



THE MAGAZINE OF THE LAGONDA CLUB

Number 127

Winter 1985





*Jeff Ody tries his French, which Short Trip Organiser Richard Hare finds amusing.
Photo: Jeff Ody.*



*Peter Whenman, Long Trip Organiser contemplates the fun he is to have.
Photo: Peter Whenman.*

ASTON SERVICE-DORSET

RICHARD FORSHAW · IVAN FORSHAW · ROGER FORSHAW, F.C.A.

Aston Martin and Lagonda Specialists

73 RINGWOOD ROAD, LONGHAM, WIMBORNE, DORSET

Tel: BOURNEMOUTH 574727

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF PARTS FOR ALL ASTON MARTIN CARS 1948-1960. ALSO LARGE STOCKS OF SPARES FOR 1960-1975 CARS. ALL LAGONDA CARS 1925-1960

Comprehensive stocks of Spares, Owners' Handbooks, Workshop Manuals, Parts Catalogues and Works Records covering all models. Technical advice and assistance readily available

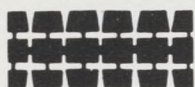
Distributor for the United States of America :

Aston Martin Services (Kenneth J. Boyd)

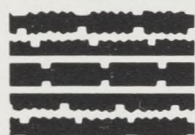
1035 Bollinger Canyon, MORAGA, California 94556, U.S.A.

Tel: 415 376 6633

Veteran, Vintage, Classic & Contemporary



TRIPLE STUD (S5) PATTERN



F4 PATTERN



B5 PATTERN



D2 103 PATTERN



RS5 PATTERN

Crossply: Dunlop, Lee, Bedford, Fulda, Firestone, Universal/Lester, Ceat, Avon, Denman, Olympic, Fort, Pirelli, Mabor.

Beaded Edge: Dunlop, Bedford, Firestone, Universal, Durandal. Wheel rims also available.

Bibendum: Michelin, Durandal, Firestone.

Straight sided: Dunlop, Universal/Lester.

Racing: Dunlop CR65, CR70, R1, R5, R6, 5-stud.

Low profile: 55/60/70% profile Dunlop, Michelin and Pirelli performance range.

Motorcycle: Dunlop, Avon, Cheng Shin, Universal/Lester.

Whitewall: USA wide Whitewall in many makes.

Whitewall trims: Sets to fit 10, 12-17 inch tyres.



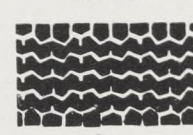
CHEVRON PATTERN



5 STUD PATTERN



R5 PATTERN



R6 PATTERN



CR65 PATTERN



**VINTAGE
TYRES**

VINTAGE TYRE SUPPLIES
12 DALSTON GARDENS
HONEYPOT LANE, STANMORE
MIDDLESEX HA7 1BY
TELEX: 922043
TELEPHONE
01-206 0722

MIDLANDS STOCKIST
RALPH WILDE, LYRIC HOUSE
OFFCHURCH LANE
RADFORD SEMELE
LEAMINGTON SPA CV31 1TN
TELEPHONE
(0926) 26935



VETERAN, VINTAGE, CLASSIC, LOW PROFILE, WHITEWALL.
ORDER BY BARCLAYCARD/ACCESS.
PLEASE ASK FOR PRICE LIST. EXPORTS WORLDWIDE.

THE LAGONDA CLUB

President: J. W. T. Crocker

Vice Presidents: A. Davey, A. W. May

Committee 1984-1985

Chairman: J. G. Ody

Treasurer: A. T. Elliott, "Greystones",
Kingsbury, Milborne Port, Sherborne,
Dorset.

Membership Secretary: B. R. Hyett, 53
Wombourne Park, Wombourne, Staffs.
WV5 0LX

Events Secretary: J. A. Batt

East Anglian Secretary: J. Stoneman

Midland Secretary: H. Taylor

Northern Secretary: H. Schofield

Southern Secretary: A. Downie

Committee: A. Brown, A. Davey
(Registrar), P. Erhardt, R. P. F. Hare, R.
Turner, B. W. Walker (Editor), D. Westall

Secretary: Mrs. V. E. May, 68 Savill Road,
Lindfield, nr. Haywards Heath, Sussex

The Spares Service:

P. Whenman

2 Litre, 3 Litre and 16/80 Cars

"The White Cottage", Phoenix Green,
Hartley Wintney, Hants. Tel: 025
126-2589

Alan Brown

3½ Litre, 4½ Litre and V.12 Cars

Matley Moor Cottage, Matley Lane, Hyde,
Cheshire SK14 4EG. Tel: (061) 338 2766
or some nights (Northern Lagonda Factory:
(061) 633 7356)

Liaison Officer for DB Cars:

R. E. Turner, 7 Balmoral Crescent, West
Molesey, Surrey. Tel: (01) 979 6343.

I Forshaw

Aston Service, Dorset

Border Secretary: Position to be filled

Scottish Secretary: To be announced

Australian Representative: B. A. Jacobson,
11 Glendora Lane, East Doncaster, Victoria
3109, Australia

U.S.A. Representative: B. Happe,
23 Pine Hill Drive, Dix Hills, Long Island,
New York 11746, U.S.A.



MAGAZINE

Issue No. 127

Winter 1985

Editor: B. W. Walker, 118 Pailton Road,
Shirley, Solihull, W. Mids.

Assistant Editor: H. Taylor, 10 Hill Rise,
Trowell, Notts. NG9 3PE.

CONTENTS

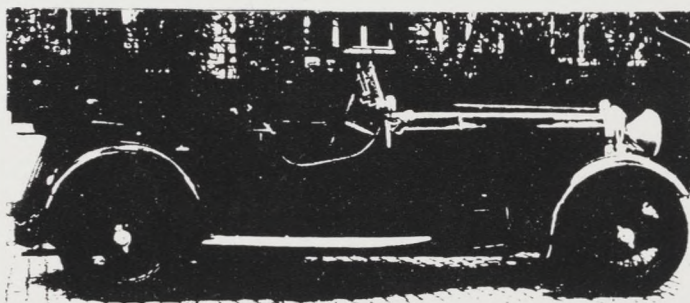
Out and About	4
AGM Concours	4
Obituaries	5
American Representative	8
Lagonda Club Visit to Le Mans.	
A Ten Day Story of Lagonda Folk	9
Quatre Jours en France,	
Vingt-quatre Heures du Mans	25
De Aquoso Languore	32
FPB 198—Forty Years On	
1937-1977	34
Letters to the Editor	37

FRONT COVER: The 3 Team Cars at the pits.

Photo: Peter Whenman.

The 1935 Winner in front of the pits in 1985.

Photo: Alec Downie.



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 30th March please.**

Out and About.

WHICH IS WHERE, this time, the Editor is going to keep his pen in his pocket and let the magazine enjoy itself. All I will say is thank you to all the people who have written articles or sent in pictures for this special edition.

In the end there was sufficient to allow

PUB MEETS

Midlands: Third Thursday in each month at the "Green Dragon", Willington (just off the A38 between Derby and Birmingham).

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: Joint Lagonda/VSCC meet. Third Thursday in each month at the "Floating Light" nr Marsden, on the Lancashire/Yorkshire border.

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 "Pipe & Glass" South Dalton, between Beverley and Malton. Map reference: 965 454, Sheet 106.

plenty of choice. I hope that in producing this issue I have not become responsible for the next increase in subs being brought forward.

For future articles please would you note the change of address for the Editor to: 118 Pailton Road, Shirley, Solihull, W. Mids.

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

Copy instruction books:

16/80, 2 lt. H/C, 2 lt. L/C, 3/3 1/2 lt., M.45, LG.45, LG.6, V.12 £5.00

Copy Meadows Engine Catalogue £2.50

Car Badge £5.00

Lapel Badge—oval, brooch fitting £1.25

Lapel Badge—winged, pin fitting £2.00

Tie—blue or maroon Terylene £4.00

Key Fob £1.50

Overall badge £1.25

Magazine Binder (holds 12 issues) £2.50

Short history of the Lagonda £0.75

V.12 "Trader" sheets £0.75

Postcard size jig-saw puzzles £0.50

Book £17.50 + postage & packing £2.00

= £19.50 UK. Overseas £17.50 + £3.50

= £21.00

Umbrella with Lagonda badge £12.50

Available from the Secretary, Mrs V. E. May
68 Savill Road, Lindfield, Nr. Haywards Heath, Sussex.

AGM Concours 1985.

West Park Lodge, Potters Bar—22.9.85

Car Club Trophy

Jean Walschaert (Belgium)

LG45 DHC (BCH 654)

Class 2/3-litres

Geoff Seaton 3-litre (GH 1251)

David Willoughby 2-litre S/C (GO 4495)

Class 4 1/2-litres

Phil Erhardt M45 DHC (AXX 790)

R Grindell M45 (BGW 254)

Awards of Merit

John Stoneman M45 Saloon

Robbie Hewitt M45 Team Car

Don Hoggard 3 1/2-litre Tourer

Post War—DB's

Not awarded.

Obituaries.

ROBERT T. CRANE, "Bob" as he was known to us all, died on 10th August in hospital at the age of 82.

Bob was a long-standing and stalwart member of the Lagonda Club which he joined in 1957 with his beautiful V-12 sedan. It was shortly after this that he agreed to become our representative in the States and was responsible for organising all the American and Canadian members' subscriptions and requirements on a collective basis, as well as keeping track of Lagondas when they changed ownership. As a result of his very thorough work the Club's affairs in North America were always well administered.

Bob had lived at Lake Mohawk, Sparta, New Jersey, for over fifty years and played a considerable part in the development of this residential area. He received a Degree in electrical engineering in 1924 and during the growth of Lake Mohawk was vice-president, chief architect and sales manager for his family's company. His career spanned the period from 1926 until his retirement in 1980 and he was the designer of over 500 homes in the area.

He was a member of many local societies both professional and leisure orientated—former commodore of the Lake Mohawk

Yacht Club, trustee of the Lake Mohawk Country Club, member of the Golf Club and former Scoutmaster. Bob was also a member and elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Sparta, a charter member of the Sparta Rotary Club and third president of the Club and holder of the highest Rotary honour, a Paul Harris fellow.

Bob worked extremely hard on behalf of the Lagonda Club and his letters were always newsy and cheerful—even his last one to the Club when it was obvious that because of the treatment he was receiving he was very ill.

I, probably more than most people in the Club, got to know Helen and Bob really well through our regular correspondence. Tony and I were fortunate enough to entertain this charming couple in our home and also met them at the A.G.M. as they were able to attend, the last time being some years ago at Burnham Beeches.

The Club was extremely fortunate to have such a likeable man as their American representative, he was a true gentleman and we all miss him very much. Our condolences have been sent to Helen and the family.

VALERIE MAY

FRANK FEELEY 1912-1985. Frank Feeley died in August and with his passing goes our last link to the staff of the old Lagonda factory. He joined the company straight from school in 1926 as office boy to the Assistant Works Manager. His father was already there, his principal job being in the chassis erecting shop. The Assistant Works Manager was responsible for chassis and body work, so naturally this became young Frank's domain, turning his hand to everything, gaining experience and learning to draw. The body designer was W. R. Buckingham and Frank eventually became his assistant. At this period there was very rarely a new body design, the shapes of tourers and saloons were modified every year but only slightly and

a strong family resemblance is traceable.

By 1933 Frank was allowed to do his first complete body, the special two seater that were fitted to the Rapier prototypes. These were actually built by Whittingham and Mitchell for reasons that are now forgotten. In the Spring of 1935, the newly appointed Receiver laid off most of the staff, Frank included, and he went to Newns, the coachbuilders in Thames Ditton, where his first job was to design a special lightweight doorless two seater on the Rapier for Sir Malcolm Campbell.

After the refloating of Lagonda under Alan Good, Eddie Bolton very soon quarrelled with the new management and resigned. W. R. Buckingham was promoted to Works Manager in his place

and Frank Feeley became the Body Designer at the ripe old age of 25. His first designs were portents of what was to come; the tourer, saloon and drophead coupé on the LG45. The saloon was clearly descended from the M45 Rapide, the tourer also, but the drophead was a Lagonda first and undeniably beautiful.

The staff at Staines soon split into the Bentley and Watney factions in this period and Frank Feeley was clearly in the latter section, finding W. O. a difficult and distant man to work with, without denying his brilliance as an engineer. The battles with Bentley over the V-12 styling have been told before, but there is no denying the superb result, and Lagonda found themselves the style setter for the industry. The LG45 Rapide successfully trod the knife edge between flamboyance and stentation: the V-12 short saloon had the first successful solution to the re-entrant angle between rear window and boot; the dummy spare wheel cases containing the jack and tools gave effective enlargement to the boot and also meant that the luggage needn't be disturbed. The list is endless.

Then came the war and everyone at Staines turned their hand to the most amazing jobs for six years, the bodyshop being principally occupied with aircraft production. Well, not quite totally because the designs for the LB6 started quite early on and Frank produced a wooden model for the post war car well before VE Day.

With the David Brown takeover and the move to Feltham, more schisms appeared as ex-Lagonda and ex-Aston Martin employees tried to make a single company work. Frank found an enlightened boss in David Brown, with whom he always got on well and for whom he produced some of the best body designs ever seen, the Aston Martin DB2 in all its variations and the DB3S in particular being highlights. It has only recently been discovered that the reason the 2.6 litre Lagonda looks to have been designed by two different people is that it was; Frank's front part being grafted on to someone else's rear. He also turned his hand to boat design when David Brown insisted that there was no need to go to a boat yard with the facilities on hand at

Feltham.

Frank finally left the firm when the move of the company to Newport Pagnell meant he would have to uproot to stay with them. He preferred to remain in Staines and went to work in the aircraft industry around London Airport. He did not have a high regard for the standards he found there but persevered until retirement in 1977.

The Lagonda Club first "discovered" him at a reunion held at the old Lagonda factory in the sixties. Many "old lag" turned up and I well remember meeting Frank and the way in which he instantly solved all the mysteries of body types that had been plaguing us. Once you understood that "ST" stood for "pillarless" it was all quite simple really.

Thereafter we kept in touch and when researching the Lagonda book he was a tower of strength. Wendy and I spent several days with the Feeleys and he very kindly re-created the original drawing of the LG45 Rapide for the book. More than anyone, he was responsible for fleshing out the story with people and anecdotes and, I hope, preventing it from becoming a prosy catalogue of cars.

In a world where reputations are made by a single body design it is a shame that Frank Feeley has been so overlooked, when he has a string of elegant designs extending over twenty years to his credit. Many a lesser designer has had books written about him and Frank really does deserve a full scale biography. He was friendly and approachable, forthright and entertaining, conscious of his own talent but personally modest. I count it a great privilege to have known him and will miss him greatly.

ARNOLD DAVEY

Advertising rates in the Magazine
are: £25.00 per whole page.
Smaller spaces pro rata.

"LAGONDA—A HISTORY OF THE MARQUE"

by Davey & May

Now available from the Secretary at £17.50.

Overseas add £2.50 post and packing.

American Representative.

HAROLD AND PEGGY HAPPE immediately offered, on Bob Crane's death, to take over his duties and for this the Committee is very grateful. Subscriptions are flowing in now and I am sure another happy

relationship has started. Thank you so much, Harold and Peggy. We shall look forward to a visit from you before long when business permits.

VALERIE MAY

PISTONS : CYLINDER LINERS : GASKETS

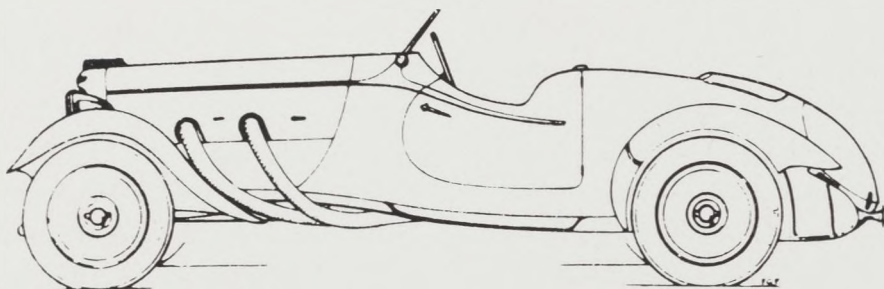
We supply **EX STOCK** Pistons and Cylinder Liners for most Lagonda models from 1926 to 1937. Oversizes available.

Gaskets manufactured to order.

PETER HEPWORTH COMPONENTS LTD.

Pool Road, Pool in Wharfedale, Otley, West Yorkshire LS21 1EG

Tel: Arthington (0532) 843434



HERB SCHOFIELD

**Complete car interior restoration service
by experts. Anything in leather.**

**Mechanical work now undertaken.
We are the acknowledged experts on
the 4 1/2 Lagonda.**

**LAGONDA GARAGE, REAR 44 LONDON ROAD, OLDHAM
LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND**

Telephone: 061-633 7356/061-624 6236

Lagonda Club Visit to Le Mans. A Ten Day Story of Lagonda Folk.

Day 1—Saturday 8 June, 1985

WE LEFT VERY EARLY so early in fact, that we could almost have been the dawn chorus, not that we felt like singing after the disappointment of not being able to travel in our V-12 (due to steering problems which were not rectified in time for the holiday). We parked our Allegro at the Newhaven terminal and caught the boat as normal passengers. Met Peter Whenman on board and told him of our troubles (re V-12 steering) and without further ado he arranged for us to go with Tim Bassett of Meon Travel in his Audi 100. We travelled with him to the first stop. We had a good crossing and chatted most of the way to Eleanor and Ted Townsley, Ted was telling me the problems he was having with the cooling system on his LG45, refilling every 200 miles. Everyone got lost on the way to Vimoutier, probably because they were following us, half the time you didn't know where you were going. A lot of the road signs were on top of the crossroads and some of the time they were not there or, should I say, appeared not to be there. We eventually arrived first, would you believe, at the Hotel L'Esale du Vitou which was a new leisure complex. After directing the Lagondas down to the Hotel, just in case anyone missed the Hotel sign, we washed and went down for dinner where we sat with Mike and Wendy Hoare, Carol and Ian and two friends of theirs, we all had a great evening and too much wine (Mike's fault, he kept topping up our glasses). After midnight and time for bed we staggered up the hill to the hotel. On arrival we found Peter Whenman and Bob and Brenda Goodchild (whom we later found out were on honeymoon). We asked why they were outside and their reply was that the door was locked. I thought this was a bit funny

so I reached out and turned the handle, pulled the door and bingo, it opened. Apparently they had been pushing it for about 10 minutes. You have to watch that french wine. It can do funny things to folk.

Day 2—Sunday 9 June, 1985

—12e Randonnee des Trois Valleees—Went down to breakfast after which Peter introduced us to Ruth and John Stoneman and we arranged to go with them on the rally. Everyone was busying themselves playing motor cars. Bob Goodchild had to roll his LG45 down the hill to start. He thought the oil had packed in because he had no pressure showing but it was the steep hill that was the problem because on the level it was alright. Ted Townsley was still having problems with his cooling system. After a while we all set off for Vimoutier town square which was the starting point for the ANVE rally. There were 21 Lagondas, plus a similar amount of French vehicles from Citroens, Talbots, Fiat, Bierlet, UNIC and few others. After welcoming speeches (at least I think that's what they were) by Patrick Guillioux, the rally commenced with the cutting of carrot. This consisted of someone putting a carrot down a tube and the participants trying to chop it in half, no points there I'm afraid. After this we jumped into John's 1934 M45 Pillarless saloon and made for the first checkpoint which was in a forest and took some 30 minutes to reach (what was the big furry ball?) a question I'm still asking myself. Off again this time down a steep hill to a farm which had home brewed cider and Calvados. Not having ever drunk Calvados I decided to sample it and by golly I reckon they could put ICI out of business as far as their paint stripper is concerned. At this stop we had to juggle for points. The wife obliged and

at last we were off and running with 10 points to our credit. After this sobering experience we made our way to Cabourg on the Normandy coast where we were given preferential treatment, parking in the main road which was closed to other vehicles, and received by the Mayor at a Champagne reception in the Town Hall. What a lovely drop of bubbly it was. The little old French lady thought so because she nipped in for her share. I must say the standard of gate crashers in France is a bit on the low side. After this aperitif we all drove down the Main Street blowing our horns and waving. We eventually came face to face with the Grand Hotel, a very imposing three star hotel, overlooking the seafront. We were directed where to park by the Manager of the Tourist Office who was in his element, waving his arms and yelling 'watch me' in very broken English, the fuss he was making you would have thought he was parking a Jumbo Jet, heaven forbid. Nevertheless he caused one hell of a laugh. The shame was we had left the cameras behind. With the cars safely 'railed off' we all went in for lunch. This consisted of Seafood with rice, followed by Lamb and Ratatouille followed by mousse with raspberry sauce and piped cream and finally coffee, not forgetting the ever present white and red wine. After two hours thereabouts (some of us a bit worse for wear), that reminds me I must stop drinking the wine soon, we slowly drove the cars past the Mayor, back round the other side of the Hotel, and out round a very large roundabout with an abundance of flowers and bushes making the place look very nice. It must have taken us about 30 minutes by the time we had driven through the crowds and to our astonishment, where did we end up but back at exactly the same place on the seafront. As one can imagine this caused howls of laughter. Later came the prize giving with Alec Downie winning a cup for best car with his LG45 Rapide and of course a bottle of the ever popular Calvados. Peter Whenman presented a portrait of a 2-litre Lagonda to the French contingent ANVE (Association Normande de Vehicules D'Epoque). Almost everyone who took part in the rally received a bottle

of Calvados and a bottle of perfume. After this we all made our way back to the hotel at Vimoutiers. After changing we went down the hill for dinner where we sat with Eleanor and Ted Townsley, Bob and Brenda Goodchild and Roger and Beryl Firth. We had a lovely meal and the entertainment afterwards was endless. One of the French crowd (we were joined that evening by some of the ANVE members) sang a song, he had a very fine voice, Eleanor sang On Ilkley Moor ba Tat with everyone joining in the chorus, Jim Bradshaw played his accordin and those who could balanced spoons on the end of their noses and, I almost forget, David Hine gave us one of his monologues; King Harold I think it was called. It was a really smashing day and evening enjoyed by all.

Day 3—Monday 10 June, 1985

We decided we would hire a car for the rest of the trip so, after a continental breakfast, we tried to make the Hotel manageress understand (but after 10 minutes) we still hadn't got anywhere. Help was at hand. Thankfully Eleanor Townsley produced a phrase book and, hey presto, we were through to Hertz in no time. Rolly Hill and his wife Ruth very kindly took us all the way to Caen which was the nearest Hertz. We travelled in their Rover 2600 SDI while the rest of the family went off in their Grey LG45. After sorting all the hiring problems out, and making double sure we could return the car to Dieppe, we finally drove away in a Peugeot 205 and started our journey across country to Dinan. We went via Mont St. Michel, a very nice place but very commercialised. In Mont St. Michel car park the V-12 Replica was having its carbs checked out, but no help was required so we made our way to Dinan. On arrival we parked in the central car park just opposite the Police Station and made our way to the Hotel des Remparts. After a rest we wandered down to the square and saw a nice row of Lagondas parked outside the Hotel Marguerite. There was a zebra crossing, or something to that effect, just past the hotel so we decided to cross on it. Seeing the French cars slowing down, I thought that it was nice of them to stop

for us. We stepped out and, wham, it was like the start of Le Mans. They were coming straight for us and bingo we were back on the pavement, quicker than a rabbit on a promise. Then it dawned on me they were only slowing down to have a look at the cars. On entering the Hotel we found John, Ruth, Jim and Joan Bradshaw and Bob and Brenda, so we all sat down for dinner and, of course, more wine.

Day 4—Tuesday 11 June, 1985

After breakfast I helped organise the departure of the cars from the underground car park. The garage full of Lagondas looked quite impressive. John Stoneman's M45 Saloon had to be driven onto bricks and then the bricks moved along so as to avoid hitting the exhaust system on a rise as you left the garage. Bob was wondering how to make Castrol R from red wine as there was a big shortage of that particular oil. After vacating the garage a lot of the cars parked in the main square where they caused a lot of interest (as wherever we went). So much so that the local dentist cancelled all his patients that morning so that he could view the cars. Too bad if anyone had toothache, they would just have to suffer for that morning at least. Before setting off for our next port of call we went and had a look around the old part of town where we found a very nice, typically French, corner shop and bought some lunch time goodies. About midday our grey 205 headed out of Dinan (a shame really for it appeared to be a very nice place and not spoilt by tourism). The sun shone and we didn't see any Lagondas on our way. About two hours on we stopped for lunch by a small lake which was edged by yellow water iris with a fountain in the middle and we thoroughly enjoyed our lunch of crusty bread, ham and paté de fois washed down by red wine. (White would have been better.) It was all very quiet and peaceful as we sat and listened to the cuckoo but suddenly our peace was shattered, as Eleanor and Ted Townsley flashed by on full throttle, so we decided to pack up and make our way. Some time later we saw AGE 730 with Don Overy and Ernie. We

followed them and their occasional smoke screen all the way to Champtoceaux (because they seemed to know where they were going). We crossed the Loire, turning left on the other side, and made our way past Hotel Chez Claudie up a winding road giving lovely views of the Loire to the Hotel de la Cote. The proprietor decided he had better hang out the Union Jack so it flew outside the hotel for three days. After depositing our cases we went up to the Town Square where, yes you've guessed it, a lot of the cars were assembled. The third hotel (Des Voyageurs) which the club occupied was on the square which was also next to the church (it is said some people who stayed there can still hear the church clock striking). We sat down and ordered some drinks and a little later Ruth and John joined us. That evening, with Ruth and John, we decided to dine at Chez Claudie which was at the bottom of the hill and overlooked the Loire. When we arrived most of the others were there. The wine flowed, as usual, and there was much merriment at David Hine's table especially when he recited one of his monologues, a naughty one I might add.

Day 5—Wednesday 12 June, 1985

Breakfast at Hotel de la Cote consisted of rock hard boiled eggs, bread and jam and tea or coffee. I must say it was different! Most of the men folk were checking out their thoroughbreds, Mike Hoare's 4½-litre Bentley tappets being on the loud side. Others were cleaning including John le Bond from Pittsburgh, USA with his recently purchased Aston Martin DB6 (to go with his M45 Rapide back home), Roland Morgan checking the oil again in his 2-litre L.C. and his friends checking water. John Stoneman's saloon was having a good wash and leathering down. Hume Logan and Terry were checking out his lovely restored blue M45 DHC.

At last we were on our way in the M45 heading for Haute Goulaine. It was alright going down hill but going up the other side the clutch began to smell and smoke a little, this worried John and very rightly so, so we about turned and went back to the police compound passing many Lagondas on their way to the Chateau de

Goulaine. I noticed some dust flying as Alistair Barker was giving his V-12 some full throttle. As soon as we got back it was on with the overalls and to work, but Ruth and Carol said no, so we had to do it ourselves. We took the seats and the floor out, then the small cover which revealed the adjuster nuts for the clutch, we then removed the split pin, loosened the nut, replaced the split pin then repeated the process twice more, we then replaced the floor and seats and made ourselves respectable. By this time the ladies had returned from shopping and we at last got away again. We arrived at the Chateau some 1½ hours late due to the clutch, we were shown straight into the dining room and were warmly greeted by the Marquis and Marchioness de Goulaine, their perfect English making us feel at ease, they enquired if the car was now alright and John assured them it was. We were then shown to our seats. Ruth and John sat with the Marquis while Carol and I sat with Bob and Brenda Goodchild, Jeff and Hilary Leeks and Gert Jenson and his good lady. We had a good lunch. Apparently it was a peasants lunch consisting of a cold salad starter followed by Black Sausage, Lamb Chop and haricot beans. This was served with red wine again and again, then came the cheese and dessert accompanied by the Marquis' own Muscadet (very nice). After lunch I happened to see Alec Downie and on the spur of the moment (mad fool that I am) said "how about a lift back this afternoon", "sure" said Alec. Before we left we went and saw the marvellous Butterfly farm, the colours were lovely. Well, alas, it was time to say goodbye to our hosts. They seemed almost sad to see us go. I guess the Marquis got a bit nostalgic thinking of the collection of pre-war cars he once owned. The ride back in Alec's Red LG45 Rapide was very fast on the short stretch of motorway, and Sylvia kept him under a tight reign on the other parts (wine, Calvados and fast cars definitely do not mix) for it is a very fast and tight car. Back at the church square we had drinks of the non-alcoholic kind and a chat. That evening we dined at the Hotel de la Cote. John had seafood, but Ruth, Carol and I were not too hungry.

Day 6—Thursday 13 June, 1985

A lazy day. I decided to have a lay in. Carol went to the local shops and we went off for a small trip, found a spot on the Loire River where we had a picnic and watched the barges going up and down river, Carol listened to the Archers on the car radio (2.40 pm). She must have been the only one in France. Later on we went back over the river and drove through the local countryside which was mostly vineyards, we got back about 5 pm. That evening we arranged with Ruth and John to have our evening meal at La Forge which was just past the church square. A very pleasant restaurant and we had a very good meal with all the trimmings.

Day 7—Friday 14 June, 1985

As we left Champtoceaux we looked back on its fine views over the Loire. We headed for Tours which was roughly a four hour journey. It took us a bit longer because we got a little lost, the road signs again, well I've got to blame something. Tours was a lot larger than I had expected. I somehow thought it would be a smallish town. We eventually found our Hotel, the Le Royal. After settling in we went for some refreshments and then for a stroll into the centre of Tours where we admired the fine columned Town Hall, with the more modern, not so admirable, Magistrates Court next door. On the way back we saw Frank Childs pulling in with his green M45 and Alistair Barker in his V-12 which was bubbling a bit. After a short rest (that's all you got on this holiday) we got ready for dinner which was at the Vouvray caves, just out of Tours. It was a joint function with the Aston Martin World Owner's Club. We were told, just for a change, that the wine would flow so coaches were laid on to transport us. We sat with a couple from the Aston Martin trip who had a Vantage drophead and didn't waste any time in letting us know its worth. It's amazing when one thinks of how much most of the Lagondas were worth and did anybody brag, not on your life. The food was so so but more wine and a little dancing helped. On my right Steve (Frank Childs travelling companion) kept telling jokes and making us laugh (mind you we

laughed most of the time on this holiday. After Jim Bradshaw gave us a tune on the electric organ shame we had to leave really, I think Jim would cheerfully have played for a couple of hours more. We made our way back to the coaches and within minutes the singing started and Roland Morgan promptly went to sleep amidst all the noise of those songs. We arrived back at our hotel at approximately 2 am, and after one or two drinks at the bar, went to bed at 2.30 am (Sat).

Day 8—Saturday 15 June, 1985—Le Mans

I woke up at 6.30 and couldn't get back to sleep, so about 8 am we went down to breakfast. Most of the others were already there including Wilkie Wilkinson, Mike Edmonson and his brother who were the older contingent. After breakfast we went over to the other hotel and met Ruth and John. We all piled in the M45 and headed out through the centre of Tours for Le Mans. As the roads improved the engine revs increased until we were doing a steady 70 mph. Except for the twin speakers in the back which John and I were unable to tune or switch off (I didn't even find the radio though it did stop whenever the ladies got out) the car sped on through the French countryside and after a while the signs started to come up for the Sarthe circuit. We arrived at noon and parked with the other Lagondas, there were three long rows of them, probably 45-50 in all, they were all pre 1940 and looked great. After looking at all the cars, particularly

those on the short trip, which had some very fine machinery amongst its participants we started off to the circuit. We crossed the Bugatti circuit then went up through the trees to the Dunlop Bridge, we all eventually got over to the other side via the tunnel, by now the lack of sleep was really catching up and with an hour to go before the race I struggled on determined to see the start. John and I left the others near the wall and we made our way to the starting line to see what we could of the cars. There was BPK 202 looking straight down the track, its exhaust breathing fire, its body gleaming red in the sun and looking ready for another win at Le Mans. They took this fine machine out onto the track with most of the drivers for the race. Twenty minutes to go, would I last till the start of the race I asked myself. Then the aerobatics started. Parachutes descending and landing with the utmost precision straight onto the track while the Porches, Jaguars and an Aston Martin prepared for the race. The clock showed it was 2.55 pm. The tension mounted in the crowd as we watched people move from the track and leave the machines standing in isolation awaiting the off. The pace car moved off and the wild cats followed snapping at its heels, or should I say bumper. Three minutes later the pace car pulled off the track and a crescendo of roaring engines as the cars flashed past the stands at 180 mph and on under Dunlop bridge. The 24 Heures Du Mans race had started in earnest. At 3.15 I made my apologies and went back to the

Craftsman



Member

Hinster Electro Plating Works Ltd.

ESTABLISHED CIRCA 1898

- *AUTOMATIC VAT & BARRELL FACILITIES FINISHES INCLUDE CADMIUM, COPPER, TIN, ZINC, NICKEL CHROME
- *JOBING PLATING * ANODISING
- *CHEMICAL BLACK * ALOCROM * PHOSPHATE

FACILITIES AVAILABLE FOR RE-CHROMING CAR & MOTORCYCLE PARTS

READING 582773

58 PORTMAN ROAD, READING

M45 and without further ado crawled in the back and fell fast asleep. Some three hours later I awoke to find that Ruth and Carol had put a sign on the window saying 'do not disturb', Dozing Dinosaur', it didn't take me long to revive especially with the roar of engines coming from the circuit as the Porches etc., continued their battle for first place. Some short while later it was decided to proceed to dinner. There were masses of Lagondas parked outside the Hotel Saint Jacques, Thorigne-sur-Due some 19 miles from Le Mans. As usual they drew great interest from the local people. We had a nice dinner of various rice salads, Chicken and Ham supreme followed by cheese and dessert with, as usual, plenty of wine and enormous pieces of French bread. About 9 pm and still light, I wandered back to the cars thinking of a lovely bed and sleep (God I'm tired) and its only 70 miles to the hotel. Bob Goodchild was pulling John Stoneman's arm muttering no lights old chap. So drawn like a magnet I followed them to Bob's M45. Before long John said: Alan hold this, hold that headlamp (do you have to take the engine out to mend a fuse) it got dark, well it was 10.30 and most of the other Lagondas had gone. It was a big short and only one fuse left. Ruth, Brenda and Carol were in the M45 singing and telling jokes. What a noise. By 11.30 pm we were just pulling wires to find our short (most parts had been stripped and rebuilt). Just on midnight we had lights all round. Everyone had waved cheerio some while back. Jeff Ody in his Sunbeam Talbot was one of the last to leave, I think. Into our cars we jumped, Bob's only had one headlamp going. John said here's the map Alan get us back to Tours. By golly France is dark. The M45's headlights pierced the darkness like two searchlights, the countryside had a ghostly appearance about it. The car thundered on through the night, the Meadows engine not missing a beat and the two in the back asleep completely oblivious to it all. About half way we stopped to give Brenda some more covers, Alastair Barker and others appeared out of the night, to see if we were O.K., then continued their journey. At 2.30 am we finally pulled in at La Royal

in Tours and I was not tired. I continued with John to collect the 205, after dropping a very sleepy Carol at the hotel. I finally got to bed at 3 am.

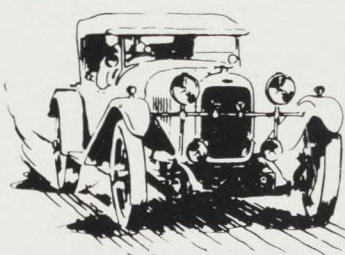
Day 9—Sunday 16 June, 1985

We saw the last hour of Le Mans on our colour TV in our room. Porsche won again. We did a tour of Tours some nice parks etc., but being Sunday everywhere was closed, by this time just about everyone had left and were homeward bound. Just a nice quiet day with an Italian meal in the evening.

Day 10—Monday 17 June, 1985

A very early start. By 6 am the city of Tours was some 20 miles behind. The early morning sun was displaying some splendid orange colours as it rose over the countryside. Somewhere along the line we took the wrong turning on the dual carriageway and some 10 miles on we realised we are getting too near Paris for comfort so we quickly turned off and headed towards Dieppe once more. Going across country and driving through some extremely pretty villages we come across one with a market. Carol wanted to stop but I said sorry dear, we must press on. I know what she's like once I let her loose. We eventually arrived in Dieppe, and straight away endeavoured to find the Hertz office. This was not as easy a task as one might have thought because, subject to what we had been led to believe, there was not a Hertz office in Dieppe. We found the garage where it used to be but Hertz had closed three months prior. We were not the only ones in this dilemma as others were turning up wanting to leave their cars. Eventually I got onto the Paris office and informed them that we would leave the car at the garage. We had lunch opposite the ferry point. Slowly, one by one, the Lagondas turned up and made their way to the ferry, even Roger Firth with his severely dented Lagonda. We all met up on the ferry and during the journey were invited onto the bridge by the 'Captain' Peter Whenman to have a look at the radar, it was all very interesting.

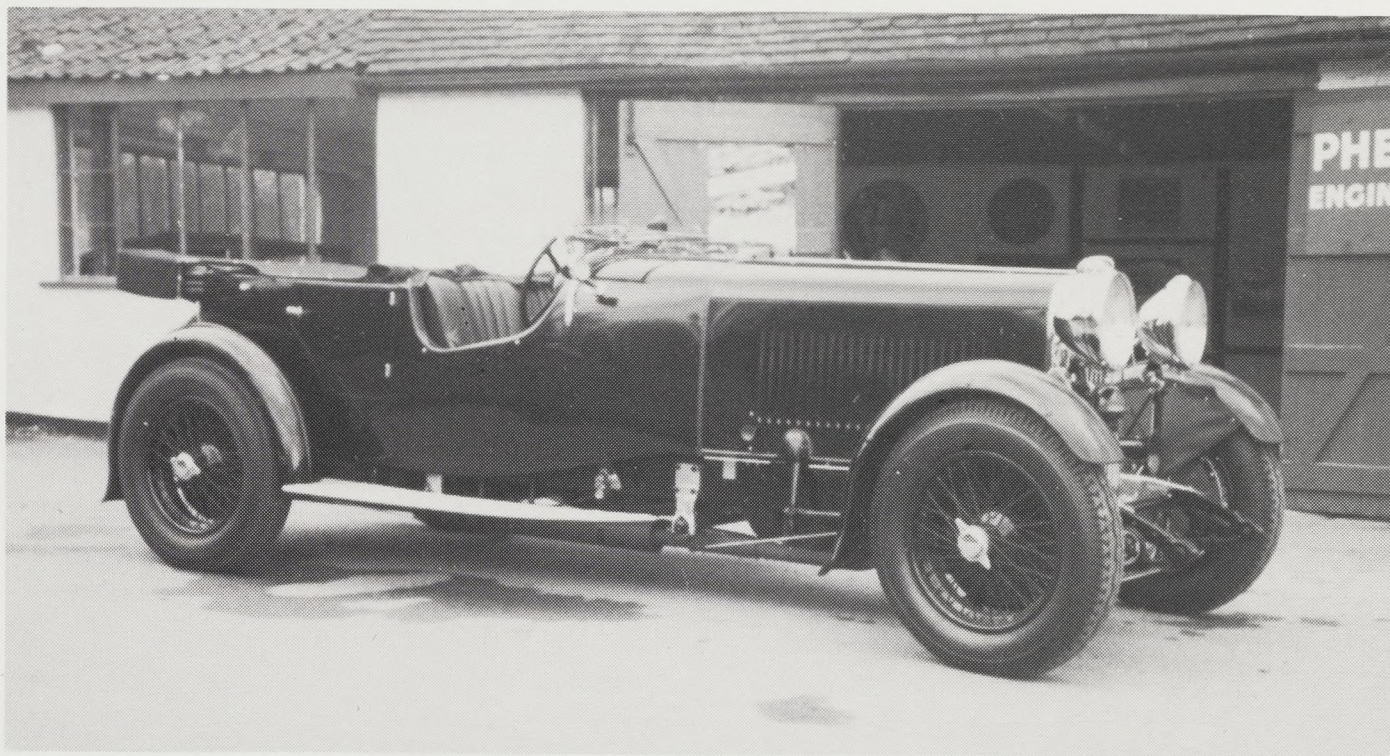
The ferry was nearly at Newhaven so it was time to say our goodbyes to everyone



Peter Whenman

RESTORATION & REPAIR FOR ALL PRE-WAR LAGONDAS

Just 20 miles along the A30 from Staines, Lagondas are still being expertly serviced and restored. Visit us at the famous 'Phoenix Inn'. You are assured of a welcome and be able to view Lagondas of all types.



1934 Lagonda 3-litre restored to concours standard

We pride ourselves in offering a comprehensive service for all Lagondas. Complete restorations, engine and chassis rebuilding, rewiring, tuning and general servicing. Retrimming and painting to concours standard.

Various replacement parts are available including:— L/C cycle wings, H.C. and M.45 wings, hood frames, tourer seat frames, complete ash frame bodies or kits for 2, 3, 16/80 or M.45 cars.

Engineers reports and valuations can be arranged.

Lagondas occasionally bought or sold.

**'Vintage Coachworks', Forecourt 'Phoenix Inn', Hartley Wintney,
nr. Basingstoke, Hants RG27 8RT. Tel: Hartley Wintney (025 126) 2589**

before docking. On leaving Newhaven we saw, nearly hidden in spray, a 4½-litre Lagonda heading home. Au revoir—here's to the next time.

ALAN AND CAROL

Sunday 9 June—Normandy Rally

EACH YEAR THE A.N.V.E. (Association Normande de Vehicules D'Epoque) holds a two day rally which finishes at Cabourg, a pleasant seaside resort a few miles from Deauville. Alec Downie and Peter Whenman had taken part on several occasions and always enjoyed themselves. This year the Le Mans trip prevented our members from joining the rally on the Saturday but the organisers agreed to include us in the Sunday section.

My wife and I had made our own way to the weekend staging area at Vimoutiers and as we intended to carry on with our usual camping holiday after the Le Mans weekend, we had our caravan with us—towed by our modern car. We found an excellent camp site in Vimoutiers itself, only 5 minutes walk from the town centre and after enjoying a good relaxing first night dinner at the Club's hotel complex, we retired to our caravan, looking forward to the following day's rally.

We awoke next morning to the sound of rain drumming of the roof and debated whether to opt out—my car has no hood and the prospect of driving around in a steady downpour was not welcome. It seemed a shame to miss the event so we left our departure until the last minute and then set out in leather coat (vintage 1940), plastic mac and carrying VSCC broolly for stationary periods.

Vimoutiers town square was crowded with French cars of all types, the oldest being a 1912 F.I.A.T. and there were also post war "Maigret" Citroens and the like. An impressive number of Lagondas were also in evidence. A briefing was given, route cards provided and signing-on consisted of a test of dexterity entitled "Bash the Rat". The rat, disguised as a carrot, was dropped through a 3 feet long sloping tube and competitors were given three opportunities to kill it with a hatchet. Most of the people I observed were

evidently animal lovers, judging by the few rats which were dispatched. Those who had been on this rally in previous years were given a different test—peeling an apple to produce as long a peel as possible. Alec had Mike Birch in his crew—well known for his expertise in this direction—and a peel 1m 30cms resulted. Mike was cheated out of an entry in the Guinness Book of Records only by a Gallic maggot which had left a hole in a crucial place.

Thereafter the cars left, following a simple route card and map, other traffic being held back by wet but friendly Gendarmes. We were soon on scenic country roads and after a while came to our first check point, where we were asked to identify a spherical object. Apparently it was a fur-ball from a cow's stomach. The route card warned us to be very careful going down a steep hill and as we approached the top we encountered a small ancient French saloon reversing back from the summit. I asked the driver in fluent French whether his brakes were inadequate and, as often seems to happen, he failed to understand. Waving a tow rope at him brought a more positive response and we were soon descending the hill with LG45 brakes proving more than adequate to retard small French car in front. At the foot of the hill two farmers were obviously highly amused at the sight of a small car towing a large one.

The next check point was a Chateau where we sampled the local alcoholic products, including Calvados. Soon after leaving this place we came across Barry Jones in his 3-litre, hoping that the sounds of little men with big hammers in his engine were not serious. Ralph Gomes and David Ayre arrived in the latter's 2-litre and a big end was soon diagnosed. The appropriate plug was removed and the car continued, noisier than ever. By now we were the last 3 cars and one of the organisers conducted us directly to the finish where we joined a procession through the town to the seafront. Our cars moved slowly along the promenade and eventually we passed the Grand Hotel which was very grand indeed. Smartly dressed waiters were watching us from

what was obviously the dining room. "What sort of posh people eat in there?" we wondered. Within minutes we were directed to our parking places and ushered into the hotel for lunch, quickly discarding plastic macs, coats, etc., and emerging resplendent in jeans and old sweaters. An excellent meal followed, washed down with copious supplies of wine and soon we were asked to parade our cars along the sea-front to be judged by the Mayor. Thence to the Casino for the prizegiving where every Lagonda driver received something to commemorate the rally. Calvados and perfume were given to us with the A.N.V.E. Club's thanks for joining them. Alec Downie received the prize for the best performance by a Lagonda and another for the Concours. After that my rain-sodden notes and wine-sodden memory indicate that David Cochrane received a special prize and so was Barry Jones—probably for having a pink ribbon on his radiator.

The Mayor of Cabourg thanked us for coming and then Peter Whenman presented prizes to some of the French drivers and to the A.N.V.E. Club in recognition of their kind hospitality.

A very enjoyable, light-hearted day set the scene for the rest of the week and we are grateful to our French friends for the welcome they gave us.

COLIN BUGLER

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: £8.50 (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.

Monday 10 June—Day 3

By 0830 there was little sign of life—the previous night's revelry had taken its toll. Overnight it had been raining hard but the torrential downpours failed to awake hardly a soul. There wasn't much respite

for some however as Ralph's epertise was put to the test for the first time, getting to grips with Barry Jones's 3-litre piston problems but by the end of the day the job was successfully completed. A pity they couldn't do something to Barry's exhaust as well—such are its raucous tones!

So they were stuck in Vimoutiers all day whilst the day's trip for the rest of us was the drive from Vimoutiers to Dinan, travelling westwards towards St Malo. For those who wanted to see Mont St Michel a voluntary diversion was on the day's card. The weather, following on from overnight, looked dubious from the outset but the optimists took a chance with the hoods down. Good decision as it turned out to become a beautiful day.

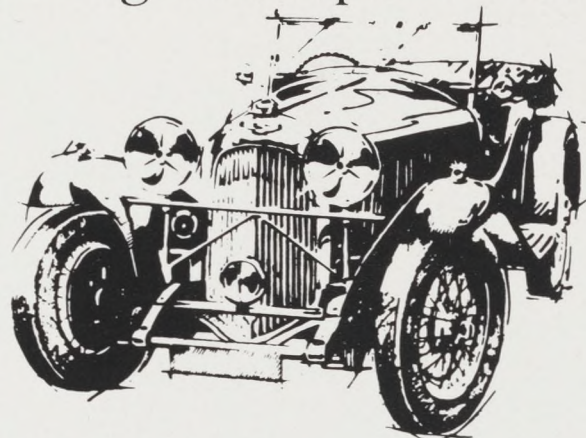
Nearly everyone had a beautiful ride too—except poor Hume Logan and family who nearly didn't make it. In fact, they thought their holiday was up. His beautiful M45 VDP coupé, painstakingly restored with hours of midnight oil, hadn't had much of a chance to run-in back home in Ireland. So there was always a bit of a? about her lasting the course. Cruising along happily with Richard Bush's M45 some very nasty noises developed under the bonnet. Luckily Peter Whenman was steaming up behind in the Team Car. Things looked ominous for Hume, preparations were made to leave the car at a local Citroen garage and the AA 5* policy was starting to look like reality. Then, miraculously on the way to the garage she suddenly settled down—to cruise all the way to Dinan at 40 mph. You wouldn't have believed it possible!

So everyone got to Dinan—the most attractive of 11th century towns in glorious sunshine. We were split into 3 hotels all rather more luxurious than the spartan Vimoutiers chalets. 18 of the cars were garaged in the Ramparts underground garage. Getting them in was 'pas de problem'—but the next morning saw a few fun and games with wooden planks, bricks etc to save some silencers being battered on the exit humps.

That evening lots of us were to be seen before dinner basking outside the bars around the town—and then we all enjoyed our best meal so far in some of the

ASTON MARTIN-LAGONDA SERVICE

For day-to-day servicing, major and minor repairs, full mechanical rebuilds of all thoroughbred sports cars



DEDDINGTON HIGH ST. GARAGE

(Proprietors: D.N. & B.M. Greenwood)

DEDDINGTON, OXON, OX5 4SJ

TEL.: DEDDINGTON 38324



WANTED!

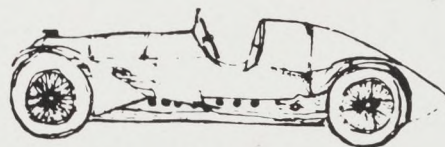
Any interesting Old Motor

Prefer big saloons, open, sports and distinctive cars.

But any machine considered.

Pay cash. Distance no object.

Write with picture to:
Mr. Arnold, P.O. Box 198, Eindhoven
4500 Netherlands.



For those small machined items, i.e. bushes, clevis pins, shackle-pins, special screws, etc., reconditioning of machined items. One offs a speciality.

Parts made to pattern or drawings. Design work undertaken. Precision turning, milling, drilling, fitting in all materials.

NO JOB TOO SMALL

Contact: Bill Evans (E.14 2-litre L.C. owner)
INDUSTRIAL PROTOTYPES & DESIGNS LTD.
01-674 3303

Evenings — Weekends

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS BY:

SPRING:

30th March

AUTUMN:

30th September

SUMMER:

30th June

WINTER:

31st December



Waiting for the boat. Roger Cooke's 4½-litre closest.

Photo: Roger Cooke.



Dinner at the Hotel St. Jaques. L to R: Trevor Peerless, Viv Ball, Norma and Don Hoggard, Colin Ball, Penny Peerless, David Jordan and Ian. Photo: Penny Peerless.



Long Trippers and their cars at Chateau de Goulaine. From L to R.

Photos: Alec Downie.





Short Trippers and their cars at the Alencon Reception.

Photos: Top: Jeff Ody, Bottom: Stephen Lewis.



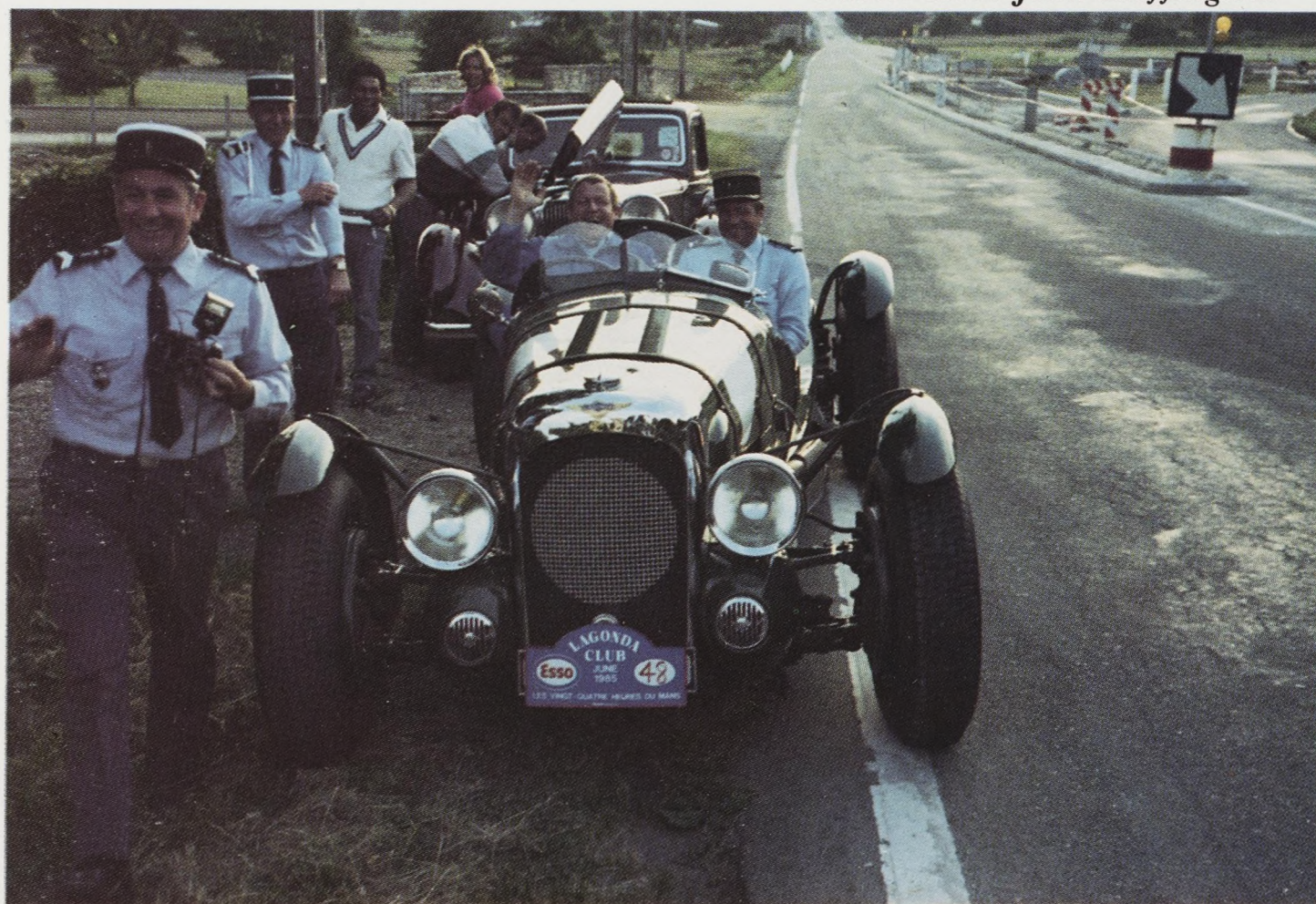


Dick Sage, 1928 2-litre Team Replica finds where Samuelson went wrong in 1928.

Photo: Dick Sage.

. . . Whilst the gendarmes prepare to attend the scene in Phil Erhardt's V-12.

Photo: Hon. John Skeffington.



excellent restaurants. A harrassing day for Hume, a great day for everyone else.

TIM WAKELEY & RICHARD BUSH

Wednesday 12 June—Day 5

What a day we had at Château de Goulaine. We had a beautiful trip along the Loire to arrive at this old house to a great welcome. The Marquis told us the history of his family and how he has had to sell his cars for the upkeep of the château. We must have been between 3 and 4 hours eating and drinking which, after being in France a little while, one gets used to. We had a hair-raising trip back to our hotel so I am told, and spent a quiet evening getting over the gastronomical delights of the day.

ALEC DOWNIE

Wednesday 12 June—Day 5

This was to be one of the big days of the tour and there was an atmosphere of expectancy especially as the weather looked promising—hoods down, even for the most cold blooded and shorts for the hot blooded! Outside there were the usual two groups—the cool and confident, who had prepared properly and the rest of us who had made the boat with skinned knuckles and broken finger nails. While representatives of the first group washed down their cars others had the looks of anguish which accompanied mechanical misadventure. The Likely Lads had an amazing collection of odds and ends unpacked from their M45 in an effort to locate a worrying oscillation around the clutch. Ralph in a rather undignified inverted position located the problem, solved it and after cleaning the debris from the town square the lads were off, some time after the rest of the party. After a pleasant drive along the Loire the peace of the beautiful château was shattered by the noise of exhausts as the cars were marshalled into formation in the courtyard. The noise of camera shutters was equally deafening as it is rare for so many Lagondas to be together in such beautiful surroundings. Shortly the Marquis and Marquise of Goulane appeared to bid us welcome in the warmest manner.

We were given a short history of the château which the family had occupied for one thousand years and then shown round some of the apartments. After this the cars were slightly rearranged to facilitate publicity photographers—one young lady concentrating more on the occupant of one car than the old Lags themselves!

By now thirst and hunger were more pressing than a prolonged tour of the butterfly farm. The dining room soon filled and many bottles of Muscadet emptied. Peter Whenman presented the Marquis and Marquise with a framed copy of the Densham Trophy and thanked them eloquently on our behalf. The Marquis replied and then circulated and talked with many of his guests. The latter now replete, in all senses, staggered out into the sunshine and made their ways back to Champtoceau.

After a quiet period for sleep or repairs it was time for refueling again. Soft drinks were more in evidence than previously and lightly scrambled eggs replaced the exotic dishes of the night before. Nevertheless, it was a memorable day which was enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present.

HUME LOGAN

Thursday 13 June—Day 6

After the splendid visit to the Château de Goulaine on Wednesday, Thursday was regarded as a sort of rest day. Plans were being made in some quarters for a trip to the coast, but we thought that a more restrained outing would be better, and so, acting on the recommendation of the Marquis, we left the Loire valley for a day at Clisson. This historic town on the River Sèvre Nantaise had been rebuilt in the Italian style after a comprehensive fire, and the view from the castle showed many low-pitched, red-tiled roofs. Clisson castle (more castle than château) was in the process of restoration and seemed to be full of Vintage English visitors. We found a good little Crêperie for lunch, and again ate too many galettes. Afterwards we met up with Graham and Tina Saw and went off for a siesta in the countryside. Our first choice of field seemed ideal for about five minutes, until an inquisitive bull prompted

a strategic withdrawal to the other side of the gate. The restful tranquillity of the countryside was then only interrupted by the rustling of paper, sipping of wine, and sneezing of hay-fever sufferers.

We booked a table on our return to Champtoceaux at the Auberge de la Forge, and later that evening were treated to the best meal of the whole trip. Superb food and wine with service and setting to match, and excellent value. This made the prospect of leaving for Tours the next day seem much less attractive.

DAVID COCHRANE

Le Mans Saturday 15 June—Day 8

The great day dawned, the best for weather we had had since arriving in France. All the men were outside sprucing up their cars Jeff Leeks, as always, clad in his snow white boiler suit doing whatever he did every day to his 2-litre.

We set off quite early as we had some distance to drive to the track, of course the nearer we got the slower the progress. The atmosphere when we arrived was quite exciting, everyone chatting and pointing to one another, saying did you see. (so and so on). There were so many vintage cars there and so many people it was difficult to take things in.

We had a good walk round before crossing to the other side of the track where we thought we would have a better view. Before the race started we were very pleased to see our 3 Lagonda's out on the tarmac, we could all see Robbie in her white wooly hat, also Peter W and David Johnson in the winning car.

When the race started, I couldn't believe it, the noise those so called cars make. I'd seen racing on TV but had no idea what the real thing was like, there is no comparison. Our heads couldn't stand more than a couple of hours of this, so we had a pleasant hour or so chatting with other members and friends.

We left Le Mans and motored to the place where it had been arranged for the two trips to meet. We had a good evening again plenty to eat and much too much to drink as always.

Lots of people had decided to go back

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 £15,000) can be insured, comprehensively, for as little as £65.30.

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.

SALVAGE CLAUSE: In the event of a total loss the salvage will automatically become the property of the policy-holder.

QUALIFICATION: Membership of Lagonda Club. Proposer must be 25 years or over.

SUPPLEMENTARY SCHEME:

Qualifying members can obtain a 20% discount from conventional rates on their every day vehicle. Preferred terms will also be available for other makes veteran/vintage cars. In order to obtain a quotation, without obligation, contact:

**RICHARDSON, HICK &
PARTNERS LIMITED,
325-331 HIGH ROAD,
ILFORD, ESSEX IG1 1UJ.
Tel: 01-514 3333**

to Le Mans to see some night racing, but Alec was a spoil sport and wouldn't go.

We left to motor back to our hotel which was about 60 miles away, we had a first class navigator in the front or so I thought. We went about 30 miles out of our way, and it was so cold in the back our breath was frozen. Some of these *mad men drivers* should sit in the back sometimes.

The next day we motored up to Alençon and joined in with the short trip people as our son was travelling with Nora and Peter Evans. At the reception we were pleased to see lots of our French friends from the

A.N.V.E. rally the previous Sunday. The interest shown by French people in the cars is amazing after all this excitement it was nice to sit and have a quiet meal which we shared with Ranjini and David Cochrane.

This brought the trip more or less to a close, just an easy drive up to Dieppe for the ferry, where we met up again with many more members.

Thank you Peter and Hilary and everyone else who had anything to do with the organising it was all terrific.

SYLVIA DOWNIE

Quatre Jours en France, Vingt-quatre Heures du Mans

Day One

TWENTY EIGHT LAGONDAS, one Bentley, one Invicta and a Crossley were headed by our leader, Richard Hare, in his LG45 with le Commandant of our ship in the front seat alongside, as the cavalcade of vintage motors moved into the docks at Newhaven en route for Le Mans.

TVS and BBC crews jostled for the best camera angles in the cars and on the footpaths, while interviewers quizzed prominent Club personalities.

The Lagondas formed up in a phalanx on the dockside to the fascination of the assorted, multi-coloured moderns who were swept into the corners of the ferry, leaving room for the whole of our contingent on the main deck.

In Dieppe we thundered out of the hold and were waved urgently through by Police and Customs, way out on the promenade desperately collecting our wits, our maps and our sense of Gallic direction. From there to Alençon individuals swept through the lush French countryside; little groups kept together, exhaust notes resonating amongst the long lines of Poplars and turning the heads of the villagers as the cars swept through to waving and cheers. At Alençon thirty priceless vintage motors were packed into

one garage with a 'chien de garde' while their crews were welcomed into the hotel with charm, efficiency and the promise of French food.

Thus began the "short tour" of four days surrounding the 24 hour race at Le Mans in 1985, the 50th anniversary of the Lagonda victory of 1935.

Les Plombiers Maritimes

The delinquent 2-litre water pump was soon stripped out of the engine of the car on the main deck of the ferry and brought up into the daylight of the lounge for inspection, comment and a superfluity of opinion.

"Ask Ody" they said: so he was tracked down to the miniscule loo adjacent to the lounge, where he held court. The owner, blocking both the corridor and the entrance, proffered his ill-fated pump to Ody, who presided like the Delphic Oracle from inside, generating a technological conversation to the detriment of any passenger taken short!

This was not the end: only the engineering diagnosis. The action phase absorbed the engineering staff of the ferry and culminated in the Captain and Chief Engineer personally escorting our member

ashore to the Sealink workshops to ensure first class welding and heat treatment of the offending component and making certain of the owner's enjoyment of his subsequent days in France.

A Feminist Viewpoint of The Departure Dear Messrs Fontes & Hindmarsh,

It is with gratitude to your skill and perseverance round the Le Mans track in 1935, culminating in your win of the Grand Prix d'Endurance in your Lagonda (BPK 202), that I send you Congratulations and thanks from the 30 drivers and crew of the Lagonda Club who collected on Newhaven Quay on 13th June to commemorate your success 50 years later. What a splendid excuse you gave us to join together to display and enjoy the Lagonda motor car. A cavalcade of Lagondas of various vintages, colours and creeds sped down to Newhaven Quay to board the ferry—exhausts growled onlookers waved goodbye, TV cameras rolled, drivers took deep breaths, praying that nothing had been forgotten from the final check list of all spares, and passengers who had none of the responsibility but all the enjoyment of being part of the team. There is no doubt that to be a female passenger in such a motor car as the M45 is an experience not to be missed. Warmth is critical for even on a hot day at 90 mph there can be unexpected blasts of cold draughts. Hair is another problem—sunglasses you think—fine, but even with your hair shuttered down beneath a woolly hat, stray wisps appear and flick the eye with tearful accompaniment. (Tricky when in the midst of an intricate piece of map reading.) Ski goggles might be preferable to sun glasses but a bit heavy on a hot day. So there we were, Messrs F & H,—a whole galaxy of magnificent, gleaming Lagondas, with a Singer alongside for good measure—full of anticipation for the trip to Le Mans 50 years after your epic win, collected on the Quay, thence to roll on board with the freedom of France ahead. Salut, Lagondas,

NICKY

Friday, 14 June

INTRODUCTION. I have been a member of

the Lagonda Club for over twenty years. In that time I have never voiced any opinion on Club matters, nor have I written anything for the magazine. The reasons will be evident to anyone with the temerity to read on.

Navigation Note

I don't normally use maps because of the cost, solar navigation (see "the art of coarse navigation Vol I p 86) is sufficient if completely lost; and without a map I am normally completely lost.

Brenda has developed an art known as 'map twirling' (fine navigation). When navigating, she rotates a map continuously in her hands while staring at it intently and muttering to herself. She will then suddenly fling an arm across my line of vision pointing vaguely at a continuous line of buildings and shout, "turn right".

The art of fine navigation is akin to water divining; the map need not be of the locality traversed.

It may be of interest that Brenda navigated Alençon to Dieppe without error by turning Hare's excellent inward notes upside down, so that Alençon was at the top of the page.

Friday 14 June, Part I

I shall not describe the first thing we did on Friday 14th June.

After we sat down for breakfast, le Patron put up a notice to the effect that they ceased serving breakfast at lunchtime; so we set out to explore Alençon.

We returned with sufficient liquid and solid sustenance for a picnic, and a map for fine navigation.

The map showed that on the right hand side of Alençon was the F. de Shuttters, which had a 360° view point, 340 meters up, 15 km away.

In the garage 20 Lagondas were still there gently dripping, among them an elegant LG45. I explained to the owner that we were about to visit the Alençon equivalent of the Wrekin, and we agreed to join company.

Whispered Aside

The knowledgeable reader may wonder why a chap with little experience of

Lagondas in general (currently LG45 and V-12, see LAGONDA 59 p.19 and 116 p.17) and long distance navigation in particular (LAGONDA 58 p.21) should want to accompany Brenda and I on a punishing 20 km expedition in the first place.

Perhaps it was because we explained it took us only $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to find the Motel in Newhaven.

Friday 14th June, Part II

The two Lagondas set off in line astern KY 5722 leading under coarse navigation. We rapidly circuited Alençon's ring road and switched to fine navigation at a dual carriageway junction.

The unexpectedly quick vision covering arm thrust and "right turn" shout from the navigator occurred as the lights changed. The turning circle of the M45 is 44' 8" to the right, so that full lock took us into the wrong carriageway confronting a hoard of panting 2 CVs and R5s three abreast, just as the lights changed. Whilst the P100s and my headgear seemed to mesmerise the French we were facing; we now had to reverse into the middle of the junction and the pack released by the lights in the other direction. The LG45 didn't want to play this game and turned sedately further up the road.

In due course we entered the Forêt de Perseigne climbing gently, stopping at an appropriate junction for the ladies to indulge in a little mutual map twirling and then onto the panoramic view point.

This turned out to be a sunny glade in the midst of 80' trees: there was no view. The glade was spoilt by a giant structure which I explained to Yvonne Crow was a water tower, Yvonne asked me why then was it called a Belvedere, but I don't speak Italian.

David meantime had decided that the door at the base of the tower would open if sufficient force was applied. As a Millwall supporter I would describe his attack with tyre levers and boots as awesome; but it didn't open. A gentle picnic lunch ensued. As I drifted off for a short nap, I noticed David had rushed to defend the two parked Lagondas from a party of school children and explain to them the origins

of 'La Ohonda'. A French lady Sumo wrestler in charge of the children soon opened the door to the Belvedere with her nail file and they swarmed in. We followed, climbing the stairs to the observation floor 160' up: it was a magnificent view.

Debris was packed, litter cleared, four S.V. pumps clicked, four magnetos fired 23 plugs and we set off the way we had come—almost. Fine navigation took us unhesitatingly to the outskirts of Alençon and we switched to coarse navigation, which somehow took us back out into the countryside on a road which soon became a track into a farmyard.

Imagine a bewildered French farmer having a pleasant afternoon binder twine tensioning, when two antique vehicles roll to a halt in his yard, from one leaps a coarse navigator swigging wine; from the other steps (his has doors) an English gentleman farmer demanding immediate bucelloses count figures. In due course the whole family ventured out to gaze at their peculiar visitors, and we were ushered into an immaculate kitchen with an immense oak beam.

Some cidre was brought out, it was in rather dusty bottles with wired on corks. I don't know why we were made to sit down to drink it; it was quite innocuous. With subsequent glasses we were made to eat biscuits—a strange custom. I have a hazy recollection of the conversation, I suppose it was in French. Apparently a daughter was currently in Basingstoke enjoying the traditional prunes and custard. The two Lags were able in some strange way to find their way back to the Alental without any navigation at all—the twenty Lagondas in the garage were still gently dripping.

I shall not describe the last thing we did on Friday 14th June.

E. HOLLANDS

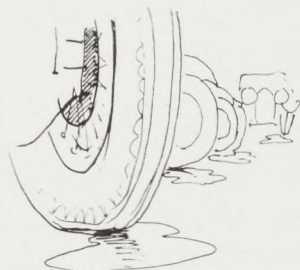
Lagondas at Le Mans

The Start

Roused by the rumble of traffic I gazed across the rooftops of Alençon from our hotel window on the fourth floor—a hazy sun, cool breeze, high cloud, and it was Race Day. James, at 9 years old, was up and

dressed and dragging me down to breakfast, the delicious aroma of French coffee wafting up the hotel's stair well.

Before tucking in to croissants, fresh rolls, Intervention butter and coffee James took me to the hotel garage to make sure all the cars were there. They were, jammed in under the one roof, the ancient shed especially emptied for us by Le Patron who was often to be seen gazing "avec le longing" at the gleaming array of Staines wear. His dog guarded the garage at night . . .



Canine guard.

The road from Alençon to the city of Le Mans, the N138, is Northern France at its most typical; a long, straight open road for most of the way passing through café studded villages, undulating, the odd level crossing, and delighted locals cheering and waving, weaving their way about our convoy in their Citroens, Renaults, and whatever other Euroboxes are produced these days. Jeff Ody and Mike Emmerson in Jeff's blue Sunbeam—Talbot led our bit of the convoy. Pat and Dick Sage followed in their resurrected 2-litre Team Car. This car was a lovely sight to follow, so very vintage with its helmeted occupants and aero screens, throbbing away down the



open road between avenues of poplars: lovely.

Approaching the environs of Le Mans, traffic broke up our convoy after a spin of about 30 miles from Alençon. There seemed to be as many Brits as any one else now, in their XJS, TR 6s, Austin Healeys, Sprites, not to mention a Chummy saloon whose scuttle had run dry, by the roadside. He was later seen at the circuit so all was well. The route to the Circuit was marked and signed by coloured "garage" signs. We all had green car stickers for the "garage verte" car park. You might think, therefore, that we followed the garage verte signs, but, Jeff is not our Chairman for nothing and took us through the "garage rouge" sign, for a conducted tour of down town Le Mans. John Batt had by this time acquired a rival convoy . . . which followed the green sign . . . shades of many a vintage rally!

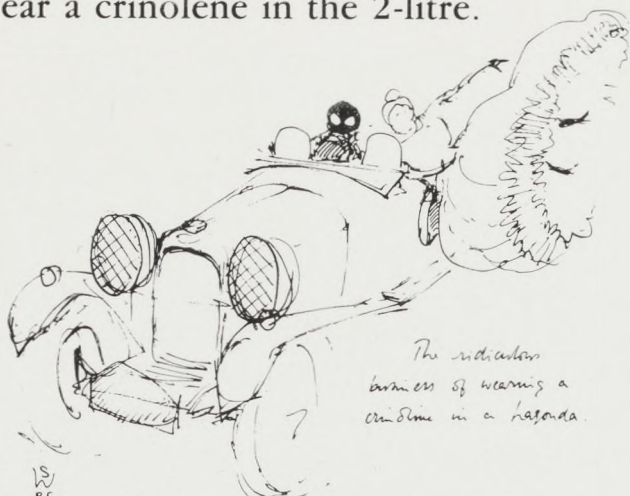
Jeff, however, had done his homework and our route to the garage verte was commendably direct. On a later occasion I followed the green signs. This took us for miles (kilometres) into lovely french countryside, in fact James, having abandoned navigating as he had not yet done La Navigation de la Système Route National Francais at school, gave me a black look and bet me 10 francs we were lost.



"LE PICNIC"

After a brief halt in what turned out to be the Gendarmerie's private car park, adjacent to the historic Le Mans cars enclosure to which we were drawn by the sight of the 2 Team Cars, we were directed to 2 rows of pegs with numbers corresponding with those on our green windscreen stickers. This was all very efficient, and left lots of space for drooling onlookers and picnics on the grass beside

the cars with yards of French bread (without which no French picnic is worthy of the name), cheeses galore, salami and saussisson, wine, beer and soft drinks for James and the non alcoholics, and a tree to provide dappled shade . . . a scene almost worthy of the Impressionists; all that was missing was the boater, and Pat Sage was certainly not going to be able to wear a crinolene in the 2-litre.



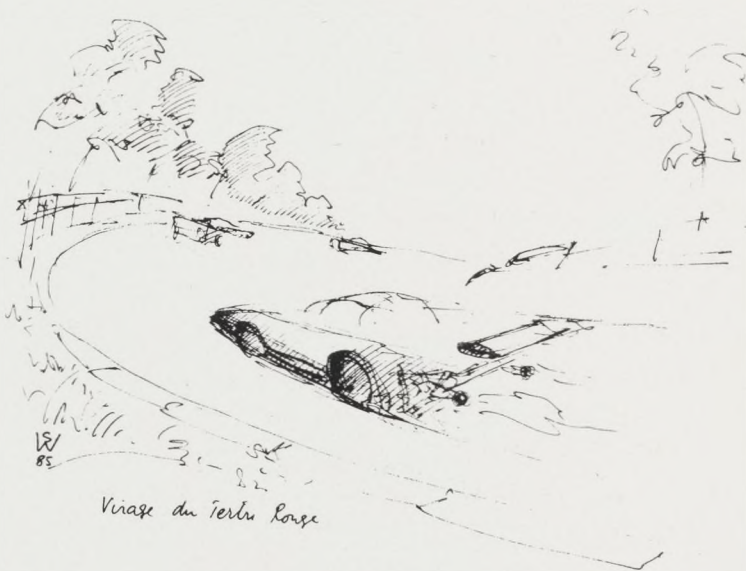
The tones of various national anthems over the public address system prompted activity, an end to lunch, and reminded us why we were here at all—apart from having lovely picnics. Jeff Ody, Mike Emmerson, James and I braced ourselves for the dusty bustle of the Paddock which was more like a busy town in the Mid West than a motor racing scene. Suddenly Mike and Wendy Hoare appeared surrounded by 10,000 souls eager for the scream of tortured metal, sweaty, T shirted, be-flip flopped, speaking in foreign tongues, stained with the dust from a thousand shuffling feet.

We just caught sight of BPK 202, The Team Car, circulating slowly and very hotly amongst thousands who thronged the grid. A pity our cars could not have been allowed to belt by the pits instead of just poodling about . . .

Forty minutes to go: James had a coke and I had an orange, both at £22 a gallon. Hoards were pouring into the Paddock. Both sides of the circuit were tightly packed. We needed a vantage point if we were to see anything of the start. With a little gentle persuasion and Mike Emmerson's binoculars James's enthusiasm was rekindled, for, at 9 years old more than 10 minutes without feverish activity invites boredom and there was still 20

minutes to the start. We jostled our way over the Dunlop bridge to the outside of the circuit and placed ourselves on a dusty ridge beneath some pine trees, from where we could see the first couple of hundred yards after the grid. A large helicopter woka-woka'd overhead, probably the TV platform.

Then it happened. A rising wailing roar of explosive dimensions obliterating all other sounds; children clasped hands over their ears; the hot air vibrated. A tightly packed mass of brightly coloured machinery screamed by, cars unidentifiable except for 2 Jaguars which had JAGUAR written on the side. Silence was to be no more for 24 hours. Round a second time, now at speed, as howling, multicylinder exhausts flashed by, the rising scream dropping to a throaty roar as they passed.



The voice of a highly tuned multicylinder engine is music to the mechanically sympathetic (especially to 16/80 owners and myself). Their bellow could be heard all round the circuit (the Le Mans cars, that is, not 16/80 owners). I've heard that inspiring sound once before, at Silverstone recently when the 16 cylinder BRM was exercised. The sound was almost tear jerking.

And so, to tea.

LT COL STEPHEN WELD

Race Night Dinner

AFTER THE EXCITEMENT of Le Mans we made our way to the dinner, following Meon's directions once again; these were quite satisfactory for the first 100 yards, until when we had expected to turn left. We were prevented from doing so by the Gendarmerie and re-routed in the opposite direction, apparently still towards Thorigne-Sur-Due.

A similarly amusing incident had occurred in the morning when a well known member alighted from his Lagonda, which was still moving, in the middle of the autoroute to enquire the way to the circuit!

On arrival the cars lined up in authentic Le Mans style, Peter Whenman continuing his minor rebuild of BPK 201 after Robbie Hewitt's searching speed test of the circuit.

Once inside we had a few drinks and were treated to some excellent Ragtime piano playing. The tables were laid out in an attractive garden area and on collecting our meals my wife and I settled at a table which contained Messrs. Hollands, Royle and other prominent Lagondaholics. A very good evening ensued although there was a certain amount of disquiet about the lack of coffee, which did not apply to our table which seemed to have double rations of everything, probably accounting for the problem in the first place. The meal was made all the more interesting by the presence of at least one genuine Brooklands mechanic.

Eventually we all prepared to depart, well satisfied, until we were confronted with Messrs. Rees, Harding and Erhardt ensconced in the à la carte restaurant, vaguely informing that they were entitled to be there because they had been tinkering with John Skeffington's 4½-litre fuel system for most of the evening.

As we attempted to leave, one of the headlights fell off, I should have known that slackening the nut to adjust the beam would strip the thread. After receiving help from a passing French *mecanicien*, with an American accent, we departed for the circuit with the lamp pointing skywards. At night finding the Mulsanne straight is not as easy as one would imagine; there seem to be a surprising

amount of passes through very dark thickets which lead nowhere in particular, but that is another story.

DAVID CROW

Sunday—An Excursion

The day dawned sunny and bright with the sun striking the roofs and chimneys of the Alentel Hotel. The weary heros (and heroines) of the Lagonda Club stirred momentarily in their beds, the previous days' racing and dinner having taken their toll. Even the ebullient Roger Cooke and his merry men now lay comotose!

After contemplation of the curtains, my wife and I decided to take the opportunity for an excursion. At breakfast it was decided that our objective would be Bagnoles De L'Orne; a resort not too far away with a local legend, of interest to Rapide owners. Hugues de Tesse, rather than kill his horse Rapide who was now too old, abandoned him in the forest. Some time later he was astonished to see the faithful steed return to his stable completely rejuvenated by the waters of the hot springs. For those Rapide owners of a mystical bent there may well be an alternative to signing all those expensive cheques or laying underneath the car for hours on end.

We set off, my wife Nora driving, with Andrew Downie acting as co-pilot. I made the supreme sacrifice and clambered into the rear seat. Every owner of an open tourer should periodically subject himself to this experience to remind him of the battering his rear passengers endure from the wind.

I donned the really only suitable gear to wear in the rear seat on a longish drive, namely leather helmet and goggles. This also has the merit if so desired of preventing almost all communication with other passengers.

We were soon motoring through picturesque rolling countryside towards Carrouges with minimal traffic. It is such a joy to drive on the better roads in France after the congested ones in the South of England.

Despite my wife driving the 16/80 in her usual brisk style with some enthusiastic

cornering, while I clutched nervously at the tonneau cover, we were overtaken en route by David Crow in his very nice green LG45 Tourer.

We entered Bagnoles at lunchtime to find the streets deserted but the restaurants absolutely bursting. After a stroll and a pre lunch drink we managed to find a free table in the restaurant of the Hotel de la Terrasse. As one would expect the meal was well up to 'la belle cuisine'—salmon terrine in a rich sauce, stuffed scallops with garlic, beef a l'americaine, turbot in normandy sauce, roast chicken, cheese, apple tart, chocolate mousse, creme caramel, two bottles of Muscadet, £27 for three people—not bad!

With difficulty, we lurched out of the restaurant to find the streets now full of the people who had presumably previously been in the restaurants. Obviously a popular place for Sunday lunch. Strolling in the sunshine by the lake and casino we watched the French indulging in one of their favourite pastimes—that of looking at other people.

Because we had to leave to be on time for the Mayor's reception at Alençon, we had no time to visit the Spa building. We therefore cannot give any further information to Rapide owners who may need their steeds rejuvenated!

On our return from Bagnoles, wet from a sudden shower of rain, we drove with other Club members through Alençon to be greeted by crowds of local citizens in front of the Hotel de Ville. Apprehensive of the crowds but appreciative of the warmth of welcome our members joined the reception to enjoy fruit juice—a surprise but very sensible. The Deputy Mayor gave a short but charming speech of welcome which was very competently replied to in French by Richard Hare—to the obvious pleasure of our host and his French guests. After a short while with our hosts we adjourned to the Hotel Alentel for our own convivial last dinner.

PETER EVANS

The Chequered Flag

FIVE TO THREE on the Sunday afternoon. A lone car seeking to escape from the pits onto the circuit to gain not a high place

but at any rate completion was blocked by officious marshalls to the anger and eventual chanting of the crowd. A more politically sensitive official, summoned from the interior of the control box relented and the car crawled out on to its last lap. This was a good decision because there followed the second Jaguar which had been lurking in the pits awaiting an opportunity to finish to the satisfaction, if not the delight, of the British supporters.

On the last lap of the race the victorious finishers hurtled past and that is the last we saw of them! The race ended in spectacular confusion, with the crowds spilling onto the track and the winning cars never seen again. It must be surmised that they were halted and corralled between the chicane and the straight in front of the tribunes, for safety or lack of fuel—who knows?

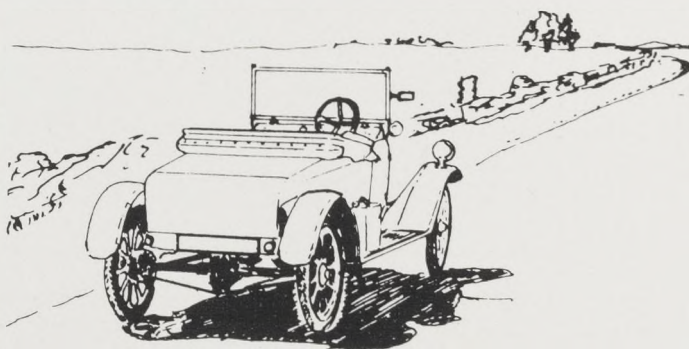
Thus ended the 24 hour race with K. Ludwig/P. Barilla/'John Winter' victorious and the Porsche mark again in the forefront of motor sport achievement.

DUNCAN WESTALL

The Fourth Day

Most crews were up 'de bonne heure' on Monday morning and away along the clear French roads from Alençon towards Dieppe, with the sun rising on another fine day. Drivers spun along the uncluttered roads in company with or passing others, supping beer at roadside cafes and congregating in due course in the ferry car par at Dieppe prior to the voyage home.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the organisation of the short tour was that everybody had so enjoyed it that they felt it was a pity that it was so short; but what better tribute can be paid to any event than the participants though satiated still wished that they had had a little more.



De Aquoso Languore.

LAGONDAS OF 4½-LITRES seem to suffer more cooling system maladies than other pre-war cars; yet most of these can be cured or minimised with a little attention.

First it is well to remember old Joule who established that heat could be converted into mechanical energy and vice versa. Modern high-compression engines convert more of the heat of combustion into useful work, less into waste heat through cylinder walls, radiation and exhaust gases. An extreme case is the nineteenth century car I drive occasionally. The surface carburettor requires a highly volatile fuel—n Hexane—which limits the compression ratio. Rather daringly we have increased it to 2.9 to 1 in the search for more power! So much heat is wasted that we boil away two gallons of water every 10 miles. So too, in the first American Motor Race, starting at Chicago November 28th, 1895, the winner used 19 gallons of water in 54 miles.

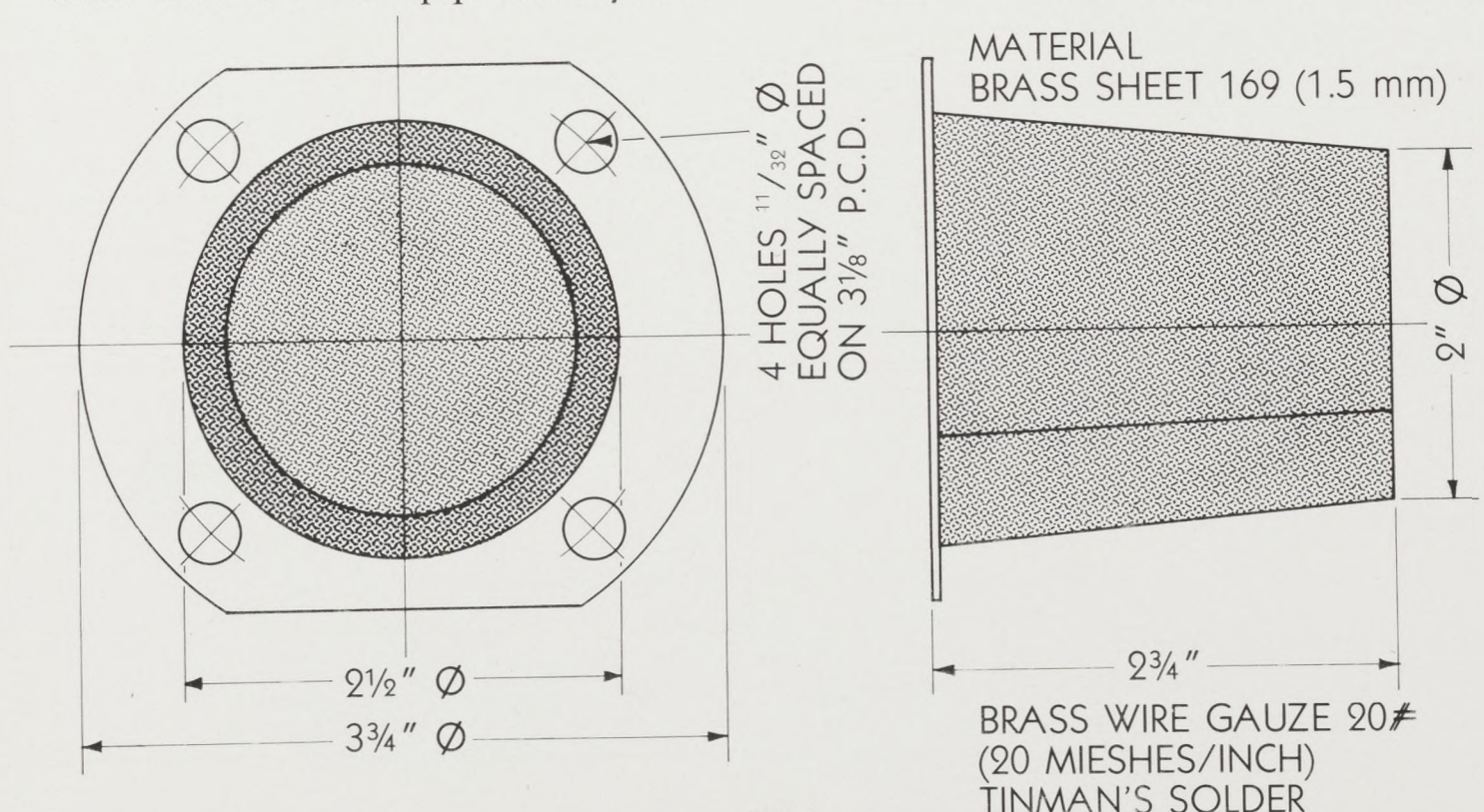
The best prewar pump fuel (82 Octane) limited compression with a single-row O.H.V. cylinder head to about 7 to 1. Your Lagonda sends about 40 per cent of the fuel's energy down the exhaust pipe. It will melt the girl friend's nylons if she walks close to the tail pipe when you're

about to move off! About 25 per cent goes through the cylinder walls into cooling water and it is our immediate concern to ensure that the radiator as a heat exchanger gets rid of it to passing air. Radiant heat has to get away as best it may. At night with a fast-running engine the exhaust manifold glows dull red. Later cars, in an effort to muffle the valve clatter, have no bonnet louvres, so hot air has to go out at the bottom which is against its nature.

The large water pump can circulate many gallons of coolant every minute if the radiator will allow it through. The latter, if you live in a hard water area, as most of us do, may be partially "furred up"—with a deposit of calcium and magnesium salts or choked with rust and scale from the cylinder water jackets or grease escaping from the water pump. Your radiator repair shop can clean out with chemicals, flush in the reverse direction and flow test, but bad examples will need rebuilding with new elements and that will cost about three hundred pounds, even if you do the dismantling and refitting.

Now the nice clean radiator deserves some care:-

- (a) Do use soft water—clean rain water, from a water softener, chemically



treated or even saved from defrosting the refrigerator. Keep a gallon of soft water in the garage.

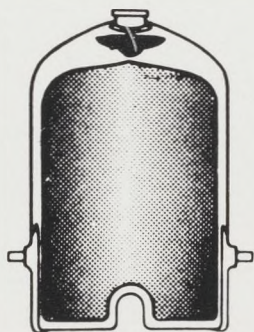
- (b) Do not lubricate the water pump too generously or too often. It will leave a coating on the waterways, cause frothing of the coolant, steam pockets and local overheating.
- (c) Do fit a strainer in the inlet from cylinder head to top or header tank of the radiator. We've all heard about silk stocking filters in the pipe; but the proper one as Lagondas fitted will last as long as you will. When there is a proper strainer, clean the rubbish out of it occasionally—say every 10,000 miles.

Water Pumps

These originally had graphited asbestos steam packing to prevent water leaking away through the bearings. So you screw down to compress the packing and after the first run at a fair speed the leak starts again.

If you know someone with a lathe put in hand a long-lasting cure:-

- (a) Obtain a standard spring loaded carbon gland size $\frac{5}{8}$ " made for water pumps.
- (b) Remove the pump, take off the big, round cover plate, undo the $\frac{3}{8}$ " split-pinned nut and push out the spindle.
- (c) Remove the greaser(s) and unscrew the $\frac{1}{8}$ " B.S.P. grub screws beneath. These have tubular extensions which act as dowels to secure bearing bushes.
- (d) Make up a modified bush in phosphor bronze or gun metal for the impeller end to provide a recessed socket for the new carbon seal's spring end.
- (e) Machine and polish up the impeller face which runs against the carbon seal.
- (f) Refit the bushes, drill dowel holes in situ and refit $\frac{1}{8}$ " B.S.P. dowel screws.
- (g) Ream the bushes to a free-running fit, allowing different rates of expansion for the various metals as they heat up. Clearance of 0.003" works satisfactorily. Bushes should have a grease groove along the bore, preferably a quick helix and on the thrust face at driving end, preferably an eccentric circle, joining the helical groove in the bore.



GWR

MOTOR METALCRAFT

**THE VINTAGE RADIATOR RESTORATION DIVISION
OF GREAT WESTERN RADIATORS LTD
READING**

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS AND ORIGINAL
"SEARLE" PATENT COOLING ELEMENT CIRCA 1910-1914 AND ONWARDS

RIVERSIDE WORKS, SHEPHERDS HOUSE LANE
LONDON ROAD, READING

Telephone 0734 62671/2/3



ROLLS ROYCE - BENTLEY - LAGONDA - ALVIS -
FRAZER NASH - ASTON MARTIN - AUSTIN-MORRIS Etc.
YOU NAME IT - THIS MACHINE MADE IT THROUGHOUT
THE 1920's AND 1930's. NOW RESTORED TO ITS
ORIGINAL CONDITION.

- (h) Reassemble. Correctly made parts will compress the seal spring slightly. Use a brass washer, brass slotted nut and brass split pin. I made the spindle from EN 58J stainless steel which should last as long as I need it.
- (i) Use Water Pump Grease (still made by Castrol)—not too often.

Running Troubles

Many people have seen a small volcano of rusty water when suddenly throttling back from a good speed perhaps for a corner. This is less likely if the radiator and waterways are clear; but the pump runs at $1\frac{1}{2}$ times engine speed—Rather fast for quite a large diameter impeller. Marine engineers know all about a phenomenon called cavitation. Jaguars experienced cavitation at the eye of water pump impellers some years ago at Le Mans. When the speed drops normal circulation restarts, water replaces the empty space and it's all a bit too much. Some years back Iain Macdonald and I found our "anti-gurgle" pipe relieved the condition. It took the form of a small bye-pass, about $\frac{5}{16}$ ", from header tank to pump inlet pipe. A

partly blocked radiator will bubble over at quite moderate speed.

For extreme conditions like mountain passes in summer traffic, wedging 1" square pieces of wood under top back edges of the bonnet effectively gets rid of some radiated heat.

Freezing

Having dealt with coolant losses you can consider antifreeze Ethylene glycol is the only type worth using. Buy it in good quality which will have a corrosion inhibitor (triethanolamine phosphate) because untreated glycol attacks many metals, especially when hot. Glycol has a lower specific heat and is more viscous; so water is a better coolant if you are sure of not freezing.

When draining water in frosty weather, remember to drain at three points:-

- (1) Bottom of radiator— $\frac{1}{4}$ " drain tap.
- (2) Cylinder water jacket—just above the starter motor, $\frac{1}{4}$ " drain tap.
- (3) Water pump— $\frac{1}{8}$ " drain tap.

Use a wire to make sure the aperture is not choked with gunge.

LEPUS

FPB 198—Forty Years On. 1937-1977.

AS AN EMPLOYEE OF the neighbouring Aston Martin Car Co., in those days comprising three Nissen-huts on the Hanworth Aerodrome perimeter, the opportunity presented itself to try out, and be duly impressed by, the performance of the new 'Rapide' demonstrator on the new Chertsey By-pass.

Consequently on 23rd March 1937, and on my recommendation, a grey LG45R tourer, FPB 198, was delivered by Mr Fenn direct from the Staines factory to my father in Uckfield, Sussex.

The accompanying photo taken in 1937 shows FPB 198 together with father and myself on the North Shore just outside of the city of Aberdeen. The condition of the car bears witness to the heavily flooded roads in Perthshire which we had to negotiate the previous day on our northbound trip from Uckfield to Aberdeen.

In 1960 father, then in his eightieth year, acquired an A.C. Bristol 2-litre "Ace" and gave me FPB 198 with 67,000 miles on the clock.

The more recent photo shows the same trio in 1977, when father had reached ninety-six years of age.

Indeed it now seems strange to realise that I have operated the "Rapide" for two years longer than father did.

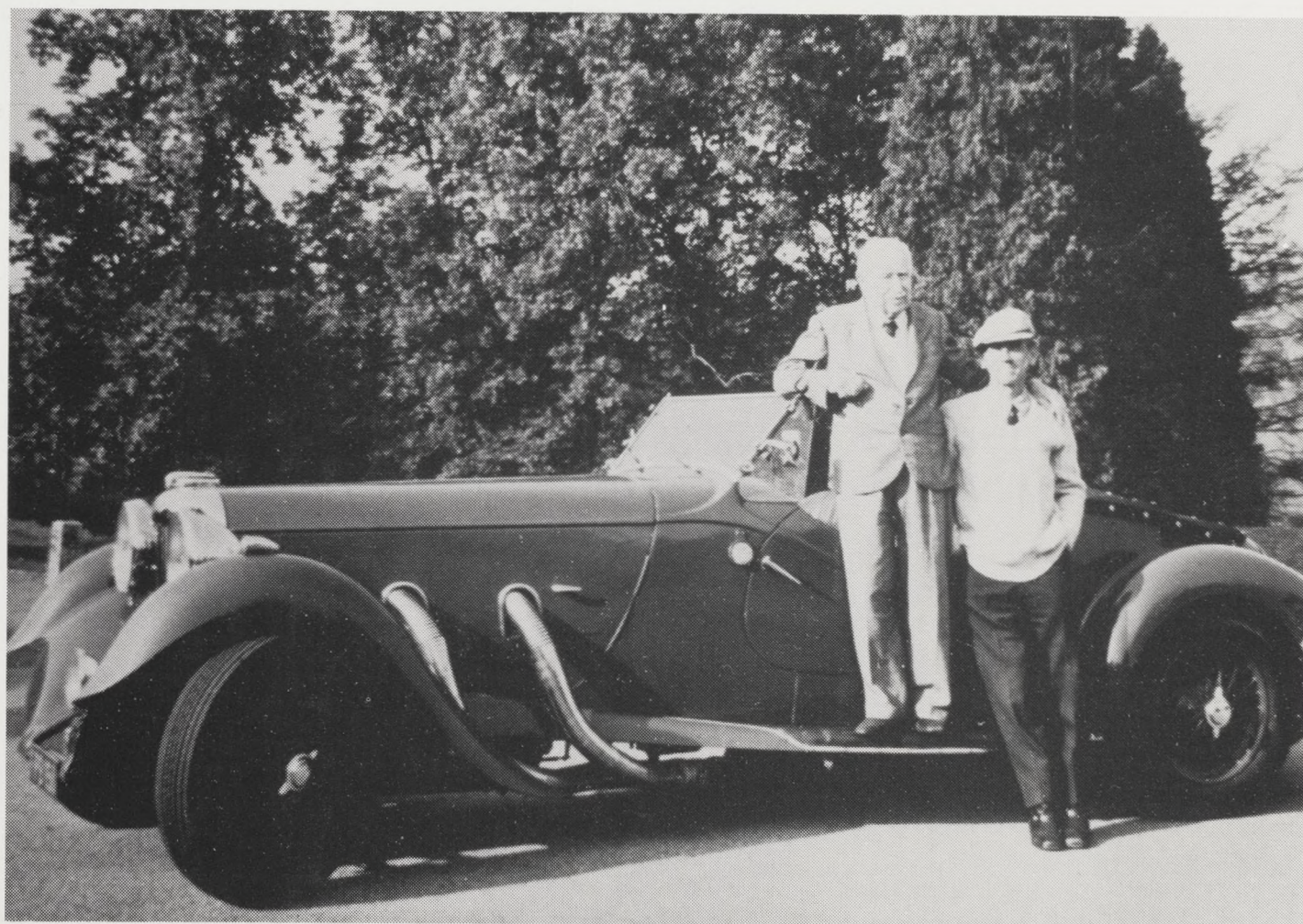
Happily the grey FPB 198, now at 92,775 miles, is still sound in wind and limb maintaining that same performance with which the green demonstrator so thrilled me forty-eight years ago and providing still that customary day by day transportation in comfort.

BARCLAY DODD



The 4 1/2-litre Rapide with father and son on both occasions.

Photo: Barclay Dodd.





DISTRIBUTION

FIRTH TRANSPORT LIMITED

Road Transport Contractors offer a daily delivery and collection service into and from the following:

NORTHERN IRELAND . LONDON . GLASGOW
EDINBURGH . THE MIDLANDS
THE NORTH EAST . LANCASHIRE
CHESHIRE . YORKSHIRE (56 lb.—10 tons)

**Firth Transport Ltd., Park Street,
Stalybridge, Cheshire SK15 1AT.
Tel. 061-338 2671 (5 lines)
Telex 668883**

SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir

Quite by chance while looking through old family albums I came across this picture of a 2/3 litre in rather splendid surroundings.

I thought it might make a superb picture for the magazine.

Of course the car might still exist, I'm sorry but I can't identify the aircraft but perhaps a member will.

All the best.

BILL BANGHAM



A fine period picture. But what is the aircraft?

Photo: Bill Bangham.

Dear Sir

Spares Schemes

Following my statement at the Annual General Meeting on 21st September I felt it appropriate that the issues be tabled for the benefit of those members who were unable to attend the A.G.M. but who nonetheless have an important voice in the running of our club's affairs.

The issue is relatively simple.

"Should someone who, of his own free will, has declined Membership of the Spares Scheme, be permitted to use the facilities of the scheme on an equal footing with those members who have elected to join the scheme and have paid their subscription?"

Logic and equity suggest that it would be absurd to permit such a situation to exist.

The Schemes were established to help guarantee the availability of important

spares. The entrance subscription was levied to provide a financial platform from which patterns, dies and castings could be made and an investment in the more frequently required spares could be established.

Members who paid their meagre subscription (was it *only* £15?) have therefore made the whole scheme possible and those who elected (for whatever reason) not to subscribe should surely not now be able to take advantage of the foresight and efforts of "paid up" members of the schemes without some payment.

The spares are presently sold at absurdly low prices. Alan Brown advised us at the A.G.M. that an £8,500 turnover produced a surplus of only £900—hardly sufficient to cover inflation let alone expansion into the more complex areas (crankshafts,

wheels, cylinder heads, heavy castings/forgings etc).

If someone refused membership of the scheme it is my contention that he should not be allowed to purchase spares at such clearly uncompetitive prices. I liken it to membership of the AA or RAC. If we elect not to join the relevant motoring organizations we cannot expect to be rescued from the motorway by "Relay" (or whatever) for no cost. We must pay for our decision not to be a member in the event that things go wrong for us.

And it is not good calling upon the AA saying "send your van out and I'll join on the spot" because they won't respond. To expect them to do so would be rather like paying insurance premiums only when we have a claim.

It therefore seems to me that there are two solutions:

- (i) Require all members to pay a contribution to the spares scheme; or
- (ii) charge a differential in price for the parts if sold to a non-member of the scheme.

If the latter approach is adopted there should be a "quarantine" period of, say, 3 months after joining (unless joining at the point of joining the whole club) simply to prevent manipulation of the arrangements.

As a personal preference I favour the second approach because the first system would involve a penalty to those people who have genuine reasons for not joining the scheme (e.g. no motor vehicle).

Whatever happens, one thing is quite clear to me.

Failure to differentiate between members and non-members of the spares schemes is unfair to those who paid their membership and furthermore, it defeats the objectives of the scheme.

And its no good bleating that we have an obligation to "keep cars on the road".

If someone is not prepared to pay £15 (the equivalent of the petrol to go about 125 miles) to participate in the broadest sense in keeping our Lagondas on the road, then frankly arguments about keeping cars on the road are a little absurd.

I hope that we all share a genuine interest in Lagonda cars and that we do not own them for "pose" value. Cars should be driven and used for the purpose that they were designed. We all have to accept that there is a cost in doing this and membership of the spares scheme is a very modest gesture towards preserving our cars for the benefit of future generations.

None of us relishes increasing costs and it seems to me that the "single premium insurance policy" of the spares scheme must represent the best value around in vintage motoring.

If members of the club elect not to pay the premiums they should not expect to be protected from the financial consequences of their decision.

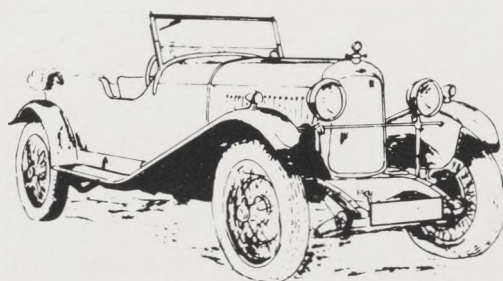
That, Mr Chairman, is Life!

I think it important that this issue gets a good airing and is resolved speedily. I welcome the views of other members—and indeed of any member who takes a different view. Maybe there is a compelling argument against my case, but for the life of me I haven't been able to work one out yet!

Yours sincerely

SIMON T CARREL

PS—I should also add my congratulations and thanks to Alan Brown and Peter Whenman for their splendid efforts. Nothing and no one is perfect and we all grumble about delays and mix ups. But we must not lose sight of the fact that both Alan and Peter are unpaid enthusiasts. Thanks to both of them.





Hon. John Skeffington trying French spares on the 1937 4½-litre.

Photo: Hon. John Skeffington.



John Batt's 2-litre having a last French meal with the North's 4½-litre Invicta.

Photo: John Batt.



Bill Wright—John Breen beside the 1935 winner.

Photo: John Breen.

The Chairman paying his respects to the 4½-litre Light Machine Gun Brigade.

Photo: Jeff Ody.

