



THE LAGONDA CLUB



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB**

Number 183

Winter 1999/2000



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of a fast getaway!**

You have all seen enough of EPE 97 which is of course still out there racing in the hands of its owner and behaving as a well prepared old lady should, so time for something different!

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In this instance all went smoothly, but AXX 757 does have a 200 BHP engine thus ensuring that the bride and groom could make a rapid departure!

Simon Bull's Invicta has semi-retired from racing and is being used as a "Q car" for everyday use in London and long distance touring, surprising many a modern with its 230 BHP and 125 MPH top speed.

A 1904 Martini is currently being fully rebuilt. This is a fascinating project, because we are having to re-manufacture a vast number of new parts. We are tempted to wave the magic wand over the engine and see if we can double its original power, as we have with the Meadows engine, but the owner feels it might not be in keeping for the London to Brighton.

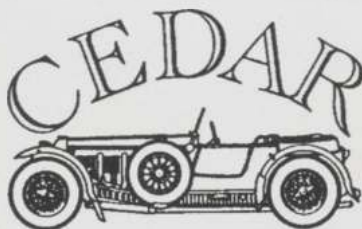
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FRONT COVER

LG45 in the New England fall.

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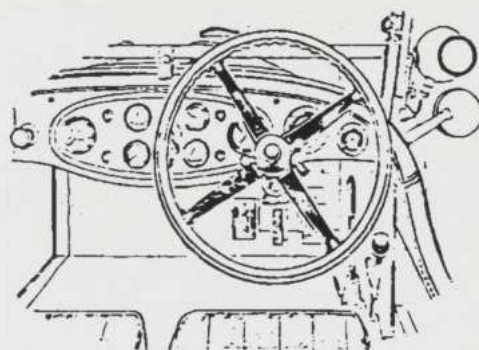
From the Driving Seat

by Ken Painter

THAT WAS quite a year, that was! Never, in the history of the Club, have so many Lagondas taken part in so many events in so many countries. Although the coming year will be a quieter year for us all, let us hope that the enthusiasm generated in our Centenary celebrations will continue and the year 2000 events will be as enthusiastically supported as last year's were.

The original plans for the winter magazine were that it should be a retrospective review of the year's events, but publishing deadlines and the complexities of the year's programme meant that several could not be reported upon earlier. The two key events in America, the Alpine Rally and the Goodwood Sprint are all written up in this edition and the rest of the magazine is mainly a photographic romp through many of the year's highlights, with a brief and very personal narrative by Clive Dalton. If your car is not featured in the pictures, please don't take it personally! With so many fine cars taking part, it was impossible to picture every one. Some will inevitably appear more than once, simply because more people took their picture, but a very real attempt has been made to include as wide a variety of cars as possible and, at the same time, to bring back the memories of the Club's greatest year.

Arnold Davey's plea on my behalf, for more pictures from the participants in the year's events seem to have fallen on mainly deaf ears, with only one member responding. Shame on you all!



Since I was unable to attend any event except the Annual General Meeting, I have been totally dependent on you for the pictures which are such an important part of the Club's continuing history. It is ironic that I have received fewer pictures from those who took part in the events in 1999 than any other year. For those of you who sent pictures as soon as you had your photographs processed, let me say a very big "Thank you". For those who didn't, did you all think that your contributions would be wasted? That fabled member "Someone Else" rarely sends the pictures we need. Make a belated New Year's resolution now! Say after me:

"I must support the Magazine Editor and send him pictures of the events I take part in or watch!"

There, it didn't hurt a bit, did it?

The Club's new "Editorial" computer has been further upgraded and life is getting a little easier for yours truly. Articles can now be accepted in any of the common word processor programs on floppy disc, on Zip disc, or typed text can be scanned directly - although the program which achieves this seems to have a little difficulty with some letter combinations! Even so, it takes much less time to read and correct its errors (it **will** insist on translating "rn" as "m" and vice versa, for instance), than it does to re-type the whole text, as had to be done before. Handwritten text can still be accepted too, but if you send in your contributions in this way, please print all proper names in capitals. I

would be a total failure as a translator of ancient documents and often have problems with modern ones too.

For those on the net, the email address is an even simpler, faster and cheaper method, both for the sender and for the editor. Talk to me first if you want to send pictures this way. If you are really desperate, I can even accept a verbal account on cassette tape or mini disc. With all these options open to you there is no excuse in future!

Chris and I would like to thank the many members who sent us Christmas greetings. She particularly asks me to say that she continues to make excellent progress and her new hip joint is a total success. She now uses a single walking stick only if she has to walk any distance, or if the terrain is at all difficult. We both look forward to a much more active motoring year in 2000 and look forward to seeing you all at Lagonda Club or VSCC events.

STOP PRESS! . . . STOP PRESS! . . . STOP PRESS!

WE are sorry to report that Jeff Leeks has announced his retirement from the Board. Jeff has been a very long serving Board Member and, as Chairman of the Centennial sub-Committee, took a key role in organising the successful events of 1999. He leaves the Board at a time when the Club's standing is at an all time high and he will certainly be able to reflect on a job well done. Our Chairman adds a few words of his own:

It is not normal, when a board member decides to call it a day, for much to be written in the magazine. However, the Centennial celebrations were a triumph by any standards. Every event went entirely according to plan and was wonderfully well supported. In addition, the whole year seems to have come in well under budget.

For an outstanding success of this kind it is only proper that the Chairman of the Centennial Committee should receive our congratulations. It gives me much pleasure to make this public acknowledgement of his contribution to the Club.

Clive Dalton

Letters to Seattle

Clive Dalton reflects on the early parts of the year's events

THIS IS an edited version of a set of letters that I have been exchanging with an expatriate English friend in Seattle who is somewhat housebound even though a keen motorist.

I am writing this bit at 0040 BST. Shirley wants me to look up the street map of Ashford in Kent. We go with the Lag Club to Epernay on Wednesday fortnight after having been to Trough of Bowland with the Lag late last month. 750 miles done plus an ascent of Rosedale Chimney at 1 in 3 during a tour of Yorkshire Wolds. That was a good week-end too even though lots of the descents had to be taken **very** carefully as I need to pack the front brake shoes. Curiously Lagondas never provided for this on the front brakes and you quite often see 2 Litres with the brake actuating levers well past 12 o'clock in the off condition as mine are at the moment. Tim Wadsworth, talking about this on Saturday (8th) remarked that he found his car has thick shims screwed to each shoe with countersunk screws. He took one off, made some hardened copies only to find that the hole centres were different on each shoe so he had to make each shim up to match. Typical of the sort of bodging you find on 'restored' cars.

I have to get mine right for the trip to Epernay, plus half a dozen other 'small' jobs plus writing, with assistance, some sentences in French to thank various French Mayors who are helping. Anthony, our artist neighbour, is half French so I am pressing him into service....Nos chers cousins Gauloise.... We are visiting the Grand Prix Circuit at Reims and Arnold Davey, the Club archivist, tells me that Lagondas only ran once there, driven by a Frenchman. It

finished 12th in a large field dominated by Delahaye. That ought to go down well even in my French.

It all started with the meeting at Great Fosters near Egham where Lagonda's used to entertain their guests in the 30's. It's a Tudor hotel with the main part still very much in the state it was in the time of Henry VIII complete with enormous but smoky chimney. That was Easter Sunday and the whole thing was a great success. Mind you £1000 worth of champagne was consumed.

A small party went to the factory at Newport Pagnell for breakfast in the boardroom and then drove in convoy down the M1 and M25 to Egham bringing greetings from AML Ltd. Nice symbolic gesture and when the Service Director at AML asked for volunteers from the workforce to clean the cars on the Sunday he was almost drowned in the rush.

After Great Fosters there was a pause, thank goodness. There has been too much time off work this year but it won't happen again for a bit, if ever. Who would have thought in 1930.....

It all started seriously with what, in a normal year would have been the Northern Dinner but this year was a long week-end starting in the Trough of Bowland and finishing at Monk Fryston near Sherburn in Elmet, south of York. It was a lovely time with brilliant sunshine on the Wednesday we went up and on the Thursday, when we went on a tour of the Trough and the falls at Ingleton, heavy rain on the Friday whilst we drove over the Dales to York and another pair of good, if windy days on the Saturday and Sunday.

The Northern group have always been slightly separate both in the



Northern Tour. The top of Rosedale Chimney

Photo: Roger Firth



Northern Tour. A fine line-up of M45 Saloons at Gibbon Bridge.

Photo: Roger Firth

Lagonda Club and in the VSCC. 'More lively than the effete southerners' they would say and, on average, I couldn't disagree. They certainly have run the Northern Dinner as a pretty lively affair. Alan Brown, for example, used always to lose his trousers and there is a tradition of turning up in various eccentric uniforms. The leading light is Herb Schofield, his new lady is Ann Shoosmith who was President of the Bentley Driver's Club in the late '80s. She had lots of useful insights when I was elected chairman and her relationship with Herb is good to see.

The night of the dinner was Herb's birthday so at a fairly late stage in the evening on comes a stripper. This caused a serious stir even though she didn't take everything off. When the fuss died down and the rest of the evening was under way she could be seen in a rather charmingly domestic scene fully dressed sitting in a corner chatting to Ann who had, of course, organised it.

There was then a pause until the Champagne Rally. This was an event that several had had serious doubts about, partly on financial grounds, partly on performance grounds. It turned out to be a triumph. Here are some of the highlights.

Setting out from home in the early afternoon with the brakes newly shimmed up we chose not to go down the M11. Just as well for we had to keep stopping to unwind them. The downside was that it took us over an hour to do the first 25 miles much to Shirley's disgust.

We then stuck to M11, M25 and M20 despite the noise and traffic jams. British motorways are much noisier than French ones. First stop was the Ashford International Hotel which, though anodyne was clean and quite efficient. Best bit was meeting lots of other participants and in particular Perran and Jane Ziar. She tells a story that they were driving their M45 near Cambridge in the early 1970s when they were stopped by someone who said he knew where another Lagonda was being rebuilt and brought them to Rectory Farm. Jane was

very accurate but I have completely forgotten it though it was nice to be reminded and flattering she should remember so well. That was the only time we have met before.

Off on the ferry and a long interesting drive on the D roads of France down to Epernay. Took us six hours but lunch was interesting. We came round a bend to find Graham Dutch and his lady in their 20/25 Rolls. He is a chap we see from time to time as he has a 1903 De Dion Bouton which he runs in the Brighton Run and also took on several French Rallies in the early 90s. He said this time that he was only the second owner. I scored several blots by saying "You must have had it some time". It came out later that he has had it 29 years. The lunch was fun, eaten beside a deserted French road in high summer.

Following day saw two memorable things. First we went en masse to inspect the old Grand Prix Circuit at Reims. It's out in the country and the pits and grandstand lie on either side of an N road with the rest of the circuit as ordinary roads. We lined up along the pits, 45 cars, whilst I was presented to the President of the Automobile Club of Reims. They are trying to re-open the circuit which last saw racing in 1969, surprisingly late.

Best bit was when we set off to drive round the circuit. It's in gently rolling open country so that when the head of the procession stopped at a road junction Shirley was able to turn round and kneel on the passenger's seat to watch and take a picture of a wonderful train of Lagondas evenly spaced along the road as far as the eye could see.

We then drove in procession back to Epernay and on through the town to Chateau Pierry and M Paul Gobillard. The fun bit about a procession is that the French are very appreciative of these cars and stand about on the roadside making such remarks as 'formidable' and 'tres jolie' which, in an open car, is clearly audible.

M.Gobillard is another thing altogether. We began with champagne on



Wessex Rally, May 1999. Robert Williams' 1937 LG45. The winner was Brian Watson - also in a 1937 LG45. There must be something about LG45's!

Photo: Pat Elliott



Wessex Rally, May 1999. Organiser Stephen Weld with Jo Moss. The 2000 event is scheduled for Sunday 7th May

Photo: Pat Elliott



David Hine presenting the 1998 Racing awards at June Silverstone: Tim Metcalfe - Fox & Nicols Top Driver Award; Tony Metcalfe - the Michael Trophy and Peter Whenman - the James Crocker Award.



Vintage Prescott Hill Climb August 1999: Jonathan Elliott in the High Chassis 2 litre PG402. It was not his day, the fastest 2 litre was Roger Seabrook's Low Chassis. Photo: Pat Elliott

his back lawn whilst he told us about his garden and its being a garden in the English Style, very popular in France he says. After a few more speeches by various people M.Gobillard picks up a bottle of champagne and tells us he is going to show us how Napoleon's soldiers got at the champagne. Having a large sabre in his hand at the time he gets quite a lot of attention.

Holding the bottle by the base in his left hand and with his thumb up the recess he talks about how to do it and the long history whilst at the same time unwiring the cork. He then starts gently knocking the sabre up against the ring of glass at the neck of the bottle. He was taking about two inch strokes. The sabre, by the way, is quite blunt. It would give you a nasty bruise but wouldn't cut you in a fight.

The climax comes and yours truly, uncertain of what is coming next, takes a couple of steps backwards. Gobillard turns the bottle upright and simply takes a six inch stroke up the side. At this the ring of glass at the top, with the cork still in it, flies off into the bushes and a slight wisp of smoke comes up from the perfectly severed neck. No champagne whatever is lost and he turns to fill my glass to considerable applause. I am now on my third glass.

We adjourn for the excellent buffet lunch. It is made clear that the champagne is to be drunk and whenever a bottle is emptied it is replaced. Not only that but there is good red wine too. It's the usual two hour French lunch at the end of which I present M. Le President with an engraved Lagonda pint mug. Well, one has to drink to him doesn't one.

Back to the table and who's got a full glass, again?

Well after all that we got a tour of the caves with M.Gobillard and a dozen bottles found themselves on to our back seat. It's the next bit that was slightly fraught. Pierry is about five miles from Epernay and had the French Gendarmerie been anywhere nearby they would certainly have caught several motorists

much over the limit. I drove Shirley back to the hotel underground car park and absolutely refused to drive another inch that day.

This was rather pointed up the following day. We had an invitation to go up to L'Abbaye d'Hautvillers where Dom Perignon invented champagne. This saw us on the terrace looking out over the immaculate countryside at the rows and rows of vines for all the world as though a giant had combed the fields. As a way to spend a Friday afternoon that takes some beating.

Coming down the hill afterwards Stephen Constable found himself stopped by the Gendarmes. Much deep breathing to get the alcohol down and he breathes into the device. Reading = EO.

"We are trying out some new technology today, Sir" says the law.

Steve goes back to warn the others.

A local, told of this, remarks

"You do know that champagne doesn't register on those things don't you?"

There were two other events worth noting, dinner on the Friday evening in the cellars of Champagne Mercier, 100 feet down and complete with horn players to introduce each new champagne. Food wonderful of course, this is France, but the departure through the passages with the Horn players in two groups playing and answering each other by the light of flaming torches as we walked to the lift topped off the evening brilliantly.

The next day was a boat trip on the Marne. 'Another day in paradise!' was heard with a sigh as we had the photo call.

Sunday we all drove about 200 miles back to Calais, or those of us who survived. 52 cars set out. One got an air leak in the suction side of the oil pump so he lost all his oil pressure. Not recognising the symptom it went home on a trailer. Curiously his other car, driven by his friends, got dynamo failure but survived by buying another battery to get home on. One got hit by a Frenchman,

aged 19 and became undriveable. One set out from Woburn with a dodgy clutch which eventually failed in Reims and, despite heroic efforts by three or four others it couldn't be fixed. One got funny noises in the engine in Epernay. 10% failure rate....

One blown Two-litre broke a rocker, fitted a spare but arrived back at the docks at Calais on three cylinders and with an exhaust valve stuck open. Result was that John Batt and I found ourselves on the boat fixing it, with the doors still open and watched by the French crew with some interest. What had happened was the assembler of the engine had set the exhaust valve clearances too tight. With the general settling down of a new rebuild the clearances closed up and the exhaust valves got held open, overheated and cooked the oil on their stems. We reset the clearances to double the nominal value and the car travelled back to Ireland on all four without further trouble. In a British boat working on the car deck on passage is forbidden; I suppose we could have fixed it at Dover though

Not only is it the centennial year of Lagonda it also happens to be the 65th birthday of the Vintage Sports Car Club. They had such a super party at the Three Counties Showground at Great Malvern to celebrate their 50th that they did it again on their 60th then, by popular demand, on their 65th. We had heard they were good parties but since they also laid on a special display to celebrate 100 years of Lagonda the Chairman had to go. We may have had guilt feelings about having so much time off work but we certainly had a good time. For all that week wherever you motored in Worcestershire you kept meeting vintage cars. Some cross roads you would have vintage cars coming from all four directions. Pure nostalgia and what's more the locals are extremely in favour. We stopped to clean out a fuel filter in a residential road in Malvern and were instantly offered help by the man whose house we were outside. Stop and consult a map and

there was instantly a local telling you how to get where you wanted. The best bit was that you could take part in whatever events you wished out of a wide range. We got to take the Continental up the Prescott hillclimb twice which was serious fun. The corner which sorts everyone out is Pardon where the inside rear wheel lifts thus removing all the drive. Very interesting.

The afternoon of that same day Shirley and I went to see a birds of prey sanctuary. Lots of others did too and we found ourselves next to a chap with this story. A senior Engineer with Rolls Royce at Derby, Bill Wright, just retired and three others were in his Lagonda 16/80 on their way to a Club AGM at Studley Priory in Oxfordshire. They were a bit lost so they stopped next to a military gent, cavalry twill trousers, regimental buttons on his blazer, Flying Officer Kite moustache, hat, stick, polished shoes, the lot.

Asked where Studley Priory was he barked: "I don't talk to homosexuals" and strode off.

Bill and his mates took 10 minutes to recover from this though whether from laughter or insult is not recorded.

No sooner back from Malvern than it is time to get ready for the climax of the year, the Lagonda Day at Brooklands. This was a reproduction of the Brooklands Fetes of the late 20s where Lagondas hired the track. These were very popular events with thousands coming and lots of short races round the track, sideshows and the like. One member, Tony Loch, who is not on the committee, had a clear idea of what the day should be like and stuck to it through thick and thin. There was quite a lot of thin too, not everyone had his single mindedness. He viewed the proceedings as a celebration of 100 years of Lagonda and set about assembling an example of every model and body type Lagondas ever made. He did this by directly writing hundreds of letters persuading people to bring their particular car if at all possible. He invited 164 cars and got about 144. Quite apart



Brooklands. Ivan Forshaw sits in front of the 1929 Team Cars.



They dont come any prettier than this!



Two delightful detail shots by Bob Farwell – I love the Lagonda badges in the headlights.



from these, which he lined up in the right order, we had hundreds of members bringing their own cars. The total got very close to three hundred cars with the oldest Tri-car and the third from last Lagonda appearing together in the front.

The test hill, 1 in 8, then 1 in 6 and finally 1 in 4 was opened both in the morning and in the afternoon and though I didn't try it, being a bit busy, both the Tri-cars did. I am not sure either made it to the top but there was lots of nice machinery to see including several racing cars going up very impressively.

Although we expected it to be fun I think none of us quite expected it to be quite the success it was. The sun shone continuously which helped a lot but perhaps the best bit was the general car park which had over 120 cars parked all over it. I doubt if anyone will ever see that again. By the time 2099 turns up who knows what will be on the roads. Make hay whilst the sun shines is the right policy.

Whilst we were at Malvern at the Lagonda Display it became clear that the prototype Tri-car, the first car Wilbur Gunn made, was planning to go on a Midlands Motor Club outing instead of coming to Brooklands. It is owned by Stephen Southall who with his twin brother found it in a bicycle shed at Birmingham University in 1936 when they were about 19. The janitor had been paid to get rid of it. The two Southalls pushed it two miles to their lodgings, made it go and Stephen drove it in the 1936 Brighton Run and most of the subsequent ones too.

When the time came to go their separate ways the first thing the twins tossed for was the Tri-car and Stephen won. Philippa says that this was just as well as Stephen is much more mechanical than his twin was.

Tony Loch was apalled that they should miss Brooklands and did some fast talking with the result that if the Club could get the car from their home in Hay on Wye to Brooklands and back then they would come. Steven is about 82 now but

did not look forward to driving the horsebox in which the Tri-car travels that far.

Upshot was that I agreed to see to it, phoned the Southalls with a view to organising a commercial car removal firm to take it and return it.

"No deal" says Steve, "the last firm who handled it broke it". So I agreed to move it myself. Shirley and I took the Cambridge Insitu Mercedes van which has a towing hitch and was big enough to be certain to handle the horsebox without trouble. It's a round trip of 450 miles which is a long run all in one day but without it we would never have met the Southalls. They are a delight. They live in a house they have built themselves overlooking the Black Mountains and in sight of the Brecon Beacons, they built it when they retired from farming and it is wonderful.

When they were young, their mother encouraged Stephen and his brother to do woodworking lessons. Steve has a love of wood from that time on. Needing wood for his house he cut down three or four oaks, got to hear about a number more being cut down for the Brecon by-pass and bought them plus one elm. He seasoned them seven and a half years, cut them up into planks, brought them into the partially completed house and stacked them, then made the entire wood interior of the house, staircase, windows, doors, panelling, everything, with their own hands. You can't get a feeler gauge between the joints even now, fifteen years later.

Told by his doctor that, with his new pacemaker, he had to walk four miles every day he thought that too boring and proposed a swimming 'trench' in which a pump drives water down the length and you swim against it. He then found out that the pump was so expensive that he could get a complete pool of a very respectable size, heated and covered, for the same money. When Shirley and I returned the Tri-car we had a swim in it which, since the weather was wonderful, we very much enjoyed. Another thing we



An elegant Rapier FHC - your Editor received very few Rapier pictures from Brooklands and would love to publish more.



Part of the display of 16/80s under cover at Brooklands.

enjoyed was a ride in his 1920 Silver Ghost of which he is only the second owner. The first was a surgeon in Birmingham known to the nine year old Steve. They kept in contact, Steve and Phillipa both have strong connections with Birmingham, and when the surgeon died it was found that he had written into his will that Steve should be offered the car to buy at Probate value. Steve says it has done over 1.25 million miles, over 300,000 of them in his hands.

Two week-ends after Brooklands, barely enough time to collect one's scattered wits, came the Coys' week end. Coys organise a major event at Silverstone each year in which there is a pleasant mix of vintage, post war and one make racing with all sorts of sideshows such as balloon flying, trade stands and marquees for all the major car clubs including us. We gathered about twenty five cars in and around our marquee and got several new members. Since we got an allocation of free tickets and were allowed a drive round the circuit on both the Saturday and the Sunday, there was quite a lot to induce us to go. Shirley prohibits me from exceeding 40 mph. One year we did it just the week after Nigel Mansell had been circulating at an average well over the ton and 200 down the straight.

It is now 17th and we have been to Prescott for what is the best VSCC meeting of the year. The excuse is a hill climb up the drive of Prescott House but the real fun is meeting all sorts of interesting people and friends whilst watching all this interesting machinery get ready. The story of how it came about is an old one but briefly one of the founder members of VSCC, Tom Rolt, used to live at Stanley Pontlarge which is the next village. He heard in about 1936 that Prescott House was coming on the market. Realising that the drive would make a splendid hill climb with wonderful spectator facilities and most dramatic scenery he got the infant VSCC involved. They were too poor then to buy

the house but he, Tom, told the Bugatti Owners Club, a much richer organisation about the proposed sale in exchange for an undertaking to let VSCC run an event there once a year. This has gone on ever since with the exception of the war years and it is a wonderful, intimate event with the cars being prepared in a grassy field with everybody milling around. Everything is there from the very largest and earliest with their enormous engines and most basic suspension through to ERAs and blown Lagonda Rapiers and all sorts of tuned up Austin 7s. Much fun comes from one or two bitsas made up of rudimentary chassis and wheels fitted with First World War aircraft engines. 21 litres is not unknown. These usually have trouble in handling the steeply sloping, wrongly cambered hairpin bend at Pardon. Most cars lift the inside rear wheel and so lose all drive. No limited slip differentials here.

Every apple has its worm. Prescott is in the Cotswolds just West of Winchcombe and it's a very beautiful area. Rich people go there, buy property and then attempt to get the events at Prescott stopped. Minding one's p's and q's, such as not making too much noise and not frightening the horses, or the people, in the surrounding area may not be enough. There is a certain feeling of the Ball before Waterloo about. Fair women and brave men etc. I am not sure where the quotation comes from and I, perhaps, am being a bit pessimistic.

Next event is the Annual General Meeting of the Lagonda Club Limited. It's a proper company now, we needed the limited liability aspect, but the corollary is that we have to behave properly. The AGM is usually over pretty quickly, the members seem to prefer it short but it means I have to be able to answer questions about the accounts so I have to think. That's on 19th September and on 22nd we set out for the Rally to the Alps. It starts at Epernay and finishes at Verdun. We have to make our own way to and from there.

Lagonda Alpine Rally 1999

John Pearce goes on a Lagonda jolly with cousin Tim

"WOULD you like to go on the Lagonda Centenary Trip 1999 round Europe?" said Cousin Tim; having considered for a few seconds I said "Yes". This was the start of my epic journey into vintage motoring in the grand style.

I asked the usual questions about dates, time etc and in particular about Tim's Lagonda, a 1928 3 litre open Tourer. "Will it have a hood?" I enquired, "No, hoods are for wimps". So the ground rules were set. Warm coat, leather helmet and goggles were to be the order of the day.

After several telephone calls the schedule of the epic journey unfolded. There was no doubt that this would be a journey of a lifetime.

Sunday 19th September; I arrived at Hull Docks with my wife Sara and two grandsons, you could not miss Tim, he was sitting in his car on the pavement - Lagondas can go anywhere I was later to learn. We said our farewells and set sail for Zebrugge. What luxury, a cabin for two; or to be more truthful a cell which would make H.M.P. quite inviting. 12 hours later we were on our way through Belgium. We had decided as we had two days to spare before we met up with the main group, to take our time to Epernay.

Having experienced a 40-ton lorry passing in rain and depositing large volumes of water and spray into the car, the Autobahns were not good news. As passenger, I planned a scenic route to Gent. I have to say at this stage that I have difficulty in directing right and left, in the end a simple solution was devised - 'your side, my side'.

We arrived in Gent on the Monday morning at about 11.30 am, Belgium seemed deserted, we managed to drive right through the centre along the

pedestrian way to the astonishment of the local Gendarmari, to then find ourselves in the Red Light district. The ladies must have thought business was looking up when they saw two gentlemen in an open car with leather helmets and goggles!

Leaving Gent we travelled into France to Les Forester Hotel just outside Mons, the hotel was situated in the forest and due to the hunting season our view of the area was restricted.

Tuesday 21st September: we left Mons having first visited the local supermarche for bread, pate, cheese and volumes of wine. The weather was a little overcast and rain threatened. I enquired what it was like to drive a Lagonda in the rain with the hood up; "Well think of sitting in your kitchen looking down the hall and driving your house through the open letter box" was the reply. The rain started, we stopped under a petrol filling station canopy and out came my N.A.T.O. cape purchased for the trip for £12.50, ex army, good value and large enough to cover both, mind you in a wind and travelling at speed I looked like a green Mr. Blobby.

We travelled over vast open countryside east of Paris, tried to find a sheltered spot for lunch - not a tree in sight so we opted for a large pile of sugar beet and had our pate and wine. After lunch we made our way to Laon, visited the cathedral which was very impressive and commanded a fantastic view of the surrounding area. That evening we spent the night at a modern Hotel complex at the side of a lake at Puiney Courtion.

Wednesday 22th September. Today was to take us to Epernay and the start of the rally. The flat open countryside gave way to rolling hills and trees. This was



The assembly at Chateau de Beaune.

Photo by Bouchard Père et Fils



Lagondas in the vineyards at Beaune.



Lunch stop at Gruyeres.



Lagonda members on top of Europe.

my chance to take the wheel or to put it another way, to try and find the gears without grating Cousin Tim's nerves. Quite an experience after driving my automatic Pontiac Firebird! Our journey took us to the Champagne area above Epernay. Miles and miles of vineyards and hundreds of white Transit vans dotted all over the area, taking the grape pickers to the various vines.

We spent the afternoon grape picking spotting, which entailed blowing the klaxon horn and watching heads bob up out of a sea of green. Before arriving at the Hotel Briqueterie we spent a few francs at a local car wash; Tim wanted to set a good example. We met several of the other members in the car park and I was impressed with the quality and condition of the other Lagondas. We booked in, had a quick drink and into the indoor pool and steam room; met a gentleman from Belgium who confirmed that his country does not surface early on a Monday due to the weekend excesses. That evening we all gathered for pre-dinner drinks and a splendid meal, meat free, nice fish and the first of our many warm goat cheese courses. Simon Carrel, who had travelled all the way from Australia with his wife Liz and daughter Sophie, presented us all with a splendid decorative plate of the Centenary Alpine Rally.

Thursday 23rd September: Woke up to sunshine after a heavy thunderstorm in the night. We were given our route to Beaune, some 195 miles. All our routes had been carefully planned so as to miss all motorways and major roads and to give the best scenic route. Again we passed through the champagne area; the whole valley was alive with pickers and tractors. We stopped for lunch at the side of Lac Brient and lay in the sun drinking our wine. The wine must have had some effect as we made several detours in the afternoon. 95 miles from Beaune I noticed large clouds gathering in the west. Tim decided to stop under a tree and out came the cape, hat and goggles. 'No hood?' I said "No, hoods are for wimps" was the reply. Not having seen another Lagonda

for miles, four arrived together and put up their hoods. We set off and had to open the windscreen to see, I was finding it difficult to read the map below the dashboard with goggles and reading glasses on; it was like camping without a tent. The rain eased and we had magnificent views of the valleys as we approached Beaune. The roads were awash by an earlier storm which we later learnt had caught some of the other cars. We arrived at the splendid Hotel de la Poste in the centre of Beaune. All the cars were parked in a garage at the rear; a splendid sight seeing all the cars together and reminiscent of the 1930's. That evening after a few glasses of champagne, Tim and I joined the 'children's' table together with David Hine (Cleggy) and Alan Brown (Compo); main course Beef Stroganoff and plenty of wine.

Friday 24th September: Tim arose early to polish the car - we were here for two nights - and having had a good breakfast including a glass of pink champagne, we all set off in convoy to visit the Cote D'Or Valley and the vineyards of Bouchard Pere & Fils, which was organised by our Member, Robin Wodehouse. We were shown the most expensive vines in the area and were told that each bottle from the grapes picked would cost about £150. Returning to Beaune, we had been invited to Bouchard Pere & Fils main office and cellars. We had a picture taken in the courtyard of the chateau and Tim was volunteered to speak to the T.V. and media. We then went to tour the cellars; they had wine going back to 1860 and at the time of our visit had 6 million bottles stored. Each bottle has to have a fresh cork every 15 years. We then surfaced to a private lunch, courtesy of our hosts. A different wine accompanied each course, for those experts in our midst. After a two-hour lunch the Director made a short speech of welcome followed by David Hine who presented a decorative plate to those involved in the organisation of our visit. We were informed that 1999 was going to be a good year, so to stock up.



Steamboat Evening Dinner trip.



Clive and Shirley Dalton thaw out on the Furka. Note the tubing keeping the rear of the bonnet open.

Back to the hotel to sleep off the lunch. Tim was due to appear on local T.V. that evening, although some saw it we missed it. That evening we spent touring the city.

Saturday 25. September: Off to Les Rasse just over the Swiss border. Lunch had been arranged at an hotel in Arbois and after another two-hour lunch consisting of meat pate, steak, broccoli omelette, cheese and chocolate cake and of course wine and beer, we set off again refuelled. Unfortunately, the rain and mist came down and spoilt what would have been a great view of the mountains as we approached the Swiss border. The customs post looked more like a petrol station forecourt and the guard just waved us through. Le Grand Hotel at Les Rasse had a commanding view of the mountains - if you could see them. We went for a swim, got locked out and Tim and I had to walk back through the garden and cocktail bar to get to the changing room; I don't think they had seen such fine specimens before. After another good dinner we were introduced to Franz Hatebur who was to be our host for the Swiss part of the Rally. Instructions and maps were provided.

Sunday 26th September: After leaving the hotel we took the mountain road down to the valley below and negotiated some very impressive hairpin bends to Yverdon. The clouds lifted and we had fantastic views of the valley below. We headed for Bulle and on to the famous village of Gruyeres. Arrangements had been made for us all to park in the town, where cars are not normally allowed. This created a lot of interest with the other visitors to the village. The streets were paved in patterned cobbles and one or two of the buildings dated back to 1640. Lunch was taken in the Des Halles restaurant where there was a choice of their homemade soup or fondue. After lunch and a tour of the village we set off for Interlaken, following the mountain road to Spiez. Just before reaching Spiez we found Chris Mayes stopped at the roadside with brake

trouble, two other cars arrived and we all helped to push the car up a side road where the mechanics set to work. I have never seen such activity, toolboxes out and heads into the engine; they were in their element. After some discussion the faulty pipe was disconnected and Chris was able to carry on. Tim and I arrived at Interlaken at about 5.30pm but due to the road works and the one-way system, we seemed to go round in circles before arriving at the Hotel Royal St. Georges. That evening we had a splendid meal in the Victorian dining room followed by a long session in the cocktail bar.

Monday 27th September was the start of our two-day stay in Interlaken. We were now in the Bernese Oberland and had the opportunity to see the mountains in all their glory. The sky was clear and we set off in small groups to the station and then on to the mountain train journey to the Jungfrau and the Eiger. The train climbed to 3454 metres. On the way up the train stopped inside the mountain and you were able to view the valley below through the North Face. We were able to look over the roof of Europe and to the snow covered peaks. Those who wished could ski or walk further up the mountain. On the return journey we stopped off for a large sausage and rosti. The journey took us back round the other side of the Eiger giving us further views of the Oberland. Back to the hotel and a little bit of shopping before dinner and bed.

Tuesday 28th September: This was to be a testing day for the cars; three passes in one day - the Susten Pass 7300ft, the Furka Pass 7976ft and the Grimsel Pass 7100ft. The weather was fine to start with but as we climbed the Susten mist came down and it became very cold. We had a passenger for the day; my Goddaughter Vanessa who now lives and works in Switzerland had persuaded her boss to let her have the day off. We both enjoyed the female company. Fortunately the mist cleared as we climbed the Furka Pass and were able to look back to the winding route we had taken and the Rhone

Glacier. The steep climb took its toll and Tim had to stop on two occasions to cool the engine and refill from a mountain stream; that's what I call motoring. Vanessa had her mobile with her and on the way down she received a call from her mother in Edinburgh; much moaning from Tim about these modern gadgets not for a vintage Lagonda. We were the last off the mountain and rested over a large plate of cold meats of the Region and entertained by the resident accordionist, we were then joined by five members of the Swiss Army, two of whom played until we left.

We had the Grimsel Pass to climb and again a fantastic view and road. On arriving back at the hotel it was a quick change and down to the lakeside where Franz had chartered the Steamboat 'Lotschberg' for an evening cruise on Lake Thun. I was looking forward to this as I have a 1900 steamboat myself. Members had taken the opportunity of having their cars parked in front of the steamer for a photographic session. It was then full steam ahead for the evening cruise. The boat had been restored to its original glory and we were able to view the engine room from the deck. We all had a meal in the saloon and like the engine we were all well oiled!

Wednesday 29th September: We packed and left Interlaken for our next stop - Eguisheim in the Alsace, some 170 miles away. We said goodbye to Franz at the border having spent a great time in Switzerland. We arrived at the Hostellerie Du Pape at 3.30 and were met by Tom Harrington again who was responsible for the French side of the grand tour. A quick turn around for a tour of the town which is the heart of the Alsace region. We were shown the church and were able to admire the timber-framed houses, all of which were painted in bright pastel colours. The tour was rounded off at the Town Hall where the mayor welcomed us to the town and gave us a little more information about the area and the wine. That evening was spent at the hotel where David Hine entertained us with

one of his famous monologues. I managed to record some of it on a small tape recorder; maybe one day a gold disc.

Thursday 30th September was our memorable visit to the Bugatti Museum in Mulhouse. As expected, it housed a large number of Bugattis and other vintage cars, even some original steam cars. Several hours were spent looking over the cars and artefacts. Members from Holland, Belgium and Germany joined us at the museum. Our lunch, generously provided by our Member, Macko Laqueur was in the splendid restaurant overlooking the display of cars. The tables groaned with the quantity and variety of food and lunch lasted 3 hours. That evening was spent in Eguisheim and later at a local Inn where we were entertained by the Landlord until about 2.00 a.m.

Friday 1st October. Back in the cars again for a tour through the Alsace wine area organised by member, Karlheinz Jung. We travelled along the foothills of the Vosges Mountains through vast vineyards. We then climbed up to a large castle overlooking the countryside. We were able to sample how life would have been in days gone by and read the history of the many battles fought. On the way back several of us stopped off for a pleasant lunch in one of the villages, pommies frites and snails for me.

The evening was listed as one of our farewell dinners taken in the cellars of the hotel. As expected, this was a splendid occasion. I just have to tell you, that by now Tim is well trained - not only does he run my bath but he pours my drink as well!

Saturday 2nd October. This was to be our last organised drive of the tour, 170 miles to Verdun. The weather had turned a little cooler, especially over the Vosges Mountains. We followed the route provided which again took us on D roads. I would certainly recommend anyone who wishes to tour this area and any other at a later date, to obtain the route from Peter Whenman. On the outskirts of Verdun we passed many battlegrounds



Clive Dalton at the Grimsel Passhöhe. See also the photo of the same man and car, taken 38 years 2 months and 8 days earlier on the Winter 1961 magazine.



The Bugatti Museum and author, Cousin John.



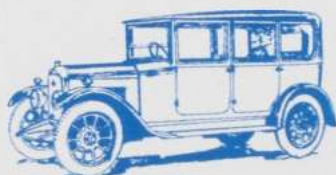
This is a composite shot of three pictures taken at Brooklands by Phil Ridout – plus a bit of magic by the printers.



A plea from your Editor! If you send him panoramic prints, this is what you get in the magazine. The picture shows Lagondas in the rain at Les Rasse.



Franz Hatebur, Peter Whenman, Marc Hatebur and Paul Hatebur at a Mountain Pass Lunch Break.



which we were to visit the following day. We were booked in at the Hotel Coq Hardi for the night. For me this was the best hotel and typically French. The meal at night consisted of quail and other delights, we were joined at our table by John and Sue Walker and Bill and Terry Rankin, reminiscing on the journey of a lifetime. Speeches followed together with presentations; Tim received the prize for the oldest car on the Rally.

Sunday 3rd October. We said our farewells and went off to visit the 1914-18 battlefields, which was certainly an experience and met several other members touring the area before setting off for home. Tim and I had planned to stay another day but as the weather had turned for the worse, we decided to head off for Zeebrugge. We had a wet journey back spending one night en-route and caught the ferry on Monday evening. We met up with Nick Hine, his father David, Alan Brown and others who had made the boat. The crossing was a little rough,

we had no cabin and slept on the floor - what a comedown from the last two weeks. We arrived in Hull the following day and Tim and I parted company, quite sad in a way especially considering that we had driven some 1800 trouble-free miles; it says something for the quality of the Lagonda, not forgetting the skill of the driver and mechanic.

I wish to thank all the members of the Club for making an outsider most welcome. I have not been able to name all those friends and cars in this article. I wish you all trouble-free motoring for 2000.

Organisers:

Peter Whenman
Hilary Whenman
Tom Harrington
Franz Hatebur
Simon Rosenkranz
Karlhienz Jung
Macko Laqueur

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PEBBLE BEACH



TOUR D'ELEGANCE

August 26, 1999



Bill Holt and Mark Tuttle with Bill's V-12 James Young Sedan.



BPK 201 with Craig Davis at the wheel.

The Pebble Beach Concoors

Rudy Wood-Muller reports on this prestigious event

THE TROUBLE with fireworks is that they last a short time. However, in that brief interval the effect is spectacular. The 1999 Pebble Beach Concoors d'Elegance began, as is customary with the Tour of the Monterey Peninsula in which all cars are expected to participate. In case of a tie in scoring, the car which completes the Tour wins. All but two of the Lagondas which entered completed the run. The 30 odd miles included the fabled 17 mile Drive along the rugged California Coastline which offers quite a few challenges to the drivers. Jacques Nasser, the CEO of Ford asked to take the wheel of Peter Biggs' 1939 Team Car and with David Wall as co-pilot acquitted himself well, but not before David had at least one heart-stopping moment.

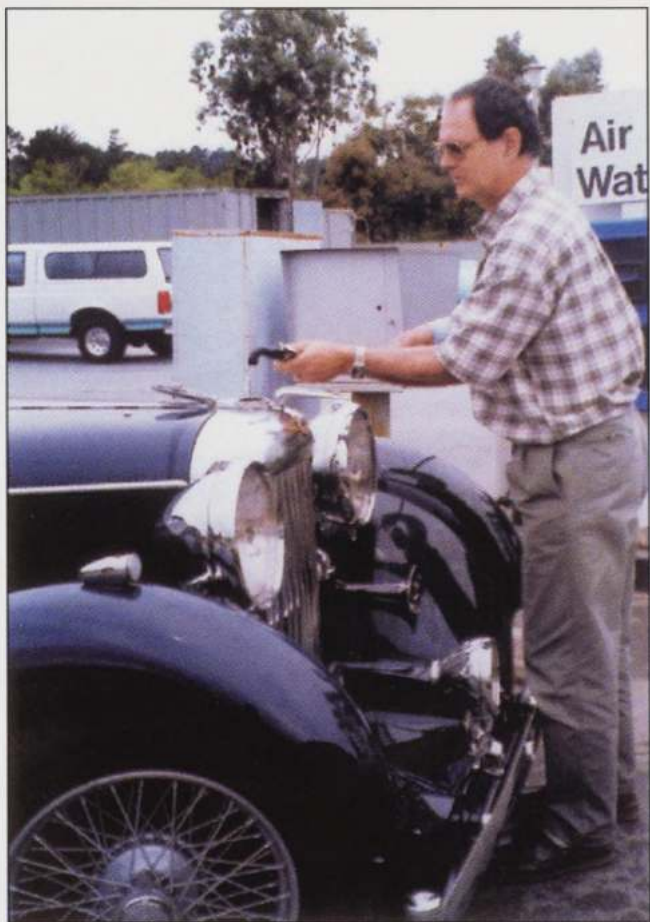
Colin Gumsey's LG 45 DHC which had only one mile on the odometer decided to regurgitate on its owner at the top of a very steep long hill and bestowed on him a special memento, as only cherished cars can, in the form of nasty scalding burn. (He assures me that henceforth he will open radiators with great care.)

Notwithstanding the insult and injury, Colin and his patient wife Laurel struggled for two and a half days to bring the car back to Concoors condition and were duly rewarded with 'Best in Class'! Steen Monies' lovely Lancefield bodied M45 DHC won the Lord Montagu award for the most elegant British car on the field. (This in the company of some formidable competition from Rolls, Bentley and others.) Are Lagondas becoming recognized in these circles?! Bill Roberts made it to the winners circle in his 2 litre, which after languishing in the Northeast (US) showed as a brilliant example of that model not often seen in

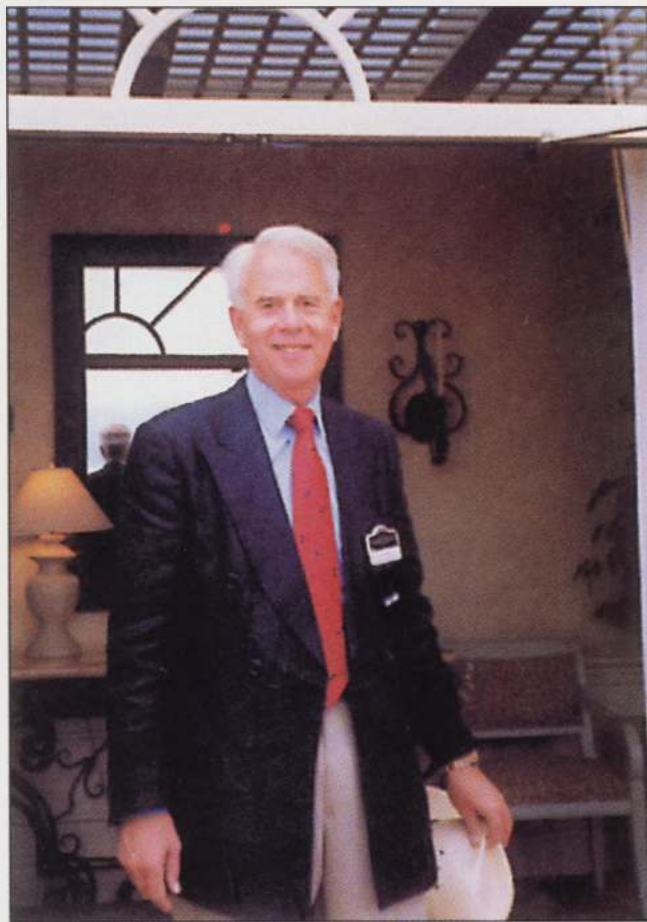
America. In the the 12 cylinder Class, Bill Holt's James Young Sedanca took top honors followed by the impressive V-12 Rapide of noted collector Arturo Keller who brings many spectacular cars to the Concoors every year. Peter Biggs' 1939 Team car took show position. In spite of the Concoors' system of scoring, practically every Lagonda entered deserved a prize. It was the best and largest group of Lagondas ever assembled in America.

There were many other events taking place during the Concoors week, major sales by Christies and Brooks, races at Laguna Seca Raceway as well as "Il Concorso Italiano" a special showing of Italian cars at the Quail Lodge in nearby Carmel. On Sunday morning preceding the judging, the judges attended a breakfast meeting to receive instructions. We were joined by a glittering group of Honorary Judges who included CEO's of most major automotive manufacturers as well as their designers, past and present. Several racing greats as well. Some of the names: Giugaro, Farina, Rivolta, Stirling Moss and Phil Hill.

The judging began at 9 30 and lasted till noon. Soon the field began filling with visitors to create the festive atmosphere so much associated with this event. The Lagondas, a Marque not familiar to many, were much admired. Lagonda Club members, both active and past, came by to visit, among them John Lazor, Dan Ghoshe, August Grassis as well as former member Fitzpatrick whose LG45 DHC is now in Mr. Grassis' care. I was surprised to see my friend Serge Bellu, the Editor of *Automobiles Classiques* from Paris among the motoring press. Perhaps I can subvert him to become a Lagonda enthusiast. After lunch and the tally of the scores,



Golin Gurnsey tending his LG45.



Craig Davis in the Pebble Beach Room after judging



Terry Cohn in EPE 97 with Steen Monies' M45 in the rear.



David and Jill Hine talking to Joe Harding and ??? while Madame US Representative goes about her business.



*Left to Right: No 3 in 6 Cylinder Class: M45 of Steen Monies
 No 1 in 6 Cylinder Class: LG45 of Colin Gurnsey
 No 1 in 12 Cylinder Class: V-12 James Young of Bill Holt*

the parade of cars to the reviewing stand began. The top three cars in class arrive abreast and are sent to the podium in reverse order, the owners not knowing until that moment which car has which position. Palpitation time indeed!

No account of this event would be complete without credit to the hard work and extraordinary enthusiasm of our resident member, Craig Davis, whose own BPK 201 graced the special poster for the Pebble Beach Tour. This beautiful painting was commissioned by the Concours and then auctioned for charity, fetching a handsome sum. The Lagonda contingent were guests at a wonderful formal dinner hosted by Craig and his equally indefatigable wife Bunny. The other guests included Peter Morgan who regaled us with stories of the tribulations of a private motor car company. It was after all Morgan's 90th anniversary. Craig's efforts to make this event a success for Lagondas cannot be overestimated. I doubt if there were two consecutive days during the past six months when we did not confer either by phone or fax. Special thanks of course to Aston Martin Lagonda, its Chief Bob Dover (who also served as Honorary Judge) and Harry Calton for their help with transport and continuing support. We hope that we have made them proud of the Marque.

I cannot sufficiently praise the efforts of the Judges with whom I was privileged to work as Chief Class Judge (he only makes sure that everyone else is working). From the UK came Alexander Fyshe, our President David Hine and David Wall, while the Americans, and that includes Canadians). Bill Holt, Bill Roberts and Mark Tuttle performed their tasks with great aplomb. Mark, a former member and Lagonda owner is a regular fixture at these events and his knowledge was extremely valuable. In case you wonder how two of the entrants were able to judge without conflict; it took some juggling. We had a 6 cylinder and a 12 cylinder class and the judges were in each others' respective categories. The idea was to have the best expertise and

we were extremely fortunate to have such a stellar cast. We must give an immense credit to well-known automotive writer Spencer Riggs who graciously provided a great capsule History of Lagondas for the elegant program and to the Concours writers and designers who put together the text and illustrations from Bernd Holthusen's book. Many thanks to Bernd for his cooperation and unfailing courtesy. If this sounds like the thank you you hear at an Academy Award Ceremony, it is meant to be!!

If I did not single out any individuals and their cars, it is not out of neglect.

ENTRANTS:

4 and 6 cylinder Class:

Chris Salyer	De Clifford Rapier
Bill Roberts	2 litre High Chassis
Chris Salyer	16/80 tourer
Steen Monies	M45 Lancefield DHC
Charlie Morse	M45 Wylders Roadster
Craig Davis	M 45R Team car
Colin Gurnsey	LG 45 DHC
George Chilberg	LG 45 Rapide
Terry Cohn	LG 45R TT Car
Bob Hood	LG 6 DHC

12 cylinder Class:

Bob Lee	Gurney Nutting Roadster
Arturo Keller	V-12 Rapide
Bill Holt	James Young Sedan
Peter Biggs	1939 V-12 Team Car

The fact that my movements were circumscribed by my responsibilities did prevent me from meeting all the people I had wanted to meet. Also I regret that I was not in a position to photograph all the cars at their best. As a judge on the field, it would have been unseemly and difficult to assume the hat of photographer. Heaven knows there were enough photographers there already!

That of course does not alter the fact that the photography is not up to standard. Enough mea culpas. We will do better next time.

Suffolk Dinner 2000

Saturday 8 April 2000, 6.45pm for 7.15pm

at

The Melton Grange Hotel
Pytches Road, Woodbridge

Orange & Grapefruit Cocktail



Roast Loin of Pork, Crackling & Apple Sauce

with

Selection of Vegetables



Lemon Roulade or Raspberry Soufflé



Fresh Ground Coffee with Mints



Jonathan Abson has graciously agreed to speak, looking ahead to the new Century. The Gary Guiver Gong will be awarded for the Rapier coming the furthest. Dress optional. Tickets 2000 new pence each from Little Orchard, Bredfield, WOODBRIDGE IP13 6AW.

Cheques payable to Mike Pilgrim, **by 22 March please.**

Vegetarian main course of Chestnut Wellington available if **stated with your ticket order.**

Local members offer accommodation, and B & B (Oxfam scheme) is available nearby
– details of either from Mike, tel. 01394 382773.

For rooms (refurbished) at the Hotel the concession rate, including breakfast, is now
£80 double / £60 single. Early booking advised, tel: 01394 384147.

ALSO – on Sunday 9 March



Meet for lunch, from noon onwards at The Old
Mill House, Saxstead Green near Framlingham

Bring your Lagonda!





Proclamation

WHEREAS, a century of Clark County's manufacturing heritage is seen through the classic *Lagonda* automobile, invented by Springfield native Wilbur Gunn; and

WHEREAS, in the late 1800's, Wilbur Gunn left Springfield for England in a quest of attaining fame as an operatic singer. After a few years of trying to be a successful musician, Wilbur Gunn turned his attention to another fascination - engineering. At one point he built a steam yacht, the *Giralda*, then in 1898 began producing motorcycles and shortly thereafter three-wheelers, all of which were hand made; and

WHEREAS, in 1908, Wilbur Gunn put on the streets and lanes of England a four-wheeled automobile which was raced with modest success at Brooklands and in 1910 he entered and won the Moscow-St. Petersburg Reliability Trial; and

WHEREAS, Wilbur Gunn achieved his greatest successes in Britain, but he gave his vehicles a name from the past - *Lagonda*, the Shawnee Indian name for Buck Creek which runs through Springfield, where he was born in 1859; and

WHEREAS, all of the automobiles that were produced by Wilbur Gunn and his associates were both very interesting and practical, however after his death in 1920, the products became more conventional, though no less practical. In 1935, W. O. Bentley assumed technical directorship of the Lagonda Motor Car Company and came out with a design of his own, then in 1945 David Brown Tractors, Ltd., rescued the failing company and folded it into the famed Aston Martin firm. Ford Motor Co., has a major stake in Aston Martin and attempts reportedly are being made to get Ford to restore the Lagonda logo; and

WHEREAS, while 1999 is the 100th birthday of the Lagonda car, it is also the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Miami Valley Thresherman's Association, both of which will have displays available at Veterans Park.

NOW, THEREFORE:

I, Warren R. Copeland, Mayor of The City of Springfield, Ohio, and President of the City Commission, do hereby proclaim October 2 and 3, 1999, as:

CHAMPION CITY CELEBRATION DAYS

in Springfield and encourage all citizens to join in the celebration at Veterans Park and to recognize the many contributions made to our society through these incredible inventions.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the official seal to be affixed this 30th day of September, A.D., 1999.



Warren R. Copeland
MAYOR OF THE CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
AND
PRESIDENT OF THE CITY COMMISSION

An Odyssey to Ohio

Colin Bugler reports on a great American event

IN 1996 David Hine planned a pilgrimage to Wilbur Gunn's birthplace in Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. to celebrate the Lagonda Centenary but this ambitious idea was aborted due to problems outside the Club's control. Subsequently Rudy Wood-Muller, North American representative, resurrected the idea in the Spring of 1999 but with the novel plan that overseas members could join American Lagondas as passengers. Valerie and I left Heathrow on the 26th September 1999 and were picked up from JFK New York Airport by Rob Bettigole who took us to his woodland home in Lakeville, North West Connecticut for three days wonderful hospitality from himself and his wife, Barbara. Rob showed us over the scenic Lime Rock circuit where he has often competed in Elva cars. He was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the 2 litre he has just purchased. While we were in Lakeville, Dan and Deborah Ghose with their daughter Maya had been invited by the Bettigoles to join us all for an evening meal. Dan arrived with his M45 tourer and I found it very interesting to drive a standard M45 for the first time.

Wednesday 29th September saw a gathering at Rudy Wood-Muller's friend's (Mike Harges) house in Southem Connecticut for the 250 miles journey to Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Rob, Valerie and I drove down from Lakeville in his modern Volvo and were joined there by Chris Banham (an Alvis owner from England who was with our Club on the 1995 Le Mans rally). Also arrived was Bill Holt from Vancouver, Canada, a V12 owner who had just won a prestigious Pebble Beach award. Bill and Rob rode in the V8 kindly loaned to us by Desmond Fitzgerald who is also based in

Connecticut. Chris was with Rudy in his LG45 drophead followed by Mike, the very important support car. The only hiccup in this journey was Valerie and I (in Rob's Volvo) getting separated from the rest of our convoy by red traffic lights many miles from our destination. However we eventually found our way through Reading, Pennsylvania which lives up to the reputation of Reading, Berkshire as being almost impenetrable to outsiders.

Thursday 30th September Rob had to leave our party for business reasons. Valerie and I were now travelling in the V8 with Bill Holt - a very luxurious form of travel - deep leather seats and a dashboard to keep the technophiles happy. Whenever we stopped, its distinctive lines and wedge shaped front created great attention - at least as much as the LG45. To-day's journey was to head west through Pennsylvania using the Turnpike for another 250 miles. Rudy invited me to drive his car and as we were heading down a slight gradient there was suddenly a loud bang from under the floorboards. I immediately pulled over on to the hard shoulder. Bill set off back up the Turnpike to look for any likely pieces. We decided to start the car and found that the starter motor rotated without engaging the flywheel - the light dawned. Mike then found the large part which bolts on to the end of the Bendix shaft and Bill came running back with the highly important bolt with a peg on the end which secures the part Mike had found. We push started the LG and carried on to the next Service area. An interested truck driver provided a missing washer and, in the end, we had everything we needed apart from the woodruff key. As it happens (I write with



*Before dinner at Springfield Polo Club.
(L to R): Harry and Marianne Robinson, Rudy Wood-Muller, Colin and Valerie Bugler.*



Rudy's starter motor drama. (L to R) Standing: Mike Harges & Bill Holt. Grovelling: Colin Butler, Chris Banham, Rudy Wood-Muller.



Car washing at the local church, Charles Faulkner's DB Rapide and George Chilberg's LG45 Rapide.



Washed and ready to go. Desmond Fitzgerald's V8 and John Lumley's DB2.6 DHC.

supreme nonchalance) only two days earlier I had found a Hardware Store where I had bought a selection of woodruff keys and one of these fitted! We carried on to the next hotel, the very pretty Century Inn at Scenery Hill, Pennsylvania.

Friday morning 1st October we set off on the last leg of our journey over the Allegheny mountains, through West Virginia, for the 150 miles to Springfield. One member of the party, Mike Harges, got separated from us in Columbus the capital of Ohio by the heavy traffic. Later we discovered that Mike had reached Springfield ahead of us but had gone to another hotel with all the luggage for Rudy and Chris! Valerie and I were delighted to see on the steps of Springfield Inn Carmen and Earl Kulgoske who had come down from their home in Northem Ohio. Last seen at the Monk Fryston Hotel in Yorkshire, it was great to catch up with them again.

Saturday 2nd October at breakfast we met several other Club members and were all given Centennial sweatshirts created specially for us incorporating the Centennial logo. Dick Foster who was part of the Clark County Historical Society's team invited us to take our cars to a local Presbyterian Church car park where a team of deacons would wash and chamois them.

Cars present were:-

2L High Chassis	GEL 50
Bob McConnell (Ohio)	
M45 Le Mans Replica	UN 7720
Harry and Marianne Robinson (Alaska)	
LG45 DHC	EPC 238
John Lazor (New York State)	
LG45 DHC	(PMT 42)
Rudy Wood-Muller (Connecticut) and Chris Banham (U.K.)	
LG45 Rapide	ELB 396
George Chilberg (California)	
V12 Saloon	DMX 416
Dick and Linda Scott (Ohio)	
DB 2.6 DHC	GKW 769
John Lumley New York State)	

DB Rapide

241 E

Charles Faulkner (New Hampshire)

V8 Saloon (owned by Desmond Fitzgerald)

Bill Holt (Canada) & Colin and Valerie Bugler(U.K.)

Other rally goers were Carmen & Earl Kulgoske (Ohio), Selwyn Jackson (New Zealand), Ian Hedgman (New Zealand) and our indispensable friend Mike Harges (Connecticut). This was a magnificent effort by members in support of Rudy's plan to celebrate this historic weekend

In perfect weather we were given a police escort to take us through the streets of Springfield to Veterans Park which sits next to Lagonda (Buck) Creek. Apart from our parade of Lagondas there was a large display of steam and gas engines, farm equipment as well as threshing/baling demonstrations, a blacksmith shop, cider-making and music by barbershop quartets and various bands. The Miami Valley Steam Threshers Association was celebrating its 50th Anniversary and this all added to the atmosphere. A special dais was set up for the presentation of Proclamations. A Colour Guard, escorting the Stars and Stripes and the State Flag of Ohio paraded in front of the us and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung. Then the Mayor of Springfield, Warren Copeland, presented a Proclamation to the Lagonda Club and I responded by thanking him, the citizens of Ohio and their ancestors for sending us Wilbur Gunn. All the Lagondas were positioned in individual covered bays with appropriate photographic displays professionally prepared by Rudy himself together with brief historical details. It soon became clear how little is known about Lagonda cars in the U.S.A. and I had several conversations with interested onlookers, as did most of our group.

We were then all whisked off in a mini-bus to visit the wonderful collection of Classic and Vintage cars owned by a local enthusiast, Dick Scott. All his cars are restored to concours condition but driven regularly. Among the bigger cars

were sumptuous Delages, desirable Delahayes and an elegant Rolls Royce the whole room being graced by many wonderful rare objets d'art all carefully and sympathetically displayed. Dick and Linda Scott gave us a guided tour and then provided an excellent lunch. We all very much appreciated their enthusiastic welcome. Next we visited a local car restoration business, D & D Classic Auto Restoration in nearby Covington, who employ about 28 workers and take their customers through from the initial bodywork design to all aspects of renovation including panel beating and upholstery to a very high standard. Back to Veterans Park for a barbecue picnic and refreshingly cool lemonade. John Lumley now had to leave us driving his beautiful 2.6 drophead which I know he has restored from near derelict condition.

Sunday 3rd October Rudy's LG45 went to Classic Craft Motor Sports in Springfield where we watched Chris Butler expertly recondition the water pump. Chris and his colleague, Bud Ake, had worked on Bob McConnell's fine 2 litre. We then walked to Veterans Park to rejoin our cars and enjoy the vintage machinery scene. After lunch, the Historic Society had arranged a visit to the Springfield artefacts storerooms. We were fascinated to see the Lagonda piano, the Lagonda Club Fine Old Whisky and Lagonda Club Fine Old Rye bottles. These relate back to the local Lagonda Club for gentry or businessmen, now disused. Valerie and I kept saying to ourselves "If only Arnold Davey were here" but, then, we guess he would be there still! From there we went to the John Foos Manor where we were offered tasty snacks and refreshing drinks. This is an historic house used, amazingly, as a luxurious B & B by night and, if you like any of the antique furniture, you can buy it, next day!

Sunday evening we drove our Lagondas to the Polo Club, where the Clark County Historical Society had arranged a wonderful buffet meal in our honour. Bill Kinnison, head of the

Historical Society, welcomed us and Roger Hart gave us each a plaque commemorating the Lagonda Club's Centennial visit to Springfield. Rudy thanked him on our behalf and I took the opportunity to present an Illuminated Scroll we had prepared in the U.K. thanking the citizens of Springfield for their warm welcome. We also presented an autographed copy of Arnold Davey's latest "Images" book to Floyd Barmon, curator of the Museum. So ended the official part of our visit to Springfield.

Monday 4th October we drove to the Wright-Patterson Air Force Museum where we were greeted by the Curator, General Charles Metcalf, (no relation of the General Metcalfe who ran the Lagonda Company in the 1930's) and left to tour this immense and fascinating Museum. Following lunch, General Metcalf took us on a personally guided tour of the restoration hangar where we were extremely impressed by the high quality of the work we saw. All aircraft are restored to flying condition but, as a matter of policy, they are not actually flown.

Tuesday 5th October saw some more of the group departing from Springfield and the rest of us started our trek East joined by George Chilberg and our two Kiwi friends, Selwyn and Ian. Selwyn travelled in George's Rapide with a much admired practical New Zealand headgear of a flat cap thoughtfully held on by elastic. Another 200 miles to Oglebay Park near Wheeling, West Virginia, a beautiful hotel with balconies overlooking the colourful fall scenery.

Wednesday 6th October was an easy drive to Ligonier, Pennsylvania, where the Clark County Historical Society had arranged for us to visit the very interesting Fort Ligonier (built by the British in 1758) which had been sympathetically restored. That evening we were guests at the exclusive Rolling Rock Country Club (courtesy of Clark County Historical Society again - thank you very much, Gentlemen!). Wonderful surroundings, atmosphere and food.



*Rudy W-M's Water Pump being overhauled at Springfield.
(L to R): Chris Butler, Charles Faulkner, Rudy, Mike Harges.*



The Lagonda Piano.



This scroll is presented to the people of Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. by the Lagonda Club on the occasion of their historic pilgrimage to celebrate the Centennial of the Lagonda Company and to pay tribute to its founder, Wilbur Gunn.

Wilbur Gunn was born in 1860 and brought up in Springfield, Ohio in the District of Lagonda (Ough Ohonda). He moved to Staines, England in 1891 where he set up the Lagonda Engineering Company in 1899 initially producing motorised bicycles, graduating via tricars to cars. Wilbur Gunn died in 1920 but Lagonda went on to produce big fast impressive vehicles. In 1935 a racing Lagonda triumphed with a win at Le Mans. During the 1950's the Duke of Edinburgh drove a Lagonda drophead coupé which still exists today. The last Lagonda was built in 1990, the name presently being owned by the Ford Motor Company.

A Lagonda Car Club was founded in 1933 but all activity stopped in 1939. The present day Lagonda Club was formed in 1951 from a revived Lagonda Car Club and the 2 litre Lagonda Register and currently has world-wide membership of approximately 800.

The Lagonda Club extends its gratitude to the people of Springfield for their most generous welcome in this month of October 1999.

David R. Hine
President

Clive Dalton
Chairman

Colin Bugler
Executive Secretary

Thursday 7th October took us 150 miles to Hershey for what must be the biggest swap-meet in the world and we were very grateful to Bob and Diane McConnell who had arranged for us to park our four cars on their large pitch. The V8 driven by Bill Holt was experiencing problems with its lights which led to a very innovative solution for the dark evenings - it was found that two medium and two small polystyrene beakers jammed together held the headlight flasher stalk just far enough away from the dashboard to operate the headlights (tip for the spares kit?).

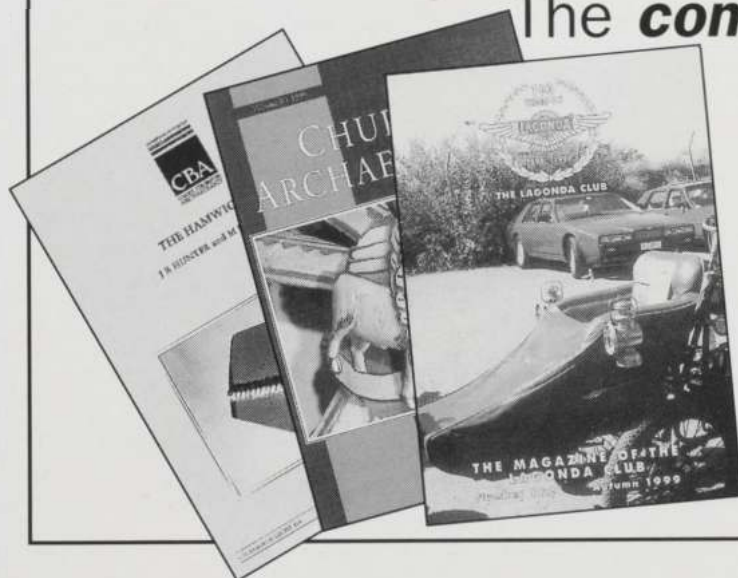
Friday morning 8th October the admirable George Chilberg set off at the crack of dawn to drive his Rapide the 400 miles back to Springfield where he would put it on his trailer and drive for three days and 2,500 miles to his home in California. The distances are unimaginably huge in North America and the journeys undertaken by members to get to Springfield were not something that we, in the U.K., have to consider when we attend events. Bill Holt undertook a 3 hour flight from Vancouver, not to mention the intrepid Robinsons from Alaska. Apart from the two Lagondas from Connecticut, the distances driven by John Lumley and John Lazor from New York State and

Charles FauLkner from New Hampshire were all considerable. The rest of us spent another day at Hershey and travelled to Connecticut on Saturday finally arriving at Rudy's house late evening - approximately 1500 miles of eventful driving. Mike Harges very generously lent Valerie and me a spare car for four days to look round Connecticut and Rudy and Jenny kindly invited us to stay for a few days in their unusual and interesting house in Old Lyme.

All too soon the end arrived - we had met many interesting members who had been to us just a name on the label of the Newsletter and Valerie and I were so glad we had attended this most historic visit. We can confirm that the Lagonda name is alive and kicking and the citizens of Springfield were fascinated to see the variety of Lagonda cars. The outstanding success of the whole rally was the result of Rudy's work in association with the Clark County authorities and the rally-goers who had worked well together to overcome the little problems which are part and parcel of driving old cars. Our thanks to Rob and Barbara for making the start of our visit so agreeable and thank you, again, Rudy for the months of hard work and attention to detail which resulted in a wonderful rally for us all.

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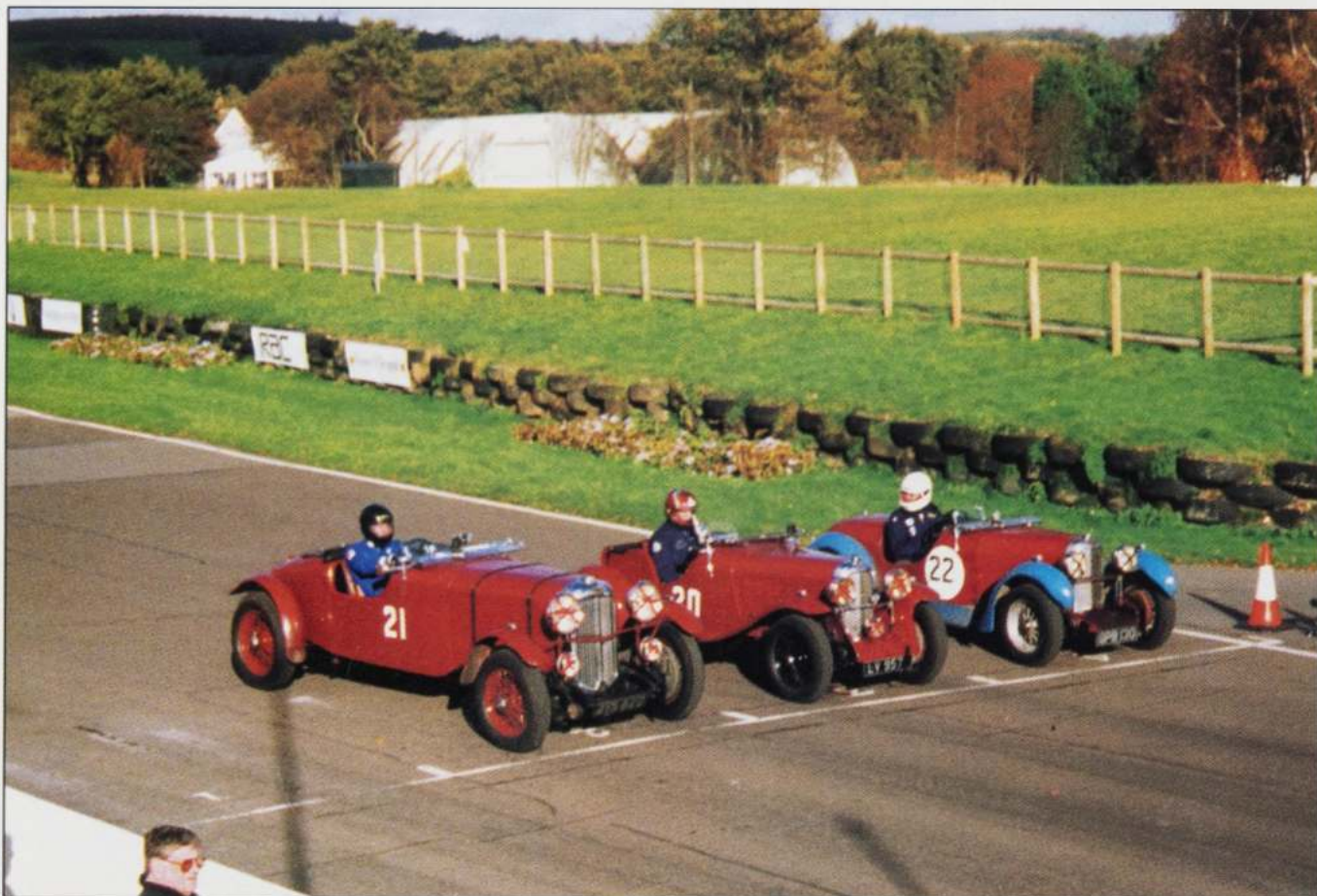
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Goodwood '99. (L to R): Neil Jones, LG45. Colin Bugler, Rapier. Stephen Matthews, Rapier.



Harry Matthews, "In ten years' time I'll be competing here."

1999 Goodwood Sprint

Colin Bugler flies with his Eagle

ONCE again the AC Owners Club kindly invited us to join them at their enjoyable Sprint Meeting on the 6th November. After several days of rain it was a relief when the sun appeared and the track was dry. We are now getting used to the excellent new Paddock facilities complete with covered parking bays which gave us some shelter from the bitter wind. This was the first competitive outing for Stephen Matthews' Rapier (the Granville Grenfell special) and the first circuit meeting for Michael Bolger in his Invicta. Michael has competed at several meetings this year but these have been Hill Climbs or straight line Sprints.

The Lagonda Club classes were split into two - a Rapier Class comprising Tim Wakeley's well known single seater, Ned Fletcher's 2 seater (ex Sir Aubrey Brocklebank), Stephen Matthews' 2 seater and my Eagle Replica 2 seater. The other class comprised Alan Elliott's Low Chassis 2 litre shared with his son

Jonathan, Jo Moss and Michael Bolger in their 4½ litre Invictas and my son-in-law Neil Jones driving my LG45 T.T. replica. The organisation proved as smooth as usual and, with no accident this year, we were able to have third and even fourth timed runs in the afternoon. Tim Wakeley won the Rapier Class (118.59 seconds) with myself second (132.47 seconds). Neil Jones won the bigger engined class (121.39 seconds) and Joe Moss was second (128.15 seconds).

The Goodwood Sprint is a very good family meeting and Stephen Matthews' family joined Neill's wife Janice and their three children together with my eldest son Martin and his wife Den and their five month old baby in spectating. Stephen's son Harry had a particularly wonderful Grand Day Out wearing his new red racing overalls. After the end of the official meeting, many of us "helped" the Clerk of the Course close the circuit by driving gently round for one lap which, no doubt, gave Harry a big thrill.



A black and white photograph of a car's front end, showing the grille and headlight. The RAC logo is visible on the grille.

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- For further details, please contact your Club RAC Secretary



*A new line for regalia sales? Lagonda Club bottles in The Heritage Store in Springfield.
Photo: Colin Bugler*



*The 1929 team cars line up at Brooklands.
Photo: Bob Farwell*

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Competition and Awards Round-Up

by Peter Whenman

Allison Bentley W.O.	Wessex Rally	Brian Watson
Car Club Committee	The first Lagonda in BDC/Lagonda race at Silverstone	Nick Hine
Densham	Concours winner at AGM	Knut Schmiedel
Expensive Noises	Awarded by the Committee at their discretion.	Tony Loch
Fox Mobil	Most active 2 litre or 16/80	Robin Colquhoun
Fox and Nichol	For those unfortunate to have major problems.	Johnathon Oppenheimer
Le Mans Trophy	Best performance at Prescott Hillclimb	Terry Brewster
The James Crocker Racing Trophy	Top Driver	Nick Hine
Gostling	Runner-up driver	Tony Metcalfe
Invicta	Best magazine article	Robert Bettigole
Michael	Best performance by a Club Member	Jo Moss
Newcomers Racing	Best performance driving any Lagonda in all types of events	Mark Butterworth
Rally Trial	Awarded to best new driver in Competition events	Michael Bolger
Northern	Best performance in navigation rally	Roger Watson
Raine	Winner of Northern Driving Test	Ian Ronald
Seaton	Best DB car at AGM Concours	Roger Paulson
	Best maintained and used Lagonda	John Fitton

Points for Racing Season 1999

Nick Hine	LG Special	58
Tony Metcalfe	Rapier	26
Mark Butterworth	LG Special	21
Terry Brewster	LG Special	20
Tim Wakeley	Rapier	20
Neil Jones	LG Special	18
Martin Bugler	LG Special	16
Tim Metcalfe	Rapier	16
Colin Bugler	LG Special	10
Roger Watson	14/60	9 (Rally)
Robin de Gaston	16/65	8 (Rally)
David Hine	M45	7 (Rally)
Walter Thompson	2 Litre	7
Mike Fountain	2 Litre	6
Peter Whenman	Rapier	3
Peter Blenk	Rapier	2
Alan Elliott	2 Litre	2
Stephen Matthews	M45	1
Piers Leigh	Rapier	1
Roger Seabrook	2 Litre	1
Paul Tebbitt	M45/LG6 Special	1
Nigel Hall	LG45	1
Edward Bradley	M45	1

Apologies to any Member we may have missed in the results.

The Gibbon Bridge Hotel & Restaurant

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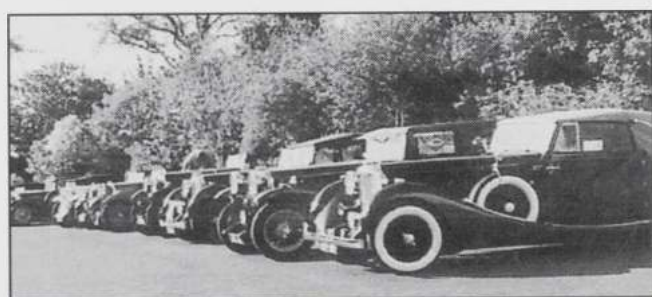


Janet considers herself fortunate to be situated in some of the most beautiful countryside in Lancashire classed as: 'An Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty' and close by is the officially recognised 'Centre of the Kingdom' by Ordnance Survey. Janet's own beautiful landscaped gardens have also won the hotel the prestigious 'Britain in Bloom' Award this year, for the fourth year running!



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