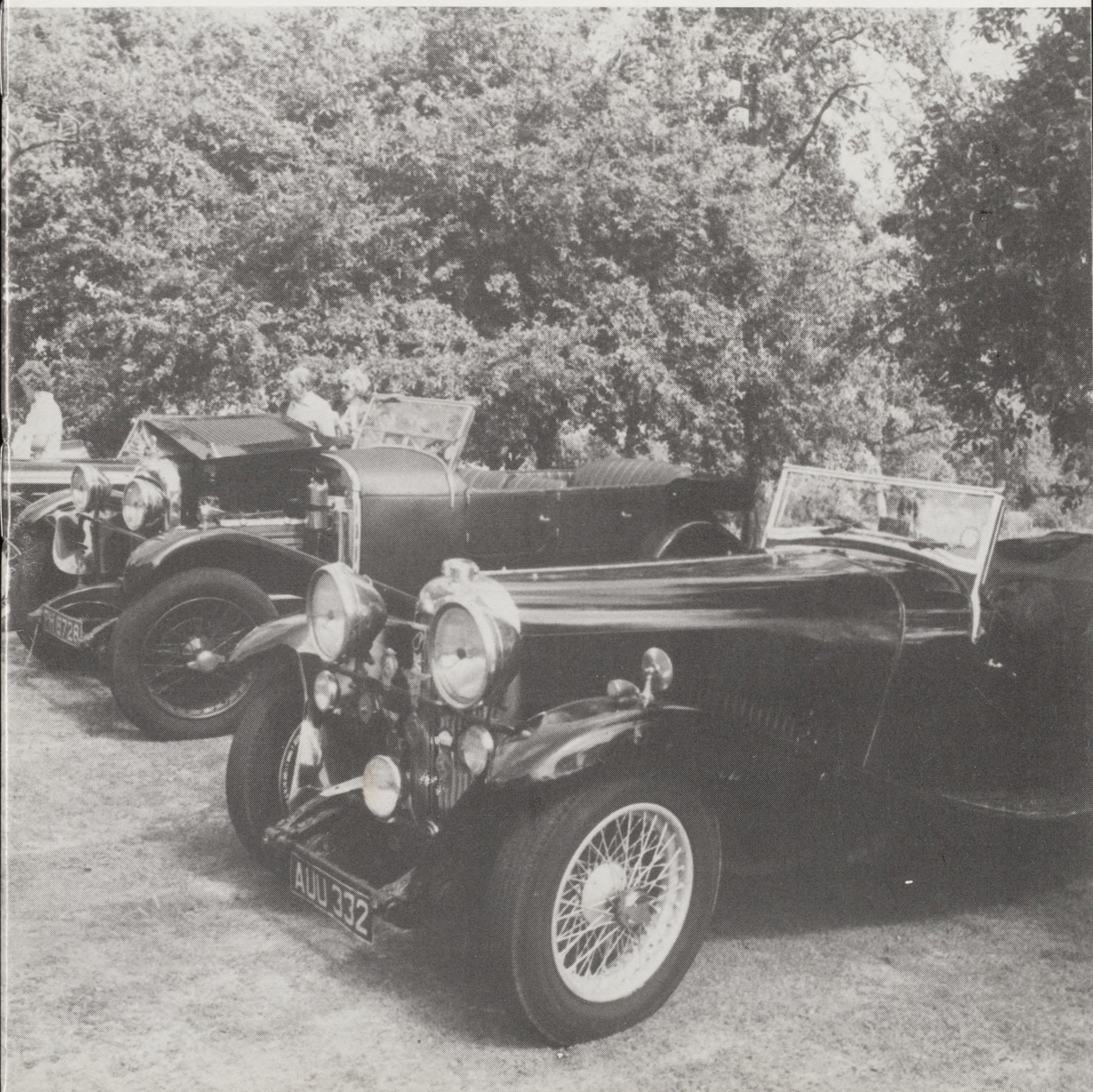




**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB**

Number 116

Winter 1982



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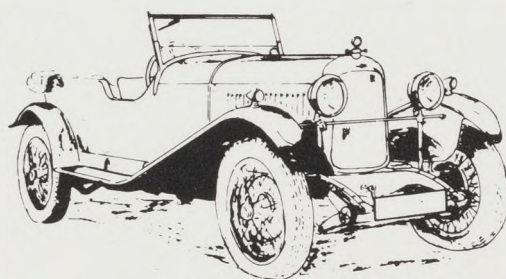
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MAGAZINE
Issue No. 116
Winter 1982
Published Quarterly

Editor: B. W. Walker, 17 Malcolm Road, Shirley, Solihull, W. Mids. B90 2AH

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FRONT COVER: Michelham Social 1982.
Photo: Iain May.



Club Chairman, Jeff Ody, reports on page 5.

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.

COPY FOR SPRING 'LAGONDA'
URGENTLY REQUIRED. Submit to
Editor by 15th February please.

Out and About

THE BORING BIT. May I please pinch a small corner of the magazine to introduce myself. The new editor is fairly easily recognised as the person sitting in the smoking compartment of the train between Birmingham and London each day, wearing a tie with a winged motif, surrounded by reams of paper work sent in by members.

Most members of the general public regard him with suspicion as the pleasure of reading the intended articles causes a great deal of mirth. They look at the tie and hear the laughter and assume that he is an insane member of the Parachute Brigade, not to be mixed with.

This impression of madness is enhanced by the usual weekend sight of a pair of feet protruding from beneath a 2-Litre L/C mainly in bits, parked outside a garage, from whence comes an assortment of language depending upon the progress, or otherwise, being made in the fight.

Due to the second part, in future all genuine copies of the Club Magazine will be incomplete without a liberal sprinkling of oily fingerprints on at least half of the pages.

* * * *

THE SERIOUS BIT. On a serious note may I take this opportunity to thank Tony May for all the pleasure that he has given me during his period as editor and for the help and advice that he has given me on the changeover. I only hope that I can do a job that is half as good as Tony has done.

The standards he has set are extremely high and I am sure that they were appreciated by members far and wide.

For further issues of the Magazine, please would you let me know your thoughts and I will see what can be arranged.

T-SHIRTS (short sleeves) and **SWEAT-SHIRTS** (long sleeves). Superior quality. Navy blue with light blue motif. Available in small, medium, large, extra large and children's (size 28/30" only). T-shirts: £3.50 (children's £3.25). Sweatshirts: £7.50 (children's £7.00) inc. postage and packing. Cheques payable to The Lagonda Club, please. Available from Mrs. Barbara Hyett, 53 Wombourne Park, Wombourne, Staffs. WV5 0LX.

We are sorry to record the death of TED BIBBY, an "Old Lag" who worked at Lagonda from 1926 to the outbreak of war. Ted worked as a paint sprayer during his years at Staines and it is sad to reflect upon the diminishing of the band of company employees from pre-war days who are still with us. Ted kept an active interest in the Club affairs all through his latter years of retirement. The Club extends its condolences to his family.

A RARE previously unpublished photograph of Wilbur Gunn on his wedding day — we joke of course, actually it is well known Northern member Clifford Walmsley and Maureen on their Wedding Day in September.

Clifford is (or was!) a keen active member of the Club. Other hobbies include collecting clip-on moustaches and old-fashioned suits.



Photo: Lancs. Constabulary Story: Schofield

PUB MEETS

Midlands: Third Thursday in each month at the "Gate Inn", Osgathorpe, Leicestershire.

Southern: Second Wednesday each month at 8.30 p.m. at the Windlemere Golf Course Club House, West End, near Lightwater, Surrey. (Near the junction of the A319 Chobham Road and A322. Exit at Junction 3 if approaching on the M3.) Alec Downie is the organiser.

Northern: First Sunday lunchtime each month at the "Floating Light", Standedge, near Marsden, W. Yorks.

London: Jointly with the B.D.C., on the third Tuesday each month at the "Bishop's Finger" in Smithfield. Easy parking.

North East: First Wednesday in each month at the Cave Castle Hotel, South Cave, N. Humber-side. With V.S.C.C.

Dorset: First Thursday each month at Hambros Arms, Milton Abbas for a "Noggin and Natter".

A Message from the Chairman

BEING IN the unfortunate position of taking over as Chairman from Herb Schofield, I felt it incumbent on me to set down in writing for the benefit of Club members some ideas about where we have come from and where we are going.

My misfortune at taking over from Herb is of course reflective of the importance which the Club has gained during the period of Herb's leadership. Herb remains extremely active as Northern Secretary, so that this is in no sense a valediction, but I cannot help being conscious of the progress made during this period, in all areas of Club activity: competitor standards; condition of members' cars; self-respect among other one make clubs; efficiency *and* unobtrusiveness of Club organisation and financial management; plus, above all, the Lag Club Sense of Humour! Apart from the marque itself, it is this feature which makes the Lagonda Club so well worth belonging to, and it is significant that it was universally mentioned in reviews of the Lagonda Book, so general is this view of our Club. A very great deal of those achievements are directly traceable to Herb's personal qualities, and I want the fact to be recorded as he leaves the Chair to my less experienced hands . . . or cheeks . . . or something.

Anyhow . . . what next you may ask? With such achievements in place already, where does one look for improvement? My own personal preoccupation is how to remain an active and contributory Club member in an economic climate which puts keeping and earning one's living well ahead of other priorities, and I imagine that this condition is common to a large number of other members too, if not to the great majority. In this respect, the best contribution that can be made by the Club is to make it as easy and as economical as possible to keep their cars on the road, particularly by helping them to obtain spares for their cars, to avoid their having to resort to one-off parts manufacture on their own account. This is being done, through the two spares schemes, operated for the last year or so by Alan Brown (4½s) and Peter Whenman ("smaller" pre-war cars). Another product of

Northern Lagonda Factory dynamism, these schemes have started with impressive momentum, but their success will be aided by as many members as possible joining the Club's Spares Scheme. (Details from Messrs. Brown/Whenman.)

The Club also does its best to investigate cheap offer opportunities for its members, such as for insurance cover, and to support action opposed to Government regulations and tax impositions which affect the cost of running our cars, but opportunities in this area are of course limited.

The other characteristics of a healthy and successful Club are a reflection of its publications and its programme of activities. We are fortunate in having a long tradition of high quality journalism and production in both our Newsletters and our Magazine, and the very major part of the Club's finances which are committed to their publication will continue to be used carefully but with a view to increasing their content and interest in the future. The recruitment of Bruce Walker as a very fitting successor to Tony May as Magazine Editor, which together with the continuing humour and conscientiousness of Arnold Davey with the Newsletter, will make this policy possible.

In the Club Events sector, the Committee will play a relatively passive role, as past experience has shown that it is more effective to give support to events arising out of individual members imagination and enthusiasm, than to try to offer up an organised menu of events which then have to be heavily promoted to obtain support. The organised approach was more appropriate in the days of a substantial competitive programme, but the V.S.C.C. has now largely taken over this function, and our own efforts at the control level will be limited to events like the Film Show and AGM. This policy of passive encouragement seems to be working, and there are active groups now in the Western Home Counties, in East Anglia and in the Midlands, as well as in the home of regional enthusiasm, the North.

Particular items which should be

mentioned, are the location of the AGM, and another Lagonda book. The present AGM site at Weybridge is ideal for facilities, but is a pig to get to from anywhere North of Cockfosters, so despite the advantages of sticking to an established venue, we are going for a long term policy of moves every three years or so, publicised well in advance, to share the access burden a bit. We will thus probably have one more year at Oatlands and then go for a site in the Towcester/Northampton radius: *particular offers to run the 1984 AGM at such a location would be welcome.*

Secondly, the Lagonda Book by Arnold Davey and Tony May, was a technical masterpiece, but had to be only sparsely

illustrated for reasons of cost. So we have in mind to produce a second book which will concentrate on photos of particular Lagondas. This may also have wider appeal to the general public, as well as being easier to produce. Again any member wishing to take on the job of preparing such a book with the help of the Committee and of the Club's photographic archives, should let us know.

That's about it then. I hope I can build on what Herb Schofield has done for the Club in the previous years, and that I shall receive as much support, if not so much ribald comment, from our members as he so well deserved.

JEFF ODY

Reflections on the Lagonda Day *by Arnold Davey*

I FIND it very difficult to think of anything I would rather do than sit in the sun, eating a picnic lunch in the beautiful grounds of a Surrey hotel, surrounded by dozens of Lagondas and their owners and families. Apart from being enormously enjoyable, the AGM was also quite a momentous one, with two important jobs in the club changing hands and a presentation to Valerie May on behalf of you all to mark twenty five years as Secretary.

The marvellous weather of the preceding week did not desert us for once and Alec Downie had prevailed on the manager of Oatlands Park to let us park on the front lawn in a much more convenient arrangement than last year. About 50 Lagondas turned up, the numbers varying from time to time with early departures and late arrivals. Both spares persons and the Secretary had stalls of hardware and software to sell and by all reports a roaring trade went on, whilst the concours judges went their rounds on the unenviable task of deciding which cars deserved awards better than others.

At the meeting we said farewell, as Chairman at any rate, to Herb Schofield who has stepped down from that post, but will continue as Northern Secretary. In recognition of his hard work as Chairman the club presented him with a handsome decanter. It is not true, by the way, that the label round its neck read "Herbs" instead of "Whisky". The new Chairman is Jeff Ody who took over at the

AGM. Incidentally, Jeff has moved recently and his new address is 25 Tudor Drive, Kingston, Surrey, and not as in the membership list.

Tony May also retired from the magazine editorship at the AGM and to mark his 19 years of service in the post, we presented him with a suitably engraved tankard. The new editor is to be Bruce Walker, the son of the late Tweedie Walker, and the inheritor of his father's two-litre. Bruce has the ideal background for the job and works in printing and advertising, which is an enormous advantage. As your articles and letters for the editor should be sent to him from now on, his address is 17 Malcolm Road, Shirley, Solihull B90 2AH, W. Midlands.

Valerie May's hard work for the last twenty five years was commemorated by the presentation of a silver jewel/trinket box with a badge on the lid, based on the winged radiator badge but saying 'Valerie' instead of 'Lagonda'. The Committee's security was watertight; she had no inkling of its coming and was at a loss for words for perhaps the first time in her life. We should also pay tribute here to Duncan Westall for arranging the design and execution of the three awards in conspiracy with the rest of the Committee, but so that the prospective recipients did not get to hear about them.

At the end of the meeting the rather punchdrunk looking concours judges announced the winners, who were:

Premier Award & Car Club Trophy

David Willoughby 2L S/C GO 4495

2/3 Litre Class

1st	Ian Creer	2L HC	OT 9381
2nd	Clive Sherwood	3L SIn	CS 33
3rd	Douglas Marr	2L S/C	PL 9564

4½ Litre Class

1st	Phil Erhardt	M.45 DHC	AXX 790
2nd	Richard Hare	LG.45 DHC	DXV 167
3rd	Roger Cooke	M.45 Tourer	BPE 292

Awards of Merit

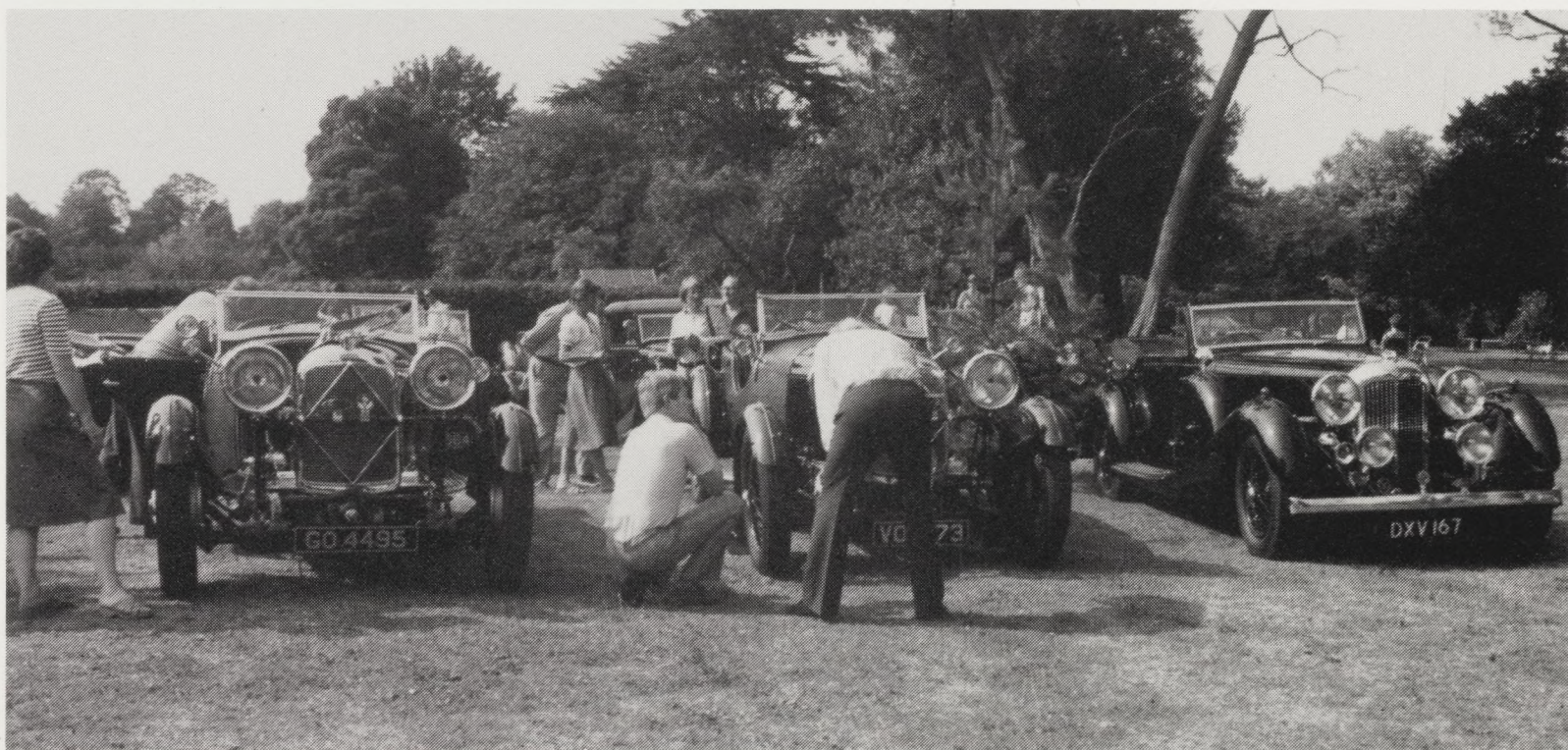
Alec Downie	2L HC
Derek Green	2L HC
Peter Whenman	2L LC
Geoff Seaton	3L
Mike Pearman	M.45 Special (Best rebuild of the year)

There was some discussion about the future venue of the AGM. We seem to have become used to a 3 year cycle and I must say that this is not entirely in the club's hands. Managers

change biannually in hotels and we usually try a place one year, making a few mistakes; get them righted the second year; try a third year and find the management has changed and trebled the prices. So we move on. As we are still happy with Oatlands Park the 1983 AGM has been booked there again, but for 1984 we thought that a move to the northern Home Counties would remove the ordeal of the London traffic on the end of the motorway journey for Midlanders and Northerners. The target area is in a box bounded by Luton, Harrow, Royston and Enfield. One or two likely hotels are being sounded already and volunteers to try them will be called for in due course.

Two last AGM points. John Batt asks for all claims towards the Club's Annual Trophies to be sent to him as soon as possible. John's address is Reynard House, 49 Ampthill Road, Maulden, Beds. The other point is don't forget that your subscription is now due.

(Editors note: Although this report appeared in the Club Newsletter during the Autumn, it was felt worthy of acting as a permanent record in the magazine.)



A fine day, in pleasant surroundings, attracted a good number of Members and their cars to the Lagonda Day Out (A.G.M.).
Photo: Iain May.

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by Davey & May

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Have a Nice Dayee!

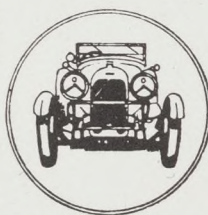
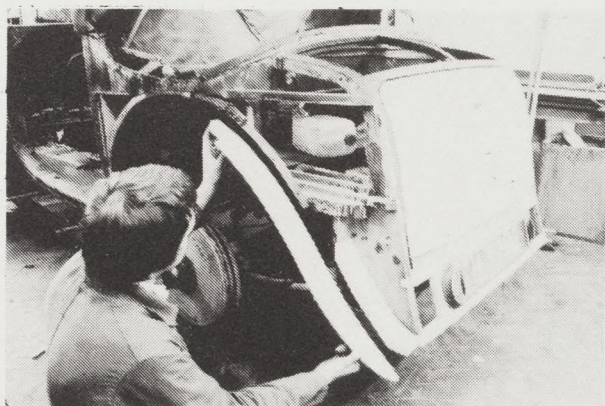
THIS YEAR I was determined to make the AGM. To travel down in the right sort of car, to meet some of the people who for some years now have been only names in a Directory or distant voices on a telephone. Planning was commenced early on to ensure a comfortable and memorable weekend. Hotel bookings were made, ice breaking labels prepared, as laid down in Newsletter Standing Orders with name, age et hoc genus omne; an RAC membership purchased in case of need and proper obeisance paid to the Gods of Chance and Weather. Together with fellow Lagonda Club Member Clive Sherwood, routes, approaches, obstacles, average speeds, low flying areas, E.T.D.'s and E.T.A.'s were all discussed, checked and agreed upon. LJ 8429 appeared to be in fine fettle and had been running quite happily for some time so its reward was a grease all round and an oil change.

Saturday dawned, the sort of day that can only occur in England. Do you remember Mole coming up out of Mole End, looking around and saying "Oh what a day". Well, it was one

of those days. The sort that start off with a mist in the valleys, that looks for all the world as if some magic veil has been drawn over the countryside, to be slowly lifted revealing, infinitely gently, the world around. I felt tremendously happy to be out in an English motor, driving along English country lanes. It was quite early and there was little traffic about to spoil the illusion. As I drove along I mentally wound back in time to when the old car was young again. Those days just must have been happier than today's maniacal smash and grab egalitarianism where everybody knows his rights, but very few their responsibilities.

We rolled on down through Stratford, not yet awake to its normal chaos, on through Camden, along the undulating road to Oxford in tremendous style. By the time we reached Long Compton however the 1980's were catching up, and though the 16/80 stormed up the hill, we were being engaged by an increasing herd of less romantic users of the road. This broke my reverie, and with the appearance of other traffic, reappeared my

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anxieties over the health of the Lagonda. These had been with me ever since the completion of the rebuild, indeed the first few journeys were never undertaken without elaborate arrangements being made for towing home, no matter what the distance. This had developed almost to the point of neurosis in the early days, as things really did go wrong, but as more miles were covered and journeys completed without incident the nagging of the anxiety receded; indeed one of the reasons for the run to the AGM was to prove finally and for all to see that the old car was now a happy and contented machine, willing to carry its owner wherever and whenever without fuss or misbehaviour of any kind.

Whether it was the increase in traffic that upset it, or the hot sun that had lifted the last of the veil covering the land, reminding the old car that it was no longer young and that to rush along the highway at such a pace was unseemly, or whether I had communicated my rekindled concern for its well being in some strange manner I cannot say, but suddenly and quite gently LG 8429 went to sleep. The engine just stopped and I coasted silently into a lay-bye.

I was not unduly worried; in the tool locker was every device or substance known to man; I had petrol, water, oil, grease, spanners, hammers, copper wire, instant glue, string, Molegrips, tow ropes, bolts and screws, nuts and washers, plugs, bulbs, jacks and fuses. My first thought was that we were out of petrol, though my ears told my brain that the pump wasn't clicking. It's funny how we always extend a vain hope that the problem is simple. It wasn't lack of petrol though, it was lack of sparks. After making the usual tests it was painfully obvious that the magneto was only producing an odd and most enfeebled spark. There was nothing I could do, so closing the bonnet down, and with a stiff upper lip, gripping my RAC membership card in a grubby hand set off for the nearest telephone box. At this moment the advance guard of the Sherwood Armoured Brigade arrived in the form of the 3-litre saloon driven by one Sherwood Jnr. and accompanied by a riding mechanic. Clive arrived moments later in the Land Rover driven by his daughter. Unhappily the combined cerebral weight of all these persons, both technical and non-technical

could only confirm that I was 'out of the race' so to speak, so a slow tow into Enstone village was provided by the Land Rover, where we were deposited at the village garage. Clive and Co. moved on to Staines and I was left, sadly, with the car resting in the car park. The time was 10 a.m. and I made my call to the RAC rescue service in Oxford, about 17 odd miles further up the road. The car's name, model, year and weight, together with the possible cause of malfunction were all made known to the enquiring voice and I was assured that help was on its way.

I spent the day lolling in the sun, walking down into Enstone for lunch at a small hostelry, taking the mag. to bits and putting it together again, watching the Micros practising at Enstone Airfield and sleeping in the sun. Twice during the day I telephoned my friends at the RAC, 17 miles up the road, to remind them I was still there and twice they assured me help was on the way. At last, about half past five, help did arrive in the shape of a gentleman from a garage in Chipping Norton who had been instructed to call on me. He was an ex-motor cyclist and what he did not know about magnetos wasn't worth knowing. After a great deal of prodding with Avometer probes he triumphantly informed me that he had located the problem. There was no spark. I told him that this had been made known to his organisation at 10 a.m. that morning, all I wanted was a transporter home and could he arrange this for me? No, he could not, he was only standing in for the regular man, because the rescue service was so busy, and he would have to telephone his own garage who would then telephone the RAC in Oxford who would then make the necessary arrangements for assistance. It was important that he went through the correct channels in order to ensure that proper assistance was provided with the minimum of delay.

A transporter arrived about 6.30, from Bicester! We loaded the old Lag on board and set off for home. That was effectively the end of my AGM. I bet you had a nice day too!

PETER TOWERS

(The editor feels, in part, responsible for the withdrawal of certain services in the area mentioned, as he drove his 2-litre along certain sections the day before with three "run" con rods. No wonder no sensible person who witnessed this had left the area in fear and dread.)

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Meandering to Michelham

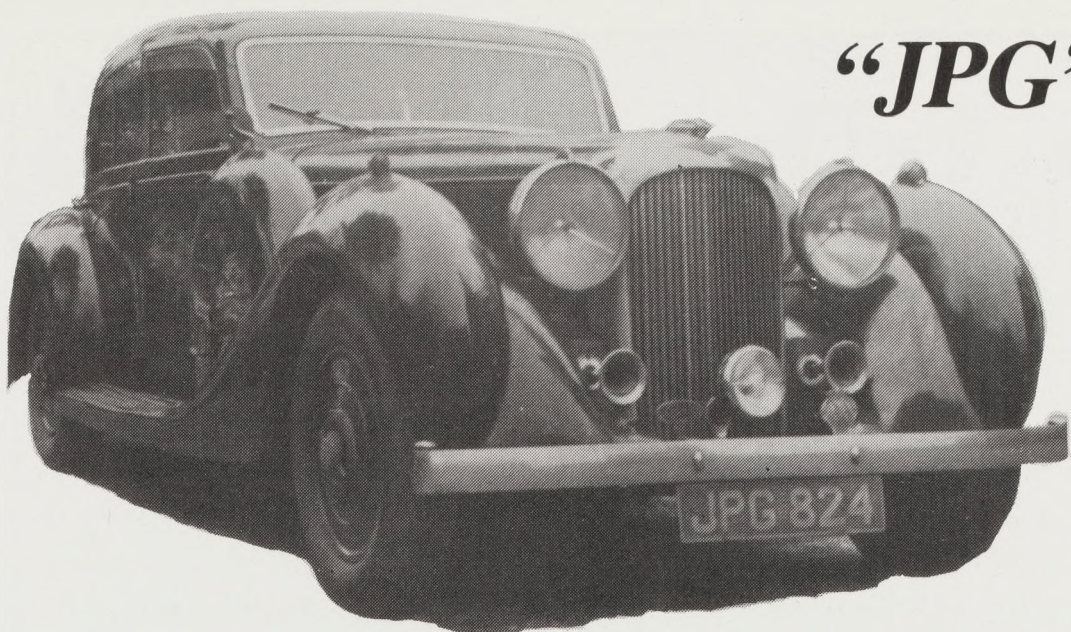
AS WAS their sensible custom the Augustinian Order chose a superb situation for the Priory that they founded in the Weald of Sussex in 1229. Now 750 years later the ruins of their once magnificent building are mingled with a fine Tudor manor house while nearby a 15th century Gatehouse and bridge guard the entrance by the moat which surrounds the Priory grounds. Within the inner courtyards stands an old Tithe Barn, one of the largest in the county, refreshment rooms in the well converted stable blocks and an interesting relic from departed days — an old forge, complete down to the last nail.

The surrounding gardens and orchards are ideal for leisurely strolls following the placid waters of the moat which meanders through the clumps of willow trees.

On a sunny Sunday in August (of course it rained the day before) the gravelled drive through the Gatehouse crunched to the tyres of vintage Lagondas and other interesting cars arriving to park in orderly lines on the lawns for the Southern Summer Social jointly organised by Valerie May and Alec Downie.

Invitations had been sensibly extended to kindred clubs in the area and we were pleased to welcome vintage Bentleys, Alvis, a modern Rolls Royce, Aston Martins in an array of twenty seven interesting cars, eleven of which were Lagondas. Amongst our own Club members were seen Messrs. Mike James, Raymond Wickham, Peter Sutcliffe, Kip Waistell, T. Weatherley, J. Cook, Peter Allen, Graham Thyer and of course Alec Downie. The drivers and their families spent a happy afternoon in the sun chatting and exchanging experiences on the vagaries of their particular machines. The Priory Curator gave all the owners a rosette to mark their attendance. For a change of scene there was the opportunity to take a wander around the rooms of the Manor house, where there were a series of small and varied exhibitions on display until it was time to wend our way home. The burble of exhausts echoed back from the warm stone walls of the old Gatehouse as the cars gradually departed at the end of a very pleasant and relaxing summer's day. See you there next year?

A.W.M.



“JPG” and Others

by David Hine

*JPG 824 after the epic drive described. 1965.
Photo: David Hine*

RE “OUT & ABOUT” in the last issue, I was delighted to see a photo of JPG 824 in such good condition but I am a bit puzzled. Was that a picture of her when new in 1940? I owned her for about a year in 1965/66 and she was not a V.12 but an LG.6 (see front “bombs” or lack of them). I remember she had very uncomfortable seats which appeared to be original but non standard possibly because the trim shop had been closed in 1940 and the seats were “bought in”. In the mid 60’s Lagonda’s were cheap — particularly saloons.

I acquired JPG for around £100-120 from a Mr. Judd who lived in Purley, Surrey. I worked for Shell at the time and had been to London to give a lecture to new recruits. At about 5.00 p.m., on the spur of the moment, I called Mr. Judd, who was in, and got a taxi to Purley to view the car. It had been standing outside for months but as Meadows engines do, it started first push of the button. Again on impulse and the unfailing trust in *any* Lagonda to get you home, I decided then and there to hand over a cheque and drive the old girl to Manchester where I live, a journey of 250 miles!

She was only running on 5 cylinders but I thought the plugs would “clear” — however, I never did get her on 6. I suppose a valve had burnt. I remember Mr. Judd giving me a can for water as she “boiled a bit”.

Off I set feeling very pleased, not realising



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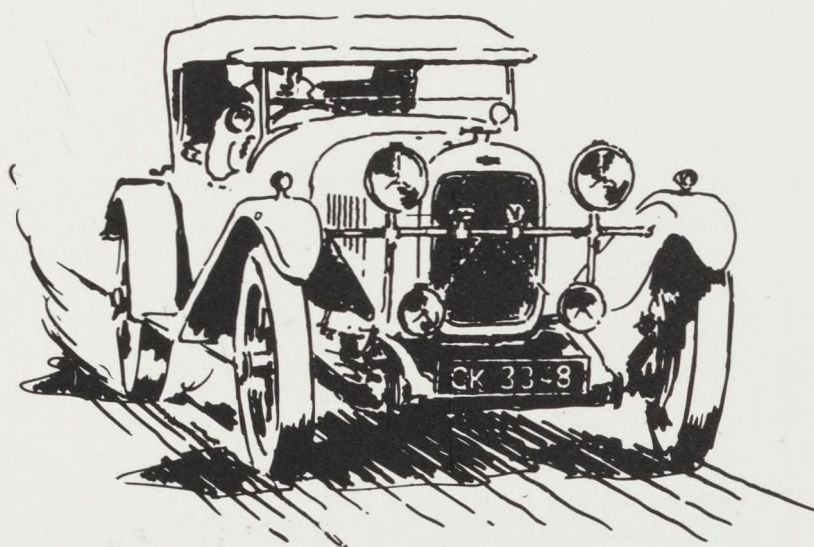
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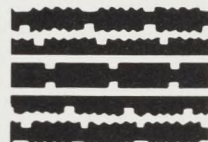
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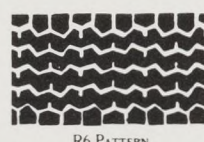
CHEVRON PATTERN



5 STUD PATTERN



R5 PATTERN



R6 PATTERN



CR65 PATTERN

the nightmare ahead. The first hint of trouble came after an initially pleasant drive when she stopped, blocking the traffic round Marble Arch in London. A severe blow to the petrol pump got her going again as far as the first service station on the M1, then the pump packed up altogether. The replacement cost £8, an awful shock to me — I think I was conned but the remaining £2 I had procured 8 gallons of petrol, just about enough to get me home!

I rumbled on dicing with lorries at about 50 m.p.h. marvelling at the comfort of the front suspension — up to then I'd only had M.45's. By now it was pitch dark — no lights behind the instruments, so I struck the occasional match to view the falling oil needle and rising water needle. On the A5 I looked up from surveying the 100°C water reading to find myself heading straight for a lamp-post, swerved just in time. Finally I ran out of water on the M6 somewhere. I came to a steaming halt. As luck would have it I'd stopped by a stream. In descending to fill the tin I fell in ruining my business suit but got the much needed water. After that the mixture of brown oil and water started to spray out of the radiator and the wipers packed up. The rest of the journey I spent peering through a 2 x 1 inch triangle of clear glass under one of the wiper blades, trying to see where I was going by the light of one very dim headlight. But by 4.00 a.m. JPG 824 GOT ME HOME! All that was needed in the end, I found out later, was a good cleaning of corroded fuses and then everything worked OK.

I drove JPG around a bit but never got round to doing anything about the running on 5 cylinders. When the chance of buying an LG.45 Rapide for £1500 came up, she had to go to raise the cash. I got £1000 for BLP 494, a beautiful M.45 tourer, £400 for AMV 751 my trusty M.45 saloon, for which I'd only paid £90, but only £70 for JPG — the only Lagonda I ever lost money on! I thought she was broken up actually, but I never kept track of her.

Complete tatty LG.45's could be purchased in mid 60's for £25-35 and we had several through our hands. Some survived and were rebuilt as "team car replicas", but some tragically were just cut up for spares, aluminium sold for scrap to raise cash and unwanted chassis, springs etc., just thrown away!! Our lack of foresight never ceases to amaze me. The worst deal we ever did was to

part with a LG.45 Drophead Coupé for only £50 to a chap called Wier. As far as I know he still has it and could realise a fair capital growth! I didn't get it all wrong, however, the M.45 saloon AMV 751 which initially cost £90, sold for £400, but was bought back for £350. I still have it in fair condition. More impressive still, the LG.45R was finally sold for £27,500 which all helps.

The story in last month's Motor Sport that Arnold Davey wrote about Gardener Diesel engines in Lagonda cars, brought back a few memories. Hugh Gardener was a friend of my father and he sold me two of the engines he had taken out to replace with his own diesel prototypes. One was the LG.45 engine Arnold mentioned which is now in Herb's "fire engine". It had only done 20,000 miles! The other was a brand new Meadows engine, M.45 type, complete with lead seals on the carburettors! This one indicates they did convert some earlier cars. I put this engine in BLP 494 and it really was a super experience to have a new power unit free of all problems of age and wear. I am always grateful to Hugh Gardener for that. The engine I took out of BLP 494, No. 325, was put into CBU 2C, our first racing special, but the performance was poor and out it came for a cheap rebuild involving filing the big end caps and fitting new piston rings. It then performed in AMV 751 (M.45 saloon) for many years. Another engine was done up for the saloon and out came 325 again to collect dust for a few years up in Oldham.

When, 4 years ago, I bought OD 9571, an M.45 Tourer, from Alan Ogden, I decided to give 325 the "works" and fit her in. I did everything — new bearings, balanced crank, new pistons, chains, valves, etc. The bores were oversize so liners had to be fitted. When the big day came when OD 9571 was rebuilt and ready for a run, I pressed the button. Of course 325 started first time. For ten seconds I congratulated myself on my brilliant engineering before she blew up with a bang and a crash which I had never heard before and never want to again. What had happened was that the block cracked when the liners had been pressed in and one liner (No. 6) was loose. This had come down, smashed the piston and bent the con rod. Worse still bits of metal had got past the valves and into the inlet manifold — into Nos. 2 and 4 cylinders and broken those pistons as well! All this carnage at less than 1000 r.p.m.

That splendid friend of mine Alan Brown gave, yes gave, me a new block and we were soon back in business again for Monk Fryston and the Yorkshire rally this year. The only snag was that all was running well except every 200 miles or so No. 12 rocker would break. Alan Brown came out to fix the first one at Monk Fryston. The second was welded up in Kettlewell with Alistair Barker's help. The third broke on the way to Sandtoft (but by now I carried a spare), all very baffling. The fault eventually turned out to be over-length inner valve springs which must have been fitted years ago and "got away with" until a slightly thicker valve guide was fitted causing the total compression of the valve springs and fatigue of the rockers.

The M.45 Tourer OD 9571 is now running superbly and is no doubt to my mind the most usable all-round Lagonda built, combining the good looks of its "speed model" predecessors, with the exhilarating performance of the superb Meadows engine and good servo-assisted brakes. It even incorporates the tremendous benefit of having a TOP hinged windscreen. A lot of folk don't realise it but judicious opening of a top hinged screen can prevent the draught at the back of one's head when driving at speed with the hood down. I was fortunate indeed to inherit the ownership of this car from Alan Ogden — it was a bit tired as he had used it as an everyday car but absolutely complete and original, also undamaged. The rebuild of this car was fairly routine as it was "all there", the costs are as follows:

Cost of rebuilding 1934 M.45 Tourer OD 9571

	£
Chrome Plating	200
Repairing Wings	60
Glass for Screen	11
Silencer	45
Repairing Body	20
Paint	5
Resetting Springs	40

Spring Gaiters	95
Valve Guides & Timing Chains	160
Stove Enamel Wheels	60
Repair Temperature Guage	24
Overhaul Engine	696
Speedo & Rev. Counter	48
Paint Body	450
Wire	33
Tyres	275
Wipers, Bulbs etc.	36
Crown, Wheel & Pinion	200
Renovate Upholstery, Hood & Carpets	704
Batteries & Cable	110
Gaiters	25
Exhaust Pipe	8
Polish Aluminium	15
TOTAL	3320

P.S. I did as much as I could myself — engineering and electrical and assembly over four years.

This is one car I don't intend to part with if I can help it.

Alan Brown and I have, for a year or so now, been rescuing an M.45 from the break-up situation. For some time we had realised the folly of parting with spares that would "come in". However, I was going to the other extreme and hoarding. It dawned on me that I had enough for a complete car, so away we went and it won't be long before "BGF" rolls out of the Northern Syndicate garage resplendent in Brown/Chapman/Vanden Plas coachwork.

I don't think I could ever plead to have been an impecunious enthusiast that so many chaps like to be thought of. However, I've not been into Lagonda's "just for the money" so to speak. Rather, it is very pleasant to enjoy a fulfilling hobby which is more than paying for itself. One needs the odd capital gain to pay for racing tyres at over £150 each — Our standards are much higher than the old days when racing on remoulds was not unheard of!

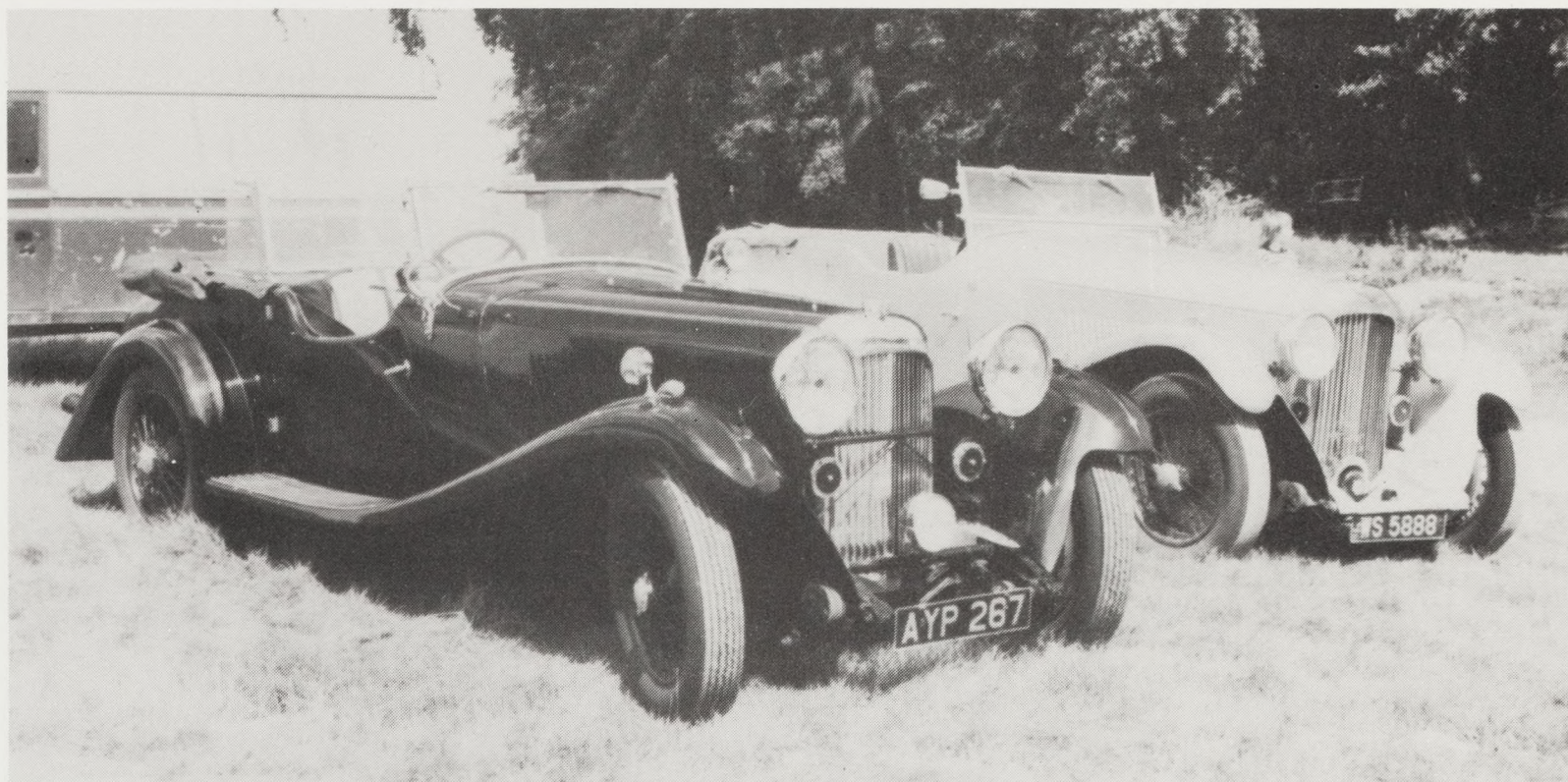
DAVID HINE

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS BY:

SPRING: FEBRUARY 15th SUMMER: MAY 15th
AUTUMN: AUGUST 15th WINTER: NOVEMBER 15th

Thank you

Lagondas at Cadwell



Itching to play: M.45T (VdP) — Brian Dearden-Briggs, 3½-litre Tourer — Don Hoggard

Photo: Roy Paterson.

OUR THANKS for this meeting go to the enthusiastic officials of the V.S.C.C., and long may they persevere with the Cadwell venue.

It was the usual sunny Sunday for this exciting rural circuit, but apparently there were fewer people there, and certainly fewer competing Lagondas. Also, there seemed to be fewer Lagonda Club members in support. I chatted with some whom I'd met at Prescott, namely Robin Colquhoun gamely limping up and down with a stick and Mairwen, and Tony Wood. And as has happened before at Cadwell, our Liaison Officer for DB Cars was there with his large family, Don Hoggard and Enid and I represented the Hermes group, and this time our former Border Sec. Iain Macdonald made the pilgrimage from the far north. On the Rapier side were Margaid and Peter Nickalls, and doubtless a few others whose paths did not cross ours.

Regarding 4½-litre Lagondas, there was a complete absence. Some drivers say that it is not a suitable circuit for large cars, but large capacity cars have entered before and done very well, and this year an 8.3-litre Bentley had a convincing win in the ten-lapper for racing cars. Racewise, our interest lay in four Rapiers, three of them Specials; the Richmond entered by P.J.A. Evans, the Marsh by John Macdonald, and the Elliot Elder by Brian

Fidler, fourth Rapier was the De Clifford Le Mans replica, David Crow.

Event 1 — SPERO TROPHY RACE (Over eight laps for cars under 1100 cc.)

To start the afternoon on a light note, the race officials let one well-known exponent of the art of vintage driving wear a pair of deeley-bobbers on his helmet. As everyone else predicted, they didn't stay the course; and no doubt other drivers would enjoy dodging the deeleys bobbing along the track. Our man here was David, and well back on the grid for the scratch start. His successive lap positions were 13th, 11th, 11th, 9th, 9th, and 9th; and whilst this may suggest a processional effort consistent with other cars retiring rather than his overtaking, from the third lap he had a sustained private dice with an MG and never yielded an inch until unfortunately his Rapier developed an unaccustomed mechanical clatter and he deemed it wiser to motor up the paddock road on his seventh lap. His fastest lap was 2 min. 38.6 sec.

Event 2 — FIVE LAP SCRATCH RACE

Our new member Mike Baxter was on the grid with a very mixed assembly including 4.3 Alvis Special, 3-litre twin-cam s/c Sunbeam, and 4½-litre s/c Avon-Bentley. Mike has

acquired the late esteemed Henry Coates first 4½-special, but was driving his familiar and successful 1½-litre Riley. After his third ascent of The Mountain he went missing and there was considerable consternation in the paddock when he was not towed in at the end of the race and there was no report on what had happened. When eventually he was towed in after the following race, it was appreciated that he'd had a lucky escape from injury when a UJ had disintegrated and his cockpit was full of flying bits of metal, pulsating torque tube and shaft, and jagged ripped-up flooring. Lucky for Mike's person, but hard luck about the car.

Event 5 – FOUR LAP SCRATCH RACE

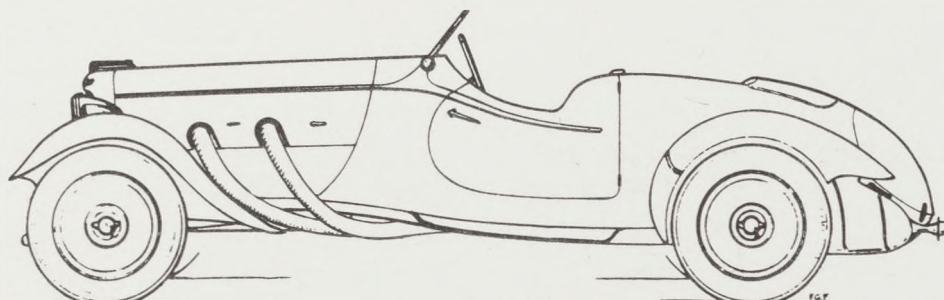
This race was observed from The Mountain towards the end of the circuit where the Richmond Special of Peter Evans first appeared in third place. He would have been on the third or fourth row of the grid. Third position was maintained to the finish, with a fastest lap of 2 min. 08.5 sec. Winner was A. Smith in a s/c MG.K3 with race fastest lap of 2 min. 03.7 sec.

Event 7 – FOUR LAP HANDICAP

This brought the first vintage Cadwell appearances of both John Macdonald and his newly acquired Marsh Special. Very attractive the car looked with its glossy finish and smooth short tail. The handicappers must have considered it had performance to match, since they put eighteen cars ahead and only three behind. I guessed John was just running it in because he was only twelfth at my point on The Hairpin, the last corner but one of this twisty circuit. The last corner is Barn, a tightish right-hander where the adjoining barn doors have always been left open and the floor well stocked with bales, just in case. We all know how John can drive from his Morgan successes, but on succeeding laps he was 12th, 10th and 12th, to finish 12th. His fastest lap was 2 min. 31.5 sec. Only on his return to the paddock did he discover that a gremlin had been at work, so that when his foot was flat down his throttle was only half open.

Event 9 – FIVE LAP HANDICAP RACE

This race was due to start at 5.25 p.m. and it reflects the smooth running of the afternoon



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that at this late stage of the meeting the race started at 5.21.

The Elliot Elder Special was on the grid. Brian Fidler bought it five weeks before, but having been abroad so much he'd not had much chance of sitting in it, never mind using it. In this race it was driven by his brother. And such is the reputation of the car that the handicappers started it ten seconds after the Richmond. Both cars went well but understandably to us the Elliot Elder finished just over twenty seconds behind the Richmond, their positions being 15th and 10th. The commentator passed a complimentary remark on brother Fidler's driving; the performance of the Richmond is also noteworthy, improving from 21st to 10th in three laps. Their best lap times are interesting, only 1.6 seconds apart, with the Richmond securing fastest lap of the race in 2 min. 14.0 sec.

A curious feature of the printed programme (neatly produced, art paper, sensible size about the same as a V.S.C.C. Bulletin) was the full-page comprehensive perspective illustration of the full circuit and its amenities, plus an all round deep black border and the ominous and rather unwelcome footnote in large black type

**R.I.P.
Hairpin & Barn Corners**

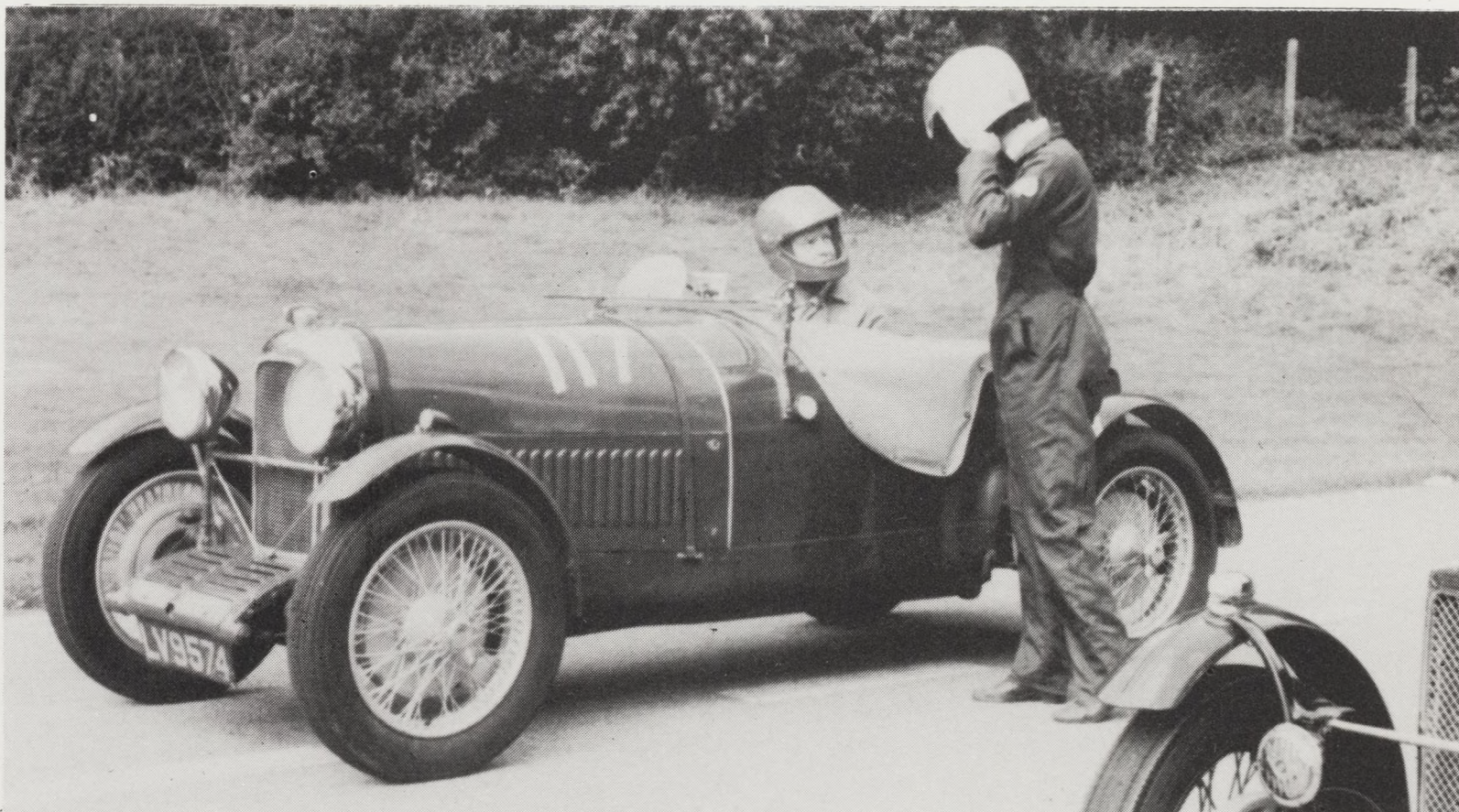
I've known those corners at the end of the circuit for nigh on twenty years. On one occasion I saw a Formula 3 car miss the barn itself, fly through the air, and dive into the pond of the wildfowl reserve. I mentioned this to the Managing Partner whom I know well enough by sight because for several years I was a regular Judge there for another club. He remembered the incident because it was the only time anyone had been into the drink. To conform to new safety regulations and keep that part in use, the RAC say it will have to be protected by Armco. But in any case, he added, not many spectators go as far as The Hairpin, and the residents along there will appreciate the quiet.

In conclusion, I quote Enid's comment on carefully selecting her seat in the Paddock Stand,

"It's not only by the charges that spectators are stung..."

as she took her place between masses of nettles thrusting high up between the wooden slats of the seating. (Actually, we thought the prices for admission, hot and cold snacks, and fish and chips were quite reasonable). I only conclude with this mention, to show there's a sting in the tale.

ROY PATERSON



David Crow and his Rapier on the grid.

Photo: Roy Paterson

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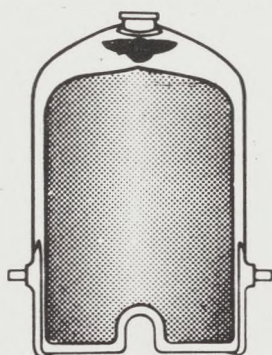
Fingerprints in the Bath

AT THE time I was doing some pretty intricate cooking which required all my concentration so that, when my husband rushed into the kitchen and announced that he had just bought a Lagonda, I somehow mixed the name up with gondola and let out a yelp of horror. The idea of commuting from Solihull to Venice everytime he wanted to play with his new toy was somewhat disturbing. However, the matter was soon sorted out and, over a large gin and tonic, I became quite enthusiastic, primed by visions of bumbling down to Brighton, a la Genéviève, wearing a dashing little hat and waving benevolently to admiring spectators.

The truth, when it arrived, came as a sad shock. Filling the garage from corner to corner it crouched like a vast mechanical spider in the last stages of decomposition. All the comforts usually taken for granted in a car were missing; seats, doors, windscreen and so on

were non-existent and most of its innards seemed to be tied on with string. It was accompanied by a wooden crate of scrap iron which Alastair surprisingly described as 'goodies', so that it was with a superhuman effort that I took a grip on myself, said a few kind words, and offered to lend a hand if needed.

This must have been appreciated, for, in due course, I was put on to painting the chassis frame. Not being a contortionist, I suffered some grievous bodily harm, but must admit I made a really excellent job of it, not one obscure nook or cranny was overlooked and I ended the day a tired but proud woman. Imagine, therefore, my chagrin, when I found him rubbing the whole thing down, thus undoing all my splendid work! It appeared that the job was still very rough and that there were to be three more coats! At that I simply gave up and from then on my sole



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contribution to the project was to administer First Aid to squashed thumbs and, apparently, severed arteries and to drop whatever I was doing and rush out to pull levers or press pedals "when I say when". A highly nerve racking responsibility.

Not that I was unconscious of the stranger in our midst. It manifested itself in many areas. Weird octopus-like objects appeared in the airing cupboard trailing long tentacles of wire over freshly laundered articles. My wardrobe crept further and further into the room as more and more goodies were squirreled behind it and, at one time, my overhead clothes rack was abob with freshly painted artifacts. One of these had a brushing acquaintance with a bedjacket, which was unfortunate for the latter. However, it was promptly replaced by an enchanting new one. Lags are nothing if not generous.

But the chief manifestation was, undoubtedly, the set of finger prints in the bath. Very clear, they were. Real Scotland Yard stuff. Alastair, at first, was all wide-eyed innocence, but, under pressure, had to admit that he might, possibly, have forgotten to scrub his hands before diving into the tub. The scars were removed with a little Vim and a lot of vigour and I imagined that was that. But, odd as it may seem, they reappeared every time work had been done on the Lag. A most remarkable coincidence. In the end I gave up the uneven struggle and they became a part of the bathroom décor — unless, of course, we

expected the sort of guests who "would not be amused".

At last retirement came and we decided to move into the country. I can only hope that time will eradicate the memory of that journey. A procession consisting of one low-loader with vintage car, one horsebox with vintage pony, a vast removal van and a fair sized car containing five frenzied cats doing a wall of death act, not only attracts attention, but tends to snarl up the traffic, especially on narrow roads winding up steep hills. But the longest journey must end. We arrived, unloaded and finally settled down.

Work on the Lag now went apace and the moment came when she was ready to be "fired up". (Only a man would invent such an alarming turn of speech.) We pushed her into the drive, placed a moth-eaten fire extinguisher and two buckets of water in what, we hoped, were strategic positions, Alastair climbed aboard and I retreated, coward-like, into the house, where I sat in the hall, huddled over the 'phone, ready to dial "999".

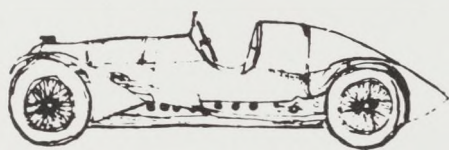
For a while the only noises I could hear were the type one would expect to be made by a hippopotamus suffering from an acute attack of colic. Then, suddenly, the hills were alive with the sounds of a Lagonda engine in full cry. Lusty of lung and sound in wind and limb it joyously announced its re-birth to the entire neighbourhood. It was a sublime moment. Until then, I must admit, I had viewed the whole vintage car saga as a somewhat childish ploy, but now, the truth, as it were, dawned. I understood what it was all about....

Sadly all that is over now. The Lagonda is no longer ours. I know we were wise to bow down to common sense and what Alastair euphemistically calls "approaching middle age" — a kindly way of saying geriatric — but it left a gap in our lives.

That gap has been filled. Alastair is restoring a cyclecar engine. It is much smaller, of course, but very dirty and, by the sounds which issue from the garage, most reluctant to be taken apart. He has a mate, now. Our five year old grandson has caught the bug. Side by side they stand at the bench, smothered in oil and very happy. They would hate it if I said they looked sweet.

By the way, the finger prints in the bath are back. Well — let's face it, it really wouldn't be home without them.

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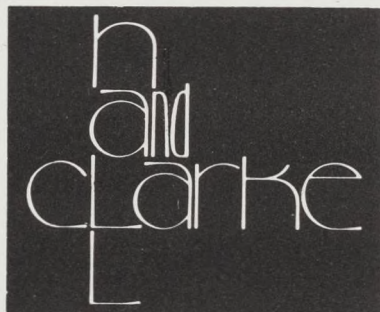
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Swiss LG.45 Dhc "Converts" to LG.6 and V.12

IS THAT possible? You ask yourselves! Well it seems it happened to us.

Last year in September, after several to-ings and fro-ings from Switzerland to England, we eventually became the proud owners of an LG.45 Dhc, and imagine our delight on discovering by chance, that the A.G.M. was to be held the very next day, not far from where we were staying. So Saturday, 26th September, saw us driving through the pouring rain to Oatlands Park Hotel to meet fellow Lagonda enthusiasts.

At this juncture we would like to thank everyone for the very warm welcome we received (despite the rainy weather), and the enjoyable party in the evening.

Well to the point — in your latest club magazine (no.112 Winter 1981) page 6, you "converted" our LG.45 into an LG.6 owned by Mr. Staehli, and on page 18 (bottom right) our car was converted into a V.12 again owned by Mr. Staehli — now although we like Mr. Staehli we don't intend to give him *our* LAGONDA, whatever it's supposed to be!

After the meeting we "converted" our Lagonda back to an LG.45 and drove to Switzerland.

Here follows an account of our three-day journey/adventure — and the delight/despairs we experienced.

Tuesday, 29th September, 1981

Arose early and left East Molesey at 7.15 to avoid the rush hour. The journey went very well except for considerable stutterings the steeper the hills and the nearer we came to Dover (perhaps it did not like the thought of leaving England — no on second thoughts (damn it!) it must be the fuel pumps) — anyway pressed on and eventually arrived in Dover at 11.10 — parked the car and went to purchase a ticket for the channel crossing. The ticket collector scratched his head in vain — couldn't find Lagonda anywhere in his tables, so classified it the size of a Ford Escort!! Afterwards asked by friendly American if we could possibly remove our ROLLS!!

At 17.15 we arrive in Ostend — hurrah we are on the continent — a little nearer Switzer-

land. We set off on the next leg of the journey perhaps with a little bit of apprehension, which was to be confirmed further on when we noticed on refuelling that the petrol went on to the pavement instead of the tank — cause found to be the new tyre which had been fitted in England, was slightly larger than it should have been — consequently it had damaged the hose between tank and filler — repair achieved with a piece of rubber cut out of the boot mat, and wire.

Drove on until midnight when a very big hill tested fuel pumps and our nerves to the extreme — nerves disintegrated so we slept in the car huddled in sleeping bags (very cosy — don't make seats like that these days).

Wednesday, 30th September, 1981

6.30 saw us on our way again (after fixing the fuel pumps, instead of having breakfast), towards Aachen and the German Customs. Great interest was taken by the customs officials — asked how much the car cost — a guess was hazarded by them — 1 million German Marks — and what were we going to do with it? — put it in our museum!?

Now we know what to do if we want to sell it (as if we ever could) — sell it to a German customs official with a rich wife.

After German breakfast (definitely not worth a million) continued — engine started to run on five cylinders — friendly garage man helped clean the plugs and at 12.00 we were on our way again.

Drove on motorway maximum 1,500 r.p.m., oil pressure only 7 p.s.i., a bit boring — 30 miles driving and then 15–30 minutes rest for a little check — then off again — that was our routine.

At 14.15 detected water leak in rear passage — tightened screws with short spanner (luckily found by accident behind dynamo) the leak went bigger — water passage was partly corroded away and must have been repaired by former owner with putty, which broke — after a lot of cursing — tried to find a solution — having eaten German sausages for lunch used part of cardboard plate on which they were packed to make a gasket and the rest was

used together with Araldite to replace the missing aluminium (repair still holds to this day, hope we can trade it in for a new one from Alan Brown). 15.30 — off again up hill, down hill, up hill and so on — lovely sunny weather — hood down — automatic windscreen wipers every time we went over a bump!!

Thursday, 31st September, 1981

7.30 — This time we had breakfast before making dirty fingers. Car doesn't start — too cold/oil too thick/plugs no good/or whatever. After waiting for the 57th German who wants to know if this particular Lagonda was made in Spain or Italy, and the price, we manage with his and our battery to get the heavy iron lump back to life again. At 13.30 arrived in Switzerland/Basle — customs men extremely friendly

and helpful (as never experienced before — read later that they had had a pay rise). 15.50 the great moment arrived as we reached home, having covered 700 miles.

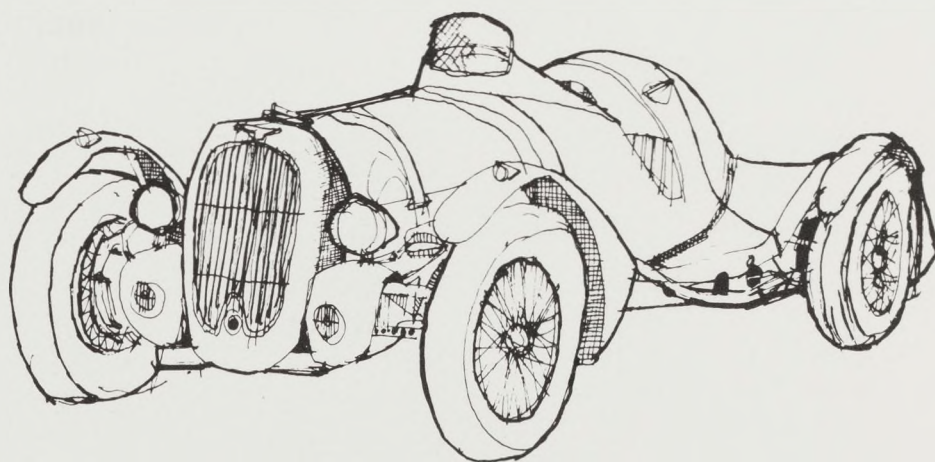
The next day, Friday, a service was made to the brave car. The oil filter was changed, as it seemed to be the original one from 1936, plus racing oil was used, making the pressure jump to about 13 p.s.i. Finally on Saturday we drove in the Autumn rally of the Swiss Motor Veteran Club without any problems — maybe it likes to be in Switzerland.

If everything goes fine we shall see you all at the A.G.M. 1983.

Looking forward to seeing you then.

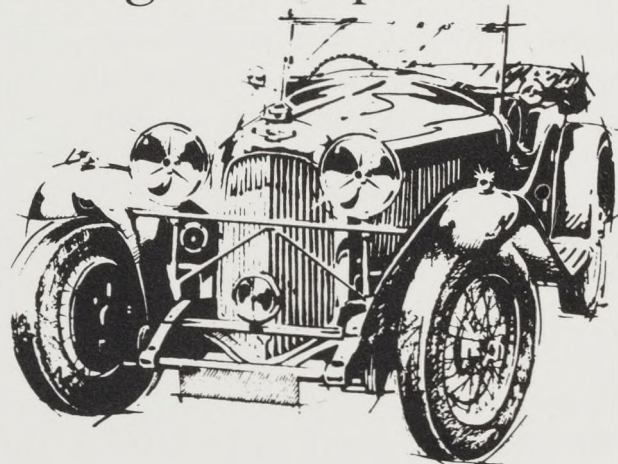
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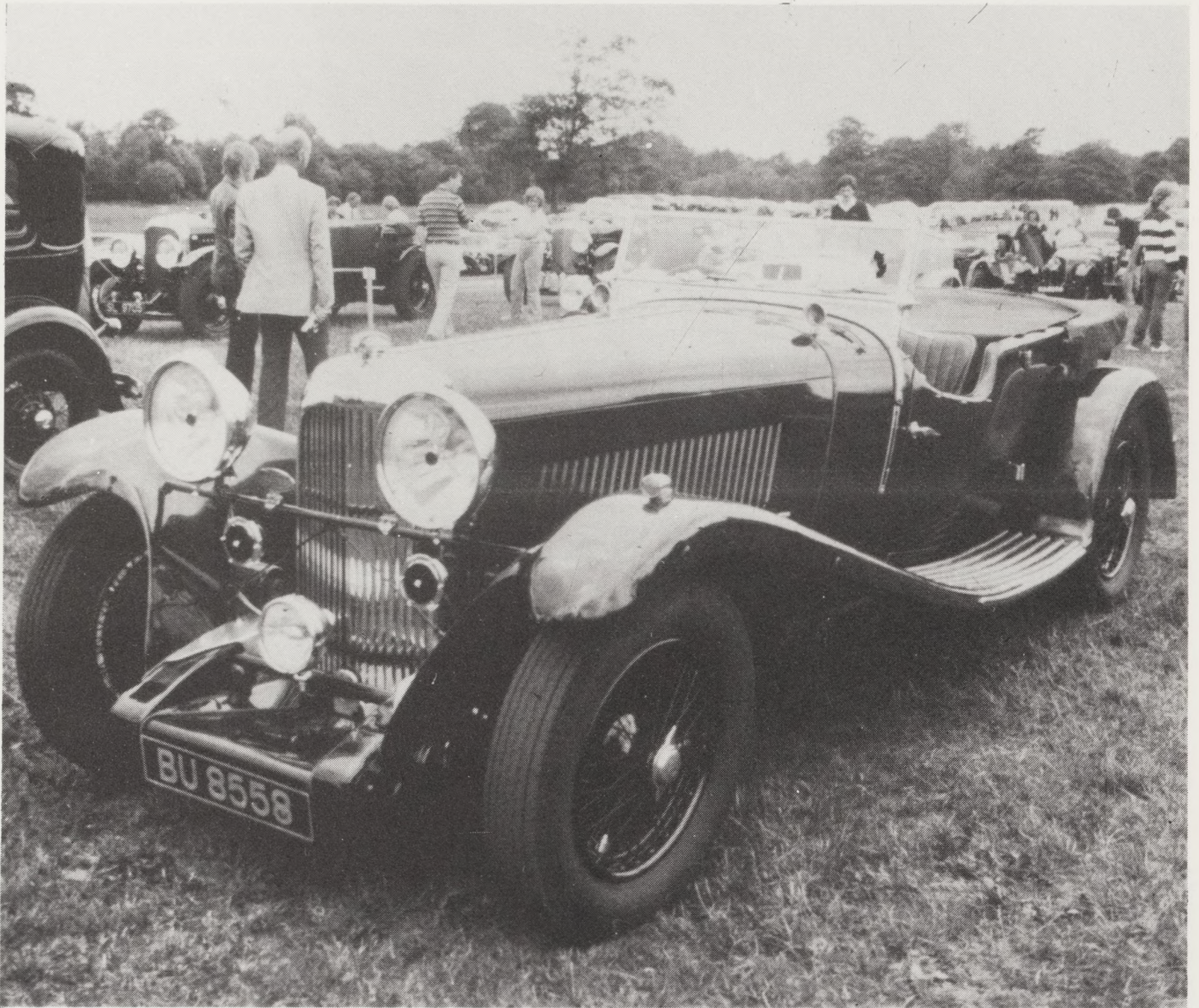
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Members' Cars



BU 8558 WAS registered in Oldham in 1934 and originally belonged to a Mr. Wilfred Whitehead of 85 Windsor Road. Nothing else is known about the car until 1951 when it was bought by Wing Commander Ogle-Skan who lived in Didsbury who was an early member of the Lagonda Club. Ogle-Skan kept a detailed log until he sold the car in 1961, recording details of journeys made, petrol consumption etc. and covered just 43,090 miles in 10 years.

The next owner was Doc (Peter) Evans, well known to Northern Club members, whose photograph, together with the car, appeared in magazine No. 48 as No. 1 in the series "Northern Cars & Faces".

Doc sold the car in 1964 to Mr. Robinson of Chesterfield from whom I purchased it in 1966

with approx. 110,000 miles on the clock. By this time the car was beginning to show definite signs of age so the decision was taken to carry out a full chassis up rebuild.

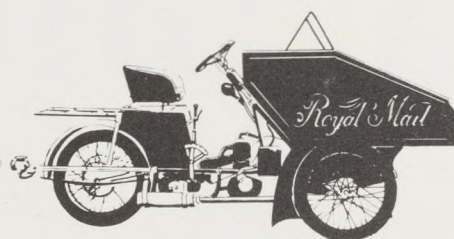
What I didn't allow for was the delaying effect of studying for exams, getting married, moving house etc., so it was not until 1972 that the car was back on the road.

For the next four years it was mostly "laid up" whilst we were living in Kenya and spent only a few weeks each year being used whilst we were on leave in the U.K.

From 1977 the car has been in regular use. In '78 it was awarded the "Martini" trophy at the V.S.C.C. Oulton Park meeting followed by the "Cheshire Life" trophy in 1980 and again this year.

BRIAN J. GREEN

Letters to the Editor



Plea for Help

Dear Sir — May I make an appeal for help in a particular problem I have at this moment as Spares Liaison Officer.

Until fairly recently all the spares for the hydraulic brake system on the LG.6 and V.12 were available from all Lockheed suppliers.

In the last 12 months a position has arisen such that only the front and rear wheel cylinder repair kits are available.

I hope soon to be able to supply the front and rear brake hoses as I have found a firm that will make to order. Providing the samples are all right, these should be available in 3 months.

The real problem is the master cylinder repair kit, and with respect to this

1. I am unable to find even one kit through any source.
2. I am unable to find a suitable alternative.
3. I know of no modification simple or otherwise to the master cylinder to overcome this problem.

The matter is very urgent and if anyone can help, even in the slightest possible way, would they please contact me as soon as possible.

ALAN BROWN

Matley Moor Cottage,
Hyde, Cheshire SK14 4EG.
Tel: 061 338 2766

Fuel Pump Ailment

Dear Sir — With reference to Jeff Ody's fuel pump problems, I first encountered it in India in the early 50's with a 1939 Standard 8 and effected a temporary solution by wrapping a piece of cloth around it and soaking it in water periodically. A more permanent solution is to arrange a piece of light tubing about 2" dia. to direct a flow of air over the pump.

BRIAN WIGGINS

Cleveland.

Carburation in the 2-Litre

Dear Sir — In seeking advice from others on this subject. I am amazed at the different views or lack of knowledge about 2-litre carbs. Would it be possible for someone to write a really informed article on the merits of singles v. twin and Zenith v. S.U. for the unblown model? I would appreciate recommendations for the jet/needle sizes.

I always understood that in a Zenith the main jet aperture was smaller than the compensator (per my Zenith Manual) but *not* according to the Davies Motors booklet! All very confusing for the amateurs!

I have experimented in my car with single and twin Zeniths but will not comment yet!

JOHN ANDERSON

Worth,
nr. Deal, Kent.

Good News

FOR MEMBERS who don't yet own a Lagonda — Aston Martin Lagonda Limited are now producing four cars a week. The best part of this news is that three of these are Lagondas. This, as the Company rightly states, makes

them one of the most exclusive cars in the world.

The editor has started to save his pennies already.

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Connoisseurs



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MERCEDES W.196	(Available shortly)
ALFA ROMEO Tipo 159	(Available shortly)

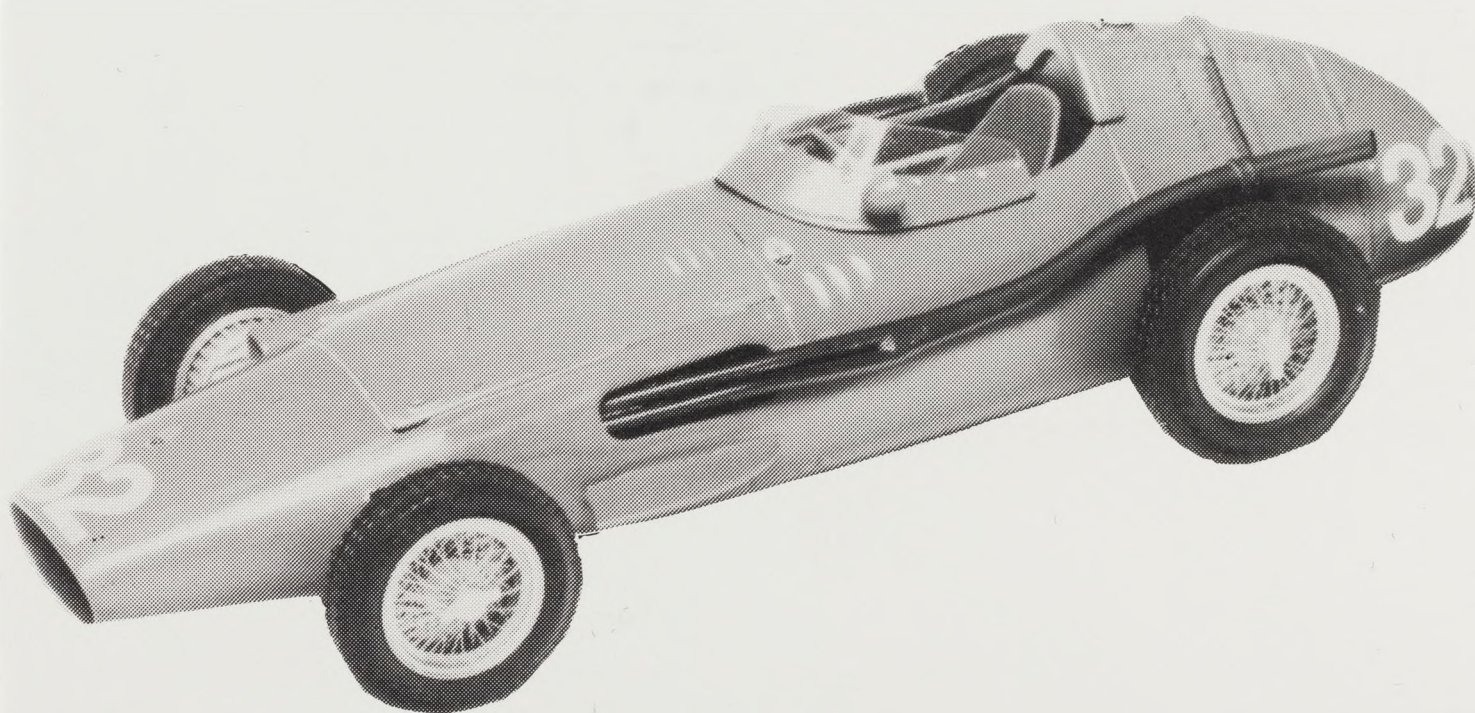
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