



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 101

Winter 1978



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MAGAZINE

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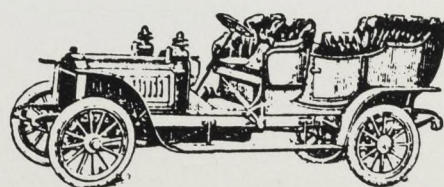
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Contributions do not necessarily represent the views of the Committee nor of the Editor, and expressed opinions are personal to contributors. No responsibility is accepted for the efficacy of the technical advice offered.



FRONT COVER: Dr. Cree's V.12 Medium
Chassis (11 ft.) Saloon. Photo: Arnold Davey

Out and About

THE LAGONDA book was published in October with over five hundred copies being taken up by Club members benefiting from the publisher's discounted price. An amazing response and one that is most gratifying to the authors.

★ ★ ★ ★

Arnold Davey is now busy compiling the new Club Register. A number of register cards have yet to be returned—PLEASE DO SO WITHOUT DELAY otherwise your car's details will *not* appear. It is hoped to publish the Register in Spring '79 and this being so it will take the place of the Spring magazine. This cannot be avoided as the Club cannot afford to pay for both publications together. Copy dates for future magazines are shown elsewhere.

★ ★ ★ ★

By the time this magazine was at the printers the *London Film Show*, organised by Duncan Westall helped by Robbie Hewitt, had just taken place. Between sixty and seventy members went to the new venue of the Rugby Club near the B.B.C. and had a splendid evening. The selection of films, capably shown by Russell Wilson-Kitchen, included some interestingly nostalgic scenes taken at the Club A.G.M.s in 1954 and 1955—both held at Brimpton Grange—films of vintage Silverstone, Oulton Park and Prescott meetings, Philip Mann's Grand Prix Mercedes and a fascinating one about the development of the motor car. All made up to an excellent evening's entertainment with hot food as well! Many thanks to the Organisers.

★ ★ ★ ★

Bernard Jacobson, one of our Australian members, writes to ask if any child (10-12 years old) of a U.K. member would like to correspond with one of his two sons (or both?). Their interests apart from old cars include stamp collecting and model making. One is a Scout and the other a Wolf Cub. Please write direct to their home address at 11 Glendora Lane, East Doncaster, Victoria 3109, Australia.

★ ★ ★ ★

A number of members have reported an increase in the popularity of photographs of Lagonda cars. The new Lagonda from Newport Pagnell has certainly sparked off an interest by professional photographers needing shots of older Lagondas to be used by publishers reporting on the current model. The Club must

make it clear that they cannot become involved in any such negotiation. Any arrangement must be the responsibility of the car's owner with the publisher or the photographer. We can only suggest that the owner verifies how and where the resulting photograph is going to be used. Whether the owner charges a copyright fee or not is down to the individual to decide.

★ ★ ★ ★

Finally, the Committee and Editor wish you all a happy and trouble free New Year!

Book Received

"*The Art of Gordon Crosby*" by Peter Garnier. Published by Hamlyn. Price £7.95.

To many motoring enthusiasts, including myself, F. Gordon Crosby has always remained a somewhat mysterious figure. While his brilliant rendering of the motoring scene from the earliest heroic days through the second World War attracted thousands of admirers, what of the man himself? What sort of man was this who could capture in almost any medium, be it Conté crayon, watercolour, charcoal or line and wash, the total atmosphere of the great days of motoring—the early Grand Prix racers of mighty proportions with their brave *pilotes* and engineers to the long powerful lines of the great touring cars of the thirties thrusting down the *routes nationales*?

Peter Garnier now does much to lift the veil surrounding Gordon Crosby with the publication of this handsome book containing the story of Crosby's working life as a staff artist with the "*Autocar*" for about 30 years although details of his early life are still obscure. Fortunately a few of his contemporaries like S. C. H. Davis are still with us to enable us to know more about the quiet retiring man whose great work survives and still gives endless pleasure.

The book contains colour reproductions of the best of Gordon Crosby's work together with a wealth of black and white illustrations which are none the less interesting. Readers will be glad to see that Lagondas feature in several of them and may remember some of these from our own magazine through the courtesy of the "*Autocar*".

A fine book and one to savour over in dark winter's evenings—highly recommended.

A.W.M.



The 1978 AGM Weekend

THE LAGONDA Weekend again was held at the Burnham Beeches Hotel on a fine September weekend. The Committee spent a great deal of time and effort to try to make this, the most important event in the Club's calendar, a real success.

The response from the members was disappointing. Surely we should be able to get at least 100 Lagondas from a membership of 500-odd U.K. members? How is it that many from the North and other far-flung regions all make the effort to come along while many from near at hand and in the Home Counties cannot be bothered to turn up? We look through the membership lists and see name after name of Lagonda owners living within an hour or so's drive of Burnham Beeches yet apathy reigns supreme! Perhaps they do not drive their Lagondas any more? Can they please resolve to make an effort, a *real effort* for the 1979 Weekend.

The Committee work jolly hard to keep the Club going—why not repay their unstinting efforts by supporting the events, especially this Weekend? If the Committee were similarly apathetic the Club would disappear very quickly

indeed. So WAKE UP PLEASE and if you have not been to the A.G.M. in recent memory, ask yourself *why* you cannot be bothered.

Those that did go certainly enjoyed themselves—Lagondas parked in elegant and peaceful surroundings, their owners exchanging reminiscences and advice, wives and girlfriends chatting, the renewing of distant friendships—which is what the Lagonda Club is all about.

The concours was judged in the afternoon and the results appear on p. 6.

After the Annual General Meeting, ably handled by Duncan Westall, in the unavoidable absence of our Chairman, members retired to make themselves ready for the evening's entertainment about which Herb Schofield now writes:

Unfortunately our intended arrival time at the meeting was somewhat delayed owing to the fact that we were involved in a motor accident on the way down. A Datsun came straight out of a minor road and slammed into the rear of Brown's M.45 Tourer which shook Brown and the tourer up a bit, and wrote off the Datsun. The accident took 3 hours to sort

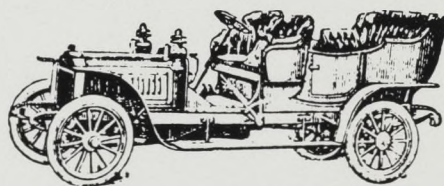
out whilst the heavily bulled-up LG.45 Rapide and V.12 Rapide of Roger Firth and the writer sat it out by the roadside. We eventually arrived at the Burnham Beeches Hotel at about 4.30 p.m. having spent half-an-hour in the woods trying to find the place! The first thing we noticed was the poor turnout of cars especially the 4½-litre models, of which only ten turned up, THIS IS A RIDICULOUS STATE OF AFFAIRS FOR A CLUB OF OUR SIZE, especially so when you consider nearly all of these cars came from the North of England.

Due to the lateness of our arrival we missed the concours judging which was a pity—never mind there is always next year!

The evening Dinner-Dance was the best we have had at Burnham Beeches as of course it would be with a lively selection of

Northerners, Americans and Robby Hewitt!

So why the poor turnout this year? Some members grumbled that the publicity wasn't strong enough or even advance enough, and whilst to some extent this may be true there is still no real excuse for members not turning up especially those within spitting distance of the place. The A.G.M. and Dinner should be the most important fixture in the Club calendar. Burnham Beeches has been booked for our 1979 A.G.M. and it is sincerely hoped that we get a better response.



PREMIER		NAME		REG. NO.
CLASS (A)	(1)=	I. Creer	2-Lt. HC	OT 9381
	=	G. Seaton	3-Lt.	GH 1251
	(3)=	B. Cook	2-Lt. HC	PH 8728
	=	R. Hewitt	3-Lt.	KY 1700
Awards of Merit		C. Sherwood	3-Lt.	S 7
CLASS (B)	(1)	D. Hine	LG.45R	DXA 960
	(2)	R. Hatfield	LG.6 DHC	FXM 25
	(3)	—		
Awards of Merit		R. W. Fox	LG.6 DHC	HPA 27
CLASS (C)	(1)	J. White	3-Lt.	RYK 140
	(2)	J. Lancaster	3-Lt.	PLH 424
	(3)	—		
Awards of Merit		H. Taylor	3-Lt.	NLO 950
Special Mention		—		

“LAGONDA—A HISTORY OF THE MARQUE”

An Appreciation from the Committee

FEW WILL disagree that the writing of the history of the Lagonda car has been a monumental and difficult undertaking—especially so when you consider that this has been a purely spare-time activity. We can only marvel at the endless hours of research, poring through ancient motor car and cycle magazines, old books, documents, company reports, and tracing ex-employees, and of course going up any number of blind alleys.

Most one-make car books are boring and purely factual accounts. A number over praise the subject. It is rare therefore to read an unbiased account which is very readable, and written with a style and sense of humour.

Arnold Davey and Tony May we congratulate you on your magnificent achievement. You have provided the Lagonda enthusiast with endless hours of pleasure whilst reading the book, and a constant source of reference in the future.

THE PRESIDENT, THE CHAIRMAN AND COMMITTEE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB.

African Adventure

by Hamish Moffat

TOWARDS THE end of 1952, I was faced with the opportunity of taking my 1923 11.9 Lagonda across Africa.

After making a few tentative enquiries for passengers and receiving negative results I decided to do the trip alone, thereby saving time and consequently expense, supporting the idiom that he who travels alone travels quickest.

In February of 1951 a friend had driven his 1921 11.8 Calcott across Kenya, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias, and the experiences he encountered made me resolved, finances permitting, to cover as much as possible of Africa, north to south.

Four weeks were needed to prepare the car, obtain the necessary visas and endless documents, and to fit the extra petrol tanks, etc., for the Sahara: the final preparations being completed the evening before departure.

For the technically minded the car is of 1,420 c.c. with overhead inlet and side exhaust valves and develops 24 b.h.p.—magneto ignition and thermo-syphon cooling. A transverse leaf spring in front and quarter elliptics at the rear support a four-seater touring body. The car has original bores, bearings and big ends, the only replacements to the motor being a set of new exhaust valves and new rings. There are no front wheel brakes and no shock absorbers.

The original beaded-edge wheels had to be converted to well-base and the motor was stripped, cleaned, and carefully reassembled.

At 6.45 a.m. on Sunday 21st December, after much burning of the midnight oil, we slipped out of Hampstead with a friend who was coming as far as the airport, through the damp and deserted streets of London and out on the A.2.

At Lympe, courteous and extremely speedy service on the part of Silver City Airways authorities cleared the documents and I drove the car into the gaping jaws of a Bristol freighter. A representative of David Brown, the present manufacturers of Lagonda and Aston Martin, arrived in a glittering D.B.2 to wish me *bon voyage*, and in twenty minutes we touched down at Le Touquet. Here there was

the same expedience and the Lagonda was soon let loose on the roads of France.

We had to be in Marseilles by 3 p.m. the following afternoon to load the car on to the ship, which entailed driving gently for most of the intervening time. I gave the new rings about 300 miles to bed in, and then settled down to the car's comfortable cruising speed of 38 m.p.h. Endless stops for cups of black coffee during the night were followed by a change to the spare magneto at dawn, due to the points (new in London) having burnt out. I had some nougat at Montelimar which regrettably attached itself to the steering wheel, and was alongside at Marseilles shortly after two.

We sailed at noon the following day, by which time I had purchased another set of platinum points.

On the way over to Algiers I made the acquaintance of four members of the Italian Moretti team for the Algiers/Cape Rally, and also four Australians who were motoring overland to Kenya. We docked at 6 a.m. on Christmas Eve.

Followed Christmas Day, an extremely festive occasion with the entire Italian Moretti and Egyptian teams for the rally aboard the Lagonda racing through Algiers from wining place to dining place. Then a desperate week obtaining more visas and trans-Sahara permits, etc.

The first day's run to Mascara, over the Atlas Mountains, was eventless except for an Arab funeral procession. At Mascara, due to a bureaucratic slip-up, I had to make a detour of some 200 miles to cash traveller's cheques. This entailed making for the Foreign Legion town of Sidi bel Abbes and then striking south to pick up my original route.

Unfortunately, there was no track on one part where I had hoped to find one, which meant making my way in the general direction by stars and compass, motoring across the desert. After five or six hours I saw in the distance a light which proved to be in the village of El Aricha. From here I was able to take a track to Berguent in Morocco, and from there pick up the route from Oudjda to Colomb Bechar, passing *en route* the desert memorial to General le Clerc.

On the run to Colomb Bechar a knock developed in the engine which on stripping proved to be big-end trouble. The bearings are located by a small white metal dowel which in this case had sheared, causing the bearing to turn in its housing and starve itself of oil. The bearings are fed by splash lubrication. I had a spare but decided to keep this in case of future necessity. In Colomb Bechar I was lucky enough to find an old lathe and a blowlamp, and with some pieces of white metal from a scrapped truck managed to turn up an apparently satisfactory new bearing.

In Colomb Bechar a young European asked me for a lift to Gao on the other side of the desert, to which I readily agreed. At midnight, as the New Year came in, we set off for the next oasis of Beni Abbes. Running steadily on a well-indicated track we arrived between four and five the following morning. Then through to Reganne, where there is a pretty little oasis and a military post, the commandant of which refused to allow us to continue until another vehicle arrived with which we could travel in convoy. After four days nothing appeared, and to our relief he told us that we could depart early the following morning with the object of arriving at the military post at Bidon V, with whom he was in radio communication the same night. This was achieved quite comfortably, in spite of the fact that we had to dig ourselves out of the sand some seven or eight times. The terrain all day was entirely flat, and there was always a fairly clear indication of the way made by previous vehicles and marker drums dotted along the desert. Mirages, of an uninteresting nature, were quite frequent.

A Reganne we had both been unfortunate enough to get dysentery due to the lack of all but salty water. At Reganne also we had taken on thirty-five gallons of petrol from the dump there to last us through as much as possible to Gao. In Africa one can never predict very accurately the petrol consumption, due to gradient, altitude and nature of the surface; even humidity appears to have a marked effect.

We decided to continue without delay and I allowed my passenger to drive. Unfortunately, due most likely to the fact that sandy surfaces are not easily discernible at night, he put the car into a big hole, out of which it bounced and landed on a soft mound of sand with all four wheels in the air. Excavation proved not difficult, but the front spring was broken, which meant changing to the spare.

Then through Tesalit to Gao, where the military entertained us in a truly French manner. Timbuktu is close at hand. My friend, Gerrit by name, now asked if he might continue with me as far as Kano.

We were now regrettably passing out of the Sahara proper. It is such an interesting place, with everything constantly and rapidly changing, from the hour by hour topography as each set of dunes or mountains unfold in the tremendous change in temperature at sunrise and sunset, the latter being of indescribable beauty.

After Niamey, Gerrit again driving, he had the misfortune to put the car into a river over quite a considerable drop. Luckily it was almost dry, and after vigorously wiping the magneto I was able to drive it out.

However, the drop had broken the front spring and one of the back ones, fractured the mudguard and windscreen supports and cracked the chassis.

The mudguards and screen supports were removed and stowed carefully in the back; blocks of wood between the axles and chassis, firmly secured, dealt with the broken suspension as I had no more spare springs, while a wooden splint roped into place gave strength to the chassis fracture.

As such we continued the journey, the ride over corrugations being somewhat akin to that of a pneumatic drill, but we soon found that driving slightly faster than our normal pace relieved the strain slightly as the corrugation speed was somewhat higher.

The next day a big end suddenly collapsed, number three, the one replaced in Colomb Bechar, and for no other reason that I can think of than bad metal. The other three original bearings were perfectly sound. In a few hours we were off again, having replaced number three with the original spare. The car now had four 1923 big ends, and we felt happier.

These difficulties, although troublesome, were nothing compared to the constant irritation of tyre trouble. Before leaving London I ordered a set of 5.00×19 tyres. The people concerned unfortunately, due to a slip, fitted a set of 4.50×19, and by the time I received them there was no time to have them changed. I think these tyres must have been just insufficient to support the weight of the car, as the internal fibres were constantly working loose, causing abrasive punctures. On reaching Kano the score was twenty-seven punctures and one

burst. Another harassing difficulty at this stage was the way that a seam in the radiator kept on opening due to there being absolutely no suspension at the front.

On the evening of Saturday 10th January we arrived in Kano, completely covered in dust and sand, made our way to the European hotel and had an extremely welcome bath and cooked meal.

I stayed in Kano a week, watching the Rally come through, looking around the district and repairing springs, etc., of the car. I met the Australians again, who had taken the Haggard route without mishap except petrol pump trouble. The Lagonda had taken three days less to arrive in Kano than both the Australians or the Rally, the latter of course having to keep to a schedule.

While in Kano I made the acquaintance of Captain Hill, a B.O.A.C. pilot, who very kindly arranged to collect and subsequently deliver to me in Nairobi another spare con-rod and big end from friends in England, to replace that already used.

Gerrit, my companion, had various irregularities in his papers, and asked if I would take him over the border into Equatoria, where he would find his nearest consulate.

A good run through to Maiduguri and Fort Lamy, passing *en route* countless flamingoes and crossing one ferry. After Fort Lamy we came across a considerable amount of wildlife, including two herds of elephants and innumerable smaller beasts, panthers and leopards, etc. We also had the misfortune to hit a skunk, which "stayed" for a day or two.

Just before Fort Archambault the surface of the track became appalling, causing the three wheel studs on the nearside rear brake drum to snap. The wheel raced ahead of the car which took on a very down-at-heel appearance. The cure for this was to remove the brake drum, knock out the old studs, bolt the wheel to the brake drum with some $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bolts I had with me, and, without the hub cap, replace the whole unit and do up the half-shaft lock nut.

After Fort Archambault, Gerrit made his departure, and I went on through Fort Crampel to Bambari, where I again met the Australians. Shortly before Bambari, some extremely kind American missionaries put me up for a night, providing great interest and entertainment with their local stories.

After Bambari, I had a spot of bother with some natives, and again while in the Oubangui-

Chari stopped at a mission village. Here a native requested a lift to another village some eighty miles away. We had not been driving for twenty minutes when he led me off to a mud hut where he said we would find beer. With slight misgivings and visions of the warm fermented mealie beer that the natives brewed entered to find some bottles of a very good brand of Dutch Pilsener.

We continued a now somewhat erratic course, and shortly this magnificent negro dressed in his loin cloth and my duffle coat, as the night was chilly, halted me at a small native village. Here we went into one of the circular mud huts again and sat down to a sumptuous meal of stewed antelope, sweet potatoes, rice and sweetened milk.

With some sadness I dropped this splendid man in his home village and gave him a pullover as a parting present, bringing tears of delight to his large round eyes.

Crossing the River Bombu at Bangassou brought us into the Belgian Congo. The ferry there is made up of a raft capable of holding a large lorry, which is secured transversely to eight long canoes hollowed out of tree trunks. The natives sit in the stern of these canoes paddling with long pointed paddles, chanting the while to a big drum made from a hollowed-out log. In the bows stand natives steering with long poles that reach the bottom. The crossing takes twenty-five minutes.

In the Congo I again broke a front spring and had to resort to a block of wood, which again caused radiator trouble. This time I came across a native village at dusk, removed the radiator, heated up a tyre lever in their fire, and by using battery acid, as a cleaning agent, and a small piece of solder that I had on board, managed to effect a good repair: soldering pieces of an old oil can on to the split.

The Congo, like the Sahara, is quite the most fascinating territory to pass through, with its exotic vegetation and flowers brilliantly coloured birds and its many and very different native tribes. In the Congo also, I had the pleasure of accepting the kindness of numerous missionaries.

We passed through Bongo, Buta and Paulis, with the car going extremely well, to Mambasa, in pygmy country. Between Mambasa and Beni there is an extremely narrow and twisty ninety-mile track, so much so that it has only one-way traffic: that leaving Mambasa having to wait until after 6 p.m. I passed along this track in a

really thundery, black and menacing tropical night, with the jungle meeting in a high arch overhead through which a full moon occasionally filtered. I think I enjoyed that night's run more than any other.

After Beni, through the Albert National Park to the Uganda border post on the foothills of Ruwenzori mountains. According to local legend there are only sixty days in the year when it is clear enough to see the top of this glaciated snow-capped mountain situated so close to the Equator.

Just before Mbarara something really rather extraordinary happened. The same wheel came off again for the same reason, raced ahead of the car down the length of the headlight beam and almost hit a lion standing in the middle of the road. This was the one and only lion I saw on the whole trip, and he regarded my wheel in the same way that a very small kitten might look at a large ball of wool. Fortunately it bounded off into the scrub, leaving me petrified in the car. I was not carrying any arms as it involves so much extra red tape at the customs and various frontiers and being in an open car I felt a little vulnerable. After an age I plucked up courage to go and collect the wheel, but could not find the hub cap, which being vintage and rather beautiful I did not wish to be without, so I curled up in the bottom of the car, firmly clasping a tyre lever, to wait for the light of dawn, when I effected the same repair and continued on towards Kampala.

A Jowett Javelin saloon went through the Uganda-Kenya border post at Busia just ahead of me. I met this car twenty minutes later completely overturned on its back off the road; the driver having crawled through one of the broken windows, was standing, bleeding and somewhat dejected, gazing at the loose rear wheel that caused the trouble. We attached a rope to a chassis member of the Jowett and the front axle of the Lagonda and rolled it back on to its four wheels. Very little work soon made it serviceable, and we continued in convoy to the next town.

Shortly after Kakamega, now a ghost town where gold mining once boomed, I again stayed with a missionary, made the more enjoyable by the fact that his wife held a culinary degree.

On Tuesday 3rd February, we had a very good run into Nairobi along what was for the most part an excellent road, and having crossed the Equator for the third time since being in British East Africa, on this occasion near Molo at

nearly 9,000 feet.

The puncture score at Nairobi was fifty-seven, the purchase of two new Goodyears being an excellent investment, as they gave no trouble all the way to Cape Town. I spent a week in Nairobi looking round the district, working on the car, buying tyres and visiting friends, and again met Captain Hill, who, true to his word, turned up with my con-rod. I also made the acquaintance of two Dutchmen and one Italian who had come from Europe overland, the former in an army lorry, the latter on a motor scooter, which he had however loaded on a lorry for the Sahara crossing. While in Nairobi it was very pleasant to come across some vintage machinery again, including a fine 3-litre Bentley and a blown 1750 Alfa-Romeo, also an extremely elegant and pristine Phantom I tourer.

The first day's run after Nairobi to Babati in Tanganyika produced various forms of wildlife: giraffe, bucks and wildebeest grazing fairly close to the road comparatively unruffled by the car.

I filled up at Babati, and having climbed the Pinnear heights, came to a barrier where I had to drive the car into a wooden shed to be sprayed for tsetse fly. Then through the delightful village of Kondoa Irangi to Dodoma, where I stayed for two days at the kindness of Dr. John Robson and his wife, a fellow-member of the V.S.C.C. An amusing time was had in a P.W.D. yard there sorting out a spot of spring trouble when a touring film unit took some photos of the car and a native who was driving a tractor. The native, 4 ft. 6 in. in bare feet and the most enormous straw hat, immediately demanded higher pay as a film star.

And so to the lovely Southern Highlands province of Tanganyika, through Iringa, over the M'mporous at 9,700 feet down to the customs at Mbeya. I arrived at Mbeya at dusk and decided to continue to the border post of Northern Rhodesia at Tunduma, 71 miles distant where there was a small rest-house, before turning in.

As I drew up in darkness outside this rest-house, a man framed in the light of the doorway said, "Hey, there is a car out here nearly as old as yours". A small avalanche produced Paul Fawcett, the owner of the afore-mentioned 1921 Calcott and my previous daily companion in England. We had previously met some five months earlier while both on holiday in Marseilles. He had no idea I was in Africa,

and I was fully thinking he was in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. The Calcott was some miles down the road in Nyasaland, the magneto having burnt out, and Paul was on his way with two friends from Abercorn, where he was temporarily living, to collect it in a lorry. As our routes crossed at Tunduma it was quite extraordinary that we both appeared on precisely the same day and it is with but few regrets that I say that four of us dried up the beer stocks of that rest-house that evening.

The next morning we drove down to where the Calcott was stranded and fitted my spare magneto to it. What a meeting! How marvellous to have got together again after exactly two years and one day two cars and two people previously inseparable, and in the middle of Africa. We motored back to Abercorn, 150 miles away, together just as of old on the roads of England, quite an unforgettable run. We got bogged at a river crossing, but some nearby natives hauled us out.

I spent a very delightful ten days at Abercorn, at the foot of Lake Tanganyika, while Paul finished his work there, and we then crossed Northern Rhodesia together. The rains were now in full spate in the Rhodesias, causing much havoc to the earth roads. I went over the

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LAGONDA CLUB APPROVED MOTOR INSURANCE SCHEME

PREMIUMS: In many cases the premium level will be less than half the amount quoted by the non-specialist vintage and classic motor insurers. For example: a 1936 Lagonda LG.45 (value £4,000) can be insured, comprehensively, for as little as £28.80.

SECURITY: Lloyd's of London.

SPECIAL BENEFITS: Agreed Value Clause.

No restriction on replacement cost of obsolete or unobtainable parts. Repairs carried out by specialist repairer of mutual choice.

Automatic No Claim Bonuses.

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most appalling bump which yet again broke the front spring. The chassis landed heavily on the track rod, which being fairly solid, and unable to articulate vertically, broke the offside track arm. Fortunately I had a spare, which was replaced, and I reset the toe-in adjustment, in the most appalling thunderstorm.

Shortly after Kapiri Mposhi the Calcott landed in a deep rut which broke the main oil pipe from the pump, losing all its oil before Paul realised it. We did not have sufficient spare oil, so the Lagonda took the Calcott in tow to Broken Hill, where a repair was effected. In Broken Hill the next day we met Michael Stafford with a very beautiful 1928 Morris Cowley.

At Kifiri Bridge, the old Waterloo Bridge across the Thames, we parted: Paul to return to Salisbury, myself to continue through Livingstone and to the Victoria Falls. As I watched the pretty little two-seater Calcott disappear down the road I could not help but wondering under what conditions and where the two cars would meet next. The Falls are certainly not to be missed by anyone within striking distance. I was lucky to see them really raging due to the current heavy rains.

Some miles outside Bulawayo I came across a modern American car with petrol pump trouble which the Lagonda towed into a garage there.

Over the border at Beit Bridge to the good roads of South Africa and an uneventful run to Johannesburg, where the Automobile Association of South Africa entertained me for a day.

After Johannesburg the road to Cape Town is all tarmac, providing good fast motoring. People coming past who had read about the Lagonda in

the Johannesburg newspapers, were handing me bunches of fruit and newspapers while on the move. All through South Africa I met extreme kindness and hospitality. On the last morning of the trip I had to forsake the car for the first time and hitch-hike fifty miles through the Karroo to get a new tube.

At the top of the Du Toits Kloof, with fifty miles to go, I met some people with a welcome crate of beer, and at the bottom some representatives of the Mobiloil firm of South Africa.

Over the last few miles down a magnificent dual carriageway I let the car out just to see if it was still capable of its normal performance. The engine rose steadily in the revs. with that healthy edge to the exhaust note telling of a motor basically in good heart.

Drifted around the Van Riebeeck statue, still with wooden suspension, and, with 12,500 miles in six weeks' actual driving, pulled up outside the Automobile Association offices, seemingly all too soon.

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FUTURE COPY DATES FOR MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS

SPRING: FEBRUARY 15th*

SUMMER: MAY 15th

AUTUMN: AUGUST 25th

WINTER: NOVEMBER 15th

**Subject to Register publication.*

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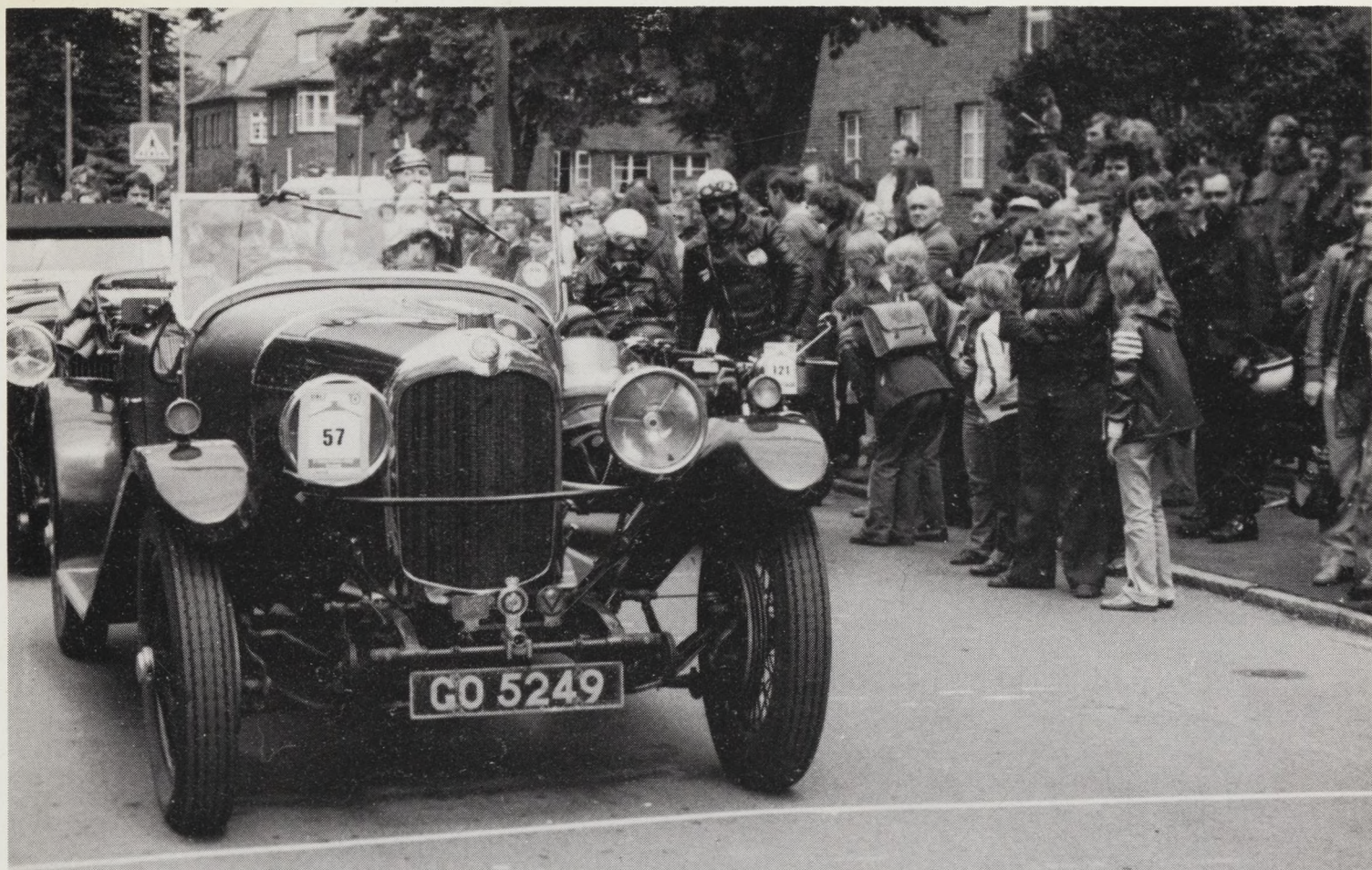


Photo: Lothar Fassnacht.

Cobbles or Letter from North Germany

IT WAS a golden evening more like late September than July, and the damp heat of the "heide" contrasted warmly with the dark chill of the larch woods near to the hotel. As I strolled back a dalmation voiced his displeasure at my presence, while his mistress must have felt similarly displeased—although she did not bark—as she struggled in the middle of a huge lawn with a recalcitrant motor mower, a tired machine apparently. I had parked the Crossley in front of the hotel and it had become the subject of mild curiosity amongst some Germans. The car looking quite gauky on its narrow tyred, spoked wheels beside the hyper-functional wide rimmed machinery from Munich, Stuttgart, etc. It was the only English car in the full car park.

The Soltau-Lüneburg training area is well known to many, and my hotel, a delightful thatched affair set in pine woods, bordered the Heath or "heide". Graham Livermore, the owner, runs an immaculate 16/80 Lagonda which has one more cylinder than his new Audi machine. He also has a perfect vintage motorcycle whose make I cannot remember

because it is foreign. Apart from the cobbles which are most plentiful in many villages, and which bring home the depressing fact that your car is not as rattle free as you thought, motoring in Neider-Saxony is flat and straight, but with a strong vintage movement. The dreaded TUV (pronounced TUF and meaning MOT Test only worse) makes it almost impossible for the resident to use a vintage, or elderly car daily. This is why the owner of the 1934(5?) Morris 8 which came to a Rally on a trailer may be forgiven. In the first two months here I have attended three rallies all within about a fifty mile radius, so the cars are about. There are Model A Fords, BMW "Dixies", various generations of Adler, Opels, DKW, Mercedes, MG, Austin 7, and SS Jaguar to mention a few. I had my first ride "on" a car a few weeks ago which sports but one cylinder of about 1300 c.c., a wooden chassis and an integral gearbox and back axle. Perhaps the wooden chassis gives it away as a Sizaire et Naudin of 1908, a delectable waggon on which to putter one's draughty way through the asparagus fields. The owner, Werner Hartjen, rallied the car in

Luxembourg earlier this year, and was at the FIVA Rally in Harrogate in 1976 in his Brennabor, a saloon built in Brandenburg in 1928. Anyone who remembers the Saturday of that Rally at Harewood Hillclimb (it would be hard to forget) would be amused to know that its wetness is still discussed in Vintage circles throughout Europe. Hermann Hausmann drives a Speed 25 Alvis (slightly special body) and lives near Hamburg, whereas Helmut doesn't drive a vintage car at all, but prefers two wheels having a number of vintage motor bicycles. He is an electrician by trade and knows magnetos—he is a veritable nohm.

The Hamburg area Club meet regularly on the third floor of Von Raffay's motor emporium where he has a small museum housing a few of his exotic motor cars. This is the time for serious discussion. Lubrication comes later in the nearby Chinese Restaurant which assumes the role of an oriental "Phoenix" on First Thursdays, but for those of us with sympathies towards the East a German speaking Chinese strikes an odd chord.

The German vintagents (awful word) are extremely friendly and most helpful, and are envious of our situation in the United Kingdom where not only can we continue to drive our

cars without prohibitive legislation, but that it is still relatively easy to find "little men" to do odd jobs for those of us who do not have workshops. To comply with the law, the Crossley now rather shyly wears trafficators and four-way flashers. Toad of Toad Hall type hand signals merely cause mirth amongst the Germans.

I left the hotel early after a breakfast of coffee, a boiled egg and fresh crisp rolls. I was bid farewell by the teenage son of the owner who was wearing a V*n*a*e T*r* S*p*I*e T-shirt. It was a soft, sunny morning and the air was still damp and cool, with a slight haze blanketing the maturing fields of corn, but some ravaged by the previous months of bad weather. The road was clear and the Crossley burbled along nicely through the still sleeping villages. Only the more intrepid were up and about—an incredulous stare from an old man painstakingly raking hay from the grass verge outside his modern red brick bungalow—peals of delight and an enthusiastic "V" sign from two blond haired, blue eyed little boys about to embark on a bicycle ride to nowhere in particular, but similarly eager for the freedom of the open road.

MAJOR S. C. E. WELD, R.E., B.F.P.O. 32.

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The Miller "91"

by Alastair Innes Dick

MUCH HAS been written about the various types of Lagonda and unfailingly interesting it has all been. But might not our interest in fine cars be increased if it is also widened by having our attention drawn to some other exceptional cars of the Twenties and Thirties?

So let us take a quick look at one of America's most successful racing cars, the front wheel drive 91 cubic inch ($1\frac{1}{2}$ litres to us) single seater of Harry Miller and Leo Goossen.

Miller, knowing exactly what he had in mind, laid down the design of the car or engine that he wanted and Goossen, an engineering Fabergé, produced it for him. The results were such that the Miller works were producing '91' engines and cars practically on a flow production basis; \$5,000 for a blown engine and \$15,000 for a f.w.d. car. Success does not necessarily bring friends and Miller's reference to his competitors' cars as "Detroit iron" was unpopular in the trade.

The racing successes of the '91's were legion. 1926 saw a win by Frank Lockhart in the Indianapolis '500' and from then on, races of up to 250 miles on closed circuits were being won at speeds of up to 140 m.p.h. Lockhart's lap record at Atlantic City over a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile course at 147.7 m.p.h. must have been a pretty sight for Mr. Miller!

1925 was the last year of the 122 cubic inch formula in America and for 1926 to 1929 it was reduced to 91 cubic inches to try and slow things down a bit, as speeds had been outrunning track safety margins. The '91' was a largely scaled down version of the '122' and it showed in its every part Miller's near-mania for lightness and perfection of workmanship; the car must have resembled a quality watch and the engine and transmission parts have been referred to as 'jewel-like'.

The weight of each piston was only 4.5 ounces, each con-rod 14.5 ounces and the straight eight crankshaft only 46 lbs! The whole engine weighed 330 lbs. even after a number of components had been strengthened and the complete car weighed only 1,400 lbs.

The engine peaked at 8,000 r.p.m. at which speed the supercharger was doing 40,000 r.p.m. and the b.h.p., even in the early engines, was 154 at 7,000 r.p.m. All that from $1\frac{1}{2}$ litres

in 1926! It is clear from contemporary accounts that the gear noise and the supercharger scream were, to say the least of it, awe-inspiring!

The engine was a straight eight with dual overhead camshafts and two valves per cylinder. The centrifugal supercharger was driven off the front of the engine by trains of gears which also drove the camshafts and the auxiliaries. The cams bore directly onto bucket tappets over the valve stems with their triple valve springs so that reciprocating weight must have been at a minimum.

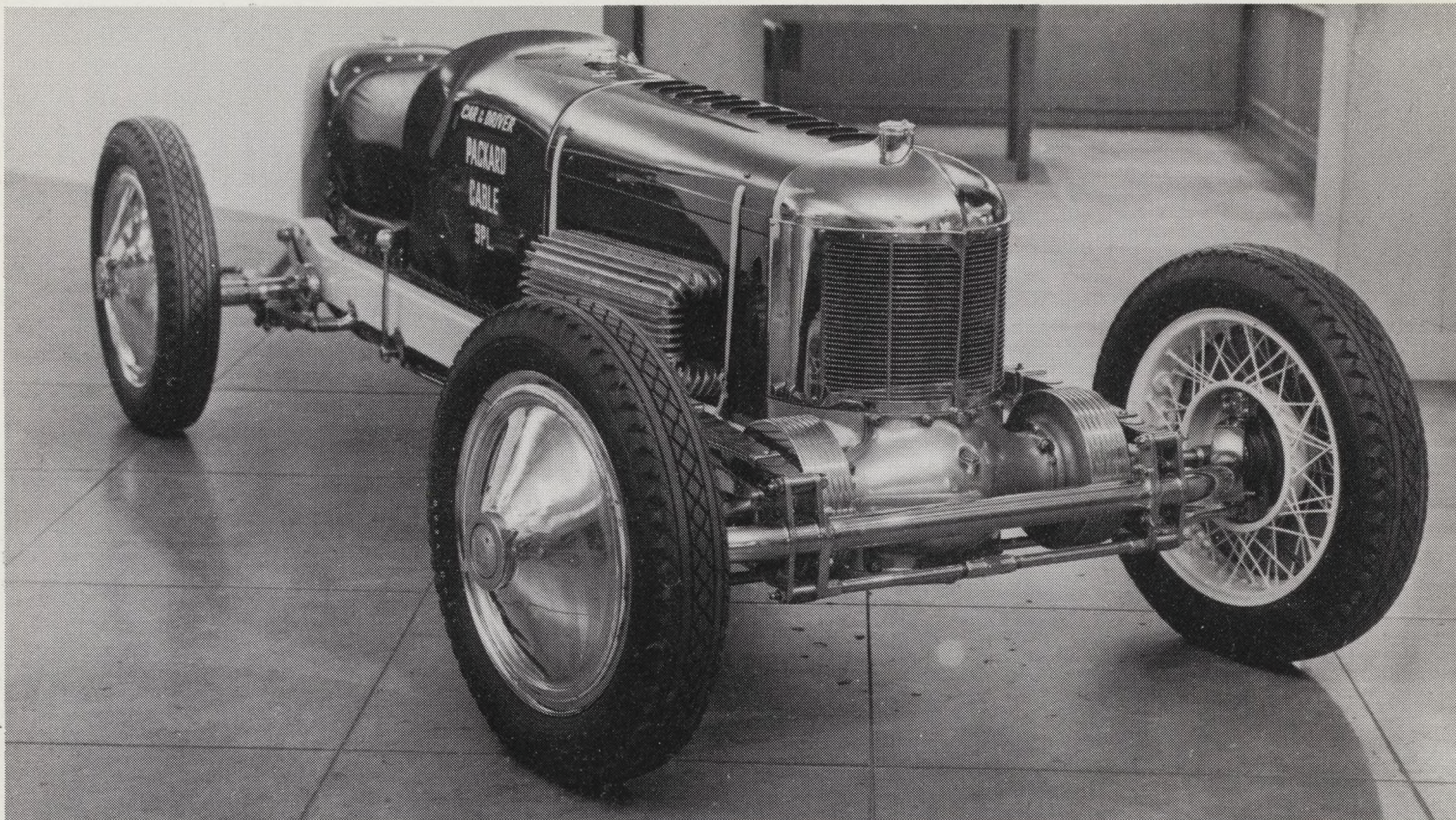
The crankcase was skeletal in its lightness and appears to have acquired most of its structural strength from the main bearing housings and the crankshaft itself. The earliest cases had light aluminium covers over the inspection apertures but these worried Miller and he replaced them with heavy ribbed plates. They worried racing owners even more as some of them used covers made of quarter inch boiler plate! However the crankcase must have been rigid enough because the clearance between the crankshaft balance weights and the inside of the case was only thirty thou.

The front wheel drive incorporated a De Dion tube and inboard brakes and all the transmission components were made by Miller with his usual precision. The brakes also evidenced his fanaticism for weight reduction as they were so lightly built that they overheated if applied more than momentarily and could really only be used for speedway racing and pit stops. This was of little disadvantage as American races were all run on closed tracks.

The multiple disc clutch used discs made from circular saw blades and steel dowels provided a positive lock-up of the clutch when it was fully home. Letting in such a clutch must have produced decidedly quick take-offs!

Ball-bearings were used throughout the car except for the crankshaft and camshaft. The camshaft bearings were machined directly into the aluminium housing and were fully reliable.

The steering gear was also Miller made and was of the worm and wheel type. So as to be able to adjust excessive backlash, the gear wheel was split centrally and the two halves



The Miller "91"—Packard Cable Special.

bolted together. Minute adjustments of the mating of the two halves would take up the slack relative to the worm. A typical piece of Miller purism of which an engineer might say it wouldn't work but it evidently did.

Various modifications were made during the life of the formula as the results of racing experience. Leon Duray fitted an intercooler and in 1928, with a compression ratio of 9 to 1 (and the supercharger blowing at 30 p.s.i.) and Methanol fuel, was getting 265 b.h.p. His Indianapolis lap record of 124 m.p.h. and his closed course record of 148 m.p.h. over a 2½ mile circuit do not belie his b.h.p. figures.

Frank Lockhart was an early user of an intercooler in his '91—he had pioneered them—and he also put in some ideas of his own which gave him the highest power output achieved by a '91' of 285 b.h.p. at 8,100 r.p.m. The result was a one-way run on Muroc at 171 m.p.h. from, repeat, 1½ litres! This car was one of the earlier rear driven models.

By this time it was becoming normal for a well-prepared '91' running on Methanol to put out 230 b.h.p. and maintain greater reliability than might be expected from such a highly stressed unit.

In 1928 Leon Duray took two FWD '91's to Europe to be driven by himself and Ralph Hepburn; they were known as Packard Cable Specials. Duray's first outing with one at

Montlhéry produced lap records at over 139 m.p.h. and, as if this was not enough, he went to Monza and, after two practice laps took the lap record!

This, and the adulatory press comments after Montlhéry, shook Bugatti *père* rigid and he bought both cars from Duray on the spot. They were taken back to Molsheim and were clearly taken note of because thereafter all Bugattis had the Miller type of cylinder head.

For a long time these cars vanished from sight and after the War it was generally assumed that they had gone for ever. But not so. In 1954 the cars came to light in the Bugatti works in a sad state, true, but there they were.

After much to-ing and fro-ing they were bought in 1958 by Griffith Borgeson and taken back to the States. They were beautifully restored, the Hepburn car by Borgeson personally and the Duray car by the Indianapolis Speedway Museum where it now is, a picture of engineering craftsmanship.

In referring to his work on the Hepburn car, as Borgeson says in his book, "The loosening of each nut and bolt was an adventure. I found degrees of finish that were breath-taking..." It must have been the most exciting and rewarding rebuild ever done!

(Grateful acknowledgements to Griffith Borgeson's *Golden Age of the American Racing Car*—including photograph.)

Midland Notes

by Harry Taylor

IT IS November, and at the time of writing the long dry spell has given way to rain. Apart from the monthly Pub Meets, the Midlands activities are over until 1979. The final 'fling' was the Annual Dinner held at the 'Bramcote Lodge', Milton in Derbyshire. There were 16 members and friends present for the excellent meal and to witness the presentation of a silver tankard, suitably engraved, to Neil Frajbis and a rose bowl to his wife, Pat. As I reported in the last Newsletter, Neil and family are moving to the Ipswich area shortly. They will be sadly missed by everyone in my section.

Looking ahead to 1979. I have received notification of arrangements to accommodate us for the day, during the summer, at Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd., and also the date for our visit to the M.G. plant at Abingdon-on-Thames. I suppose one can hardly compare the two but nevertheless, it should provide us with an interesting meeting and a little excitement for the M.G. workforce.

I have several more ideas for the new season on which I will report if and when they materialise. If anyone in the Midlands would like to join us, we can be found at the "Gate Inn", Osgathorpe on the third Tuesday each month.

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A Lag in a Lock-up

by Malcolm Wells



I HAVE always had a high regard for Lagondas and being a regular visitor to Martin Foster, a 2-litre owner, I was very attached to another 2-litre which Martin was storing in a spare garage of his whilst the owner was in America. Time passed by and eventually the owner decided to sell, so with the promise of a good home the price was agreed. It meant selling my 1924 Clyno but PL5560 was eventually mine.

I arrived early morning armed with tool-box and tow rope. The tyres had previously been inflated but two were now flat so I borrowed wheels from Martin's 2-litre, cleaned the plugs and magneto points then gave her a tow to get the oil around, we had a few coughs and splutters but she wouldn't have it. Martin's drive was on a good hill so we decided to push her, Martin got behind the wheel and I pushed, there was one hell of a backfire and flame from the exhaust an even louder laugh from Martin, but she was running and I was able to have a run around the drive before she packed in but my enthusiasm was refired.

The car had stood still for several years and was in a poor state. All aluminium parts were

showing signs of corrosion. On inspection the engine appeared in good order, apart from the water pump which had sheared its paddle, possibly due to the frost and not being drained off at the pump tap. The magneto also required attention, this I entrusted to Wainwrights of Birmingham. The steering box was rebuilt, the brakes were relined and sundry parts stripped and reconditioned. The tyres were unsafe so it was a new set all round. Of course you always get your local "Al Read": I was laying on my back under the car trying to part the propshaft from the back axle and all the while he was "rabbiting on". I dropped my spanner and it was beyond my reach, on and on he went but didn't pass me the bloody spanner so I gave up and crawled out, then he gave me the spanner with the parting words "Must be off Squire, I don't want to hold you up". When removing the front axle this made me realise the difference in a light car rebuild and the 2-litre. Working on the Clyno I carried it on my shoulder including the brakeless hubs, but the Lagonda axle stripped of its brakes etc., but not the hubs, took two of us to carry it into the workshop. The fabric body

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was left alone and the wings and bonnet were resprayed.

We were ready for the road, passed the M.O.T. and taxed, I was satisfied with the general running and as you know this is when we start the sorting out. Restarting was a problem and she was overheating more frequently. Advice came from well-meaning experts between pints, I back flushed the radiator with all sorts of concoctions, removed the water jacket plates but the engine was

really clean, possibly due to the flushing and boiling. I was putting off the evil day when for a bag of gold I had the radiator rebuilt. This completely transformed the Lag and also cured the starting problem. What a good long legged tourer the 2-litre is, the handling was so well balanced, I was taking corners quicker, now getting my reward for all my efforts it was all wind up the nose and through the hair. I think it's called nostalgia, but I call it Real Motoring!

★ ★ ★ ★

Hull & East Riding Members' Notes

WE MAY be an insignificant section of the Club but 100% of us now have the new book. The 4½-litre owners are comforted by (page 330) "Meadows engines have always been excellent starters" a bold claim for these northern climes, and these smiling members are hoping Arthur Fox's words still hold good and their engines at 3,600 r.p.m. (page 306) "... would sustain it indefinitely". At the same time you may wonder whether John, Roy and Ian (?) could sustain it indefinitely. Yes, it's a good book with quite a few touches of humour.

As Hermes I pens away he recalls that the recent TV programme about Phyllis Dixey (a kind of Gipsy Rose Lee, the first of the strippers), whom he did not see either on the box, or in the flesh when she appeared at a local theatre, inspired several popular press articles. One reader of such told him that Phyllis and her husband "had Lagondas," but did not elaborate. Any owners owning up to having one of the ex-Phyllis Dixey cars? There are none here.

Having made a clean breast of that one let us now mention again the currently active North Yorkshire car enthusiast, Bridget Laycock.

Bridget, who invited us into her home during the summer, extended a warm invitation for us to join the V.S.C.C. run she organised at harvest time. Rendezvous was a pub in a moorland village across a remote steep valley and the road thereto included long 1-in-6 slopes with an even steeper hairpin. The splendid day out was marred by one incident when a combine-harvester passed safely down the road clearing a grass-parked Lagonda by at least a yard—and then suddenly reversed into it! But back to Bridget. She has now arranged a V.S.C.C. Christmas Dinner and invited us all along. Two

or three of us were there in 1977 when it was a magnificent meal. This year we hope to muster even more. Are there any Lagonda Club members living in the Scarborough area who don't know about the DOWNE ARMS, Wykeham, every second Thursday? They'd be very welcome, and thanks again to Bridget and Rob.

Nearer home, John Broadbank, unfortunately not yet a Lagonda owner again, is to be congratulated on re-appearing to mastermind another Lagonda Christmas Dinner at the Beverley Arms. There may not be much motoring during the winter, but there are plenty of meetings and meals.

To conclude these notes, a word about ties. We consider the Club's old maroon ties bespattered with Lagonda badges, and preferably with diagonal white stripes, are far more attractive than the present single-motif jobs, and to prove this we offer to replace with new ties of the latest pattern the first ten of the old-type and necessarily secondhand ties sent to:

"Hermes I,"
c/o Henry Coates, Esq.,
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near Hull.

Further still, we hope the Committee will commission a new Club tie in red, with badges separated by stripes of tyre-tread patterns—how about Michelin zig-zag or Dunlop stud?—similar to the latest and much admired V.S.C.C. ties. And of course with due acknowledgement to the V.S.C.C.'s designer.

HERMES I

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Letters to the Editor

From Neil Frajbis

Dear Sir—May we have a column inch or two to thank members of the Midland Section, to be precise the select crowd that foregathers at the Gate Inn, Osgathorpe each month, for their gift to mark our departure from the Midlands.

In particular many thanks to Harry Taylor for the many enjoyable social outings he has arranged. It is a great pity he does not receive the support his efforts and enthusiasm deserves. What for example has become of the West Midland members? Herb is so right we must stop the rot but it is up to all the members to do this not the hard working and dedicated officials of the Club.

However, in spite of diminishing numbers a very enjoyable evening was had by those attending the Midland Dinner last October. On this occasion a new venue was tried, the Bramcote Lodge at Milton, near Repton. The food was very good and reasonably priced and a "live musical duo" instead of piped "Musak". At least we were able to have a "natural break" while Harry said a few words to us. After the meal we adjourned the meeting to our pad for more chats, drinks and coffee. It also provided the opportunity for our 16/80 to say cheerio to

Robin and Mairwen Colquhoun's 2-litre, Malcolm Wells' 2-litre, Bill Wright's 16/80 and Harry Taylor's D.B 3-litre.

It must have been just as sad for the cars as well as ourselves to say cheerio to such dear friends. The evidence of the cars emotions can still be seen on the road in front of our house.

PAT and NEIL FRAJBIS

Burton on Trent,
Staffs.

2-litre on the High Seas

Dear Sir—I have been meaning to write to you about my car since joining the Lagonda Club last year, but have failed to do so until now.

Like so many others, I am rebuilding my car completely, which will be a long-term project. I acquired the car as a complete chassis and bulkhead, and a collection of other assorted bits from which I hope to build a whole. The chassis does not, however, have a body or registration number and I am keen to establish the origin of my chassis, the details of which are as follows:

- a. Car No. 8746
- b. Engine No. OH 489
- c. Body Type. SS

I am led to believe that I have the remains of a

1928 High Chassis 2-litre, which would appear to be correct as far as the chassis is concerned. I would be very grateful to you for any information you may have regarding the type of body, and registration number.

I would also be interested to hear of any other 2-litre owners in the Hampshire area, and also any in Suffolk as I shall be moving there in January. Although I cannot claim to have a particularly unusual or interesting car, I would like to claim what must be the Club's most unusual workshop.

I am building a new body frame in the Shipwright's Workshop on board the Royal Navy Cruiser HMS BLAKE, which is presently in Florida, midway through a tour of the Caribbean and the West Coast of the USA.

By the time we are back across the Atlantic the frame should be complete and ready to be fitted to the chassis prior to panelling. Regrettably I am unable to glue the joints as the body is bigger than the door, sorry—hatchway, and cutting holes in the side of one of Her Majesty's ships would be rather frowned upon. Working on board does have its diversions and lighter moments, such as the workbench moving about. The ultimate test of the rebuilder's ingenuity and resolve comes during

gunnery exercises. Every time the guns fire, there is a flurry of sawdust, jumping tools, and the carefully balanced join which I am about to screw together falls apart (very frustrating that!)

On the credit side, there is a constant stream of incredulous sailors offering encouragement and advice, ranging from sensible and very helpful to the positively pornographic! Others think I'm building a boat to escape in.

The ability to get away from the incessant hubbub of life on board a warship for a few hours to work on the Lagonda is a most invigorating and enjoyable luxury. Despite the obvious drawbacks, to be working in the sunshine accompanied by playing dolphins and flying fish makes a change from a damp, cold garage in England.

Regrettably I have not been able to join in any Club activity as yet, but look forward to being able to do so in the future. My time with the Royal Navy will be over in January, and I will then be returning to the relative stability of the Royal Air Force where I belong.

Although there does not appear to be a regular meeting of Lagonda enthusiasts in East Anglia, I hope to make contact with the Club in due course and do a little brain-picking to help

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me with my rebuild.

I also need to look over, and photograph, an original 2-litre to make sure that I get mine looking right.

In the meantime I would like to thank you for the regular supply of newsletters and magazines which I find both helpful and encouraging.

CHARLES F. W. FELGER (F5)

[Arnold Davey reports that this car has been owned by several Club members in recent times. Its last recorded registration number was MBH 939. It was originally a 1928 High Chassis 2-litre with a semi-sports touring body. We look forward to hearing further news from Mr. Felger on this unique rebuilding operation. —Ed.]

The Burmese M.45

Dear Jeff—I am pleased to advise you that, at *long* last I have acquired the Lagonda. Condition excellent—requiring new wood/panel work—not a scratch on the body/chassis—Engine now being overhauled—brakes superb—new wiring. Engine No. M.45/712787—one small door offside front—*None* on the driver's side (rt. hand steering) and the other door—right rear side behind the driver. 12 plugs—6 cyl.—one side magneto—one side dynamo. 4 forward and a reverse gear. One large instrument missing next to similar sized speedometer—other instruments on panel being cleaned out. Two spares—one on each side of bonnet. No wipers—that's all for now.

Can you give the address(es) of whom I should contact to get some particulars of this car and most of all some literature/photographs/pamphlets or manual of this model? I will re-emburse you for the costs.

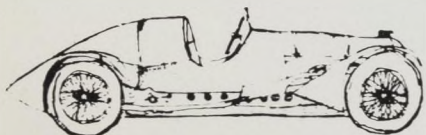
This is the car from Mandalay!

The only other M.45 in Burma is still around the Port in bits and pieces with a litigation going on between husband and wife splitting hairs over who owns which part(s) of this car!

JAMES LEANDER NICHOLS

Rangoon.

[The above letter was received by Jeff Ody in response to his photograph appearing in the Magazine.]



4½-litre News

Dear Sir—I expect everybody but me knew that the tappet adjusting screws on the 4½s have a ⅛ B.S.P. (British Standard Pipe) or "Gas" thread. If not, and you publish this letter, they soon will! For this discovery, I must thank Brian "Starsky" Dearden-Briggs and the Strickland Engineering Co., Wanlock Street, Bradford who confirmed it, and were perfectly happy to make me a dozen lock nuts. They tell me that since they carry out a lot of renovation work, they won't be going metric for years, and will be quite happy to undertake vintage car restoration work (except bodies, upholstery and anything requiring very fine tolerances, regrinding crankshafts and the like).

JOHN TURNER

Shipley

BKU 999

Dear Sir—Regarding Magazine No. 98 and the picture of BKU 999 (Is it still in the Club?) I don't know the answer to that one but I know it was in the Club a few years ago when it was owned by Wilf Oldroyd of Leeds. I once overheard him say that it was originally a Cavanagh car, but whether he meant a Pete Cavanagh (The Voice of them All), or Ted Kavanagh (who was connected with I.T.M.A.) I never did find out.

ROY PATERSON

Cottingham,
Hull.

WANTED

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY. Anything usually purchased, particularly literature, new or good secondhand spares, mascots, photographs, etc. I am also most interested in details of vehicles in scrap-yards, or details of vehicles broken up in the past, or whereabouts of present vehicles. Anything at all "Armstrong Siddeley"—I am most interested.

Robert McCracken

38 Bleasdale Road, Mossley Hill
Liverpool L18 5JB.

Phone: 051-734 0089
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