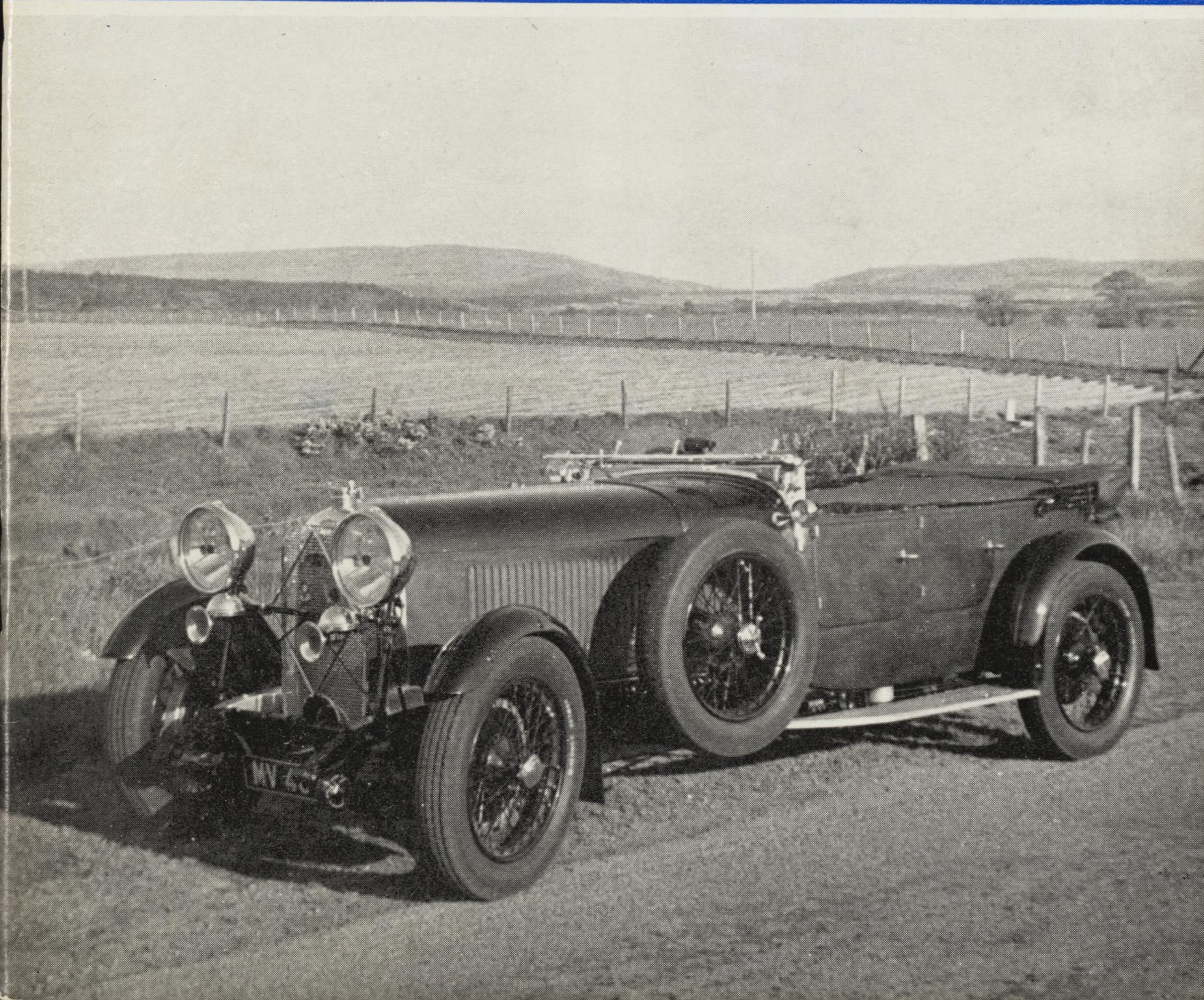




# **THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB**

**Number 70 Summer 1970**







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## MAGAZINE

Issue No. 70

Summer 1970

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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

FRONT COVER: Lt. Holloway's 1932 3-litre in Summer surroundings.



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## NOTES, NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Congratulations to JAMES CROCKER our own past chairman on being elected to the chair of the Joint Historic Vehicles Committee. This appointment will ensure that the sterling work of this Committee in looking after the interests of cars such as ours in the welter of current motoring legislation is continued with much enthusiasm and devotion to duty.

\* \* \* \*

Don't let the side down! As everyone is aware the future of the LAGONDA RACE at the B.D.C. Silverstone Meeting depends on sufficient support to prevent the inclusion of other makes and the complication over handicapping when it is taken out of our hands.

We need 20 entries to keep it "in the family" and there is still time to contact James Woollard and tell him you will take part. Five seconds off everyone's handicap who applies before the end of the week!

\* \* \* \*

What was "The Ship"?—and what is there intriguing in its journey from the machine shop to the pub via the holes in the wall. Perhaps FRANK CHASEMORE can be persuaded to reveal all as they say in the press. While he is about it the story tales of the copper hub-clouts will make interesting reading. Put pen to paper Frank!

---

### On Holy Ground

ONE DAY IN MARCH THIS YEAR THE INHABITANTS of Staines were somewhat amazed to see Lagondas once more standing outside the Causeway Works.

By courtesy of Messrs. Petters, makers of fine oil engines and current owners of the old Lagonda works, a small but select party of Club members and their cars gathered there to meet many of the ex-Lagonda employees, some still active and happily employed with Petters.

It was the idea of Mr. Gibbons their P.R.O. that we meet so that we could pick up a lot of information first hand that would be of use in compiling the history of the marque. He had gone

to the trouble of writing to about 60 'Lagonda men' and the number who eagerly turned up must have made the exercise worthwhile. The Club returned the compliment by fielding 15 cars all in first class condition that ranged from a 1930 2-litre to a 1938 V.12 Rapide. A magnificent sight which brought most of the present employees out as well to have a good look at them.

Nostalgia was heavy in the air and the most spoken words seem to be "why I worked on that model" followed by all sorts of tales of life in the old days. When all the cars had been thoroughly inspected and the official photographs taken a move was made to the Works canteen where many cups of tea were swiftly served by two Club volunteers in the shape of Henry Buckley's wife and Sheila Burke, Richard Hare's girl friend. This was a service much appreciated and the general opinion was that it was rather better than the usual canteen tea!

Suitably refreshed the serious business of 'brain picking' started and poor Arnold Davey couldn't write fast enough to get down a great deal of the information that he needed for the Register. He was still shaking his head two hours later when Mr. Feeley who had much to do with body design cleared up the mystery of body numbers and letters in about 30 seconds. A problem that had exercised Arnold's mind for weeks!

A great deal of useful knowledge was gained and what is more important the contacts have now been made that should enable many points to be cleared up in the future. The time for dispersal arrived all too quickly and as the members returned to their cars it was a pleasant thought that the ground on which they stood was once the garden of Wilbur Gunn's house, the whole site now being occupied by the factory on the east side of the Thorpe road opposite the main works. Was it imagination or did the cars tip toe away in respectful silence.

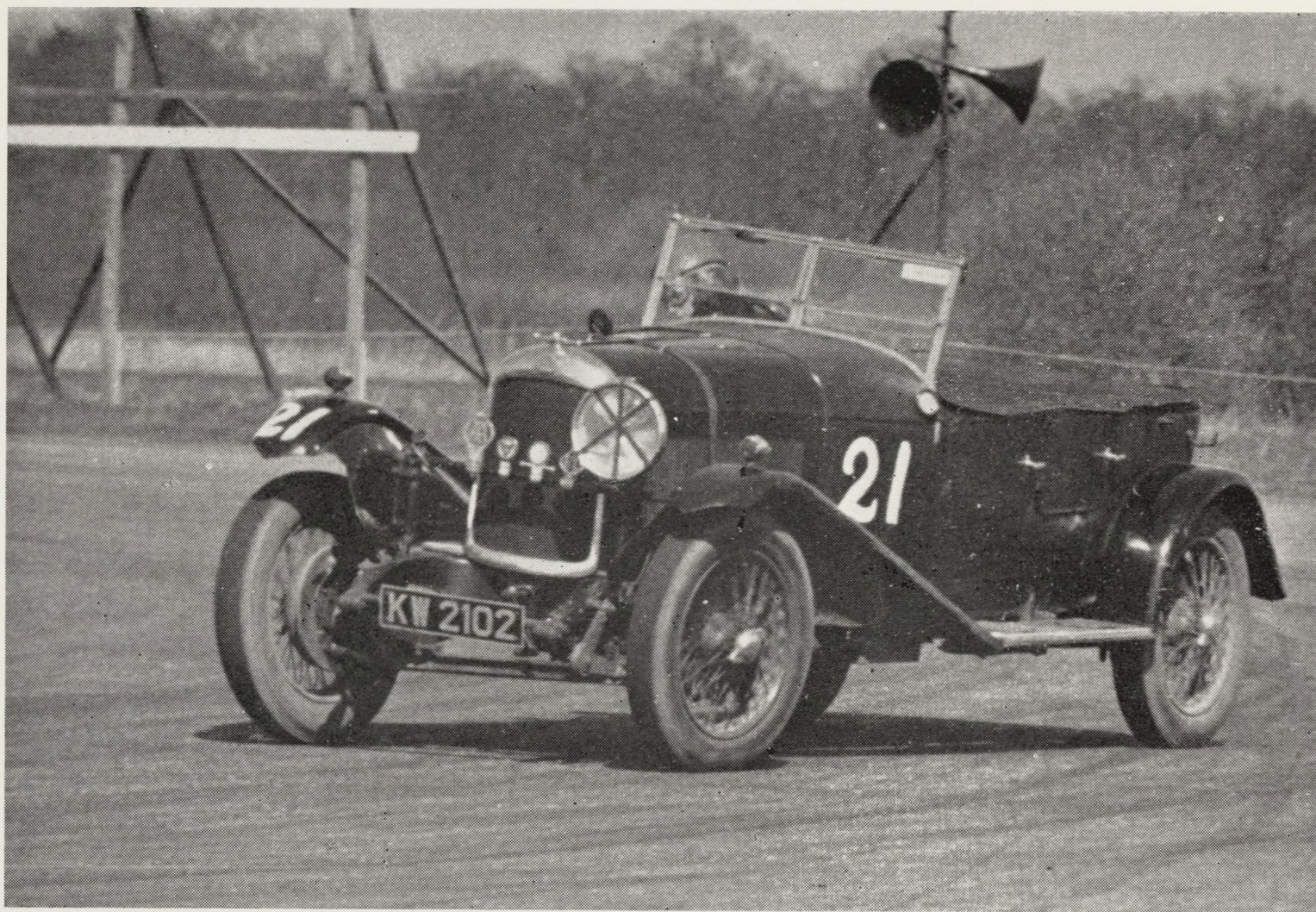
For us it had been a marvellous morning and for them as well it had been something of a reunion as most had not met their old chums for a good many years.

Lagondas in attendance appear on page 21.

M.H.W.

The Autumn Magazine will be published in September. All copy from Regional Secretaries and contributors should be in the Editor's hands by 1st August.





Our Competition Secretary, James Woollard, setting an example in his 2-litre

*Photo: Richard Pike, F.R.P.S.*

## NORTHERN NOTES

From Herb Schofield

### Northern Dinner/Dance, 20th March 1970

This meeting was held once again at Monk Fryston Hall which is now the traditional venue for this event. As a result of the undoubted success of last years meeting the turnout was noticeably larger and attracted a fair number of long distance travellers. Jeff Ody, Jeff Moore, Jon Abson and Duncan Westall from London, Jeff Squire from Glasgow and Lawton Warren and Brian Green from Birkenhead. We also welcomed one or two new faces, Warren-Smith from Cheshire (Club member 20 years) and Michael Brown from Huddersfield, Brown was also in the Club about 20 years ago, and I understand won the Northern Driving Tests in 1950 or 1951.

It was apparent that a number of Northern members have broken razors or something, for a

number turned up endowed with facial fuzz, varying in degrees of density from the splendid full set sported by Martin Holloway, through Peter Clark to the rather random growth surrounding the face of Dearden-Briggs. I have a theory that people who grow beards either have trouble with pimples or have weedy chins, but perhaps I'm just jealous!

Two members actually arrived in Lagondas, Alan Ogden in his M.45 tourer and Northern Secretary in his LG.6. David Hine who has the right ideas about quality but with the wrong badge came in a 1951 Mk. 6 Bentley which he insists is a very good sort of car for everyday motoring at a cheap purchase price. Hutchinson was seen in an XK.150 which is very definitely an 'in' car if the secondhand prices are now anything to go by. Most other members seemed to favour B.M.C. mini's and 1100's although Warren brought his XJ.6 Jaguar, a model which follows in the Jaguar tradition of cluttering up what is basically quite a nice shape with ugly air intakes, lamps and radiator grille (oh! naughty, naughty somebody will shoot you!)



The meeting started at 7.30 and by 8.00 drinking was in full swing, dinner was then taken until about 9.30 when the Assistant Northern Secretary, Alan Brown, got off his rectum and delivered himself of a speech, somewhat rude and nothing whatsoever connected with Lagonda's or the Club! The Northern Secretary followed and referring constantly to his copious notes welcomed all members and especially members from Scotland and London. He also thanked Northern members for their active support in organising and competing in events in 1969, all this support he said was built on foundations laid years ago by previous Northern Secretaries Henry Coates and Brian Dearden-Briggs.

There was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm for dancing this year, and in truth the only members on the floor being married males (wifeless for the evening) trying out the old magic. The talk of course was mainly about Lagondas and Lagonda personalities, snatches like "isn't that a very old suit David Hine is wearing" or "do you think Jeff Ody will get off with that bird he's been giving the eye to all night?", or how about this, "are you sure, Alan's still sober only he's just gone in the 'Ladies' and ordered a pint of 'Red Barrel' " and "I've heard that Yorkshiremen are a bit tight but have you noticed that John Beardow has got a lock on his cigarette case".

The party finally broke up at about 2.30 a.m. so presumably nearly everyone enjoyed themselves.

\* \* \* \*

### Other News

David Hine in the V.12 was back in action at the April V.S.C.C. Silverstone after an absence of 12 months. Nigel Hall completes the annual rebuild on the LG.45 Special and will be ready in time for Curborough Sprint and V.S.C.C. Oulton Park. Mel Riding V.12 and John Davenport LG.45R struggle on with their rebuilds, and Jeff Squire is overhauling his LG.45 Drophead. We are still promised the Henry Coates' new special soon, and over in Cheshire Alan Ogden rebuilds a Rapier. Harold Collins I understand has now gone into hiding to avoid angry D.B. Lagonda owners, but was recently seen being chased across a field by a tractor of unspecified make. Talking about David Brown, that new Lagonda he has produced really does look something doesn't it?

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## COMPETITION NOTES

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### V.S.C.C. April Silverstone—11th April

What a splendid start to the season this meeting turned out to be. Confidently forecast by your competition secretary earlier in the week, it was one of those warm sunny days that seem so rare at Silverstone.

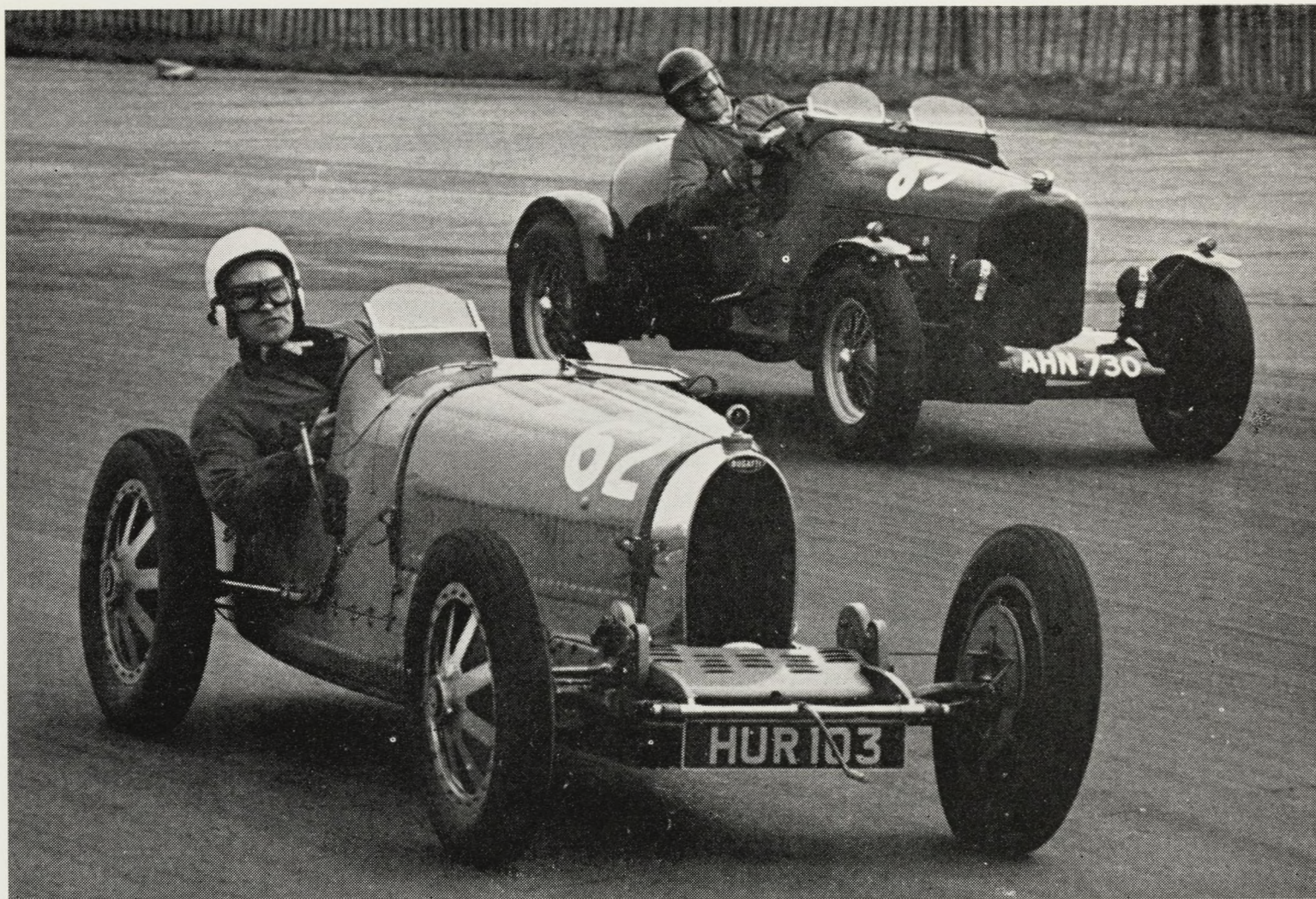
After an intrepid drive of four and a half miles in the 2-litre, a quick look at the programme looked promising.

**Race 2** showed a northern entry of Hine, Schofield, Hall and Alexander, but on a closer inspection only David Hine was there to convey the apologies of the others. Herb Schofield's new special is eagerly awaited, and perhaps by the time you read this it may have made its debut at Oulton Park or some such likely spot. David Hine's V.12, first time out since 1968, looked good, but was rather heavily handicapped in this race.

**Race 3** had four Rapiers down to start, but Fletcher-Jones had picked up some trouble in practice and was not running. This left an exciting trio of James Crocker, John Batt and Paul Morgan—for Paul, this was his first time out at Silverstone in his superbly built Eccles type single seater. The standard of engineering in this car leaves very little to be desired, which is no surprise coming from such a well-known stable. The handicappers, however, obviously impressed by all this, put Paul on scratch, giving both John Batt and James Crocker 20 seconds. With both car and driver feeling their feet, Paul was easily outstripped by the others. Meanwhile, James was forging ahead with a car obviously in fighting form, to come an easy first with a lap speed 68.26 m.p.h. in a time of 1'24 seconds, beating his own best time last year by no less than 3 seconds!—It seems that 1½ in. S.U.'s are better than 1¼'s! Well driven James—an impressive performance.

The Allcomers 15 lap Scratch Race was bristling with Maserati, Cooper-Bristol, E.R.A. and Lotus, with one lone Lagonda well back on the standing grid—none other than our gallant Chairman, Jon Abson, back in the quick seat for the first time since his mishap at Oulton Park last season. The race was only remarkable for two things, that Neil Corner walked away with first place in an Aston Martin, leaving Colin Crabbe far behind in a Maserati; and Jon Abson





James Crocker's Rapier challenging S. H. Saunder's Bugatti in the 5-lap Handicap V.S.C.C. race at Silverstone. A dramatic dead-heat was the result

*Photo: London Art Tech.*

completed the race to finish 3rd in the pre-war class without incident and thereby regained his nerve.

This was followed by the 1908 G.P. Itala Trophy when Neil Corner again ran away with first prize in his new acquired 1925 Sunbeam Tiger—for which, it was rumoured in the paddock, he had paid the princely sum of £15,000!

**Race 7** again produced the two Rapiers of Crocker and Batt, with the addition of yet another pleasant surprise—David Johnston driving the ex-Kibble 1935 Le Mans team car; some years since this car was last seen, rather looking its age now, but no doubt due for a face lift in the near future!

John Batt had trouble leaving the start line, while James Crocker drove a magnificent race against a lot of heavy metal, to finish a spectacular equal first.

**Race 8** saw for Jon Abson and David Hine again mixing it with Bentleys and E.R.A.'s with Jon pressing on the fast pedal a little more this time. Both drove a good race but were unplaced.

**Race 9** saw James Woollard in the bar with Jon Abson discussing club matters in hushed tones, then proceeding to track down Phil Ridout in the far distance, at the other end of the bar, with the intention of collecting a 2-litre cylinder head which Phil had kindly brought to Silverstone for James. Thus ended the first vintage Silverstone 1970.

#### **Finmere—19th July**

This meet has become one of the high spots of the year—a kind of three in one driving test meeting between ourselves and the B.D.C. If you have not been before, come and share a very enjoyable day—if you are an old hand, then it's time to send in your entry!

#### **B.D.C. Silverstone—Lagonda Race**

You will have had advance notice of the need for a really full entry list for this year's Lagonda Race—*21 cars must be found*. If we cannot raise this number there is a real danger that we may lose the only opportunity for our own race at this



meeting. Indeed, the meeting, itself, may be in jeopardy if insufficient numbers of the right kind of motor car fail to support it. I'm sure most members would be sorry to see this traditional one make race meeting disappear; it has an atmosphere all its own, which can never be replaced. Enter if you can—if not, come and watch.

JAMES WOOLLARD

## **To France in GP 895 or how not to Tour Abroad**

*(continued from last issue)*

DURING MY ABSENCE SEVERAL BRITISH CARS had stopped with the offer of help. My friend explained that there was something missing apart from the driver, but she was not sure what.

Exhausted I leaned over the side of the car. My eyes alighted on my document case where we kept our maps, passports and all the essential papers which were then necessary to take when motoring abroad. I opened the case and there carefully packed on the top was my bowl. I could not believe my eyes because I *knew* that that bowl was in the hotel, but I was wrong.

The reader may question the distance covered without the item in question, but this is true and it may be that it was something to do with the fact that the car was fitted with an Autovac. I did in fact pass the exact spot again last year and roughly confirmed the distance which I covered.

We continued on our way and after about three hours I discovered that the dynamo had ceased to charge. A quick consultation, what should we do? Press on we decided and have it fixed in the South of France. The next night we reached Montelimar with no further problems. I always think that once you reach Montelimar, you have virtually reached the South of France. When you wake up in the morning and look south, there is nothing but blue sky but if you look around from whence you have come, more often than not there are clouds as far as you can see.

We arrived at the coast soon after lunch but the batteries were by this time flat and it was necessary to look for petrol stations on a slope in order that we might get started again.

We stayed at San Raphael and after a few days moved to St. Maxime. After about a week we drove along the coast and stayed at a little village

near Cap D'Antibes. In this village, there was just what I wanted, a small workshop specialising in electric automobile repairs and components. I returned to the hotel and unbolted the dynamo. I went back to the workshop and explained my problem. Fortunately, the man could speak English. I was told that it would be attended to by tomorrow and it was. I returned the next day to see my dynamo on the testing bench and it was quite obvious that it was charging and extremely well at that. Yes, they had cleaned the commutator and inserted new brushes.

I took the dynamo back to the car and replaced it. Next day I carried the batteries across the village square to have them charged. We had decided to stay in this village and so there was no hurry. Two days later I collected the batteries and started the car. To my surprise the ammeter did not move however hard I revved the engine. Oh well I thought, the batteries have been charged, we have a magneto, so we should be able to get home.

For the next few days we used the car to motor to Cap D'Antibes and back because the swimming off that rock is so superb as the water is so clear.

The day arrived for us to depart and we left motoring through St. Tropez over the hills behind that beautiful little port and back on to the N.7.

We stopped for petrol and, Oh dear! the batteries were clearly down, we just managed to get started again. Perhaps I should mention at this point, that I did take a starting handle with me. However in the three years during which I had owned the car I had never been able to start the engine in this way so I did not bother to try in France.

That night we spent at Avignon, but how we got started the next morning I cannot remember, suffice it to say that from that point onwards it was necessary to find petrol stations and picnic sites from which we could roll away in order to get moving again.

As anybody who has been to the South of France by car will know, the central part of that country is extremely flat and we drove and drove looking for a likely spot for lunch the next day. Eventually finding one at about 4.30 p.m. We certainly needed that lunch and more especially the bottle of vin ordinaire that went with it.

Now most of the villages on the way south are by-passed, but it was not so 10 years ago. We had left the wine road by now and were approaching northern France. Passing through



a rambling village we saw a most beautiful small chateau which we decided to photograph with my rather ancient box camera. We stopped and in so doing I stalled the engine or it ceased to slow run, I know not which. Anyway, we were stuck, there was nobody in sight. Nevertheless we took our photograph and had a conference. Eventually two building workers up a ladder came to our rescue. It was cold and the rain which had been threatening for the previous two or three hours suddenly came down in torrents. I could not risk stopping the engine again and it was necessary once again, to find a hill in order that we could put the hood up. Always a tricky business I found this, and it certainly could not be done by my friend alone and from inside the car. We rounded a corner and there to our dismay, was one of those peculiar looking tractors driven by an imperturbable Frenchman and pulling a large tractor piled high with logs at about 5 m.p.h. The driver of the tractor either could not or would not get out of the way and we followed him for about 15 minutes naturally getting soaked in the process.

That night we stayed at Abbeville or Amiens and how we got started in the morning again I cannot remember.

Nevertheless, time was getting short and we drove for Boulogne as fast as the car would go. About 20 miles from that town, and with little time to spare for the boat we wished to catch we got our second puncture. It was in the same wheel but not I may say, anything to do with the gaiter and luckily on a hill and within sight of a garage. I again borrowed a jack but what about the spare tyre? To put that on was asking for another puncture within the next 500 yards. Suddenly we hit upon the answer, which was the only one in the circumstances, we stuck sticking plasters and patches from the repair outfit over the bald places on the tyre. We returned the jack, filled up with just enough petrol to reach Boulogne and set off once again.

Time was by this time getting rather short and I do not think that much was said over those last 20 or so agonising miles of comparatively deserted road. We both knew what would happen if the tyre did not hold, but it did and we reached Boulogne with about half-an-hour to spare. The next problem was how to get started in order to drive up the ramp of the Lord Warden.

When I was an undergraduate I worked in the long vacations and for some years afterwards, as

a train courier for one of the leading travel agencies. Our station man at Boulogne was a delightfully old Frenchman named Oscar, he was always very proud of the fact that he went to England twice a year, especially so that he could go up and stock up with clothes at Marks and Spencers in Oxford Street. He reckoned that the trip was financially worthwhile.

I went to seek out Oscar and luckily found him in the station buffet drinking a glass of cognac. He was delighted to see me because it must have been three years since we last met. I explained my problem. Oscar told me not to worry and went off to look for all the other station men who represented the other tourist agencies. In about five minutes he had rounded up most of them. When our turn came to board the boat there were about six willing helpers. I held my breath, the engine had cooled down and I doubted whether it would start. My friends pushed, I put the car in third gear, nothing was happening and then suddenly at the very end of the ramp the engine burst into life, accompanied by an almighty cheer from the numerous onlookers. We were on board.

Getting off the ship at Dover presented no difficulty, we were started in the hold by several brawny employees of British Railways.

And so, to the Customs. I kept my foot on throttle. "Had I anything to declare, and would I please switch off the engine". The Customs shed was rapidly becoming full of smoke and I think that a gasket was beginning to give way. I said that I could not stop the engine because it would not start again if I did. However, I said I would comply with the request if Her Majesty's Customs agreed to help us start. The offer was readily accepted—anything for peace and quiet. We had nothing to declare apart from the allotted amounts of cigarettes and liquor and I then requested a push. The Customs officers readily stuck to their part of the bargain and we were pushed out of the shed in fine style. I think that they were glad to see us go.

About two weeks later and after covering a further two hundred miles or so in England, there was an ominous cracking noise from the back axle. It was not until I had a new crown wheel and pinion fitted that I learned that Castrol R and mineral oils do not mix.

So many things stick in my mind about that holiday. Generally the occupants of the English cars which passed us seemed to view us with an air of mild disdain, the French seemed amused



but the occupants of most German cars waved like mad.

I was also a little upset when we were in St. Maxime one day when a Frenchwoman, after studying the car for a few moments turned to her husband and said something about a 'cochon'.

I have been abroad numerous times since in modern cars but I can truthfully say that the trip in GP 895 was the most enjoyable and certainly the most eventful. Together with a club member I am at present restoring another 2-litre when time permits. However, if that car is ever taken abroad I shall take at least all the spares taken by Mr. Elliott and probably more.

J. S. JENNER

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Car Badges	35/- each
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LG.6	45/- "
M.45	30/- "
DB 2.6 lt. and 3 lt.	45/- "
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V.12 Instruction Manuals available to order through the Secretary or direct from Ivan Forshaw "Motor Trader" Service Data

Sheets for V.12 15/6 "

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1929 2-litre High Chassis, all models, and 16/65 and 3-litre cars	37/6 "
1930 2-litre and 3-litre (one book)	47/6 "
1932 (2-litre and 3-litre (one book)	40/- "
1932/33 16/80 Special Six	16/- "
1934 16/80, 3-litre and M.45 4½-litre (one book)	35/- "
1936/37 Rapier	18/6 "
1937 LG.45 4½-litre	45/- "
1939 LG.6 and V.12 (one book)	60/- "

## CPD 939—the Prototype LG.45

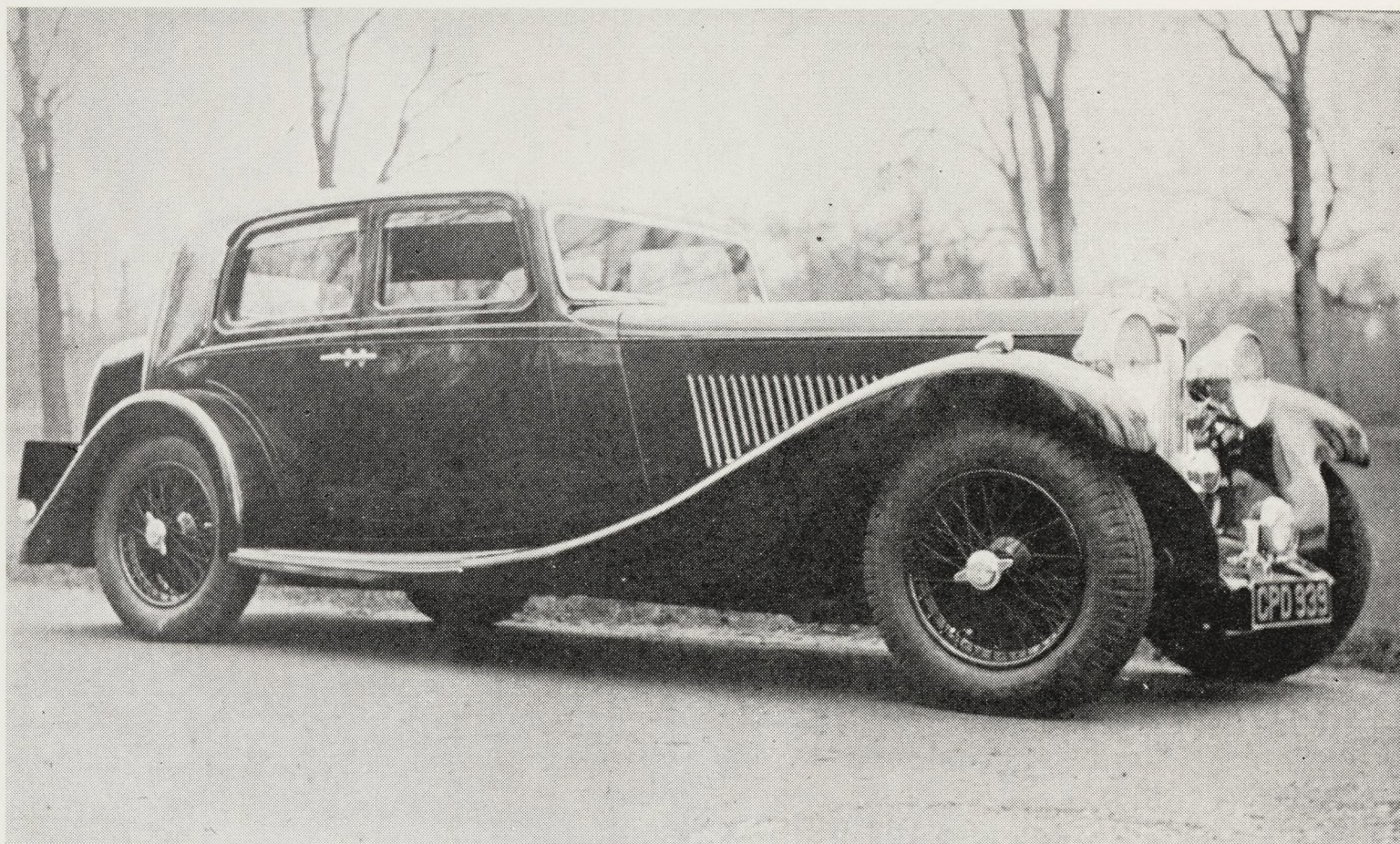
THE RESTORATION OF THIS CAR, WHICH SEEMED TO be a normal M.45R Saloon, necessitated a complete strip and extensive rebuilding. The engine had been run by a previous owner (*not* the last one, Peter Densham!) for a considerable mileage with a run big-end with disastrous results to the crankshaft in the shape of a sizeable flat on one crankpin. The body had deteriorated to such an extent that only the wings and bonnet were re-usable.

Faced with such a task, such a minor detail as the length of the wheelbase was not considered until the axles were about to come off. As a matter of mild interest, it was then checked and found to be 10 ft. 9 in. and not, as was expected, the 10 ft. 3 in. which all M.45R's were supposed to have. This was quite a puzzle but it seemed possible that the first owner, the late Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr, had asked specially for a long wheelbase car to be supplied to him. This seemed quite feasible because he was the Managing Director of Cellon Ltd.—Lagonda's paint suppliers—and it is known that he had great influence at the Lagonda factory.

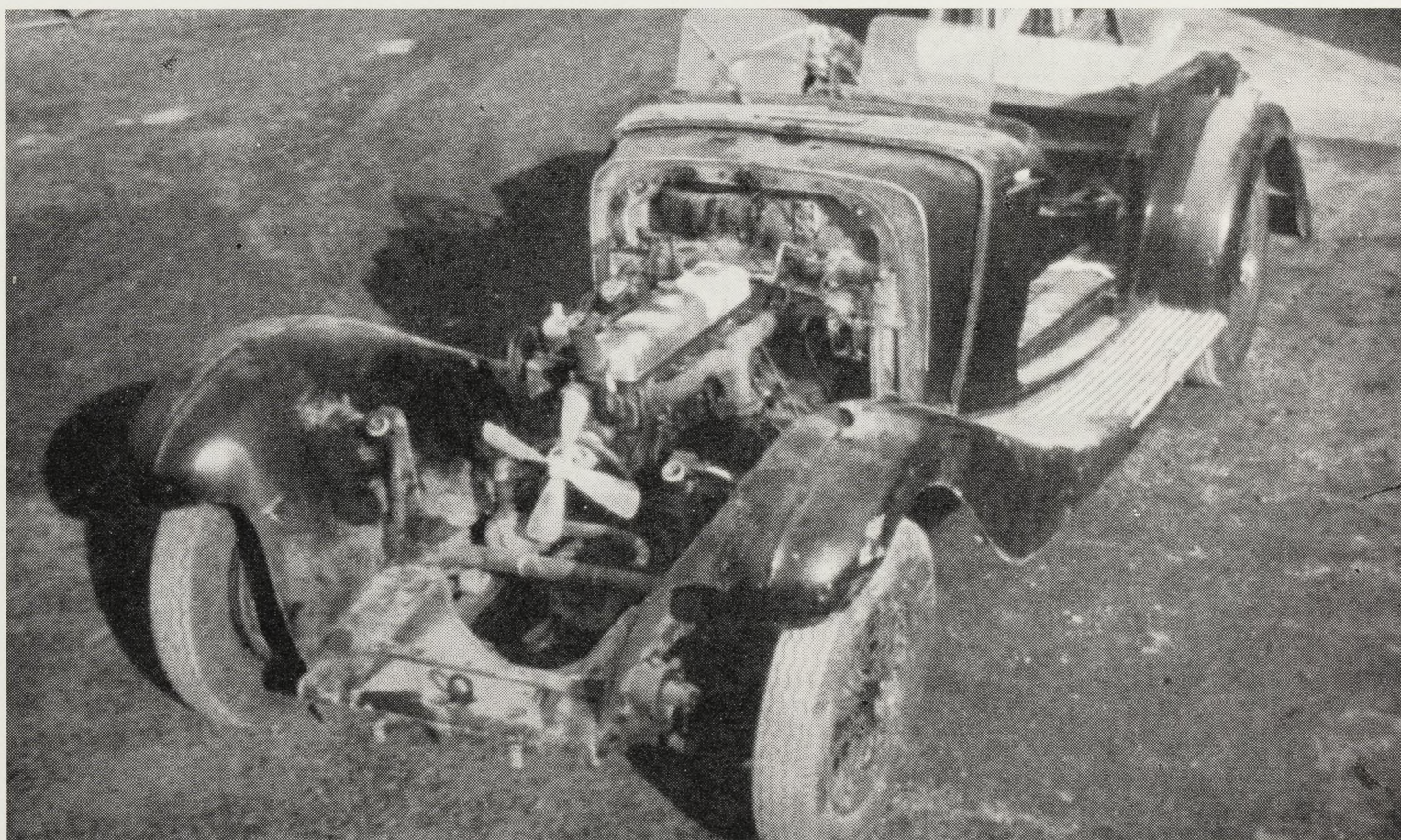
No more was thought about it until a note in a News Letter about chassis and car numbers prompted a letter to Arnold Davey, giving him this car's various numbers and asking him about the wheelbase puzzle. Little was it realised what an interesting correspondence and fund of information was going to result!

It seemed that even the type number—M.45RL BST54—is unusual in that no reason for the 'B' is known, whilst it is presumed that the 'L' can only mean 'Long' chassis. The ST54 indicates 'Pillarless Saloon'. In the light of later events, it is interesting that Arnold Davey remarked that, although the car had been registered on 27th February 1935 as an M.45R, it was virtually an LG.45 Sanction I, but with an M.45R engine. However, everything except the wheelbase pointed to it being a normal M.45R: the engine, free-wheel, headlamp mountings, high ratio back axle, hydraulic and friction shock absorbers and, of course, the Type Number, were all completely to M.45R specification. It also had Jackalls and the centralised chassis lubrication system.



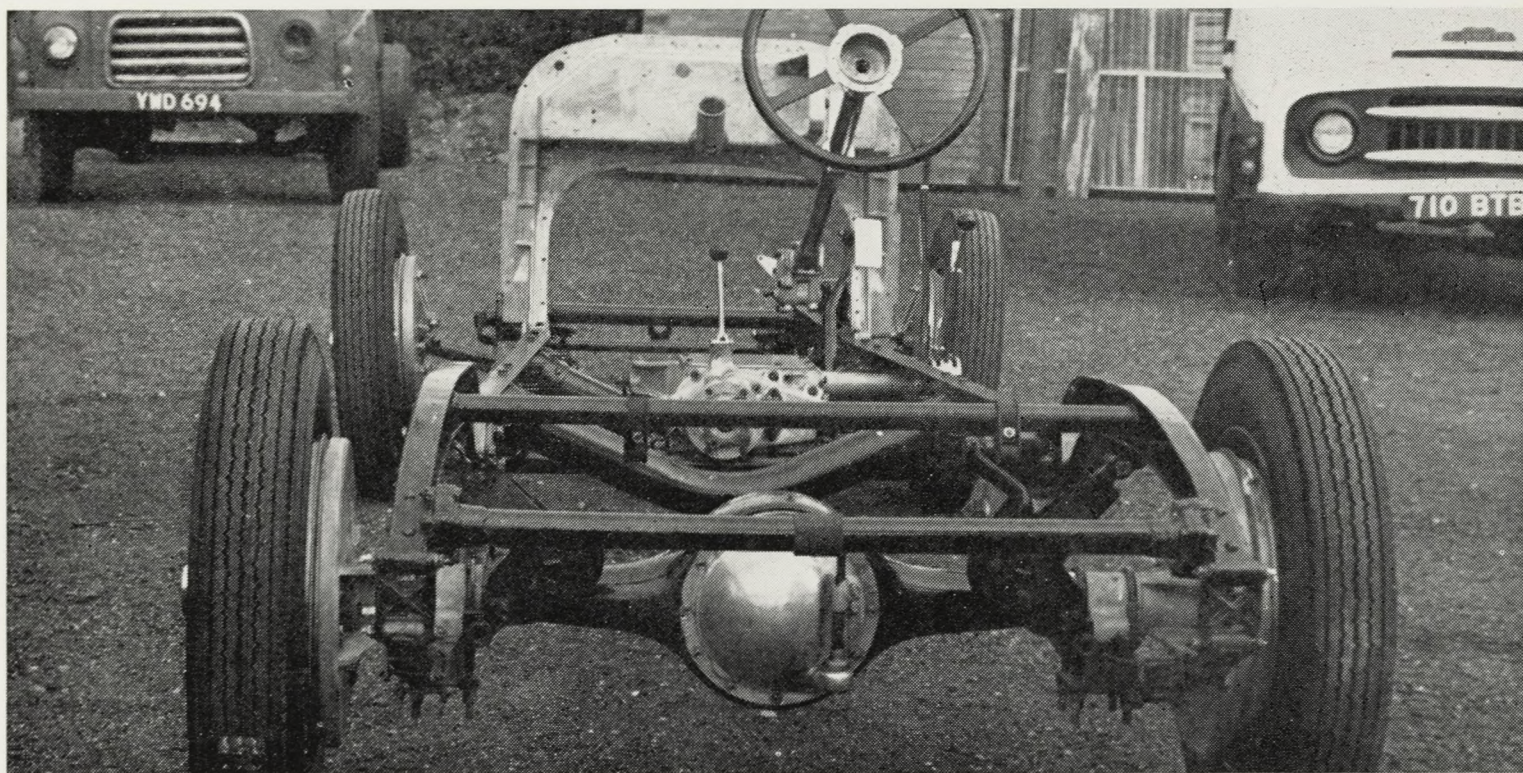


Photographed by the first owner, Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr



Thirty years later . . . !





The chassis during rebuilding

The Davey correspondence about the 'number' saga had by now grown so much that an effort was made to track down any member of the first owner's family who might know something of the car. With the help of Courtaulds, who now owned Cellon, contact was made with Mr. Aubrey Barr, the first owner's son. His own recollections of the car were slight, as he was only eleven when it was built, but he was able to provide photographs of the car taken just after delivery.

The Barr photographs, however, showed what must be the answer to the wheelbase puzzle. The car originally was a saloon with the spare wheel on the back, M.45 fashion. The wings were now seen to be LG.45 type but with no spare wheel wells in the front ones. The first production LG.45, incidentally, also had the spare wheel on the back.

Surely the answer is that this car is the prototype of the LG.45 which was not announced until September 1935? There must have been a prototype built at least six months before production started in order to give time for testing and modifications. Bearing in mind what the new model turned out to be, all that would be necessary for such a prototype would be an M.45R chassis with the 10 ft. 9 in. M.45 side members and a 'stretched' M.45R saloon body, with the better looking valanced wings.

It must be remembered that, because of the

worsening state of the Lagonda finances, the minimum of expensive modifications would be permissible, especially if it was known that W. O. Bentley would be along in a few months' time to make new designs for the future.

The recollections of Mr. Bob Whittaker and Mr. Jack Cantrill, who were chauffeur-mechanic and pilot respectively to Mr. Wallace Barr in 1935, bear out that the car was a special of this kind. Mr. Whittaker added that the extra length to the body had gone into the luggage accommodation aft of the back seat. After hearing such personal recollections of the first owner, one could imagine him being pleased to have the prototype of the next year's car and that he probably took some pains to get the factory to release it to him.

In the absence of production records, the 'Prototype' theory seems to hang together very well, or can someone produce a better answer? What a tragedy that, after the war, when the car had gone downhill a little socially, someone cut the saloon top off and turned it into a 'Sports 4-seater'!

A new body will now be necessary and the intention is to have a 1935 team car reproduction. It is to be hoped that the first owner would have approved of this plan for the restoration of his much loved car, thirty-five years after he first owned it.

A. B. INNES DICK



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## THE 1970 SPRING SOCIAL

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Sunday, 3rd May

"BOOK NOW" SAID THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE Spring Social, for the great attraction. A canal river cruise on board the converted motor narrow boat *Tyseley*, with lunch on board. Meet at the Hopcroft Holt, and back to the Weston Manor Hotel for tea.

Room for twelve only, so book NOW, went on Duncan Westall's announcement, so risking an overdraft I sent him a cheque for 4 gns. there and then. All that was wanted was fine weather. And so it turned out to be. Imagine a warm spring day, hardly a cloud in the sky, and driving along almost traffic free roads to the delightful old Cotswold stone hostelry of the Hopcroft Holt, ten miles or so north of Oxford on the road to Banbury. The prospect ahead, of good company, good conversation with one's fellow creature drawn together by a common bond of appreciation of fine cars was realised as Marie and I rolled the DB.2.6 on to the forecourt of the hotel, there to be greeted by the sight of the most splendid DB.2.6 drophead you ever did see. Peter Loe's magnificent machine, resplendent in its 16 coats of polychromatic blue glittered in the sunshine. Hood down, pigskin upholstery gleaming, it deserved a better stable companion than my model next door to it, but never mind, two DB.2.6's together to give the lie to that verbose fellow who tells us that we are the poor relations of the Club! Over drinks, Peter and I got down to comparing notes, while gradually other Members drifted in. Duncan Westall arrived in his Alfa Romeo GT Sprint doing his best to "call the roll" for the canal party amongst the hubbub of conversation. Outside, I spotted the very fine Daimler 6 cylinder Special Sport of Horace Fitzpatrick gliding in, in the way that all Daimlers seem to do. By this time the car park was littered with Lagondas and it was time for the intrepid canal voyagers to depart, leaving eighteen members and families to lunch in the Hotel, and others to picnic in the pretty countryside surrounding. Off went Duncan Westall at high speed in the Alfa, then "Follow me chaps, I know the way" said I, full of Pernod and modesty, Peter and Bernadette Loe in their superb car, Bob and Nadine Davy, temporarily forsaking their handsome blue LG.6 for the

Aston Martin DB.5 led Ben and Mary Martin in an open Austin Healey 2.6-litre—(I've only got 3½ in. clearance under my sump!) while the rear of the convoy was brought up by Messrs. Wildey and Watt in a Ford Cortina.

Taking care not to exceed 60 m.p.h. on my DB.2.6 I led the convoy to the good ship *Tyseley* moored at Thrupp, just 6 miles away. "You were hogging it a bit weren't you" said Bob Davy and Peter Loe. "You were doing 70 in parts". They all said the same so my speedometer must be wild. Food for thought is that.

Duncan Westall and Jane Lasham were already aboard and we all settled down in the open foredeck to sherry served by Patricia Woolford, the charming hostess. Her husband Stephen poised seventy feet astern handled the tiller with practiced ease, and we pop-popped along at all of 3 knots, the big 3-litre National diesel having a delightful vintage note, rich and muted. The *Tyseley* is a converted narrow boat, you don't refer to them as barges, of 7 ft. beam, and has a sumptuously furnished glass observation dining saloon seating twelve.

The Oxford Canal, built by James Brindley, was opened to traffic on New Year's Day in 1790 and some 2 miles north of Thrupp, elevates via a lock to the River Cherwell, bordered by peaceful fields, a few odd houses, an interesting old church and a cement works some way off.

With gentle bow wave lapping the banks, familiar smells of countryside wafted across and always that sharp watery smell so redolent of inland waterways merged with the fragrance of Duncan Westall's cigar and now and then an appetising aroma of roasting chicken coming from the galley aft. Still the sun shone down on the party from cloudless skies, the pendant sweeps of the weeping willows on the banks being undisturbed by even a trace of wind. Soul restoring and the essence of tranquillity. An occasional fish plopped, the ever widening circle of its disappearance mingling with the wavelets of our wash, cattle in the fields only mildly interested in our passing, and moorhens not really bothered one way or the other.

Lunch proved to be as good as the weather. An excellent home made pate, followed by the roast chicken with well cooled white wine, then a lemon mousse and to round off this feast, biscuits and cheese and coffee. Snatches of conversation drifted down the saloon. Lets have another bottle of wine—I think my rear carb.



spits a bit at 4,500 r.p.m.—Can I have the salt please—Look at that lovely cow, seems quite intelligent—I've tried all sorts of plugs, even Japanese ones—A good lunch deserves a brandy, a bad lunch needs one, four brandies my dear please.

And so the narrow boat was turned about in a widened bay of the canal, and we returned to the moorings. Our thanks to the boat owners for a splendid trip.

Then it was back into the cars and off to the Weston Manor Hotel, the dignified stately home, now hotel in the heart of the Oxfordshire countryside. The courtyard was full of Lagondas and others. Geoff. Seaton had brought Phil. Mayhew in the famous Seaton 1929 3-litre Lagonda, the car that seems to get better and better as the years roll by. Tony Wood's smart Rapier in duo brown finish, the Vice-President's Aston Martin DB.4, both his Lagondas being temporarily off the road. I think that of all Lagondas the V.12's are the most evocative, and they were represented by the saloon of Mr. Buckton, and the red drophead of Bruce Spollen. Alongside a fine DB 3-litre coupe was yet another DB.2.6 DHC in truly splendid order.

Before I go any farther, let me mention that I was asked to write about the Social after tea and must be forgiven for omitting reference to a lot of people and a lot of cars. *Nec scire fas est omnia.*

They do you well for tea at the Weston Manor, some 20 or so members enjoying a nicely laid tea in the wood panelled dining room of the hotel. A good setting for tea on a social occasion, no doubt about it.

The trek home began, Peter Pranker's exciting Jaguar XK.150S bellowing a challenge to the ancient stone walls of the old courtyard. That immaculate yellow M.45 came in for murmurs of approval as it departed, the 2-litre of Jeff Ody's started on the button, and James Woollard, he who perambulated some of us in a nostalgic Morgan 3-wheeler at last year's Weston Manor event headed for home in the fading sunshine of this glorious spring day.

And so the 1970 Spring Social was over. To Peter Densham, Duncan Westall and Bob Davy we say thank you for organising a truly happy day out. The praises of our committee members are rarely sung, a lot of behind the scenes effort went into this event and the outcome was a memorable day for all who took part.

BRYAN SHIPLEY

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## NEWS FROM AMERICA

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WE HELD OUR 14TH ANNUAL FOOTBALL MEET FOR the Classic Car Club of America on 25th October 1969 to see the Princeton-Penn game. While we did not have as much time as usual to promote the activity we did end up with 84 people, 30 cars, including six Lagondas and four Alvis.

While I believe you may have published accounts of this event held in previous years, as a refresher our day went something like this:

Orders for football tickets and dinners were made and paid for in advance. (In this way last minute changes did not become a burden upon the person running the event.) Instructions were mailed to participants calling for cars to assemble in the parking lot of the State Police located on a main highway about a mile from the stadium. This was a spot easy to find, plenty of room to park and facilities for the convenience of the participants.

By 11 a.m. we drove in a convoy to a special section of the parking lot where our cars could be assembled by themselves. Picnics followed after which the game was enjoyed. During the game a specially authorised guard stayed with the cars the whole time keeping people from climbing on them and so forth. A block of tickets had been arranged so that all 84 sat together.

After the game and a period of time allowed to let the regular traffic thin out, those who were going on to dinner (50 in this case) again assembled to drive the 20 miles to the restaurant. Because of traffic, full directions were given all so that there would be no question of arriving there even though the cars were separated during the trip.

Again at the restaurant, our club had a private dining room and bar and a remote section of the car parking lot where our cars would be together. Again the management in this case had provided someone to keep their eye on the cars. This year for the first time, we arranged for a buffet supper which turned out very well for it allowed those in a hurry to leave to eat quickly while those who wanted to wait for an extra drink could do so. We arranged for cocktails about 5.30 with the dinner served at 6.30. This meant that all could leave by 9 at the latest.

Those cars in the picture are all owned by





Lagondas at the Football Meet. See story for owners' names

Lagonda Club Members and reading from left to right they are:

LG.6 Drop Head Coupe #12, 357 belonging to Harold Happe (H.1) of Huntington, Long Island, N.Y.

16/65 Tourer, Z-8, 846 belonging to Fred Rouse, (R.22) of Ithaca, New York.

M.45R Z-11, 118 Le Mans Team Car (PBK-201) belonging to Bernie Calkins of Bethesda, Maryland (C.21).

V.12 Drop Head Coupe #14, 058 belonging to me (C.5).

LG.45 Drop Head Coupe #12, 240 belonging to Howard Hooper (H.57) of Trenton, N.J.

LG.6 Rapide, Van den Plas Tourer, 12, 312 belong to Gerry Roeser, (R.6) of Lahaska, Pennsylvania.

The cars are parked in the reserved space for Classic cars, which, considering the fact that 30,000 people, mostly arriving in private cars are attending the game, is pretty good, especially since it is less than a city block from the stadium.

This picture was taken after everyone had left for the game. Prior to that, there was so much activity and people milling around that it would be impossible to even see the cars, let alone get a

recognisable picture of them.

You may be interested in knowing that over here there is practically no racing competition activity for vintage and classic cars. Therefore this channel for interesting members to attend events is closed. Over here our members fall into two categories—one the type who restore the cars to 100% condition for show purposes only and the other who keep their cars in fine physical and mechanical condition by using them for tours and other events on the road. Therefore I have found it quite difficult to come up with an activity that will induce an owner to drive considerable distances to participate. It might be of some interest to know the round trip distances these cars covered in coming to the meet.

Happe: 210 miles.

Rouse: 310 miles.

Calkins: 550 miles.

Crane: 130 miles.

Hooper: 40 miles.

Roeser: 60 miles.

No breakdowns of any kind.

My purpose in relating these things is in the hope that my experience may create interest on the part of owners living in other parts of the



world who, like I, are particularly interested in getting Lagondas together. It will require careful attention to detailed planning which in my case involves dozens of letters to owners within 400 miles in the hopes that they will be interested in joining. The planning for the meet, of course, involves a decision as to what to see and when, arrangements for special seating and guards for the cars, a commemorative plaque and then for those who will go on to dinner, arrangements for a private dining room. Of course, in between times, the promotion includes a flyer which is mailed to all members of the Classic Car Club within 60 miles of New York City; acknowledge-

ment of orders received; a bulletin to be used on the day of the Meet listing information on the restaurant and also giving a roster of the names of all participants and their cars and finally the stuffing of the envelopes with tickets and roster and making the horrible decision as to where everyone will sit and hoping that friends can be placed together.

I hope that this description is not too lengthy and of course, you may delete any of it that you care to. You might, however, want to suggest to any interested parties that I will be glad to give then additional details if they will write me.

B. CRANE

### Books Received—'Car Numbers'

WE ALL HAVE TO HAVE NUMBER PLATES, BUT SOME are more interesting than others; certain individuals go to great lengths and greater expense to secure for themselves a 'personalised' number plate. *Car Numbers* is the title of a new book on this subject of autonumerology, and an impressive volume it is, far more comprehensive than its forerunners from the same stable, with appendices on dates and places of Index Mark issues.

If you consider it too expensive to buy for yourself, then ask your local library to place a copy on its shelves, or persuade your consultant to leave a copy in his waiting room.

Since the 1966 publication there has been a considerable increase in the number of Lagondas included. Most of them are already well known in the Club: AT 1, BPK 202, CAR 733, FPL 89, GPD 939, 322 GRH, JPG 492, LBT 74, LPF 158, PK 9204 and RP 1951, for instance; but OJ 8401 (Manchester owner) and TWP 1 (Edinburgh) are not in the current Club Register. OJ is a 2-litre Continental pictured with Mike Scott of Granada Television who shares with his wife Sylvia 'a passion for vintage cars'. The paper used for *Car Numbers* is wisely of a decent quality and the many illustrations are well reproduced.

The book's compiler, Noel Woodall, of 16 Boston Avenue, Norbreck, Blackpool, invites new details for incorporation in any future edition. The undersigned, being an enthusiastic competing member and supporter of this Club, would like to see many more members submit script and photographs of their cars to the glory of the name

Lagonda. It is a name so little known by the general public and even by the modern generation of motoring enthusiasts, yet so deserving of mention in its reputation, personnel and associations. Many members must cover ten thousand miles of everyday business motoring without seeing another Lagonda. We have surely reached the stage where each one is worthy of note, a Rarity of the Road. Our Treasurer would be a dead cert for inclusion. Since the 1966 volume ex-Chairman James Crocker's YMU 1 has been included. Where he has led, may others follow.

*Car Numbers* incidentally is published by The Garnstone Press Ltd., 59 Brompton Road, London S.W.3. It has over 260 pages, well over 100 illustrations, a foreword by the Director-General of the AA; it is coloured like a new reflective rear number plate, and costs 39s 11d nett.

HERMES

### BRUCE McLAREN

Motor racing enthusiasts and sportsmen generally were saddened by the tragic death of Bruce McLaren while testing one of his M8D sports cars at Goodwood. His remarkable talents spanned driving Grand Prix and sports cars as well as designing and manufacturing racing cars. The McLaren factory at Colnbrook is not far from the site of the Lagonda works, thereby carrying on the connection this locality has with motor sport. The R.A.C.'s award of the Segrave Trophy in recognition of his successes in 1969 came all too late for McLaren to enjoy.

A.W.M.



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## The Restoration of JBG492

### PART 5

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WHILE STILL WAITING FOR MY NEW PISTON CASTINGS I thought that I might as well get the propeller shaft out of the way. This has an odd design of universal joint in that there are two separate roller race housings, or trunnion blocks, bolted and spigotted to a flange on the end of the shaft and a similar arrangement on the pinion shaft. The connection between the two is the usual four-legged spider. The whole design is exceedingly light and definitely of American origin having SAE bolts. Thus by undoing the bolts the whole joint falls to pieces. There is no method of lubrication and a certain amount of wear had taken place. There is an exactly similar arrangement at the front end of the shaft. I ground down the legs of the spiders without penetrating the case hardening, only a few thous being necessary to remove the pitting, but then found that I could not get any oversize needle rollers, the originals being 3 mm diameter. I could however get 2 mm rollers and so I ground out the trunnion blocks and sleeved them down. I know nothing about the theory of crowded needle roller bearings and I hope that it works out in practice. I then made new sealing washers from cork sheet and put the whole lot together with moly grease. The felt seal on the sliding spline was held in by a spun-over sheet steel retaining cap which I cut off and replaced with a split cover, the two halves being held in place by a Jubilee clip. A new seal was cut from 3/16 in. felt sheet. As I say, the whole shaft is very light indeed and I suppose that this is made possible by the smooth torque of the V.12 compared with the six cylinder bangers with which I am more familiar.

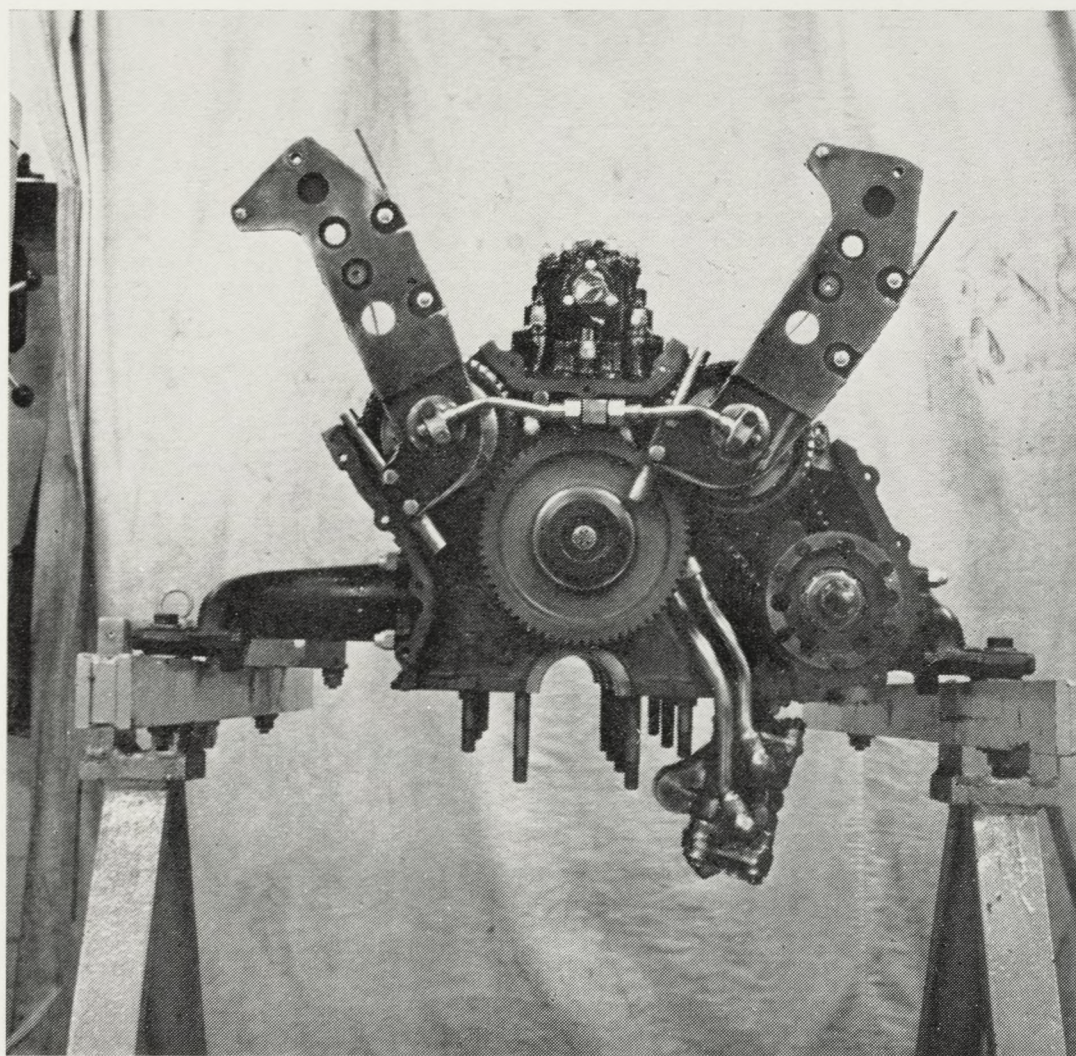
Reverting to engine pieces, the starter and dynamo were stripped. The starter is a Bosch axial and a beautiful piece of work. Although filthy inside it was virtually unworn, the commutator only needed metal polish to restore a perfectly smooth surface. Brushes are available and a new wick was put into the front plain bearing. I took a light skin off the outside of the casing to remove the rust and then dull plated it. The pole piece securing screws were replaced with the socket head countersunk variety as these can be done up really tightly.

The dynamo was not in such good condition, the taping of the field coils had perished. This was replaced with  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide cotton tape and two coats of shellac. The commutator was restorable with a light skin and new brushes are still available from Lucas. Incidentally, I have never been able to remove the countersunk screws that hold in the pole pieces with any screwdriver that I possess and always have to drill them out. These two electrical machines proved no exception to the rule.

I next had a go at the oiling system. The oil pump is, in fact, two pumps in one body. Both are of equal size and share a common suction pipe from a coarse mesh filter in the sump. The pumps were both slightly worn and I machined the ends of the casing to take up the clearance. The pinions are steel and duralumin respectively and the teeth were unworn but the idler spindle was badly grooved and I remade this in case hardened mild steel.

The original intention on the V.12 engine was that each pump had a separate job, one lubricated the main bearings and big ends at 70 p.s.i. and the other looked after everything else at about 15 p.s.i. From the pumps onward the systems were entirely separate, each having their own filter, relief valve and filter by-pass valve in an elaborate unit fitted between the cylinder blocks. This is all described in my copy of the instruction book but when I stripped the filter unit I could not understand its inner workings at all. It is a labyrinth of drill holes in an aluminium casting but it eventually dawned on me that it had been modified, obviously very professionally, to work in a different manner. Looking at David Hine's V.12 at Silverstone in April I noticed that his was also modified so that presumably all later engines were like mine. Now both pumps in effect supply high pressure oil into a common manifold, this being achieved by milling a slot across the under face of the filter unit cover. Both pressure relief valves have the same springs and are set at 75 p.s.i. On the back end of the filter unit the by-pass valve is replaced by a very simple 7 to 1 pressure reducing valve the outlet from which looks after the auxiliaries. Thus the crank and big ends get the full blast of both pumps and if this is sufficient to blow off the relief valve the auxiliaries get 11 p.s.i. but if the crank needs so much oil that the pump capacity cannot blow off the relief valve then the auxiliaries get less. This may have been instituted when the big ends were widened





*Front Gear Case  
Assembly*

on the Sanction II engines. As I said previously, the big end clearance at 100°C is .005 in. and you certainly need a fair old supply to keep the pressure up with a leak of that size.

As an aside, I tried every solvent I could think of to remove the carbon deposit from the labyrinth of the filter unit without success. As a last resort I dumped it in a bucket of enzyme detergent and after two days it was showing marked signs of improvement. Several treatments completely cleared it down to the bare aluminium and so those little bugs will apparently chew away at mineral oil and carbon—it makes you wonder what goes on in the rivers after they have gone down the drain. I fitted a  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. B.S.P. inlet and outlet to the filter unit to which I will later connect pipes to an external modern filter. The old filter elements have been discarded as redundant and I hope that the dural big ends will now be everlasting. I wrote to Vokes Limited for a suitable filter and they treated me very kindly as an unknown customer and supplied a truly enormous device which I shall have to hide somewhere if I am not going to upset the original appearance

under the bonnet.

All these parts were now bolted onto the engine and the front timing gear train seemed to be the next job. The large Celeron wheel was not looking very healthy so I went to see Tufnol Limited and they cut me a circular blank of their Whale brand material. This I turned up as a replica of the old wheel which was a moulding but which had a steel bush moulded into its centre. As I could not do this I made up two flanged phosphor bronze bushes which I pushed in from front and back and then drilled through the flanges and tufnol for six  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. rivets with countersunk heads which were finally skimmed off flush with the bronze. I had considerable searching to find anyone who could cut the teeth which are of module form but eventually a firm in Wolverhampton came up trumps and did the job very reasonably in under a week.

The Weller spring blade chain tensioners were all very worn and I got new ones made by a firm of spring makers and also rebushed the housings of the plungers on which one end of the blades are guided. All the steel gear wheels looked in



usable condition as did the sprockets. I got new chains from Ivan Forshaw and was then able to put some pieces together. One note for the unwary. The gears which mesh with the large idler wheel run on flange mounted stub spindles. The flanges each have two dowel pins and four fixing bolts. It is quite possible to turn these through 180 deg. from their original setting but the meshing will not then be as before. I did this and thought that I had made a mistake with the gear cutting but realised my mistake before rushing off to make another wheel.

At last the piston castings arrived and once more I was knee deep in aluminium swarf. There are 32 machining operations in each piston. I started with 28 castings to make two sets and at the time of going to press they are very nearly finished. I am down to 24 good ones and I hardly dare go on with the job for fear of landing either Bob Watts or myself with an 11 cylinder car. The next rebuild is definitely going to be a V-twin.

BRIAN MORGAN

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## Report from West London

THE BIG EVENT IN THIS AREA DURING THE LAST few months has been the meeting at Petters Ltd. with the 'Old Lags', a report will be found elsewhere in this issue with I hope a copy of the picture which appeared in our local *Evening Mail*. If anyone should want a copy ring Slough 32041 Picture Sales Department. The cost is 7s 6d for a picture 8½ × 6½ in.

For many years now I have described this addiction to Lagondas as an incurable disease and it seems to be becoming more virulent, most of the keen types around here have at least two cars. Our most avid collector is Gordon Withers who now has four, to date there are: 16.80, 2-litre, DB 3-litre and a Rapier. The last is due to join Brian Horwood's car in being re-bodied. My spies tell me that the Ron Kerridge clan have now got another Rapier to keep 'Diddums' company. My remarks in an earlier report about the Jaguar XK.120 engine have borne fruit; Elliot Elder has written to me to point out that the 'Jaguar Companion' makes acknowledgement to Tim Ashcroft's engine, this is interesting as my information in favour of the 2.6 engine came from Mr. Feeley who was one of the designers on the post-war 2.6 project. Has anyone else any information on the subject?

During the chit-chat at Petters I came across a few odd bits of information; it was surprising to me to discover that both Ashcroft and Davidson who designed the 2 and 3-litre engines were engaged just for the particular exercise and no more. I was also told that three engines were made to Ashcroft's original design then someone else in the factory took over altering the camshafts amongst other things thereby ruining the performance. Someone else showed me some dates which I jotted down and repeat:

1898 Single cylinder air-cooled motor cycle

1904 Tri-car

1909 4-cylinder, 18 h.p. car

1911 6-cylinder, 30 h.p. car

I am aware of the existence of two tri-cars but the others seem to have vanished without a trace.

The conversation at our weekly meetings spotlights some of our current problems, read on. The supply of the bayonet type bulbs seems to be getting scarce, likewise the supply of rims and hubs for our wheels. Exhaust systems and especially silencers seem to be unobtainable, does anyone know of a modern silencer which will fit any of our cars—please pass the word around if you do. I have just been told that there are no 12 in. headlamp glasses in London and that Lucas have taken the part number off their catalogue. Anyone related to the Pilkingtons? One of our local members has had his 16.80 radiator stolen, does anyone know of the whereabouts of a spare, letter to me please. There is a spare 2-litre bonnet for sale, steel tops and aluminium sides, letters can be forwarded. The other evening a mini oil pump was exhibited prior to modification to fit a Rapier engine, discussion followed on the feasibility of fitting one to a 16.80 engine. Mike Gaber back from his wanderings is looking for a 4½-litre engine and sundry 2-litre parts to help friends down under. Jeff Clarke is nearing his task of putting a 3-litre Maybach Special back on the road.

Reading Moore's interesting article on prices in the Spring Magazine I recalled that some years ago I located a 16.80 and a 3-litre in a breaker's yard, even then I was surprised when told that they refused another Lagonda for free! As for present day prices there is a very fine newly restored 2-litre in the area and the total cost, ignoring man hours, was over £1,000. When you think that the restoration of a radiator can cost £120 it is easy to see where the money goes.

I hope everyone enjoyed reading John Organ's



excellent report on the Frazer Nash Raid to the Alps, I will admit to being responsible for it being reprinted from the *Rapier Register News* knowing that many of us are interested in these cars. Anyway full marks to 'Bolzano' Thirlby and his merry men. What price our two car West London

'Raid' to Spain, not a spanner was touched though storming up mountain passes was most definitely not part of the programme. After that feeble joke it is most definitely time to stop.

HARRY GOSTLING

## THE LAGONDA HANDICAP RACE SILVERSTONE — 29th AUGUST

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Notice is hereby given that the Lagonda Race, run on a handicap basis will take place at approximately 3 p.m. on the afternoon of Saturday, 29th August 1970 in Northamptonshire on the occasion of the Bentley Drivers Club annual race meeting.

All those members with intentions of performing on this day should notify the Competition Secretary without delay.

All other members are warmly invited to attend this spectacle to give all possible visible and audible support.





From *The Autocar* 27.7.1945

### Talking of Sports Cars:

## 4½-LITRE LAGONDA

IT IS AN OLD SAYING, WHICH HAS APPLICATIONS to motoring, that one man's meat is another man's poison, and my own car ambition took the form of a 3-litre speed model Bentley. From the time when I first saw one at the White City in 1920, and later *heard* it on the road, it was the only car, and it says a lot for it that I was not disappointed with it when I finally obtained the ownership of one after waiting seventeen years! This was primarily because it was still a magnificent example of the only type of car that really interested me, i.e., the large car, capable of giving real performance on a high set of gear ratios. That was the criterion—an engine large enough to pull a really high top gear, certainly not size for its own sake, for that tended to mitigate against good handling qualities for fast road work, quite apart from the running expense of a very large car, which would have put it beyond my reach.

What then were the qualities I found wanting in my Bentley, after I had had it for a couple of years, that made me consider a change? I wished to improve on the Bentley on three main points. I wanted a smoother engine, preferably a six; lighter control as regards steering and gear change and better brakes. Not that the Bentley was bad in any of these respects; for its age it was remarkably good, but there was no denying that improvements had been made in all three directions. A 4½-litre Bentley was ruled out on account of being a four and because to a certain extent it had the same failings as the 3-litre. A Speed Six Bentley seemed too big to be considered, as I felt that the running expenses would be beyond me. A modern 3½-litre was ruled out on account of initial cost, so what was it to be?

Ever since the introduction of the 2-litre Lagonda speed model in 1926 I had watched with interest the development of this make. I had owned a 16/80 sports saloon for some time, and I have seldom driven a closed car which handled so well. It was far too heavy, however, for a 2-litre, and had a particularly 'dead' engine as regards acceleration. The 3-litre was more



satisfactory as regards engine power, but it never had the lovely feeling of the 2-litre of being 'all in one piece'. What, then, of the 4½-litre? The engine power was definitely there, for the performance figures, with its very high gear ratios, were of an outstanding order. However, it had the 3-litre chassis—at least the dimensions were the same—and to please me it had to handle as well as, or better than, the 16/80. I will admit that one thing that swayed me was appearance. I still think that the open 4½-litre Lagonda of 1934-35 is one of the best and most imposing looking cars I have seen. Well, I bought one, and still have it, and have never regretted the decision.

I never expect a second-hand car to be in new condition. Consequently when I tried the car and found the only obvious defect was a vibration which occurred at a given road speed irrespective of the gear in use I was not unduly alarmed, as examination showed a certain amount of slackness in the transmission. Likewise slight irregularity in the compression, particularly of one cylinder, did not point to anything seriously amiss. In general the car seemed to have been well looked after and as the vendor was a firm of repute I had no hesitation in buying it.

The first thing was to dismantle the engine, for I always like to know where I am in this respect, and on dropping the sump I had shock No. 1—a portion of piston! In fear and trembling down came the rest, when the cause of the damage, amounting to one broken piston, two cracked ones and a bad score in one cylinder bore, was found. The gudgeon pins in this engine are held in place by steel bolts and one had broken off, allowing the pin to contact the bore; also, for a reason unknown to me at the time, three of the bores had had liners fitted and the others had not. The three so fitted were in perfect condition; the others showed slight wear apart from the score in one of them.

To make a really good job I had these three cylinders bored out and lined, and I would mention that the firm which sold me the car met me in the matter of the cost. Incidentally, I was not a little worried as to the possibility of a recurrence of the trouble, and Lagondas supplied me with a set of special steel bolts which they assured me would overcome the trouble. They seem to have done so, but this occurrence and a similar one I had with the 16/80, when a circlip broke and again I suffered a scored cylinder bore, has made me wonder why this type of fixing

persists. What is the matter with floating gudgeon pins with soft ends? In fact I had them fitted in the 16/80 and had no further trouble. The other trouble, the transmission vibration, necessitated two visits to the works before it was finally overcome. First a reconditioned propeller-shaft was fitted. This improved matters, but did not eradicate the trouble, and it was finally traced to a bearing in the front end of the gearbox. This initial trouble, and the subsequent collapse of a bearing in the differential, has been the sum total of mechanical troubles with the car.

It is certainly a delightful machine in every way, and I have nothing but praise for it. The engine is devoid of detectable period throughout its range, and with the carburettors set for all-round performance, and not for economy, gives 18 m.p.g. on a run. This was on National Benzole, which I always used pre-war, and was checked on a 2,000 mile trip to Scotland. The figure surprised me, but I think the explanation is that having once got under way one keeps going at 65 or so on a mere wiff of gas, and on a top gear of 3.6 to 1 this is very delightful motoring. The steering is beautifully accurate and light at all but the lowest speeds, and the gear change is a joy—light and beautifully balanced, just tricky enough to be interesting, but with the change from top to third and vice versa as fast and certain as one could wish. Third is a silent gear and can still be mistaken for top up to 60 m.p.h. or so. I never normally take the engine above 3,500 r.p.m. on the indirects, and on third this represents 70 m.p.h. This is a truly delightful gear for overtaking and hill storming, and even on top the acceleration is quite remarkable, as reference to the *Autocar* road test of this model in the issue dated 22nd December 1933 will show. In fact these early cars showed better all-round performance than any of the later normal 4½-litres.

Any qualms I made have had on the score of handling were quite unfounded. The brakes, which are vacuum servo-assisted, are very good indeed and give one a feeling of safety at all speeds.

In all, I cannot speak too highly of this as an outstanding example of that intriguing machine—the British sporting car; and I only hope that, in resuming production of such cars as this, manufacturers will retain the traditional appearance and give us cars that look like cars and not tin slugs!

R. BAILLIE

*Reproduced by kind permission of AUTOCAR.*





The Lagonda line-up at Petters.

*Photo: Evening Mail Slough*



## An Evening with an Old Employee of the Lagonda Works at Staines

by G. H. G. Thyer

IT WAS QUITE BY CHANCE THAT A FRIEND HAD A friend who had been employed by the Company at Staines and that he was now visiting Cranbrook, Kent. So it was that on a November evening, I trundled down in my elderly Morris Oxford to the George, the well known 15th century hotel to see TED IVES.

A little man with still a lively interest in life and currently converting a Methodist chapel to an house, he told me that he left the Company in 1927 after about eleven years service and eventually had his own business. In this business, he did at one stage, manufacture a conversion for lubricating the rocker gear of the 11.9, which basically consisted of an oil tight box in which oil surged back and forth. Apparently, the Works were rather surprised at this contrivance when it was discovered on a customers car and although it was thought that they might adopt the conversion it is not known whether they finally did so. He reckoned at that time that he was so familiar with the 11.9 that he could have assembled one in the dark.

He went on to reminisce that he recalled a fellow employee who was removing the clutch from one of the cars of the type that went to Russia sitting on the chassis cross member carefully removing the various bolts and being suddenly precipitated to the back axle by the central clutch spring which was under some considerable tension. For some reason this caused considerable amusement in the Works.

He also remembers that when the 2-litre engine was being developed—presumably in its 14/60 form or was this an early 3-litre?—tenders were put out for a suitable carburettor. One firm called 'de Gourgi' (Ted could not remember how it was spelt but pronounced it 'dergoowery') made extravagant claims about their multi-jet carburettor. It was tested at the factory but after several days of twiddling about on the dynamometer the figures were so bad that the manufacturers packed up and left with the result that in the end the Zenith was fitted.

Ted also called to mind some of the 'Guvners' of the old firm. He liked Tollemach, a member of the family of brewers who he considered a gentleman. He did not get along all that well with

Major Oates for some reason and maintained that an accident which occurred to the dynamometer when the shaft broke at high revs. sending the flywheel the full length of the shop was Oates' fault because he insisted on fabricating the shaft instead of making it from the solid in order to save money. Again he always felt that a young lad who had a considerable sum of money and worked for the Company was persuaded into putting it into the Company to get the Rapier into production by Oates. As the Rapier was not produced until the early thirties this may well have been a rumour circulating the Works and eventually passed on to those garages then owned by former employees. This probably went about when the Official Receiver was called in for it was implied by Ted that the lad lost a lot if not all his money.

Apparently Ted had been riding mechanic to Oates as well as Dennison whom, he recalled, had a chiming pocket watch, competing in a number of trials such as the Exeter Trials. On one trial with Oates he remembers setting off from the starting point which was conveniently at Staines in the company of the Hon. Victor Bruce. A. C. Oates and Bruce spent their time passing and repassing and on each occasion—dependant on who was passing who—they exchanged neat whisky or gin from suitable hip flasks. I gathered that Oates was the keeper of the gin and Bruce the whisky. By the time that Oates reached Doncaster he was so inebriated that he hit a wall. This bent the front axle into a funny shape and the unfortunate Ted had to straighten this out. This was accomplished with a hammer and some suitable boulders. I believe that the Lagonda had eventually to retire.

Ted also mentioned the London Offices of the old Company which were apparently near the Kings Theatre, Hammersmith and were approached down a narrow alley. It was, it seems, rather lethal coming out of this alley onto the main road. It was here that Ted recalls a single seater Lagonda being developed with a comparable chassis at Staines but with a 2-seater body being prepared there. What these were for he could not now remember but he thinks that both might have been used in trials of the road and hillclimb variety. He also remembers Davis (or was it Davies?) the Service Manager who eventually formed or went to Continental Cars and Tipping who was in charge of spares. He wonders what might have happened to these people.



Closing time came all too soon and we drifted away to follow our separate paths with Ted enthusing over the details of his Chapel conversion in Norfolk. I have of course recorded these recollections without making any check on their historical accuracy but this is quite deliberate because it should stimulate correspondence and articles from knowledgeable members and the old Company's employees which may well remove the Editor's worry about lack of copy but replacing it with the worry about how to publish so much with so little space!

## 16/80 LORE

ALL 16/80 DEVOTEES KNOW THAT THE SMOOTHNESS, flexibility and reliability of their 'Special Six' power units, are due, to a great extent, to the excellence of the 'Silver Crossley' design, upon which they are based, but how many of you have actually seen a 'Silver Crossley' in the flesh, so to speak?

Pictured on p.26 is Stephen Weld's pretty 1930 tourer, with my own 1934 16/80 behind, the latter resplendent in undercoat (since finished very satisfactorily and reasonably, in green, by Messrs. Smith and Cave of Blandford). Stephen, who has recently joined the Club, is well-known in V.S.C.C. circles for his rally activities with the Crossley, which he has completely rebuilt over the last nine years. The car is thought to be the last surviving example of this model. The reliability of the engine is amply demonstrated by its successful participation in many major rallies, both in the U.K. and on the Continent. Note that the Crossley manages without the 16/80's enormous three gallon sump and with single carburettor; twin S.U.'s have been discarded as offering no advantage over the original.

I must satisfy Harry Gostling's anxious curiosity about 'anyone else in the Club still using a pre-war Lag. for every day transport' (Mag. No. 68, page 17). There are four such work horses in this region: Clifford Rees' 16/80 special, (sporting a S.E.B. transmitter/receiver antennae from the aft end), Dudley Palmer's 2-litre, rarely to be seen with side-curtains erected, even in the bitterest weather; my own faithful 16/80, often called upon to convey wife, four sons and a German Shorthaired Pointer; and last our aforementioned first cousin to the 16/80, Stephen Weld's Crossley, which is probably the hardest worked of them all.

DICK SAGE (s.15)

## SOME RAMBLINGS OF A LAGONDA OWNER

### PART 1 *A Pantomime*

#### ACT ONE: AUTUMN 1966

The scene is set in a dark, damp garage in North West London. On stage are a raw recruit to the ranks of Lagonda owners, and his assistant. They are both looking at a collection of automobile parts which they have been trying, with only partial success, to fit together. In the gloom it is difficult to see which of their two brows are more furrowed. The owner is wishing that all the parts were joined together as they had been six months previously. The assistant is wishing that he hadn't been talked into assisting.

There are yet other parts which are not in the garage. Some are in the owner's kitchen, some in his bedroom, and some seem to have been lost. One large and important part is in another garage being overhauled by One Who Understands Lagondas.

The owner and his assistant, surrounded by apparent chaos try to console each other. They decide to go out for a drink, or two.

#### ACT TWO: AUTUMN 1967

The scene is the same, but the garage seems somehow brighter. The two players are looking less worried, and may even be seen to smile occasionally. There seems to be an order about the collection of parts, and the large and important part has been bolted onto a framework. Out of the chaos, a connoisseur may recognise a likeness to a V.12 saloon taking form. Towards the end of this scene the reconstruction is almost complete. The weather is very cold and the players frequently crouch round an old-fashioned oil stove to warm their chilled bodies. But even the climate cannot lower their spirits now, as they stand back to admire their handiwork.

#### ACT THREE, SCENE I: A SATURDAY MORNING, SPRING 1968

The scene has changed. It is the service road outside the owner's garage. The reassembled car has been pushed out into the open air. It is a fine, sunny day. A panting assistant is turning the engine by means of a ring spanner of considerable



size hooked around the starting handle. After some minutes the assistant stands back and painfully straightens himself. Perspiration is dropping from his forehead, his eyes are glazed and his face rather red. The owner who has been standing nearby, grunting encouragingly, suggests that they take a short rest. A few of the local residents gather round to watch. After a while the owner gets into the car, turns on the ignition, and presses the starter button. The engine turns slowly but does not fire. After several attempts, the engine turning more slowly at each, the onlookers begin to drift away. The two stars put the batteries on charge and then exit for lunch.

#### ACT THREE, SCENE II: THAT AFTERNOON

The owner and his assistant have returned from lunch. They are standing at the front of the car looking rather crossly at the engine. The ignition has been switched on and petrol is dripping from a gap around the live terminal of the petrol pump. The owner hastily turns off the ignition and starts to remove the offending part. A replacement is obtained from backstage and quickly fitted. Further efforts are then made to start the engine, but these too are unsuccessful. The assistant produces an aerosol can and directs a fine spray into the carburettor, at the same time chanting some magic words. The engine starts but soon stops. A short discussion ensues, then the owner drains several gallons of stale petrol from the fuel tank and pours in some fresh. Minutes later the engine starts and the owner and assistant dance around the car. The rejoicing is, however, shortlived for steam begins to pour from the radiator. The owner looks at the car with a mixture of sorrow and anger while the assistant stands nearby saying more magic words. These postures are held for a brief time, then the car is unceremoniously pushed into the garage and the doors slammed shut.

#### EPILOGUE

The owner, assistant and two friends, are seated at a in table the local. Conversation centres on two topics, cars and holidays. The Lagonda needs a long run on clear roads to run it in. The chaps need a holiday. A considerable quantity of ale is drunk and a decision made. The two needs shall be satisfied at the same time.

#### PART 2 *A Journey*

On a Friday evening in August 1968 a heavily laden V.12 and four mad Englishmen, armed with a good supply of tools and a leading brand of

internal coagulant, boarded the night ferry from Dover to Ostend. Destination Yugoslavia. For the next three days we drove across Western Europe at a steady 40-50 m.p.h. By Monday night we had reached Radstadt, a town about 50 miles south of Salzburg, and our last overnight stop before entering Yugoslavia.

Next morning we set off for the border. We had decided to cross via the Wurzen pass, a short distance from Villach in Southern Austria. We were soon to find that this had not been a good choice. The first part of the ascent was fairly easy, but we were unfortunate in getting baulked by a modern Taunus making heavy weather of the slope. Before long clouds of steam were issuing from the radiator cap. Fortunately we were close to a lay-by where we could pull up. Here, our attention was divided between the marvellous view and the steam emanating with undiminished vigour from the front of the car. After a picnic lunch, I decided to walk up to the next hairpin to see what was in store for us. Approaching this bend, I was rather dismayed to see signs saying 'Danger' and 'Engage lowest gear'. Around the bend was one of the steepest and longest hills I had ever seen. More signs said that the hill had a gradient of 30 per cent and was 3,000 metres long. I stood fascinated for some time, while watching a V.W. chug slowly up. Shortly after an Opel attempted the climb but came to a halt about halfway up and had to come down again.

Back at the Lagonda, the escape of steam had ceased, so the radiator was topped up. After a short discussion, the other three volunteered to walk up to reduce the load. I gave them fifteen minutes start, then, obeying the sign, engaged bottom gear and charged at the hill. To my relief the Lag. went up with no trouble at all. Stopping at the top of the hill, I awaited my panting friends. On their arrival we adjourned to a well sited bar right at the top of the hill to consume some excellent Austrian beer. When the three heroes had recovered we resumed our journey, down a long but gentle slope, to Bled, our first overnight stop in Yugoslavia. Here we camped at one of the two municipal camp sites. The site was very well appointed, with tennis courts, a crazy-golf course and a sunbathing area, as well as a shop and restaurant. We had our evening meal at the restaurant where the food was excellent but the service unbelievably slow. We had to wait for up to half-an-hour between courses.

T. OVERY

(Continued in next issue)



## ON PISTON RINGS

THERE HAD BEEN SOME DIFFERENCE OF OPINION when the new piston rings were fitted. The only rings to hand at short notice had been of the flexible type usually fitted to worn bores, and these bores were not worn. Some said that rings of that type were fitted in new engines by manufacturers of certain very expensive motor cars and others added without reservation that it would be quite all right. Another group would run the engine in very carefully and then it would be absolutely first rate. The rings were fitted, the engine re-assembled. The owner went visiting some cousins near Beaconsfield, so he visited Maurice Leo as well. "If that were my engine", Mr. Leo advised, "I should dismantle it and take those rings right out". The grateful owner thanked him for his expert opinion. But the rings were already in and the engine seemed to be running O.K. It would take time to dismantle and reassemble, the season was just beginning, and it felt good to be driving a Lagonda once more. So the car was run in very conscientiously. The driver remembered what Maurice had said, and kept his fingers crossed . . .

First bit of competitive motoring after the rebuild . . .

Keep an eye on your instruments they said, and he did. Approach Woodcote Corner. 40 plus p.s.i. oil pressure, 85 on the thermometer, almost as much on the speedo. Look in mirror, brake, watch rev counter, change down into third, press the right foot down, then . . . no power. The long tow home behind John Spencer's Corsair. Roy Paterson's experience.

Local enthusiasts soon stripped the engine. They found four pistons ruined . . .

A consultation was fixed with a local Insurance Assessor and Consulting Engineer, branch of a firm of national repute. He gave his verdict: "In my opinion, the fault is undoubtedly in the fitting of this type of ring. BUT, if you are thinking of taking the matter further, don't. You would only be lining the pockets of the legal boys. Things might have been different if—First you had told them that the bores were standard size and perfect, Second you had told them you wanted to race your old Lagonda round Silverstone, and Third you had run it in even more gently for a much greater mileage." He was sorry,

he said; he had enjoyed this consultation because it took him back to the days when he was in the workshop, he realised that his client was not really an engineer(!) and he would waive his fee . . .

Member Maurice Leo was right . . .

Don Hoggard spent hours with piston catalogues, and came up with six brand new alternative pistons, he thinks. They will be very cautiously tried. If the experiment is successful, further details will be divulged later. Once again R.P. is keeping his fingers crossed . . .

### Two Lagondas Entered—Two Awards

Our representatives filled two cars at the V.S.C.C. Northern Weekend; Mary North with husband Ian navigating had John Spencer as timekeeper in the hood-up 16/80, whilst Ken Pape (time off from building his 2-litre) and John Beardow (likewise from rebuilding Paterson's 4½ Swine Special) crewed for Martin Holloway in his immaculate open 3-litre. Roy Paterson could not compete so he and Enid marshalled. Mary earned herself another trophy, this time a third-class award, in the Saturday Hambleton Rally; and Martin manoeuvred through the Topcliffe Driving Tests to a third-class award the following morning. After that he motored smartly up to the Croft Autodrome and did a demonstration run between races at this B.R.S.C.C. Northern Meeting, where one of our members was a Judge.

It was great to be in this country again along roads often included in the old Lagonda Northern Rallies, Carlton Bank and Chop Gate for instance, and this time we could see where we were going. What views we missed on those night navigation exercises craftily devised by Coates and Pape. Incidentally all this was long before Mary and Martin were driving competitively. Roll on the next Lagonda events we can support!

Ken and Christine Painter, newly returned from Singapore, came up specially to our April pub meet. We were all pleased to see them of course, and also interested to see a goodly number of their motoring slides. Open Lagondas in the Singapore sunshine and all that . . . We hope Marianne and Harry Robinson will invite themselves along to Skirlaugh in due course. Incidentally Martin Holloway (yes, alone in his open 3-litre), and Ted Townsley came over to see the Painters too. Ted was not in his new Lagonda special but at least he produced some photographs of it from several angles, and very interesting it appears to be.

HERMES



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Letter from Peter Densham

Dear Sir—I hope you will be able to find room in the Magazine for this letter because I would like to tell members of the very pleasant happening at the April committee meeting when I was presented with a magnificent colour reproduction of 'The Densham Trophy'.

Some time previously I had mentioned, rather sadly, that since presenting the original painting to the Club for annual award I had never had a chance to see it myself. I don't think I ever allowed myself to regret having presented it but I certainly am absolutely delighted to have this life-size colour reproduction.

The original painting was done by Roy Nockolds, now a well-known artist. Part of the arrangement was that I should not divulge his charge for the work: today at least one nought would have to be added. He worked from two photos and produced a magnificent picture, accurate to the smallest detail. Incidentally, I have just had painted a picture of my M.45 and can thoroughly recommend the artist. Photographs in my opinion bear no comparison with a good painting.

In sending this letter I would like to thank again Richard Hare and the Club who so kindly gave me this present.

PETER DENSHAM,  
Catherine de Barnes,  
Solihull.

### More on b.h.p.

Dear Sir—Regarding my letter in the Spring issue concerning power output of the 4½-litre I think I should cheer people up by saying the engine of my M.45R produced 119 b.h.p. and not 109 as quoted. The error was bad writing on my part and nothing to do with the car!

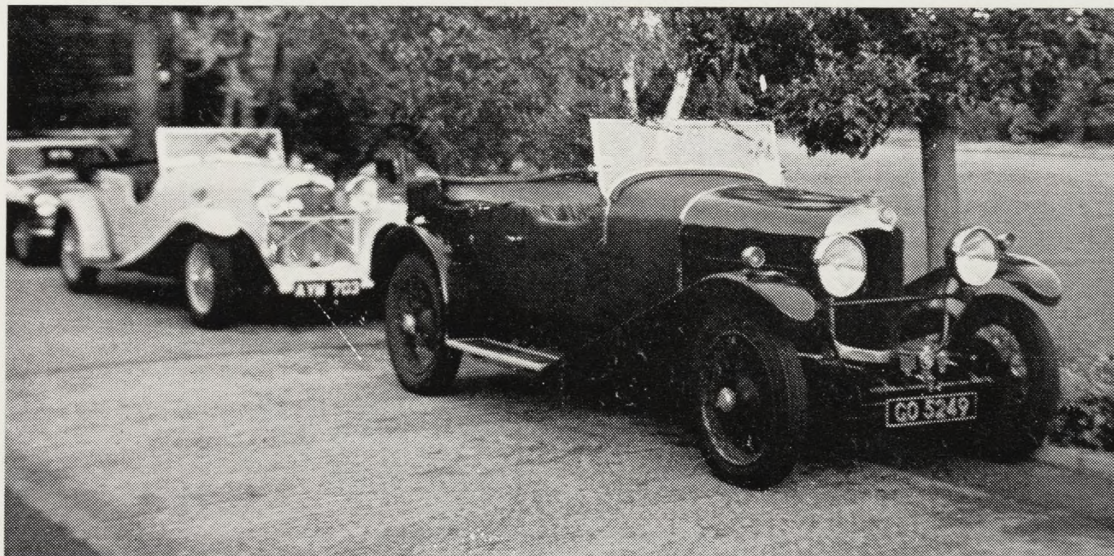
It is also of interest that the LG.45R that was prepared for the 1937 T.T. (run at Donnington Park that year) produced 145 b.h.p. when on test with a straight through exhaust pipe and a bit less with the Brooklands silencer on. A wheel came off the car during the race but I doubt if the power output had anything to do with this!

All power to the tuners of all Lagondas for the current season.

MIKE WILBY,  
London, N.W.3.

### What do the engineers say?

Dear Sir—Many of our members are, professionally or otherwise, engineers. I am not an engineer. Yet as I see it, my Sanction I engine consumes petrol to overcome the forces of friction, gravity, inertia, wind resistance, etc., etc., to provide me with a certain amount of enjoyable propulsion. This it usually does for a return of sixteen miles per gallon. After towing my car (*hors de combat*) and myself some 180 miles from Silverstone back to base, my good friend-in-need John Spencer again ably navigated by Ian North assured me that his own car had used very little, if any, extra petrol. Now my car had the same forces of gravity, inertia and wind resistance, etc., etc., to overcome, and on top of this similar forces were acting on the towing car. So—big question—why is it



*A Silver Crossley  
and 16/80. See  
article by Dick  
Sage on p. 23.*



infinitely more economical to have a modern saloon towing the Lagonda everywhere, than it is for the 4½ to move itself along? John accounted for it by saying he drove back more slowly than he came out. I accounted for it by deeming his explanation to be a prevarication based upon his natural generosity, and sympathy in his estimation of the expenditure which lay ahead. If the difference was due to lack of movement within my engine and less friction in the gearbox then what about modern lubricants and their ads? Please, what do the engineers say?

ROY PATERSON,  
Hull,  
East Riding.

### Famous Lagondas

Dear Sir—It being far too wintry to be working underneath my Lagonda, I have just spent the odd hour or two at the typewriter in support of the Magazine, and am pleased to offer the result. I hope it is in time.

Further to the *Car Numbers* book review I pass on to you a thought. Is there scope for an article on Lagondas and the famous? A few have been known in the entertainment world and I've been told that Peter Cavanagh 'The Voice of Them All' and also Ted Kavanagh of ITMA fame have had Lagondas. Then there is Mike Scott pictured in the *Car Numbers* book and lamented Kay Kendall (I shall never forget her performance in Genevieve) on the cover of your Magazine No. 59. Author Leslie Charteris had a 4½ tourer, I'm told, and I've heard that a contemporary author, but no name was given, has a Lagonda. Also the late Dennis Brain, classical musician and brilliant horn-player, had a V.12 at one time. I think these are the only celebrities of whom I know, but there must surely be many many others. Perhaps if you asked in an editorial for further information you would have a number of interesting replies. Or what about Harry Gostling and his contacts with the ex-workers of Staines. Surely they will know of a few 'characters'. Or has anyone ever built a hearse on a Lagonda chassis? I am reminded of lines in Christopher Isherwood's 'Ascent of F6' that go "... And drive him to the grave, At ninety miles per hour."

Or if you wish to pursue the reprints from other magazine series, may I admit to being the "K. Vatersohn" who submitted a report to the V.S.C.C. Bulletin regarding last year's Measham. The cars referred to in detail were both Lagondas,

though I don't know how many readers twigged it; the one was the Lagonda when it was doing the right things and the other the converse.

All power to your elbow Mr. Editor. I feel sure all members are pleased when a fresh number makes its appearance.

ROY PATERSON,  
Hull.

### Lagondas to Le Mans?

Dear Sir—Has the Club or would the Club consider a Lagonda Rally (Frazer Nash style) to Le Mans in 1975 to celebrate our victory in 1935.

Which will give time for the restorers to restore, the organisers to organise, and give members abroad a chance to join in a Rally to beat all Rallies.

A. D. HEARD,  
Ilford, Essex.

### Old Member Rejoins

Dear Sir—I have rejoined the Club after 18 years' absence and see that Rapiers are well represented. The Reg. No. of mine at the time was CGH 617 bearing the 'Lagonda' radiator badge. The body was a 2 seater with passenger door only, no running boards and a very smart tail end rather like a T.D. M.G. of later years. The makers name appeared on a plate being made in Thames Ditton by I think A. J. Newnes although the name Eagle also seems familiar to me. In 1951 of course this was a perfectly good everyday and sporting, even courting car for a student of 22 and I myself did about 60,000 miles with it including several rallies of 2 or 300 miles length and many Driving Tests, winning the Northern Rally 1952 and possibly 1953 but I'm not sure as I have no trophy for that year. Possibly they didn't give one for that year.

Competition in other non-Lagonda events seemed to be T.C. M.G.'s, Singer Le Mans, H.R.G.'s and all seemed to drive them hard rather than polish them. I mention this car with the hope that it is still in good hands and in good order.

On rejoining the Club I notice that names have disappeared from the lists yet many remain on the Committee list. Also that as one grows older members look younger. My impressions of arriving at Bonting for the Northern Rally 1952 was one of fear as hefty tweed clad men hurled very heavy machinery about and I really felt that I was cheating by having a smaller machine. Names such as Tortoise Taylor (reappeared I believe), Hibbert, Saunders, Vessey, Coates all awesome competitors. Such gentlemen, as these



one would expect to be associated with Vintage machinery but what a contrast when I attended the Northern Dinner recently. In general one would have expected the members present on appearance to be associated with Lotus Europa's, Porches, etc. and how refreshing it was to find that they were even more enthusiastic than I imagine the general member was twenty years ago and handicapped by the fact that all the cars are now another 20 years older. I mention no names but found them without exception most hospitable and more eager to welcome a new member than used to be the case. I hope that I shall be able to attend many more of their functions and perhaps the skill of a namesake might rub off in time.

D. MICHAEL BROWN,  
Liversedge,  
Yorkshire.

#### **Letter to Bob Crane, our U.S. representative**

Dear Bob—As Mary-Fran has told you we will be unable to come to the Lagonda meet this year because we have our grandsons on our hands and no one with whom to leave them.

Because of various unexpected delays I shall not have the Lagonda quite finished by the time cold weather sets in. Fortunately, I have found the horn brackets which were hidden in a box of junk that I got from Bridges, the former owner.

Finally, I have solved the problem of paint color. Seemingly two-tone paint will not work on this or other cars which have bulky fenders and sidemounts. I am very partial to the Antique Ivory (1969 Imperial) that I have applied, but would be satisfied with a cream light tan or light gray such as I tried tentatively provided that the fenders were the same color. A dark red would be beautiful, but introduces a serious problem of color matching in case repairs should be necessary. Mixed reds are almost impossible to match, but mixing colors as supplied by the manufacturer run true and are available in suitable shades. I have used the ivory throughout with trim of the same plus a few drops of green. When spring rolls around I will add hair line stripes of Valliant Red to match the wire wheels and undersides of the fenders. After much deliberation I decided to eliminate the wheel discs as, for me at least, they make the car look awkward. Mary-Fran likened the effect to that of an old man in gaiters.

Recently I believe that I have arrived at a solution for the corrosion of the aluminium water

fittings. I have coated exposed parts of the fittings with General Electric silicone cement which is the same as their bathtub sealer except that it is clear instead of white. This material was developed for use in attaching small pieces of equipment to the outside of moon rockets. It remains flexible indefinitely, withstands all ordinary chemicals and is not affected by heat up to the flash point. I applied the cement to the inside of the fittings and to the flange surfaces by the finger method and set the flanges on plastic sheet to obtain a smooth surface free of etching holes. The cement does not stick to plastic.

An item re. gas tank leaks may be of interest. Before I got the car Bridges had had a sheet of iron soldered on over the leaky bottom of the tank, but this frequently developed leaks. To avoid this I attached the plate with sheet metal screws every four inches and then flowed on solder. This made a good permanent job. Please note that tanks containing gasoline and/or fumes may be soldered with absolute safety with a soldering iron provided that no flame or spark is near. Temperature does not reach the flash point. To prevent possible leaks in the ends of the tank I flowed a heavy coat of solder on the rolled seam in which water commonly collects.

Incidentally, you probably know that epoxy glue will permanently seal small gas tank leaks if applied to a clean dry surface.

I believe that I told you about my troubles with the water pump of the '31 Chrysler. The original pump shaft became sloppy so I made a new one out of stainless steel. This went to pot as I neared home after a trip to Pennsylvania as did a second shaft which I ran in on the lathe where I could watch it. Upon inquiry I learned that some stainless will not work with some bronze. Currently I am awaiting word from a metallurgist friend as to what type of bushing will work with a monel metal shaft. When I get the answer I will forward the info to you in the hope that it will save trouble for other old car owners. Two friends of mine have had the same trouble as I have, hence the difficulty must be common. So much for shop talk.

I hope that you and Mrs. Crane will see your way clear to visit us in the not too distant future. Also I hope to be able to take the Lag over to England some summer when we get some of our estate problems ironed out.

ART COZZENS.  
U.S.A.



## 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 In conjunction with V.S.C.C.		
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, Rusper, 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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