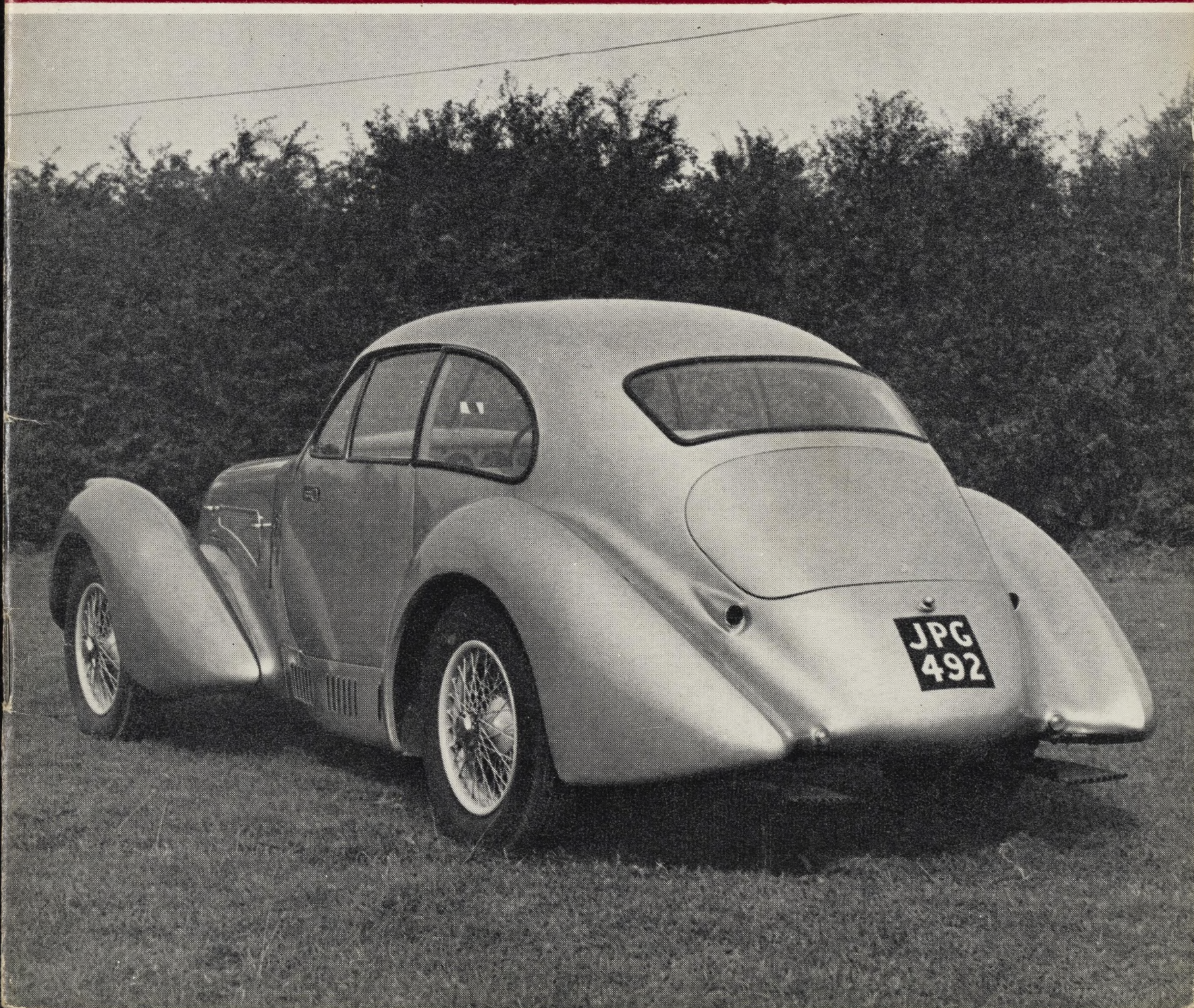




THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 78 Winter 1972



The 1972 AGM—Syon Park



The Organisers organising—foreground Gordon Preece, John Batt and Arnold Davey.



Vic Whitby, Gordon Withers and Doc Young pray and contemplate.

Photos: Phil Ridout

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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 78

Winter 1972

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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CONTENTS

Notes, News and Announcements	2
Books Received	2
DNA 709 and the Lagonda Syndicate ..	3
7 Österreichische Internationale	
Motorveteranen-Rallye	6
Northern Cars and Faces	9
JPG 492—Restoration Complete	10
A Streamlined Lagonda	13
Competition Notes	14
The Team Cars Return	16
Report from West London	20
Northern Reflections 1971-72	21
Lagondas at Thruxton	22
“Let’s get the D.B.’s Rollin’ ”—Lap 3 ..	24
M. Hulot’s Rally	25
Hull and East Riding Members’ Notes ..	28
Letters to the Editor	28

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

FRONT COVER: Brian Morgan’s completed restoration of the streamlined V.12 Lagonda.
Photo: Purcell and Betts, Birmingham.

NOTES, NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

DARREL BERTHON. It is with great sadness that we record Darrel Berthon's death on 28th November 1972. A friend of the Lagonda Club for many years Darrel made many friends himself with his quiet enthusiasm and deep knowledge of the motor car. He will be greatly missed. Our sympathy goes to his family and the B.D.C. in their loss.

* * * *

Welcome to our new Competition Secretary JOHN BATT whose face is well known at the Lagonda competition events up and down the country and is one half of the Woodbatt Special team. John will be enthusing you all to take part in or support some or all of the splendid array of events he will be organizing for you this coming season. Do your bit and give him all the help you can, please.

* * * *

Also a change of face in the Treasurer's position. BARBARA WITTRIDGE takes over from GEOFF MOORE who retires after a long stint with the finances. Barbara will be chasing all those members who have forgotten to pay their subs. Have you paid yours? Geoff remains on the Committee in order to set up a register of possible sources of spares. In addition Geoff will liaise between members interested in short production runs.

* * * *

TONY WOOD also joins the Committee to take over from PETER DENSHAM as Midland Secretary. If you live in the area and would be interested to hear of any pub meets being organized in the Midlands get in touch with Tony straight away. Finally, hallo to ROBBIE HEWITT who comes onto the Committee specifically to help organize social side of the Club's calendar. Robbie has contributed an interesting report and photo-

graphs in this issue on the memorial run to Le Mans of her Le Mans M.45 together with David Johnson's Le Mans winner.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A new series of "Profiles" has started publication under the editorial guidance of Anthony Harding.

The format, while superficially different from the popular earlier series, still allows for a great deal of information, photographs and tabular matter to be compactly rendered in 24 pages.

The first in the new series describes the 246 SP-330 P4 Ferraris and is written by that authority of the marque Paul Frere. The full colour illustrations are by Martin Lee and there are many excellent photographs of these Ferraris which were produced during the period 1961-67.

Further titles due to be published include such diverse cars as the Porsche 917, 4½-litre Bentley and the Matra MS 80. Well worthwhile collecting at 50p each.

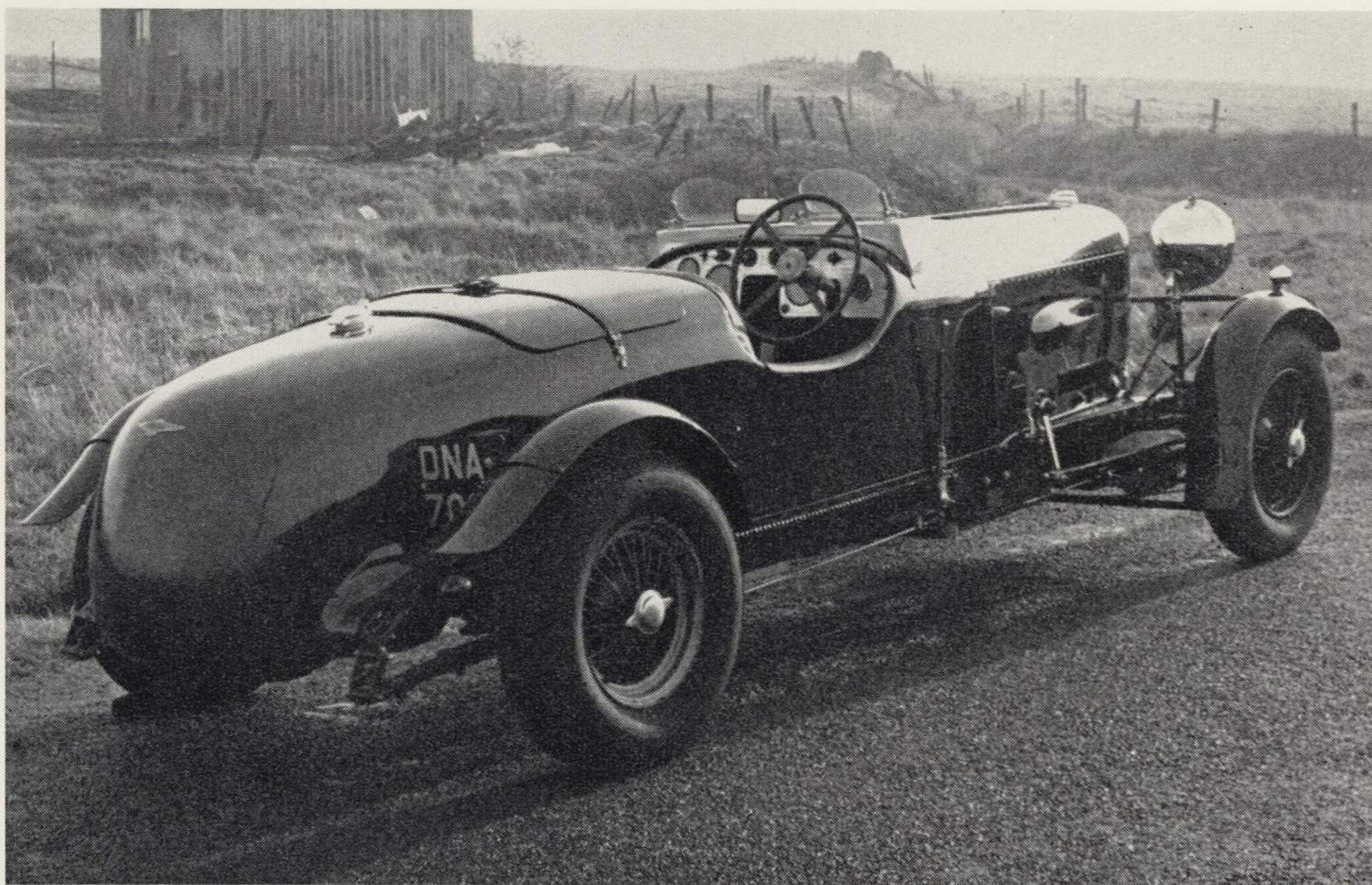
The publishers are Profile Publications Ltd., Coburg House, Sheet Street, Windsor, Berks.

A motorist's diary is always useful and one published by T. J. and J. Smith Ltd., of Deer Park Road, London SW19 is no exception. Entitled *Modern Motoring* 1973 it is edited by Brian Locke who is a member of the Institute of Advanced Motorists. It is packed with information covering all aspects of motoring yet is still of a size to fit handily in one's pocket or glove box in a car.

A.W.M



The new frontal design of the DBS spotted by Iain May



This three-quarter view shows the new bodywork to advantage.

DNA 709 and the Lagonda Syndicate

DNA 709 IS THE LATEST OF A SERIES OF TWO SEAT 4½-litre Lagondas which have been built for racing by the various members of the Lagonda Syndicate in Oldham. Herb Schofield has written about the Syndicate in various issues of Northern Ramblings, and the individual cars have been mentioned in the magazine as they made their debuts. The first Schofield-Hine effort was CBU 2C, a standard LG.45 saloon modified and rebodied as what was generously termed at the time, a Le Mans Winner Replica. This car was highly successful in competition, which is especially surprising bearing in mind the less than absolute engineering methods employed, though anybody who has tried to remove one of CBU 2C's B.S.F. screw-Whitworth nut locking devices will doubt their effectiveness.

The well known V.12 Le Mans Replica was built to much more exacting standards and has also been a successful competition car, as well as causing a stir with its exotic and beautifully finished body—contrasting sharply with that of its owner, David Hine, who incidentally has rebuilt the engine this winter. The construction of this car has been described in previous issues of the magazine.

In an attempt to find more performance, Herb Schofield and Alan Brown, famed Club Stripper, built a very much modified LG.45 racer with preselector box, shortened chassis and an attractive lightweight body. Alan now owns this car and is modifying still further. Perhaps next season we may see the car on the circuits, showing both speed and reliability—so far minor ailments only having prevented its obvious potential from showing. Last year Herb completely revamped the trusty CBU 2C, which now boasts respectable mechanical arrangements, a Le Mans winner body which at last really looks like the Le Mans cars and its original number BGB 988. This car now seems sorted and should give some good

racing in the coming season. Having made rude remarks about all these cars—I am trying to avoid calling them “Specials” since all are 100% 4½-litre Lagondas—while they were being built and driven, I had a problem in trying to avoid reciprocal abuse during the production of my own car, an LG.45 Sanction 1 (24th off) which, in the absence of a body, had to conform to the racing two-seater layout to remain remotely an economical proposition. When I bought the car the rotten saloon body had been removed and the chassis stripped, which was a big advantage in starting to renovate. I decided to retain standard chassis length and to ensure suitability for road use, at the expense of being slower than Alan Brown’s preselector car. I swapped the G.9 gear box bits with Alan for a G.10, so he had the correct box for his Rapide replica and I had a more suitable box for racing. All the usual work involved in a rebuild (what a loose term that has become) was done to as high a standard as I could bring myself to achieve consistent with an impatience to see the car on the road, and the lessons learnt during the building and running of the various cars in the Syndicate—now up to fifteen 4½-litres and the Brown 2-litre—were squabbled about over numerous pints and the result of each point incorporated into the car as it progressed. An M.45 headlamp bracket assembly was fitted because it seemed to suit the appearance of cycle wings. The handbrake was brought outside the body (it turned out to be useless inside the narrow cockpit) and Rapide type exhaust manifolds and outside pipes were fitted, as much because they look nice as that they are performance goodies.

The body was panelled in aluminium by Bob Moore, the Syndicate resident panel-beater, and I am very pleased with its finish. The building of the body frame was a job I did myself. I tried to imitate the traditional body building style, but after trying to do a Chippendale on some sturdy chunks of ash, I soon realised that there is more to this method of joinery than meets the eye. I decided to build the frame like a balsa wood model aircraft (and about as strong too I hear them say, but read on) with formers and stringers. The body is only about 6 in. wider than the chassis at the cockpit, and fairly thick, shaped hardwood planks were bolted to the top of the chassis and followed the body line in plan. Starting from the scuttle (full height M.45 cast bulkhead, invaluable for a D-I-Y- job) I made formers of $\frac{3}{4}$ in marine

ply. These needed careful drawing out and making on a bandsaw off the job as our garage doesn’t yet boast one. To fasten the formers to the chassis I thought a wood joint at 90 degrees altogether too dodgy a procedure and jointed them with steel angle plates and brass bolts, with big washers to avoid crushing the timber. The resultant series of hoops was then joined together by rebating slots with a coping saw and using screws to secure the long springy stringers along the length of the car. The rearmost former was a full oval, bolted to the rear chassis member. Gussets were glued in at potentially weak points and the awkward lumps sanded off with an electric grinder. When described it sounds appalling but it didn’t take very long and made a very strong light frame.

The panelwork included louvred fairings along the chassis sides to avoid the awkward overhang of the chassis which would otherwise show since no running boards are fitted.

The original bonnet was no use at all for this car, so a new one was made and liberally louvred (again no reason but personal fad and vague ideas about extra cooling). The Lagonda bonnet hinges are not easily adapted to a light bonnet, so chromed piano hinges were fastened on with many dome-headed chrome screws, which I like to think look rather like the Invicta rivets and seem to suit the car. All the internal trimming was done in plywood of various thicknesses, and the cockpit floor and toe-boards covered with ridged aluminium. The rear compartment is also ply trimmed and just holds the spare wheel between the fuel tank, which is a modern replacement mounted over the rear axle, and the ply bulkhead behind the seat. The seat itself is made from tubular framed aluminium trimmed in foam with pleated green leather covering. The instrument panel is a problem on cars with G.10 gear boxes because of the long awkward lever, and the aluminium dash had to be heavily recessed to allow me to change gear without mangling my knuckles. I have made the dash removable so the wiring is accessible. Since I did the wiring myself without much clue as to what I was doing, but with Alan Brown’s advice, I feel that quick access may well prove an advantage. In what is becoming Syndicate practice, the dash was “engine turned” which looks quite racy. The instruments were overhauled by Smith’s Industries (motor accessories div. service department) and an excellent job was done on them. The service is slow, but the prices seemed more reasonable than

the various private restorers.

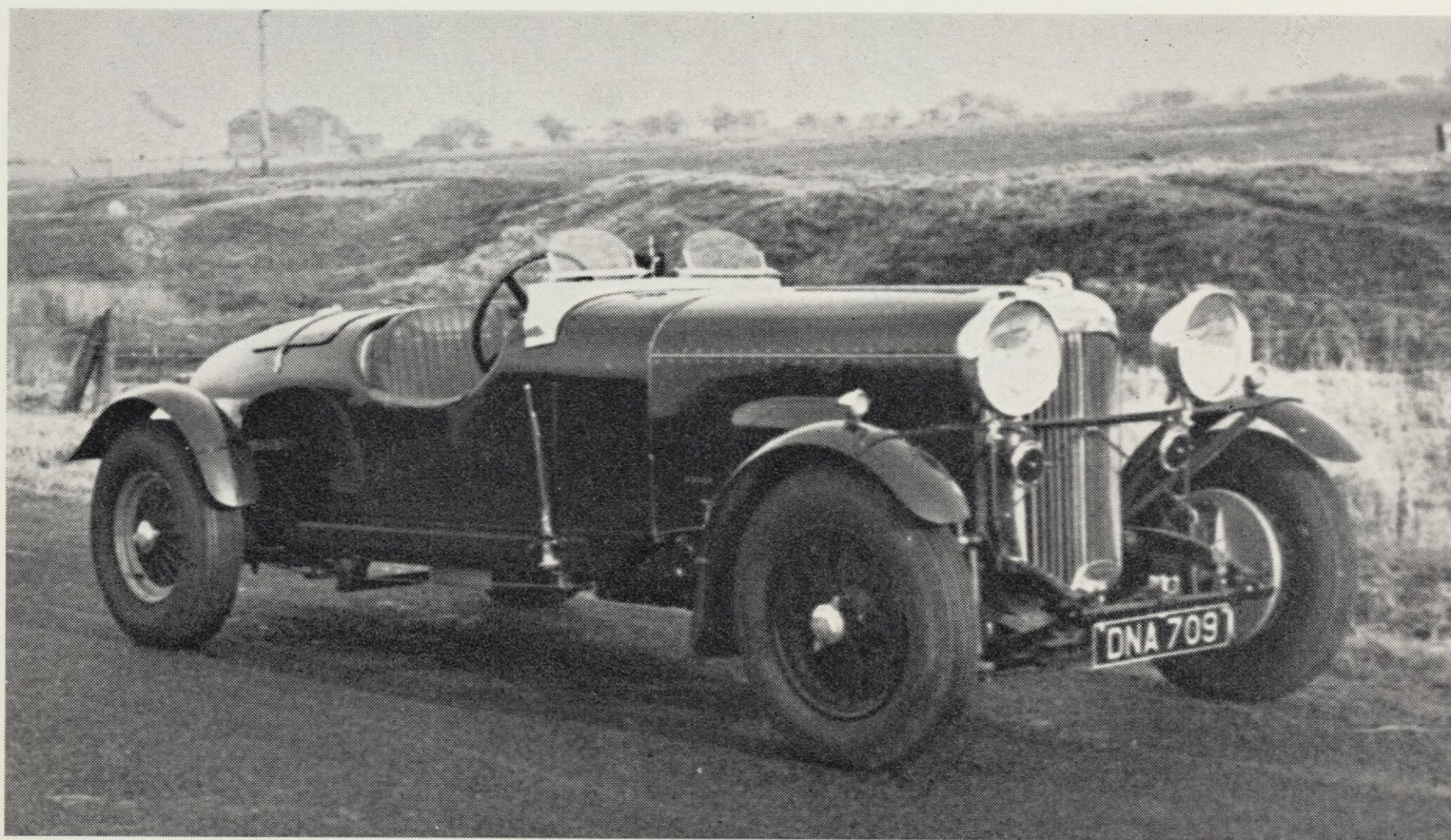
The car has interesting traces of being an early LG.45. The rear axle has an M.45 ratio, and the brakes, though standard LG.45 Girling system, do not have the flexible connections to the axles like the later cars. This does not seem to be a fault, at least with the present light body. The engine is standard Sanction 1 and was stripped down and reassembled with a top and bottom end overhaul. Larger carburettors were fitted and since the Sanction 1 manifold is detachable it was possible to enlarge the inlets and shape the manifold to the larger carburettors. These have horizontal butterfly spindles which allows a neat and simple throttle linkage.

A highly recommended mod. to the steering is to fit an oil seal to the drop arm shaft where it protrudes from the steering box body. The box had to be bored out whilst stripped down and I fitted an oil seal $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. \times $1\frac{5}{8}$ in. \times $\frac{3}{8}$ in. which appears to have completely solved the problem of oil leakage from the steering box.

The car is cellulosed Connaught Green with a black chassis. The chassis was painted in ordinary Dulux so that I can repaint parts that become chipped. To remove the timing cover with the engine in place, for instance, the cross-member behind the radiator has to be moved

forward and this plays havoc with a fancy paint finish. I found that a very good finish can be obtained on the chassis with careful preparation and non-drip paint. Several parts have been stove enamelled and the bulkhead was coated with black epoxy powder which has made a very tough finish, resisting the rough treatment the bulkhead received whilst building the body and fitting all the accessories to it. Loyne Ltd. of Ashton-under-Lyne are recommended for shot blasting and special coatings of this kind.

In the snags and problems department I had more than my fair share due to my ability to create problems other people avoid by foresight, patience, skill and other irritating qualities. The most avoidable disaster occurred shortly after starting up the engine for the first time, always a tense occasion. When the engine was revved up a loud thud cut it short with great finality. As the assembled Syndicate stared at the engine in an embarrassed silence, a pool of oil appeared under the timing cover, which turned out to have a newly formed access hole. I hastily stripped down the whole issue and found that havoc had been wreaked inside the timing cover by a 5/16 in. UNF set screw caught in the cam shaft drive chain. Its unknown and very foreign origin still remains a mystery. Considerable repair and



The rear wheels are temporary wide profiles for racing.

Photos: N. Hall

reassembly work was required to remedy the damage caused by this screw, which must have found its way into the casing during the reassembly of this part of the engine. The greater damage is in fact done to one's morale at this late stage of a restoration.

Other problems have appeared more gradually. The springs were lowered, the rear springs evidently too much so, as they have settled so much as to go over centre and this will have to be put right. On the Sanction 1 engine the Vertex magneto is further back than on the later engines, as it is driven off the rear of the dynamo. The Rapide exhaust manifolds foul the distributor cap so I have had to replace the assembly with a coil and distributor, which is a pity.

On the credit side, the weight is down to 25cwt despite no great effort having been made to reduce weight, and the car behaved well on its first major outing. This was to Bentley Drivers meeting at Silverstone in August, where the car gently circulated at low revs., largely to support our ranks in the Lagonda race—which had to be Bentley augmented in the event which is a pity considering the numbers of suitable Lagondas about.

The car will be improved in the necessary departments during what is left of the winter and hopefully will join a strong team fielded by the Lagonda Syndicate in 1973. The assistance provided during the reconstruction of DNA 709 by the Syndicate has been absolutely invaluable and any failure on my part to beat their respective cars in 1973 race meetings may be put down to a tactful acknowledgement of their help. Should I overtake them, of course, it will be due to driving skill and careful car preparation! It has taken just under two years to finish the car, during which time the members of our group have come together—David Hine, Alan Brown, Herb Schofield, John Davenport, Alistair Barker and myself—and have established our emporium and various facilities. The biggest advantage has been working in company (no matter how uncouth at times) which kept up my enthusiasm and provided some good laughs and spare parts in roughly equal proportions.

NIGEL HALL (H.39)

[More power to your elbow! Ed.]

7 Österreichische Internationale Motorveteranen-Rallye

AT REGENSBURG FIVE HOURS OF AUTOBAHN MERCIFULLY finished. We were in dire need of sustenance. A shiny plastic sign covered with model beds, knives and forks, and a name, looked promising. We nosed the Crossley into the village, to be hailed by a friendly native.

"You vant de (name of pub)—OK 200 meter vor de church—very good essen, ya—you go—ya?"

We went, ya, we had no choice! We gulped fizzy German beer supported by a mountain of potatoes, boiled tongue and cabbage.

"Oleteemeer", said another friendly native at the table opposite. We smiled vaguely, and I wished I had my phrase book.

"Ya, oleteemer", he said again indicating the Crossley, by now surrounded by be-leathered old timers. The tongue was beautiful.

After irrelevant remarks about whether I wanted to marry his daughter, or something on those lines I think, we departed, and continued on our way to Austria, and the 7th Internationale

Motorveteranen-Rallye from GRAZ to MARI-BOR in Yugoslavia and back.

It was a golden afternoon, and the heat of the day was over as we motored peacefully towards PASSAU and the Austrian border. The road follows the Danube, which almost imperceptibly sinks into an ever-deepening gorge amongst steep, forest-covered hills. The best route is a yellow road running along the north bank. It is free of traffic, except for the inevitable single cylinder tractor thump-thumping its ponderous way, and meanders and undulates in a vintage sort of way following the river bank.

PASSAU and the border negotiated, the next large town was LINZ—conveniently but regretably by-passed by motorway, to which by this time we had returned. Dusk crept up on us as we stopped at the first Gasthof—closed, the second—full, the third—full, and finally the fourth commanded by an awesomely capable-looking Frau, who gave us rooms. This was ST. FLORIAN, a small town, dominated by the huge Baroque monastery of the Augustinian Canons, built over the period 1686-1750. Bruckner is buried here, and the bank changes Deutschmarks for Schil-

lings. The natives appeared alarmed by the Crossley.

There are two ways of reaching GRAZ from here—along the autobahn to VIENNA and thence westwards, or southwards across country (almost literally as it transpired). We chose the latter; it was a perfect day, the car was purring along and we had until 1800 hours to report in at GRAZ. But have you ever tried to motor on minor roads in a strange land with a map that shows capital cities, continents and little else? The only consolation was that wherever we were heading—it was quite beautiful. In MARIAZELL, which must have been on our route because we arrived there, we bought a better map. The fabulous Basilica of Magna Maier Austriae is here. Confident, we set off for KAPFENBERG, BRUCK and GRAZ. This map showed our route as red, and a good wide smooth road led us out of MARIAZELL—for a bit. Of course the road to BRUCK was a little leafy lane down which we plunged—into a queue of traffic; the council were digging up the road, unaware of the endless tail of cars either side of their beautiful hole.

We progressed.

Further along the new map showed three arrows on our route. Thinking nothing of it, our cart springs and hard, narrow tyres hit the first unmade bit—just a short, chassis-buckling bit. We were in a valley; there was no visible exit. I couldn't get into top gear—car felt as lively as a water logged rowing boat—must be climbing. Then it came. Better fill up the radiator just in case. A local sage stopped to watch—pointed the way we were going, pointed at the car and shook his head—knowingly. Then the road stopped and we lurched gear grindingly across a sort of level, water logged scree slope, traversed by huge machines commanded by stone faced automatons with no other thought than to move all that mountain before the next beer-break. I couldn't get out of second gear—what a grind. The track became steeper and steeper and steeper. Revs dropped depressingly—felt as though we were towing a battle ship; into bottom gear. The final section was 1 in 3 in places. We arrived at the top, drove into the car park, boiled revoltingly all over everything, had a coffee for the price of a banquet, put a gallon of water into the radiator and drove on to Kapfenberg relieved (in all senses).

At BRUCK this beautiful route meets the river MUR, and continues with diminishing beauty to GRAZ.

GRAZ is the capital of the province of STYRIA, and is the second largest town in Austria (we didn't actually measure this, but the brochure said so). It is a city with a great past still very much in evidence in the pieces of architectural and historic interest awaiting the inquisitive traveller. After the usual map reading fiasco (foreign towns are always so difficult) we were led to the Rally H.Q. by a very helpful local enthusiast.

The next two hours were as chaotic as any happening always appears to be when all the instructions, both verbal and written—heaps of the latter, are in a foreign tongue, and everybody else struts around with an "I know exactly what I'm doing" expression on his face. I reversed the car carefully into a tiny space amongst an overhanging leafy bough. I drove away again to fill up with the free petrol for the rally. I parked again managing to avoid the other dozen cars who were trying to park, and all those helpful chaps who were directing everything.

"Achtung, achtung! . . . Coca-cola wagen bitter . . ."

Well, I could see that; and there standing behind it was The Voice. The Voice, or Megaphone as he became known, was a rotund, jolly little man with a loud hailer. He always had his Voice with him—for the rest of the rally—in fact he never spoke without it which was rather overpowering if you happened to be engaged in conversation with him.

Cars were "scrutineered". Our 680 miles drive seemed sufficient; we were passed.

Hotels had been pre-booked (but not paid for as we found out on our final morning). Cars were left in the secure compound of the Austrian AA, some in garages, and we were minibussed to our hotels in the town—which is full of jangling trams outside hotel bedrooms all night—to prepare for the evening festivities.

Dominating this fine city is the Schlossberg, which is a sort of castle mountain with a restaurant on top, where we assembled for "briefing" and dinner. There is a cable car to the top, and although it was by now dark, the view of the city was beautiful with its maze of twinkling lights.

At the start area we had been given mountains of brochures, leaflets, etc., and a nice little folder,

with route cards and space for the time sheet, and its own biro. We took this, and a map to the briefing hopeful that all our doubts would be cleared up. Drinks appeared. An authoritative figure appeared on the stage; introductions, welcome to the Deputy Mayor, more introductions and things for simply ages. Somebody else arose: it was English.

"Do not forget passports for the Yugoslav frontier . . ."

That was the translation of the last twenty-five minutes—which had been instructions!

Having soggy memories of underwater camping with the Sage family at Finmere this year—it was a joy to witness another fine day—we could forget about macs, hoods, gumboots and bits of plastic sheeting to strap over the magneto. We had an hour or so before the start, so this was a chance to meet the other entrants from England. Next to us were the Penningtons in their very nice 3/4½ Bentley making all the right noises (the car that is); then, starkly, was Bunty Scott-Moncrieff in what should have been his Silver Ghost, but in fact was his well known potent 30/98. Finally, and splendidly were the Seys in their 1914 T 64 Napier—a delightful, very tall landaulette, loyally appointed in its sumptuous interior. Naturally all of these had driven from England, and ourselves from Bielefeld in North Germany.

The rally was a two day trial of accurate time keeping and slow driving; our average speed was 40 k.p.h.—hardish going for most Club events in U.K. with real map reading. But we had easy roads, and so much time was spent in contemplation. Indeed, although we had route cards and a map most of the route was lined with enthusiastic and bewildered locals—to take a wrong turning was impossible without mowing down the natives. Bottles of wine were dished out with abandon by beautifully untouchable maidens in National costume; flowers were tossed into our path—and into my face on occasions—as we continued our triumphal way.

Maribor, the half way point, provided some surprise tests. After nudging our way through the assembled and quaintly inquisitive throng into the Stadium, each car 'paraded' in front of the packed stands. As we were called forward Bunty Scott-Moncrieff rushed up and tried gallantly to explain something, but we were beckoned. Then blackout. As we stopped, a fair Slavonic maiden thrust herself forward with arms

outstretched . . . and, gently, so gently tied a blindfold over my eyes. Was this to be an hour blind round the track? Thankfully my navigator was allowed to keep his sight. Two tests followed: for the first we drove forward to between two posts—we should have been equidistant from each; in the second we drove within 1 metre of another object—we did, exactly—roars of applause.

After another 1½ hours in the stadium, pestered by small boys getting their copies of the programme autographed, we drove through Maribor to the garages. It was early evening with a copper sky as we drove in solemn and traffic clogging procession through the town. It looked dreary, dark and uncared for. But the view westwards from the bridge over the river DRAV was beautiful—very Slavonic with hazy silhouettes of the town fading towards the mauve hills. We had the usual dinner that night in the best hotel in town. The average English pub now produces better meals, however. But the beer, wine, etc. was quite satisfactory. Later about 300 yards away at the other end of the room, folk dancers in folk costumes danced folk dances to folk music.

It had a strange atmosphere, Maribor. Many of the buildings were once very splendid, but on many of them the stucco or plaster had fallen away, or been removed leaving naked, unpointed brickwork. While dressing the following morning I watched two workmen doing a cement job on a manhole cover. They moved in slow motion—each movement was a measured exercise; put bag on ground—stand up—look around—think a bit; bend down and lift off manhole cover—catch finger—say something—stand up—look around—think a bit—start to effect repair to finger, etc., etc. They had the other cover off by the time I'd had breakfast (served by drab, expressionless wenches).

The coach arrived, and 60 of us got into the 38 seater and proceeded to the cars.

The return route was difficult but took us through some equally beautiful country—not dramatic—but very well kept, green and kind looking. Today, as yesterday, we had special sections in which we had to maintain an exact average speed. The British entrants did not seem to understand. Having been stuck at the level crossing, I discovered on seeing the radar device at the end of the test, that I had used that piece of road to catch up, averaging nearer 90 k.p.h.



Northern Cars and Faces

No. 1 of a new series

This informal yet meticulously posed group taken at the Bentley/Lagonda Silverstone meeting last August shows left to right: David Hine, Alastair Barker, Nigel Hall, Herb Schofield, Alan (look no trousers) Brown, and John Davenport. These worthies together form the "Lagonda Syndicate" which, before any of you rush to the wrong conclusions, is not a protection racket, but a mutually self-helping group that is doing sterling work in the North by producing fine new sporting Lagondas from the most unlikely and decrepit saloons, etc. Nigel Hall's article in this issue describes the group in action.

instead of the regulation 40! But we 'did' all the points in a pretty accurate time, so we thought.

The rally ended with a late lunch at the Puch Works, amongst various products of the factory from mini bikes to the famous Hafflinger. Talking of Puch, there were many Steyrs entered as might be expected, together with Austro-Daimler, Gregoire, Chenard et Walcker, Adler, Horch, Austro-Fiat, Packard, Opel, Ford and a very nice type 35 Bugatti. The ex Panelcraft Phantom I, German owned, was there too.

The finale to the rally was beautiful—being a sort of reception with buffet in the Eggenburg Palace just outside GRAZ. This is a magnificent Baroque schloss set in enormous grounds at the end of a long avenue through a huge wrought iron gateway. The Palace is used for state occasions, such as the visit of our Queen recently, and is well preserved, the interior being intensely baroque with vast state rooms, wall and ceiling paintings in stucco encrusted profusion, and crystal chandeliers darkly lighting the whole room with candles (there is no electricity in the palace—hence the cold buffet!). Beer and wine flowed—pleasantly moistening the delicate and delicious selection of cold meats and cheeses, and clashing sickeningly with the sumptuously irresistible and oh, so Austrian gateaux. We arose and gathered in the adjoining hall for the results; there was a large selection of cups, trophies and things—but nothing for us! The Penningtons collected an award—we don't really know what for—and Bunty Scott-Moncrieff was the popular recipient of the award for the oldest competitor, much to his chagrin. In addition, each competitor received a plaque (what on earth does one do with them?) and a medallion which I now wear prominently all the time . . .

Then it was all over.

But it wasn't really, because a trip around GRAZ had been arranged for all the following day (Sunday) in a vintage tram, to be followed by a farewell brunch. However on Bunty S-M's suggestion a few of us decided to visit the famous arsenal of GRAZ instead. Visitors to BRAZ *MUST* visit this place. It contains about 29,000 arms of various kinds (actually we didn't count them, but somebody has) including 3,300 suits of armour. It has remained as a monument, untouched since 1749. The arsenal was set up at the end of the 15th century, together with a more

permanent defence of the frontiers in an effort to avert the war-like roving of Sultan Soliman and the Turks. Many, indeed most of the weapons were perfect, some showed signs of wear—shields had ominous dents in them. It gave one claustrophobia just to look at the suits of armour. How small they all were in those days.

Brunched, we departed by taxis to the car.

How beautiful this part of Austria is; we had a golden afternoon for our trip up the MUR valley, BRUCK, and thence to Bad Aussee and Bad Ischl to Mondsee where we spent the night in an empty Gasthof by the side of the lake. The complete serenity is slightly marred by the muffled roar from the Vienna-Salzburg autobahn, the sound trapped by the surrounding mountains. The end of our journey was in effect putting the Crossley onto the car-train at Munich for Hannover; that was the night before the Olympic Games massacre.

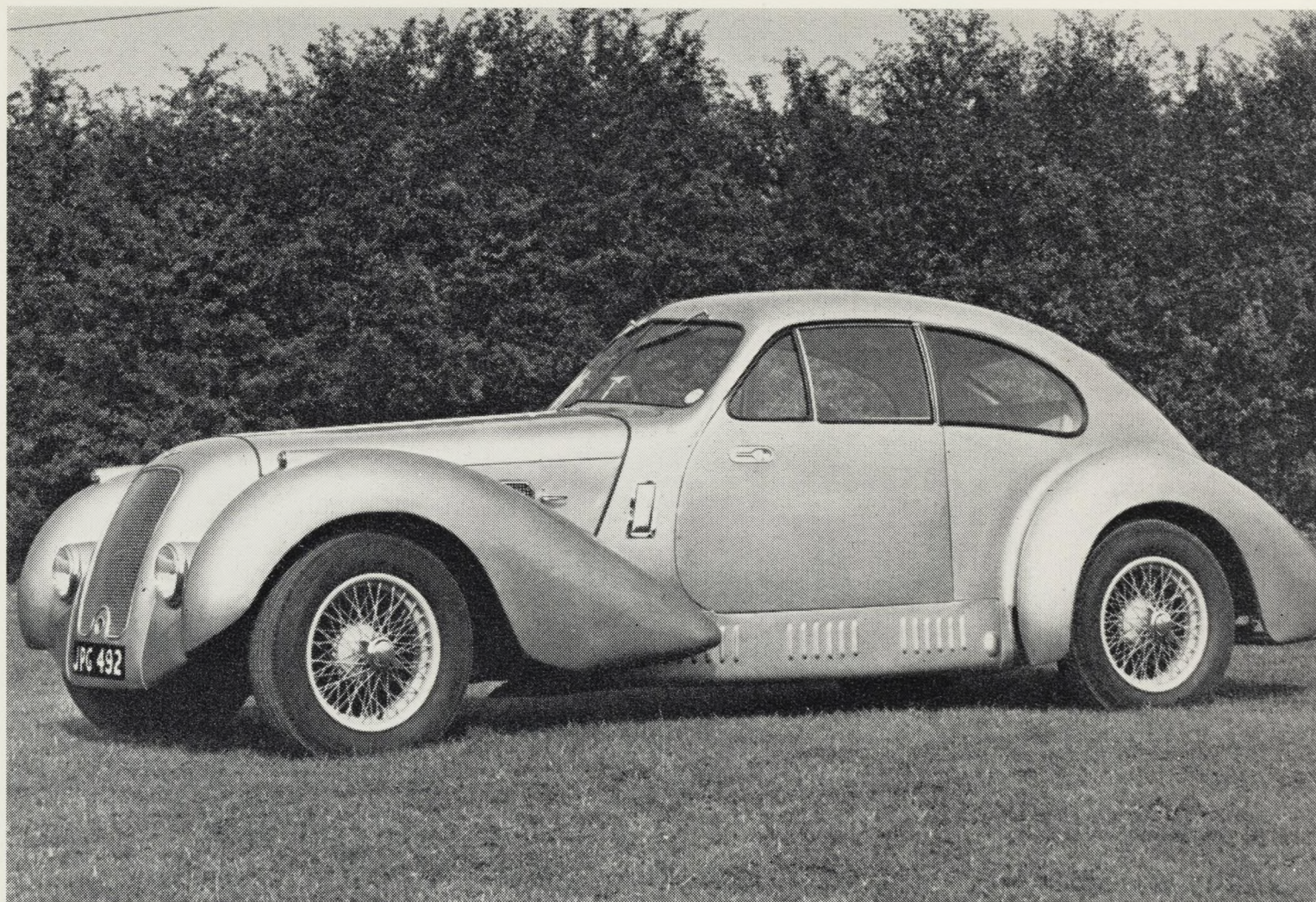
CAPT. S. C. E. WELD (R.E.)

JPG 492—Restoration Complete

JUST OVER A YEAR AGO I OPTIMISTICALLY REPORTED that the chassis restoration of my V.12—JPG 492 was complete, that the road test had proved everything to be in good order and that the only remaining job was to take the chassis to Wilkinson's of Derby who would mount the restored body and I would then have a complete car in which to enjoy myself. How wrong I was. On the drive home from Wilkinsons I was caught in a radar speed trap and consequently got my first endorsement since the war and then, being somewhat furious with myself at being so careless as to get caught, I backed the car into a tree which put a beautiful semi-circular dent into the unprotected tail. Later on Wilkinson knocked the dent out and no one would now know that it had happened but I must admit to feeling so fed up that I put the car away and refused to look at it for a week.

Having recovered my equanimity I made out a list of jobs which I was determined to do before using the car again.

So many years had passed since I bought the car that I had forgotten just how much of a partly developed prototype it was, particularly in respect of the body. I had told Wilkinsons to



Demonstration of the art of bodybuilding.

restore the coachwork exactly as it stood except to replace the perspex side windows with glass. This they had faithfully done and on the journey home it immediately became apparent that I would have to go on from where Lagonda Motors left off in 1939 and put in at least a few refinements if ever I was to enjoy using the car. For instance, the window winding handle came exactly where my elbow wanted to be and moving this to a more suitable place meant building a chain drive inside the door. This was repeated on the passenger's side for the sake of symmetry. The long pear shaped mudguards, beautifully made externally were completely devoid of liners so that the pointed end would obviously slowly fill with mud until about another 2 cwt. had been added to the weight of the car. Liners were made. The sides of the engine below the mudguard line, which is about level with the top of the cylinder block, were left open so that on full lock mud was poured onto the engine. I made splash guards to prevent this. The tiny boot in the tail had the spare wheel thrown in loose; one can

imagine what would happen on a wet day if a wheel were changed and the dirty one was put in with the wife's best coat on top of it. A wheel anchorage was made, the tools arranged in clips around the spare wheel and a false floor put on top. This reduces the actual boot space to an absurdity but you can just about get two coats and a picnic into it.

Due to the very good aerodynamic shape of the car and to modern traffic conditions a screen washer was absolutely imperative. I managed to fit an electric pump behind the instrument panel and made a suitably P.V.T. looking reservoir to fit under the bonnet. The screen wipers were hopelessly slow and I replaced the Klaxon motor with a modified modern Lucas device which roughly doubled the speed.

At last, at last, I thought I was ready to start using my V.12. Again I was quite mistaken. By now the weather had changed from February snow when I collected the car to something a little warmer. Off I went on a final test run and the engine being now relatively free I pushed it

along at something over running-in speeds. Everything appeared fine, oil pressure 80, water temperature 70, engine very lively, solid pistons a little noisy but then it is supposed to be a G.T. car. Eighty came up on the speedometer with the greatest of ease even up quite steep hills and the exhaust note was quite acceptable despite no baffles. However, as soon as I got home and left the engine running with the car stationary the radiator boiled within about two minutes. This had never happened with the bare chassis even in relatively hot weather and so I naturally presumed that the radiator cowl or the bonnet were somehow obstructing the air flow from the fan. I removed the bonnet, no difference. I blanked off the spaces at the sides and top of the radiator in case the air was recirculating through it but to no avail. I removed the radiator and had it flow tested, quite O.K. I then decided that it was nothing to do with the radiator, which had a new matrix and should be above suspicion, and started looking at everything else on the engine, even to taking off the cylinder heads to see if one of them had developed some mysterious ailment of the gasket. All these jobs are about three times as difficult as on any vintage-type car due to the all enveloping coachwork and immovable radiator cowl. The water pump naturally was checked to see if the rotor had fallen off but it was still firmly in place. Ignition and valve timing were verified as being correct and finally I just put the whole lot together again. Naturally as I had found nothing to rectify, the performance was unchanged and at this point I was absolutely baffled.

One Saturday my son Paul prised himself away from his Rapier and called in Julian Ghosh who works at Jaguar and is currently building a Speed Six Bentley and the three of us worked flat-out for one complete day carrying out a series of experiments to see if we could track down the course of the boiling. We included blowing smoke into the front air intake to prove that the air was not recirculating through the radiator, removing the splash guards from the sides of the engine, playing with the ignition timing (incidentally we found that this could be advanced 15° beyond the makers recommendation before deterioration set in but we didn't leave it there, merely deciding to run on a lower grade fuel in future). We connected the radiator overflow pipe with a long rubber tube to emerge under water in a bottle inside the car and then drove up a steep hill at all throttle openings to test for gas leaks

in the cylinder head gaskets but not a bubble appeared. At 10 p.m.—exhausted and baffled we unanimously decided that, whatever the radiator repairer might say, his new matrix simply was not as good a heat exchanger as the original must have been, even though it looked identical.

The radiator was sent back to the repairer, who is also a famous radiator maker, and who compared the specification of his new matrix with that of the original and was quite adamant that the replacement was not only as good but in fact much better than the original.

While he was looking into this I rigged a 5 gallon drum with an open top in place of the radiator and ran the engine at tickover so that I could see with my own eyes that the pump was working. At 750 r.p.m. which is about as slow as the engine can be made to run the flow was equal out of each block but was not very impressive; at 1,500 r.p.m. it was like two fire hoses. I once again took the front off the pump and very carefully measured the clearance between this and the rotor which proved to be about .045". When I had made the new front cover I had not been very careful to get this clearance to an absolute minimum thinking that as most pumps seem to go on working quite well when suffering from very deep corrosion of the casing it was not of vital importance. So I made another cover plate taking the clearance down to .005" and once again tested at 750 r.p.m. The flow was certainly improved and so back went the radiator which boiled just as furiously as ever.

Being now bereft of any new ideas as to the cause of my trouble I decided to have another new matrix put into the radiator with a deeper back-to-front measurement than the original. Northampton Autorads very speedily did this for me and while the radiator was away I fitted an M.G.B. oil cooler into the space between the radiator and its cowl. This is invisible from the outside and I had noticed the oil temperature was up to 90°C and still rising after about 20 miles at 70-80 m.p.h. on the motorway. The new radiator was fitted and certainly, although the running temperature remained the same, it now took longer to boil when the car was stationary. All my experiments were done while the ambient temperature was around the 20°C mark and I was careful to disregard any apparent improvement during cooler periods. Although I had not quite got rid of my troubles I was now so fed up

with playing around and being glued to the workshop instead of enjoying the Summer that I decided to put a large tin of water in the boot and to hell with the boiling in traffic and let's get some motoring. This turned out to be the decision I should have taken in the first place. I had several times wondered if the excess of heat was due to internal friction but rejected the idea because I had assembled the engine, as I always do, in a very free state and turning it with the handle with plugs removed seemed to indicate absolute freedom of movement. It was John Rowley who suggested that I could easily prove the point by tipping some Moly-Slip into the oil and if this reduced the temperature then certainly further running would also have the same effect. I did this and my troubles were over. I suppose that with 12 of everything instead of the usual 4 or 6 the total friction is bound to be much higher and my hope now is that a further 1,000 miles should put everything right without having to use an additive.

So we are at last truly on the road. As I write this it is now September and most of the motoring frolics for the year are behind us but I intend to use the V.12 as an every day car whenever possible and I hope that when next year comes around I can bring it to at least a few of the Club meetings when I am not acting as unpaid tower and push starter to the Rapier. BRIAN MORGAN

The *Autocar* reprint below describes JPG 492 in its original state.

A Streamlined Lagonda

"TALKING OF SPORTS CARS"
*Twelve-cylinder Short Chassis with a
Four-carburettor Engine*

ONLY RECENTLY AN ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED IN *The Autocar* dealing with a "refresher" run it was possible to make in one of the twelve-cylinder Lagonda short-chassis saloons. That, the production model, is a car of very high performance. Passing reference was made to the special four-carburettor type, of which examples have been built at intervals to individual order, and which are based on the racing machines that did so well at Le Mans and Brooklands in 1939.

Since that recent occasion of re-establishing contact with the ordinary car, I have been able to

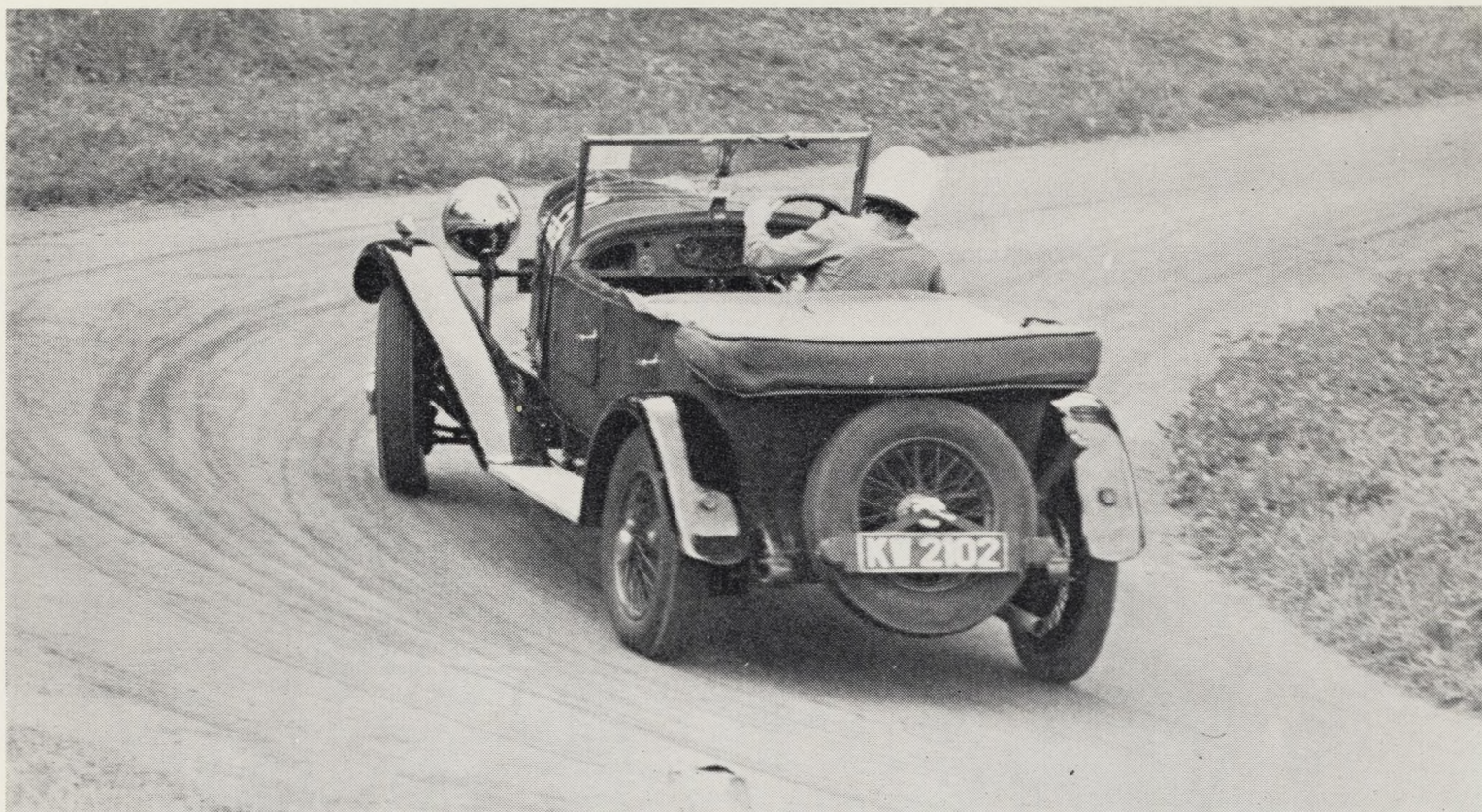
obtain details of a super-special streamline saloon twelve-cylinder, which was being built just prior to the outbreak of war, and which it was possible to finish off. In fact, it has been subsequently bought by someone at present serving in the Forces, for use after the war, a state of mind which denotes cheering optimism.

The idea was to evolve a machine for high-speed work in this country and abroad. It is no more than a half-secret that if things had gone on normally it would have very probably made an attempt on that unofficial but most interesting record which was developing nicely last summer, the sports-car hour run. Prediction in such matters is notoriously difficult, but it was hoped that up to 120 miles in the hour might be within reach. The machine certainly suggests itself as a capital type for that attempt, remembering the remarkable performance of the twelve-cylinder in any case, helped in this instance by the four-carburettor engine, a high back axle ratio of 4.09 to 1, and the very lightly constructed and carefully streamlined saloon body. In the ordinary course of events, it would have been offered as a special model for those who set ultra performance above maximum roominess. The price would have been about £1,900.

The chassis is the normal short version of 10ft. 4in. wheelbase, with the rear springing stiffened up to suit the performance characteristics. The body, made by Lancefield, is something like four hundredweight lighter than the standard short saloon, and has Perspex instead of glass in all the windows. As will be seen, it is a two-door type, the wings and radiator are faired off, and the head lamps built in, while care has been taken to reduce wind resistance in detail as well as major items, for instance, by enclosing the door handles.

It makes a perfectly practicable car for ordinary use on the road, hence the fitting of the current head lamp mask, and for the moment the engine has been detuned to suit Pool petrol. Incidentally, one of the noticeable features of the ordinary twelve-cylinder Lagonda engine is the almost complete absence of pinking on the wartime fuel, though all the performance anyone can reasonably want remains available. The streamlined saloon is understood to be capable of well over 100 m.p.h. even in the present modified state of tune.

Reprinted from *Autocar*, September 27th, 1940, by kind permission.



James Woollard battles round Orchard, Prescott.

Photo: Tony Wood

COMPETITION NOTES

The Editor has asked me to write a few words for the Magazine about my ideas on events for 1973 and I am sure he is prompted by the fact that I now find myself in the "hot seat" as your new Competition Secretary.

Perhaps I should first mention something of myself, as I believe it is essential when fulfilling this type of function, to be known to the Membership I hope to encourage to support the Club in the future.

My introduction to Lagondas came around ten years ago when I bought a Rapier in almost scrap condition for the then high price of £10! Shortly before, having passed the Driving Test, I was at that time running a Morgan Three Wheeler and had joint ownership of a small ABC Powered Morgan Chassised (front end only) GN known as Salome and had already had a taste of competition at V.S.C.C. Prescott. Happily for me, around this time my company generously provided me with means of modern transport so I was able to get on with the rebuild of the Rapier and disposed of the GN (sold) and the Morgan (crashed!).

My entry to racing soon followed with a go at the V.S.C.C. High Speed Trial—Hour Blind at Silverstone which I enjoyed immensely. The car suffered in no way and I was persuaded by friends in Sheffield to have a go the following year when I again qualified. Around this time I heard of the Rapier Register and immediately joined. It is still a mystery to me how the rebuild of the Rapier was completed without knowledge of the Club or more particularly its excellent spares side.

Around this time whilst working in Manchester I met the girl who was to become my wife. This was a particularly significant time as her father had been a keen Vintage motorist owning amongst various vehicles Type 23 Bugatti and also a 1929 High Chassis 2-litre. The mention of old motor cars and my Rapier in particular had an astonishing effect, the decision being taken to acquire a 2-litre Lagonda, rebuilt it and generally have fun. This vehicle turned out to be EV 4604 a low Chassis 1932 model sold to us by Richard Langstaff of Alderley Edge, Cheshire. By the end of October 1966 the Rapier had been sold, I was married and the proud owner of an extremely fine 2-litre Lagonda!

Around this time I joined the Lagonda Club and have enjoyed every minute of my membership since then and also met a wonderful group of friends sharing similar interests. I did not con-

sider the 2-litre suitable for track use at that time and after two previous attempts at navigating in the Measham Trophy Rally was finally persuaded by friends Tony Wood and John Woollett of the Rapier Register to enter the car for this famous event. Infamous is probably the best word to use as the result was catastrophic. We came across sheet ice formed by a stream which had previously been running across the road on a very steep and narrow hill, the 2-litre spun round, rolled over and did considerable damage to itself and occupants. Poor Tony Wood finishing up in Shrewsbury Hospital for some weeks. Happily we are still friends!

To be honest this put me right off rallies of any kind; experiences from this time to date have only been participation in an organizational or marshalling capacity.

During this difficult period Tony Wood and I had bought a scrap Rapier as a pile of bits for £25 and were trying to build this into a competition car in a lock-up garage in London where there was neither power nor lighting. Eventually we succeeded and produced our "Woodbatt Special". We have had tremendous fun with this car and are now completely immune to comments about period body work design and pop rivets! Our attitude is "if you don't like the look of the car give us the money and we'll send it to Wilkinsons".

Four years' regular competition with the "Woodbatt" has been splendid fun and I look forward to my time as Lagonda Club Competition Secretary having had a taste of all kinds of events, driven every type of Lagonda manufactured as far back as the 14-60 (I am still looking forward to a dabble with an 11.9—any offers?) and hope that I can contribute something useful to the organizational side about which I have made strong comments in the past!

So much for background.

The first job to be tackled has been the Fixture List for the coming year. Your Committee have tried to select a blend of events which throughout the year will attract a full range and cross section of members. We have had a problem of clashing dates in previous years and I seek to avoid this although it is difficult to satisfy everybody as the Vintage calendar becomes ever more congested.

The Lagonda Club's organizational ability is difficult to quantify when looking at the might of the V.S.C.C., B.D.C., A.M.O.C., B.O.C. and other well known active clubs. I feel at this stage

we are better served by co-promoting as has been done successfully in the past with the B.D.C. for Gaydon and Finmere. For other Invitation Events and those run by the V.S.C.C. there seems to be a call for co-ordination. All too often Members enter and find on arrival there are only one or two other Lagondas. This is followed later by statements from other people saying if only they had known "Joe Bloggs" was going along they would have gone too! A familiar tale.

Teams of our cars entered for races or rallies should also stimulate interest within the club and attract attention from outside. I am also thinking of approaching Race Meeting organizers to fit our cars into one or two races where we can have fun driving against each other as a sort of Lagonda Race within a race. All too often one finds several cars at a meeting and each one is to be found in a different race and often against vehicles of superior performance.

A team of cars entered for a rally speaks for itself. Encouragement must be given to standard cars as well as the various specials we have around. If sufficient members with original motors can be persuaded to participate then a spirit of competition can be achieved for all to enjoy and I in my turn am sure I can arrange for the cars to be run together when race events come along.

The DB cars seem to be out on a limb as with the exception of the B.D.C. and possibly the A.M.O.C. meeting at Silverstone, there are few events in the Vintage calendar which cater for these models. London member Jim McMurdy has already spoken to me on his ideas and offered to assist in the promotion of events suitable for DB Lagondas.

James Woollard has kindly given me a list of members who have competed in previous years but I am afraid it is now out of date. Will those members interested in using their cars in a competitive sense please send me a postcard and at the same time mention Race, Sprint, Rally or whichever they prefer. I would like this by early New Year as the first event will be the Sprint at Gaydon in May and I intend to avoid a last minute rush. For those who suffer from writer's cramp, try using the telephone. At the weekends the number is SHEFFIELD 302993 and Monday to Friday, LONDON—Whitehall 4184.

Your ideas on events and the running of same will be appreciated, constructive criticism gladly accepted, offers of assistance warmly welcomed.

David Johnson is my number one assistant who will also be pleased to help with members queries.

Finally, the club have several trophies, awarded annually to successful Competitors, so why not have a go? A points system is operated so it doesn't matter where you live or compete. Just let me know what you are doing, when you are doing it and how you got on. May I wish everyone a successful season.

J. A. BATT

The Team Cars Return

by Robby Hewitt

A GREAT MOMENT IN LAGONDA HISTORY WAS IN 1935, when Hindmarsh and Fontes won the Le Mans 24 hour race with one of the Fox and Nicholl M.45R Lagondas, actually the car BPK 202, now owned by David Johnson. The sister car BPK 203, which I now own, finished 13th driven by Gunter and Benjafield. It had been lying 4th when the gearbox broke and they had to finish the race in top gear.

In April 1972 the French vintage movement planned a small race meeting at Le Mans, on the little Bugatti club-circuit and as it was called the Coupes de l'age d'Or, we felt there was no greater "Age d'Or" than the 1935 race and it would be right and proper to take the two team cars back to Le Mans. BPK 203 had returned to Le Mans for a "retrospective" run in 1958 in the hands of Tom Goodman, the previous owner, but as far as we knew David's car had never been back. Both cars were entered and I set off with Mike Gaber, who was a very relaxed passenger (having left his 2-litre safely in its garage), crossing Newhaven—Dieppe to stay the night at Jackie Pichon's Hotel in Cleres, while David crossed Dover—Calais, with Paul Grist as his passenger.

Next day we had a rendezvous for a gastronomic lunch at one of the best restaurants in France, where we met "my driver" (if you take it there I'll drive it he had said) who had come up from Italy in his E-type Jaguar, and that night we stayed with our good French "cyclecariste"

friends. We arrived for practice on Saturday to be assured by the organizers that we had already done sufficient practice! David and Paul in BPK 202 had got there before us. Scrutineering was all very pleasant, and as the organizers said later "well, no one wanted the responsibility of upsetting people". We overheard the remark "where is that oil coming from?"—"the engine" was the reply. "Oh, well that's all right then".

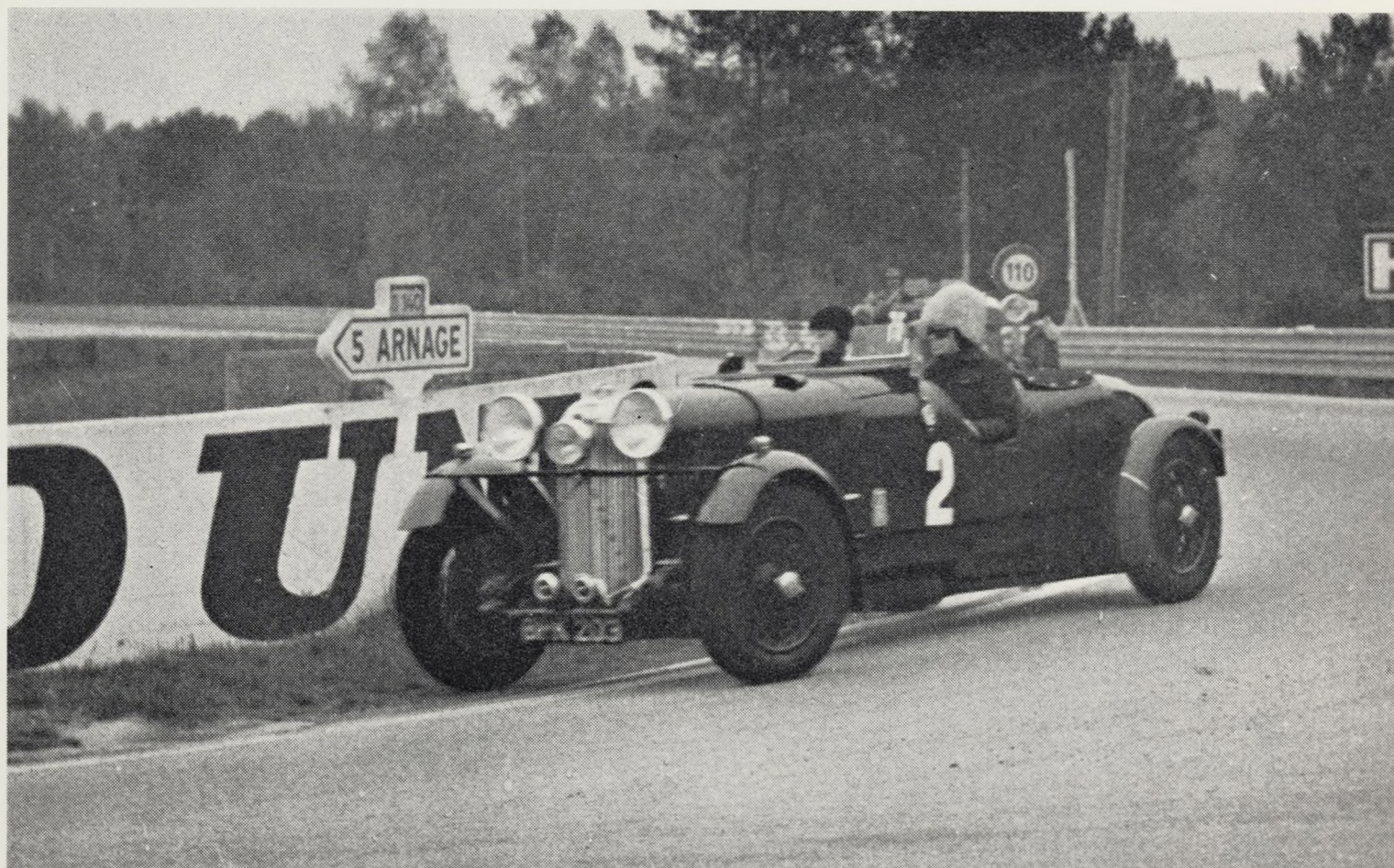
Jenks, "my driver" completed the practice and all was set for the next day's racing. We stayed at a small French pub with the "cyclecar" competitors at Ecommoy, but unfortunately the pub had been "modernized" so that at 7 a.m. the next morning, through the cardboard walls, we could hear the moans and groans of the French preparing themselves for the cyclecar race which commenced at 8.30 a.m. The two Lagondas looked splendid parked side by side in the courtyard below, just as they might have looked in 1935. David and Paul in BPK 202, myself and company in 203, set off at a leisurely 11 a.m. for the circuit, stopping on the way at Mulsanne for a little coffee-cognac, and some photography, as our races were to be run after lunch . . . and lunch was much more interesting than hamburgers and fried onions, which we tend to suffer from at English circuits.

During the two races in which we had entered BPK 203 overheated badly (clogged radiator, now cured) and Jenks ended the first race to report that, as the water temperature went up the oil pressure went down, and after it had become monotonous to see 105°C on the temperature gauge, the sinking oil pressure became even more monotonous, so he had watched the ammeter (something about good racing drivers always read the instruments on the straights); and he had finished with barely 2 amps showing. Everything cooled down and returned to normal for the second race and in this one, David and Paul decided to do a Le Mans pit-stop and driver-change at half distance. It was a sort of handicap affair and Jenks had nearly caught BPK 202, when David shot into the pits; Paul took over and was away before anyone realized what had happened. Going very fast it was now BPK 202's turn to catch 203, and Paul went by Jenks like a dose of salts . . . straight through a wall of straw bales at one of the artificial corners! It was a comforting thought that Mike Edmondson was also taking part, in his nice reliable and soberly driven 3-litre, so we, the proud owners, could



A leisurely 11 a.m. start from the hotel . . .

. . . at Mulsanne for photography.



always thumb a lift home if Jenks blew up 203 and Paul crashed 202!

When it was all over there was no serious damage done, and my driver, having done four extra and unnecessary laps because he was enjoying himself, said "it's all yours, see you at the prize-giving . . ." and motored quietly away in his E-type. I started up my Lagonda and the petrol pumps were ticking like mad—Main—Reserve—no difference! Mike Gaber and I ended up pushing the thing *uphill* (and it's no cycle-car) to the reception, where I had to admit to running out of "essence" and had to enlist a helpful Frenchman into making a trip to a (local!) garage 8 kilometres away for a large tin of petrol for us.

Like all good French events it was a pleasant and carefree meeting, so we never really saw any lucid results, but there was an excellent prize-giving party and we all got prizes! We didn't win, and I don't think David did either, but the object was the return of the two 1935 team cars to the scene of the victory at Le Mans, the cars looking little unchanged from those days 37 years ago.

* * * *

The following reports are from the *Daily Telegraph* at the time of the 1935 race.

BRITISH WIN IN LE MANS RACE

LAGONDA'S DUEL WITH ALFA ROMEO

RILEY DESTROYED BY FIRE

From Our Special Correspondent

LE MANS, Sunday

The massed start for the Le Mans endurance race (Result reported on Page 13) was a wonderful sight. Fifty-eight cars, with their backs to the pits, their noses pointing up the track and opposite each its driver waiting like a runner for the fall of the flag!

Brian Lewis, agile as a hare, was first away in

Lord Howe's Alfa Romeo, with the Lagonda next, but only to be passed by Sommer, the French driver, in the second lap.

Both he and Lewis had soon to visit their pits for engine adjustments, and Lewis lost two whole laps while his distributor was changed. Sommer, who had announced that because of the illness of his spare driver he would drive through the 24 hours alone, set up a new lap record of 85 m.p.h. on his eighth lap.

After twenty-four laps, about 200 miles, the cars one by one came in to refuel. Lord Howe took over from Brian Lewis, and not long after was startled by the disappearance of his windscreen. It had flown into tiny fragments at the impact of a stone from a rival's wheels.

Fotheringham, on an Aston Martin, misjudged the turn at the White House, the scene of many accidents, and paid the penalty. The car left the road and its driver was flung clean over the hedge into a field, escaping with cuts and bruises. Newsome, in a Riley, went into the ditch at Armage.

Spectators jumped the fence and hauled his car back on to the road thus automatically disqualifying him by helping him. But the driving was steady, and in spite of frequent rainstorms only five cars out of the 58 had retired when darkness set in. Sommer still led with the Lagonda now second, and Earl Howe rapidly regaining the ground lost by the early stops.

Then came a touch of drama. The loud speaker warned us that Sommer was in difficulties on the far side of the course. His car came into sight. It was crawling, and in the pitiless glare of the grandstand, Sommer's face showed haggard with weariness and despair.

Alfa Romeo's Challenge

Winner in 1932 and 1933, Sommer was beaten this time and midnight struck with British entries first and second—Fontes in the Lagonda and Lewis in Lord Howe's Alfa Romeo. While the crowd passed the hours alternately dancing, feasting and watching the race, Lewis gradually overhauled the Lagonda and then for two hours he led.

Disaster came to him, however, as it had come to Sommer. A broken piston ended Earl Howe's hopes of a second victory.

Now the Lagonda's chief rival was the French-owned Alfa Romeo, driven by Helde and Stoefel,

and the battle between them continued until the end, the Lagonda always just a little in the lead. Third was the Aston Martin, splendidly driven by C. E. C. Martin and Brackenbury.

In spite of more rain, accidents and retirements were few. Dixon's Riley burst into flames as he pulled into his pit. He scrambled out before he suffered any injury.

Another Riley, driven by the Frenchmen, overturned near Mulsanne and was subsequently driven into the pit, its body a mass of twisted metal. The second Lagonda, driven by Dr. Benjafield, and Sir R. Gunter, met with engine trouble when lying fourth, but managed to struggle on and finish.

The worst blow of ill fortune befell the Singer team. Two were put out by the failure of the electric starters. The third had to charge the bank to escape a skidding French car and damaged its brakes. Despite this mishap it came in second place in the handicap race.

LE MANS TRIUMPH OF BRITISH CARS

WIN GRAND PRIX & CUP

From Our Special Correspondent

LE MANS, Sunday

British cars and drivers won a resounding triumph here this afternoon. Once again the strains of the National Anthem greeted the victors in the Grand Prix d'Endurance, and in the Rudge Whitworth trophy race. British cars swept the board. The results were:

Grand Prix

- 1.—A. W. Fox's Lagonda, driven by Hindmarsh and Fontes, distance 1,867.9 miles, average speed 78 m.p.h.
- 2.—M. Helde's Alfa Romeo, driven by Helde and Stoefel.
- 3.—Roy Eccle's Aston Martin, driven by C. E. C. Martin and B. Brackenbury.
- 4.—Victor Riley's Riley, driven by Von der Becke and C. Richardson.

Rudge Whitworth Cup

- 1.—Eccle's Aston Martin, distance 1,805.1 miles, average speed 75.2 m.p.h.

- 2.—F. S. Barne's Singer, driven by F. S. Barnes and A. H. Langley.

- 3.—V. Riley's Riley driven by Von der Becke and Richardson.

The Lagonda won by the narrow margin of five minutes at the end of this 24 hours' struggle. The finish was dramatic in the extreme. The British car had been leading since dawn, when, with half an hour to go, Hindmarsh unexpectedly drew into the pits and stopped.

This same Lagonda was driven by Hindmarsh in the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race last year and finished 4th. Its speed today astonished the French people, and its average was higher than that of the winning Alfa Romeo last year. Fontes, Hindmarsh's fellow-driver, sprang into fame last month by winning as an "unknown" the international trophy at Brooklands.

In spite of the rain and the crowded course accidents were unusually few. Twenty-eight cars finished and 22 of them were British, three being French and three Italian. Among them were the trio driven by the British women.

1,000 c.c. Class

1. F. S. Barnes and A. H. Langley (Singer), 2,478.599 kiloms.; 103.274 k.p.h. (64.17 m.p.h.).
2. Mme. Itier and Jacob (Fiat Balilla), 2,327.169 kiloms.
3. Gordon Hendy and Boulton (Singer), 2,312.151 kiloms.
4. Marsh and Guest (Singer).
5. Duval and Treunet (B.N.C.).
6. Gaillard and Alme (Singer).
7. Savoye and Lapchin (Singer).
8. Miss Richmond and Mrs. Gordon Simpson (M.G.).
9. Miss Evans and Miss Skinner (M.G.).
10. Miss Allan and Mrs. Eaton (M.G.).
11. John Carr and Barbour (Austin).
12. C. Dodson and R. Richardson (Austin).

Eleventh Biennial Rudge-Whitworth Cup— 1934-1935

1. Martin and Brackenbury (Aston-Martin). Figure of merit, 1.31.
2. Barnes and Langley (Singer, 973 c.c.). Figure of merit, 1.28.
3. Van der Becke (1½-litre Riley). Figure of merit, 1.26.
4. Trevoux and Carriere (1½-litre Riley). Figure of merit, 1.25.

PREVIOUS WINNERS

Year	Drivers	Car	Mileage	Speed
Grand Prix d'Endurance (Longest Distance)				
				m.p.h.
1923	Lagache and Leonard	Chenard Walcker	1,372.9	57.1
1924	J. F. Duff and F. C. Clement	Bentley	1,290.75	53.75
1925	H. de Courcelles and Rossignol	Lorraine-Dietrich	1,388.1	57.83
1926	Bloch and Rossignol	Lorraine-Dietrich	1,585.99	66.08
1927	J. D. Benjafield and S. C. H. Davis	Bentley	1,472.5	61.36
1928	W. Barnato and B. Rubin	Bentley	1,658.6	69.1
1929	W. Barnato and H. R. S. Birkin	Bentley	1,767.25	73.62
1930	W. Barnato and G. Kidston	Bentley	1,821	75.87
1931	Lord Howe and Sir H. Birkin	Alfa-Romeo	1,875.12	78.13
1932	R. Sommer and L. Chinetti	Alfa-Romeo	1,835.57	76.48
1933	T. Nuvolari and R. Sommer	Alfa-Romeo	1,953.6	81.5
1934	L. Chinetti and P. Etancelin	Alfa-Romeo	1,793.4	74.74
1935	Hindmarsh and Fontes	Lagonda	1,867.9	78
Rudge-Whitworth Biennial Cup on Formula				
1925	R. Senechal and R. Loqueheux*	Chenard Walcker	1,126.7	46.84
1925	Glaszmann and de Zuniga	Chenard Walcker	1,169.6	48.72
1926	Cav. Minoia and J. Foresti	O.M.	1,446.4	60.26
1927	G. Casse and C. Rousseau	Salmson	1,244	51.8
1928	G. Casse and C. Rousseau	Salmson	1,372.2	57.17
1929	W. Barnato and H. R. S. Birkin	Bentley	1,767.25	73.62
1930	W. Barnato and G. Kidston	Bentley	1,821	75.87
1931	Lord Howe and Sir H. Birkin	Alfa-Romeo	1,875.12	78.13
1932	A. C. Bertelli and L. P. Driscoll	Aston-Martin	1,409.3	58.72
1933	T. Nuvolari and R. Sommer	Alfa-Romeo	1,953.6	81.5
1934	A. Von der Becke and K. Peacock	Riley	1,640.89	68.37
1936	Martin and Brackenbury	Aston Martin	1,805.1	95.2

* Triennial Cup

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Report from West London

NOW THAT THE A.G.M. IS SUCCESSFULLY OVER and in the past, yours truly will come out from under the 2-litre and admit that he was responsible for the venue. When we turned up some months ago for our Monthly Meeting at the Anglers Hotel and found the place gutted I knew the Club had problems; as I live within a mile of Syon Park and know it quite well and had heard that there had been a change of management and policy it seemed worth while making a call to spy out the land. I picked a sunny Saturday morning, good tourer weather, and along I went; the boss man was over on the other side of the grounds so I trundle over in the Lag. only to find myself in the middle of the American Civil War, cannon to the left of me—cannon all round me—plus Confederate Troops and whatever the other side

were called. Some horrible type fired a charge near me and I nearly died of fright fearing that the bottom of the engine had fallen out! Anyway, the arrival of the 2-litre put a stop to the war, (Mr. Nixon please note) it only needed a few words and we were home and dry.

It looks like being a useful spot for Londoners. I saw their programme and they are laying on events all through the summer; we missed a Steam Rally as it clashed with something else but during August there was a Veteran/Vintage Car Auction. This was treated as a Section Event and we had a reasonable turn-out of members and cars: Eric Howlett with the V.12 Saloon, Mike Gaber with the Low Chassis 2-litre, Roland Morgan in a similar car, Phil Ridout in the High Chassis 2-litre, John Guyatt in the Ex-Ron Newman 3-litre tourer, myself in the 2-litre Continental, Jack Smith with Bulldog but regrettably without the delectable 2-litre saloon, John Walker also without car, his two Lags. still under restoration. A surprise visitor was James

Woollard our ex-competition secretary all the way from Ipswich. A further surprise was the sight of Robby Hewitt driving a 4½-litre Bentley in the Parade; but fear not, she has not left us. Indeed, I hear that a 3-litre Maybach saloon has been added to the stable. This makes two of these rare beasts that I know of—are there any more about? (In case anyone mis-reads me I was referring to the cars. I don't want to get shot). One Lagonda went under the hammer—a 3½-litre tourer with a home-made body and poor upholstery, we held our breath as it was bid up to £1,370 not daring to look at the auctioneer!

Looking back over the past year it seems to have been pretty hectic but the activities were very different to those of five or six years ago, all social and no competition. The restorations proceed at a very slow pace. We have spectated at Silverstone, the real enthusiasts venturing up North to Oulton Park. There have been Auto Jumbles in various parts of the country and we have seen most of them—there was a very big event at Booker, near High Wycombe which was missed being on the same day as the A.G.M. The writer and another decided this was something not to be missed, got to within half a mile of the place only to find we had picked the wrong day.

On the spares side we have located a supply of the aluminium beading for the edge of the 2-litre running boards—we have now got to find out how to bend the stuff. For more years than I care to remember I have been patronising a motor emporium called Elephant Motors in S.E. London and rarely come away empty handed; the knowledge of the staff was phenomenal. I picked up some fibre couplings that came out of the Austin 12 bin. Only a year ago I saw a man buy a king-pin set for a 1923 Morris Cowley. I often asked if they still had any Lagonda bits and pieces and was always told no. Anyway, the premises are due to come down and they are selling up, sold up by the time this is read. To my disgust a member who walked in on the right day went off with TWO SACKFULS! Don't bother to ask for his phone number I have been sworn to secrecy. It's always the bloke who puts his tanner in after me who gets the Jackpot. Having stuck my neck out in the past over spares I'm glad to see that others are now taking an interest. I feel that the Club will have to take a hand over some of the slow moving and expensive parts but there is another angle to the question. I know that there is a vast store of knowledge amongst

the members of what other parts will fit, what is still available and where to find it. If this could only be collated and published. Two attempts have been made, only to meet a wall of apathy. I once spent years trying to trace the manufacturers of the Rotoplunge Oil pumps—I got there in the end only to find that they now make gas stoves!

My 'Old Faithful' of some 20 years now appears to be throwing up some built-in obsolescence at 40 years of age; the speedo seized and chewed up a brand new cable, the rev. counter cable got the idea and split up into two parts, then to cap it all the engine would not fire one dark evening and had me spending a week checking everything—I eventually found that a key in the magneto drive had got worn throwing out the timing; why is it that I am unable to feed the symptoms into my brain and come up with the right answer? Don't bother to tell me the answer.

HARRY GOSTLING

Northern Reflections 1971-72

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN VERY LUCKY WITH LAGONDA cars. My M.45 tourer 1963-67 never had a serious stoppage and the Hine-Schofield special CBU 2C seemed to have a charmed life. I remember that we got so used to trouble-free motoring that in '66 we used to go for a weekend's racing at Silverstone without any tools or spares at all!

The V.12 Le Mans Replica also had a very good run without any problems until the July Silverstone '71. During one race I had a particularly difficult time seeing off a 2½-litre supercharged Bugatti and after a prolonged spell at 5500 in 3rd gear I noticed a drop in oil pressure. Although I did the Finmere meeting the next day and drove home the next day with no problems I felt a strip down was required. The sight was a sad one—two big ends had melted and chewed up the crankshaft. The full rebuild was then required including new pistons, shell bearings, new valves, timing chains, etc. The job took 17 months to complete and I am now ready to put the engine back in the car—if it's not O.K. when I start it up it will be some time before I've the patience to start again! During the rebuild I had the alloy con-rods tested by Nemo Heat Treatment

(Stockport) who found that the tensile strength was down 16% on specification and solution precipitation was required to bring them back to the required level (27 tons per square inch RR56). Doing all assembly work myself the job has cost some £300.

During this period my LG.45R has done great service but not without an interruption. I was doing an unspecified but high speed on a motorway in March '72 showing off to a friend when No. 1 piston melted due to the gudgeon pin seizing up for some unknown reason. However, new pistons and liners were soon fitted and it was back in service in four weeks—much easier engines to fix than V.12's!!

The car was then going so well that I chanced a race at the B.D.C. Silverstone which was great fun and certainly made sure it was run in! However, now the salty season has come so I

shall give her a rest after 2,500 miles in 1972.

My favourite car, the M.45 saloon became ready for a rebuild and I've handed it over to Bob (our personal panel beater) at the Syndicate garage in Oldham and he is doing a great job making new running boards, rear wings and scuttle, etc.

This rebuild of the M.45 had to be postponed by the V.12 engine rebuild. However it promises to be a very satisfying job when I eventually complete it.

I must mention that my everyday transport, a 1951 Mk. 6 Bentley, doesn't get much attention but it's a forbearing beast and goes plodding on year after year uncomplaining although recently I have taken to carrying a small tool kit just in case!

DAVID HINE

Lagondas at Thruxton

by A. T. Elliott

THE LAST VINTAGE RACE MEETING OF THE YEAR was held on Saturday 9th September, and was also the final of the Brooklands Memorial Trophy Contest. In the two previous years Lagondas have been runners up for the award, Bob Alexander being second in 1971 with his 4½ and James Crocker (Rapier) second in 1970. This year's winner was David Llewellyn in his highly successful Bentley, which comprises a 3-litre chassis in which he has installed an 8-litre engine, with the cylinder liners removed to increase the capacity to 8.3-litres. Very formidable! Second place also went to Bentley (Randel Stewart's 4½) and third was Bernard Kain, Bugatti.

Racing started with the first 4 lap handicap, with no less than seventeen Austin Sevens doing battle against a sprinkling of other makes. Victory went to P. M. Cooper's Austin from Mrs. Golder's Riley and Angela Chewett's supercharged Alfa Romeo.

The Melville and Geoghegan Trophies Race saw the heavy metal appear, and David Llewellyn blasted through the field from scratch to take the chequered flag. Second was Stewart's Bentley from M. Eyre's Austin.

In the second 4 lap handicap we saw three Rapiers appear. Paul Morgan's blown car sounded magnificent, after the family had push-started it on the grid. The John Batt/Tony Wood single seater was entered, as was James Crocker in his well known machine. He was coming through the field well until in passing a bunch of slower cars, he put a wheel on the grass and spun. Fortunately he kept his engine running and restarted, but was too far back to come anywhere. Christopher Mann's Alfa Romeo won, followed by Anthony Blight's Talbot and Morley driving David Llewellyn's Bentley-Napier was third. This car is fantastic to behold, with its 24 litre Lion aero-engine and it accelerated away from the chicane each lap in tremendous lock-to-lock power slides.

In the Spero and Voiturette Trophy Race we again saw the Wood/Batt Rapier and also D. F. Fletcher-Jones' immaculate Rapier. Geoff Coles took the lead in his J4 MG only to lose it when he stopped, enveloped in oil smoke. This allowed Fletcher-Jones into the lead until he was overtaken by the Rileys of Farquhar and Barbet. However, the Rapier went back into second place when Barbet's Riley stopped, and Tieche's MG came in third.

The 10 lap Mistoni Racing Car event developed into a furious battle between Bill Wilk's Lotus and Alan Cottan's Connaught, victory eventually going to the Lotus. Third was Hamish Moffat's

E.R.A. Hamish brought the ERA to our A.G.M. at Syon Park, and he is well remembered for his famous trip to South Africa in an 11.9 Lagonda some years ago.

The next race was a Lagonda victory, Maurice Tomlin driving his very fast LG.6 special into first place, making fastest lap into the bargain. P. W. Still's Frazer Nash was second and M. Cann's Aston Martin third. There was a phenomenal avoidance at Campbell during this race when Tieche rolled his MG in the middle of the corner, with a vast bunch of cars bearing down upon him. However, the yellow flag was waved vigorously, and everyone took avoiding action. Fortunately he was not seriously hurt.

The Vintage Racing Car event was another victory for Llewellyn's Bentley, followed by Bernard Kain's Bugatti and Morley, third again in the Bentley Napier. Negotiating the chicane

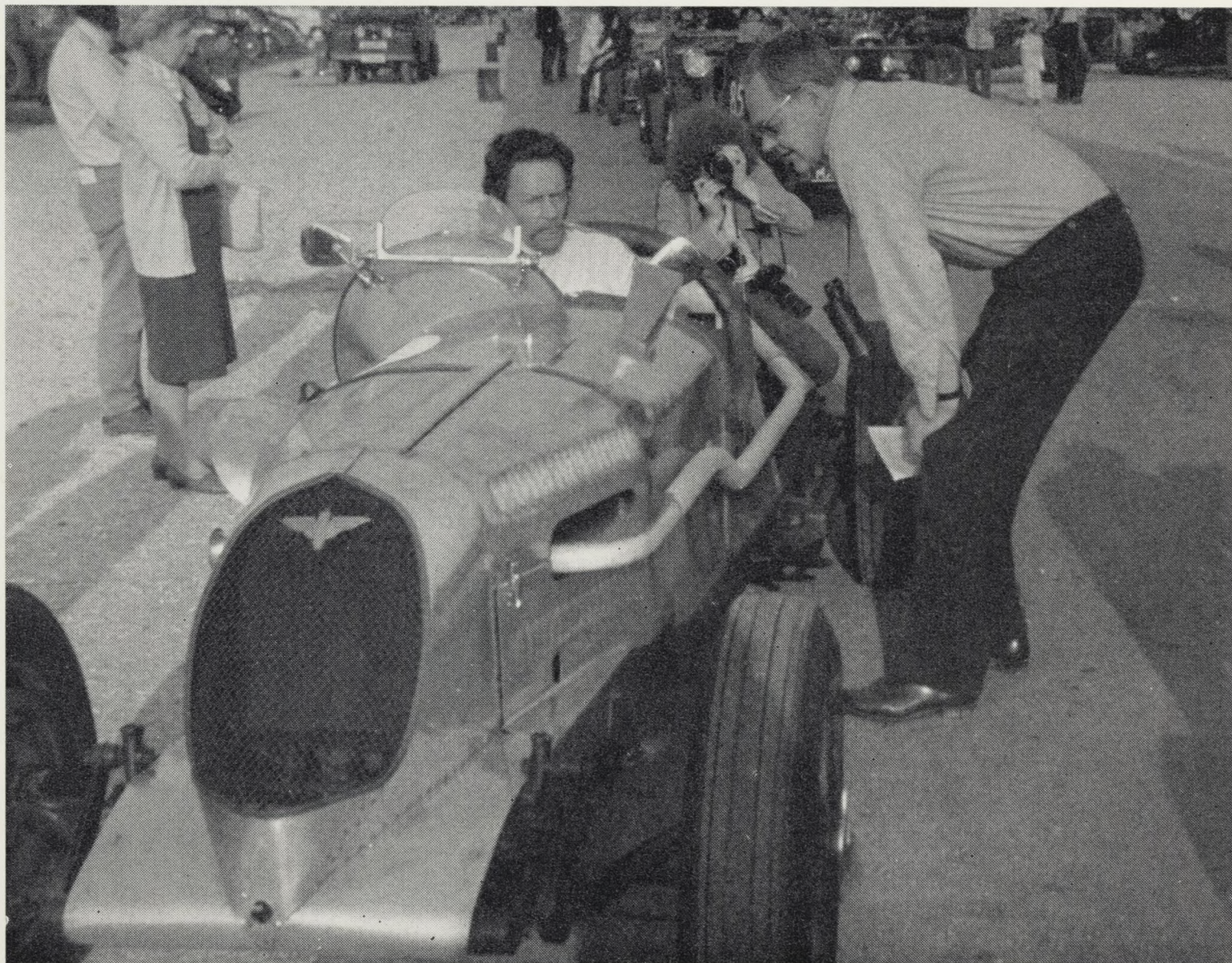
was made even more difficult after Freddie Giles AC/GN put a rod through the side, distributing oil all over the road.

A race for Coventry built cars brought Barbet's Riley into first place, Smith's Riley second and Elliott-Pyle's supercharged Lea-Francis third.

The last race of the day saw the four Rapiers out again, but all were unplaced. David Llewellyn transferred to his Bentley-Napier and brought it home first, followed by Mann's Alfa Romeo and Kain's Bugatti.

After the racing the Brooklands Memorial Trophy was presented to Llewellyn, and then suitably filled with bubbly. Perhaps next year we can hope for a Lagonda victory? This was the last vintage meeting to be held at Thruxton, and it is proposed to hold next year's event at Llandow near Cardiff.

A. T. ELLIOTT



Tony Wood at Thruxton in the Rapier Special.

"Let's get the D.B.'s Rollin'"—Lap 3

WITH SILVERSTONE '71 BEHIND US AND THE opposition having run all over us, we cast about for further action before the winter nights set in. Aston Martin had an event at the Palace at the end of September so off went the entry with fee. As luck would have it the event was over subscribed and no acceptance was forthcoming, so ended 1971.

Back at base, we went over the car to see how we could use the power it produced and how the road holding could be improved. As Ron Gee had found, the car is a bit wandery on bends like Woodcote and Becketts and tends to "dig in" on the nearside front. The seat is bad as it does not hold you in the corner and you find yourself holding on to the wheel and not lining the car up for the exit of the corner. Last, but by no means least, the car is far too heavy but some weight can be reduced with planning.

During the winter we went to work to try to improve some of these defects. Starting at the back end we again adjusted the rear suspension from $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to 2° neg. camber, about $5\frac{1}{2}$ " chassis to floor and we also fitted a full seat harness to hold the driver in place. Hard shockers went in both front and rear and we got a new hole in the seat runners so as to get the seat back a further $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". This gets the wheel away from the driver and goes a long way to improve control.

We had suffered from "pump stutter" down Club Straight and had traced this to the fact that the single A.V.A. 25 S.U. pump could not manage on its own. This was removed and two new S.U.'s went in with a few yards of new feed pipe. Each pump now feeding its own S.U. and a balance pipe between.

We tried 15" rims on the rear end with 185 Firestone tyres on them. They did improve the slow take off of this car but this was lost by reduced speed in second and third gear so the 16" went back on. A rev. counter was fitted to help get the car moving off the line a little quicker and to use the gear box to best advantage. I have never run the car since I had it with that large air cleaner thing bolted on, having fitted pancakes. I now decided to discard these and try $3\frac{1}{4}$ " air

trumpets. These I fitted and with some help from S.U. along with some new needles gained slight power increase in the mid range of revs. just where I needed it.

Lastly the main silencer came off and a length of $2\frac{1}{2}$ " pipe six feet long was made up to take its place. The noise, on the road, being kept down by the small tail box which comes off and is replaced by its own pipe at the track.

So to the '72 fixture list and first came Gaydon. A good sprint track, now alas no more, just south of Warwick on the A41. We got the entry in, well in time, and having got our instructions and programme back with the acceptance found we had been put in "Class 5. H.S.C.C. Approved, Post War Feltham. A.M.'s and Post War Lags". In other words, DB 2/4, A.C. Bristols and a lightweight XK 120. Whitt, Tomlin and Woollard were off with the pre-war Lags, Astons and 3-litre Bentleys in Class 1 and with the V.S.C.C. boys and $6\frac{1}{2}$ -litre Bentleys in Class 3. So all we had to do was to wait for the 13th May to come around and then find out just what difference all the adjustments would have made.

The 13th dawned damp, cold and very overcast but we left Dulwich at the usual time, 4.45 a.m. and after a short run up the M1 and breakfast cut off across country to Warwick. Nothing much happened except we went straight on at Banbury and, as a result, lead Jon Abson out of his way.

We had to come back down the A41 to the camp gates and found the 'drome, as always, on top of a hill, with a 60 m.p.h. gale blowing, heavy rain and very cold. Having signed on we put up the hood and went around to the scrutineer. Having passed we drove up to the Paddock Bar, parked and just sat there watching the rain come down.

Practice started late and having been warned by Ron Wiltshire about road ramps on the start and finish straight went back to the car to await the class to be called to the line. The sprint course at Gaydon is a bit like a bent triangle with the start and finish line well up the left hand side. Starting off you find yourself going into a sharp right hander bend, a bit like Becketts, which then straightens out and turns right again, two corners in one. Then a short straight and into three aircraft dispersal bays, marked out with cones so as to make, first, left, then right, then left turns in very quick succession, on into a further short straight and then at the

right hand base of the triangle two 90° corners joined by a short straight which brings you on to bottom straight. Past the hangers and into a fast curving right hander back on to the finishing straight.

We each had two laps, one standing, one flying start, times by hand, and a lap to slow down before pulling back into the Paddock in the centre of the course.

I managed to get out to three practice runs but as the weather changed all the time could never get my tyre pressures right, as it was either too wet or too dry. But it was the first time I had raced with the hood up and the wipers going like mad. She handled like a dream, in the dry and the wet and I could only fault her on the fact that out of the twisty bit, which is a slight uphill section, I hit a flat spot in second at about 4,800 r.p.m. and try as we might we could not get rid of it even by putting in "R.T." jets. Still we did a lot better than the H.W.M. Jaguar that arrived, which would not start at first and then banded its way around the course on weak mixture and about four pots.

Lunch was taken, either in the car, or at the tea wagon, and then came the two timed afternoon runs. We were not fast, the best being 3' 56.2". But Dymock-Maunsell's Bentley R. Continental was 3' 26.8", Rutherford's Mk. VI Sp. 3' 17.8" and Clay's 3-litre 3' 21.8". James Woollard got his 2-litre around in 3' 33.8" so we were not unhappy with the result. We did get there, start, finish all our runs and drive home, which is more than some can say.

Just one story before we go. We had to get home and had promised to be down at Penshurst Place the next day. So as soon as we could we crossed the track to get off for home. Racing, as I do, on taxed income means you have to watch the pennies so we use the stick-on numbers time and again. Now no self-respecting racing driver goes home with his numbers on. But it was so cold, we wanted to get out in a hurry and on the top of the hill we were right in the wind. So we decided to remove them alongside the hangers, on the way out of the camp out of the wind and with a small chance to get them back on their backing.

As we stood awaiting the marshall to flag us across, who should pull up, complete with AEC bus and Pacey Hassan inside but Morley. Looking out of his cab window and down at us he said

above the tickover of the AEC to Peter my fitter, "I say old boy, did you know you still have your numbers on! Better get them off you know". Poor Peter, in wind and rain stripping two number ones and two number fours off and trying to get them back on their backers. Yes, we did have a good day at Gaydon.

J.M.M.

M. Hulot's Rally*

A French holiday on the XXieme Rallye de Sete

THE 20TH SETE RALLY STARTED WITH ECLAT AND champagne shortly after 7.30 on a Sunday morning. The Boulogne Chamber of Commerce had advanced their reception by stocking the lounge of the ferry with good French bubbly, that began popping about 3.01 miles out of Dover. Their President was presiding—which was Lesson One in our gradual learning that you have got to get up very early to be ahead of the marché commun.

British Railways crew surpassed themselves in hospitality, which extended to presence on the bridge during the electronically assisted approach and press-button docking at Boulogne.

Our original schedule was a much later Hovercraft but last minute changes got us up by first light to enjoy the old-fashioned comfort of a proper boat. Once ashore and all raring to take advantage of our early start, we hung around for an hour or so, presumably waiting for French T.V. to come (which it didn't) or time to catch up with us (which it did).

Alors, in the fullness of time we were waved away to Vichy and set off in sedate convoy along that diabolical N1, with only a few people actually overtaking a slow car or two at the risk of being branded as tearaways.

There must be some huge joke between French politicians and les ingenieurs des Ponts et Chaussées as a result of which the French road from the Channel ports provides Lesson Two as regards the welcome of the British into le marché commun. Note, however, that the A3 from Dover shows that Kentish road engineers are not out-done by their continental counterparts.

*With apologies to M. Jacques Tati.

A Tradition

The "Sete" is a tradition. Most competitors have been before and so remember that last year you forked left for the control up that little alley between the pink-washed walls. It would, therefore, be graceless for a new competitor to be critical of the system: like a newcomer to Westminster being disparaging of the unwritten British Constitution.

Until one learns that everything happens half an hour later than programmed a lot of adrenalin is wasted and tranquilizer consumption is excessive. However, once in tune with the system you can afford to have extra coffee in bed: go buy the petrol and stop nagging your female about getting a move on.

The "Sete" is also very, very good value for money: like 10 days' motoring, eating, drinking, banqueting and generally gallivanting across Europe for way under £100 per person, including ferrying the car.

Vichy and Royan

Alright, we've got to Vichy and gone to Royan (North of Bordeaux) by some good fast winding roads, and here we are at the Casino Control or in the Splendide Hotel settled down for two nights in one bed, and a day's local bumps and circuits ahead of us.

Yesterday's gymkhana-style tests involved having to unlock a gate by selecting the right key from a bunch of some dozen or so. Things were delayed by the normal half hour when the padlock stuck and could not be undone by even the right key, let alone any of the eleven wrong ones. A standard Gallic Situation arose, from which we learned common market Lesson Three "French efficiency is all in the mind".

Tomorrow's "bumps and circuits" started with homing in on an equestrian school (get with the word "Hippo" you common marketeers!) riding a horse: finding an oyster bed, opening and eating "une douzaine" against the stop-watch and proceeding via a regularity test, to an unspecified unmanned control on the way to a gigantic lunch that put a wholly different complexion on life altogether.

About 11 o'clock I got stuck on double lined S bends behind an incredibly ancient tractor with an overhead frame and front-end hook: Ford "T" minus one. Having made good use of the time by stopping to examine my nearside rear

wheel I overtook the tractor and passed through the next village in which was parked the most incredibly ancient tractor with an overhead frame and front-end hook. The country was wooded and probably thick with Little People and Trolls. About 12 o'clock I overtook an incredibly ancient tractor Ford "T" minus one vintage. Having travelled nearly 200 miles along the yellow road, I refuelled: refused the offer of a free roman policier in lieu of Green Shield stamps and decided there must have been a Government surplus sale of Ford "S" tractors in this area round about 1920.

At 1 o'clock I began to worry about lunch. Silly English. At the crossroads, a car park was full of camions and cars opposite a Routiers. Menu: Ham, soup, piece de resistance no. 1: ragout and salad, piece de resistance no. 2: Saussison (couldn't manage); cheese; sweet, bottle of wine on the table all in the price: the price, f12.

The next hour I saw no motor car going my way and one going the other and that was not because I was asleep.

Throw in a mountain pass for fun; back into the valley and then the long climb over the Col into Andorra, misfiring half the way down.

Park: welcome: eat: sleep.

Next day the Alfa wouldn't start at all: not even after being towed around by a Bentley. (Have Italians no shame?) So regularity test as a passenger to others calling out the odds, up a winding mountain track, with invisible marshals who must have been hanging upside down in trees like bats. The barbecue at the top was impressive; especially the pastis poured all over the face by an enthusiast with a wine-skin, who didn't know my gullet hadn't played this game before: especially the liquor of distilled pigs milk: especially the march of the Scots behind bagpipes swirling all the way down from the hill top to the clearing.

Big problems to start the Alfa next morning even after cooking the plugs by gas (camping gas). Automotive Sherlock Holmes eventually reckoned the whole fit of Italian temperament due to thin air at high altitude producing a relatively rich mixture. Interesting also: the problem disappeared immediately on descending to the plain.

Sete

And so to Sete!

A "regularity" approach by the seaside sought

to ensure a "spot on" time of arrival at a control whose exact location and distance was not specified by the organizers. (Mind you, if you'd been before, you'd know). Not to worry: park in sight of the marshal: walk up: check time: chat a little in best French: bring up car on the moment: shake hands: collect big envelope of bump and form queue for the Braking Test on the hill overlooking the vieux port: brake: onto the quay: drink by courtesy of les vermuthiers.

Now we're really in the deep South of France, the hard coarse fishwives' south of France. Parking test on the quay (apres beaucoup de vermuthiers) demonstration by filmstar style autoclubist francais, a perfectionist in putting the drivers side on a line to be covered by the nearside wheels; but who can reason out the vicissitudes of the left and right in the warmth of an evening sun after a vermuthier's welcome.

We're all ready to start the test: so pick up and bounce clear an intruding car whose absent owner had parked it slap bang on the carefully laid out test area. And here the troubles start: "incident", wrath, fist-shaking, incensed owner v white haired

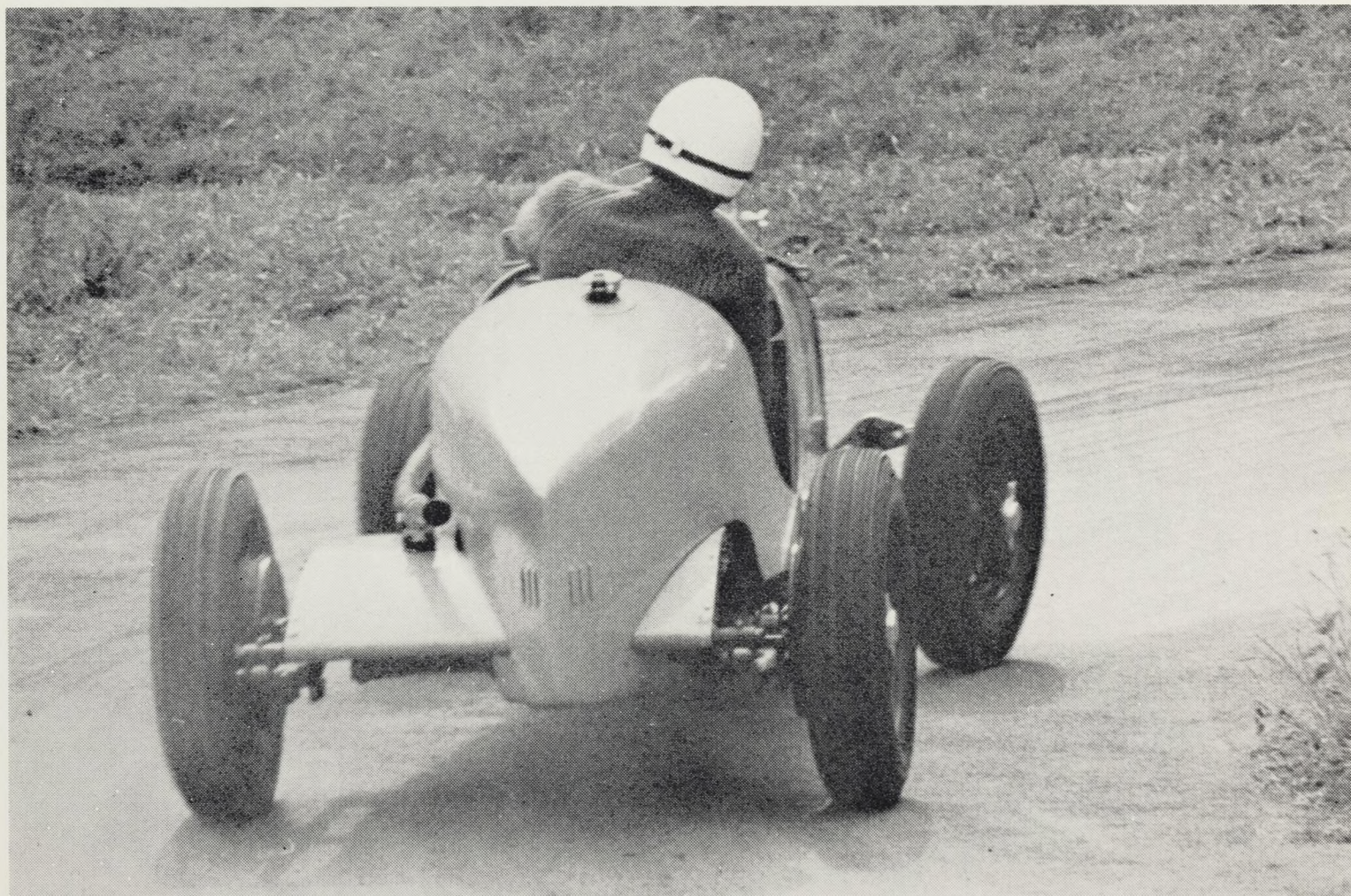
English gentleman: fish-wife curses on the rally ("it will rain torrents will you leave"), reluctant handshaking and eventually the test goes through.

The first thunderclap came early in the night: the regularity test was abandoned in a deluge, and the concours d'elegance just got through before the storm clouds swept up again.

In between whiles we learned Lesson Number Four au subject du marche commun, namely, that the English "After You" is a politesse that does not work "toujours". The lesson is "cherchez toujours la tete de la queue". Apart from being a tradition and very good value for money, the rally is a great holiday for being welcomed into a community and making friends. All this went on for the several days we spent on the coast, before the sun came out hot and brilliant ready for our journey home.

The 20th Sete Rally ended with eclat and a banquet presentation of trophies by candlelight and champagne way past midnight in the tranquil cellars of Noilly Prat.

DUNCAN WESTALL



Paul Morgan in the Eccles Replica Special at Prescott.

Photo: Tony Wood

Hull and East Riding Members' Notes

THIS TIME THE NOTES CONCERN "NEW" LAGONDAS. K. S. Pape is working hard on his 2-litre and hopes to complete the bodywork entirely on his own, we are told. He keeps it locked up in a place which is very difficult to find unless you know the five-foot cul-de-sacs of downtown Beverley.

How different from the new 4½-litre of D. H. Coates. There was a sudden surprise for most local members one evening when they opened their local newspapers to find him smiling at them from a picture of himself and car, having been tracked down by a local newshound. It is hoped there will be a better picture and a more interesting write-up in some future issue of *The Lagonda*.

We close with the quiet expectancy of a J. S. Broadbank organized Christmas Dinner.

"HERMES"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From the Chairman of Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd.

Dear Mrs. May—Thank you very much indeed for sending to me the two latest copies of the Lagonda Club's Magazine.

I shall read these with great interest and I do compliment you on the attractive and informative way in which they are laid out.

I am sure you know that any of your club members are welcome to visit the factory and if we can be of assistance in any way, from time to time, please do not hesitate to contact us.

S. W. WILLSON,
Newport Pagnell,
Bucks.

MAGAZINE COPY

All contributions for publication in the SPRING 1973 issue should be with the Editor by Feb. 25th. Copy for Summer 1973 magazine by April 25th please.

From an "Old Lag"

Dear Sir—Mr. Searle, another old Lagonda Company employee, has kindly lent me a copy of the Lagonda Magazine. I would very much like to receive one regularly if this is possible. I am still very interested in the Old Lags.

I started at the factory at Staines in 1925 in the Paint Shop right up to 1945, apart from a short break in 1935. From 1945 to 1957 I worked for Mr. Davies of Davies Motors, Staines.

I was able to attend the A.G.M. the year before last but missed last year.

W. E. BIBBY,
29 Raleigh Court,
Leacroft,
Staines, Middx.

Adrian Squire

Dear Sir—I was interested to see a reference to Adrian Squire in the Summer/Autumn magazine '72.

After the collapse of his car manufacturing company in the depression of the '30s, Adrian Squire joined the Bristol Aeroplane Company. At the outbreak of war he was working with my father on the design of aeroengines for this company. Tragically, in an air raid on the factory at Filton, Squire's shelter received a direct hit and he was killed. He was well remembered in the company as a charming man and an exceptionally good driver, as well as for his car manufacturing business.

Some 15 years after his death, my father told me of his acquaintance with Adrian Squire and about the cars that he used to make. A few weeks later I began my National Service with R.E.M.E. and one day by a remarkable coincidence overheard another recruit in my platoon telling a friend about the cars that his father used to make before the war. This young man turned out to be Anthony Squire, Adrian's son. We became firm friends and have remained so ever since.

Anthony has always hoped that he might one day acquire one of his father's cars and I am sure shares your hopes that the two cars advertised for sale recently, remain in this country.

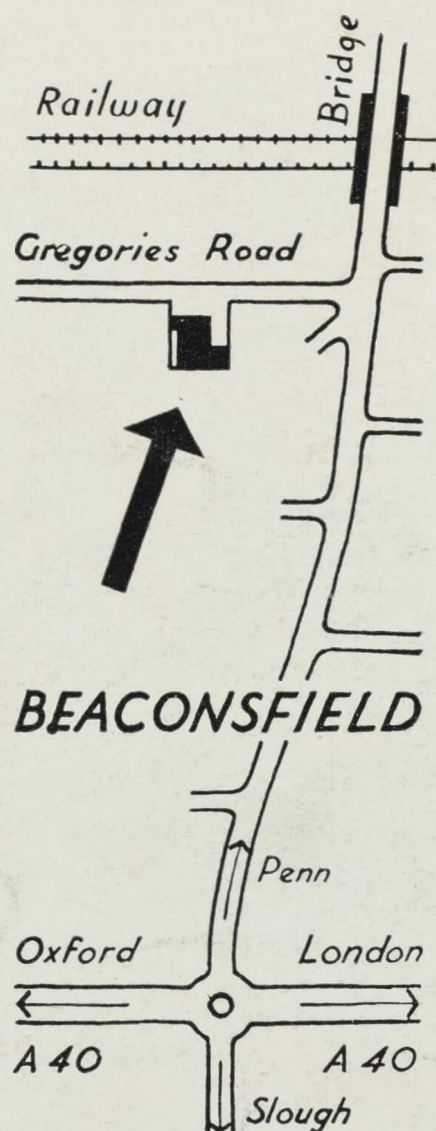
T. WADSWORTH,
Upper Minety,
Wiltshire.



"Can't hear a thing for them bl**d*ng bells!" (Old Music hall song)

Photo: J. W. T. Crocker

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.

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