprofiled cams, and went to some trouble to get the job done locally. I discovered that the Ian Walker activities (mainly concerned with Lotus work) include a cam-profiling setup, run by Mr. Harold Gibson, who went out of his way to be helpful in overcoming certain problems we encountered.

These were mainly associated with the fact that modern cam modifications usually involve cutting back the base circle to get a higher lift at the cam lobe: unlike Lagondas, no surface hardening is required. With the 2-litre cams the lobes had first to be built up in the normal way by stellite welding: this job must be done elsewhere (most welding specialists are familiar with Stellite: the hardest grade should be used) and is not included in the £12.

It is important to ensure that the weld-metal is deposited evenly around *at least* 180° of the cam circle, i.e. much further back from the cam peak than would appear to be required. The other problem is heat distortion: if too much heat is used in the welding process the shaft will warp and subsequent re-grinding of the journals to a common centre will require the manufacture of new camshaft bearings.



The master-profile, and special camshaft holder, which have been made up by Ian Walkers were taken from an original, unmodified camshaft of the correct flat-top design, and it is hoped that other members may now benefit from their availability.

JEFF ODY

## Cheers and Tears from West London

OUR JUNE MEETING AT THE ANGLERS HOTEL AT Egham was a real treat to this Rep., nine Lagondas were parked on the forecourt: a 2.6, a Rapier, three 3-litres and four 2-litres; the cars were in excellent condition and perhaps it was a perfect June evening which helped towards the occasion.

The big topic of conversation was the Ford Sprint that wasn't. It appeared that all had gone down to watch the sprint the previous Saturday only to find themselves having a West London meeting on a deserted airstrip! One poor soul who shall be nameless but who was anything but speechless was an entrant and had been up most of the previous night preparing his car. I smell impending apologies.

Attending these meetings regularly I have gradually become aware of an apathy towards the club; listening to odd bits of conversation one becomes aware that old so and so does not get the magazine. A casual question at a later date brings forth the startling, to me at any rate, information that its just not worth having it. If it was one it could be ignored; but it is not and what's more it seems to be spreading. These words will not reach those concerned but if anyone else feels the same way, the magazine is the place for your letters.

Talking of letters reminds me that I have been chasing friend Mike Gaber round the globe using various Poste Restante addresses. Each time I beseech him to write a report of his trip but I fear we are going to be unlucky. He took a members list with him and somewhere en route he has read the notes and I have his instructions to make it known that he did not go in the 2-litre! If you read these words Mike, your car is being well looked after. I think my last report left him near Calcutta, one of my letters was sent to Madras where I presume he sailed to the Isle of Penang where he mentioned a sojourn underneath the date palms beside the blue sea and silver sands, I next picked him up in Singapore where our

local members gave him a right royal time. A "thank you" folks—from Mike.

Australia seems to have made a big impression as a very big place; the marathon route was followed for many many miles—part of it is described as driving 300 miles along a shallow canal with a corrugated bottom. (Perhaps it was raining). This was followed by eight days picking apples so the weather must have improved; this news came from Adelaide incidentally. I next heard from him in Sydney where he obviously wrote from a site overlooking the harbour and bridge. I quote "if you could see this scene as I see it now, a fairyland of lights with the harbour ferries gliding back and forwards across the reflection in the water" (anyone else for the next boat). My latest letter is from Brisbane, some 18,000 miles and eight months from home, an artist has been met and he is back at work again at his own job, a change from picking apples. He seems to have met so many of our club members I don't know how he finds time in which to work. I heard a lot about Derek and Pam Smith of Brisbane with a beautiful LG.45 with a Leyland engine, he also has a very nice Riley 9. They all went off on a rally organised by Derek for the Queensland Vintage Car Club. He missed Mr. Whitehead but evidently managed to see his collection of cars.

Thanks again from Mike to those in Australia. If he raises enough cash—Look out New Zealand!

HARRY GOSTLING

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Dear Sir—Isn't it time we abandoned the definition of Vintage Cars? I know that this subject has been tossed around so many times now that it is easy to get bored by it, but I feel that the modern environment in which we try to exercise our cars is changing so rapidly that the niceties of the various "Vintage" definitions will soon become quite trivial. Compare them, for instance, with the far more important factors which are common to all the different categories and separate them from the mass market.

My own preference is for a situation more like the American system of Classic Cars. This acknowledges the fact that even quite modern types (like the 1952 XK.120 or Healey Silverstone) are much more remote from the average Cortina



than they are from an LG.6, or even a 2-litre. It is not first a matter of design. Far more important are the operating conditions faced by the owner, and the type of person likely to be involved.

One only has to read the typical "Vintage hints" of 15 years ago ("Jowett Javelin track-rod ends will fit a Lagonda Rapier") (don't bother, they won't) to realise that it can be just as bad finding spares for a 1952 car as for one from 1932. Ivan Forshaw holds the DB Lagonda spares for instance, not the rather less organised outfit at Newport Pagnell.

As always, of course, the free market recognises the situation, regardless of what the V.S.C.C. call the different classes. Even at Sotheby's (who preserve a fairly central attitude towards the "Vintage" theory) an early XK.120 will fetch as much as a Vintage but otherwise unoutstanding Humber, or even Alvis. The great pity is that in clinging to the Vintage snobbery, a large part of the British motoring world is being brainwashed into allowing quite interesting cars to be shipped off to the States at what Mr. S. Moncrieff likes to call "nugatory" prices.

I am thinking here of still unfashionable things like MG TA's, not just Jaguar Mark V or Mark VII's (yes, even those now). At this point we can afford to ridicule of course: we all know what Mark VII's are *really* like. Or do we? Who was it who first recognised the potential of the heavy 4½'s, the LG models? They began to turn up in the States before most people have got beyond regarding tatty examples as a source of knock-on and big carburettors.

I may have digressed somewhat, but it still seems to me that the "Vintage" world should face up to the fact that a lot of water has gone under the bridge since the days of Soda Squirts and the first £100 motor car. Even the Ford Y owner has his problems today, and he will probably turn out to be very much of the same mind as owners of far more acceptable badges (if a little sensitive).

The point is that we make difficulties for ourselves: the latest Traffic Acts have introduced lighting and other regulations which specifically and condescendingly exclude cars built before 1931. If it hadn't been for the too successful implanting of the Vintage Car image in the public mind, us Civil Servants would ever have looked up the meaning of the term, and many a PVT owner would be having less trouble with the MOT station.

But that, of course, would depend on the substitution of a stronger, more realistic body to represent all cars kept in existence because of their potential interest and beyond their normal depreciation period: any ideas for a title?

JEFF ODY

London, N.1.

Dear Sir—During a moment while I have nothing better to do, I thought I would set down some passing thoughts on Originality and wonder whether anyone has any other idea on the subject.

While I was wandering round the paddock at a recent race-meeting I came across a delightfully restored example of the High Chassis speed Model 2-litre, which, if the polish on the front axle was anything to judge by, might just have left the works. On occasions like this I am always tempted to wonder whether the works *did* in fact polish the front axles, and rationalise my suspicions with the humbling thought that, however, the cars were delivered, cars like my own only approached the factory gate from the other direction.

Trying to put aside the sour grapes thing though, it is still reasonable to try to identify the "ideal" condition for a vintage car. The "complete rebuild" brigade certainly produce breathtaking vehicles, but they always seem to me to be a bit unreal, as if they are products of 1969 workmanship somehow, rather than that of forty years ago, (quite apart from the practical difficulty of putting a spanner on all those coach-painted nuts).

At the other end of the scale, and in another part of the same paddock, was a 12/50 Alvis saloon which took my personal prize for the most dilapidated car still running. Either out of interest or self-defence the owner had left a historical note on the windscreen (rather along the lines of those "Winner, Brooklands Double-Twelve, 1935", etc., things, but done in black paint with a toothbrush on the back of a cornflake packet). The general theme was that the car's main achievement was to have reached 1969 at all, not the manner of its arrival.

This struck a sympathetic chord in me: (uncharitable fellows will say they can't think why): surely there are such things as honourable battlescars, and if so isn't there a parallel in the vintage car world?

A large part of the interest that any Lagonda holds for me is the evidence it bears of its past experiences. If it had one owner who polished it



regularly with nothing fiercer than a yellow duster and only used it for church on Sundays, well and good, but isn't there something to be said for seeing wings battered by treads thrown off at Brooklands, or a bonnet pierced by rifle fire in the Greek civil war? (If you look carefully when James Woollard isn't around, you can see where KY had its rear bodywork carried away one dark night on the A5—and why ever not?)

A related argument concerns non-standard improvements to performance. Now that he has graduated to cars with "adequate" power available Herb Schofield maintains that any internal modifications which will make a 2-litre fast enough for modern road conditions are a good thing. But supposing it were possible to go so far in this direction that it would rev like a Honda—what would have happened to "the pleasure of driving a vintage car"?

Where my prejudices really meet head-on, however, is over Billie Michael's team car: so altered as to be virtually unrecognisable as a Fox and Nichols product, its past-modification history is probably as interesting as its achievements in its original form. I don't know whether to deplore the alterations or look upon them as an interesting record of the car's background.

But I still get unflattering feeling that restoration takes away as much of the interest of a car as it adds in magnificence of condition.

JEFF ODY

London, N.1.

### Hands off Ada!

Dear Sir—Making all possible allowance in these permissive times as to the use of "four" letter words in the public press, I still find it verging on the impossible to express in adequate terms my opinion of the dastard lurking behind the sinister name of G. P. W. "Tortoise" Taylor.

Surely it is a fact accepted by decent society that most families have their family skeleton—names and subjects that are carefully avoided lest they revive harrowing memories of the stretch that Uncle Harry did in the "Scrubs" for a particularly artful bit of simony, or of that errant Auntie who had the distressing habit of turning up every so often with small babies that could not be accounted for very satisfactorily.

Over such failings exhibited by a dear brother, sister or friend, the veil of reticence is drawn, the social decencies are observed, the balm of consolation and tolerance is copiously poured upon

those left with the task of protecting an honoured name.

Imagine, therefore, my distress when learning from your columns that a secret I had fondly imagined to be reposing sacredly in the hearts of a faithful few had become known to, and recklessly exposed to the world by that well-known viper "Tortoise" Taylor, so recently welcomed back into the generous bosom of the Club.

Poor, poor Ada Long, so much to be pitied as a victim of this century's craze for speed. Why should her girlish indiscretion be brought to light in this present day by a man who seeks but to gain some scanty kudos from a sensation seeking public.

Poor Ada Long—may her moment of temptation be shrouded with forgiveness and understanding. After all, she only sinned once, and that was in a Lagonda tricar (a doughty feat some might say).

Then the foolish girl, besotted with fascination, allowed her secret and her name to be perpetually enshrined in the name of the vehicle which proved her undoing.

Now along comes Taylor with his gifts of secondhand portable lavatories, suave of manner glib of tongue, ever ready to charm the unwary.

But let him beware, I say, let him beware! The questing spirit of the Longs has been aroused and will not be stilled.

Let him dare to answer one question.

WHERE HAS HE BEEN FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS?  
Defiantly,

CHARLES LONG

### Rapier Rebuild

Dear Sir—I thought I would drop you a line re the Brian Morgan Rapier following the paragraph in the Spring Magazine.

In fact it is Brian's son, Paul, who is rebuilding the car and as he is at Aston University, it will be a year or so before it appears. By all accounts it will be a pretty potent machine when it does appear. Paul has obtained a Shorrock blower and is feeding it through a 2 in. S.U. carburettor. It should be good opposition for the Elder bolide and my "Woodbatt" Special.

Very pleased to see Bud Habersin's Rapier on the cover. He has done a grand job on the car. The body looks like an Eagle but there are several features which don't tally, notably the wings.

This year looks like being a good one as far as Club activities go. Let's hope interest keeps up.

TONY WOOD

Wolverhampton, Staffs.



# REGIONALISATION

Below are listed the names and addresses of local representatives and the meeting place:

Area No.		Monthly Meetings, 8/8.30 p.m.			Sutton Coldfield	2nd Tuesday	
1	N. Ireland	J. Longridge, Flat 2, Lismoyle, 22 Warren Road, Ballywilliam, Donaghadee	To be arranged	11	Essex & East Anglia	J. D. Abson, 11 Highfield Green, Bury Lane, Epping	Kings Head, Writtle, near Chelmsford (on A122). 2nd Wednesday The Plough, Fen Ditton, off A45, 2 miles from Cambridge. 3rd Friday Lansdowne Hotel, Thorpe Road, Norwich. (A47). 1st Friday
2	Eire	L. C. Thorn, 5 Grange Road, Rathfarnham	West Country Hotel, Chapelizon, Dublin. 1st Monday	12	Bucks & W. Herts & Bedfordshire	D. D. Overy, The Old Cottage, Bourne End, Boxmoor, Herts.	The Anchor, Bourne End—on A41. Map Ref. 1" O.S. sheet 159 022063. 2nd Tuesday
3	Scotland	J. McKellar-Cairns, 22 Rullion Road, Penicuik, Midlothian	Edinburgh & Dist. Motor Club's 'place', Nelson St. Edinburgh. 1st Thursday	13	Berks & Oxon	M. B. Jones, 4 Grass Hill, Caversham, Reading	The Bull, Sonning. 3rd Friday
4	Border country	I. G. Macdonald, 37 Oaklands, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne	Red Bar, Ridley Arms, Stannington, Northumberland. Last Wednesday	14	W. Home Counties, Middx & W. London	A. H. Gostling, 8 Ridgeway Road, Isleworth, Middx.	Anglers Hotel, Staines. 2nd Wednesday
5	N. & E. Ridings	D. H. Coates, Hill Farm, Swine, Nr. Hull	Duke of York, Skirlaugh—on A165 and about 9 miles N.N.E. of Hull. Last Tuesday	15	Kent	L. N. Buck, 21 Willow Walk, Culverstone, Meopham	Park Gate Inn, Hollingbourne, Kent. On A20, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from M20. 2nd Wednesday Sir Jeffrey Amherst, between Sevenoaks and Plaxtol on A25. 3rd Thursday
6	W. Riding, Notts, and Lincs	Dr. J. G. Rider, The Range, Hatfield, Doncaster	The Hatfield Chace, Hatfield—on A18. 2nd Thursday	16	Surrey & Sussex	N. T. Walder, Old Park House, Ifield, Crawley	Star Inn, Rusper, Nr. Horsham. Last Friday
7	Lancs, Cheshire, N. Staffs & Derbys	H. L. Schofield, Foxhill Stables, 271 Mottram Road, Stalybridge, Cheshire	West Towers Country Club, Church Lane, Marple, Cheshire. 2nd Thursday	17	Wiltshire, Dorset & Hampshire	D. J. Palmer, North Carolina, Quibo Lane, Weymouth	Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas, Dorset. First Friday
8	South Wales	John Batt, 7 Grays Walk, Druids Green, Cowbridge	Bear Hotel, Cowbridge, Glam. 1st Thursday V.S.C.C.	18	Devon, Cornwall & Somerset	J. C. Bugler, 3 Springfield Close, Elburton, Plymstock, Devon	Dartmoor Hotel, Ashburton, 2nd Tuesday
9	Gloucestershire, Bristol, N. Somerset & S. Worcester	J. Organ, 'Onaway', Chalford Hill, Stroud, Glos.	The Swan, Almondsbury— 100 yds N. of M5/ A38 interchange. Fourth Friday, Starting 22nd Mar.	19	London		Yates' Wine Lodge, ex-Coach & Horses, Avery Row, W.1. 3rd Thursday
	and for the Northern part of this area	J. Organ	V.S.C.C. meeting at the Royal William Hotel, Cranham, Glos.—on A46 between Stroud & Cheltenham. Third Thursday				



# LAGONDA SERVICE



We have a large stock of useful spare parts for Lagonda cars still available. Although the demand for parts has diminished over the last few years and prices have increased considerably, we can still assist Lagonda owners with the majority of parts required for re-building and servicing the numerous pre-war Lagonda Models.

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