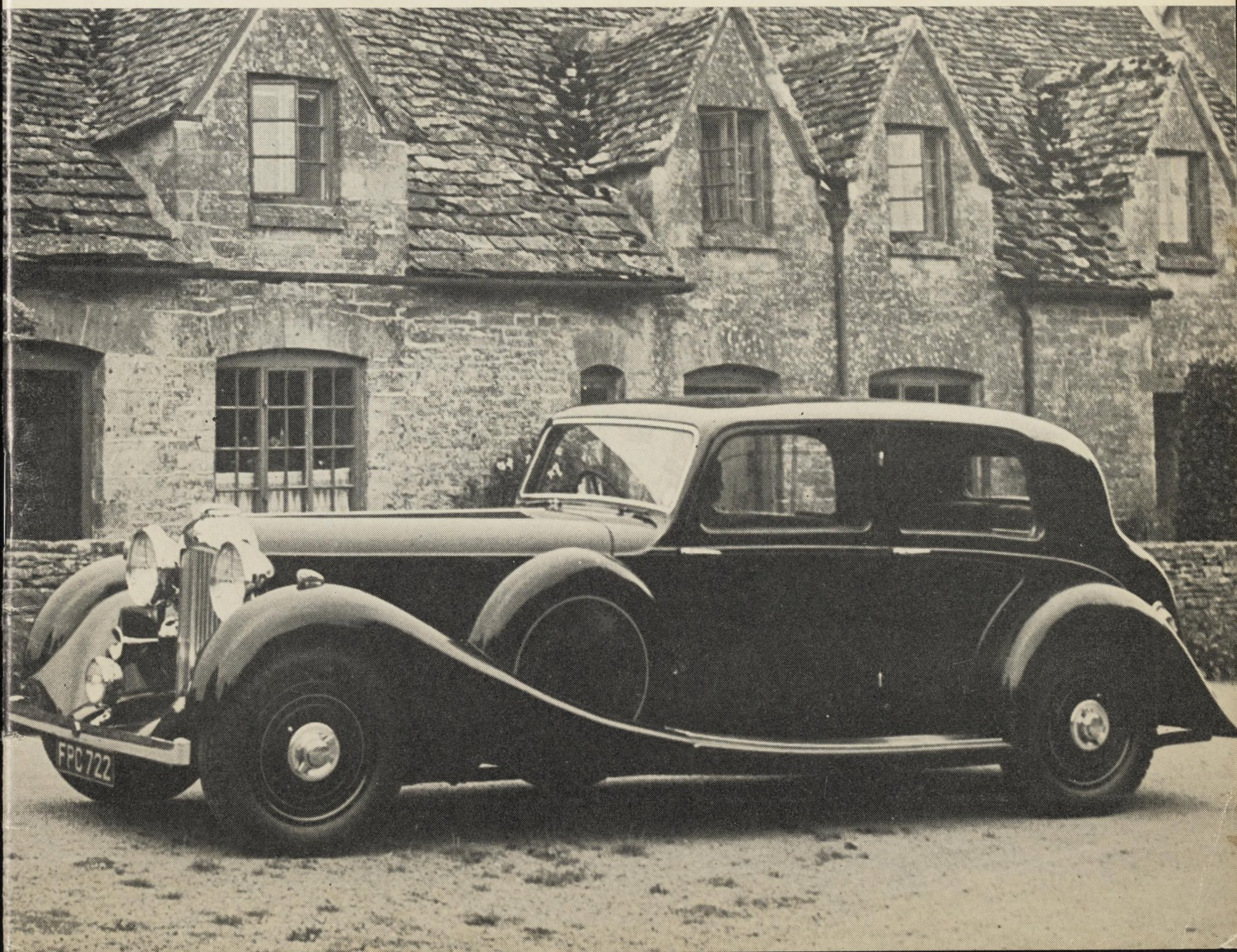




THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 92 Summer/Autumn 1976



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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 92

Summer/Autumn 1976

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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

FRONT COVER: A long chassis LG.45 Saloon de Ville. Coachwork by Lagonda Co. Ltd.

Out and About

We have had a gap through the summer without a Magazine as the money for this has been put towards the cost of printing a new Club Register. A Register of the size we normally have, does, surprisingly, cost that much and traditionally when one is produced, a magazine drops out of the schedule to defray the expense. You will notice, however, that this Autumn Issue is bigger than normal to take in the extra reports of events that happened in the summer. Meanwhile, Richard Hare is busy compiling all the details of Members' cars—those who have returned them that is.

* * * *

We were pleased to welcome during the summer Mogens Bessermann-Nielsen, who with his wife and daughter, was spending a holiday touring England in his delightfully original 3-litre pillarless saloon. Mogens uses his car as everyday transport back home in Copenhagen.

* * * *

By the time this Magazine appears, the new style AGM Concours Weekend will have taken place. Judging by the excellent response to the publicity bulletins, it looks at the time of writing an ensured success. Let's hope it will be considered well worth repeating in 1977.

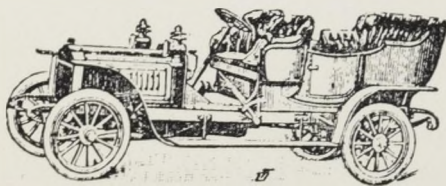
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You will see in this issue a revival of a popular item: "Members' Cars". In order to keep this feature going, any Club Member can send me a good black and white photo of his Lagonda with short descriptive notes. It does not require any literary skill, so here is a chance for those of you who have not the time to write a longer article! Hope to hear from you!

* * * *

PETER DENSHAM reports that back in March this year a 1933 M.45 tourer was auctioned for no less than £6,800 at an auction by Philips of Station Road, Knowle, near Birmingham. Does anyone know the new owner?

* * * *



Northern Notes

Herb Schofield

NORTHERN DINNER DANCE—2ND APRIL

The above meeting so far as the writer and Northern Factory workers are concerned, is the most looked forward to event in the vintage calendar—all of which is another way of apologizing for the fact that most of us were three sheets to the wind even before the dinner started, but back to the beginning.

We arrived to find Tony and Valerie May doing a roaring trade with the sale of old Mags, new ties, etc. and even next year's Christmas cards! By six o'clock most people had arrived and drifted into the bar to find Roger Firth and Joan Crosfield enjoying pre-dinner drinkies, which in the former case meant six pints of an obvious burp-inducing concoction. Brown arrived on the scene with his filthy 4½ Lagonda wearing his filthy anorak and would you believe, tucked under his arm a full size plywood replica of himself, including a full size photographic reproduction of his face. This lot no doubt provided some amusement to other road users on the way to Monk Fryston. It is not often that one sees open vintage motor cars on the road. It is probably even less likely to see two identical people in an open vintage motor car. It will probably never happen again that other road users will be treated to the sight of a vintage motor car which contains two identical people—one of them clad only in underpants!

David Hine and wife arrived in some sort of comfort in their M.45 saloon and on the back seat, the product of last year's hard work in a carry cot. Of the other Lagonda drivers, Fox was with his concours 16/80 tourer and the Northern Secretary in his centrally heated V.12 Rapide.

The dinner speeches followed the usual pattern of insulting various members' teeth, clothing and equipment whilst Brown relied for laughs on producing the aforementioned plywood replica which he had spent weeks in constructing and which at the press of a button or something, removed its trousers at lightning speed. One can only admire his enthusiasm, however, the thought occurs that all this effort might have been better spent on his motor car outside—but then again, maybe not.

It was obvious that the Northern Secretary was having some difficulty focusing up on his



Apropos of nothing else . . . the interior of Michael Jones' garage!

speech—pity he fluffed it because he really thought it was rather good. Basically and it should be added, very basically he thanked members for attending and especially those who had travelled far.

Highlight of the evening, apart from David Hine's cabaret act, must have been the three attractive young ladies who passed amongst members clad in stockings, suspenders and very little else, selling raffle tickets for a splendid case donated by one of our magazine advertisers. The prize was won by John Batt who also got his face slapped for being naughty. A good evening.

ODD BITS

Harewood Hill Climb—Vintage Class

1st	Capt. A. Barker	V.12R
3rd	A. Brown	4½ special
4th	N. O. Hall	L.G.45

FIVA Rally

1st in Class (small P.V.T. cars) Mr. & Mrs. Brian Naylor—Rapier.

2nd in Class (big P.V.T. cars) Alastair & Fred Barker driven by Roger Firth—L.G.45R.

3rd in Class (big P.V.T. cars) Alan Brown driven by Herb Schofield—L.G.45R.

Oulton Park—June

Another splendid day of sunshine and vintage racing although the entry was down, and the competitors for the Concours down by half—maybe car polishing competitions are becoming less popular. Lagonda was the most popular marque racing with 14 entered and certainly a great change from some years ago. From memory, David Hine bagged a 3rd in the "Fire Engine", Iain Macdonald a 1st in his L.G.45 and Fred Barker a 3rd in the Captain's V.12R.

Border Rally—June

This event occurred during the June 90° heatwave and on the way up the A1 was littered with dozens of overheating motor cars, not so the V.12 Rapide as she glided along at around 70 m.p.h. for mile after mile with no problems.

The Rally was organized by our new Border Secretary, Julian Reisner and started at his school, Axwell Park. Being his first meeting, he was naturally a bit anxious—but he had no need to be. The route was well chosen though difficult and afterwards a superb buffet with wine and Newcastle Brown was laid on at the school. Thankyou Julian, we will see you next year, despite the fact that the car consumed 25 gallons of petrol!

Northern Driving and Drinking Tests

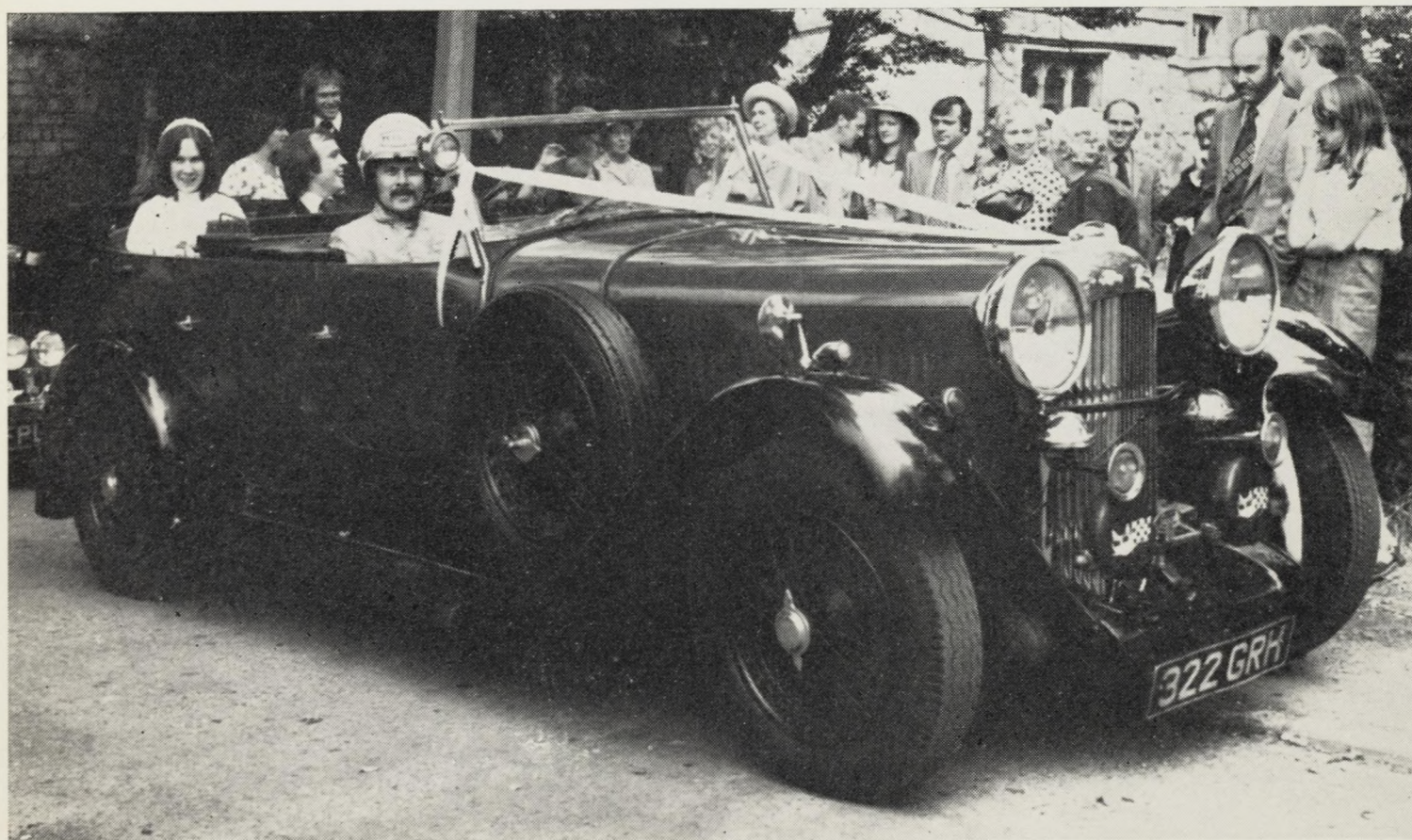
It was bound to be a good day, the sun was shining and when we arrived to lay out the tests at 11.30 a.m., the car park of the local pub was already filling up! Unfortunately, Paul Watt from Reigate was unable to come and John Davenport was also missing, but despite this, over 35 proper motor cars turned up from an 11.1 through to the later models. This event must surely now be the biggest Lagonda only event in the Club apart of course from the AGM. My sincere thanks to all competitors and especially to Julian Reisner, Pam Rutter and the boys from Axwell Park School.

1st	DAVID HINE	M.45 Saloon
2nd	ALAN BROWN	4½ Special
3rd	P. SPEIGHT	11.1

Hull & East Riding Members Notes

GENERALLY SPEAKING, A QUIET SEASON IN THIS PART of the world—with one great highlight. The brightest activity was certainly the Beardow wedding. John and Jean have brought up their daughter Jane in company with her younger brother Andrew and a long succession of interesting cars including, of course, Lagondas. So Jane's wedding was to some extent a Club affair with John's own rare M.45T, Ted Townsley's LG.45 tourer, and Ken Pape's 2-litre, all looking resplendent, and supported by a number of Club friends. And remember that John is well versed in the wedding-car business because his colleagues all seem to want his car for their family weddings.

Don Hoggard has had a busy season, indeed, working overtime (mostly unpaid) on local Lagondas and putting in a tremendous effort to rebuild his own 3½-litre which not long ago was rotting down in the forest. It will not be a prolonged rebuild either. Anyone responding to his appeals for spares may rest assured that within a night or two of receiving any parts, they will have been checked, worked on, and cleaned, and in



Ian North pilots the bridal pair. See Hermes notes

most cases incorporated. He and Ken Pape who is keeping his hand and eye in, have also been of considerable help in resuscitating Ian North's LG.45 drophead.

Incidentally, Ian also played an important part at the Beardow wedding. He drove the bridal car to convey John and Jane to her wedding and then, after the village church ceremony, the whole party were delighted by a masterly touch of the North's good humour when he suddenly re-appeared in racing overalls and helmet to speed the bride and bridegroom to their reception at a distant country club. Finally he re-changed into something more formal to propose the toast, his own light-hearted speech smoothly complementing the words of wit and wisdom from the bride's father.

HERMES

FIVA International Rally 1976

GREAT BRITAIN WAS THE HOST COUNTRY THIS YEAR for the world's major veteran and vintage event, the annual FIVA Rally, centred on Harrogate and held over six days at the end of May. The event was in effect two separate rallies in one, the Veteran Car Club being responsible for the pre-1919 cars and the Vintage Sports Car Club for the 1919-1940 vehicles. The veteran cars followed a totally different route, the only composite events being the concours at Harewood House and the various social functions.

Lagonda were represented by two 11.9s, two 2-litres, four 4½-litres and also a Rapier. Alastair Barker's 4½ was a non-starter.

Competitors assembled on the Wednesday afternoon and after a long wait to sign in, collected all the necessary documents and garaged their cars in the Harrogate exhibition halls. A particularly fine Lagonda seen arriving was the M.45 tourer of Ron Perkins from Chelmsford. A generous reception in the evening was sponsored by the Yorkshire Bank.

The first road section of the rally started on the Thursday morning at the most unreasonable hour of 7.00 a.m. The driver of the only B.M.C. in the rally turned up at his starting time for the following day—9.28 a.m.—a much more civilized hour than his correct time of 7.13 a.m.! The first pleasure was escaping from imminent asphyxiation in the Exhibition Halls, where the atmosphere

grew progressively more unpleasant as each of the 270 competitors started his engine in turn and moved off. Some competitors, who had celebrated a little too well during the previous evening, became even more jaded when they were handed their route cards which appeared either to be written in Greek or to be a piece of paper covered in squashed flies. However, most of them eventually managed to fathom the twisted minds of the organizers, and to navigate themselves across the Yorkshire moors and dales to Ambleside on Lake Windemere, for an excellent lunch at the Wateredge Hotel. An 1898 steam launch tied up at the jetty, provided an interesting diversion. Quite a few competitors became uncertain of their positions during the day, as was evidenced by the farmer who was helpfully standing outside his farm re-directing all those who were there but should not have been. Generally, competitors were given a most welcome reception; and I am sure the housewife who stood at the door of her cottage solemnly stirring a bowl whilst she watched the cars go by must have produced the best Yorkshire pudding ever.

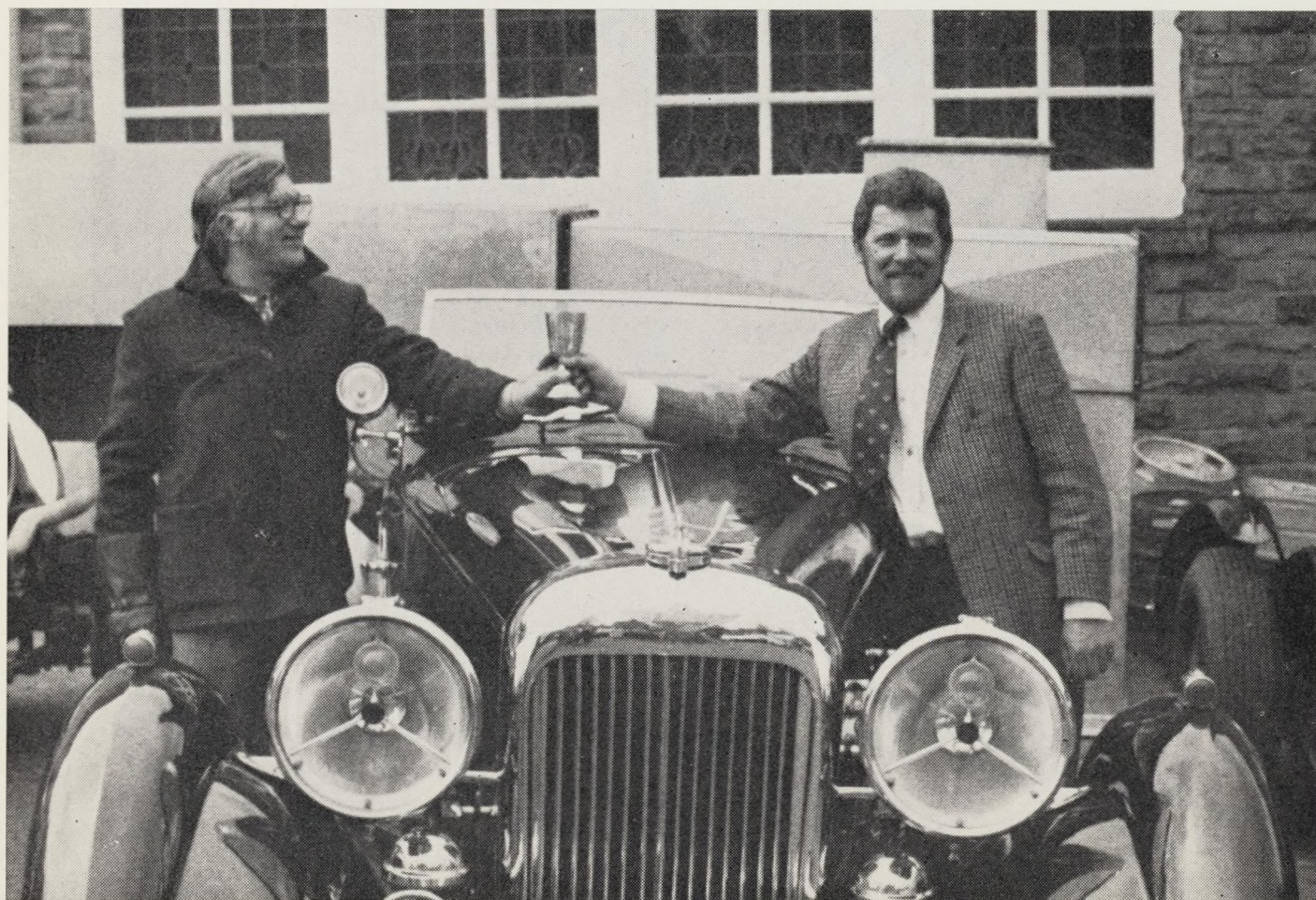
The over-200 mile route was tortuous and undulating, and I recollect I was in second gear most of the time, either going up or down. The road sections were entirely regularity, 22 m.p.h. for most vintage cars and the smaller PVTs, but 25 m.p.h. for the faster cars. It is interesting that our 1930 2-litre was allocated 22 m.p.h. whereas Robin Colquhoun's virtually identical 1932 model had to achieve 25 m.p.h. However, he did have the advantage of all his family lined up in the back, complete with carefully prepared average speed graphs.

The fiendish organizers carefully located most of the time checks at the top of long steep climbs, and the route undoubtedly favoured the faster cars. The two 11.9 Lagondas driven by Freda Roberts and Mike Brown clearly had an almost impossible task to maintain their set averages at all, and for the single cylinder Hanomays from Germany, their required average was virtually their maximum.

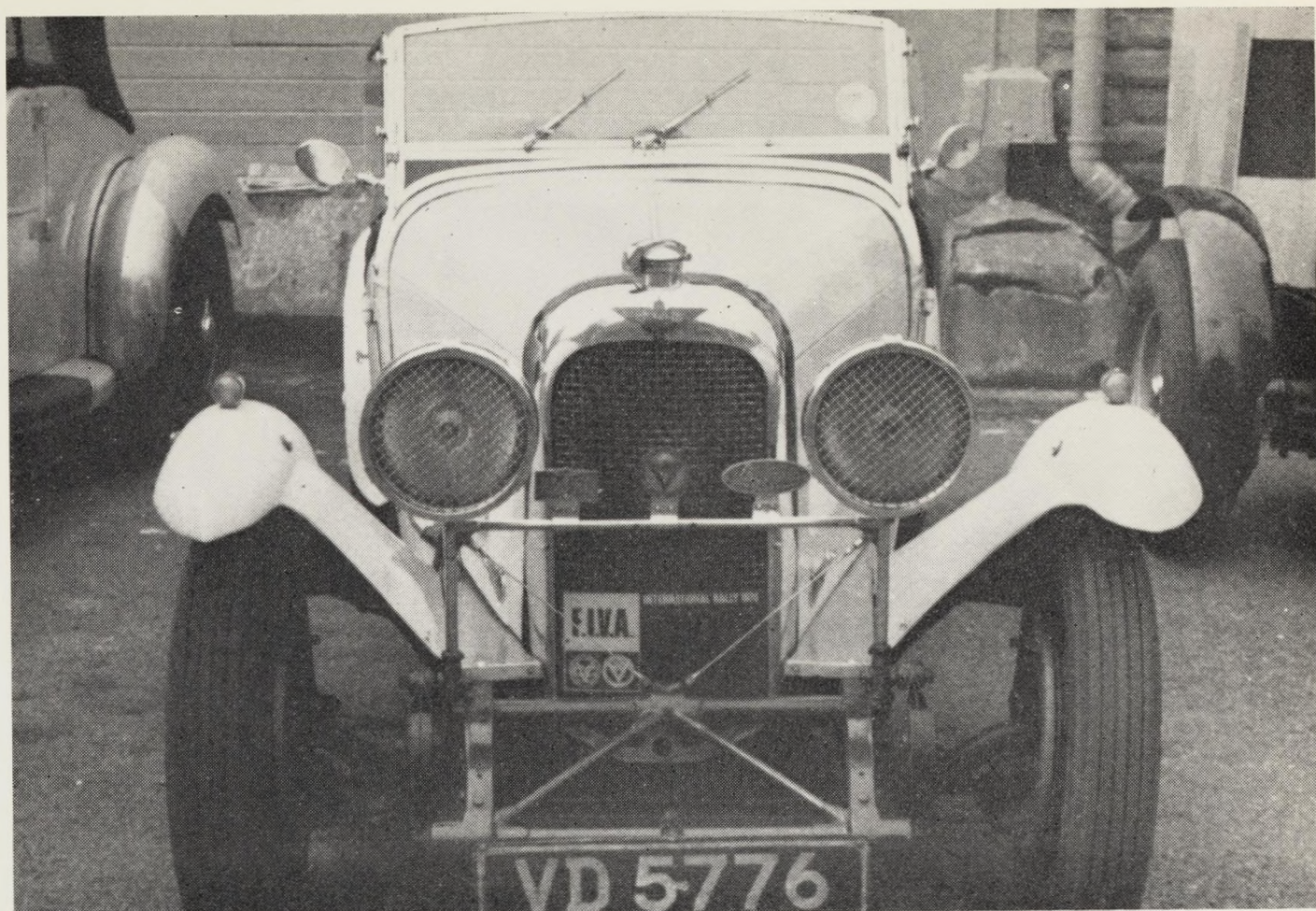
Mike Brown was clearly taking the event seriously and the little Lagonda was being conducted much faster than its designer could ever have intended. A nice little scene was witnessed in the afternoon on the road to Patley Bridge. Faced with an enormous hill with a corner at the foot of it, Mike took a racing line through the



A. Barker, F. Barker and Roger Firth, 2nd in Class



Alan Brown and Herb Schofield, 3rd in Class



Brian Naylor's Rapier, 1st in Class

corner and just as his speed was dropping, he was passed by the impressive supercharged 1927 Mercedes of B. Ruckworth, who had been following for some time. Immediately the Lagonda crew waved the Mercedes on, gave it a thumbs up to encourage it on its way, and then put their fingers in their ears to avoid being deafened by the awe-inspiring bellow of the supercharged car storming the hill on full power.

Most competitors eventually managed to arrive at the final control before it closed, although Freda Roberts' 11.9 expired at the side of the road during the afternoon section with magneto trouble. As a further test of competitors' stamina, a dance had been arranged for the evening, lasting till 1.00 a.m.

Friday's route was another regularity run and led through picturesque Nidderdale, where the peacocks of Ramsgill observed the cars pass, with a thousand eyes. This section included hills which if anything, were even steeper than the previous day, and in order to make the ascent some of the smaller cars were observed jettisoning not only their passengers but their drivers as well. Barbara Brown obviously had a well practised technique

of dismounting from the 11.9 most elegantly at precisely the correct moment just as the car slowed to a walking pace. To my chagrin, I discovered that even a 2-litre will not restart when stationary on a 1 in 5 hill after being baulked, and it was necessary to roll down to the bottom and make a repeat run. The route certainly caused the car to consume more than its normal ration of fuel and oil, but fortunately Duckhams were on hand to give generous assistance with the latter.

The morning section finished with lunch at York racecourse, the meal being adequately lubricated with Old Peculiar Ale provided by Theakstons. The afternoon was free for sight-seeing in the city, the railway museum being a popular attraction. A delightful moment was the arrival of Middleton's tiny Locomobile steamer, which exchanged whistles with the huge Evening Star, the last steam locomotive to be built by British Rail. The evening function was a wine and cheese party generously provided by Rolls-Royce Motors. The weather on the Saturday can only be described as putrid, with continuous torrential rain all day. The veterans set off on yet another

regularity run whilst the vintage contingent attempted a special test at Harewood hill climb. As I stood in the liquid mud in the endless downpour waiting to ascend the hill, I had to constantly remember that I was enjoying myself.

The test comprised ascending the hill faster than a specified target time, and in addition, covering a distance between the boards which were exactly half the course distance, in half the time. One German driver asked me to confirm what he had to do on the test. Although he thought he understood the English instructions, he found the German translation, with which he had been provided, incomprehensible!

Eventually it was our turn to start and I set off at what I considered a brisk touring speed, only to discover I had failed to achieve my target time by a whole five seconds. Still, others were even more unsuccessful, Ron Sant's magneto coming adrift on the Clyno and Max Hill actually had to lie in the wet under his Bugatti to adjust the slipping clutch in order to ascend the hill at all. I saw Peter Densham make a creditable run in the M.45 tourer, but I must admit to retiring to the shelter of the beer tent, and I did not see the other Lagondas tackle the hill.

The veteran cars were scheduled to perform the same test during the afternoon, but it was cancelled—officially due to a lake which formed at the foot of the hill—but it was rumoured the real reason was fear of an outbreak of pneumonia.

There was no respite for our party however, and the venue for the afternoon's aquatic sport was the Tockinth Driver Training Centre, which turned out to be a desolate and windswept abandoned airfield. The first test comprised driving forward with all crew members looking forward, to stop with the rear axle on and in the centre of a line. Test 2 required the driver to go forward and stop as close as possible to an imaginary brick wall, and then reverse back as close as possible to a second imaginary wall. The final test was a slow/fast event involving starting off and then without touching brake or clutch, driving as slowly as possible to a line, where one accelerated to stop astride the final finish line. The President of the VSCC achieved the remarkable time of one-and-a-half minutes for the 30 yard slow run. Either his engine has an idling speed of about 30 r.p.m., or the back axle has a ratio of some 80:1!

After the tests, most drivers were only too glad

to have a hot bath prior to the official rally banquet and ball. However, as the next day was concours day, some dedicated souls were busy with bucket and leather and Lord Montagu was seen diligently applying Brasso.

The concours was held in the magnificent setting of the lawns in front of Harewood House, and despite the impressive array of brasswork on some of the Edwardians, the judges awarded the James Neil Britool Trophy for overall victory to David Llewellyn's early 3-litre Bentley, on beaded edge tyres. The day ended in another downpour, consequently everyone tried to leave together and a mammoth traffic jam resulted. Even the veterans with no hoods had to wait their turns with the moderns in the queue; we are very strange in this country, on the Continent all the "old timers" would have been waved straight through. After another drying-out session for competitors and their cars, there was a reception given in the Royal Hall by the Mayor and Corporation of Harrogate.

The event was winding down now, and there were several empty seats at the final day's farewell lunch and prizegiving. The rally was divided into three groups for the awards, and victory in the veteran/Edwardian section went to G. Hartley's 1912 Fiat, the vintage section was taken by Bernard Kain in the Bugatti, and the PVT section by Selwyn-Smith's type 328 BMW. The faster Lagondas fared well, Roger Firth's and Herb Schofield's LG.45Rs coming second and third respectively in their class (the class which was won by Selwyn-Smith). Navigators were brothers Alastair and Fred Barker for Roger and the indomitable Alan Brown with Herb. Outright winner in the smaller class was Brian Naylor in his well known Rapier, ably navigated by his wife.

So ended the 1976 FIVA Rally, and as the competitors dispersed, the general feeling was a superbly organized event with full praise due to the committee chaired by John Nutter, secretary Angela Cherrett, the hard working marshals and myriads of other helpers. Some entrants felt the route was too strenuous, others thought it was too easy, so perhaps on balance it was about right. It is certainly debatable which was the greater test of endurance, the rally itself, or the programme of social functions!

With acknowledgements for excerpts from the official rally news sheets.

ALAN ELLIOTT

The 1976 FIVA Rally in an 11.9 Lagonda

AT THE SAME TIME THAT I WAS COMPETING IN THE Lagonda Club Northern Rally in 1952, a certain John Vessey had just gained a "Silver" in the Land's End Trial with an 11.9, which same car I found a few years ago. With such a competition history and the fact that I live near Harrogate prompted me to enter the FIVA Rally.

To the layman, and even most Lagonda owners, the 11.9 is an unknown quantity. It is basically a vehicle designed in 1913 and altered little over the years, quite Edwardian in appearance and design. The engine is of 1420 c.c. with overhead inlet and side exhaust valves, the rocker gear being exposed. The main bearings are lubricated by splash, small pegs dipping into a shallow tray, which may well work in flat country, but any frequency of long hills cause the front or rear bearings to be starved depending on ascent or descent. We have modified these pegs by drilling, etc. and have had no further trouble and now have the oiliest, internal and external, engine in existence. The brakes deserve special mention, a footbrake working on the rear drums, the handbrake operating a strap round a drum on the universal joint. Application of the footbrake causes slight retardation, further pressure merely bends the delicate cross member on which the fulcrum is mounted. The handbrake locks with the most distressing judder and is kept for emergency. Other 11.9 owners may be puzzled by this but we have reversed foot and handbrake controls, and they will get the same effect the other way round.

The car had not been run since last year and I could not remember whether it was running well when put away. The night before the rally I had returned from The World Tripe Contest in Normandy (yes, it's true) and was in no mood for tinkering. The bead-edge tyres were blown up, the tank filled with two star, the sump overfilled by two pints, and a few tools thrown in the boot. The short trip to Harrogate was made in torrential rain which actually pleased me as I had not cleaned the brass, and a quick leather on arrival put me on a level with most others. I was ushered into the veterans car park and had difficulty convincing the officials that the year was 1921. At this stage my greatest confidence was the fact that I had just been made Hon. Life Member of the National Breakdown Service, although I kept the sticker in my pocket. A pleasant evening passed

in the company of the Northern Factory boys as well it might when draught beer drinkers imbibe in a wine bar.

1st day. At 6.45 on a cold grey day the engine was started, oddly enough without difficulty, and at 7.17 we were given a route card of a most unusual nature. By checking forward with the road map it was obvious that a gentle run through the Yorkshire Dales was out. Every severe hill in the north was included and knowing them was no consolation. My navigator reckoned that we could never achieve the seemingly easy average of 22 m.p.h. and we agreed on a flat out effort and never looked at a watch from start to finish. The first hill approached, three to four miles long, with a gradient of 1 in 5. This meant peak revs. in first gear to the summit, then a long descent in the same gear. We were not the first car through some of these remote villages and with the incessant vibration of the car it was debatable whether these onlookers were waving greetings or clenched fists. After five hours the rest at Ambleside was welcome, as was the meal, two pints for us and two pints of oil for the car. The driver of the large Bentley alongside enquired as to the performance of our tiny vehicle. "Bl***y Mediaeval" replied my navigator and stifled further small talk. After about an hour, off again across the wild north to face not another 1 in 5 hill, but a succession of them, long drawn out single tracks that ended in the clouds. To keep moving was vital, knowing that a start from rest was impossible. Halfway up the very worst hill was a road repair team and we had no alternative but to ignore their signals and dash through the heaps of sand and gravel surprising them by replying to their curses in the same dialect. Towards the summit the power went, and 15 stone of passenger was jettisoned, a little tacking from kerb to kerb, a brief prayer, and we were there. The relief was short lived of course as there followed three miles of hair-raising descent in first gear, the advantage of this open country being that we could see the dangers more clearly. After several of these hills we eventually reached the Lowlands, but the faster later numbered cars were catching up.

Breathing down our necks were two Bugatti's and an open Mercedes, all apparently blown, and getting very restless. At the first chance I let them pass and revelled in the noise, not feeling too sorry when I passed a punctured Mercedes a few miles hence. Eventually reaching the finish after

11 hours of flat out motoring, the engine sounded to be misfiring, but I had neither the energy or interest to look under the bonnet.

2nd day. I decided to allow one hour for repairs and started the engine at 6.30 a.m., the misfire being dreadful. Entering the deserted main street, with apologies to the contestants staying at the Hotel St. George, a run in first gear failed to clear anything, and we halted on a double yellow line. Whilst checking the plugs which seemed perfect, a foreigner photographed the oily engine for some reason, and a tolerant policeman allowed me to play there for a while. By continuous flooding of the carburettor, opening and closing the choke, and other pointless actions, the thing burst into life and resumed its accustomed peak revs. This allowed me to have a decent breakfast and my wife joined me as navigator for the second day. Off at 8.30, confident that there were few untried hills left, we even hit top gear occasionally and had chance to view the scenery. A rather severe 1 in 5 hill appeared but these now seemed normal and caused no fear. After two hours of ambling it appeared, a 1 in 4, and I knew we were beaten. Giving baling out instructions we set off without any gentle approach, peak revs. in first gear, and it would be a matter of how far up. Forty yards from the top, a shriek "Out woman", a few more yards, then a deathly silence, holding the tiny handbrake like a vice. The police at the top seemed disinterested, and looking behind I saw Alan Elliott, who had been baulked by another competitor, reversing for a second attempt. Within minutes a powerful looking 30/98 Vauxhall driven by a New Zealander stopped, hitched up and towed us over the top. My wife insisted on picking wild flowers for my daughters collection and we found the control round the next corner. I apologized to the marshal for being late and explained that we had been picking flowers. He smiled knowingly. The hills and the road section were finished after a gentle flat run into York, and a welcome afternoon off.

3rd day. The wettest day ever and we arrived early at the hillclimb at Harewood to find the track waterlogged. We were given a target time of 110 secs. (hill record 38) and ignoring some vague instruction about averaging the centre section in the same time as the last and first, decided on the usual tactics, flat out to get up at all. Green light on, peak revs. in first, peak revs. in second, the middle pedal on the floor and there

it stayed. Came out at the top in 115 secs. sounding marvellous and I think a touch of the dreaded sideslip through the farmyard robbed us of the other five secs. Off to some boring driving tests at Tockwith and returned to base for a quick leather and polish for which I have little enthusiasm.

4th day. The concours at Harewood House, a rather static anticlimax. The judge did not appear satisfied with the clean side of the engine which I had displayed, and understandably laughed when he saw the oily side, commenting that it did look very used and original. So ended the 1976 FIVA.

Looking back, my observations were:

Had I spent 20 hours trying to break that car I could not have done more. The designer, Wilbur Gunn, deserves a medal for something although we always claim it was a car designed 10 years behind its time.

Don't other Lagondas look big.

The engine ran sweeter at the end than the beginning.

The car is not for sale but I could do with something larger with three children and a dog.

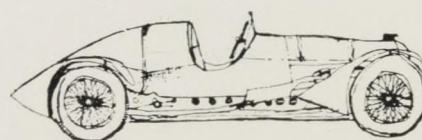
I think we finished 11th out of 30 odd in the class, but foolishly stopped and chatted at controls (penalty 100 points).

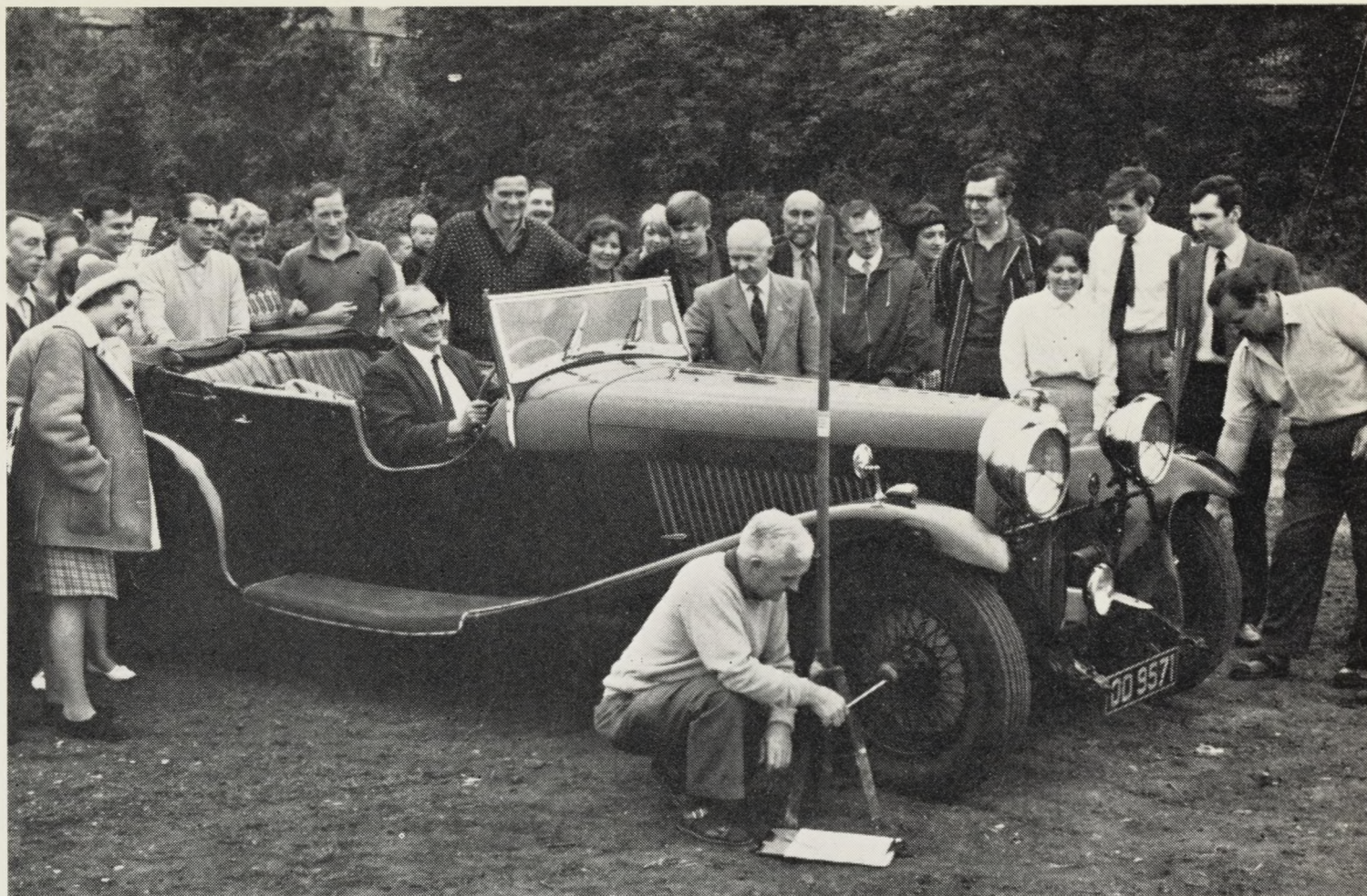
D. MICHAEL BROWN

DO YOU REMEMBER THAT DAY?

Look at the photograph opposite, can you identify the year, and the event, how many Club members can you recognize?

No prizes offered, but we promise to publish the winner's name in the next magazine.





Northern Quiz—see opposite

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WESTWARD NOTES

ONE OF THE MOST NOTEWORTHY EVENTS IN THE WEST in recent months has been the arrival shortly before Christmas of the Wittridge's, who have taken over a fine old Somerset free house, the Half Moon at Horsington, on the A357 south of Wincanton. A regular noggin and natter now takes place on the fourth Friday of each month and a film show was held at the April meeting, with films of various Lagonda Club events and also pre-war film of racing at Brooklands.

Witt, who has been hobbling around recently in great pain after rolling a beer barrel over his foot, is now convinced that innkeeping is a much more dangerous pastime than racing his M.45.

Another newcomer to the area is Brian Minshull, at present Lagonda-less, but formerly an M.45 owner.

I was fortunate to be sent even further west this year, visiting Florida on business, and making contact with two Club Members in Miami, Bud Habersin and Rod Jacobsen. Bud has a fine Rapier which was featured on the front cover of Magazine No. 65. Bud bought the car as a box of bits and carried out a most creditable rebuild. Rod has a well preserved V.12 purchased some years ago in the States from a member who at the

time wrote a most amusing letter to our Editor entitled "Take it Back". Fortunately for Rod, no U.K. members took up the offer!

Shortly after my return, Dick Sage's New Forest Rally took place, and should be reported elsewhere in this issue. As usual, it was a highly successful event with a very full entry. Apart from this event, local members have taken part in the FIVA Rally at Harrogate, VSCC Silverstone, Finmere and Prescott hill climb. Witt was unlucky enough to break a rear spring at Finmere, but it is hoped that our local old fashioned Dorset blacksmith will be able to forge a new main leaf. Dick Sage has recently completed a successful trip to Germany with the 16/80, and then for the second year in succession, trounced all the 2-litre brigade at Prescott. The competition debut of his 16/80 special now under construction is eagerly awaited.

The second noggin and natter in the area is the old established one on the second Friday of each month at the Hambro Arms, Milton Abbas, Blandford—a delightful thatched inn situated in a most picturesque village. Members are recommended to visit both of these pubs; what better way could there be of spending an autumn weekend than a visit to this corner of England, motoring on traffic-free roads in the true vintage tradition; finishing the day at a fine old hostelry!

ALAN ELLIOTT



Rod Jacobsen, Alan Elliott with Mrs. Jacobsen and daughter and on the right Bud Habersin



Line up at the Start at Rhinefield House

Photo: T. J. Threlfall

New Forest Rally Tour 1976

AS THE LONG HOT SUMMER CONTINUES IT IS pleasant to think back to the glorious wet rain at the start of the New Forest Rally Tour on 20th June. For the second year Dick Sage had been persuaded to organize the event and set a challenging series of problems.

The event was fully subscribed, but on the day Dudley Palmer and Paul Watt couldn't make it. Paul, I understand, has had to go into hospital and we hope he makes a speedy recovery. Thus 10 cars lined up for the start at Rhinefield House where the manager let us in free, served coffee and biscuits and remembered his father's blown 2-litre before the war. Two-litres were manned by Colin Bugler, Alan Elliott and Colin Banks in his recently and beautifully restored red and black high chassis car. Joe Harding, Richard Campbell and Phil Erhardt were in M.45s. D. Brown had come up from Devon in his 1934 Rapier D/H coupe and Stephen Weld, down from Ripon, was in his unique to this country 1930 Crossley 2-litre sports. He qualified as an entrant since the 16/80

saw fit to use the same engine. Adrian Whitelegge's 4½-litre 1930 Bentley and John Taylor's 1952 DB 3-litre Lagonda made up the number.

Flagged off at two minute intervals with dire warnings of no beer if you failed to finish by 2 p.m., the course led through the rhododendron bordered ornamental drive and up onto Stoney Cross airfield. The weather cleared and this was where the fun really began. Lagondas were soon crossing and recrossing the same stretch of road with the occupants looking puzzled and the cars getting to know one another really quite well. The idea was that having found the clue one set off in the wrong direction, then turned round looking lost and followed the correct course still looking unhappy until clear of the area. You could then hurry on a bit and hope you hadn't given the clue to too many others. This sort of ritual dance continued at an accelerating pace as time ran out and the deadline approached. The route took us west to Ringwood, down to Brockenhurst and back north via Lyndhurst to finish on the green in front of the Sir Walter Tyrell Inn at Rufus Stone. Here Dick had even arranged coach loads of spectators to cheer in each arrival. Most people made it on time, or nearly so; only John



At Rhinefield House

Photo: T. J. Threlfall

At the finish

Photo: T. J. Threlfall



Taylor's 3-litre retiring with plug trouble.

The results were swiftly calculated and showed Richard Campbell ably navigated by that well known "doer-of-the-*Times*-crossword-before-breakfast", Tom Threlfall to be the winner. Second was Colin Bugler showing that having all the family in a 2-litre does help. Third equal were Alan Elliott and Stephen Weld.

A thoroughly entertaining rally had been enjoyed by all and may I end by thanking Dick Sage on behalf of the other competitors and myself for his hard work in organizing the event.

R. J. CAMPBELL

Care and Maintenance of the Two Litre Lagonda

How to obtain the best service from a famous High Efficiency Sports Type Car

Part II (continued from last issue).

Clean the Plugs

With the carburettor set for fast work it is best not to allow the engine to idle very slowly for long periods as here again the plugs may quickly become sooty.

Water is circulated by a pump bolted to the rear of the timing case and driven by the timing chain, a sprocket, and a shaft. The gland is adjusted by moving the circular nut on the spindle by means of a tommy inserted in the holes provided for the purpose. The whole pump assembly can be withdrawn by undoing the big C spanner nut close to the pump flange, after which the pump complete can be disengaged from its bracket. The spindle is lubricated by a screw-down grease cup, in which only water pump grease should be sparingly used.

The sump contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of oil, and the camshaft tunnels absorb another half-gallon, the lubricants recommended for summer and winter, see pages 17/18. When the filler cap is undone oil can be poured straight in, sufficient space being allowed to take a quart tin of oil, the oil afterwards passing through a gauze to the sump. Attached to a flange at the bottom of the sump, on the left-hand side of the engine, is another big cylindrical wire gauze, through which the oil is

drawn into an external pipe leading upwards to the roto-plunge oil pump on the face of the timing gear case.

To clean this filter, after draining the sump the pipe nipple should be undone, the flange unbolted, and the filter withdrawn and swilled in petrol, say, every 3,000 or 4,000 miles. The oil pump itself is of unusual construction, but very simple. The rotor can be removed if the front cover of the pump is undone, but it is essential to remember that when this cover is replaced, the lettering (Lagonda) which will be found on the front, must be at the top. If the cover is put back in the wrong position the pump will not function correctly.

This text appeared as a booklet prepared by Davies Motors Ltd., London Road, Staines a good many years ago. The company no longer exists and the Committee hopes that the information the booklet contains will be of use to the large number of 2-litre owners in the Club. Caution is advised, however, in connection with the various lubricants reported in the text. Many of these may no longer be available and the advice of Ivan Forshaw or your nearest Area Representative should be sought before using any modern substitute lubricant. Acknowledgement is also made to *The Autocar* from which source much of the material in this article was originally derived.

The oil release valve is situated in the cylindrical projection at the top of the pump, and consists simply of a plunger backed by a coil spring and so arranged that at a certain definite pressure the plunger lifts and the oil is by-passed back to the suction side of the pump. By undoing the cap nut at the top and screwing down the disc inside, the tension on the spring is increased and the oil pressure correspondingly raised. Oil passes from the pump through the oil junction box on the left-hand side of the timing case; from here a lead is taken to the main bearings, which are under pressure, to the camshafts and also to the timing gear itself.

Oil is conducted through pipes at the back of the head to the valve rockers, flows down the camshafts and then finds its way back through the timing case to the sump. The level of oil in the sump is indicated by a dipstick attached to the filler cap and should never in any case be allowed to fall lower than half-way between the high and low positions shown by lines on the

stick. Engine oil should be changed every 3,000 miles.

The oil in the sump is drained out through the special valve fitted on the left-hand side of the engine underneath the carburetter. Do not overtighten locking nut after draining or sump may be damaged.

Very little attention or adjustment to the clutch should be necessary. The clutch linings are $\frac{3}{16}$ in. thick when new, the spigot is lubricated automatically from the engine, but an additional oiling point is provided through a cheese-head screw in the clutch shaft. The six coil clutch springs are behind the floating plate in the fly-wheel, and are non-adjustable. The withdrawal mechanism has small oil cups, and the 6 pins require greasing by means of the special greaser.

The clearance between the clutch fork and the withdrawal mechanism should be maintained at 0.02 in. The clutch stop has two adjustments, one being the nut behind the coil spring, which brings the stop into play later or earlier. For this the locking nut should be slackened and the tube turned by means of the tommy holes provided, being rotated clockwise to bring the stop into action later, and anti-clockwise if for any reason it is desired to use it earlier.

The Clutch Stop

The actual strength with which the clutch stop acts upon its disc is varied by the nut behind the coil spring, the tension of the spring being increased or decreased as required. As a rule the stop should be set to come on hard only at the end of the pedal's travel. If it is set to operate too early it may become difficult to change down.

The gear box filling orifice is on the near side, and the level in the box should be about one inch below the plug face. At intervals of 5,000 miles this oil should be drained away by removing the plug beneath the box, the box itself cleaned out and then refilled.

At the rear of the gear box is the speedometer drive.

The gears are kept in mesh by locking plungers backed by coil springs, these plungers being behind the square-headed plugs locked by a single metal plate on the side of the gear box. The upper plunger controls first and second, the middle plunger top and third, and the lowest plunger of all is concerned with reverse. The plunger spring tension should be increased slightly if any of these gears tend to disengage.

Transmission Lubrication

Behind the gear box are the universal joints, which are lubricated with the oil gun by means of a nipple placed in the neck of the propeller shaft itself, one at each end. The joints require attention at intervals of 1,000 miles.

At the forward extension of the propeller shaft are splines which allow for the lengthening and shortening of the shaft when the springs of the car flex. The propeller shaft itself can be removed without dismantling either the gear box or the back axle. The rear axle filler cap is situated in an extension of the axle casing and the correct level is one inch below the filler plug face. The axle oil should be changed every 5,000 miles.

The Rudge-Whitworth wheels can be taken off in the ordinary way and the brake drums are held by a ring of nuts on studs to flanges on the hub so that the drum itself can be detached, thus exposing the shoes. If a question of withdrawing the hub altogether is involved the split pin locking the nut inside the hub can be taken out through the hole provided for the purpose and the hub drawn off with a special "puller", there being no ball bearings in the rear hub itself.

Removing Axle Shafts

Behind the hub are the ball race and two felt oil-retaining washers which are incorporated to prevent oil from the axle reaching the brake drums. The ball race housing is held by six nuts, though at first sight it appears to possess eight. It will be noticed that two of the eight are not actually on the hub, which is slotted to clear them. These two nuts should be left alone, the remainder being undone, and then the ball race housing can be withdrawn and the ball race extracted from inside.

The axle shaft will come away with the hub or can be withdrawn by itself if the latter be detached. The brake shoes have pull-off springs at either side of the cam, and a special tool should preferably be used in order to release any of the springs or to attach them again. On the face of the shoe, touching the cam, is a metal piece behind which shims can be placed to compensate for wear. When new the brake lining is $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick.

The front hub has two adjustable taper roller bearings, one of which can be extracted from the outside and one reached at the back of the hub. The hub is retained by a single castellated nut and can quite easily be removed with the bearings without the use of a "puller". The brake shoe

release spring seems at first sight to be a little difficult to deal with, but if the axis pins are unbolted and withdrawn the shoes can be moved sufficiently to one side to release the spring altogether.

Each stub axle has a plain bush at top and bottom, the axis pin being put in from underneath and secured at the top by a nut, below which is a thrust washer.

Brake Adjustment

For ordinary purposes all four brakes are taken up simultaneously with the hand wheel adjustment behind the brake pedal, accessible when the off side of the bonnet has been raised, but the cables at the back can be adjusted individually with the aid of special hexagon nuts, and the brakes at the front also have an individual hand wheel adjustment.

To set the brakes properly all four wheels of the car should be raised, the front wheels should be pointing straight ahead, and the front brakes be dealt with first, making sure that the two sets of shoes are applied with equal force. The rear brakes are compensated, and the set screws, which act as stops, should be used to ensure that in the release position the shoes do not touch the drums, the slack in the cable being taken up with the adjustment provided.

The compensating mechanism is in a box by itself, and is lubricated by means of the nipples in the group outside the frame.

The thread used throughout the chassis is B.S.F. up to $\frac{3}{8}$ in. diameter, and above that size 16 T.P.I.; the only left-hand threads are those on the revolution counter drive and stub axles, apart from the Rudge-Whitworth wheel nuts.

Data for the Owner

	O.H.	O.H.	O.H.
	Std.	Speed	S/
		Model	charged
Bore and Stroke .	72 × 120	72 × 120	72 × 120
Cubic Capacity .	1954	1954	1954
R.A.C. Rating .	12.9	12.9	12.9
Compression Ratio	5.9	6.8	5.4
Oil Capacity .	3 Gall.	3 Gall.	3 Gall.
Water Capacity .	5 Gall.	5 Gall.	5 Gall.
Gear Ratio, Top	5.0	4.2	4.1
Gear Ratio, 3rd .	6.84	5.279	5.15
Gear Ratio, 2nd .	11.52	8.249	8.05
Gear Ratio, 1st .	18.42	13.201	12.89
Wheels	21" × 4"	21" × 4"	21" × 4"

Tyres 31" × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 31" × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 31" × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ "
Firing Order: 1 - 2 - 4 - 3 (with about 30 exceptions on the L.O.H. Models).

Battery:

O.H. Std.—12 v. 6.5 amp. 12TR11 - Single.

O.H.L.—12 v. 6.3 amp. 6TR11 - Twin.

S/charged.—12 v. 6.3 amp. 6TR11 - Twin.

Compressor Capacity per Revolution: 2,000 cc's.

Compressor Pressures: 2 lbs. sq. in. at 1,000 r.p.m.; 5 lbs. sq. in. at 2,000 r.p.m.; 8 lbs. sq. in. at 3,000 r.p.m.; 10 lbs. sq. in. at 4,000 r.p.m.

Valve Timing:

Unsupercharged—E. opens 44° before B.D.C.

E. closes 12° after T.D.C.

I. opens 3° after T.D.C.

I. closes 59° after B.D.C.

Supercharged — E. opens 50° before B.D.C.

E. closes 6° after T.D.C.

I. opens 9° before T.D.C.

I. closes 47° after B.D.C.

Ignition Timing:

Unsupercharged—Points break 36° before T.D.C. fully advanced.

Supercharged—Points break 44° before T.D.C.

Jet Setting (Zenith triple diffuser carburetter):

Comp.—95.

Main.—105/115.

Choke.—26.

Tappet Clearances: .004 hot or cold.

Contact Breaker Gap: .012.

Plugs (Make and Type):

Unsupercharged—Champion 16.

Supercharged—Champion L 10S.

Plug Gap: .018.

Tyre Pressures: 32 lbs. sq. in. front; 30 lbs. sq. in. rear.

Recommended Lubricants

	Engine	Water Pump	Gear Box, Rear Axle and Steering Box
Shell	Triple	Water Pump Grease	E.P. Spirax Heavy
Anglo	Essolube 40	Water Pump Grease	Essoleum Expee Compound 140
Price's	Motorine C	Belmoline A	Motorine EP
Vacuum	Mobiloil BB	Mobilgrease No. 6	Mobiloil EP

Wakefield Castrol	Castrol	Castrol
XXL	Water	Hi-Press
	Pump	
	Grease	

NOTE—The original specification for the axle and gear-box was a castor base oil, but, at the time of placing this booklet in the printer's hands, this is not available. The following information is therefore offered, but entirely without prejudice.

It is absolutely fatal to mix a mineral with a castor base oil, and the procedure recommended to get rid of the latter is as follows:

1. Jack up the rear wheels of the car after a run.
2. Drain the axle and gear box.
3. Refill with hot flushing oil and run the engine with the gears engaged for a few minutes.
4. Drain the flushing oil.
5. Refill with Shell E.P. Spirax Heavy Gear Oil.
6. Drain and refill again in 500 miles and then at every 5,000 miles.

Lubrication at a Glance

1. SPRING SHACKLES—Use grease gun every 200 miles.
CABLE PULLEYS—Use grease gun every 500 miles.
2. BRAKE COMPENSATING BOX—Use grease gun every 500 miles.
FOOT PEDAL BRAKE—Use grease gun every 500 miles.
STEERING CONNECTIONS—Use grease gun every 500 miles.
3. STEERING PIVOT PINS—Grease every 500 miles with weight taken off wheels, turning axle from lock to lock during operation.
BRAKE CROSS SHAFTS—Use grease gun every 1,000 miles.
4. UNIVERSAL JOINTS (Propellor Shaft)—Use grease gun every 1,000 miles.
5. FRONT HUBS—Do not overgrease.
6. CLUTCH PINS—Every 2,000 miles with special greaser (1 turn only).
7. CLUTCH EXTRACTOR—Oil every 2,000 miles.
SHAFT BEARINGS—Oil every 2,000 miles.
8. CLUTCH EXTRACTOR BALL RACE—Use grease gun very sparingly every 5,000 miles.

NEW PUB MEET

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PUB MEETS

LONDON: To be convened at new venue.

WEST HOME COUNTIES:

Fox & Hounds,
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Second Wednesday each month.

WESTERN REGION:

Half Moon Inn,
Horsington, Nr. Wincanton, Somerset.
Contact Patrons Witt and Barbara Wittridge for
details.

MANCHESTER:

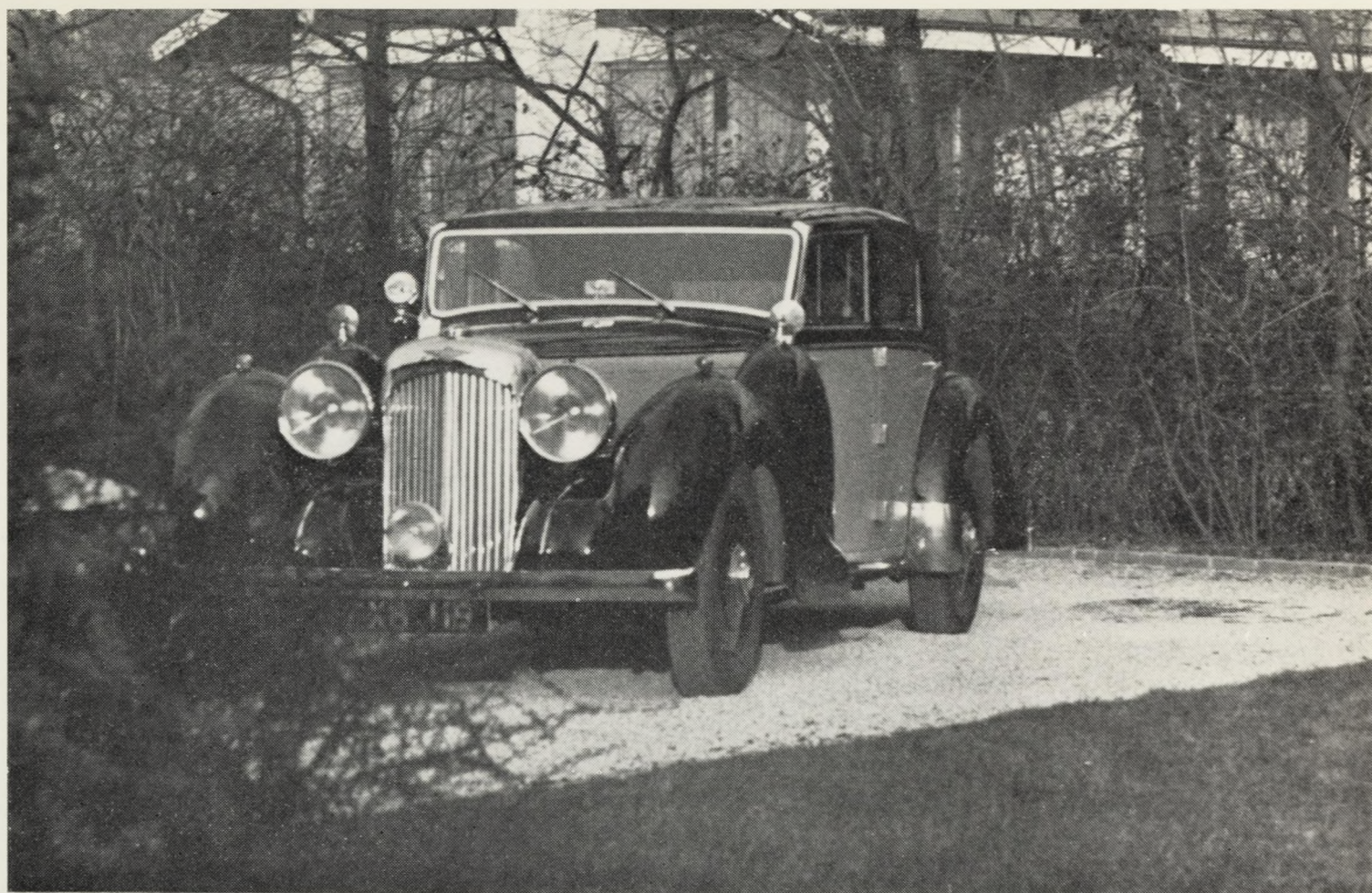
Contact Herb Schofield for details.

MIDLANDS:

Manor Hotel,
Meriden.
Second Tuesday each month.
Gate Inn, Osgathorpe.
Third Tuesday each month.

WEST SUSSEX:

Sir Roger Tichborne,
Loxwood, Nr. Billingshurst (B2133).
Third Wednesday each month (M. Hallows).



Members' Cars

**Lagonda—V.12 4½-litre
500 Berline Sport (1939)**

Chassis No. 14080

Engine No. 14080

Owner: Mr. S. A. Sherif, Geneva, Switzerland

ENGINE, 12-cylinder, one overhead camshaft per bloc, vee, bore 75 mm, stroke 84 mm, capacity 4,480 c.c.: dual coil ignition: 4-speed synchromesh gearbox, central change: hypoid final drive: footbrake hydraulic on four wheels, handbrake on rear wheels: suspension independent torsion-bar front, semi-elliptic rear: wheel-base 10 ft. 4 in.: tyre size 6.00/6.25x18.

Most Lagondas of the W. O. Bentley era were fitted with the firm's own elegant bodies. This short-chassis V.12, however, carries four-door, four-light, five-seater razor edge sports saloon coachwork by Freestone and Webb, with thin screen pillars. There is an integral projecting boot, and the traditional Lagonda dual side-mounts (one of them housing the tool kit) are retained, complete with cellulosed covers. The

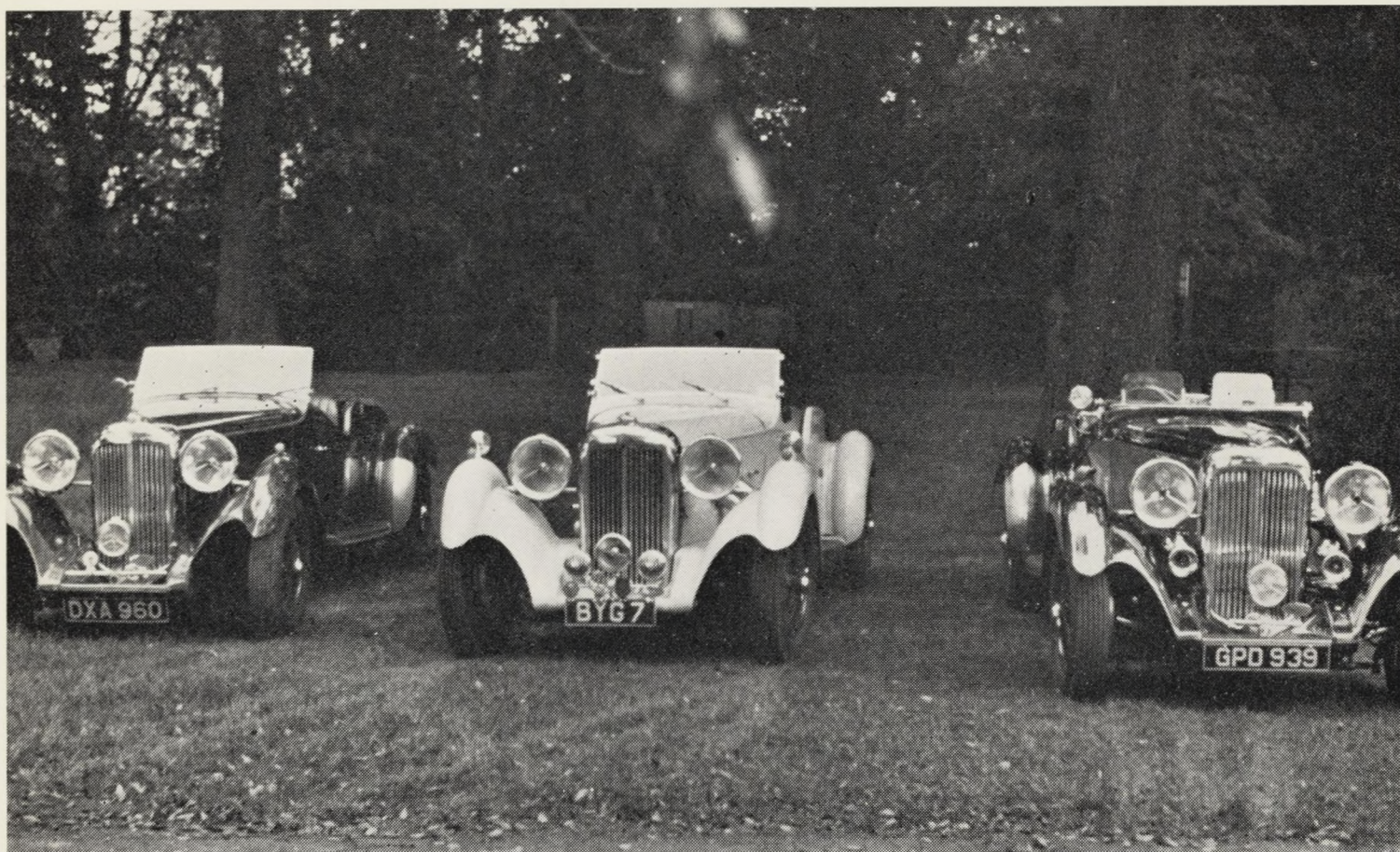
wire wheels are fitted with discs: the car is right-hand drive.

The car has had seven owners, but three of these apparently never used it. Another, who kept it for 15 years, drove it only a thousand miles a year. Total mileage is believed to be 47,600. General condition is excellent: recent work undertaken (in 1975/76) includes the cleaning and repainting of the frame; some new wiring: new tyres and battery; and a complete engine rebuild embracing a rebore, a crankshaft regrind, and new pistons and bearings. The original front shock absorbers have been replaced by new ones of telescopic type. The body has been resprayed in deep indigo and stone grey, all bright parts have been rechromed, and the headlining and Wilton carpets are new.

CLUB ITEMS FOR SALE

**For details, see inside
back cover.**

Three Cheshire Rapides



Three Rapides of, left to right: D. Hine, R. Firth and H. Schofield

OIL PAINTINGS OF LAGONDAS

The photo shows part of a painting by Surrey artist, Alfred H. Wise, of Lord Selsdon's V.12 Lagonda at the 1939 Le Mans race.

A. H. Wise specialises in car paintings and invites applications. Prices from £90—18"x14" to £220—30"x20" canvas.



Photos on application direct to:
ALFRED H. WISE,
"Shearings", Smithwood Avenue,
Guildford Road, Cranleigh, Surrey,
GU6 8PS.

Life with a Lagonda and an Aston Martin

by Peter Densham

THREE TIMES PREVIOUSLY I HAVE WRITTEN TO THE Lagonda Magazine giving an account of my motoring activities. Starting with my first 2-litre in 1936 I was able to describe conditions in England before the war and the extreme difficulties of continuing ownership through seven long years, some of them spent abroad, until peace at last revealed little else than the mess we had made.

Then came a period of struggle and personal problems which wrested from me my fourth 2-litre and cast me into a carless limbo from which I emerged several years later the proud possessor of my present 4½-litre M.45 tourer. In 1968 I bought an Aston Martin DB.4 GT.

I had already mentioned the year 1947 as a turning point so far as cars were concerned. It was then that many people including myself had to make up their minds whether to continue ownership of their pre-war cars, involving as it did a massive overhaul without spares, tools or know-how. There was nothing then to tell us that these cars would increase their value twenty-fold. Nor could we have foreseen yet another turning point in the late sixties when even a modest rebuild—no more than enough to make the car driveable—would cost over £1,000. True we were promised fantastic sums if the car were then sold but where to find the thousand? By this time a vintage car was no longer practical transport for the majority so a two-car garage was a necessity. Then insurance rates rose and all the rest of it. Vintage cars were now for the wealthy or for the very, very knowledgeable (preferably both!)

The Lagonda Club now attracted a new sort of member; the one who was more interested in rebuilding his car than in driving it and it was most fortunate that the two types shared so much in common, enabling the club to weather a most difficult time when the driving members alone could certainly not have sustained it.

My own troubles could be typical. I decided to re-build the Lagonda engine myself, putting out the work (crank grinding, etc.) which I could not do. This out-work was badly done and

the engine, put together with great care, never loosened up—in fact became tighter until there was only one thing for it. It must all be done again and a year was to pass before it was on the road again.

Meanwhile the Aston was having a complete engine rebuild. The work was done superbly but the car was away for fourteen months and the bill was £1,500.

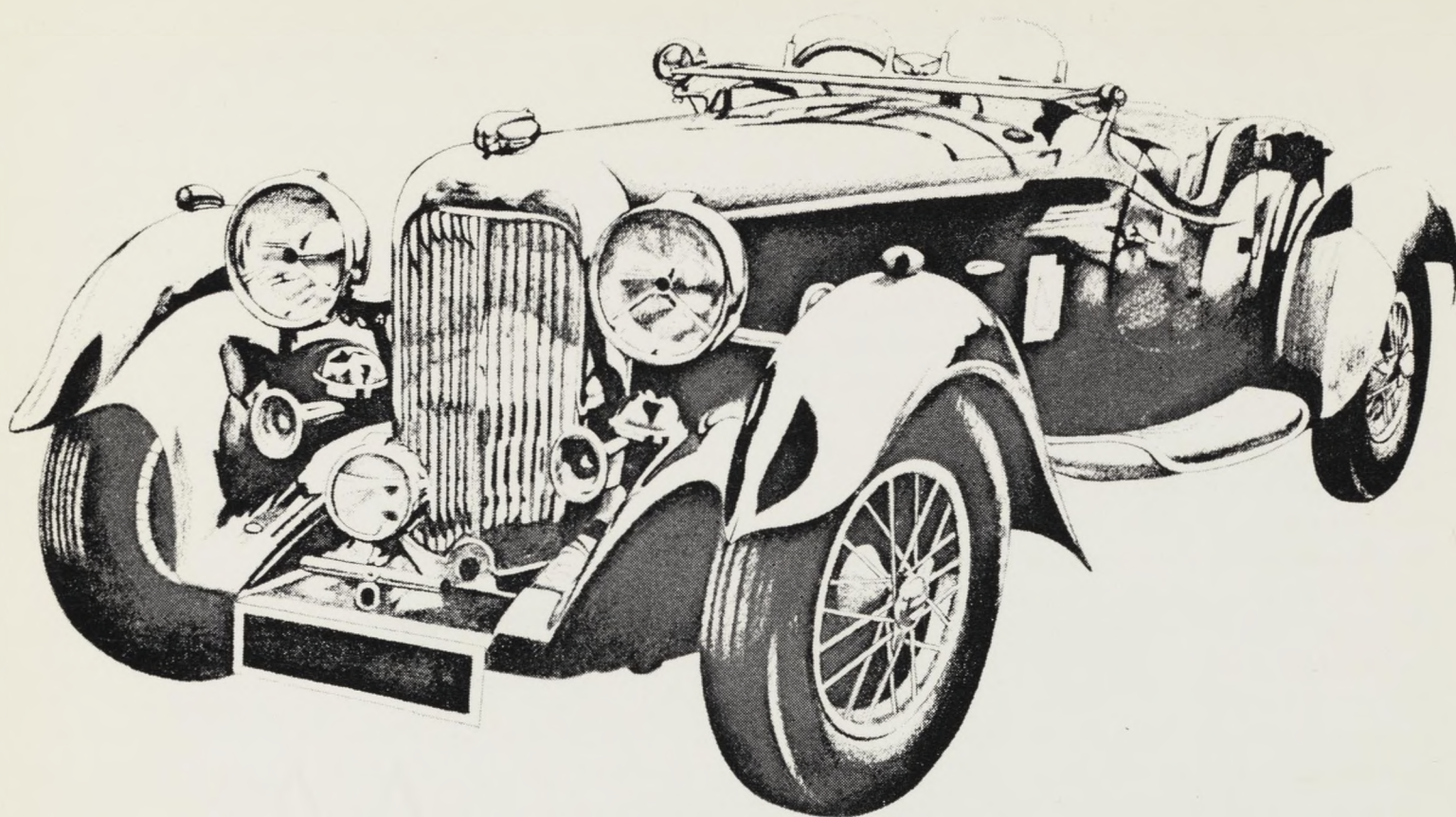
The Lagonda, now painted black, is running as smoothly as ever. In September it took us across France and Germany to Langenburg without trouble. There is pride in ownership and pleasure in knowing that it has been properly looked after.

The Aston is superb and in my opinion the most beautiful car that was ever made. It would have to be to make up for the things it has done!

Looking back over the past years you could be excused for saying that there has been a lot of talk but very little driving. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In 1960 my business out-grew vans and trailers and I had to buy a ten-ton lorry. I bought a 1957 BMC and later a 10 ton Dodge with a Leyland 350 engine. Both had two-speed axles and were in their day much respected. I became very attached to these two lorries and soon found that I was giving the same time and care to their maintenance as I had previously given to my Lagondas. To maintain speed, climb hills and negotiate roundabouts with a laden lorry requires the same sort of skill and concentration that is needed to keep the revs up on a 2-litre and to avoid the embarrassment of having to use second gear. The similarity was born upon me one day when I was driving the BMC on the Guildford by-pass towards Portsmouth with the long drag up to the slip-road which leads onto the Hogs Back. All depended on the traffic lights at the start of the drag; if they remained green I could start the climb at 40 m.p.h. in top with a quick change of axle ratio at the precise right moment and then hang on like grim death, foot to the floor and hope.

Soon legislation became directed against old lorries, and rightly so. At this time anyone with a driving licence could buy an old tipper for £50, put six tons on it and drive it anywhere, without brakes, lights, springs, steering or any other of the modern aids. I struggled through each succeeding battle; first a massive increase in tax, then Operator Licencing took the place of the old 'C' Licence and the MOT test decimated the lorry



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10. LG 45 Rapide
11. LG 6 DHC
12. V12 DHC

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Most prints measure approximately 20cm x 30cm

population overnight. The final cloud to darken my horizon was the news that lorry drivers must hold a Heavy Goods Vehicle Licence and it soon became clear that my own experience would fit me for nothing better than Class III and I had already decided that I must have Class I which would allow me to drive artics. What wasn't so clear was the pamphlet which told you how you could qualify and I misread it. It seemed that if I could prove that I had driven artics, before a certain date all would be well and I set out to gain the necessary experience.

I signed-on at the local Drivers' Bureau (having exaggerated very slightly my prowess) and thereafter the phone was likely to ring any moment to tell me that e.g. a car-transporter in Glasgow awaited my kind attention.

The jobs I took were all interesting and more or less terrifying, they showed me a new side of life and broadened my outlook and they taught me how little the average car driver really knows. And then one day I met my match; the phone rang and I was asked if I would go immediately to a firm of steel stock-holders who were in trouble.

As soon as I saw the load my heart sank. Although it was a very long trailer the girder it was carrying projected right over the cab and at least six feet over the tail. In all fairness the transport manager warned me that it was a 'tight drop' meaning an awkward entrance to the delivery bay but I decided to take on the job and set forth for an address in Cradley Heath. The roads in that part of the world are unbelievably bad and some of the corners almost impossible but I arrived and started to back into the entrance. Without going into details I made a complete nonsense of it and though I finally got the trailer in, my brakes suddenly locked on and I could move neither forward nor back. My prolonged shunting and use of the brakes had used up all the air and the 'fail-safe' device had come into operation. With more experience I would have known that a minute or two revving would have built up the air pressure again and overcome the spring which was now holding the brakes 'on'. The firm had to send out and rescue me and I felt utterly dejected.

This unfortunate experience decided me that I must learn to drive and that I must pass the HGV I test. This I did and it was well worth the £100 that it cost.

In 1972 it became necessary to take careful

stock. It was now obvious to anyone running their own business that what had been good enough for last year wasn't going to be any good at all today. I decided that one of my assets was my HGV I licence and the fact that I had a varied experience of lorry driving. A local firm, busily engaged on building tankers, began to ask me on occasions to deliver their vehicles to their customers and this gave me the idea to start my Heavy Goods Vehicle Delivery Service which now takes me all over the country and has given me an opportunity to drive some really magnificent vehicles. I hope you won't accuse the vice-president of the Lagonda Club of heresy if I say that the finest vehicle I have ever driven is a Seddon Atkinson 400!

Some Record Lagondas

PMC 1033

This is neither a motor car number nor a map reference number. It is a record number.

Enid and I recently acquired a new stereo record-player, and we decided to extend our collection of records to celebrate the occasion. (To a motorist, discs connote something quite different, and none of my friends has yet referred to his disc-player.) So we ordered a record we heard, just once, a long long time ago, namely Flanders and Swann's *At the Drop of a Hat*. Immediately it arrived it was played, and great was the disappointment thereat. The first line of the first song came out as "Some talk about a motor-bike". We had been looking forward to hearing the immortal opening line

"Some talk of a Lagonda."

This Lagonda line exists only on the earlier recording made at a Fortune Theatre performance. A subsequent recording was made at the final performance, and it was this which had been sent to us. To a student of social history, I suppose the words could reflect the changing classes of theatregoers during long runs of successful London productions; Lagonda-loving audiences in the early stages, mods and rockers and perhaps Hell's Angels at the close.

Or when friends of the quick-witted Michael Flanders were in the audience, did he change his first lines from night to night and smartly insert the make of their car as a little personal joke? I can well imagine him doing that, and he could

have articulated almost any make to fit his line. If so, I wonder whose Lagonda it was on that particular evening. There might be a story there.

Be that as it may, our line opens on PMC 1033 exclusively. Be warned too that this number is not currently obtainable.

Fortunately, it now rests in our collection. An unsuspecting cousin was inveigled into a straight swap, his much used old original for our new and disappointing version. His family were pleased with the transaction, we are still more than happy. He was not really a motoring man anyway, though his youngsters like the Song of the Gnu, which follows a motoring introduction, and also the Hippopotamus Song; his preference was for the Song of Reproduction, which is probably not what you think, and sometimes he would fancy Madeira.

If you would add the Lagonda line to your own collection I say again that it must be the above-quoted number, the other is not the one for us.

SIR JOHN'S

I first heard the next choice at John and Gill Broadbank's new house when they played it for some Lagonda Club friends. On this record Sir John Betjeman produces a fine line or two about a 'lush Lagonda' in his poem entitled Indoor Games at Newbury. And that is an important geographical location near to the heart of every true vintage car enthusiast. Blessings on Peter Hull, VSCC, who works there, and could this be why our make and our club are well featured in Brooke Bond's *History of the Motor Car* picture cards and album issued some time ago? He had a hand in it. Incidentally Peter also confirms the recently told story of Wally.

Let us now revert to Sir John. He reads Indoor Games in a good selection of his own poetry complemented with music specially composed and conducted by Jim Parker—catchy tunes and rhythms here—and marketed under the title *Betjeman's Banana Blush* on CAS 1086. Strongly recommended.

I admit I am hoping to trade the above information for new knowledge of records and tapes

mentioning Lagondas. I am also hoping that the Editor may be persuaded to publish reciprocal references in either his editorial or as letters to the editor. In this way other members could add to their own collections some Record Lagondas.

ROY PATERSON

(I can confirm the appearance of 'Lagonda' in the Flanders and Swann's record as I am fortunate to have this live theatre recording as well. Any more *discoveries* anyone?—Ed.)

“Things are not what they were” by GPC 895

WHEN I BEGAN TO DISINTER MY LAGONDA V.12 from her winter hibernation in the family crypt, I was surprised to find the following observations on the front seat. I feel that I should preface this article by saying the author's rather haughty attitude probably is the result of a weight of over two tons and a birth date in 1937.

“Memory is a tricky thing but as far as I can remember it must be 15 years since my last appearance at an AGM. Of course my owner was different then, much more of a gentleman than my present owner who had a Humber prior to my arrival, which just about sums him up.

“Keeping my headlights open I spotted several Members who had been around at my last AGM, albeit with more grey hair, also present were several spritely gentlemen who had been present at my birth.

“Placed beside me were a few more V.12s, these being one of those flamboyant dropheads, a saloon V.12 reclothed by Freestone and Webb and a short chassis saloon. Further up the line I espied a red Rapide who by her colour had probably led a loose life and was ashamed to stand by her elders. Another V.12 owner arrived on a B.M.W. motor cycle and assured everyone it had a flat flock engine, whatever that might be. Another disloyal V.12 owner arrived in an 8-litre Bentley house, and another in a DB V.12 racer which he proceeded to demonstrate to various young ladies; personally I looked the other way.

“My unusual four carbs and inlet manifolds were admired by a racing chappie who seemed to dazzle my dim owner by quoting b.h.p. at the fly wheel, which I inwardly thought was all torque.

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"There were several David Brown products parked furtively to one side. These were fairly current at my last visit and now it seems people collect them! Well really, the next thing people will collect those ghastly S.S. Jaguar things. Opposite me were parked some of those noisy open 2-litres, rumour has it I may have descended from them, but no doubt those people believe in Charles Darwin. Well, sniff, I was not allowed in the hall, but my man informed me that Ivan Forshaw still spoke at the proper pace and length, while all the others fairly sprinted through their speeches. Another indication standards are slipping is that the Chairman is now the Northern market gardener fellow, and subscriptions are not in guineas. Next thing you'll know Mr. Attlee will be back in power and petrol will be five shillings a gallon. Still, it all went rather well, but Berkshire College isn't Brooklands and in my more reckless days I did go round there you know.

"Purring back down one of those motorway things, trampling the odd 'Mini', I must confess to a certain nostalgia when I allowed myself to be overtaken by a couple of open Lagondas, one, would you believe, driven by a Lady!

Well, the sun shone, and I was admired by all and sundry, so all in all I enjoyed myself, and my man seemed to, and we must keep him happy, mustn't we?

'Bye.'

GPC 895/F.31

What's in a Name, or "Real Ale" v. Keg Beer

IN AUSSIE LAND IT IS SAID THAT THE THREE "B"'S are held in high esteem, viz. beer, bints and beaches. Back home it is the B.B.C., beer, bints and cars—and not the Broadcasting Corporation.

All three can be the source of emotional arguments and in the past 12 months there has been a great deal of discussion and passionate writing in the popular press on the subject of "real draught beer". Those who know that I am in the employ of one of the B.B.C.'s (big beer corporations) verbally attack me for not providing what is considered, by some, to be the real stuff.

First, may I make it clear that I am only a P.B.E. and as such have no control over the choice

or quality of product my company chooses to supply. Furthermore the following is not a plea in defence of the National Brewers' case but just a simple attempt on my part to put the subject into perspective.

To begin with we should try to define "real draught ale". Perhaps the term is meant to convey the fact that the beer contains yeast and is not filtered, carbonated and pasteurized. However, I would prefer to use the term "fined draught beer" if only to get away from the assumption that other beers are not real. Fined draught beer is peculiar to the British market and it is not acceptable elsewhere. It is a difficult product to handle, it cannot travel over great distances and it must not be kept in a cold cellar. People from other countries prefer their beers served colder than is the case with the fined draught beers and they prefer milder flavours.

In the past 20 years British brewers have switched increasingly to chilled and filtered keg beers. This tendency has earned them mounting criticism by a small band of enthusiasts, known as CAMRA, who must assume that British brewers are impervious to the demands of the drinking public and thus operate in a vacuum. This is less than acceptable.

The name CAMRA stands for the Campaign for Real Ale.

It is a fact that if there was a universal demand for fined draught beer the brewing giants or the national brewers would react quickly to satisfy customer needs. The national brewers are so well organized that it is inconceivable for a situation to arise in which they were unaware of public requirements. Brewers and sales people alike agree that where a demand exists, it is small.

Keg beers entered the market as an addition to the product range and not a replacement to the "fined draught beer". As time went by it became clear that keg beers were more consistent, they were easier to handle, they could be served cool and they coincided with the increasing demand for larger cooled cellars for all product ranges. The Licensee got the nominated yield from a keg and there was less expertise required in dispensing keg beers.

CAMRA continually reminds us about how "fined draught beers" used to taste so it will be in order to explain the production and distribution procedures.

Since "fined draught beers" are not chill-proofed or pasteurized and they can experience

wide variations in temperature they can easily become cloudy. Therefore very close attention has to be given to the qualities of malt and liquor and copper boiling process to ensure the undesirable haze proteins are kept stable. The amount of yeast addition, aeration of wort and its initial temperature prior to fermentation have to be optimized for each brew, otherwise bacterial spoilage will occur at a later stage in the process.

After primary fermentation, the beer is run to racking tanks where it may be treated with sodium metabisulphate, auxiliary finings or primings. The metabisulphate is added to help check the growth of bacteria and auxiliary finings (which are derived from alginates) are added to assist subsequent action of isinglass finings. Primings are added to provide the necessary fermentable matter for secondary fermentation in cask.

The beer is then filled into casks which are closed with a bung or shive and taken to the cellar.

Cellar management is a labour-intensive operation and may last about one week. The temperature should not rise above 60°F or drop below 55°F otherwise secondary fermentations will be too quick or too slow respectively. The latter is probably the worse of two evils. From this it will be appreciated how temperamental fined beer can be. It is advisable to conduct brewery cellarage properly if only for the reasons that very few licensees and brewery salesmen know how to cope with problems such as those presented by slow secondary fermentation and cloudy beer.

At the end of cellarage isinglass finings are added along with the beer required to replace that lost during cellarage and the casks are loaded for transportation. From this point on all the good work done by the brewer is at risk—even the weather has to be watched because thunderstorms are said to render bright fined beer cloudy!

There are many considerations to be taken into account if fined beer is to be served in a bright and sparkling condition. The cask must be positioned horizontally on its stillage at the beginning, hard and soft pegs must be fused judiciously, the cask must not be disturbed, the return of overspill beer must be reduced to a minimum, the cellar temperature must be kept constant (a falling temperature is probably worse than a rising one) and the beer pipes and pumps must be cleaned about twice per week minimum.

Good housekeeping is a prime requirement because the economics of fined draught beer depend so much on minimizing waste. This means that the beer drawn off the pipes at the beginning of each session and, of course, overspill must be added back to the cask. Therefore, the pipes and pumps must be scrupulously clean. However, if an old-fashioned beer pump is opened up it will be seen how ineffective routine cleaning can be because the condition is often deplorable. In addition, the return of overspill from drip trays in pubs not using the over-size glass presents a public health hazard.

Re-finishing is often practised in those instances of cloudy beer. However, it is difficult, if not impossible, to achieve good mixing without moving the cask and this exercise is seldom successful.

With fined draught beers being more susceptible to spoilage than keg beers, brewers operate an involved and costly returns system. Generally, most functions are involved especially distribution, sales, brewers, quality control co-operation and H.M. Excise personnel.

The time and handling costs involved are highly significant and there are many instances where it would be cheaper to write the cost of the beer off altogether.

The foregoing brief description of the production of fined draught beer shows that the product is temperamental and highly susceptible to poor management in both the brewery and in pub cellars. It is also clear that the processes involved in its production are labour intensive and that this labour is perhaps less skilled than the workforce operating a modern brewery. People do not like being referred to as unskilled, largely because this infers lower wages and, therefore, it is difficult to employ people to carry out these labour-intensive jobs. The exception is the labour available in rural areas where competition is poor and opportunities few.

But is there sufficient demand for fined draught beer to encourage the national breweries to resurrect it? Somehow, we are reminded of the luxury liners on the North Atlantic run which went out of business one by one until the *QE2* is now the only one left—and there is enough business to keep this ship busy and making a profit. The situation is much the same with the regional brewers who are managing to cope with the demand for fined draught beer. Sales are booming and with any luck they will make increased profits. However, it is difficult to see

justification for a national brewer believing that this healthy position indicates a widespread demand—it does not.

In its enthusiasm CAMRA has succeeded in drawing attention to the brewing industry and this is good, but it should remember that you cannot tell the drinking public what they should prefer. Situations have changed since fined draught beer was fashionable. Some surveys of customer attitudes show that young people attend pubs because of the surroundings, the music, the company—and then the beer.

I maintain that like beauty, which is said to be in the eye of the beholder, beer is judged by the acceptability to the palate of the individual. Also beer like many other commodities is susceptible to the whims and ever changing demands of the public at large and the manufacturers always claim it is in the interest of progress.

The readers of this magazine have a common objective in keeping alive interest and use of superb motor cars named Lagonda. So why not change the meaning of CAMRA and have a Campaign for Real Automobiles?

NEIL FRAJBIS, P.B.E.

(Poor Bloody Engineer)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gardner Diesel Engines

Dear Sir—Gardners first tried a diesel in a 3-litre long chassis Bentley which Lord De Clifford took through the Monte Carlo Rally. Probably the first public report of the lighter four cylinder engine as fitted to a car was in 1935 when *Autocar* tried a 16/80 Lagonda fitted with the four LK “high speed” oil engine. It was taken to Wales, up passes, etc. and averaged 42.7 m.p.g. Eighty-three m.p.h. was attained. A special axle of 3:1 ratio was fitted.

I had the pleasure of a short ride in an LG.45 saloon fitted with a similar engine, since the war. The engine mounting was quite sophisticated and there was a good deal of padding inside the bonnet and under the carpets. It was only when standing in front of the car when ticking over that it was at all apparent that it was not a refined petrol engine. In the car it was very quiet and smooth, and 60 m.p.h. seemed an effortless cruising speed. The owner said he averaged 40 m.p.g. on shopping trips and better on long runs. Soon after my visit, I had a card saying the car had done 2,000 miles on the Continent at 43 m.p.g.

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Four-thousand revs. does sound a bit high. The '35 car was run up to 3,000 to get 83 m.p.h.—probably instrument readings. I did not ascertain the axle ratio of the LG.45. There is no doubt a 3:1 axle is desirable, or higher.

HENRY COATES
Hill Farm, Swine,
near Hull.

West Country Pub Meet

Dear Sir—You may be interested in the following information for the *Newsletter* or *Magazine*:

A new West Country pub meet has been arranged at Witt and Barbara Wittridge's pub on the fourth Friday of each month.

The location is "The Half Moon", Horsington, Somerset, situated about four miles south of Wincanton and about 200 yards east of the A357 road. The pub is a free house which serves excellent bar snacks. There may even be a free pint for those arriving in a proper motor car!

Can I suggest that we print an up-to-date list of pub meets in the *Magazine* or *Newsletter*?

ALAN ELLIOTT

New Zealand News

Dear Sir—As far as motoring now in New Zealand is concerned we have yet to recover from the

sharp increase in petrol price, this having leapt up in sudden jumps from around 50 cents to one dollar 23 per gallon. Of course we have also recently changed to metric quantity measurement but I have yet to familiarize myself with litres per mile, miles to kilometres and so on. As a basis for comparison I find I have to convert back to miles per gallon.

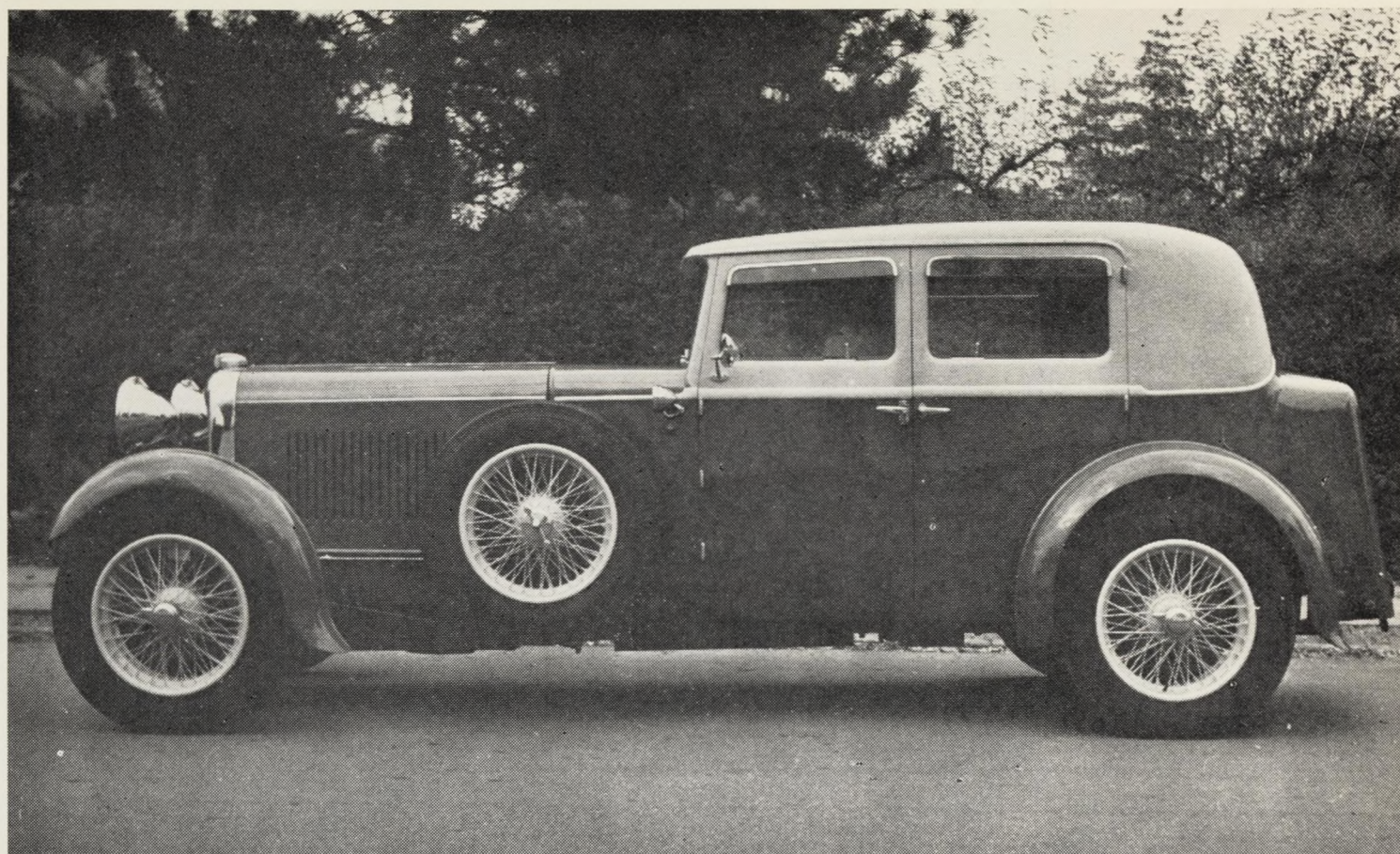
Thank you for sending an application form to Hugh Macdonald. He has the LG.45 saloon on the road and at present it is being re-wooded where necessary, much of the original coachwork being apparently quite sound. The engine bulkhead mounted air cleaner and related carburettor induction manifold are missing from this car and Hugh would be pleased to find a replacement. He has made a very good job indeed of his 20/25 Rolls Royce and it will be pleasant to see the Lagonda in similar condition.

Our drophead, ex Fred Gover, has been re-wooded and at present awaits attention from me. I have not yet finished our 1925 20/60 sports Sunbeam which has been rebuilt. However, the Lagonda is next on our list. Waiting in the wings, but running, we have an OE 30/98, a lightweight Van den Plas bodied 4.3 Alvis saloon and, nearly finished having her coachwork rebuilt, a 4½-litre Lago Talbot saloon about 1951 or '52.

I have beside me a recent copy of our VCC magazine and will enclose this letter with it. I hope you will find it of some interest. This is published at two monthly intervals and from the branch notes you might correctly assume each member subscribes to a national body from which he is seconded to that branch nearest his residence. Hugh Macdonald and I consequently are North Shore members, and with Laurie Poolman, who owns a Rapier are most likely to be the number one Lagonda owning branch. I see there is a picture of the 30/98 on page 31—it's obvious I haven't owned it for long.

A. BRIAN JOHNSTONE
Auckland, N.Z.

**Articles and Photos
are needed for the
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