



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB**

Number 198

Autumn 2003



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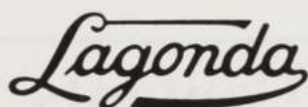
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Contents

From the Driving Seat	5
Herb Schofield	6
From the Pacific to the Atlantic	10
Fougères	13
Ards TT 75th Anniversary	16
The Competition Secretary Reports.	22
Luxembourg Revisited	25
The 16/80 Oil System.	27
Post War Party	36
Lagondas in France 7th - 11th July.	40
The AGM Weekend	47
Ghosts from the Past.	52
Letters.	54

FRONT COVER

Jean Gorgat's M45 visits Mount Rushmore, see article on page 10

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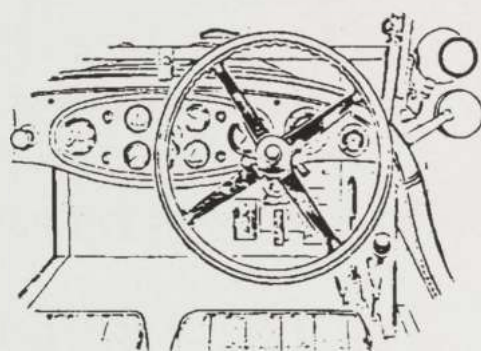
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From the Driving Seat

by Ken Painter



THE CLUB IS MOURNING the passing of Herb Schofield and there is little anyone could say to better the eulogy given by Nigel Hall at Herb's funeral, which is printed on pages 6 to 9 of this issue. I first met Herb at the Northern Driving Tests in the summer of 1960, when we were both comparatively new members. Herb was competing in his splendid looking blown 2 litre and I was marshalling, as my 16/80 was suffering from a lack of oil pressure and tread pattern on its five very bald tyres. In fact I swapped the Lagonda for a Bullnosed Morris Cowley on my journey home, it seemed like a good idea at the time, but that Lagonda sparked an enthusiasm for the marque (and for the 16/80) that has never left me. In much the same way, meeting Herb at that event started a friendship that never wavered over the passing years and, like those who were privileged to become his close friends, I shall miss him.

My time with that first 16/80 might have continued for much longer, had Brian Savill had the prescience to write the article that appears elsewhere in these pages some 43 years earlier, but engine modifications were not really an option for a poorly paid RAF corporal in those far off days. My second 16/80,

which I owned in Singapore was in better mechanical order, but even that had to have new oil pump gears made by a local machine shop after it threw two connecting rods through the side of the engine on my slowing down lap during practice for the vintage race accompanying the Singapore Grand Prix.

Thanks to several members, especially James Woollard, my collection of parts for my 2 litre saloon has grown recently. This encouraged a frenzy of work on the car and many parts have been cleaned and checked over ready for assembly. At the same time I have sorted out a selection of duplicate items, several of my earlier purchases included 'job lot' boxes of bits. Not surprisingly, I found that there were parts I couldn't identify, so if you saw me peering under 2 litre bonnets at this year's A.G.M. and taking pictures of the most unlikely looking parts, you know why. I am still missing lots of parts and when I have a clearer idea of my needs I shall advertise in the newsletter, but I want to abuse my position as Editor to ask for one specific part. The windscreen for my Weymann saloon body is still 'out there' somewhere, but I have forgotten the name of its current keeper!

LAST DATE FOR COPY FOR THE WINTER MAGAZINE IS

... MONDAY 22ND DECEMBER 2003 ...

GIVE YOUR EDITOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, GET COPY TO HIM ON TIME!

Herb Schofield

Nigel Hall's moving eulogy on a very special man

FRIENDS WERE WHAT HERB VALUED above all else in life. It is a measure of the man that so many of them are here today to say good bye; with sadness, but also to celebrate the charismatic person that he was. Herb gave an annual speech at the Lagonda Club Northern Dinner. There was always a point when he made a mock theatrical gesture and announced that he "welcomed friends who had travelled far to be with us today" . . . same phrase every year. He would have been overwhelmed to see just how many people have felt they wanted to be here for him on this occasion.

He was always 'Herb', never Herbert or Bert; and without actually being eccentric, he was one of the most interesting of people. He was widely read and knowledgeable on a surprisingly wide range of topics. He had all kinds of interests, Classical and Jazz music, railways and steamships; birdwatching, modelmaking; hill-walking; Victorian engineering and canals; fine wine and, of course, old cars.

The common thread was that he liked things of lasting value and not ephemera or trends. He was no foreign traveller. He belonged to the 'don't like Abroad I've been there' school. However he was a keen advocate for the British countryside, especially the wilder parts of Wales, The Lake District and the Yorkshire Dales.

He was a serious and knowledgeable walker and hills and mountains were his love; much more his style than boats and beaches. I don't know that I ever saw him in shorts, let alone swimming trunks; Herbs concession to a hot summer tended to be a lighter grade of tweed.

He is said to have hated boarding school when at Ruthin yet, typically, he

returned often to old boy's reunions to keep up friendships and enjoy the countryside.

In the 1950's Herb founded and led a jazz band. I've seen a grainy photograph of them all in the obligatory straw boaters, crammed into the inevitable, pram like, Austin 7. I think they were called the Thame Valley Stompers. Herb played the trumpet and trombone in a style I've heard variously described as 'brilliant', 'distinctive', or 'loud'. It was perhaps just Herb that used the term 'brilliant'!

I don't know what sort of impact they had on local culture, if they were pursued by groupies or indeed if there was any following outside Stalybridge. The reason I mention all this is that, amazingly, the remaining members of the line-up are all with us today. They will, no doubt, sign autographs later!

In any thoughts of Herb, the first is likely to be his unique, faintly intimidating, sense of humour. He had a vivid, not to say inspired imagination and a highly developed sense of the ridiculous. He disliked beaurocracy, regulations and officialdom. He missed no opportunity to deflate the pompous and lampoon petty restrictions. His talent for this was prodigious and caused puzzlement amongst the more serious and earnest souls who had to deal with him.

This quirkiness and slightly surreal view of life was second nature to him and almost unconscious, certainly it was not by way of showing off. He would be just the same even if there were no audience

He saw official paperwork and forms as an opportunity for subversion. It would not occur to him to simply fill in



A young Herb Schofield in formal mode, in his lovely LG45 Rapide.



....and in less formal mode with his first special.

a form correctly and include where requested a normal photograph. His competition driving licence, for example, required a photograph to be valid. Herb's contained, at various times, a photo of his son Mathew (aged 2) together with a note saying he was sorry but it was the most recent one he could find; another was of himself but wearing a Kaiser war spiked helmet. One was a tiny print of his school football team with his microdot sized head circled.

When he qualified for a rail pass, he awarded himself a military rank of Major in the Ruritanian Home Guard. He was evidently sufficiently pleased with the reaction of ticket collectors that he promoted himself each year, last travelling as a Brigadierissimo or something like that! He always seemed to get away with this nonsense, perhaps because his eccentricity was sufficiently abstract rarely to hurt anyone.

I admit that in debate or in print he could be a bit controversial.....the more entertaining people often are. Although some of the things he said and wrote could produce a shocked reaction, like an H M Bateman cartoon, there was no malice in his wit. He was a wry commentator, not a harsh critic; he was ironic, not sarcastic.

The annual Lagonda Club Northern Dinner was an event Herb had made very much his own. To hear his speech was one of the main reasons we all went. It was a treat to look forward to and we knew we would be entertained in his trademark style. He had presence, and it made us, the audience, faintly nervous in expectation of the more outlandish flights of fancy that he would develop. The more pithy of his observations were aimed only at those he knew were able to take them in good part, and so it became almost a privilege to be the butt of his humour. On the other hand if Herb heard that anyone he knew had, through circumstance or illness, become more vulnerable, they would receive his straightforward and sincere goodwill and support. This contrasting nature was part

of his character and part of his appeal.

In the early days when I met Herb he was married to Margaret and was living, with their son Mathew in the house he had converted from the stables of his family home, Fox Hill, only a few miles from here. At that time he was looking after the finances and administration of Skovia the family leather and travel goods business, a job he did not find particularly absorbing. Things changed when he bought a disused slaughterhouse in Oldham and went into the business of car upholstery.

When Herb had first joined the family business his father Bert had insisted he serve an apprenticeship as a saddler and leatherworker. He was able to put these skills to good use in his new venture. So it was that his love of old cars provided his pleasure, his living and also his remarkably wide circle of friends on which he placed so much importance.

The cars of the pre-war era appealed to Herb on aesthetic grounds and because of their handmade quality and integrity. He enjoyed making things well from good materials and would like the idea that a good many old cars contain his handiwork and will continue to give service and pleasure for many years.

He served the Lagonda Club in one office or another for as long as I knew him and it is in this role that many of his friends here today remember him. His influence may be felt in the way our Club is unstuffy, not snobbish and about enduring friendships.

After a spell living in the, slightly inappropriately named Temperance Street in Broadbottom, Herb and his second wife Joan moved to this pleasant village of Charlesworth. He started to act as an agent for Coys of Kensington the London classic car auction house. This gradually became a full time job at which he was extremely successful. He loved to spend hours on the phone and knew literally hundreds of people in the old car movement. He frequently acted for people who wished to sell their cars, often when a degree of tact was needed.

He always had a gentlemanly manner without undue commercial pushiness. He invariably retained the friendship of his clients while doing a good job for both them and his company.

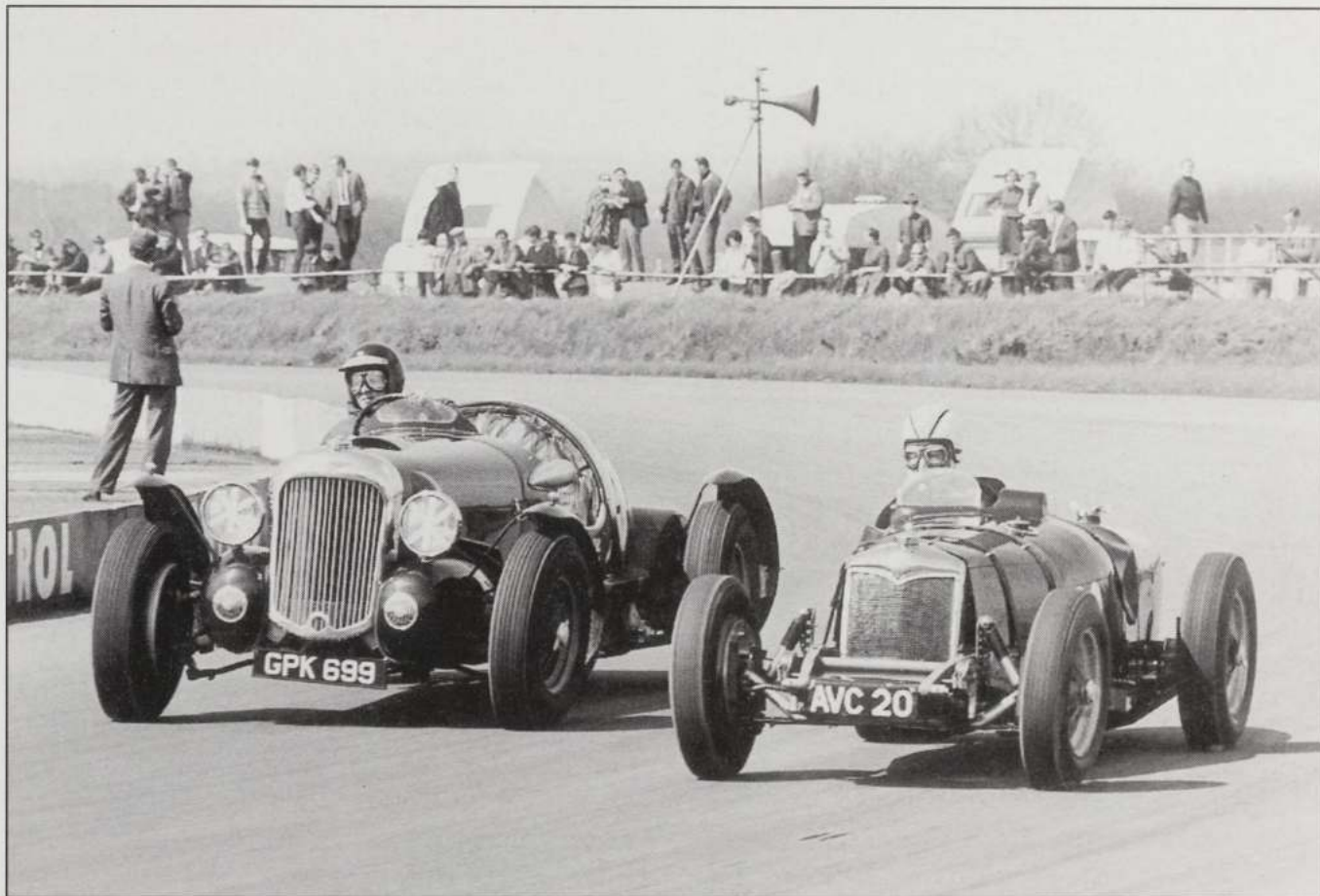
It must be getting on for 20 years since Herb moved to Charlesworth. His house overlooks this churchyard; it's on the left as you enter. He liked this village, the hills and moorland, and spent much time walking in the surrounding countryside. It's a neighbourly place and he often mentioned how kind the local people had been during his illness and that he really appreciated their concern and practical help.

Because most of us would meet Herb on relaxed social occasions, it wasn't perhaps so obvious that he was a thoughtful individual with deep concerns and loyalties. He came from a large and fairly boisterous family, and nothing in his earlier healthy and comfortable life could have prepared him for coping with the distressing and protracted terminal illness of Joan, or the

cruel blow of having the same thing happen to his subsequent partner and soul mate, Ann. The support and care he devoted to both, the way he rose so unstintingly to the challenge was entirely admirable and to his very great credit.

Over the years I have enjoyed and endured the cut and thrust of my friendship with Herb. Of course we were rude to each other in a casual way with him usually gaining the upper hand. On this one occasion, when I could get my own back, there is only sadness and affection. I know no one as colourful and contradictory who could replace him. It isn't easy to describe the essence of such a well liked and interesting person and also to balance sadness with celebration. The person I knew best able to make such an address was Herb.

Such was the suddenness of his last illness that it's hard to realise that he's gone. I know I shall treasure memories of my very good friend Herb; I'm sure we all will.



Herb demonstrates the very independent suspension on his V12 Team Car replica.

Pictures courtesy of Jeff Ody

From the Pacific to the Atlantic in an M45, from Vancouver to London

Jean Gorgat buys another car and takes it home the interesting way

WINTER 2002, THERE IS AN AD in "Classic and Sports Car" for a 1934 M45 DHC by Lancefield, for sale in Canada. Fully restored for Pebble Beach (best British car in 1999, Lord Montagu Award), new engine, new everything.... Done by the owner, a retired mechanical engineer, for his own pleasure in doing the work. Too expensive, better wait and see.

Few follow up, no progress. Then, when in the U.S.A. last year for Hershey (next to my Harrisburg home), I decided to go to Vancouver to see the car and some friends with Lagondas: Bill Holt and his V12 in particular.

I wanted to check if the M45 was an American Trailer Queen, or a genuine Lagonda, ready to be driven thousands of miles.... Yes, she is a genuine car and I said to Bill Holt "If I do succeed in purchasing the car, I will drive her from Vancouver to Harrisburg and then to New York for a container trip to G. B.". So Bill answered "I will do the trip with you". But there was still no agreement on the price.

Christmas arrived, the M45 would be a good Christmas present for myself, so, finally, we agree on a fair price and I purchased her on the condition that I take possession of her by May, so that I have good weather for the Transcontinental!

May 13th, I arrive late in Vancouver. Bill is at the airport. May 14th, the M45 is in Bill's driveway. May 15th, the trip started...

First, we have to cross the Canadian Rockies, beautiful weather, beautiful road, beautiful landscape. First stop: Salmon Arm at the house of a friend of Bill's. Stay overnight, to wake up with the first snow fall, so stick there for almost a full day.... Then along again on roads which clear fast, up to Lake Louise and down to the U.S. border, where the M45 was the only

car not subjected to a lengthy check by the U.S. Customs.

Close to Brig Fork in Montana, another snow storm, but this time on the road and the windshield motor does not like too much snow. Stuck again for a day, fortunately passed in the house of an old friend of mine, with some time spent seeing old planes, as he prefers planes to cars.

Now going east, one pass in the Rockies after another, snow on the Interstate, with grades up to 8%. The Meadows engine loved the challenge as all the climbs are swallowed at 60 to 70 miles per hour, same as on the flat!

Detour to see the massive Mount Rushmore mountain sculptures of the American Presidents' faces. Then east again, now we are on the Grand Prairie, i.e. nothing to see: flat, straight lines, no trees, nothing, just pasture.... Boring!

Crossing the Mississippi river and, again, mile after mile, nothing of interest, but always a lot of sunshine and hot. (The M45 runs cool, about 70 to 80° c.)

Harrisburg, the M45 is home, at least, our U.S. home. 3,500 miles from Vancouver. The trip was almost trouble-free, just one set of plugs and one fan belt, but the top was up all the way as Bill does not like open cars. We take a few days of rest, give the car a good wash and then we are on the road again, to New York's port in New Jersey, to put the car in a container – with another M45! From there it sailed to Felixstowe on M/S Lansdowne.

Customs cleared, but no more "return home" duty free, so have to pay duty on a car originally British registered, at the lower rate of 5%. Car out of the container, dirty, but: contact, starter and she started immediately for the last 100 miles to her definite home, our English one.



The M45 in the snow at Salmon Arm (Bill Holt on the right).



....and in the sunshine, ready to cross the Mississippi.



Jennifer Hall, pleased with retail therapy en-route to Cherbourg.



The Halls meet John Foulsham at Mont St Michel.

Fougères

Nigel Hall reports on this ever popular event

THIS RALLY IN NORMANDY has been supported by club members for some years and this year we took the LG45 to see what it was all about

Since we live to the east of Manchester, it's quite a trudge to get to the south coast and ferries, while meandering about to miss Birmingham and the more notorious motorways. We broke the journey by staying overnight near Bath, so that Poole-Cherbourg could be done without strain the next day.

Rain pursued us down country, but we stayed dry and had a most peasant evening run from Cherbourg to Bagnoles-de-l'Orne on sparsely populated roads. Veteran rallyists may scoff, but there's an awful lot of nothing between villages in France and I was glad to have a well stocked tool and spares bag, on the principle that whatever you have with you won't be needed. Petrol stations can be a bit thin on the ground too.

Bagnoles is a spa town with scenic assembly areas for the 150 or so assorted cars, all pre 1970-ish. The rally consists of gentle forays into the countryside and attractive locations, with great emphasis on eating and drinking extremely well. Once at the Bagnoles starting point, the distances involved are not great, the centre moving to Fougères after two nights.

A range of hotels and accommodation can be booked and coaches are used to get to and, more importantly, back from, evening dinners. We found it most civilised, more so as the weather improved steadily.

Organisation is presided over with splendidly imperturbable charm by Patrick Rollet, who owns a 16/80, sensible chap.

Other Lagondas entered were the 2

litres of Équipes Foulsham, Fitton, Davidson and Reynolds. Michael Valentine brought along his S Type Invicta as a change from his familiar V12.

Although there is no competitive element involved, prizes are generously bestowed for all kinds of reasons. A diversion is to hear the men-folk (who Know About These Things) protesting to the women-folk (who Know What They Like) that their choice for the Ladies Choice Award is quite impossible – can't they see that the Blogmobile mark 3 is obviously superior in every way? I think in fact that the Ladies Choice was a 3 wheeler Morgan with a bath tap as a radiator mascot – v. cute said the girls.

The prizegiving and main dinner took place in the vastness of les Urbanistes, an impressive 17th C. architectural pile in Fougères. We ate in what was evidently once the nave of the church part, the proceedings becoming a good deal jollier than the original builders had envisaged. We were given champagne for our curves and shine (the LG, not the crew), which was nice; rather more deservedly, John Foulsham was given a prize for long service to the cause, having owned and intensively used his 2 litre for 50 years. This was a popular award, given much applause.

We encountered the venerable 2 litre and crew again at Mont St. Michel on our extended detour of our trip home after the rally proper. The famous island church is required viewing according to Michelin, and most interesting it was. You may recall that French state employees were, at this time, protesting vociferously about pension cutbacks or something. Most of the locals seemed to be striking state functionaries and their banners, drums, vaguely revolutionary

chanting and Tricolour hats provided an alarming evocation of 1789 And All That.

A day or so earlier, when the cars were 'presented' in the main square of ancient Fougères, the good citizens of the town had similarly imbued the proceedings with a faint air of history. The cars had been parked during the morning very artistically at various levels in the huge interior courtyard (bailey?) of the town's fortified chateau – the biggest in Europe, apparently.

Following a particularly indulgent lunch, we joined in a stately convoy, with more stopping than going, and wound our way through the streets towards the 'presentation'. We hadn't expected the throngs of towns-folk that lined the route, growing more numerous as we crawled towards the square. Pressing in on all sides, they seemed like extras from 'A Tale of Two Cities' and the

car began to feel like a tumbril. Had my lady wife inadvertently suggested that the hungry masses should eat gateaux instead of pain?

The square, however, revealed no scaffold or knitting crones, but the reassuring figure of Patrick Rollet, microphone in hand, to describe the car in generous terms to the multitude. They applauded. Relief! Is Patrick the Scarlet Pimpernel?

I don't think we're cut out for the centre of attention, but it was nice to be there for a few minutes.

We enjoyed the home run up the Cotenin Peninsular and even the northward trek up England. I suppose relaxation settles in when one feels that if the car were going to pack up, it would have done it already. In fact, it didn't miss a beat; I'm just a mechanical worrier.

A superb rally, greatly enjoyed



The crowd begins to thicken!

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RESTORING THE PAST WITH ENGINEERING OF THE FUTURE

75th Anniversary of the Ards TT Races 1928-36

Peter Walby sets the scene

THE ULSTER VINTAGE CAR CLUB organised a week of events in June to commemorate the Ards TT races. The event attracted cars from around the world with 45 ex TT cars entering. In total there were 175 cars of the TT period with 100 from outside Northern Ireland. The timetable over 5 days included a touring run up the Craigantlet hillclimb, driving tests at Ballywalter Park with barbeque, demonstration laps of the Ards circuit, and the competitive Cultra hillclimb.

Lagondas were well represented with four 4 1/2 litres, one 3 litre, three 2 litres, one 16/80, and three Rapiers turning out. Of these 12, the LG 45 Fox and Nicholl team car EPE 97 was the only ex TT Lagonda present, which in 1936 was raced by Hon. Brian Lewis finishing 14th overall and 5th in class.

Lagondas had mixed fortunes on the Ards circuit. In 1928 there were three 2 litres and a mixture of rocker trouble and a big end took their toll. In 1929, four 2 litres were entered, one did not start, Hindmarsh was 21st overall, one retired and one was flagged off at the end. After a gap of four years, Lagonda returned to the fray and in 1934 three 4 1/2 litres entered finishing 4th, 5th, and 8th (2nd, 3rd, and 4th in class). In 1935, two 4 1/2 litres were 7th and 8th overall (3rd, and 4th in class). In 1936, three 4 1/2 litres were 4th, 5th, and 14th (2nd, 3rd and 5th in class). This ended the series of races, which had provided Northern Ireland with tremendous sporting entertainment and tourism over these years.

To run this commemoration event took a lot of organising. The 13-mile road circuit runs from Dundonald round Quarry corner, down Bradshaws Brae, through Newtownards, down the straight into Comber and past the famous

butcher's shop, via Ballystockart back to the Dundonald hairpin. This is normally a busy road, but the police kindly patrolled the congested bits to give us a run through. Special arrangements had to be made to let us through Conway Square in Newtownards, which is now otherwise a pedestrian area. It was great fun, and although the numbers of cars precluded a Le Mans start, we were allowed off the grid in batches of 15. Not a race, but a spirited run round the old circuit largely unchanged since the 1930s.

Eight of the Lagondas were local residents and with the visitors from across the pond it was a thrill to have so many of our cars gather together for this commemoration.

Pat Doyle takes up the story from the passenger seat of EPE 97

Richard Lisman now owns the Fox and Nichol team car, EPE 97, but he was unable to attend the event himself, and, generous as always, he asked if we would like to take the Lagonda. Thank you so much Richard, we certainly would! We arranged accommodation in Ireland, flew to England, collected the car and drove it to Holyhead for the ferry to Dublin.

At last, with tension mounting, it was time to leave for the starting grid, and the long awaited "3 Laps of the TT Course". Mike Wilson, organiser and secretary of the TT committee, had suggested that Clive, with the Lagonda carrying number '1', head the start of the 3 laps. Other "supporters" of EPE had also been urging him "to get his boot down" and be first into Quarry Corner in front of a couple of contenders who were apparently going to aim for the same

goal. I was feeling a bit apprehensive about this, but in fact it was not to be, as we were waved out of the Ice Bowl in no particular order, and from there, merged with regular Friday evening traffic, to make our way to the start, it was apparent we could not get to the front of the grid, so it took some of the pressure off, and I relaxed.

It had previously been agreed that Clive would drive all three laps, I would be passenger on the 1st lap, our friend Helen would take my place for the second, and her husband Graham would join Clive for the 3rd and final lap.

The evening was mild and clear, and a large crowd of spectators had already gathered as we took our place on the grid. The cars were to be started in groups of 15, with 5 rows, 3 cars each row per group. We were on the first row of the third group. To see 173 cars lined up on the main highway ready to fire their engines was a sight to behold, and a great accomplishment for the organisers, who with the co-operation of the council, and police had negotiated the closing of the highway for this purpose.

As the engine burst into life, the wave of anticipation and excitement could be felt, and as the flag fell the start of our group, Clive revved the engine to 3,500rpm, dropped the clutch, and as we shot away he could see, out of the corner of his eye, an Aston Martin Ulster coming up on our right hand side, intent on being first into Quarry Corner. Clive was having none of this, put his boot down, and yes, we were first into that corner! We heard the cheer and it was a fantastic feeling. The adrenaline was really flowing now - well, mine was! After the corner, the course went uphill, and we overtook a number of cars from the previous group. People were lining the course, waving and urging each car on as it passed them. Apart from the starting area the roads could not be closed to normal traffic, so overtaking was somewhat fraught, particularly as this traffic sometimes slowed down to look at the TT cars! However the police did a great job of holding up regular

traffic at intersections and some traffic lights and waving the TT cars through.

Approaching Newtownards, the crowds grew larger, they cheered us over the specially installed ramps and through Conway square. The looks on some of the faces of people in the crowd is something I will not forget - elation and sometimes emotion as we went by them. Then it was onto the Comber straight, originally the fastest part of the circuit, but now road-works hindered progress somewhat. Next came Comber, with the Chemist's Shop and Butcher's Shop corners, famous from the original races. Here more crowds, and then onto Ballystockart, a quick wave to friends assembled there, and finally into Dundonald, through the hairpin, and that was it, the end of the first lap.

It had been an exhilarating few minutes, and as we pulled into the pit area, I admit it was with reluctance that I gave up my seat to Helen as arranged, and envied Clive continuing on for two more laps. With Helen in the passenger seat, Clive set off on the second lap. Due to the stop he was now in with a different bunch of cars on the circuit, and eventually caught up with Frank Storrs in his very handsome LG45 Tourer. Clive could make up some ground on Frank, but could not get past as Frank was very adept at finding gaps in traffic where none appeared to exist! Eventually Clive out-accelerated him leaving the Dundonald hairpin, but found himself behind again when Frank out-fumbled him in traffic. And so, the end of lap two and back to the pit area for a final passenger change with Helen exclaiming that she hadn't had so much fun in months!

Graham climbed in, and as Clive pulled out onto the course, Derek Green passed in the Invicta which is owned by our good friend Murray Smith. The two cars are very evenly matched, and Derek a very competent driver, so a good dice ensued. Both came up on a well driven Type 40 Bugatti and Clive eventually managed to get in front of both of them before the end of the third and final lap.

The fuel pump had quit on the Invicta, so Derek's wife Sally had kept the fuel tank pressurised by operating the hand pump for all three laps!

The event was not a race of course as the roads were always open to normal traffic, but it did afford the drivers the chance to "have a go" on occasion, and this was enjoyed by all concerned. Sad the excitement was over, we drove back to the cottage, where we were staying.

The next day, Iain Campbell had suggested a photo shoot of Lagondas at Saturday's venue, the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum at Cultra. Many TT cars were competing in that morning's event "The Cultra Hill Climb", which is in the grounds of the museum, and some of the other TT cars were to park up for another static display to the public.

We met Lagonda owners Jane and Iain Campbell with their 1928 2 litre Tourer, John Longridge (whose wonderful wit had kept us laughing throughout) with his 1935 16/80, Doreen and Cyril Hollingsworth, with their 1934 3 Litre Tourer, Martin Whitehead with his 1927 2 litre Speed Model and Frank Storrs with his 1936 LG45 Tourer. We could hear the sound of engines reaching maximum revs in the background at the hill climb as we enjoyed a happy get-together, with lots of car talk interspersed with much picture taking, after which with Frank and Clive swapping Royal Air Force memories, Graham and Helen went off to watch some of the hill climb action, and I had a walk around the excellent museum.

Our thanks and congratulations go to the Ulster Vintage Car Club, sponsors, and many other organisations involved in making this such a fantastic event. We had a splendid time, and feel very privileged to have taken part in this historic occasion. Wherever we went, we were welcomed with warmth and friendliness. The weather had been excellent for the most part, and dispelled those stories of "Oh, it always rains in Ireland"

Our special thanks go of course to Richard, for loaning EPE for us to enjoy

once again, and we certainly did!

Derek Green gives an Invicta driver's view!

The S Type Invicta, GP 812, owned by Murray Smith that we look after, was the Invicta works car for four years and competed in the 1933 and the 1934 Ards TT. Murray, who was unable to get away himself, very kindly suggested that I should take the car and who could turn down an offer like that?

Sally and I arrived in time to go straight to the signing on at Stormont where we met Alexander Antrim whose two Lagondas we also look after. At the moment Alexander's M45 is resident in Ireland and he had invited us to stay with him at Glenarm which is about 45 minutes drive from Belfast through the most glorious countryside. This journey we did each day in convoy to the various events thus relieving Sally of any navigation duties and allowing her to spend her time pumping fuel pressure after the electric fuel pump decided to fail! Thanks to Noel Macklin's foresight in building the Invicta with a splendid dual fuel system we were able to complete the whole event on air pressure alone because we could not find a replacement Facet pump in the Belfast area.

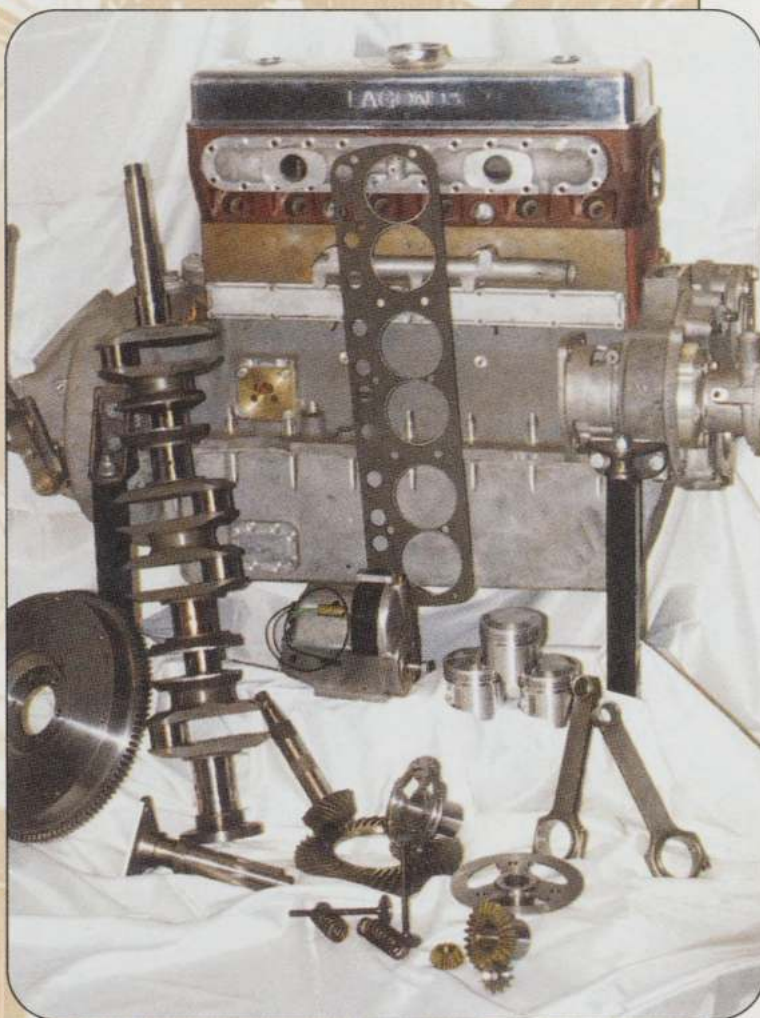
Others have described the wonderful events laid on by the Ulster Car Club over the 5 days, so I will not repeat them here other than to say it was quite fantastic and I am sure we wish they could run the event every year! The driving tests were not really suited to large long wheel based cars but were great fun. I haven't had the pleasure of mud plugging in an Invicta before and succeeded in nearly demolishing a derelict gate post that was cleverly disguised in a rhododendron bush, luckily with only slight cosmetic adjustment to Speedy!

The highlight of the event was of course the re-enactment of the TT, which was only marred by the fact that the course could not be closed, so we were

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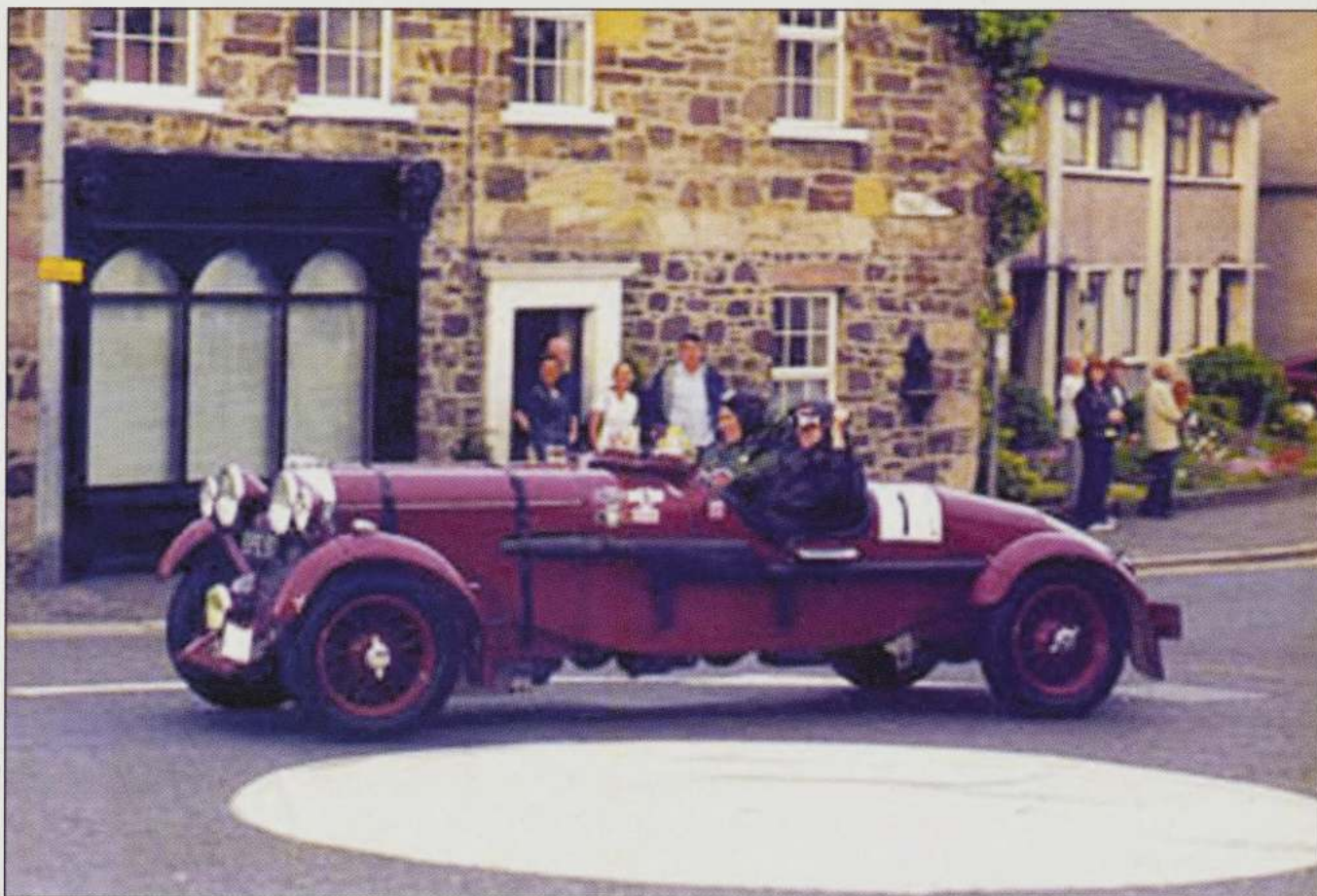
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EPE doing what it does best.

Picture by Rudy Wood-Muller



"Speedy" the Invicta with a group of other participants.

continually balked by modern cars coming the other way and traffic lights. This did not however deter us from some pretty competitive motoring and by sheer luck Sally and I found we were suddenly in company with Clive and EPE. I think I can say that from this point on, no quarter was given and where ever possible Clive and I had a brilliant dice. It is very difficult to say what the result would have been if the roads had been closed because the two cars are very close in performance and overtaking was only possible by sneakily beating the other at traffic lights! On balance however I think the superior driver of EPE would have won the day!

What a fantastic event, wonderfully organised and thanks to the generosity of Murray Smith and Alexander Antrim it was a red letter occasion to be savored for years.

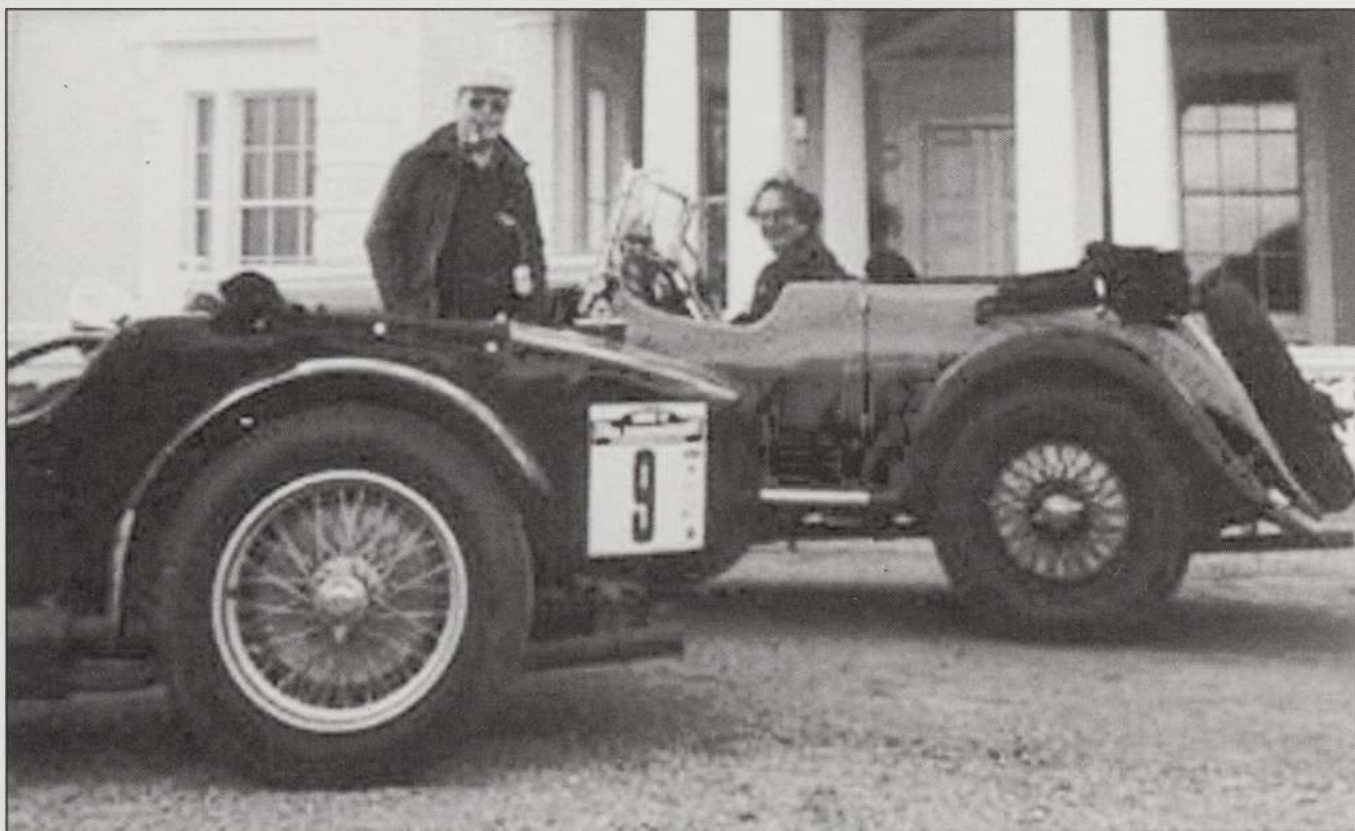
Postscript by Clive Doyle.

EPE was very well received at the event, and many people stopped to talk about it. One person had raced the car in

Ireland, I think during the time it was owned by David Dunn. The car spent a lot of its life in Ireland, along with its sister car owned by the late Lord Dunleath, and David deserves credit for the preservation of EPE. Several people were dismayed when they heard it had been bought from the estate of the late Terry Cohn by an American buyer, they thought it was gone for good, and would finish up over-restored, and in some soulless collection. Thankfully that is not the philosophy of Richard Lisman who believes that the car should be used, and its present integrity preserved. I am very grateful to Richard for giving me so many opportunities to drive his truly great automobile.

A final comment by your Editor:

For this very special event, I was blessed with no less than three individually written accounts. To fit the best parts of all three has necessitated some serious editing of each contribution and I trust the authors will forgive me! K.P.P.



Derek Green and Alexander Antrim.

The Competition Secretary Reports

Nick Hine gives a brief account of the year's events

IN MY FIRST YEAR as the honorary competition secretary the club has seen a busy and exciting time. We have had members successfully competing in endurance rallies, hill climb, sprints and rallies. Other semi competitive club events have been carried out throughout the summer with many being great successes.

On the track the season's opening VSCC race meeting in April saw a good attendance with a personal highlight being the Club President and Alan Brown competing head to head for the first time for many years.

Perhaps our greatest triumph this year has been the team races in association with the Aston Martin Owners Club and the Bentley Drivers Club. I would like to thank all those who supported us in this venture and as a relatively small club we should be really proud of the way we have fielded such a complete and successful set of teams.

Our self-named "Team 2 litre" made up of Tim Wadsworth, Jeremy Oates and Roger Seabrook have done exceptionally well, with a Second team overall at Oulton Park and a first overall at Silverstone. However level pegging with them in the points is our V12 team, made up of Mark Butterworth, Alistair Barker and David Brock-Jest, who won at Oulton Park and came a close second at Silverstone, with the double wammy of David romping home in his very quick

V12 in first place in the same race.

In fact at the BDC event at Silverstone the Lagonda club had a fantastic turn out of 18 racing cars, including the now very successful 2/12 beast of Mark Butterworth which has really put the wind up the Bentley Boys, (and me).

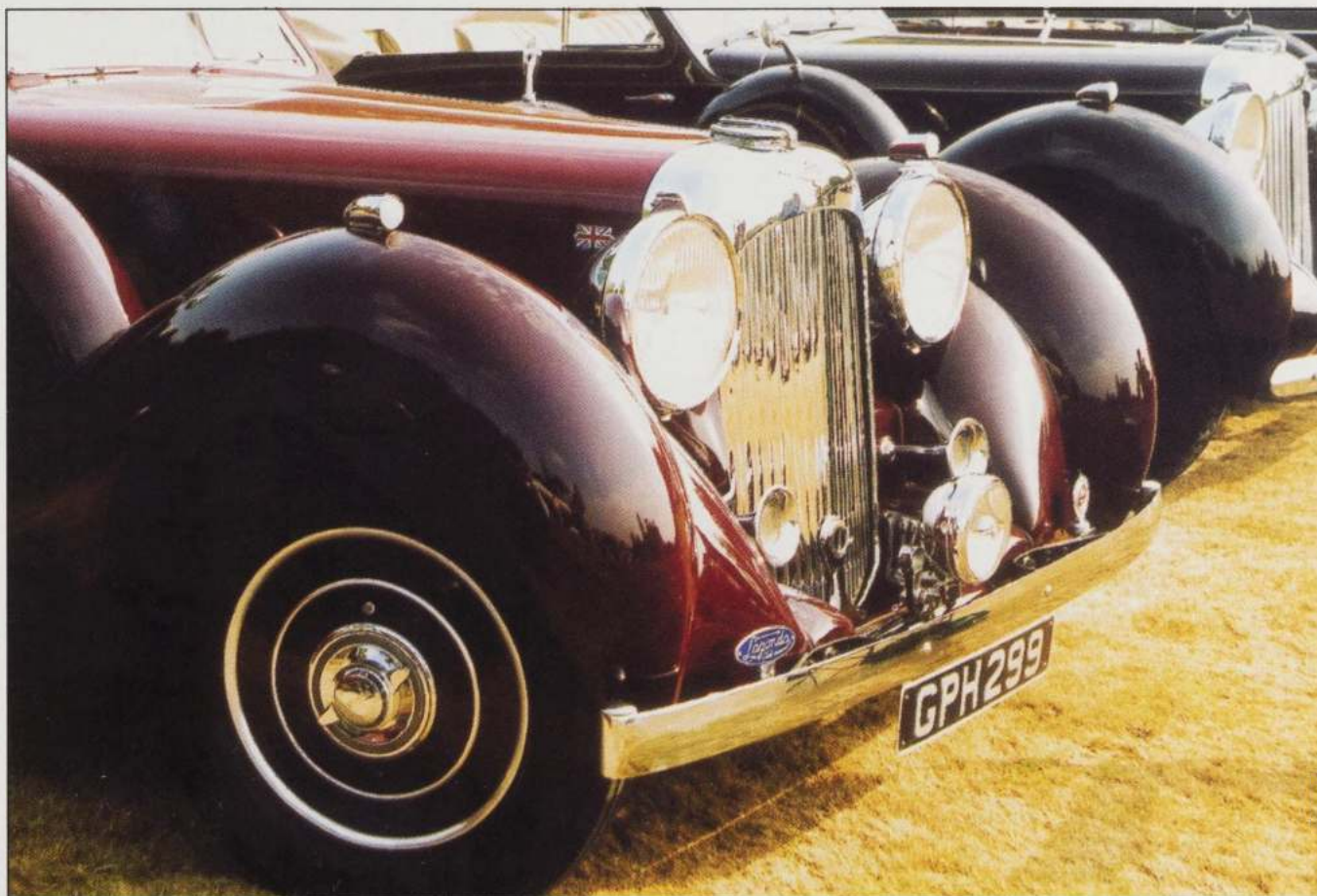
The final team race at the AMOC event at Donnington Park on Sunday the 12th of October is a date for your diary. Certainly the Astons and the Bentleys will be out to even the score so it will be an exciting race.

I have just received the dates for re run of Le Mans Classic in which Lagonda's came 6th and 7th last year they are the 23rd, 24th and 25th of July 2004. I have details for this event if anybody is interested.

There are many competitive events entered by our members throughout the year which I do not get to hear about. If our members are in competitive events then it is their responsibility to post, fax or even email a copy of the official results to me, don't forget, even crossing the start line scores a point. The closing date for any results is November 31st.

And finally the club magazine needs articles about competitive events, please drop Ken a note on any events where members have been strutting their stuff for him to publish and this will open the exciting world of competitive Lagonda-ing to so many more members.





AGM 2003. Roger Stevens' beautiful LG6 to the fore.

Photo by Peter Lloyd



The equally elegant LG6 of P. D. Young at the AGM.

Photo by Michael Drakeford



Alan and Pat Elliott pose with their 1929 HC 2 Litre.



Pat Elliott, with the beautiful Chateau de Vianden behind.

Luxembourg Revisited

Alan Elliott takes his Lagonda on a Continental jolly

IN 1976 WE HAD TAKEN the low chassis 2-litre GP895 to Luxembourg, for the annual rally organised by the VVCCL - the Veteran & Vintage Car Club of Luxembourg. This had been a most enjoyable event in beautiful countryside, and we had always hankered after a return visit. This came to fruition in 2003, but in the recently restored high chassis two-litre, PG402.

So, on 17th June we had the easy drive from Dorset to Portsmouth for the overnight P & O ferry. An excellent cabin on the boat, and an hour after the early-morning arrival at Le Havre found us breakfasting in the small town of Yerville - in one of those small cafes where the French fortify themselves for the day's work with a Cognac or a Pastis!

When I first joined the Lagonda Club in 1967, I was advised by Ivan Forshaw that rockers can fail in a 2 litre and I should always carry a spare. Thirty-six years later, this excellent advice was confirmed. We were near Amiens, and suddenly had severe misfiring, almost total loss of power, and we came to a halt. But there in the toolbox reposed the ancient spare rocker, ready for use! Fortunately they are not too difficult to replace, even at the side of the road. An hour later, after a few problems in retrieving nuts and washers from the bottom of the camshaft tunnel, we were able to continue our journey, although somewhat oily.

The overnight stop was spent in the pleasant small town of Guise. How is it that French hotels are only half the cost of British ones? Our journey continued the following morning, when, almost unbelievably, we had the same symptoms of misfiring as the previous day. Surely not another rocker failure, we

only had one spare? However, this time it turned out that a rocker fulcrum pin had broken - but on a different rocker, no possible connection with the previous day's occurrence. Examination of the blackened crack showed it must have been cracked half-way through for many years. How fortunate I was also carrying one of these as a spare! On each occasion, we had no sooner pulled on to the hard shoulder than a vehicle stopped behind us and willing hands offered help, "Monsieur, vous avez un probleme?" All very comforting, even though not needed.

And so through Sedan, into Belgium and then into the picturesque country of Luxembourg, so little-known to British visitors. It is not just a country of banks, insurance companies and a broadcasting station. It is also not quite as small as generally thought, about 80 kms north to south, and 60 kms wide. The rally started in the region known as "la Petite Suisse Luxembourgeoise", so called because it is a land of forests, rivers, rocky valleys and romantic old castles.

Friday evening was rally signing-on time, getting to know the other participants, and a "pot of welcome" offered by the Club. The entrants ranged from a 1910 Renault, vintage Ford T's, Berliet, Peugeots, Citroens through to MGBs and Jaguars. There was only one other British competitor, Chris Draper and his wife in a 1934 Salmson, although they now live in Cologne. Saturday morning saw us assembled in the market square of Echternach for a cafe-croissant, twenty litres of welcome free petrol were provided by Aral, and we were flagged off by the burgermeister.

Echternach is on the river Sure, the boundary between Germany and

Luxembourg, and the route immediately took us over the bridge into the German Luxemburgischer Naturpark. This is very pleasant rolling countryside, very quiet, wooded and rural. The first port of call was the medieval castle of Schloss Hamm, where we were treated to a guided tour, although my very limited German was not up to it! More aperitifs, offered by the VVCCL, and we continued to another historic castle at Rittersburg, now a restaurant, for a magnificent buffet lunch. The afternoon route took us back into Luxembourg through more attractive villages, crossing the river Sure at Bollendorf-Pont, thence to the first day's finish at Berdorf. The evening's festivities commenced with an aperitif offered by the hotel Bisdorf, where we were then entertained to a diner dansant.

The following morning, we all assembled for a Vin d'honneur offered by the the Burgermeister of Echternach, just to make sure we were suitably fortified for the morning's drive! For a large part of the route we were within sight of the masts of Radio Luxembourg, which dominate the area. A winding and tortuous route took us through the countryside to the finish of the rally, and the Repas d'Adieu at Bech.

Each entrant was presented with a bottle of Luxembourg sparkling wine, to my taste just as good as real Champagne. This was provided by Auto Parts Luxembourg, one of the sponsors of the event. As you have no doubt gathered, there was little actual competition in the event, but we were presented with a special prize as the competitor who had travelled the greatest distance to take part.

We stayed on in Luxembourg for a further week, in a excellent farm Gite, to

enjoy their picturesque countryside, some more old castles, the famous "Gorge du Loup", and some more of their little known Moselle wine. Eventually it was time for the journey home, where we followed a different route, because I wanted to visit the annual exhibition of the "Cercle du Zero", the French O gauge model railway club - another of my interests. This was held just to the north of Paris, close to Charles de Gaulle Airport.

We covered about 1500 miles in our travels. One amusing episode was in a cafe where we met two Dutchmen, who were travelling in a Porsche. They expressed great surprise that I, a man in his seventies, with his wife, was prepared to travel round Europe in a 1929 car without any support vehicle. I replied that in England we have confidence in our vintage cars and always manage to get home!

The final part of the journey back to Le Havre saw the only rain of our tour - and it really was cats and dogs as we passed through the historic town of Chantilly with its magnificent chateau. From Rouen, one can take the direct route to Le Havre, but this is rather flat and monotonous. A much better route is the D982 which passes through the forest of Roumare and follows the banks of the river Seine through several small towns - Caudebec-en-Caux, Duclair and Lillebonne - with the added advantage of excellent restaurants and cafes,

It was an enjoyable and memorable rally, very well organised but very different from a British vintage car event. Many thanks are due to the members of the Veteran and Vintage Car Club of Luxembourg, and their President, Charles Hausemer.



The 16/80 Oil System

Brian Savill shares his experiences

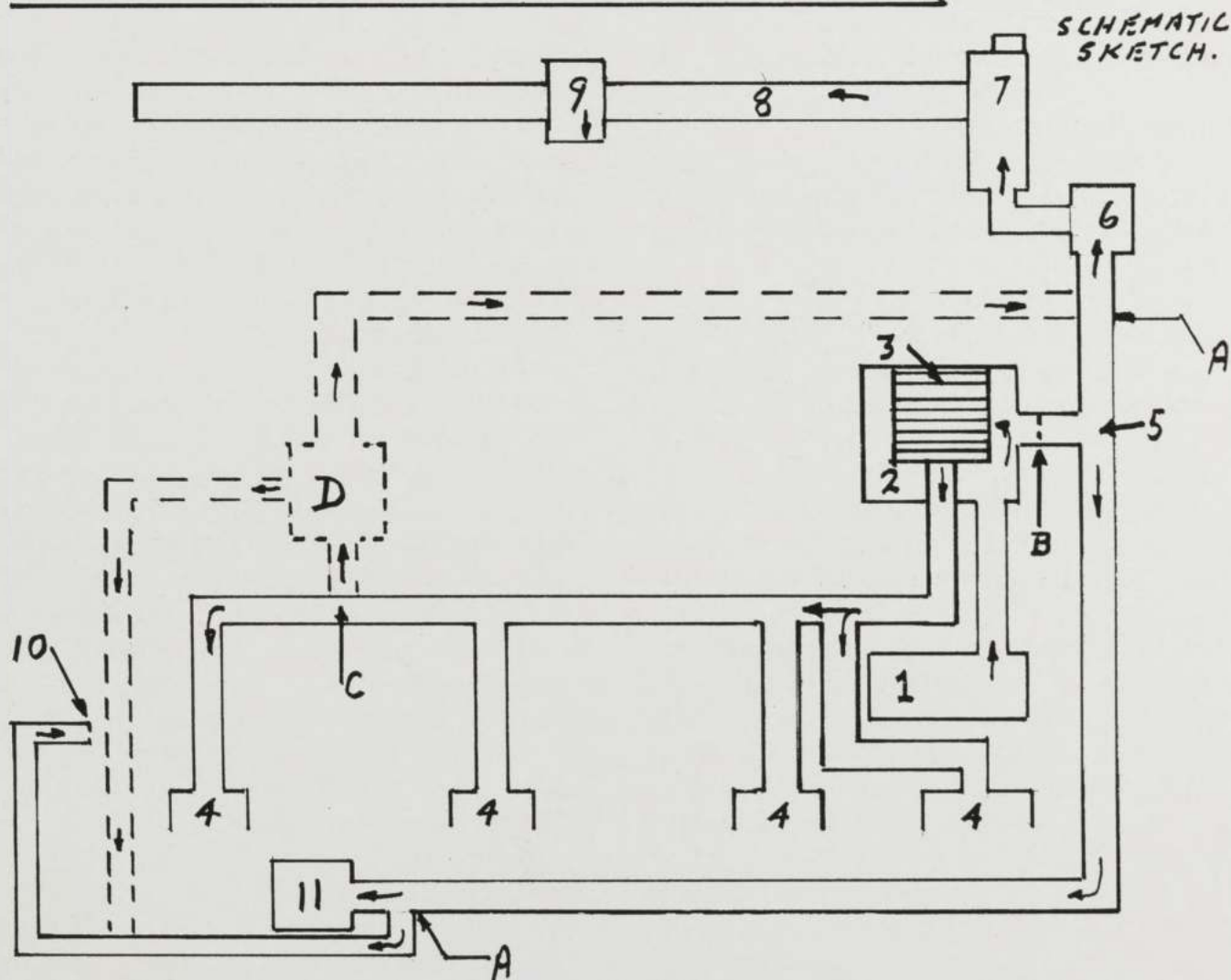
FOLLOWING THE LETTER from me published in mag 191 regarding the 16/80 engine, I have been involved in many activities and conversations regarding other members' engines, a good number of these centring around oil systems. These have included low pressure, no pressure and, last but not least, the use of full flow filters. You may recall that I suggested that it would take a War and Peace type article to address this subject. I'll try to be brief.

Alpha & Numeric Descriptions

Bold lines are early engines. Dotted lines show Sanction 2.

1. Oil pump. 2. Oil chamber in block. 3. Vane oil filter. 4. Main bearings. Note, oil is fed from these via crankshaft cross drilling to big ends. 5. Unfiltered feed to all areas other than mains/big ends. 6. Feed for rockers via head via block. 7. Rocker shaft pillar with 20 p.s.i. valve. 8. Rocker shaft (hollow). 9. Rockers. 10. Feed to timing chest. 11. Pressure relief

LAGONDA 16/80 OIL SYSTEM



valve. For Sanction 2 engines there is no connection at "B" or pipes between "A" and "A". Feed for 6 through to 11 inclusive being from "C" to a junction block "D" mounted on the block. This junction is not on early engines.

Analysis, Problems, Faults, Modifications & Repairs.

The Pump.

I have found this to be adequate for the task. However it is also a fact that not one is found in suitable condition to use in a rebuilt engine. Major fault being a missing thrust race. This causes excessive wear of the driving pump gear (the one on the lower end of the spindle) and the main alloy body with subsequent reduction of flow/pressure. This also causes excess wear or damage to the camshaft and its mating driven gear.

Standard Filter.

Not very effective and on earlier engines it only filters feed to mains/big ends. See modifications below.

Mains/ Big Ends.

If in good condition no problem. But ensure that oil grooves in mains allow feed via crankshaft cross drillings to big ends.

Rocker Shaft & Posts.

It is considered that an overall loss of pressure is caused mainly by excessive flow in this assembly, mainly due to its design.

The valve piston (7) has slots on it so that some oil is always fed to this assembly. However the designed oil ways in the shaft, see detail 1, do not deliver to where it is most required but lets it flow too readily out from the rocker even at engine tick over speeds. Any new shaft should be produced so that oil is delivered to the small area of the rocker bearing that has pressure contact with it, see details 2 and 3, and also to allow controlled flow to the oil spray hole in the top of the rocker. A very small groove that does not reach the hole

* in detail 3 gives best results. This mod. is in my estimation giving me the greatest benefit in oil pressure enhancement following a complete engine rebuild.

Pressure Relief Valve (11).

Every valve I have tested let oil pass, some considerably so, at zero psi. Lapping is not a suitable method of repair; they can be set to open correctly. I set these at 60psi. Repairing this one item produced circa 7-psi increase on one sanction 2 engine even though on subsequent investigation the pump was found not to have a thrust race and 12 thou extra clearance between body and gears.

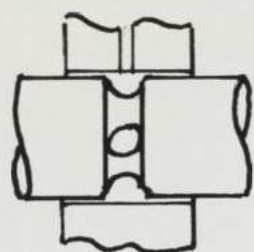
Modifications.

Full Flow Oil Filters.

Referring to the photo showing an early engine will help. The old filter is to be stripped retaining only the large brass top and the gland nut. Let's deal with the Sanction 2 engine first. Inside and at the bottom of the oil gallery (2 & detail 4) there is a 1-inch hole where the original filter located, delivering oil back to the pump casting and on to the mains gallery. On the side at "G" is a BSP threaded and plugged hole that, with the plug removed, can be used to connect to a full flow filter head. This then linked to "H" for the return. See Photo. Proprietary items can be used to achieve this. To connect "H" to "F" the hole "J" needs enlarging for the special tube as per dotted lines in detail 4. It is shown much larger than the tube as it is very desirable to fill as far as possible the aperture to reduce the time it takes to fill the system from rest. A redesigned gland nut normally fitted at "H" will need to be manufactured not only to act as the gland nut but also as a suitable fitting for the return pipe from the new filter. Coopers Z27A is a suitable filter.

The Early Engine.

As the connection at "G" (detail 4) is originally used to feed oil to points 6 to

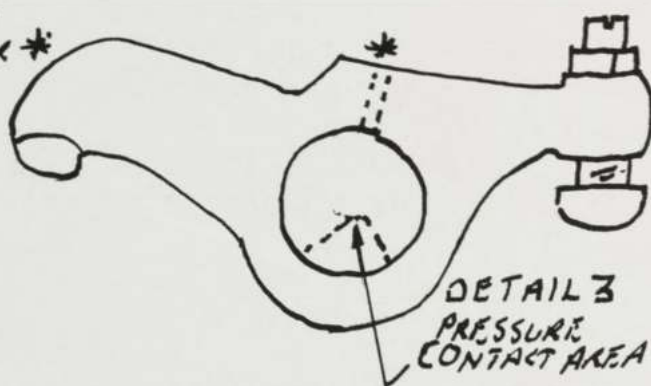


DETAIL 1

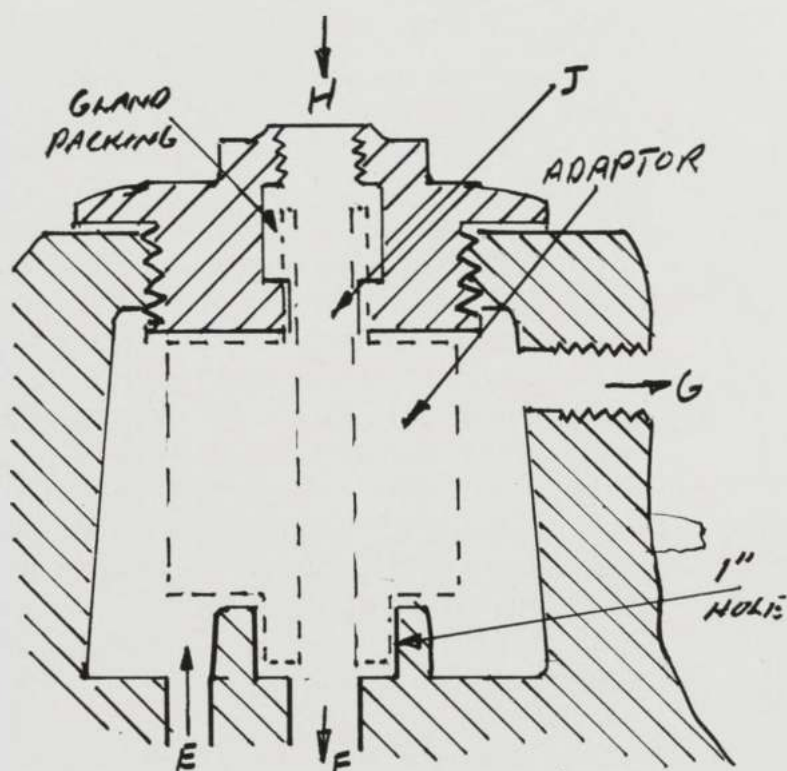
THIS GROOVE TO SUPPLY
OIL TO HOLE IN ROCKET *



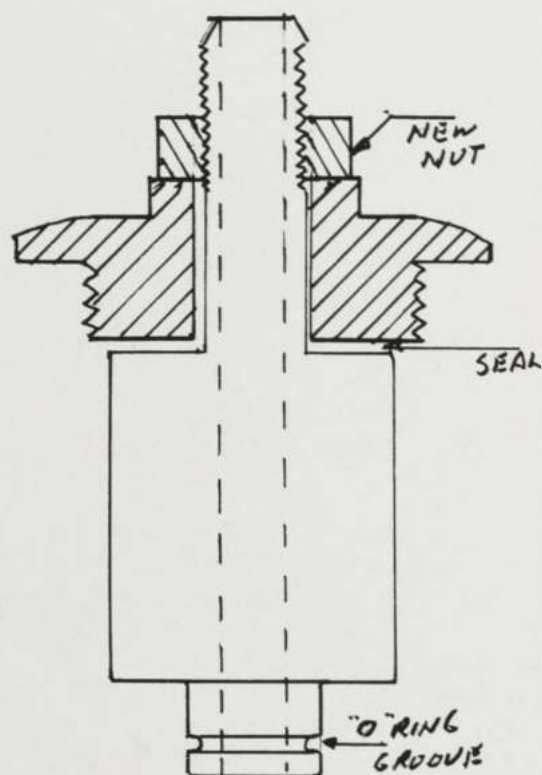
DETAIL 2



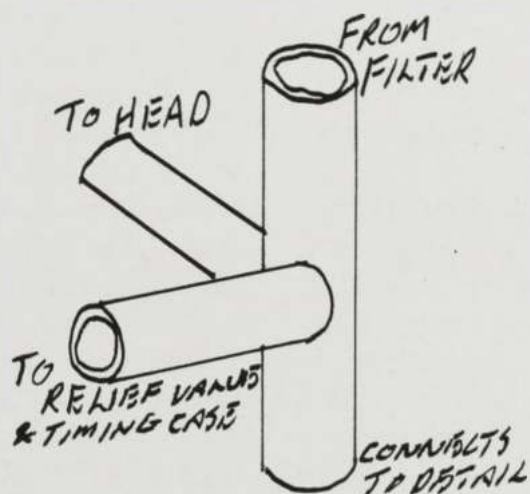
DETAIL 3
PRESSURE
CONTACT AREA



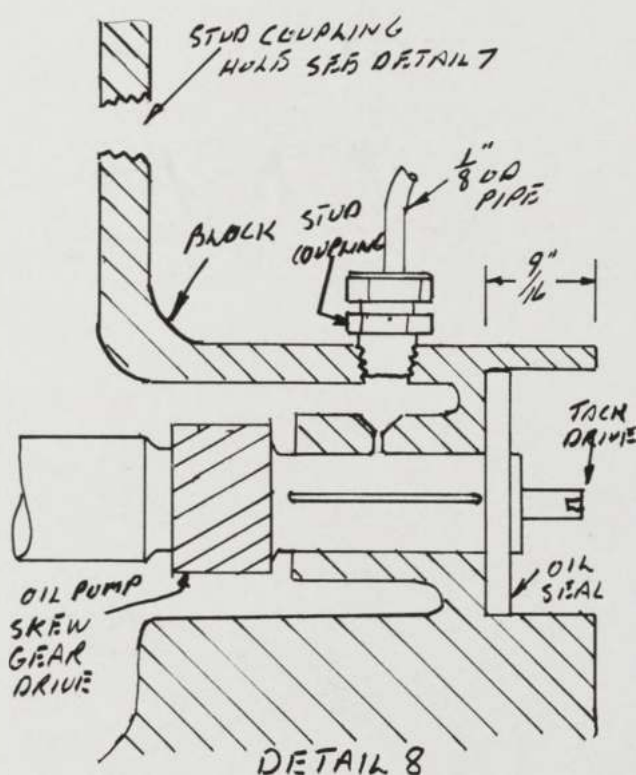
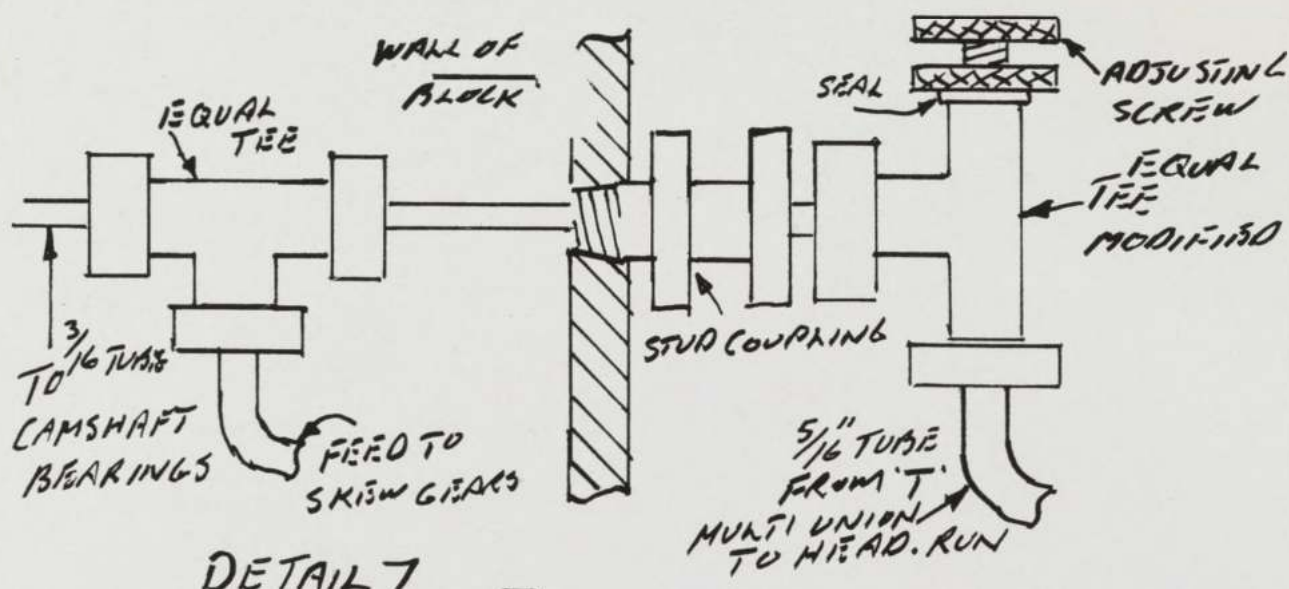
DETAIL 4



DETAIL 5



DETAIL 6



11 inclusive an alternative method to feed these will have to be encompassed in this modification.

Detail 6 shows the flows that must be allowed for prior to connection at "H". Note that the flow from filter to mains should be by the most direct route. No right angles and cavities. It has been found better to modify the large brass top/nut of the original filter as shown at detail 5 together with its link piece. This design allows all the connections to be made in their correct orientation and

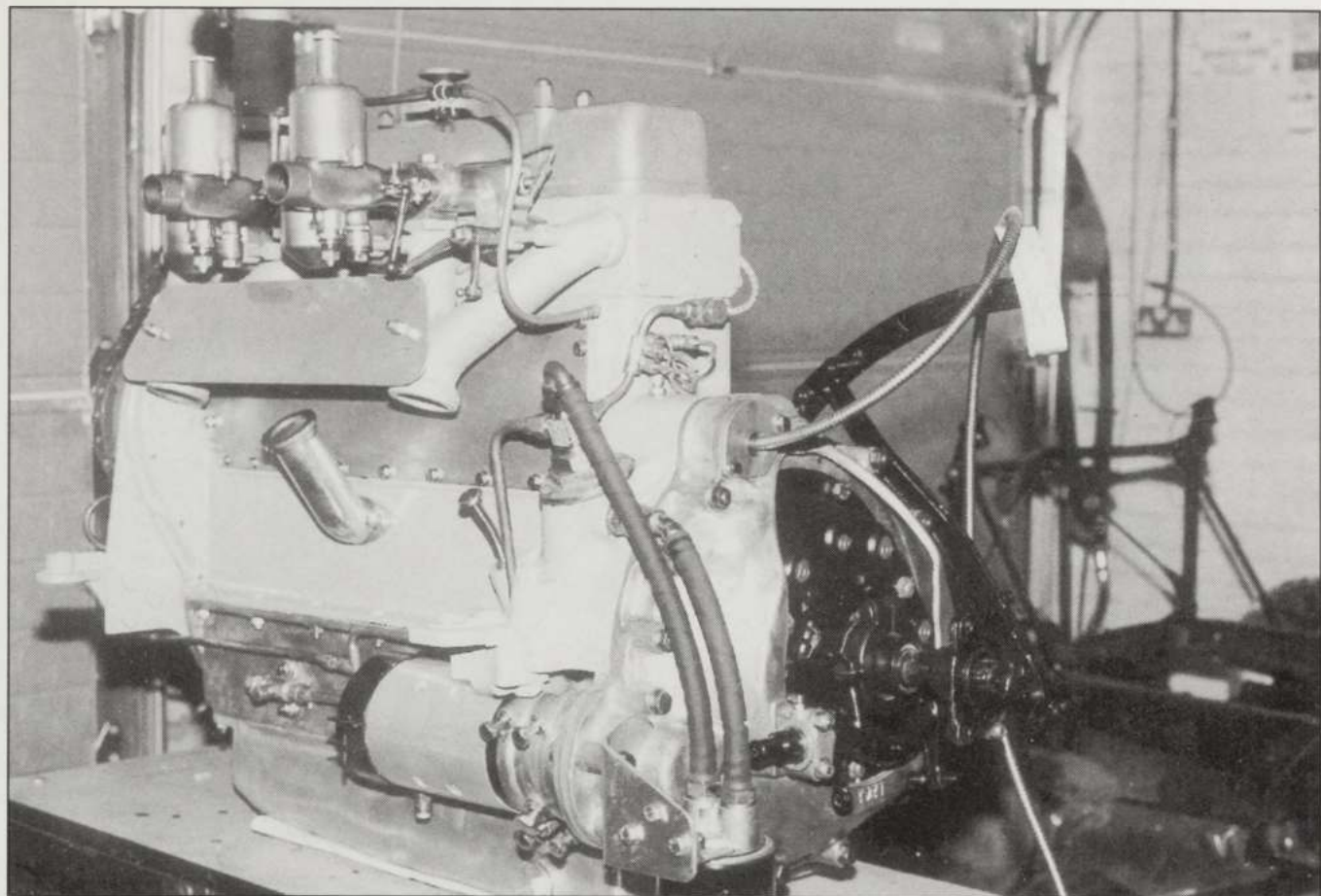
tightened, prior to the "new nut" being tightened to close the seal.

Owing to the change in design of commercially available connectors then and now, I have so far not found items to complete the task without modifications in house. I am of a mind that any new refits undertaken in the future together with the additional modifications referred to below will probably benefit from a design and make from scratch, enabling copper not rubber hoses to be used plus period-looking fittings.

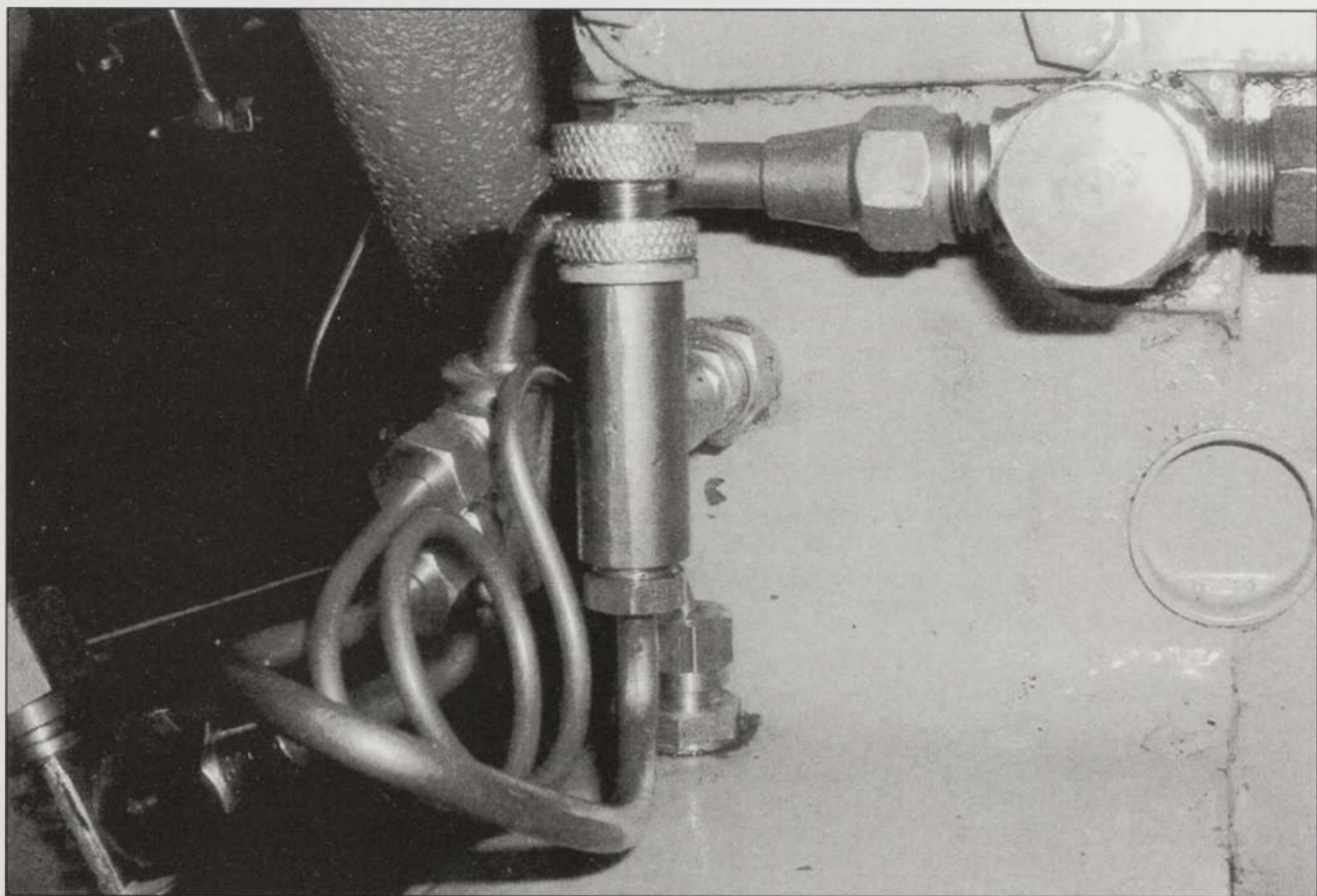
Additional Modifications.

Bill Wright in his winter 97/98 article puts the case succinctly for the need to provide positive oil feed to the camshaft bearings and skew gears. However (isn't there always a however?) there is a simpler way to achieve this as can be seen in the photos.

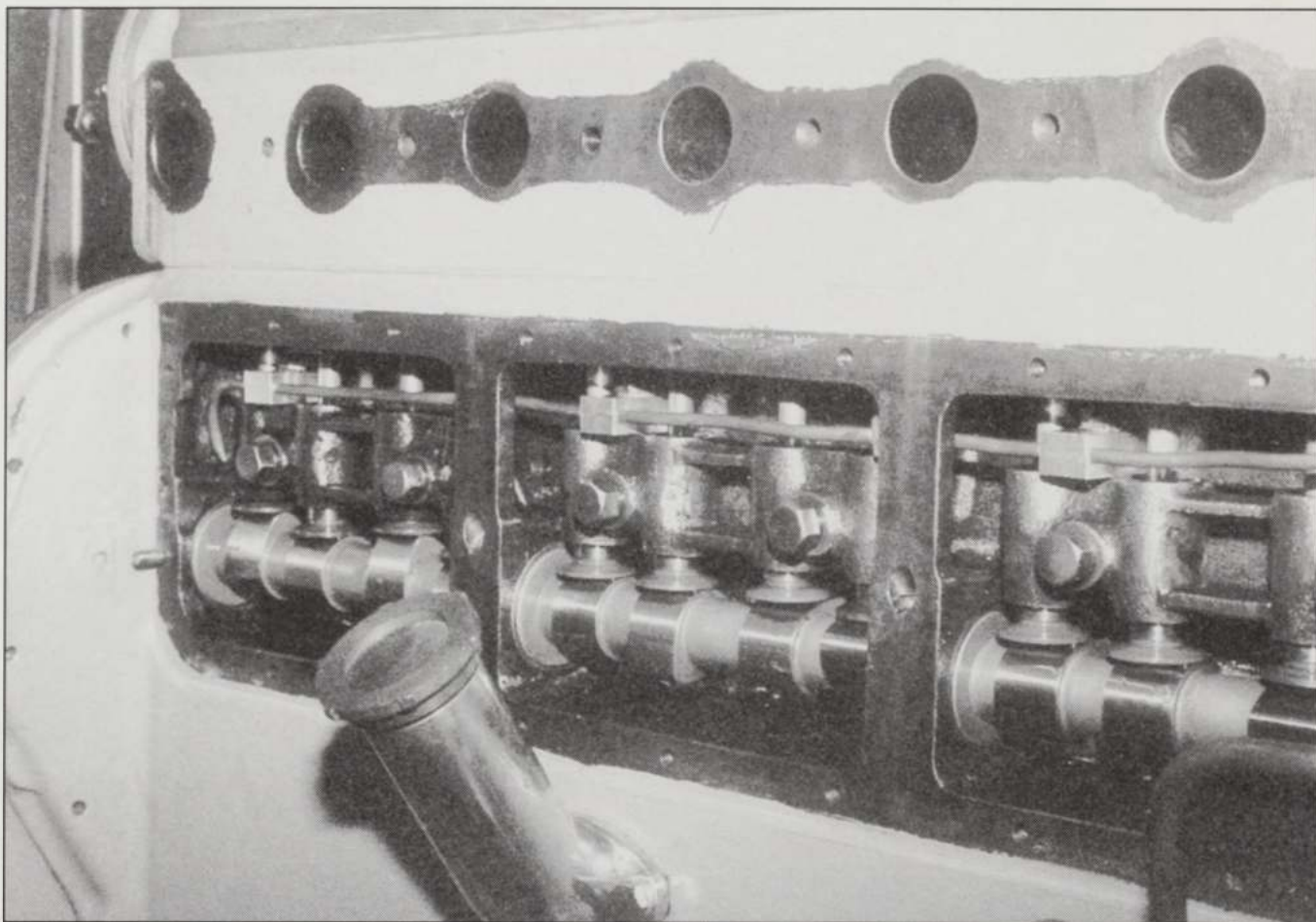
Taking feed via a T-piece inserted in the tube feeding the Banjo connection at (6) it can be routed via a tapped hole made in the block, as in detail 7. In this way the feed is via the filter. Modification was made to the T-piece for $\frac{5}{16}$ " tubes so that it restricts the flow below 20psi so as not to rob the mains at low pressure in the same way as the valve located in the rocker shaft pedestal does. The stud coupling has the ferrule replaced by an O-ring to aid any subsequent removal of this assembly.



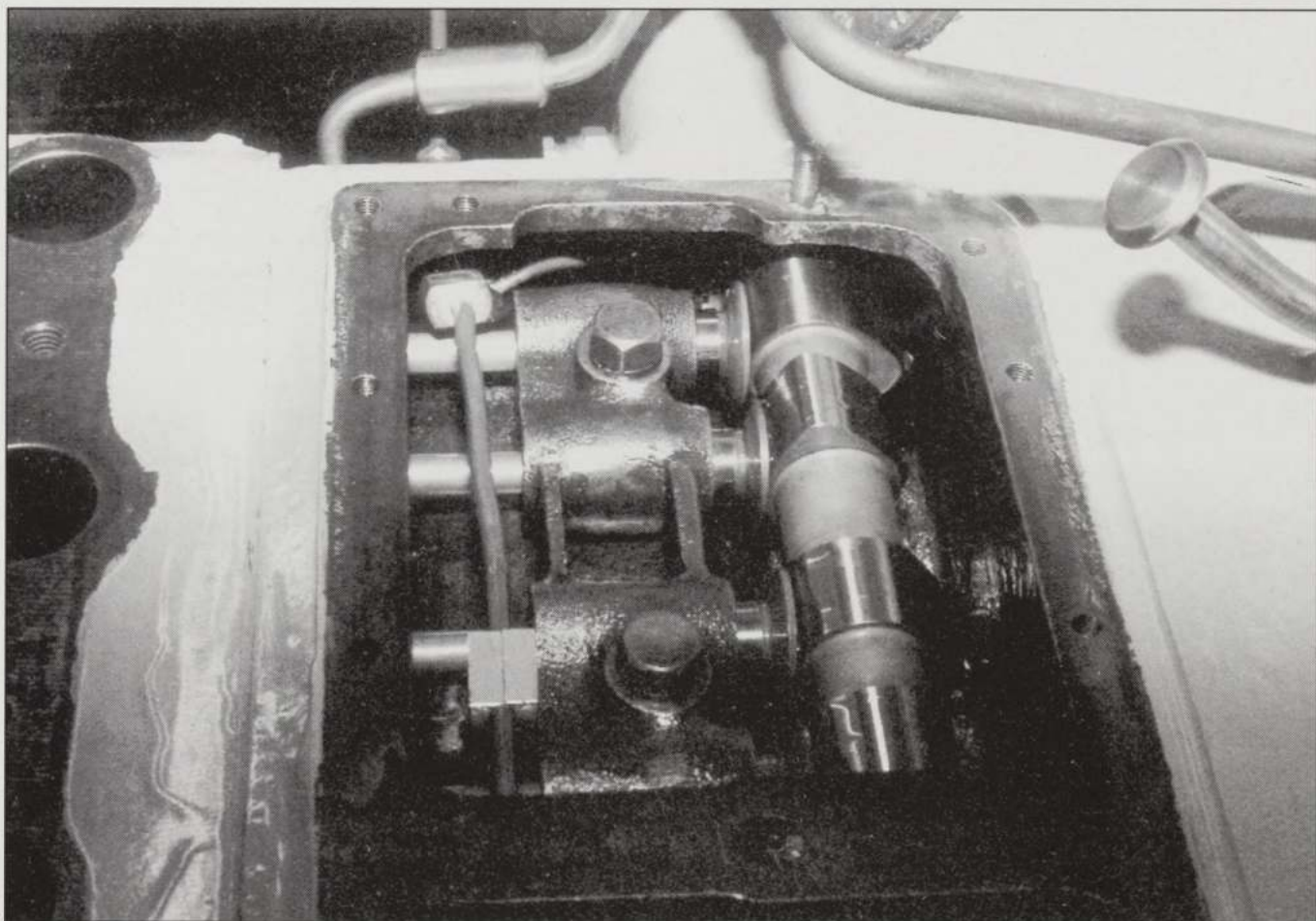
The modifications applied to an early engine.



Detail of the complex new piping on the rear of the block.



Above: the new oil feed running above the camshaft. Below: This had to be printed sideways! It shows the pipe in the picture above feeding the skew gear.



the flow will take the line of least resistance. There is another problem with oil and the camshaft in that the rev-counter end has no positive feed. Plus a leakage condition that manifests itself with a flush of oil behind the clutch. Many have thought that the leak was from the rear main and many hours spent investigating to no avail.

There is at times a surfeit of oil in this gallery due to a rocker shaft that in standard form has excess flow. A surge of oil to the rear on acceleration, climbing and parking on hills exacerbates this.

The camshaft assembly as designed has a felt seal at the rear end. The shaft has a $\frac{7}{8}$ "

diameter section that runs directly in the block (some engines are to be found with bearing material instituted here). The camshaft has a pattern of oil grooves on this section that unfortunately due to its spiral design pumps oil towards and through the seal.

To overcome this, my new camshaft only has two opposing small longitudinal grooves to distribute the oil, feeding some to the $\frac{7}{8}$ "x $1\frac{1}{4}$ "x $\frac{3}{16}$ " new lip type oil seal. See detail 8

An existing shaft can either be spray metallised and reground so that this type of groove can be instituted or, as has been done, to renew the skew gear a new section from the last cam throw to the rev counter drive can be shrunk (or pinned) on. History however shows that the latter

has not always been a success. A separate oil feed was introduced from a union in the feed tube to the head, so that a constant supply was delivered to this end of the camshaft.

The drawing is at variance to Bill Wright's as it shows that the skew gear is tucked away from oil flow dropping down from the head. This emphasises the need for positive oil feed to the skew gears.

How does an engine built to this specification run as regards to oil pressure? At start up from cold the oil gauge needle hits the stop, backing down after a few seconds to 80, then after about 30 seconds at moderate tick over slowly reducing to 60.

Oil pressure is a little high if the engine is revved above 1,600 rpm until the temperature rises to about 45. At running temperature the pressure is 60 at 2,000 revs and goes up to 65 at 2,500. The relief valve fully opens at this juncture and pressure drops to 60. dropping to 55 when revs are reduced, at which point the valve closes and the pressure goes back to 60. At tick over (600 revs) the pressure is 28.

What oil? I use a standard 20/50 and change it at about 3,000 miles.

Oil usage? From rebuild we have done 900 miles and have not topped it up, as there is no discernible drop in the level. I do hope this is of interest or, if not, a good discussion starter.

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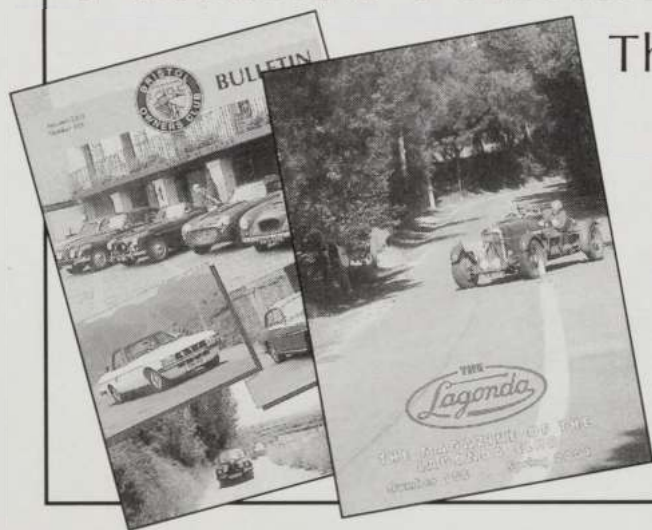
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This was taken around 1929 at Hatfield House in Ealing. The young man looking at the engine was Peter Morris, the son of M. C. Morris of the RAG Carburettor Company. The picture was loaned to Roger Seabrook by the sons of Peter Morris.



Dyslectic coachbuilder is asked to make a body for a Lagonda!



David Hine's lovely V12 special next to son Nick's car at Silverstone.

Photo by Arnold Davey

Post-War Party

Bob Watts encourages the later cars to get involved

IN JANUARY I RECEIVED a letter from Arnold Davey saying that he did not think that the Club did a lot for post war members. My immediate thought was that you don't see many post-war cars at club events. I won't say that post war cars are not welcome, because they are, I have been made very welcome at club events, and at one time my V8 was the most photographed car in the club magazine. My first AGM was a little bit daunting, we were hanging around, no doubt looking a little bit lost, when an aged gentlemen came up to us and did his best to make us welcome and then in the course of conversation asked what sort of car we had, "A 2.6 post war" I replied. "Oh not a proper Motor Car then" said the gentleman with a smile. "What about yours?" I said, "Oh mine is the scruffiest car here" he said with a chuckle. He explained where it was, and it was and has been at nearly every other AGM I have attended..

Anyhow I thought can I do anything to redress the balance, and after conferring with John Batt I decided to have a Spring Social, as he was unable to hold one, similar to the ones he has hosted the last few years, but with an emphasis on post war cars, but all were welcome. We arranged the date, supplied Arnold with the information. He put it in big letters in the calendar and included a flyer and all was set. Things got off to a flying start when I received an e-mail from a Belgian V8 owner, but in the end he decided not to come.

May the 25th dawned bright and true to Uncle Peter's saying it was like a gaudy girl, it wouldn't last. I had other things to do, and the weather looked a bit showery, and so carefully I did not put out the signs until on my way back. It

would be just my luck to find a drive full of Lagondas. As it was, I was upstairs when I heard the first one coming down the drive.

As it was showery, I moved the beer and the drinks into the Garage and thought that the gathering would be smaller than larger.

Well, about a half of the cars were post war, which was quite encouraging.

Warren King came with his DB 3 litre saloon, from Norwich. It was very nice and original.

Stephen Constable, from Kings Lynn, came in his DB2, very original, which must rival Dennis Clarke's 2 litre for the most unrestored car (should there be an appropriate trophy at the AGM?) he also has a 2.6 saloon in not so quite original condition.

Jonathon Stevenson from Thurlby, Bourne, an AMOC member in his DB7, looking very beautiful.

My DB 2.6, not finished yet, but at last roadworthy and I can play with it. And my V8 on the ramp in the farm workshop, waiting for rear brake calipers **Ken Hill** came in his 16/80 saloon.

David Beal in his LG 45 saloon from Newark, complete with large anti theft device on the back seat – his dog.

Jolian French in his immaculate High Chassis 3 litre all the way from Burton Pedwardine.

Geoff Clark-Monks, from Wigston, Leicester in their very smart 2 litre six light Saloon. He also came to the Thorpe Latimer's equivalent of The Festival of Speed, Swaton Vintage day, later in the year.

John and Susie Batt in the blown 2 litre. **Brian and Joyce Savill** in their 4 light 16/80 saloon.



Left to right: Brian Savill's 16/80 saloon, John Batt's supercharged 2 litre, Geoff Clark-Monks 2 litre LC saloon, Jolian French's 3 litre HC tourer.



Studying the Battmobile's shiny bits.



Another view of Jolian French's 3 litre and the Savill 16/80.

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John Boyes in his batmobile Subaru, he decided that as Alison was poorly the weather and the 2 litre were not compatible

And **Terry and Pat Markham**, friends from Helpringham, who have a 2.5 litre Daimler/Jaguar that he is unable to get out of his garage, as he is in the throws of altering his house and all the stuff to do it with is stacked behind the Daimler. He is a builder! He should have known better.

The garden was not quite at its best, it could really have done with another

week, the Iris and the Peonies had yet to reach full bloom. The ladies enjoyed themselves walking round the garden, in between showers, while the gentlemen, admired, discussed, adjusted, compared and digested Lagondas and drank Bateman's excellent best bitter.

The weather was determined not to be outdone by Lagondas, it was reasonably warm, but it was notable for a cracking thunderstorm and about an inch of rain. I don't think that anybody got seriously wet.

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Lagondas In France 7-11 July 2003

Michael Drakeford and friends go gardening

THIS TRIP WAS FROM the original idea of Tim Wadsworth. Due to 'Business Reasons' (sic. Tim Birkin's Full Throttle, p 41) he was unable to attend personally and the organisation was ably undertaken by Charles and Emma Hobbins.

Blue skies were to greet this small party of five Lagondas as they rolled off the overnight ferry at Le Havre. A quick turn or two around the centre de ville and we were on our way to our first stop of this garden visiting trip heading for Monet's garden at Giverny. A breakfast stop at the old harbour at Honfleur gave us an opportunity to get to know our travelling companions and savour the delights of French coffee. Our intention to amble along the D road at the south side of the Seine did not materialise as the goodly French had forgotten to signpost that particular way. No doubt they wished to reserve it for themselves. Nevertheless the route taken was most attractive and put us in good stead for a lunch stop at Brionne. On reflection, Monet's gardens at Giverny were a bit of a disappointment. Perhaps we had arrived too late, or the sun was too hot, but the colour we expected just was not there. Also the busy road dividing the gardens, and the torrent of visitors hardly helped. Better was to follow.

Our first overnight stop was at the marvellous Chateau La Reserve. Splendid large rooms, well furnished. As we were to find at nearly all our stops, the French consider Lagondas to be very special. The front of the Chateau is not for cars, it would spoil the visual aspect. Clearly Lagondas are not just cars, we were welcomed to enhance the visual aspect, indeed to quote the proprietor, "The car park is for common cars".

Dinner was taken in the village, about a kilometer down the hill. Six braved the walk, while four took the easy way, by car. On the way back, the M45 of Richard and Sue Reay-Smith, four up, charged up the steep incline with a customary burble of the powerful engine, and a not so customary puff of black smoke from the exhaust, while the others scrambled up the hill. I'm sure that there is a good cartoon in that image. The ascent of the hill will be long remembered, partly for two of the group taking a wrong turn when in the lead, and coming in last, but mainly for the owls and the glow worms sighted as we walked through the darkening woods.

Next day saw us heading west towards Calvados. A small interruption occurred at the start while attention was given to the beautiful Rapier belonging to Malcolm and Marion Burgess. Soon we were on our way, to stop a few hundred yards down the drive when the problem became truly apparent and the petrol pump failed. Out came a spare. At this point I realised that some travellers keep spares of all types, whereas I have just a spare fan belt and a few tools. Am I living dangerously?

Alas the spare pump worked for only a few minutes, overheated and stopped. A certain amount of anguish ensued and the first pump was brought back to the front line. As with all things, the prodding with a screwdriver had created a couple of new problems. A bearing shaft had now come out of the socket, and the power producing wire was now holding on by one strand. These were corrected and the main problem, the fall back of the spring, temporarily corrected with the addition of tape. We were now on our way again.



Getting to know you - breakfast at Honfleur.

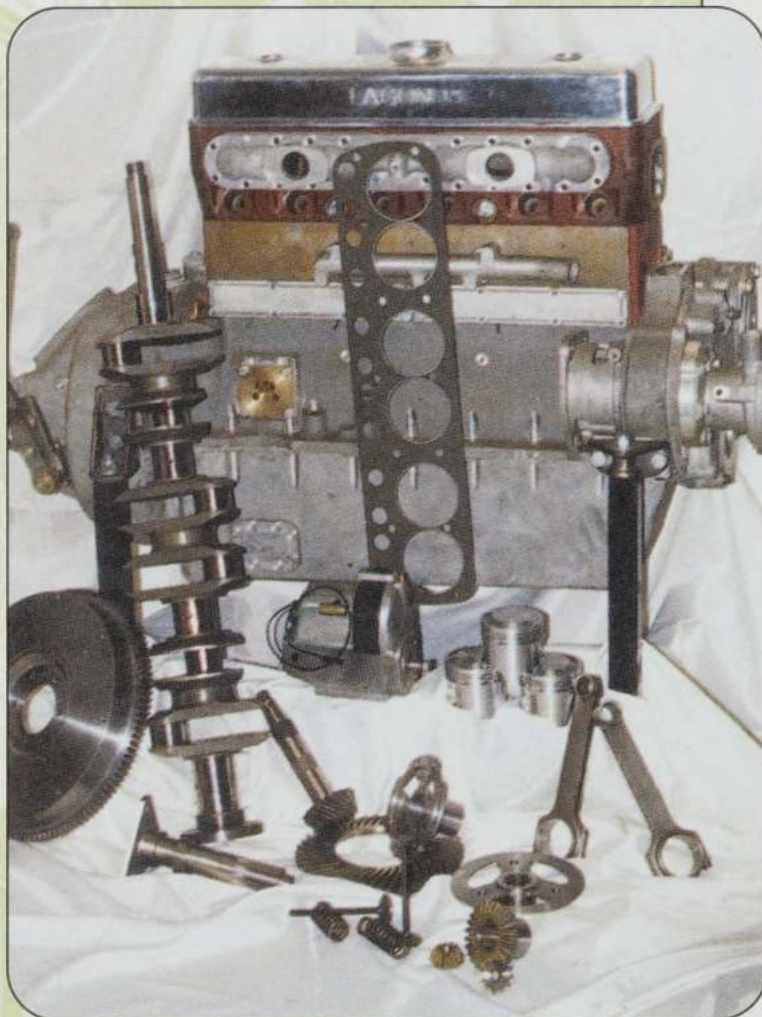


All five Lagondas in the orchard car park, Vendevre.

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Our intended first stop was the gardens at the Parc du Chateau de Beaumesnil, some 40 miles away. We failed to make it in time. All was going well as we travelled in convoy, keeping an eye on each other through our rear view mirrors. Keeping to the minor French roads has its advantages and disadvantages. Little traffic, but torrid bends and plenty of bumps away from the centre of the road.

AUL 720, an M45, had just had completed work on the engine, which required an element of running-in. Although 390 miles had been seen in the UK before setting off, we were still keeping to under 2000 rpm, and 55 mph. Thus it was with luck that we had the Rapier to keep us to these limits. The latter was valiant at all times, but I understand that pulling 4,000 revs in second up long hills produced a dramatic amount of heat inside, not to mention a putrid smell from the self-selector gearbox. One long hill did indeed produce some worrying sound from the engine of AUL 720, but this disappeared at the top, and she did not overheat. Indeed the air temperature was over 80°F most of the time and she kept an oil pressure of 35-40lbs, and a consistent temperature of 65-70°C.

As with all things, there are bound to be problems on such a run. The Rapier had more trouble with the pump, and she disappeared from the mirror. We all stopped at various distances along the road. The beautiful S/C 2 litre of Peter and Natalie Blenk was behind the Rapier and pulled in to help. Doing so Peter noticed he had a flat. Off with the spare. By this time it was after 2.00pm and the pangs of hunger descended. As we pulled in to a garage for the tyre repair, we were recommended a small restaurant in the village. The cars brought much admiration from the French mechanics.

We entered the establishment to see about seven small tables cluttered with debris from the lunchtime. The whole village must have attended. We asked for

a table of six, and phoned our colleagues via mobile. What did we do before these contraptions of communication? The repairs to BLA 916 did not take that long and in short time the table was extended to eight and then 10 as we gradually congregated. Madame did not bat an eyelid. It was if she expected five Lagondas to arrive in the middle of the afternoon and ask for vittles. The ensuing lunch with all the trimmings appeared to go on and on. Beer, wine and at least four courses, all for 10 Euros each.

On the way to the Hotel Aux Pommiers de Livaye, Crevecouer, we stopped at Chateau de Canon, a garden to be savoured. Cool pathways along rivulets in a woodland setting in the grounds of a magnificent house. As we approached the Chateau, the 2 litre struggled to turn (don't they all?) into the spasmodic shade of small trees where visitors park. Along came a black Labrador followed by a Frenchman who immediately opened the park gates and led his quarry to the house where the Lagondas could rest in real shade in all their splendour.

Part of the garden was in a walled area where we saw a splendid array of colour and textures sadly missing at Giverney. Quite splendid.

The remainder of the day was uneventful as we proceeded to the night's stop at the hotel. The accommodation was not up to the previous standards, we really had been spoilt. Two couples even had to share a bathroom, Mon Dieu. However the food and the wine made up for any shortcomings.

On our way to the final Chateau, we visited the 'parc et jardins' du Chateau de Vendevre. Again quite stunning. It was fairly recently restored with extensive use made of water both in old parts and new water trick effects. The clever planting of trees produced some beautiful shades of green. We arrived at Chateau de La Roque, to be invited to our customary place at the front of the

Chateau. Alas the patron failed to appreciate the width of AUL 720, and so did I, resulting in a vast amount of dust as we collided with a large flower pot, quite invisible from the driving seat of the car. We were not off to a good start with this one. Beers were required to cool off the party.

Next day we were off to Coutance, for a visit to the cathedral. Amazingly, as the Americans swept east and south, having landed on the D-day beaches, markers were put on the two medieval churches in the city to avoid destruction. It worked, and whilst the rest of the town was devastated, the cathedral had only two windows blown out. Who said that the precision bombing in Iraq was new? After lunch we met by chance Tom Williams, a fellow Lagonda member from Leicester, also there, was an Aston Martin owner who gladly rearranged the street furniture to allow for our less than impressive turning circle to exit the car park. Then, on to the Manoir d'Argences. A pretty and compact garden, with colour to dazzle the eye, and so many well placed varieties of flowers. Only a master gardener could have created such a little paradise. All too soon we were heading for Cherbourg, our port of exit.

It had occurred to me that during the trip fellow travellers were dropping a little far behind AUL 720. It would be nice to think that it was the enormous torque of the Meadows engine that kept them at bay. I was reluctantly told that at each left-hand corner, 'gallons' of fuel were coming out of the tank. Understandably followers did not want to be too close. I recalled that this happened years ago when I filled the tank quite full and a worried motorist pulled me over. I fitted a new cork spacer at the filler and thought no more of it. Investigation now revealed that there is an air vent at the off-side of the tank, but no hose reaching upwards. Hence the loss of fuel at the lefthanders. Charles Hobbins, who with Emma had to that point had a particularly trouble free trip, provided an article of gentleman's

weekend apparel (would sir wish anything for the weekend?). The problem was temporarily solved. No wonder I was only getting 15 mpg.

And on to the ferry. In Portsmouth, darkness had descended. Time to find the A3. As the passports were checked the helpful customs official pointed out that we needed our headlights on, once outside the docks. Little did she know. Having not driven any distance at night, this was an experience to be savoured. The Blenks, followed me and the Reay-Smiths followed them. The phrase 'the blind leading the blind' had never been so apt. To my surprise, the headlights were quite adequate. They do not dip, yet they do not dazzle (too much). Only one car put on its fog lights in disgust. Strangely, as the lights were directed down, and to the left, the beam was not only quite long, but reflected strongly on the many signposts to the left of the road. In fact the reflection of these produced more light than the oncoming traffic. Behind, the 2 litre produced good light, but the fact that the lights are mounted so high, produced an interesting effect, not the least dazzling. More of a strong glow. The Reay-Smiths, had a dip mechanism using bulls eye lights which made them look as side lights would.

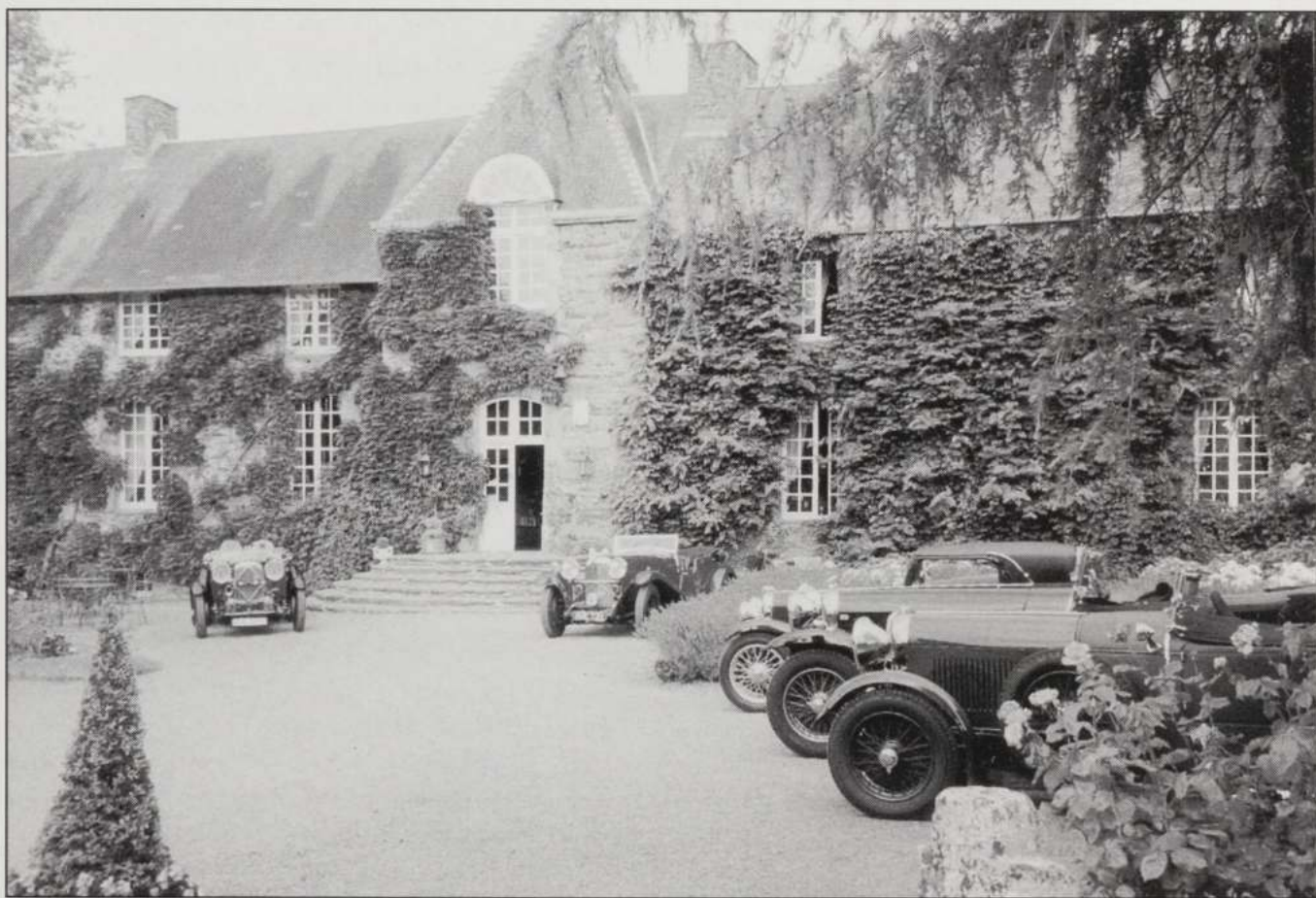
What an interesting trio heading towards London, as they no doubt had done 70 years ago.

Thinking that the Hobbins had a car doing so well, it was upsetting to learn that at 12.30 that night, on the way to their stop in Worcester, they had a puncture on the M4, but did arrive at Emma's mother's house safely, only to have the magneto fail within yards of the property. Perhaps all 2 litre owners should get together and resolve this perennial puncture problem.

Thus ended a tremendous trip to France, just four days, motors, food, wine, and gardens. Something for everyone, just as it should be. Well done Emma, for such splendid organisation, and congratulations to Richard and Sue for having the most trouble-free ride.



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The AGM Weekend 20th and 21st September 2003

The Manor House Aldermaston

Mark Yeomans reports on a highly successful weekend.

WHEN ASKED IN EARLY September to pen a few lines about the AGM weekend I was filled with trepidation. What could I write about? I need not have worried. A report such as this can hardly do justice to what was an excellent event.

Starting on the Saturday afternoon in baking sunshine, the Gymkhana attracted 23 entrants. Michael Drakeford and Peter Blenk had organised the competition and ensured it was properly licensed under MSA Regulations. It comprised five cunningly designed driving tests which had to be tackled in a prescribed order under the watchful eye and stopwatch of the volunteer marshals.

The tests involved manoeuvring into 'garages', negotiating roundabouts, driving in a set pattern around cones, swapping petrol cans and rearranging baked bean tins on sticks without leaving the drivers seat! Navigating without penalty the cones and 'walls' (comprising bean canes from the Drakeford vegetable garden) was not easy.

As a self confessed Lagonda novice with no experience of such events, I stepped forward second in line and went about the tests only to realise the professionals sit back like Schumacher in an F1 qualifying session, watching! In the end the pace of the car mattered not, as in the pre 1933 section Gerard van Pelt in his 1933 M45 came through with Peter Walby in his M45 winning the post 1933 section and the overall event in a style, demonstrating that more haste really does mean less speed!

The splendid Vokes Trophy, donated

by Tony Vokes, was presented at the dinner to Peter Walby by Nick Hine, Hon. Competition Secretary. It is worth recalling that Tony's father was C.G.Vokes, of Vokes filter fame and founder of the first Lagonda club in 1933.

The tests were kindly supported by County Hire of Tadley, through the free loan of cones and safety tape. Special thanks must go to our lady marshals who endured over two hours in the middle of the course in temperatures that would not have disgraced any day of this wonderful summer.

The Annual Dinner attracted 86 guests who assembled in the library before sitting down at 8.00pm. Brigadier Stephen Mathews welcomed everyone and said a most appropriate Grace, in which, not surprisingly, he managed to include Lagonda. With the Loyal Toast proposed by Chairman Clive Dalton this left the toast to the Lagonda Club to be proposed by our president David Hine.

David gave a speech in which he sought to demonstrate all that makes the Lagonda Club special. He commenced by recalling memories of the late Herb Schofield who will be so sadly missed. David continued with stories of previous AGM events and the attempts to move further north in the 1960s when a venue near Northampton succeeded in attracting very few members. It was suggested that the distance had caused the lack of attendance, a comment the then Chairman put down with the retort "we are supposed to be a motoring organisation!"

In an amusing and often poignant speech David proposed the toast to the Club after concluding "we are not a 'drivers' club or 'car' club, nor are we an 'enthusiasts' club. We are the Lagonda

Club." Good company, good food and wine and our Presidents now famous monologues (Leopold Allcock and The Battle of Hastings for those who keep records) contributed to an excellent evening.

On the Sunday morning the lawns in front of the Manor House started to swell with cars from 9:30 onwards. The marquee was a busy place with Alan Hancock setting up the Club Spares display and Valerie Bugler laying out the regalia and publications. The members 'spares for sale' section was filled as Tim Wadsworth had decided to have a clear-out! Jonathan Oppenheimer brought his remarkable V12 rolling chassis, which is nearing the completion of a full restoration by BishopGray.

The President in a humorous response to a question about the AGM start time, asked the enquirer "what time can you get there?" However it soon became apparent that it would be standing room only in The Manor House library.

The AGM commenced at 11.00am with a request from our President to observe a few moments silence in memory of Herb Schofield. David spoke of the impact Herb had on the club in the early 1960s, when he joined the committee at a relatively young age and wrote up the Northern Sections exploits with his 5th Form schoolboy humour.

Moving onto the main agenda the accounts were presented and questions taken. Clive Dalton explained why the gross profit margin and the debtor figures appeared higher than normal.

The meeting duly re-elected Messrs Bugler, Davey, Hancock, Lloyd-Bisley and Stoneman as Directors with Brian Savill being elevated to the same position following his co-option in April 2003.

Chairman Dalton raised the matter of the survival of Shelsley Walsh and the appeal which has been launched for £1.5M to save the Worlds oldest motor racing track. Tim Wadsworth had written to the board proposing that the club

make a donation to this cause. There followed much discussion around the various means to support the Shelsley Trust. This centred upon a donation from the club itself and the club facilitating members' personal donations (and gain Gift Aid benefits) perhaps through distribution of details with our newsletter or subscription renewal. The board will report back through the newsletter.

Somewhat appropriately, after this discussion, Nick Hine, Hon. Competitions Secretary followed with a record of outstanding success over the past year for Lagondas in competition. This concise account brought spontaneous applause. There were 115 members present at the AGM and for those who avoid such meetings as inevitably being drawn out and boring, I clocked the duration at exactly 46 minutes.

By the time members had taken the hotel's buffet lunch and others their picnics there were 67 Lagondas on the lawns together with an Amilcar, an Invicta S Type and an Aston Martin DB5 and with two cars that appeared on the Saturday alone, 72 cars were in attendance during the weekend. Of personal interest was the display of 2 litres where 23 cars produced an impressive sight arranged in two lines. The turn-out of 6 of the 1950s DB examples (comprising 3 saloons and 3 DHCs which, unusually, were all 2.6 litre models)) was a record at normal AGMs and left Kevin Lloyd-Bisley ecstatic.

A car not seen for several years was Roger Stevens beautifully restored LG6 DHC, GPH 299, originally the property of Prince Bernhardt of the Netherlands. Rogers' father had owned the car from 1958 into the early 1960s and Roger repurchased it last year, when it was sold with the Bernd Holthusen collection. A former car from Bernd Holthusen's collection, the fabulous LG45R, OSO 129, belonging to Anthony Ward, graced the Gymkhana on the Saturday



Great to see Anthony Ward putting OSU through its paces.



Not every car was this active.



Wow!



A fantastic sight for Lagonda lovers.

The lines of splendid cars made the judging of the concours most difficult. Yet it was ably organised by Kevin Lloyd-Bisley supported by the numerous judges, to whom thanks are gratefully extended.

At 3.00 pm the results of the Concours d'Elegance were announced and the organisers of a splendid weekend received

the thanks of all those present.

Finally, it is with regret that I have to announce that due to the difficulties encountered by the entrants in the Gymkhana there will be no crop of runner beans produced in the Drakeford vegetable garden next year!

Results

Driving Tests

Up to 1933

- 1st Gerard van Pelt M45 Tourer
- 2nd Andrew Rothwell 2 Litre L/C Tourer

1934 and later

- 1st Peter Walby M45 Tourer
- 2nd Jonathan Oppenheimer Rapier Tourer

Concours

2 Litre Class

- Winner UW 8613 Ian Roland
- 2nd OT 9381 Bob and Marlene Osborne

16/80 Class

- Winner GG9137 Charles and Emma Hobbins
- 16/80 Tourer

3 3½ Class

- Winner KY 1610 Bill Spence
- 3Litre Carlton DHC

M45/LG45 Class

- Winner AUF 45 Gerard van Pelt
- M45 Tourer

Rapier Class

- Winner BPC 44 Peter Cripps

LG6/V12 Class

- Winner DAK 311 Dave Mould
- LG6 Saloon

Post War Class

- Winner MWD 757 Alan Heard
- DB 2.6 DHC

Ladies Choice

- Winner GPH 299 Roger Stevens
- LG6 DHC

Car Club Trophy

- Winner GPH 299 Roger Stevens
- LG6 DHC

Merit Award

- Winner BKJ 950 Jean Gorgat
- M45 DHC



Jean Gorgat's 'new' M45 DHC, fresh from its trip across America.

Ghosts from the Past

Ivan Forshaw recalls a very important former member

PROBABLY THE MOST distinguished man ever to be a member of the Register or Club was Air Chief Marshall Sir Alec Coryton, KBE,CB,MVO,DFC.

During the War Coryton commanded 5 Area of the RAF, stretching down the East Coast as far as Kent

He received an order from Bomber Harris to send his Lancaster and Wellington aircraft on what he, Coryton considered to be a suicide mission. He refused, and was immediately sacked, spending the rest of the War on supply duties.

Coryton lived at Two Leas, Langton Matravers on the Isle of Purbeck in Dorset. He had a 1931 unsupercharged 2 litre Lagonda in virtually mint condition. Next door at 'Spyway' was an exclusive boys' prep school run by E.S. Warner who had an exactly similar car. In comparing these two cars we were intrigued to find that they had consecutive chassis numbers and had therefore been next to each other on the Lagonda production line more than twenty years previously. The chances of this happening again in a place far from the Staines factory seems remote.

Coryton had married one of the two daughters of Daniel Hanbury of Castle Malwood in the heart of the New Forest near to Rufus Stone. He was therefore able to arrange for a Rally at Castle Malwood which was well attended.

I think Coryton looked at the line of 'shabby' cars and their war weary owners and thought that he was taking two steps down the social ladder for he offered his car for sale at £250. It was immediately snapped up by Dennis Lead, already a member of the Register. I do not think it has ever been resold but is still in the Club in the hands of Lead's son, Adrian.

At Castle Malwood there was a fine big coach house with a glass roof. Inside the coach house was a Maybach engine

still in its crate. It was brand new and intended for a Zeppelin. I ought to have enquired about its history. There was also a 1904 de Dion car which had been brought back from the Hanbury Estate in Tuscany. Most of all there was the original Silver Ghost Rolls Royce. Chauffeur kept from new, it had never been modified or tampered with in any way. It was exactly as new with the patina of age. Rolls Royce were aware of its existence and had been in the habit of borrowing the car for special events.

Roger, my son, would be about seven years of age at the time. He cut his finger in what had been the girls playground. Daniel Hanbury was very kind and hauled him up to the house to wash and bind it up.

When Hanbury died, the family faced crippling death duties, Castle Malwood was sold and the cars were left to Coryton. He drove the de Dion in the London to Brighton Run on many occasions. The Rolls Royce was sent back to its makers to the fury of the other branch of the family who thought it should have been kept.

To the best of my recollection, Rolls Royce gave him a new Bentley in exchange for the priceless car, which from the Company's stance must rank as the best exchange of all time.

I bought Warner's car for £100 from a second hand car dealer in Bournemouth shortly afterwards. The engine was full of water, which had scared Warner and everyone else to death. I examined the engine and diagnosed a broken cylinder head gasket and so it proved. I put things right and sold the car at once within the Club. The registration number of Warner's car was GN 4840, chassis number OH 9825, engine number 1574.

I understand the present owner of chassis number OH 9825 to be Mr D.F.A. Davidson.



Where are they now? Ivan Forshaw is wondering. This historic photograph was taken on 11th July 1948 at the Newbury Rally. The bemused small boy is Ivan's son, Roger. He is now 63 years old and a greatly respected Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Accountants. On his right is Clifford Rees now unhappily no longer with us. Lurking in the crowd on Clifford's right is Ivan in what he describes as "the disgusting shoddy and ill-fitting grey demob overcoat, which was thought a sufficient reward for long service and extremely bad stations." On the right of the photograph, in the flat cap is Air Chief Marshall Sir Alec Coryton. On his right with arm raised is the father of it all, Peter Densham.

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Letters

Dear Ken,

I enclose Nigel Hall's eulogy to Herb which he delivered at Herb's funeral on the 19th August 2003.

It is part of the bitter-sweet character of a funeral that you suddenly meet literally a hundred old and new friends in the surreal environment of a strange Victorian churchyard. It is hard to know how to greet one another as the usual carefree banter of a Club meeting would be inappropriate.

Up to the point when we walked round the corner to the entrance of the church all was well. Then suddenly we saw Herb's matched pair of 3 Litres, beautifully polished by Roger Firth for the occasion and it finally dawned on us that this was serious and Herb really had died.

Sure, he had been ill with a rather unpleasant condition, but no one, not even the experts had predicted death. Quite the opposite as he had been given the all clear and had been out and about driving his Lagonda and in much improved humour!

The only comforting thought was that he was spared long suffering prior to departure. Three of his pals, Peter Bennet, Alan Brown and myself together with his nephews Tim and Barney were the pallbearers. Roger, who had been a huge support to Herb during his illness, played the organ with wonderful sensitivity.

The lady Vicar did not know Herb but was clearly impressed by the sheer numbers packing this quite large nave. The fact that, due to loose wiring, we could only hear every other word as she intoned the scriptures would have amused Herb hugely!

To be fair, she said some kind things

about him and handed over to Nigel who gave a brilliant and moving oration. It was a complete description of the complex and charismatic person Herb was and I am glad we are able to reproduce it so that all can share in the memories spoken by his very close friend.

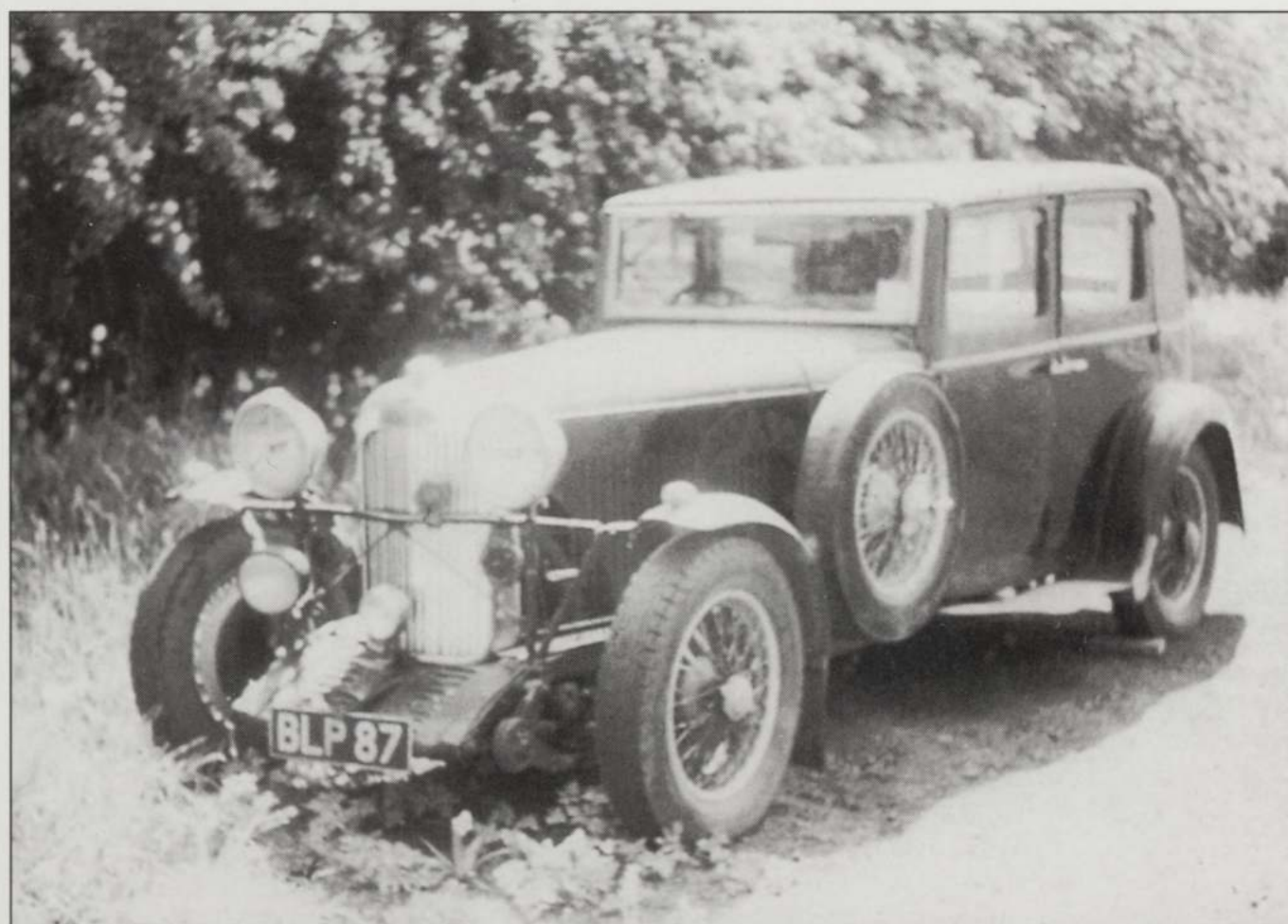
With many thanks and best wishes
David Hine

See pages 6 to 9 for this moving tribute to a Club stalwart who will be greatly missed. K.P.P.

Dear Mr Davey,

A couple of months ago, I telephoned you and asked if you would be interested to have, for club records, details of the two 16/80 saloons that I sadly broke up over forty years ago (how time flies, it hardly seems possible that it was as long ago as that).

The first car was WD 6254, chassis number S10305, engine number 2052, first registered 3/11/33. As can be seen in the picture, this was the standard factory saloon with a centre pillar and cycle type front wings. It had the crash gearbox. I bought it in February 1958 from one Olaf P. Lund, then operating as Salisbury Motors in Moseley, Birmingham. Lund later specialised in the post-war RM series Rileys and moved to Bristol. He was a well known member of the Riley RM Club. Had I had any brains I would have made two new screen pillars and a new off-side rear wheel arch timber, cleaned the car up and run it in VSCC and Lag. Club events. I joined both clubs on buying the car. Instead I jumped in at the deep end and removed the body with the intention of making a tourer body and running the car in VSCC races. With



a lock-up garage half a mile from home without any electricity and little free time due to studies it was a project doomed from the start. What with one thing and another I eventually gave up and advertised the car as parts. The chassis frame went to replace the severely damaged one on a 2 litre speed model, the engine went to a fellow Lag. Club member, James Bridge-Butler, to replace that in his Olympia Show 16/80 tourer and various other cars were kept going by other bits, so at least WD 6254 did not die entirely in vain. What's more I got back my £77-10-00 investment.

The second car, BLP 87 was bought in March 1959 mainly as a source of spares for WD 5254. Chassis number was S10909, engine number S2658 and it was first registered on 5/1/35. It was the pillarless version of the body on the first car, with sun-burst pattern trim on the door panels. The original front wings were long swept ones, but the chap from whom I bought the car removed the tattered remains and fitted totally inappropriate fixed cycle type affairs. This car had the ENV pre-selector box. I paid £30 for it and used it for some months before taking it off the road as a result of a change of plans. At one stage BLP was owned by Richard Paines who was a well known younger member of the Lagonda Club in the fifties. He sold it when he bought James Crocker's 16/80 tourer which came on the market when Crocker bought the lovely LG45R which was such a well-known feature of the VSCC and Lagonda Club scene in the late fifties and early sixties.

Not long after buying BLP 87 I realised that I would have to return to my native South Africa at the end of 1960. If I wanted to take an interesting car back with me I would have to do something at least twelve months in advance in order to comply with import regulations. Neither the dismantled remains of WD 6254, nor the very tired BLP 87 was quite what I wanted and that was why I advertised WD 6254 as parts. At the same time I advertised BLP 87 as a complete

runner for £50 in both the Lag.Club magazine and Motorsport. I did not have so much as a solitary enquiry for the complete car and so it too went into the spares pool. The bits realised more than double what I paid for the car, which I have to confess was a welcome addition to the Dallas Motoring Fund. I eventually ended up with a 1922 3 litre Bentley which went to Cape Town with me in October 1960 and which I kept for some 23 years. We returned to England some nine years ago and I have almost finished rebuilding an Austin Seven Ulster. I fear that my Lagonda and Bentley days are gone, but I am quite confident that the Ulster will give me great pleasure.

I am also enclosing a copy of a photograph of a High Chassis 2 litre Speed Model saloon. The picture was taken in 1933 at the wedding of my aunt and uncle in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. The car belonged to my aunt's father, Jack Walton, whose family owned the local daily newspaper, The Eastern Province Herald. CB is, or was until recently, the prefix for a Port Elizabeth registration. Sadly the car has not survived. Indeed, nobody on the Eastern Province motoring scene has any recollection of it. A great friend of mine is Jack Walton's godson and who was 11 years old when the picture was taken, does not remember the car. I suspect that it was sold out of the area not long after. Mr Walton did not normally keep his cars much over twelve months and they were usually the latest thing in Cadillacs.

I do hope this is of some interest to you.

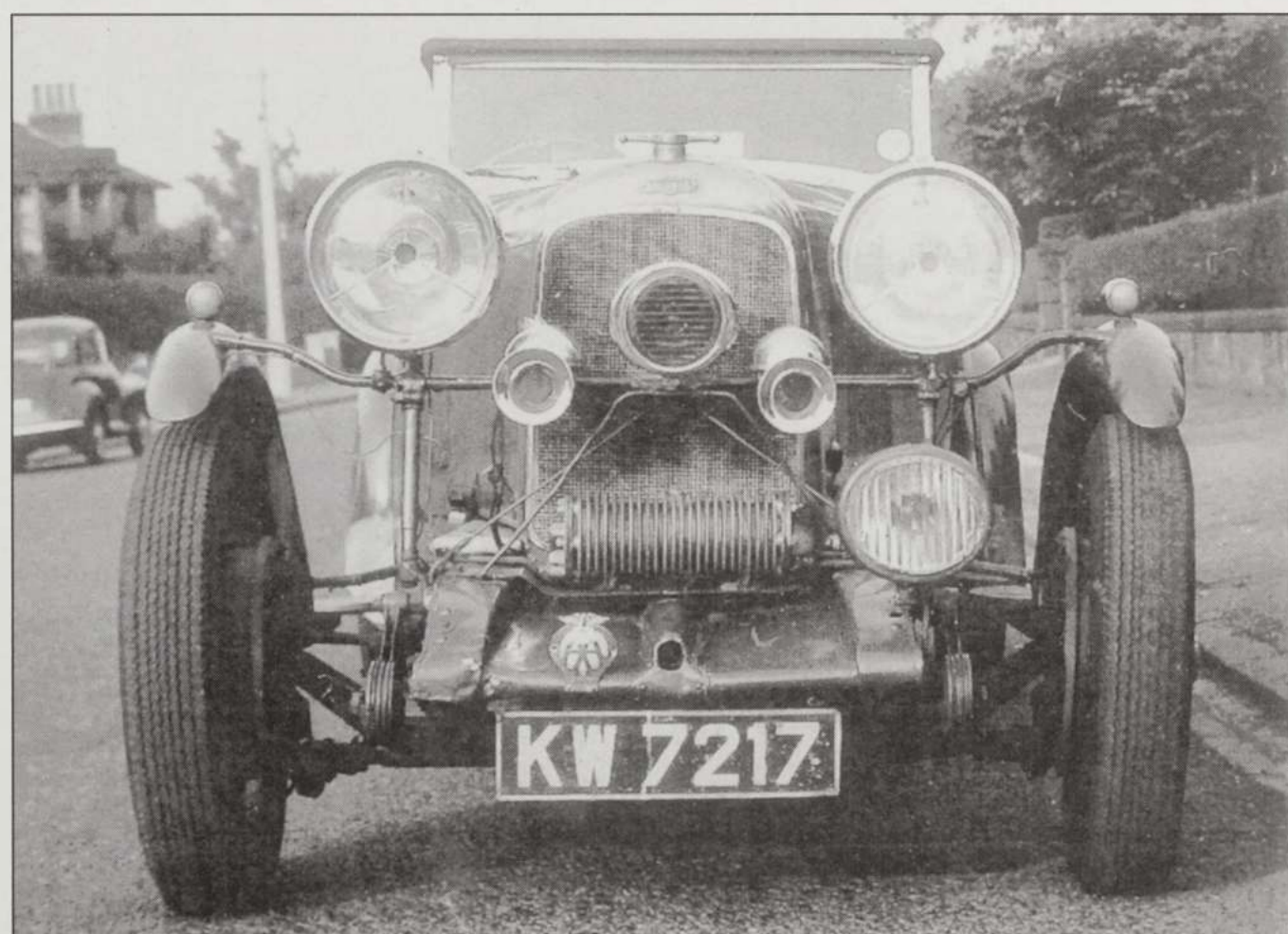
Yours sincerely

R.G.L. Dallas

P.S. The picture of the 21 year old Dallas and WD 62154 was taken just after I bought the car. That of BLP 87 was taken just before I started to strip it.

Dear Mr Painter,

I was particularly pleased to see in your Summer 2003 issue the photograph of KW 7217 sent in by Nigel Paterson.



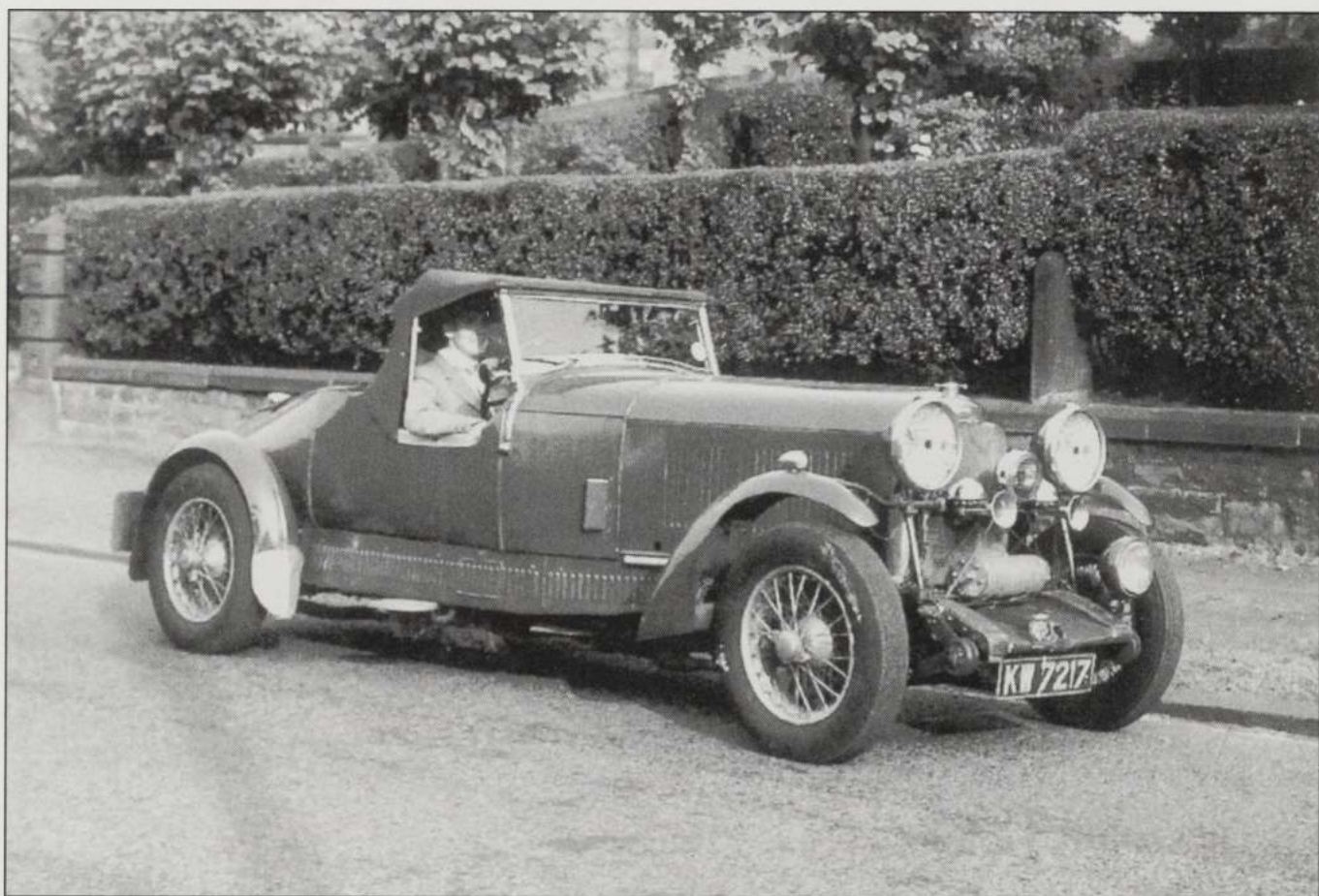
This photo was taken when it had passed from me to the late Elliot Elder; it would probably be parked in a side street while some rearranging of his collection was taking place in his premises. Elliot wrote a short article about the car, which was published on pages 11 and 12 of the Spring 1964 issue.

It is (I use the present tense because I understand that it survives under another registration number) in fact a high chassis 3 litre special, Z9543. I acquired, or rather rescued, the car from a Glasgow used car dealer around 1955

and had quite a lot of fun with it - including our honeymoon! It cost £110 which was perhaps too much at the time, plus a lot more at the specialist mentioned in his article by Elliot. I enclose a couple of snaps from my time. There is an oil cooler between the dumb irons and the light alloy front wings were said to be from an Alfa which also contributed a cowl over the radiator - promptly dispensed with.

Yours sincerely

Alex Dick



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*Murray Smith's Invicta "Speedy" and Richard Lisman's Lagonda EPE 97
after the Ards TT*

These historic works cars were previous entries in the Ards TT in the 1930's and we have the pleasure of looking after both of them. On behalf of the owners, Clive Doyle and I were invited to enter and drive them in this year's retrospective event. Both cars were driven there, performed impeccably and we were able to fully explore the capabilities of their 200 BHP engines in friendly competition!

It may appear that we only restore Invictas, but we have six Lagondas in the workshop at present, one V12 Rapide, two M45's, an LG45 and a brace of 2 litres as well as an SS100, a Vulcan, a 1927 Rover, a High Chassis NLC Invicta and two different S type Invictas from last time!

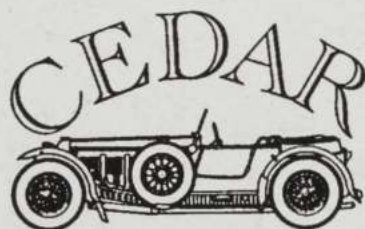
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