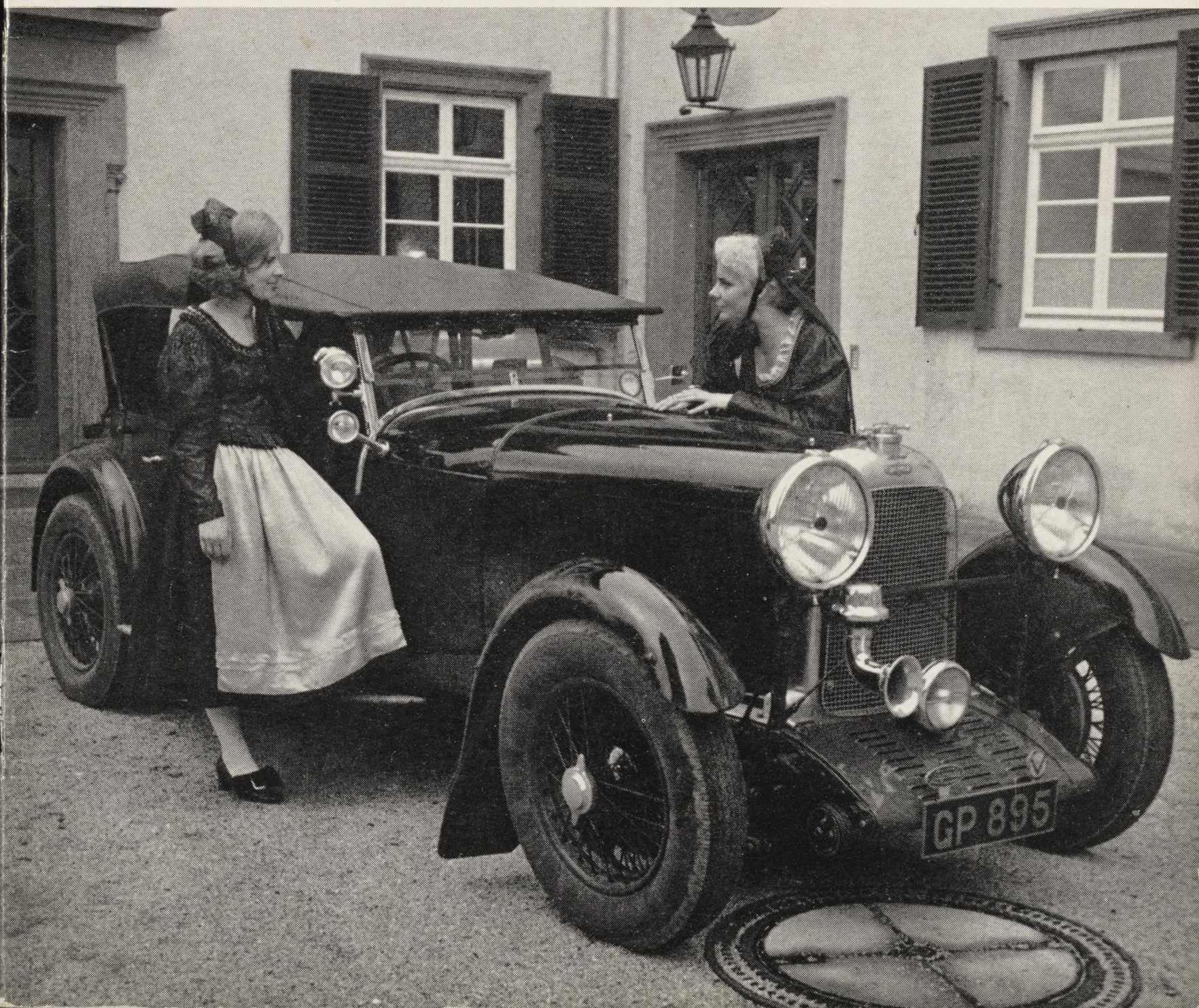




THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 68 Winter 1969



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U.S.A. Representative:

R. T. CRANE

10 Crestwood Trail, Lake Mohawk, Sparta,
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Editorial Committee:

ARNOLD DAVEY J. G. ODY J. W. T. CROCKER

CONTENTS

Notes, News and Announcements	2
Some Lagondas I have owned	3
The Lagonda Club A.G.M. 1969	6
African Adventure	7
The Restoration of JBG 492—Part 3 ..	12
Townsley's Social	14
Court Circular	16
All Quiet in West London	17
A 3-litre I have come to know	18
To Germany in a 2-litre	20
Scenes from the 1969 A.G.M.	24
Letters to the Editor	26

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

FRONT COVER: Alan Elliott's 2-litre with German *madchen* in national costume make an attractive picture.

NOTES, NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

GOODBYE MR. CHIPS—In December the members of the Bentley Drivers Club bade a fond farewell to DARELL BERTHON on his retirement from his executive position in that Club.

Lt.-Col. C. H. D. Berthon first took an interest in Bentleys in the happy days before 1939 when soldiering far away in India and other places that then formed part of the Empire.

Home for good at long last he became Secretary of the B.D.C. in 1948 and has been the administrator ever since, although in later years when the membership stood at over 2,000 Barbara Gunstone became Secretary and Darell was called Executive Vice-President although this did not seem to make any difference to the work he did. With his unrivalled knowledge of technical matters and his detailed information on the racing history he is going to be difficult if not impossible to replace but as he lives only a few doors from the Club office no doubt he will be called in many times in the future to sort out the same problems that he has been solving for the last twenty odd years!

Much of the goodwill that exists between our two Clubs has been brought about by the efforts and support of Darell and it has been a pleasure over these years to have had such a harmonious and understanding relationship. He will be much missed, but it is happy to think that we shall in future see him around in the role of spectator or guest and there will always be a very warm welcome at any Lagonda Club event, and perhaps a drink as well!

Thank you Darell for all you have done and the warmest good wishes for a happy retirement.

M.H.W.

* * * *

PETER DENSHAM reports the following news from the Midlands area: Driven out by a discotheque! Such is the unhappy fate of Area 10 (Warwickshire, S. Staffs and Leicester). The Malt Shovel, ideally placed on one of England's best known roundabouts, can no longer be the scene of our second Tuesday meets. Nobody can blame the pub for this attempt to increase their business BUT . . .

Area 10 will in future meet at The Manor House Hotel in Meriden village on the old A45 (not to be confused with the new A45 Meriden by-pass).

Thirty members and their friends braved one of the worst mornings of the year to meet at Hopcroft's Holt, an inn near Oxford where the Midlands Section had arranged a midday meet. An excellent lunch was served and if our stay was necessarily brief it was also very pleasant and an indication that midday meets in the winter (on a Sunday) can be well worth the journey. The suggestion (at the A.G.M.) that the pulse of the Midlands had ceased to be noticeable has proved to be entirely wrong and I hope we will all meet again soon.

P.A.D.

* * * *

This interesting letter has been received from Czechoslovakia. Interested members are invited to reply direct:

"Excuse me that I trouble you. Let me introduce myself. My name is Jiří Vaněk and I am the Chairman of The Klub Historických Vozidel in Ostrava.

"Let me inform you about the International Veteran & Vintage Car Rally which is organised by our Klub for next year. This rally is prepared for 19th to 21st June 1970 and it is Czechoslovak F.I.V.A. rally.

"We are very interested to meet on this event any of known and famous Lagonda cars. You will be so very kind and inform your members about this event, please. If anybody of them is interested to take part on this event, let him write me for the announce form and for more details.

"Rally is 135 long and it runs by the nicest parts of North Moravia—by Beskydy mountains. This track has two stages and six time controls where is controlled approx. speed for every car. In Rožnov—the end of the first stage—is prepared big programm with folk music, folk dances and also folk meals there. I think it is the most interesting part of rally, isn't it?

"Cars are in four classes according to their age. The first class: pre-1905 cars, the second class: 1905-1918, the third class: 1919-1929, the forth class: sports and big cars 1930-1935.

"We hope it is possible for you and your members to take part on this event and we shall be very pleased to welcome you in Czechoslovakia.

JIRI VANEK,
Výskovlcká, ul. 2573,
Ostrava 4, Czechoslovakia."



The LG.45 R

The following article is offered in place of the usual Northern Notes.

SOME LAGONDAS I HAVE OWNED

by Herb Schofield

MY FIRST RIDE IN A LAGONDA WAS INSIDE MY mother inside a 2-litre saloon prior to birth in 1938. This journey might have formed a sub-conscious attraction to the marque, but in truth addiction was probably inevitable as various 2-litre Lagondas were my father's form of transport from 1932 through to 1952.

I purchased my first Lagonda in 1957, a blown 2-litre tourer, reg. no. GO 4495. This was a splendid car mechanically having previously been owned by John Davenport and Gerry Richardson—both Lagonda devotees who spent much time and probably some money on the car. I have never been much of a practical mechanical expert (as most of my friends will tell you!), my interest has always been in bodywork and my first attempts at restoration were exercised on this unfortunate car. The fabric coachwork was recovered, the interior retrimmed and all the chromework renovated. The car certainly looked quite beautiful after all this work had been completed, and the blower pushed it along quite

nicely too. For some reason all this restoration didn't include the hood which was quite awful and because of this, was never erected. This drawback together with a healthy crop of facial pimples made me an unattractive proposition so far as the ladies were concerned, they being adverse to being run home after a dance in a frost covered or soaking wet vintage sports car! Even on the odd occasions when girls were persuaded into the car the open aspect was a bit of a disadvantage unless of course you liked an audience, which may be the vogue today but certainly wasn't in 1958!

About 1959 a brief excursion was made into other marques and I purchased a 1925 Chrysler Imperial gangster's Drophead coupe, complete with usual rumble seat and usual golf club compartment. (I wonder why every American car manufactured in the twenties assumed that everybody played golf?) This car had no personality whatsoever but did have hydraulic brakes, a tubular front axle and an electric cigar lighter on a flex which would stretch as far as the rumble seat passengers. The other machine was a fine 1937 2-seater, 2-litre Aston-Martin which is now remembered for its good performance and rough ride, due I imagine to its short wheelbase and stiff suspension.



The LG.6

About 1960 I was getting round to thinking about having a new hood made for the 2-litre when I saw the most beautiful car I had ever seen. It was a 1937 Lagonda LG.45 Rapide in "as new" condition. The price (for 1960) was terribly expensive but she had done a genuine 28,000 miles from new and had only had two previous owners. After a great deal of scheming which unfortunately included the sale of the 2-litre, the car was purchased. The performance compared with the 2-litre, and indeed most other cars, was quite electric and it also had a new hood, and even a heater. My pimples departed with the 2-litre which was some consolation for losing such a fine motor car.

In those not too far off days the majority of enthusiasts actually used their old cars and I was no exception. The 2-litre usually carried me to work and now the Rapide did the same, surprisingly the fuel consumption for both cars was about the same but here the similarity ended, the ride, brakes and gear change are much superior on the 4½ which is as it should be of course, the steering however is not as pleasant, especially at low speeds.

Around 1962 when pre-war car prices really started to climb it dawned on me that protecting what was now a rather vulnerable and valuable

investment would be best served by purchasing something else interesting but rather less conspicuous for daily use. I therefore bought a nice 1940 Lagonda saloon whose fuel consumption unfortunately rather nearly matched the number of cylinders (yes it was a V.12). This car had reputedly been previously owned by a rather rude Lancashire comedian, now deceased. He was also presumably quite a lad judging by the contents of the back door pockets! It soon became quite obvious that my pocket was not quite as deep as his must have been, and the car was speedily disposed of. However the ride, comfort and performance impressed me greatly. I also thought the lines truly beautiful being Lagonda's own sports saloon coachwork. I therefore came to the conclusion that the motor car for me would be a Short LG.6 saloon and I found a rather untidy one (CKY 520) in September 1962. The car was started up and ran through the terrible winter of that year with no trouble. This particular car was rather special having Lagonda sports saloon coachwork but with the addition of rear wheel spats and the side and rear lights moulded into the wings. The car also had two spare wheels one in each running board, the hydraulic jacking pump and lever being situated under the front passenger seat.

The car had run in the 1950 Monte Carlo Rally and also other long distance events of the time. When the thaw of 1963 came the back wings started dropping off (the car had woodrot) and it was unfortunately time to get rid of her with many regrets because she was a friendly sort of car.

In 1963 I married which curtailed any thoughts of buying further Lagondas and the Rapide was pressed into daily use for a time, this being my only car.

I had been doing a bit of competition with the Rapide—the odd race, driving tests and Club Rally's. I also entered one or two *concours d'elegance* with success. The car won the club *concours* in 1961, and V.S.C.C. Oulton Park in 1963. I never did enjoy car cleaning competitions and have not seriously entered one since.

About 1964 I first seriously thought of building up a 4½-litre competition Lagonda and prepared some drawings. In August 1964 I purchased a 1937 LG.45 chassis and a young university student called David Hine joined me, and together we built up quite a fast car whose story has already been fully written up in the magazine. How well I remember those days and evenings of very hard work. The car was constructed with rather more enthusiasm than skill and in fact was on the road four months after starting the project. Much to our surprise the car became quite a successful competitor in V.S.C.C. and Lagonda Club competitions. By this time David and myself had struck up a close friendship and a spares partnership which subsequently Alan Brown joined. 1965 was spent laying down stocks of spare parts for our future needs.

In February 1965 a Sanction III LG.45 saloon with roaring exhaust and woodrot was purchased. I have never been particularly attached to the design of the LG.45 saloon which doesn't to my mind have the long lean sporting attraction of the M.45 or the beauty of the LG.6 models but this of course is purely a personal opinion. We were not quite sure what to do with this car but a Club member seemed to be anxious to buy her so we parted company with no real regret. In August 1965, a lovely looking Sanction I LG.45 drophead was acquired. This was an early 1936 model with the lower and less bulky boot which gave the car a finer balance than the later Sanction III models (again only a personal opinion). This machine was not in particularly good condition and had obviously done a very large mileage. It was, however, reliable and was used quite regularly.

Garaging was a big problem and the car was therefore sold, an action which has been regretted since for we now have plenty of room. In 1966 another Sanction III LG.45 saloon was purchased but this was in such terrible condition that it was speedily broken up and the parts stored away.

This brings me up to 1967 when David and myself started work on the V.12 Le Mans replica which has also been fully written up in the magazine. The only car purchased in 1967 was an engineless V.12 saloon-de-ville with the inevitable woodrot which was used for spares in the replica.

During the five years that had passed since I had sold my LG.6 saloon I had a constant longing to own another, so in June 1968 I decided to advertise for a *concours* job in *Motor Sport*. I advertised solidly for three months and received no response—not one reply. However, I was eventually lucky and was able to buy the car owned by Bob Watts. It really was and still is a truly splendid motor car in *concours*. It is pleasant to be able to buy a car and discover that the vendor hasn't whipped all the useful bits, and this car came with brand new batteries, fuel pumps and an excellent set of tyres. The ride I maintain is still comparable with most modern luxury jobs (providing the shock absorbers are in good condition) but the steering is a little on the heavy side. The car is reasonably fast and silent and the braking is superb. The LG.6 can be cornered quickly for a car weighing exactly 40 cwts. but even so not quite as speedily as a 4.3 Alvis or 4¼ Bentley, both of which are lighter, but of course far less comfortable.

This just about brings me up to date and my small stable comprises of the LG.6, an LG.45 Racer and the LG.45R. The Rapide is a standard bodied car but the original owner had the brake drums, front axle, drop arm and drag link chromed. On the mechanical side the engine was highly polished and the head coppered. Team car con rods are fitted. Another team car modification is a 3.14 rear axle ratio which gives approx. 110 m.p.h. at 3,800 r.p.m. The car was used once or twice at Brooklands and did a lap at 107 m.p.h. This last information I obtained from the original owner who is still very much alive.

In conclusion running Lagondas has given me the second greatest pleasure for the past 13 years and has introduced me to some very pleasant people; and I only hope that the next dozen or so years produces as much enjoyment with these fine old cars.

The Lagonda Club A.G.M. 1969

IF THE VITALITY OF THE LAGONDA CLUB CAN BE gauged by the A.G.M. and all that is involved therewith—then we can proclaim a very healthy state of affairs.

I have attended many of these meetings and the pattern is much the same each year: it has to be. This year I was apprehensive. Social events in 1969 have not been well attended and members of the committee have often been disappointed that painstaking preparations for an event have been rewarded by a mere handful of members, and those the predictable stalwarts of the club. What of the other 980 members? What do they want?

Well, it seems that all they want is a warm and sunny day, an acre of well-mown turf and someone to tell them where to park. The rest comes naturally. At least 40 cars were already parked by 12.30 a.m. on Sunday, 28th September at The Anglers, Egham and a magnificent sight it was. An attempt had been made to divide us up into types but no one has yet achieved 100 per cent in this exercise. The standard of maintenance and turn-out was very high and if pride of ownership, hard work and know-how could somehow have been visible qualities then no one could have doubted the value of our club nor failed to be proud of membership. This is how I felt and I am sure others felt the same.

For me one of the pleasantest happenings of the day was my meeting and talking with the men of the old Lagonda Company. Publicity had been given to our meeting in the local paper and here they came; over a dozen of the men who had actually built our cars. They even recognised individual cars and could tell you now in detail the various jobs which they performed. I was glad to think that our meeting had brought together men who had lost touch with each other for 20 or 30 years.

Ernie Game had been with the company from apprenticeship in 1927 to coachbuilder in 1964.

Mr. Biggs from Staines.

Steve Nicholas, a panel beater. 1931 to 1938.

Ted Woodall, coachbuilder. 1929 to 1938.

John Capon, 1936 and later with Davies Motors.

Joe Robotham, 1920 Chief Tester.

Willy Turner. Electrician.

Fred Shattock. 1925 to 1948. Apprentice to design and engineering, developed the V.12.

Spud Ayto (my favourite name) and Rex Sewell who came from Bentley Motors in 1920.

Sidney New. 1941, charge hand, still had his works card complete with photo and works number.

From Winchester Mr. Roberts.

From Newport Pagnell came Keith Griggs, personnel and Ron Lewis, spares.

I hope they all enjoyed the day as much as we did.

And so to the meeting itself. I found it hot and rather dreary; I was very much aware of the sunshine outside. We heard that our finances were in apple-pie order and that the source of second-hand spares had almost dried up. One after another our area reps. rose to tell us that very few members came to their pub meets. Our chairman resigned and was rapidly replaced by Jonathan Abson. Harry Gostling resigned. Harry! whatever next. Ivan Forshaw leavened a rather disjointed catalogue of his doings with a superb joke. And the meeting ended. Phew! I was out in the cool air once more. Now to have another look at all those superb cars. Photos on page 24/25.

PAD.

**The Lagonda Club
Committee extends to
Club members and their
friends everywhere
a Happy and Prosperous
1970**

African Adventure

by Hamish Moffat

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

TOWARDS THE END OF 1952, I WAS FACED WITH THE opportunity of taking my 1923, 11.9 Lagonda across Africa.

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

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

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

No apology is made by the Editor for reprinting this article from an earlier magazine. It still makes an exciting story eight years after and Hamish's achievement still seems incredible.

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

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

At 6.45 a.m. on Sunday 21st December, after much burning of the midnight oil, we slipped out of Hampstead with a friend who was coming as far as the airport, through the damp and deserted streets of London and out on the A2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

pick up the route from Oudjda to Colomb Bechar, passing *en route* the desert memorial to General le Clerc.

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

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

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

We decided to continue without delay and I allowed my passenger to drive. Unfortunately, due most likely to the fact that sandy surfaces are not easily discernible at night, he put the car into a big hole, out of which it bounced and landed on a soft mound of sand with all four wheels in the

air. Excavation proved not difficult, but the front spring was broken, which meant changing to the spare.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next day a big end suddenly collapsed, number three, the one replaced in Colomb Bechar, and for no other reason that I can think of than bad metal. The other three original bearings were perfectly sound. In a few hours we were off again, having replaced number three with the original spare. The car now had four 1923 big ends, and we felt happier.

These difficulties, although troublesome, were nothing compared to the constant irritation of tyre trouble. Before leaving London I ordered a set of 5.00×19 tyres. The people concerned unfortunately, due to a slip, fitted a set of 4.50×19 , and by the time I received them there was no time to have them changed. I think these tyres must have been just insufficient to support the weight of the car, as the internal fibres were

constantly working loose, causing abrasive punctures. On reaching Kano the score was twenty-seven punctures and one burst. Another harassing difficulty at this stage was the way that a seam in the radiator kept on opening due to there being absolutely no suspension at the front.

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

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

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

Gerrit, my companion, had various irregularities in his papers, and asked if I would take him over the border into Equatoria, where he would find his nearest consulate.

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

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

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

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

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

With some sadness I dropped this splendid man in his home village and gave him a pullover as a parting present, bringing tears of delight to his large round eyes.

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

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

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

We passed through Bondo, Buta and Paulis, with the car going extremely well, to Mambasa, in pygmy country. Between Mambasa and Beni there is an extremely narrow and twisty ninety-mile track, so much so that it has only one-way traffic: that leaving Mambasa having to wait until

after 6 p.m. I passed along this track in a really thundery, black and menacing tropical night, with the jungle meeting in a high arch overhead through which a full moon occasionally filtered. I think I enjoyed that night's run more than any other.

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

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

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

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

On Tuesday, 3rd February, we had a very good run into Nairobi along what was for the most part an excellent road, and having crossed the Equator for the third time since being in British East Africa, on this occasion near Molo at nearly

9,000 feet.

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

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

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

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

As I drew up in darkness outside this rest-house, a man framed in the light of the doorway said, "Hey, there is a car out here nearly as old as yours". A small avalanche produced Paul Fawcett, the owner of the aforementioned 1921 Calcott and my previous daily companion in England. We had previously met some five months earlier while both on holiday in Marseilles. He had no idea I was in Africa, and I was fully thinking he was in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

The Calcott was some miles down the road in Nyasaland, the magneto having burnt out, and Paul was on his way with two friends from Abercorn, where he was temporarily living, to collect it in a lorry. As our routes crossed at Tunduma it was quite extraordinary that we both appeared on precisely the same day, and it is with but few regrets that I say that four of us dried up the beer stocks of that rest-house that evening.

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

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

Shortly after Kapiri Mposhi the Calcott landed in a deep rut which broke the main oil pipe from the pump, losing all its oil before Paul realised it. We did not have sufficient spare oil, so the Lagonda took the Calcott in tow to Broken Hill, where a repair was effected. In Broken Hill the next day we met Michael Stafford with a very beautiful 1928 Morris Cowley.

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

Some miles outside Bulawayo I came across a modern American car with petrol pump trouble

which the Lagonda towed into a garage there.

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

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

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

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

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

SPRING MAGAZINE

Copy is urgently required for the Spring 1970 issue. All Regional Secretarial reports as well as general copy should be with the Editor by January 29th at the latest. All contributions, especially those with general interest are welcome.

Copy for the Summer 1970 will be held over until the Autumn pending the publication of a new edition of the Register.

The Restoration of JBG492

PART 3

WHEN I FIRST SAT IN JBG 492 I COULD NOT HELP thinking that this more sporty version of the V.12 would have ultimately had the gear lever modified to the short vertical stick which was standard to most cars of this type. Therefore, before dismantling the gearbox I first cleaned the outside and then made this alteration. By removing the small lid which covers the selector springs and replacing it with a longer lid projecting forward over the front fabric coupling I provided a platform on which to mount the original lever fulcrum but about 8 in. further back in the car. I carved the new piece out of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick duralumin slab and built into it the necessary sliding pieces to engage with the selector rods which protrude from the front of the box. The original lever was shortened and straightened and fitted with a spherical knob and I now pray that it doesn't come up through the passenger's seat when the body is replaced. On the bench the action feels short and snappy. I carried out this modification before stripping the box in case I had to drill through the casing and hence put swarf inside the box. Incidentally the corrugated rubber seal on the gear lever can be replaced by a new one from a current MGB by trimming the base to the correct diameter.

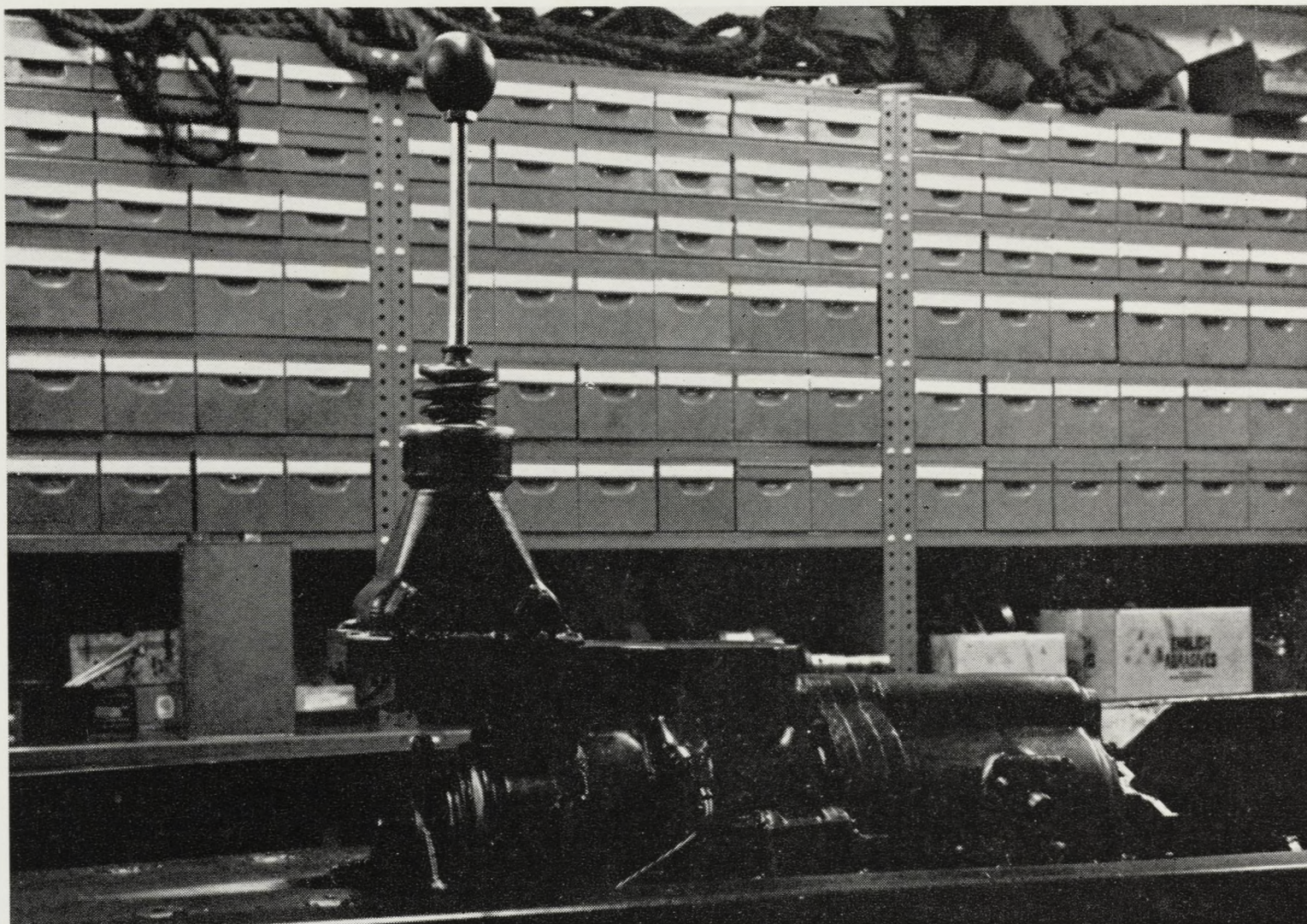
The type G.11 gearbox is not the most simple of mechanisms and my best advice is to read the notes in the Motor Trader Service Sheet before starting to dismantle it. Needless to say I did not do this and having undone every nut on the outside of the box it still would not come apart. I then read the notes and all was made clear. For those who have never seen a G.11 gearbox in pieces a general description may be of interest. There are three cast iron bearing carrier plates, front, centre and back and these are kept apart by two aluminium barrels which form the casing of the box. This gives the rigidity and lack of differential expansion of cast iron without making the box unnecessarily heavy. The gear-wheels are constant mesh single helicals on 2nd, 3rd and top provided with 5 in. diameter duralumin synchronising cones mating into female steel clutches. First and reverse gears are sliding gears and both the main and counter shafts are supported on ball races at their centres. An oil pump

driven off the input shaft supplies both shafts up their hollow centres to oil the plain bearings of the constant mesh wheels and the plain spigot bearing between the input and output shafts. The external oil pipe is merely an overflow when the relief valve blows off feeding back into the top of the box.

On stripping I found that all the ball and roller races were badly pitted and needed replacement. Apart from two special double row races with 34.7 mm diameter bores all the races are standard. The specials I sent to Scragg, Whatley & Co. Limited, 212 New Kings Road, London, S.W.6, an excellent firm who reground the tracks and fitted oversize balls. As with the rest of the car all the oil seals are still in production and these were replaced. The synchromesh drums of 2nd and 4th gears were loose on their keys and oversize keys were made. Second gear synchro cone was badly worn due, I would guess, to innumerable snatch changes from first to second and so I ground out the drum and made a new oversize cone turned from a $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter duralumin billet of which nine-tenths disappeared in swarf. The cone angle is 16 degrees inclusive and the square thread on the outside is 1 in. pitch, six start, left hand in case anyone is interested. All the gear-wheels looked in excellent condition much to my relief but the bronze spigot bearing bush between the input and output shafts was badly worn and had to be remade.

When putting the gearbox together I found it most convenient to hold the cast iron plate in the vice and to assemble the whole of the mechanism including the selector rods and forks out in the open air supported only on the centre bearings. The two halves of the casing followed by the end covers go on next and then the various small cover plates. Do not do up the large nuts on the ends of the countershaft more than a gentle nip or you will crush the second gear plain bearing bush and sieze it onto its shaft. This also applies to the nut holding the output universal joint flange which can sieze third and fourth gears.

Finally, get the third and fourth synchromesh cones into exactly the centre of their travel and put the eccentric detent bush into its correct notch to ensure a true neutral position and see that the second gear synchro cone is definitely out of engagement when its selector rod is in the neutral notch. Reverse selection is not fussy. Do not replace the gearbox support arms until you are quite sure that the box is working properly in



The new gear lever mounting

each gear as without these in place everything inside is still visible.

All the rubber mountings were perished and I had a go at turning new ones myself from rubber rod. I won't bore you with the details but I did achieve success in the end after an awful lot of scrap had been produced. The secret seems to revolve round the fact that all machining has to be done with a knife liberally lubricated with spit.

The gearbox cannot be mounted in the frame until the engine is in place as it has to be accurately lined up by shimming under the mountings. The shaft between the clutch and gearbox is centralised by spherical spigots on either end and I found that one of the spigots was badly bent due to someone having tried to remove the shaft from between its fabric couplings by means of a very heavy hammer. I managed to straighten the spigot by hammering it in the opposite direction with a copper clouter and checking the result by running the shaft between the centres until it ran true. This is important as the shaft runs up to 6,000 r.p.m.

I could now see no reason for delaying work on the engine and so I wheeled it outside and sprayed it very liberally with Gunk and then hosed it down finishing off the cleaning with a petrol spray. I shall not describe the stripping process as it is very straightforward with the exception of the water pump which is a key piece that has to be removed early on in the proceedings. The pump has to be dismantled before it can be taken from the engine and I just could not get the front cover off. In the end I hacksawed the right angle water intake off the front cover, extracted the impeller from its shaft and so removed the pump. In case anyone else has to do this note that the nut holding the impeller to its shaft is left-hand thread, I twisted the end off the shaft through not knowing this. The extractor for pulling off the impeller is $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. \times 20 t.p.i. I then had to put the pump in the lathe and machine out the cover which was corroded solid into the casing.

During the stripping I came to the conclusion that the engine had never been to pieces before.

The unworn portions of the bores were standard size but the top ring in every piston was broken, two having broken through the tops of the pistons. Luckily the bores are only worn and not deeply scored and so a straight rebore is all that is needed. I was surprised that the cylinder head studs are only 5/16 in. diameter and one of these was broken off. The sump was full of sludge and the pump intake filter completely blocked but despite all this the original big ends running direct on the crank were not grooved at all. The little ends were as new thus justifying a most excellent piece of design which I shall certainly retain.

When everything was in pieces I started on the cylinder block. Every stud was extracted and the water plates, which were rotted nearly through, were removed. I then dumped the whole casting first into a trico degreaser and then into a concentrated solution of Canning's Skalene for three days which removed every bit of scale out of the water passages and all the grease from the crankcase. Having thoroughly washed it down I then set about decarbonising the inside of the crankcase which took one complete day with a rotary wire brush. I gave the same treatment to the cylinder heads and then painted all the inner surfaces with Permoglaze casting sealer which seals in any particles of dirt still unremoved.

Concentrating on preparation for a crank grind and remetalling of the main bearings I then removed all the plugs from the crankshaft. These are 1 in. diameter and $\frac{5}{8}$ in. diameter duralumin with 3/16 in. oil ways drilled through them to feed the big ends. They are held in with peened-over grub screws which I drilled out. The crank being dead hard there is no possibility of damaging anything but the drill. I even had to drill out the very large screwed plug in the nose of the crankshaft revealing behind it a welter of sludge.

To my surprise the much maligned big ends of the duralumin connecting rods were very nearly as good as new and certainly good for many more miles if I had not been doing a complete overhaul. The crankpins were 0.001 in. oval and so I shall grind these and face down the joints of the big ends, rebore them and continue with this excellent design. About this time I got in touch with W. O. Bentley to ask him if he could remember his reason for the rather complicated drilled crankpin plugs in place of the more usual end caps found on other cars. He remembered very well that he did not like sludge traps and had used

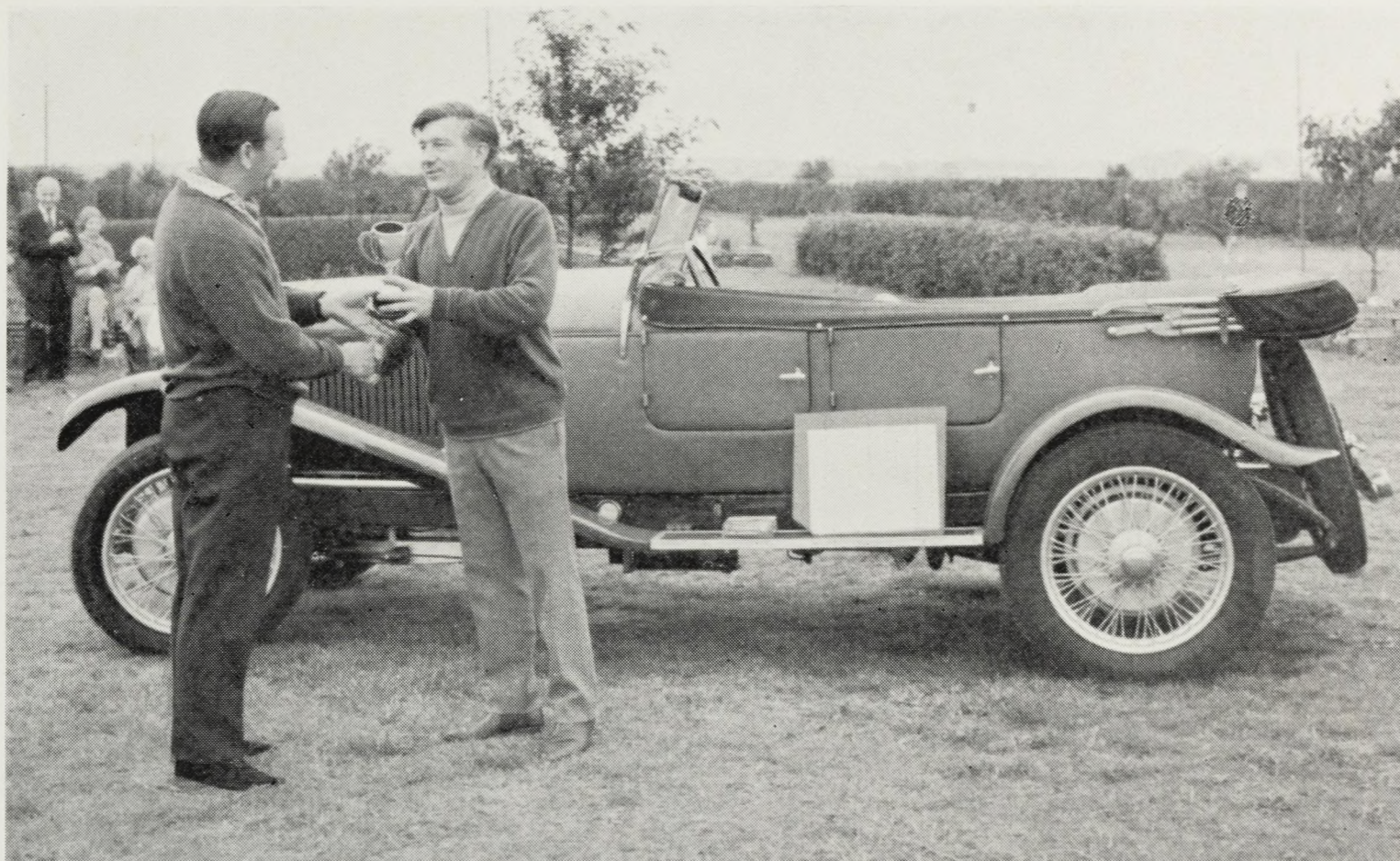
the small drill ways to keep up the speed of the oil through the crankshaft in order that no sludge should be deposited which might eventually stop the lubrication of the big ends. He also remembered that a small hole was drilled in each big end cap facing downwards into the sump purely for the purpose of increasing the flow of oil through the big ends when the rod was cold and gripping the shaft rather tightly. He also warned me that there should be rather lavish play in the big ends at room temperature in order that the engine can be turned without damage to the bearings when very cold and that there should be a minimum of side play at this point to prevent the rods rattling. All this after 30 years seems to me a remarkable feat of memory for an engineer in his 81st year.

As I was unable to find any pistons or piston castings suitable to give the original 9 to 1 compression ratio I took a little time off from the physical work and designed a suitable piston for which I had a wood pattern made. I now have the castings and when I know the final bore diameter I will machine these. The trouble with 12 cylinder engines is that there are such a lot of parts and as I have promised to machine a second set of pistons for Bob Watts who is making a Le Mans replica I think the whole of the next part of this article will be about machining pistons and so will be very short.

Townsley's Social

MOST UNFORTUNATE THAT THE TOWNSLEY EVENT, social highlight of Lagonda Life in the Northern summer, had to be missed by the hard-working Mr. and Mrs. Hon. Northern Secretary. It is the only occasion in the calendar up here that does not involve them in any planning and coercing, any time, work, or responsibility. The Townsleys' do the lot. They invited Herb to come along and enjoy himself and preside, but he couldn't. Thoughtfully he deputed Alan Brown who rose magnificently to the occasion in acting as MC, PRO, competitor number one, bearer of apologies, vote-of-thanks proposer and, deputising for Herb's Margaret, presenter of prizes.

The goodly gathering of Lagondas included 2-litres in high-chassis, supercharged, and racing special forms; 3½-litre; M.45 standard and heavy tourers, LG.45 tourer and LG.45 Rapide. All these cars were open models with hood down, or



Alan Brown presents W. Golding with the Concours Cup

no hood at all. In contrast the lesser makes were all saloons, of British, French or German origin, driven by members temporarily deprived of their favourite motors, or by their several friends.

How pleasant to meet Bernard and Amy Raine again, down from their retirement in the Lake District and still the possessors of Milady. A number of youngsters were present too, to watch fathers (including newly qualified David Hine) performing intricate manoeuvres. And one junior schoolgirl was observed driving father's family car round and round Ted's petrol pumps. I just daren't tell you her age.

For the official competitors there were three special tests. Test 1, Balloon-bursting. Fourteen balloons strategically placed round Ted's paddock, burst as many as you can with the offside front tyre before returning to base and no reversing allowed. John Beardow at a distinct disadvantage here with his extra wide fixed front wings. He was unable to see the balloons being pivoted across their anchorage by the breeze whenever he lined up on an approach run. Whereas Joe Unsworth, turning his wings with his wheels, was able to see his tyre touch the ground. He could see it so well that he winced when the balloon

expanded to its maximum just before the bang! Best score was eleven bursts by both Alan Brown and J. Spencer.

Test 2, Height judging. Why is it always a bottle? Symbolism? John Turner was very good last time but although he elevated his Gallic auto to its limit it still did not attain to the height of his estimation.

Test 3, Corset Canter. A hilarious physical effort involving sack-racing to a further sack, groping inside it, and hastily putting on garments grabbed therefrom before rushing blushing or otherwise back to the car.

The awards were then presented by Alan Brown Esquire and no kissing this time by gum. Sardinian Saga Golding had polished his 2-litre brilliantly enough to earn the coveted H. L. Schofield Concours Cup. He drove it well enough to win first prize in the tests, second Lagonda being M. C. Pollard's 3½. Last year's winner, Alan Ogden in his used-every-day M.45, tried hard enough but was unlucky this time.

As for Ted and Eleanor Townsley—What can one say? They used to organize those enjoyable Riccall meetings; now this is the third time they have invited us to their home and treated us in so

gradely a fashion, providing car park, paddock, garden, equipment and refreshment. They round up their family and friends to do the marshalling and scoring, thus leaving all Lagonda Club members at liberty to compete and converse. And what a welcome we were given. Long shall we remember it.

'Hello John*', said Eleanor all smiles. 'It is nice to see you. Ted has made two special brews of his own home-made beer. Would you like to come and try them?'

So . . . Cheers to Ted and Eleanor!

*(or Alan or Bernard or Hugh or Joe or Ken or Roy, etc., as the case may be.) She knows us all in the Northern Section, bless her.

ROY PATERSON

Court Circular

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN CAME TO HULL OFFICIALLY accompanied by His Royal Highness The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and Her Royal Highness The Princess Anne. Their Royal Highnesses Prince Andrew and Prince Edward were also there. Her Majesty opened the new King George and Queen Elizabeth Dock, and later embarked with her family on the royal yacht *Britannia* for the Shetlands and Norway.

All this was in August.

Stand-in for Royalty

In July all the top brass had a rehearsal; Equerry to The Queen, Lord Lieutenant the Earl of Halifax, Chief Constables, Dock Offices' officials, Town Clerk and senior staff, etc., etc. To make certain that the processional limousines could manoeuvre and be accommodated in the space available on the quayside, they had organized a dummy run starting from the Royal Station Hotel.

Inside, the party foregathered. Outside were their own cars, plus a squad of police cars to make up the required number. Being a Dock occasion the Dock Offices were to provide their largest car to represent the Queen's.

Starting time. Out came the officials. "That's a fine old car", said one Chief Constable, "Whose is it?" "It's mine", replied our Lagonda Club member, "but today it's here for the Dock Offices. We thought that being a big car with a very big turning circle, anywhere it can go the Queen's RR will be able to go". "Who's driving?" "I am". "Anybody with you?" was the next question by the police, then, turning towards his chauffeur,

"Driver, you're on your own in my car. I'm going in this one".

So the increasingly famous royal-red M.45 heavy tourer played the star part in the rehearsal.

Certain formalities completed at the distant dock, the officials were returning from No. 16 Shed to their cars. The CC was naturally making for the tourer when suddenly a voice rapped out his surname. Who would dare to do that to a Chief Constable? Only the Chief of a bigger authority of course, and so it was. "You came out in that Lagonda. What about me going back in it?" "Fair enough", agreed the first, motioning him along.

The second was similarly impressed by the quiet dignity of the open car. "It purrs along very nicely", he remarked, "but, will it accelerate?" John L. Beardow always complies with a request from the police! "Never enjoyed a ride so much since I was up in the RFC during the first war", confided this Chief Constable as John demonstrated, with pleasure.

Arrival . . . and Departure

One very misty August morning John and his Lag. were joined by its previous owner who had invited himself to the far side to see the *Britannia* pass through the lockpit. The former would be on the dock all the morning, so when the other said it was time for him to go and start work he was asked to take John's wife along as it was time she was going too. Not having seen Mrs. Beardow around, he was told she was near the crowd on the other side. Naturally, he was pleased to be of assistance.

The Beardow voice penetrated across. The message went over in Christian name terms.

When the previous owner, having circumnavigated from one side to the other by the shortest dry routing, arrived some three miles later, his embarrassed passenger was pleased to make a quick entrance into the seat beside him. She felt that the whole crowd had been waiting to see the closing scene, to see Roy give Jean this lift off the dock!

On Her Majesty's Service

The *Britannia* berthed opposite Shed 16. John Lagonda Beardow had motored along to the quayside and was keeping an eye on things. As soon as the gangplank was fixed a Royal Marine Sergeant hurried down. He had expected an official car to be waiting as he had despatches to

deliver, he explained. Seeing nothing of the kind, and full of initiative, he asked, 'Is this your car sir?'

So once again JLB was provided with a good excuse to speed along in his old Lagonda. "Well, I've won my bet", admitted the sergeant. "What bet's that?" "We were looking at this vintage car from the deck as we came in, and I bet 'em all I'd be first to have a ride in it". Appreciating anything like that, John delivered him and Her Majesty's despatches in record time!

One might say the Lag. had justified its recent coat of new red paint.

"HERMES"

All Quiet in West London

IF YOU HEAR A SIGH OF RELIEF as you read these words it's me having got the AGM over without a major disaster. There were plenty of things to worry about, 70 of them in fact; the sumps of the Lagondas as they went over the kerb on to the grass at the Anglers Hotel.

In the autumn magazine our group was left about to make a massed assault on the Auto Jumble at Beaulieu. What a day! We arrived about 11 a.m. and didn't finish examining the varied items displayed till 5.30 p.m. If you can imagine all the street markets in London picked up and dumped in a large field with some three-thousand people that was it. If you have never been to one of these events make a mental note to go to the next one.

This next story is the sort of thing which would never happen to me even if I lived a thousand years; I mean the happy ending as I have suffered the same misfortune. One of our group was happily motoring down the M1 at the legal maximum in his 2-litre appreciating what he took to be admiring glances from the slower car. The poor chap got an awful jolt when the passenger complained of hot feet, nothing unusual about this in a Lag. but in this instance the feet and legs were smothered in very hot oil! Disaster, the olive on the main oil delivery pipe had become unsoldered. There were our poor friends miles from anywhere on the M1 with no oil and a leaking oil pipe; this is where the good fairy queen did her stuff in right royal fashion. A pre-war Riley nine pulls up alongside and on hearing the trouble volunteers to motor many miles and return with two gallons of oil. They were not out

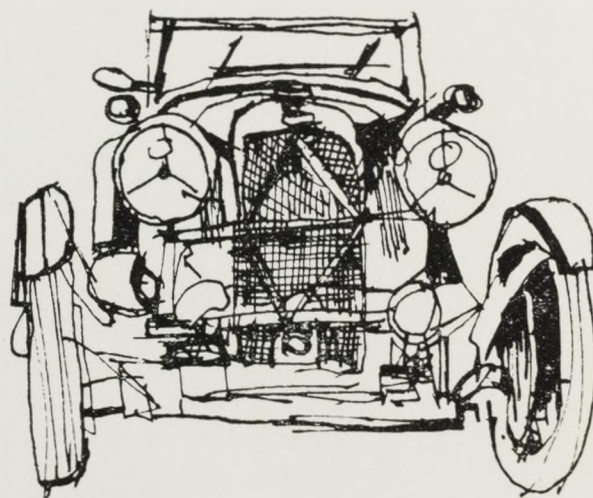
of the wood yet so up comes a very early Singer tourer which also stops, the driver learns of the trouble, delves in the back of his car and produces: blow lamp, pricklers, soldering fluid, solder and sand paper. End of story.

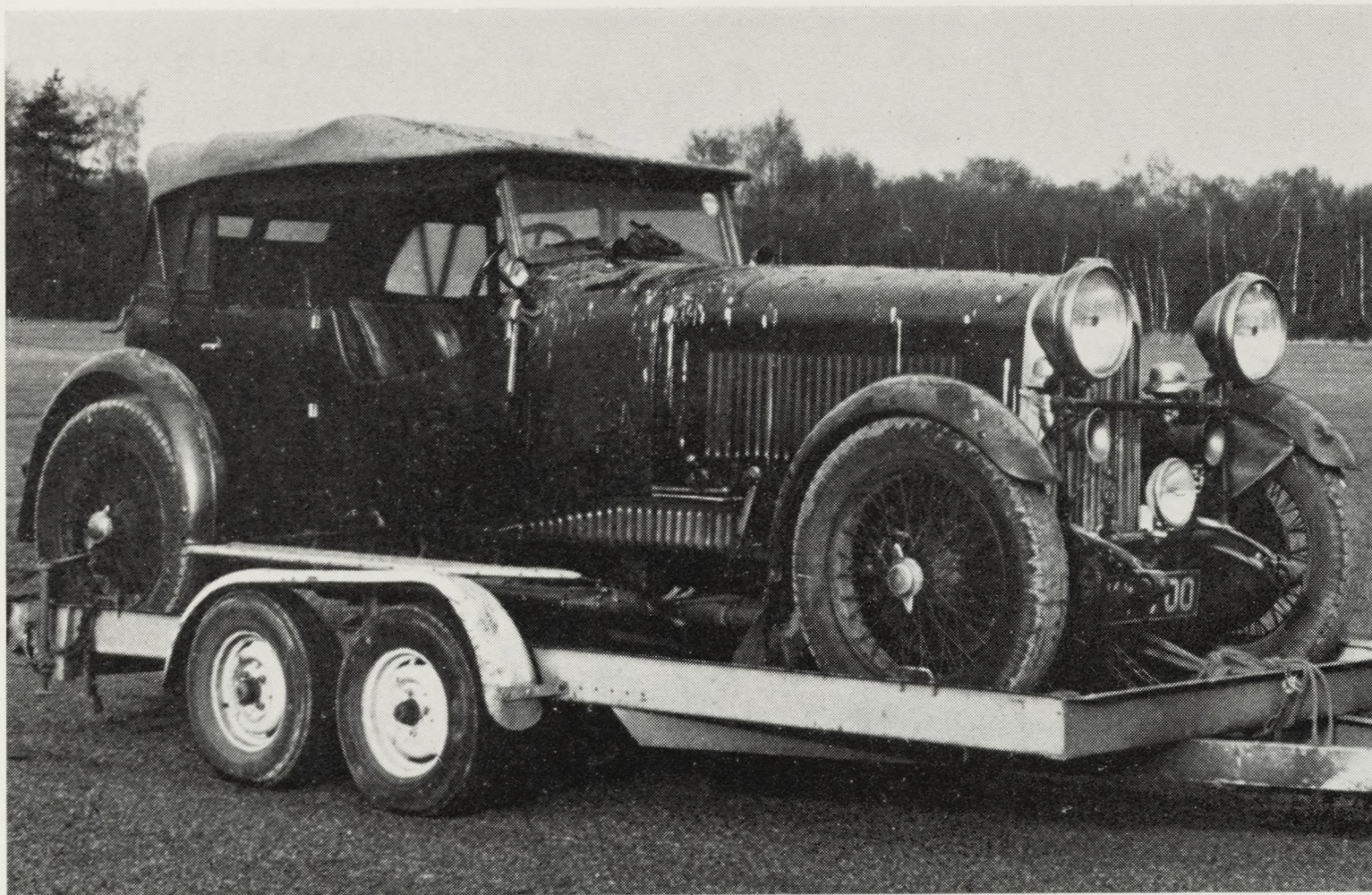
There is no doubt about it, if you want to buy a car or locate that difficult spare the way to do it is to go to the local meetings and keep your ears open; a chance remark the other week at "The Ship" and a Rapier came to light in the area. The new owner has big plans for a new body and where else should he go other than to our good friends Gilbert and Rickard (see their advert in the magazine). Mr. Feeley tells me that it was Mr. Rickard who did all the clever stuff with metal on the pre-war cars. To my knowledge they have built a front-apron as the original, effected bodywork repairs, bonnet repairs and made a new set of mudguards for a high-chassis 2-litre.

During a recent trip to Wales and back in the Continental I did not see another Lagonda or for that matter anything of interest at all. Is there anyone else in the Club who still uses a pre-war Lag. for every day transport? The other morning walking through the maze of roads around Vauxhall I saw "IT". The first things to catch my eye were the early Ford radiator and the drivers mop of hair; as "IT" went by there was no bonnet so I could see a V.8 engine and chromium plated fan, small tonneau, high windscreen, no roof, a small body like something off an early coach, large dimension tyres with tiny little mudguards about 8 in. square, the rear axle was all naked, and unashamed with two chromium plated trumpet exhausts. The whole thing was immaculate and dead quiet.

This, I think is a good place to stop.

HARRY GOSTLING





A 3-LITRE I HAVE COME TO KNOW

by "Jenks"

WE WERE LOOKING FOR A VINTAGE CAR, OR A P.V.T., and had staggered away from desirable 3-litre Speed Model Bentleys on account of the price. Lancia Lambdas we could not find, 14/40 Vauxhalls lacked engine size, Sunbeams were too pedestrian, and anyway we had one of them. "What about a Lagonda?" she said. "Oh no! Ghastly cars—anyway, what sort?" That is when the trouble started.

Now I knew that Lagondas had been made at Staines and after the war had been taken over by David Brown and the post-war Lagonda engine had become the DB Aston Martin engine; the whole lot had finally gone to Newport Pagnell and Lagondas as such were virtually defunct. My early experience of Lagondas was very limited. One of the first specials I built was based on a Frazer Nash and I was looking for a 2-litre

engine to put in it. On paper my list of two litre engines were the A.C. six and the 2-litre Lagonda. When I found that the Lagonda engine weighed something like 5 cwt. compared with the 2 cwt. of the A.C. I quickly lost interest in Lagondas, and a barrier arose which says "Lagondas, oh no!" However, a few years later I had an incredibly fast run with a friend in a 4½-litre Lagonda Rapide tourer. It was really impressive and my Lagonda barrier descended and I thought "Meadows-engined Lagondas are alright, but too big and too expensive for me".

So when she said "How about a Lagonda?" I was forced to agree to look at some. Our requirements were quite simple, we needed a 4-seater, preferably original, with running boards and what she called "a camping hood", in other words a thing like a tent that you erected on poles if you wanted to try and keep dry. We found a very nice 4-seater Rapide 4½-litre, which was described as a "cops and robbers model", but the price was too high and somehow it looked too modern(!). After a few diversions to look at horrid things like Marende Special, Blue Label Bentleys, various Alvis tourers, she said "What

is a 3-litre Lagonda?" "No idea" I replied "a smaller version of the 4½-litre I suppose. There was a 3-litre Meadows engine, fitted to Invictas and things". Then I remembered a friend having a Lagonda a long time ago with a six cylinder engine that was not a 4½-litre Meadows; it was in a saloon called a Selector Special with a strange Maybach gearbox having more ratios than anyone could want. "That must have been a 3-litre, why do you ask?" "Well, there is this Lagonda in this chap's barn, and he hasn't used it for 5 years, he says it's a 3-litre". After looking at the 4½-litres I had gone off Lagondas a bit, they looked so enormous, and I knew I was going to have to work on whatever was acquired. My basic principle was to get a car you could push if you ran into trouble; something sporting and quick, like a chain-gang "Nash" or a "ducks back" 12/50 Alvis. She wanted four seats and running boards and after all, it was her grandmother who had died. "Besides", she said, with cold logic "We've already got two two-seater sports cars".

"This chap says he would sell the 3-litre Lagonda, why don't you go and look at it?" So I did, though I had no idea what I was looking for or looking at for that matter. It was a Lagonda alright, it said so on the radiator under the filth and verdigris. It was a six cylinder, the biggest I had ever seen. "An engine that size must be a Meadows" I thought, particularly as a friend was rebuilding a fire-engine and the engine in that was a Meadows looking very similar. Apart from standing in the semi-open for five years I could not really find anything wrong, though I was a bit staggered by the heavy engineering and the overall size of the thing. While I was prowling round it with the "chap", I got down and looked underneath. "Good grief!" I cried, and he hurriedly joined me, saying "what's wrong, what's wrong?" There was nothing wrong, it was just that I had never looked under a 3-litre Lagonda before and the monument of civil engineering that I saw made me cry out. Enormous tubular cross members, a sub-frame carrying the gearbox that looked strong enough to be the chassis of a light-car, side members that looked as if they had come from a railway truck and a general air that looked as though Brunel had been involved in the design. It looked alright, except that I knew the exhaust system would fall apart as soon as it was touched; the radiator would leak after the first few bumps; the

batteries would be useless; the tyres would split the moment they revolved; the oil pressure would sag when the oil got hot; the hood would leak; the wiring would catch fire; the brakes would seize on; the water pump would leak; and the clutch would not free. I may not know Lagondas, but I do know old cars, and this was a 1932 model. Having estimated that it would cost £250 to make it run properly I went through the above list, but she was undaunted and wanted to buy it. "It won't go in the garage, it's too big" I said, thinking of a way of stopping this madness. It will, I've measured it already"— Oh! Well, I don't have a car or trailer big enough to collect it".

I should have known better. It's all arranged, I'm borrowing a 3.8 Jaguar, a trailer that takes a Ford Falcon and I've got a chap to help me". I went away and got on with something else. A few days later the phone rang and she said "It's in the garage, I've cleaned the whitewash off it and it looks a lot better". For the next two-months I learnt about a particular 3-litre Lagonda, so that I came to know most parts so well I could work on them in the dark. Most of the horrors I predicted came true, with the exception of the oil pressure, it's been marvellous since the first day I got the engine running. I dropped the sump undoing 35 nuts and bolts and the bottom end and bores looked splendid. "That's strange", I thought "a seven bearing crankshaft!" My motor books told me that Meadows engines had five-bearing cranks. While learning about this Lagonda I began to meet other Lagonda owners and 3-litre owners at that. "Meadows! Good Lord no, it's a Lagonda engine, far better than a Meadows".

Before I began to meet other Lagonda owners I was in a happy dream world of my own, but now I became really confused. Every 3-litre I found was different, and when I saw a car looking like ours it seemed to be a 2-litre, or a 16/80, except that his 16/80 was a Continental, and that low-chassis 2-litre turned out to be a 3-litre, and that 4½-litre Rapide, turned out to be a 3-litre, and the twin of that 3-litre was a 16/80. Then up came the nomenclature game; M.45, LG.6, LG.45, it was getting worse. At every Lagonda gathering things became more and more confused, "That's a nice i.f.s. 6-cylinder"—Actually, it's a V.12, old man"—"What a nice 11.9 Lagonda light car"—"I'm sorry but it's a Humber light car"—things went from bad to worse. One thing I do know is

a 3-litre sump, from all angles, having studied it well while removing the 35 nuts and bolts, and even longer while putting them back. If I am asked "What sort of Lagonda is that?" I make a quick side-step to the left and look underneath and then say casually "Oh that, that's a 3-litre" even though the car itself looks to me like a "high chassis V.12 Continental 11.9". From the front,

back or above all Lagondas have me foxed, but from underneath I know a 3-litre when I see one. Mind you if the sump is not recognisable then there is trouble, for it could be anything, so I have to side-track a bit and say "It's not a very good car, that one over there is much better" for after living with a Lagonda for nearly a year I am supposed to know about them.



Air Cmdr. Buckle, Alan Elliott and Dick Hurley compare notes

Foto—Joppen, Frankfurt

TO GERMANY IN A 2-LITRE *by Alan T. Elliott*

EARLY THIS YEAR MY IMAGINATION WAS STIRRED by the list of continental vintage car rallies published in the V.S.C.C. News Letter. Having applied for and perused the regulations for all the various events, we decided to enter for the "XIV German Schnauferl Rally". It was with some trepidation however that we filled in the entry forms, in view of some rather startling statements in the regulations, such as, "Overall winner is the driver with fewest bad points", "Avoid if possible movements of Columns", "Act of God releases the organiser from his duties"!

The event was in memory of the Gordon Bennett Trophy Race, held in Germany in 1904, and the course of the rally mainly followed the route of the former race through the Taunus

mountains, and partly also the course of the Kaiserpreis event held in 1907. The rally was centred on Bad Homburg, a spa town which has eight mineral springs, all reputed to have great curative properties. I sampled one, and as far as I am aware it did me no harm!

Having spent the winter months doing various jobs on the 2-litre, preparation was mainly confined to routine servicing and fixing-up a left hand mirror so that overtaking traffic could be seen. My only cause for concern was the very worn and noisy second gear, but this would have to wait until the spare gears being manufactured by J. Cope were available. After much discussion about the spares we should carry, we drew up an impossibly long list of all the parts which could

be needed in the event of a major breakdown. However, sanity prevailed, and we ended up carrying only a fibre gear for the magneto drive, a small box of nuts, bolts, springs, etc., and one gallon of engine oil. My wife then spent many long hours cleaning and polishing the car, even though she would be unable to make the trip herself.

The morning of Thursday, 5th June dawned dry but cold, and with what seemed to be a full gale blowing. I hastily checked that I had my supply of Marzine, and then set off from Danbury to collect Dick Huxley, my co-driver. After a brief diversion in Canterbury to view the cathedral and the 14th century Westgate, we were in good time to embark on the Townsend Ferry *Free Enterprise IV*. The Channel confirmed my worst fears, and in spite of the pills, the latter part of the voyage was spent leaning over the rail with Dick photographing my discomfort. It was a great relief when we sailed into the calmer waters of Calais harbour.

I took first turn at driving on the right, and we followed the coastal road through Dunkirk, passing the many canals which formed the defensive lines during the 1940 evacuation. Having crossed the border into Belgium, the autoroute from Ostend to Brussels carried very little traffic, and it was easy driving on the long

straight road with the hand throttle set to 50-55 m.p.h. We restricted the car to this cruising speed for the entire journey, so that the machinery would not be unduly stressed so far from home. The passage through Brussels during the evening rush hour was rather chaotic, with Dick driving and me leaning out taking photographs. The excitement was further heightened when a Renault overtook, pulled in front sharply, and then made a crash stop at the lights. It was fortunate that the Lagonda brakes were well adjusted, for another inch would have thrust two English dumb irons into his backside! At this stage we discovered that we were completely lost, the navigator being too busy taking photographs instead of concentrating on the map. At last the correct exit route was discovered, and the journey continued to Liege passing the many coal tips and steel works. We continued to Verviers where we spent our first night.

Next morning, we found that Belgian pave is as bad as its reputation, and we bumped and groaned at a crawl for half an hour before picking up a good road leading to the German border near Aachen. By this time the rain was falling steadily, and another hour saw us crossing the Rhine at Cologne from whence the journey was straightforward, though damp, along the autobahn to Frankfurt and then Bad Homburg.



The Start of the Rally

Foto—Joppen

The cars were assembled in the Kurpark, beautifully tended gardens whose counter-attractions included sipping the natural spring waters whilst listening to the orchestra playing Strauss waltzes, bathing in the "Kaiser Wilhelms Bad", or losing ones shirt at roulette in the "Spielbank". Upon arrival, the Lagonda was immediately judged for originality and condition. After several hours driving on wet and muddy roads, Pat's polishing and cleaning was ruined, and it was somewhat disheartening to see many vehicles arriving on trailers in immaculate condition. It is interesting that a police concession allowed unlicensed vehicles to compete in the rally. Imagine this happening in England! There were many interesting vehicles in the event, including 1910 Gregoire, 1920 Steyr, 1930 Maybach-Zeppelin and a magnificent Mercedes Benz 500K. The older American cars seem very popular in Germany, and there were many examples of Buick, Chevrolet, Ford, Chrysler, Plymouth, etc., from the prohibition era. There were also several Dixie, Austin 7 chummies made under licence in Germany during the 1920s. The only other English drivers were in Italian cars, Air Commodore Buckle in his well known Lancia Lambda and "Buntie" Scott-Moncrieff in the O.M. Our 2-litre Lagonda was the only British car with a British crew!

A reception for the press and foreign guests was arranged in the castle that evening, and the hospitality and wine seemed unlimited. A speech of welcome by the Burgermaster of Bad Homburg was followed by a country style dinner for all competitors, and we finally managed to get to our beds by 1 a.m.

The day of the Rally dawned with the rain falling steadily, and the higher parts of the Taunus shrouded in mist. The route was to be over a distance of 126 kilometres, the marking being based on speed regularity at low average speeds of 30 kilometres per hour and less. The veteran and Edwardian cars covered an easier route of only 55 kilometres. The start was a scene of great activity, with the commentator giving a long description of each car as it was about to start. There was an enormous burst of applause after his description of the Lagonda, but unfortunately (or fortunately) we were unable to understand what he said! At last it was our turn to start, picnic hampers and bottles of wine were thrust into the car, followed by the route card, and we were off. We soon left the town behind us,

and commenced the long third gear climb to the Saalburg. The Saalburg was one of the major fortresses of the Roman frontier line stretching from near Bonn on the Rhine to Regensburg on the Danube. It was at the Saalburg that the 1904 Gordon Bennett race was started, in the presence of His Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II. The event was accompanied by a great display of imperial pomp, and three military bands played in relays throughout the race. Their performances were interrupted, every time a car passed, by a fanfare of trumpets. A triumphal arch had been erected, over the course in anticipation of a win by Mercedes, but fate chose otherwise and victory went to Leon Thery driving the 10-litre Richard-Brasier. The tortuous nature of the route, with steep inclines and sharp corners, made one feel great admiration for Thery, who averaged 54.5 m.p.h. on the chain driven monster which had rear wheel and transmission brakes only, driving on roads with a much inferior surface.

To return to the present day, the rally route continued through the hills, passing magnificent firs and beech trees, with almond groves and orchards on the lower slopes. We passed through several time controls, but a combination of converting our odometer readings, which were about 22½ per cent fast, into kilometres, and then relating this to a small watch with no second hand, did not prove very efficient, and we lost many marks. By the time the lunch stop at Weilmünster market place was reached, the roads began to dry out, the sun appeared, and it was possible to lower the hood for the first time. The organisers had arranged a barbecue lunch, and the sausages grilling over the glowing charcoal together with a plentiful supply of lager beer were very welcome. The afternoon route followed a similar pattern and skirted the Grosser Feldberg, the loftiest peak of the Taunus. On the entire route the local population, and in particular the children, were out in force cheering and waving us on enthusiastically. The final run-in was uneventful, to the finish in front of the stately "Kaiser Wilhelms Bad", where a huge crowd had assembled in the now brilliant sunshine.

The evening's junketing was a "soiree with dinner", accompanied by marvellous Rhine wines, interspersed with many lengthy speeches. The main prize giving took place the following morning, and Buntie Scott-Moncrieff took the award for the best British competitor. Unfor-



The Lagonda attracts local interest

Foto: Joppen

Unfortunately Dick and I had not proved as consistent and reliable as the Lagonda, and we did not gain any prizes. A parade of all the competing cars through the town followed, the roads being closed by the police to all other traffic. Perhaps this should be arranged in Staines next year in conjunction with our own A.G.M.! Every spectator had at least one camera, and I am sure that the Lagonda was photographed at least ten thousand times. A final round of champagne in the Kur-garden, all competitors were presented with rally plaquettes by the Burgermaster, and the event was over.

Our travels continued down the lovely Rhine valley, bounded by precipitous crags crowned with picturesque ruined castles. Many of the towns and villages through which we passed were familiar names from wine labels, and it seems incredible that the vines survive at all on the steep stony slopes, let alone produce such magnificent wines. The river itself is a busy artery with ceaseless traffic of river buses, botels and the huge barges almost awash with cargoes

of coal, oil or timber. Away from the rally area, the German people seemed astounded to see a vintage car being used as everyday transport, and at every halt a large crowd would assemble. At one little wayside gauthaus where we stopped for lunch, the entire clientele turned out, to examine the car, and to be photographed standing beside it. The proprietor's baby was photographed sitting on the bonnet, and finally everyone was treated to a round of schnapps.

We carried on northwards to the Ruhr where Dick had to make a call in Duisburg. This town has much heavy industry, coal, iron and chemicals, etc., and incurred a great deal of damage during the war from our Lancasters. A long tedious haul followed, from Germany through Belgium and France to Paris, where I had a business call. This turned into somewhat of a marathon journey against time, much of it carried out after dark. I found that the camion drivers disapproved strongly of my central fog lamp, which reinforces the headlamps in the dipped position, and I eventually had to make do with the rather feeble

24 watt dipped beam from the P.100 lenses. The potholes and steep camber of these northern French roads further reduced our speed, and this was certainly the least enjoyable part of our travels.

Presenting myself at the firm in Paris next morning, they seemed amazed that we had arrived from England in such an ancient motor car, especially to discuss modern electronic equipment. It was some time before they were persuaded that we had not brought the Lagonda on a trailer, parked just round the corner. Business finished, we departed for Calais along the very fine new autoroute from Paris to Armentiers (Inky Pinky Parlez Vous?) Like most things in France, it is expensive, there being a toll of approximately £1 to drive the entire length of about 150 miles. As a result, the French don't seem to use the road, and we drove for long

periods without seeing another vehicle in sight in either direction. We just caught the last evening ferry at Calais, and I was very relieved to find the sea calm this time.

Although we had only been away from England 6½ days, so much had happened in this time, it seemed at least a month. We had no mechanical trouble at all in 1,600 miles. The twin S.U.s had consumed the cheapest petrol at 22 m.p.g., and burnt (and leaked) about six pints of XXL.

The 1970 German Rally is to be centered on Nuremberg. Who would like to join us to form a Lagonda team?

A. T. ELLIOTT

With acknowledgements to *The Gordon Bennett Races* by Lord Montagu, for information regarding the 1904 race.

SCENES FROM THE 1969 A.G.M.

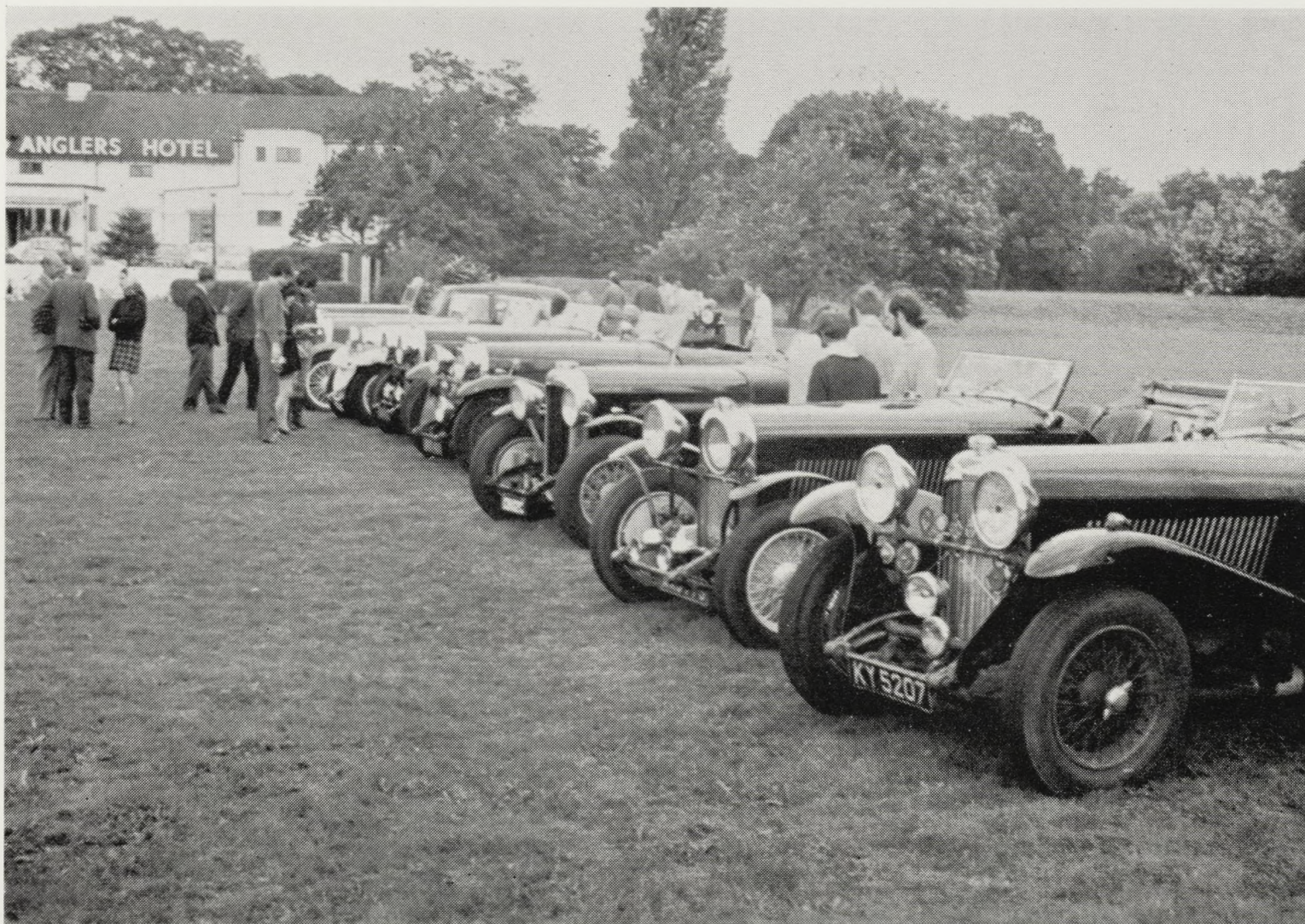
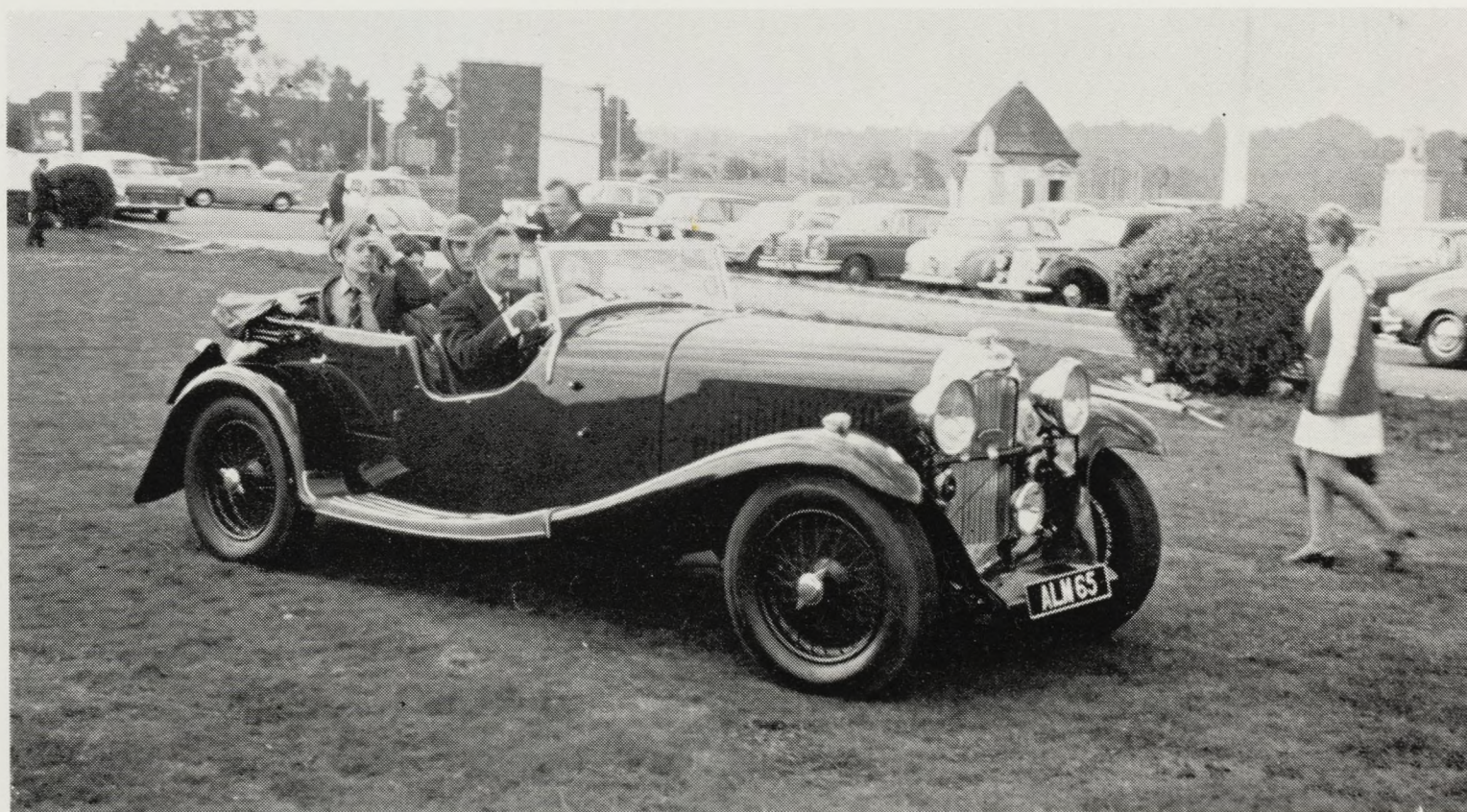


Photo: E. Dames-Longworth



Ivan Forshaw

P. Knatchbull-Hugessen



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gratitude to Brian Morgan

Dear Sir—I would like to say thank you to Brian Morgan on behalf of all V.12 owners and others for his writing on JBG 492.

We are all dying to see how he overcomes the heat problem inside the body, which is also my own criticism of this car.

But what wonderful detail and ability is shown in his restorations.

This serialization of his work gives us all enthusiasm for reaching similar standards.

A. HEARD

Ilford, Essex.

(Chassis No. 14088)

M.45 Water Transfer Plates

Dear Sir—The water transfer plates, on my M.45, between the cylinder head and the block had become very badly corroded.

I have had made a pattern and corebox and some new ones cast in gunmetal by a local foundry who also undertook the machining.

The results have been most satisfactory and I am sending you a photograph of one of the old castings and a new one. Perhaps I could offer to other members of the Club through the magazine the use of the pattern and corebox. The cost of this would be:

One casting in gunmetal £2

Machining of one casting £2

Thus a set for the M.45 engine would cost £12.

The foundry takes between six and eight weeks to fulfill an order. If any members are interested perhaps they could write directly to me with a cheque and I would undertake to place the order with the foundry and mail the castings to the member.

ANDREW CHEYNE,
14a Mulberry Walk,
London, S.W.3.

The Autumn Magazine

Dear Sir—I was gratified to see my photograph of Jon Abson in Elliot Elder's single seater Rapier gracing the cover of the last Magazine. In case any hawk-eyed members noticed the "X" on the tail of the car, denoting a novice driver, with Restricted Licence, I should point out that I took the photograph at Oulton Park several

years ago. Since then, of course, Jon's brilliant driving has put him up high amongst the best drivers in the V.S.C.C.

I hope I won't be accused of carping if I point out that the photographs of the Weston Manor meeting were also taken by myself, the acknowledgement was given to Arnold Davey at the end of the report, although the text does state that I took them. I might say that I always look forward to seeing Arnold's photographs, they are very good indeed.

TONY WOOD
Birmingham.

Camshaft Regrinding

Dear Sir—I read, with great interest, the article on 2-litre camshafts by Jeff Ody in the Summer magazine, and wrote to Messrs. Ian Walker Ltd. for their views on the regrinding of the camshaft for my 16.80, which is being stellited at the moment.

They quote £20 to £30, including the making of the masters, subject to the 16.80 camshaft fitting between their centres. This seems reasonable, but being an impecunious N.O. I wondered if any other Club member would be interested and perhaps help to reduce the cost per article.

Walker's also suggested that the 2-litre masters may be suitable for the 16.80, which I doubt, but if so, this would presumably reduce the cost of the reground camshaft. I have written to Mr. Forshaw asking for advice on this point.

R. C. BALLER (Lt. Cdr.)
Dumbarton,
Scotland.

Dipped Headlamps

Dear Sir—Recent Lagonda Club News Letter articles on dipped headlamp problems has prompted me to offer some ideas and suggestions.

Several years ago I bought a Lucas master catalogue No. 400D and have spent many hours studying it. My V.12 Lagonda, GPG 130 is equipped with P100R headlamps.

The reflectors of these headlamps are fitted with bulb holder, part number 562303 and/or backshell with bulb holder No. 506481. I use 1265B vertical dip bulbs in these bulb holders and feel they are reasonably satisfactory and safe. A person adept at soldering (or unsoldering) could use the modern British Pre-Focus type headlamp bulbs, in these bulb holders, such as a No. 354 for right hand drive or 355 for left hand

drive, by removing the pre-focus soldered stop at the base of the bulb. Friction will hold the bulb in the 562303 holder, but I suggest a small hose type clamp be used to secure the bulb in the bulb holder. The bulb holder could then be inserted in the backshell and either a drop of solder or grounding clamp be used to hold the assembly in focus. Some P100 headlamps reflectors are fitted with a smaller bulb holder in which part number 507701 and double filament 36/36 bulb No. 171 can be fitted.

I have driven many hundreds of cross country miles at night on our Interstate, Turnpike and regular highways using the 1265B bulbs and have never been stopped by the police for improper or maladjusted headlights.

My 2-litre Lagonda is equipped with P100 lamps from a Jaguar. It has the smaller type bulb holders. I have some 507701 bulb holders and 171 bulbs that I plan to fit in these lamps before I do any night driving in her.

I hope this may help someone. In my frustrations in trying to solve the problem for myself I have bought all sorts of Lucas bulbs, bulb holders and backshells. In fact I have two sets of sealed-beam conversion units which of course produce the best lighting, but are unsatisfactory to me appearance wise.

VIRGIL M. CAMPBELL
Nebraska, U.S.A.

In defence of the DB 3-litre

Dear Sir—May I reply to Mr. H. J. Collins experiences with post war Lagondas.

To have owned ten of these cars in a matter of seven years must surely be somewhat of a record. What is also surprising, that Mr. Collins had to own ten before he found out how bad the design was, according to him.

My experience is quite contrary to Mr. Collins. The car I have was first registered in October '56 I bought it in December '58 with 16,000 miles on the clock and now eleven years later and 120,000 miles further on the car is running perfect and is also in very good shape bodily.

I have had one complete engine and gearbox overhaul at Newport Pagnell four years ago, the car had then done 82,000 miles. The diff failed at 91,000 miles and was replaced with a higher ratio crown wheel and pinion, the present one giving approx. 20 m.p.h. per 1,000 r.p.m. as against the previous one which was 17.9 m.p.h. per 1,000 r.p.m. this has somewhat lowered the

fuel consumption from 18 m.p.g. to 20 m.p.g.

With reference to the rear hubs, I also had trouble here early in my ownership of the car, but after some advice from the workshops foreman at Newport Pagnell no more trouble has developed. The answer to this trouble is regular checking of the end float of the hub, and adding more shims as wear takes place. This is best done with a clock gauge, but it can be done quite easily without.

With reference to brakes my car has always passed the M.O.T. test, the first lot of brake linings were renewed on my car at 60,000 and the present set are still serviceable.

I have had a lot of pleasure from this car, both driving it and maintaining it.

It has travelled fairly extensively on the Continent including two visits to Vienna.

I claim to be a satisfied customer.

J. R. CREWE
Market Drayton,
Shropshire.

Bob Crane's travels

Dear Sir—We visited Europe during the summer and you may be interested in our activities in meeting Club members. Before going over, I had contacted Oskar Jaegendorf of Zurich, and had made arrangements to meet him shortly after our arrival there. We had a very nice chat with him at our hotel and found him a most charming fellow who fortunately was able to talk with us in English. Before he left, he invited Helen and I and also our travelling companions, Dr. and Mrs. Longnecker, to dinner at his house the next night. Our experience that evening was quite embarrassing from the standpoint that we arrived for a 6 o'clock dinner at 7 o'clock, having become lost on the way. Finally, by calling Telephone 111 (Swiss Emergency Service) we eventually reached his home by phone and learned that we were only a mile away, so that he could send out a rescue party to lead us in. Regardless of the fact that his good wife, Anne, should have been distressed trying to hold a meal, we found her most charming and not in the least perturbed. Unfortunately, we had trouble conversing, as she speaks little English, but somehow everything worked out fine in the end.

Of course, we had to look at the Lagonda first, returning to find the three girls almost at the end of their rope which meant the understanding of the three or four words they each comprehended.

However, all seemed to be forgiven and we enjoyed a perfectly delicious Swiss meal of dried beef, racklette and ice cream with kirsch sauce, all accompanied by a delightful wine. We found their new home most attractive and left with the friendliest of feelings.

Several weeks later, in Lucerne, we entertained Bill and Carrene Hartop who had driven from Geneva for the day to see us. It was a most pleasant reunion after twelve years when we had last seen them at their home in England. We enjoyed bringing each other up to date with the progress of our families, and as always, we eventually got around to the discussion of Lagondas. Although Bill is driving modern these days, I was glad to know that he still had 2½ Lagondas waiting for him back in England.

Later the four of us drove a short distance around the Lake to Weggis, where a private type of car meet was to be held. We arrived too early, due to my lack of knowledge of German in which the announcement was written, but later met Oskar and Anne and saw their beautiful V.12 Lagonda in a dramatic setting. Bill and Oskar exchanged telephone numbers and addresses and it wouldn't surprise me at all to see some progress made toward more Lagonda activity in Switzerland. This is just one more instance of where a common interest in a hobby leads to wonderful new acquaintances and a very happy social time.

BOB CRANE

New Jersey, U.S.A.

M.45 Test Bed

Dear Sir—Reading about the dearth of material for your excellent bulletins, I thought you may be interested in a snippet which I stumbled on the other day.

Obviously, as a new boy to your empire, (Alvis's and all that) the following may be old hat, in which case tear up.

I was about to go off in my M.45 when I was accosted by a man who said "Ah" and then deposited his head in the inner mysteries of the monster. He was obviously far more knowledgeable than I and on leaving of me wanting to "have a go" related his background which involved preparing a Lagonda, with the same engine, for competition work for a Lord So and So. He had access to a test bed and telephoned details of some results: 28.7.59—MEADOWS 4½-LITRE

R.P.M.	Carburettors		
	1¼ in—h.p.	H6—h.p.	H8—h.p.
2,000	92	92	95
2,500	—	111	112
2,750	—	116	120½
3,000	115	120½	123
3,250	116	125	126
3,500	120	128	129½
3,715	114	—	—
3,750	—	125	127½
4,000	111	124½	125

A. H. WITTRIDGE

Solihull, Warks.

The 'Lagonda Shop'

Dear Sir—Following my earlier letter to the magazine I have made a second visit to the "Lagonda Shop" here. This time it was not so busy, and I found a somewhat older gentleman, probably the shopkeeper, who told me that Lagonda is a Swedish firm! So there are no Lagonda watches in Switzerland, although they are made there. "If you order many enough, you can get them with your own name engraved on them". So it will probably be unnecessary to inquire in Switzerland. "Lagonda" has its headquarters here at Göteborg. He believed the firm has existed for some 20-30 years, and of course he had no idea where the name had come from. I hope to be able to make a new attack soon.

NILS JOHAN NILSSON

Sweden.

Is Nothing Sacred?

Dear Sir—Last night I went to the pictures to see a Walt Disney production "The Love Bug", an hilarious account of the doings of one Herbie—a V.W. I hasten to add! Supporting this was another Walt Disney film "Guns in the Heather". This concerned two boys, the heroes, holding vital information, being chased all over Eire by secret agents of a Foreign Power, the baddies. Full of humorous excitement and magnificent Irish scenery, there was a fly in the ointment. One of the baddies hurtled about in a DB Rapide no less. Worse! He had the club badge on the front!

Dammit sir, he was a cad—should have been blackballed from the start—and definitely struck off the register now!

JOHN TURNER (T.28)

Shipley, Yorks.

REGIONALISATION

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

Area No.		Monthly Meetings, 8/8.30 p.m.			
1	N. Ireland	J. Longridge, "Rockville", 22 Warren Road, Donaghadee, County Down	North Down House, Comber, Co. Down. 1st Tuesday		
			The Globe Tavern, Joy's Entry, off High St., Belfast. Lunch each Friday for any- one in Belfast on business.		
2	Eire	L. C. Thorn, 5 Grange Road, Rathfarnham	West Country Hotel, Chapelizon, Dublin. 1st Monday		
3	Scotland	J. McKellar-Cairns, 22 Rullion Road, Penicuik, Midlothian	Melville Castle, Eskbank nr. Dalkeith, Midlothian 1st Thursday		
4	Border country	I. G. Macdonald, 37 Oaklands, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne	Red Bar, Ridley Arms, Stannington, Northumberland. Last Wednesday		
5	N. & E. Ridings	D. H. Coates, Hill Farm, Swine, Nr. Hull	Duke of York, Skirlaugh—on A165 and about 9 miles N.N.E. of Hull. Last Tuesday		
6	W. Riding, Notts, and Lincs	Dr. J. G. Rider, The Range, Hatfield, Doncaster	The Hatfield Chace, Hatfield—on A18. 2nd Thursday		
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		
8	South Wales	John Batt, 7 Grays Walk, Druids Green, Cowbridge	Bear Hotel, Cowbridge, Glam. 1st Thursday V.S.C.C.		
9	Gloucestershire, Bristol, N. Somerset & S. Worcester	J. Organ, 'Onaway', Chalford Hill, Stroud, Glos.	The Compass Inn, Tormarton, Glos. 4th Friday		
	and for the Northern part of this area	J. Organ	The Royal William Hotel, Cranham, Glos. 3rd Thursday		
9a	Shropshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, N. Wales	D. P. Crow, 181 Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury, Salop.		White Horse Inn, Wenlock Road, Shrewsbury. 2nd Friday	
10	Warwicks, S. Staffs & Leics	C. H. Noltan, 29 Hollyhurst Road, Banners Gate Sutton Coldfield		Manor House Hotel, Old A45 at Meriden (not by-pass). 2nd Tuesday	
11	Essex & East Anglia	J. D. Abson, 11 Highfield Green, Bury Lane, Epping		The Old King's Head, Stock (S.W. of on B1007, Essex. 8.30 p.m. 1st Wednesday	
12	Bucks & W. Herts & Bedfordshire	D. D. Overy, The Old Cottage, Bourne End, Boxmoor, Herts.			
13	Berks & Oxon	M. B. Jones, 4 Grass Hill, Caversham, Reading		The Bull, Sonning. 3rd Friday	
14	W. Home Counties, Middx & W. London	A. H. Gostling, 8 Ridgeway Road, Isleworth, Middx.		Anglers Hotel, Staines. 2nd Wednesday	
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	
16	Surrey & Sussex	N. T. Walder, Old Park House, Ifield, Crawley		Star Inn, Ruspur, Nr. Horsham. Last Friday	
17	Wiltshire, Dorset & Hampshire	D. J. Palmer, North Carolina, Quibo Lane, Weymouth		Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas, Dorset. 2nd Friday	
18	Devon, Cornwall & Somerset	J. C. Bugler, 3 Springfield Close, Elburton, Plymstock, Devon		To be arranged	
19	London			Coach & Horses, Hill St., W.1. 1st 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.

New parts are made up in small batches and consist of gaskets, valves and valve guides, pistons, cylinder liners, clutch and brake linings etc.

We also have a stock of used parts taken from dismantled cars. Often we supply Lagonda owners with cylinder heads, crankshafts, cylinder blocks and similar components which are very difficult to obtain when required.

Send your enquiries to:

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