



THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
LAGONDA CLUB

Number 128

Spring 1986





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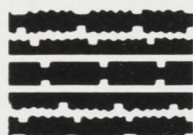
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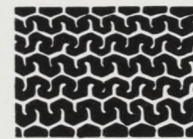
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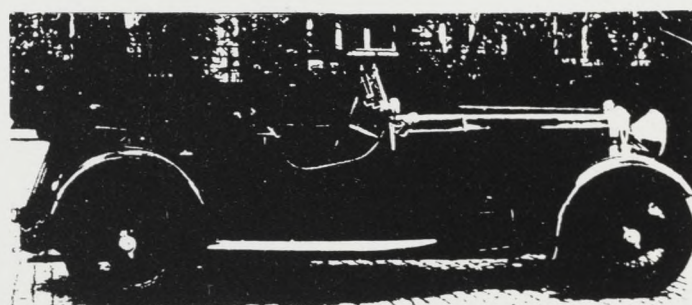
## CONTENTS

Out and About	4
Lot 21	5
In Register: The 2.3 Heresy	9
How Not To Go About It	10
Joking Aside . . .	12
Mainly on 16/80 Bits and Pieces	14
A Note on the VSCC Lakeland Trial	17
How It All Started	19
Boobs II	30
Letters to the Editor	31

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*FRONT COVER: Good runner, requires attention. The general condition can be judged in the letters section. Under offer, but may auction.*

*Photo: Roger Firth.*



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

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**COPY FOR SUMMER  
"LAGONDA" URGENTLY  
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by 30th June please.**



# Out and About.

WITH THE PROLONGED WINTER that we have just endured, the Editor did not come out of hibernation until mid April and completely missed the timing of the magazine, which is why it is a month late.

This nearly led to him missing the VSCC Silverstone and the good support by Lagonda cars on a reasonable Spring day. It was good to see so many cars competing and spectating to uphold the marque.

It also nearly led to the missing of the 100th year of the motor car. I know that this was celebrated in the UK last year but personally I am one of the people who consider 1896 as the date of the first

practical motor car.

It would have been no use had Karl Benz invented the car in 1895, or earlier, as there would have been no people around capable of driving in the days before 1896. A shrewd bit of timing on his behalf I feel.

The only bit of bad judgement he showed was to call his invention after himself, instead of using a respectable and respected name, such as that of Lagonda, but then some people never seem to get everything right first time and he must have regretted this in later life. However his bad luck is to our benefit and that of the Club.

## 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.*

**Glamorgan:** *First Thursday with the VSCC, Court Colerman, Glamorgan.*

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

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## "LAGONDA—A HISTORY OF THE MARQUE"

by Davey & May

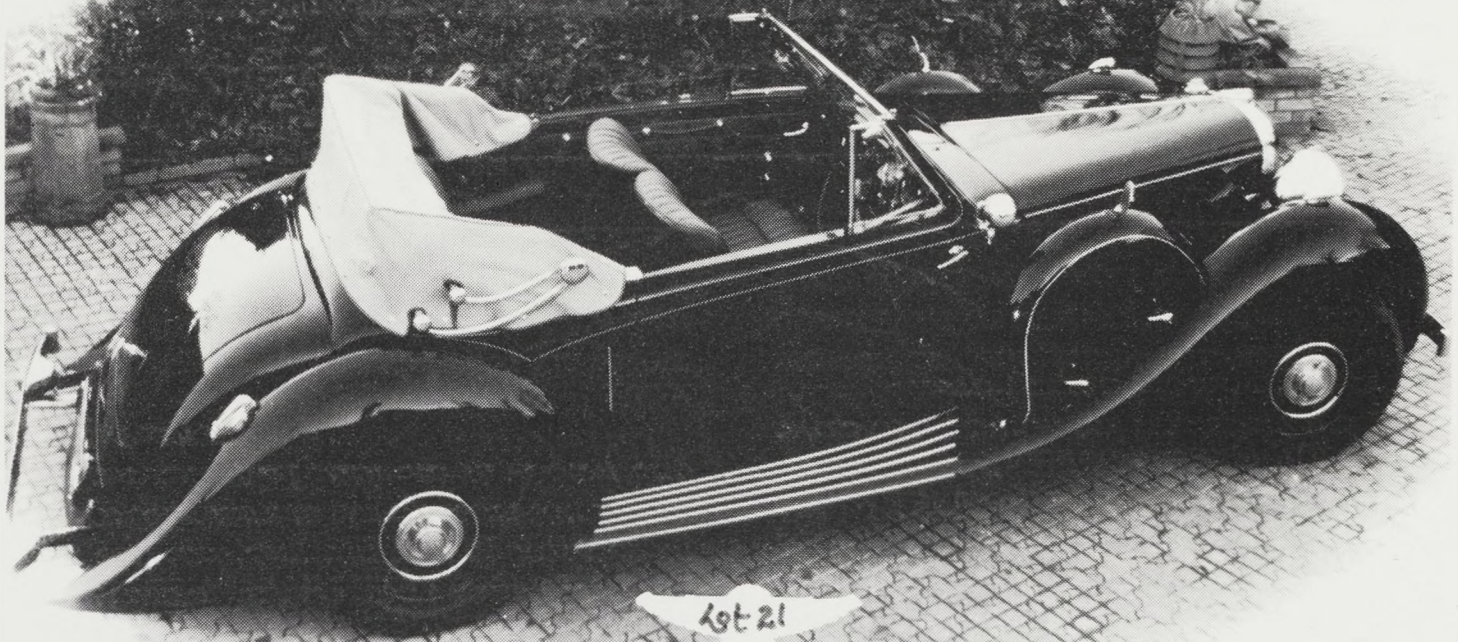
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# Lot 21.



TO CONOURS CONDITION in one year. The story begins during the Jubilee Celebrations of the Vintage Sports Car Club at Malvern. During the second day of the event my wife and I decided not to attend the scenic run, but having heard of the Ellard Collection, we decided to travel in our 16/80 Lagonda up to Wolverhampton to see this impressive collection of cars.

On arrival at the preview we purchased a catalogue of the cars, which was quite a remarkable one. The collection had been advertised world wide, on radio and television, so one can imagine the vast number of people that were interested.

Harry Ellard was born in Wednesfield. He was the son of an engineer. He was educated at Brewood Grammar School, which in those days specialised in a thorough grounding in agriculture. This in later years was of great value to him when he acquired his farming estate near Chipping Norton and Compton Verney.

Upon leaving school he served an engineering apprenticeship with Henry Meadows Limited of Wolverhampton and his interest in cars and utilizing their engines undoubtedly springs from this

association. He eventually became a substantial share holder in the Meadows concern. Harry Ellard went on to form an engineering empire in the Wednesfield area and indeed owned a very large Industrial Estate.

His interest in cars continued to a ripe old age with the Lagonda his clear favourite. He was much taken with the engineering and the workmanship behind these cars. A friend tells with amusement that when Harry was invited to dinner, the table cloth was covered with diagrams of Torsion Bars and suspension and other mechanical features which was always the subject of lively discussion.

He was an imposing man and despite his immense wealth he remained a modest and retiring person. During his life time he carried out many kindly and generous acts of which very few people were aware. He was also a freemason for much of his adult life. As a person he was well liked and greatly admired and respected by his staff and very close friends.

To continue I will describe the collection of Ellard cars. It seems he did not dispose of any cars as we might in a part-exchange deal. It is apparent that he



always kept his old cars and merely bought a new one, hence this enormous collection. The sale saw around 300 lots varying from Rolls Royce, Lagondas and Invictas to Fords. Also in the collection were a number of Valentine tanks and Celtrac tractors. These were discovered beneath a very large pile of lumber.

My wife and I spent the whole morning wandering from lot to lot when eventually we settled for lot 21, which was described as a Lagonda V-12 drophead coupé, 1938/39, black with brown trim, registered No. TRF 268, speedometer reading 51,648. The registration number proved to be incorrect. It seems that as Mr Ellard had a number of Lagondas he had a habit of switching number plates from car to car and engine from car to car and as a result it was almost impossible to establish which number plate belonged to which car. To sort this out the Lagonda Club historian Arnold Davey was called in to establish one model from another, however, the number of my car was attached to lot 11 which was of course another Lagonda with an entirely different chassis number. We left Wednesfield during the afternoon and found our way back to Malvern and during the evening we attended the Jubilee Ball, where my thoughts were constantly on lot 21.

The next day we made our way back to Bath and discussed the car many times and decided that I would go to the sale on 10th July and make a bid.

I left home in the early morning determined to have a thorough inspection of my prospective purchase. On arriving at the auction site I discovered approximately 1 to 2,000 other people had very much the same idea!

Most people found it difficult to find their way around to sort out the lots they were interested in. All too soon the auction commenced at 11 o'clock.

I anxiously watched the prices on each lot as they sped towards lot 21. The prices which were achieved were extraordinarily high for the condition of the vehicles offered. However, the bidding started for my lot around £2,000 and quickly reached £8,000. I thought at this stage the hammer would drop as there was quite a pause in

the bidding, but this was not to be. Very soon I found myself bidding against Nigel Dawes, the dealer in Vintage Cars, and he and others forced me to pay much more than I had anticipated. The hammer dropped at £11,000 Nigel turned to me and said:

"My god you were very keen".

He went on to buy lot 24, which was a Lagonda LG6, with its engine spread all over the floor. This seemed to be in much more reasonable condition than lot 21 and indeed was very much cheaper.

During the sale I tried to buy a spare set of wings and running-boards for the V-12. During the course of bidding, the auctioneer lost me at £150.00 and dropped the hammer at £250.00.

Some weeks after the sale this lot was advertised in a Motoring magazine for £650.00! After buying several other odds and ends of a miscellaneous nature, I queued to pay for my purchase. After this I found my way home, very much lighter in pocket!

I waited anxiously for the days to roll by when the transporter would arrive bringing home my precious car. My confidence returned on a closer inspection, that this indeed was a good buy. The car was totally original, every nut and bolt the same as the day it was produced. The only modification was to the front shock absorbers. I can understand the reason for this as the original ones, I have now fitted, do seem to be rather on the spongy side.

After placing the car in my double garage, I immediately attacked the problem by spending several days stripping down. The stripping of the car took around two weeks of my spare time. My spare time consists of Friday, Saturday and Sunday and each evening of the week.

I must at this point explain that I am not an engineer and tend to learn things as I go along.

All too soon the car was in a thousand and one pieces spread over the entire garage. Each part had been catalogued, labelled and many parts photographed in their current state.

During the cleaning process I in fact scraped, from the under side of the wings



and chassis, approximately two whole wheelbarrows full of mud and oil.

I must at this stage refer to the description in the auction catalogue, as follows:- This car is totally original and it is considered that the speedometer reading is correct. It has, however, suffered from being exposed to the elements for several years and a family of squirrels inhabited the engine-bay wreaking much havoc and in particular in the aluminium bulk head. The car required total reconstruction.

The squirrels had in fact eaten a little more than the bulk head. They had nibbled away at the leather and carpets. Also they had eaten into some of the plywood. At one stage I felt like calling in Rentokil as the plywood was heavily infested with woodworm. This at a later stage I renewed completely.

On the removal of the body I discovered the ash frame was in perfect condition and the only timber that had suffered was the afore mentioned plywood.

The hood-hoops were also in poor condition and these I renewed. On removing the engine from the chassis (carried out with the aid of a mobile lifter hired from the local hire shop), I placed the engine into the back of a Honda Actay Pickup Truck. This poor creature almost collapsed from the strain and I had to over-inflate the rear tyres to cart the engine which was to be restored by a local firm of Vintage Car Restorers. They are a firm named Saunders & Ralph. You will find their name and address in the V.S.C.C. bulletin, where they advertise every month.

At this stage I must say that I was extremely pleased with the engineering produced. I must also thank Alan Brown for producing many of the parts and also helping us with a great wealth of information. I also extend thanks to Herb Schofield and David Berry who produced many parts including a cam-cover. The cam-cover and the inlet manifold were needed because during the time the car was abandoned, I believe it was stored in a shed with a leaking roof. The water from the roof had dripped on the cam-cover for many years and had worn a hole completely through the aluminium casting.

This of course filled the engine with a large amount of water. You can imagine the end result particularly as the iron roof proved to be made of galvanised iron. This had a devastating effect on the aluminium.

I stripped the rear axle of the car and this appeared to be in good condition. The gear box was also good, merely needing a good wash-out and refilling with oil. I renewed all the wheel-bearings and during the course of restoration discovered the king-pins and bushes were in good condition and indeed the parts that were lubricated by the one shot system were in extremely good condition and needed very little attention. I stripped the steering-box and carried out adjustments to this which were very little. This also was in good condition. Bearing in mind that the car had only covered 50,000 miles, this was really only to be expected.

During the next few months, whilst the engine was away for reconditioning, I continued to rebuild the chassis and to restore the body and rear wings. Also the rear springs which had been reconditioned and refitted the back axle and gear box.

I won't go into details with the preparation of the paint work which was stripped back to bare metal and thoroughly cleaned and etch primed.

During the month of March the engine was returned to me sparkling, shiny and apparently in perfect working order. I spent two days fitting the engine. Other V-12 owners will appreciate that there are only a few millimetres between the chassis and engine mountings and lining up all five points at the same time, particularly with the bulk head in position, is a very tricky job.

Finally the car was basically put back together and then the upholstery commenced.

I am very fortunate that a member of my family is a car trimmer and he had, by this time, retrimmed the seats in Conolley hide and was ready to fit the hood. He carried out this work in a most professional way and I am extremely pleased with the final results.

Prior to the fitting to the internal trim, I had completed the respray work which consisted of approximately twenty-five



coats of paint. By this time Lot 21 had changed her appearance from an absolute drop-out and was beginning to look like a real car again.

My local exhaust centre had prepared the exhaust from patterns and I transported the car to them and they fitted the exhaust system for me.

From there I returned the car to Saunders and Ralph and asked them to commission the engine. This they did with the help of their sister company "Vintage Frictions Limited". They occupy the same building. "Vintage Frictions" drove her along to the local M.O.T. station and returned joyfully with the current M.O.T. certificate. I then rushed off to tax the car. Armed with my tax disc I set off on the first journey.

After travelling very slowly for approximately 10 miles, the engine quite naturally began to boil. This has been a slight problem, but since changing the oil at 300 miles and adding moly slip to the new oil, the engine seems to have eased off quite a lot and I am now able to drive constantly without boiling over.

There are occasions on very steep hills and in slow traffic that I have boiling problems, but hopefully this will disappear at a later date.

After few teething problems the V-12 has now settled down and has proved to be better than I have read about this magnificent machine.

During the month of July, I attended the Yeovil Festival of Transport with my prized possession and entered her in the post vintage section of the Concours d' Elegance. After much scrutinising by the panel of three judges, lot 21 was awarded a silver tray.

My wife and I now look forward to many years of happy motoring in lot 21 and, last but not least, I must thank all the V-12 enthusiasts in the Lagonda Club who gave me so much encouragement and advice.

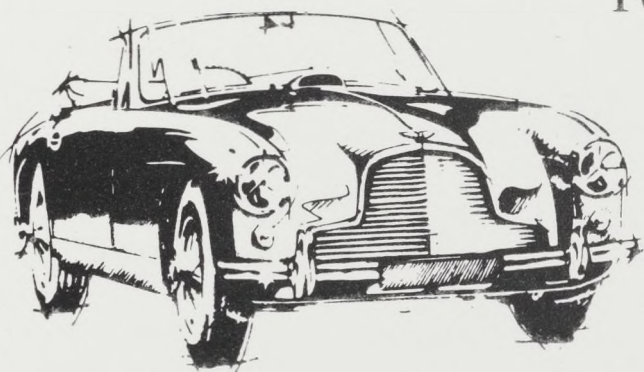
On reflection I don't think I would want to go through another year like this and would not recommend this exercise to any one who is in the least faint hearted!!

LIONEL PARKER



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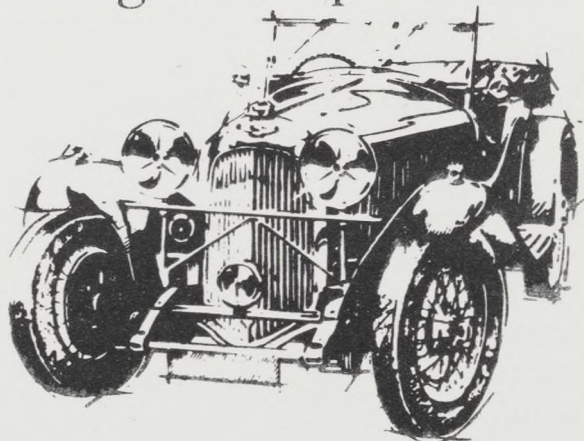


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# In Register: The 2.3 Heresy.

IT ALL SEEMS TO HAVE STARTED with Chris Nixon's otherwise excellent books "Racing with the David Brown Aston Martins". On pages 5 and 6 in setting the background to the DB2 team cars for Le Mans in 1949, he stated that "... six cylinder 2.3 litre overhead camshaft engine ..." "...now enlarged to 2.6 litres ...".

Now I know this to be untrue as I have copies of the original press launch of September 1945 which quite clearly say that the LB6 engine (it was going to be called a Lagonda-Bentley until Rolls Royce brought a law suit) was 2.6 litres, 78mm bore and 90mm stroke. This was two years before David Brown came on the scene. Not only that, but the precious W O Bentley papers in the club's archives show that throughout the design stage it was always going to be a 78mm bore. Bentley had proposed three engines LB4, LB6 and LB8, the dimensions being 78 x 85mm (1625cc), 78 x 90 (2580cc) and unknown, about 3.9 litres.

Only the LB6 ever made it into metal, subsequently becoming the engine David Brown put into the DB2, and eventually being bored out to 83mm to give 2922cc for the 3-litre version.

Once the heresy had started it became impossible to stop and all the journalists doing a scissors and paste job for magazines seem to quote the 2.3 story and although I always write to correct it, the letters are never printed. Alan Archer or Brian Joscelyne do the same for the Aston Martin OC, with the same result. At least our members know better.

There is another aspect to all this. One of the odd features of the LB6 design is that although it follows to some extent the Citroen Traction Avant engine in having separate wet cylinder liners spigotted into the crankcase, instead of a separate circular sealing ring for each liner at the lower end, the Lagonda engine uses three pairs of

"figure 8" seals, with a common section between each pair. If you look at the crankcase, the machined circular sealing for one cylinder actually overlaps that of the other. This probably caused no problem on initial manufacture with heaps of liners to choose from to get a good match between the pairs, but for the poor owner of thirty-year-old engine the sealing of the lower end of the liners is a headache. If a liner has to be replaced, the headache becomes a nightmare unless all six are replaced and all are exactly the same length. The worst feature being that there is no way to reface one cylinder liners sealing without also overlapping the adjoining one, putting a step in it, so that has to be refaced as well.

The AMOC's expert on the LB6 engine, 'Dicko' Dixon, is much concerned about this and says it is quite unlike WO to make an engine with this impractical arrangement and suggests that it smacks of a last minute design change to accommodate a larger bore. If the original bore had been say 75mm (the same as the V-12) it would have been possible to fit in separate sealing rings as on the Citroen and as on the Standard Vanguard, another engine that WO admired. When you calculate the capacity of a 75mm LB6 engine you get, you guessed it, 2386cc.

So there could be a good case for a 2.3-litre *design* even though none were made. WO's archives include a full size section of the early LB6 engine, complete with Cotal gearbox and it is clear that the "figure 8" rings were present even at this early stage, as was the 78mm bore. 'Dicko' asked Donald Bastow about it, but he said that all that level of basic design had already been done before he joined the firm. So we may never know. Is there anyone out there who was in the Lagonda drawing office about 1940? Certainly no draughtsman would want to rejig all the cylinder centres and stretch the crankshaft



to accommodate a small increase in bore. On the other hand WO's design notebooks make absolutely no reference to a 75mm bore, even during the war when the whole

thing was just a paper exercise.

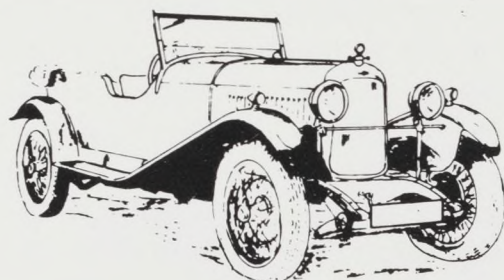
We'll have to get a medium to ask WO. Anyone got a ouija board?

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## How NOT TO Go About It.

OH NO DEREK—NOT AGAIN—It's three o'clock in the morning! Now, before anybody rushes off to report this publication to Mrs. Whitehouse, perhaps I should explain just what had caused my wife to utter this in such anguish.

As has become my 'modus operandi', I had been scheming and plotting for several months and decided to attack while Marlene's resistance was at it's lowest. I had gently nudged her awake while she was snugly cocooned from a Scottish winter's night to announce "I am going to buy a Lagonda."

My thinking being that once the idea had been planted in a semi-conscious mind, it would germinate overnight and become at least partially acceptable by morning. Unfortunately, the best laid plans of mice, men, and 'old car lunatics' have been known to go awry, even in the most laudable of schemes, and on my appearances with toast and coffee (phase 2. plan A) at the bedside next morning, it was rather unkindly suggested that I was

B\*!#!\* Mad!

"What on earth do you want with another one?"

"Well Darling, I was thinking . . ."

"I knew there must have been some other reason for building that huge garage."

"Don't you have enough?—There's that old wreck you call an Alvis—You haven't finished the Jaguar yet—What about the MG?—You said you were going to do the Stag this winter!—And where is my car going to go?—out into the snow I suppose."

Oh Boy! Had I misjudged things. It normally takes two cups of coffee and a shower before much more than "Good morning Darling" is uttered in our bedroom. Quickly move into phase three . . ." It's such a bright crisp morning that I thought we could bundle the kids up and take a run down the coast."

"I know you Smith, "Let's take a run down the coast" usually ends up with us sitting in the car while you "just pop in



to see this man who has some bits and pieces I need. Not on your Life'!!!

Phase four . . . "You have your shower and you'll feel better. I'll get the kids organised." Fortunately, our kids understand their parents very well on a Sunday morning, and get themselves organised, which gave me time to think again.

Plan B. to be implemented over breakfast . . . "You're quite right Darling—I do have too many vehicles, I don't have the time to work on them all, I thought it would be better just to keep the TD for you and dispose of the rest, then I could perhaps find a Lagonda again without it costing us anything." . . . A good tactic that! "That would leave plenty of room in the garage for your car, in fact we'd have lots of room for the kid's bikes, sledges, lawn-mower etc, etc."

Well, we are now about 18 months down the road, the wounds are healing well and I'll soon be able to walk without the crutches, the kid's bikes, sledges, etc, etc, are still in the basement, Marlene's car is still covered in snow, one cannot move in the garage and sitting squarely amid all this muddle, surveying the lesser mortals about her is BBT 335—MY 1937 LG45 D.H.C.

To say 'Regal in her Majesty' would be a slight misuse of the phrase as BBT has lain for the last twelve years or so, partially rebuilt, or partially dismantled, depending on one's point of view. The woodwork has been partly replaced, the aluminium body will require much TLC., the interior and plating requires attention, and the wiring, having had years to absorb the Scottish weather, would do justice to Death Row at San Quentin. However, she has been convinced to fire up and roar like a lion before settling down to purr like Marle . . . but that's another story! Mechanically she seems pretty good, as I was advised by her last owner.

Where did I find this jewel? Well after viewing several from Potters Bar to the wilds of western Scotland, and meeting some great people on the way, I found her not ten miles from my doorstep.

Decency must draw a veil over how I persuaded Geoff Squire, that well known

Professor of Economics, to part with her after more than twenty years of ownership, but he was last seen laughing like mad while taking solace from a good Scottish Wine and sitting behind the wheel of his M45, while his daughter accused him with "You've sold MY Lagonda!" Isn't it strange how we come back to the Female of the species?

BBT will be fifty years old next year and I've promised Geoff that he can come to her coming out party, the Champagne is already laid down along with several gallons of good Scottish Brew which I believe is the necessary bribe to get that well known 'Gentleman' (sorry Herb) to allow me to avail myself of the knowledge and expertise of The Northern Lagonda Factory . . . Otherwise it may well turn out to be a '100' party, I'll let you know.

Finally, Geoff Squire bought 'BBT' from somebody called Ray Hill(s) around 1960, and I would like to trace any of her history if possible. So if anybody out there can supply any information on BBT 335, I'd be grateful if they would drop me a line or telephone (0337) 30172. Derek Smith, 'Kettle Cottage', 15/17 Mid Street, Kettlebridge, Fife, Scotland.

DEREK SMITH



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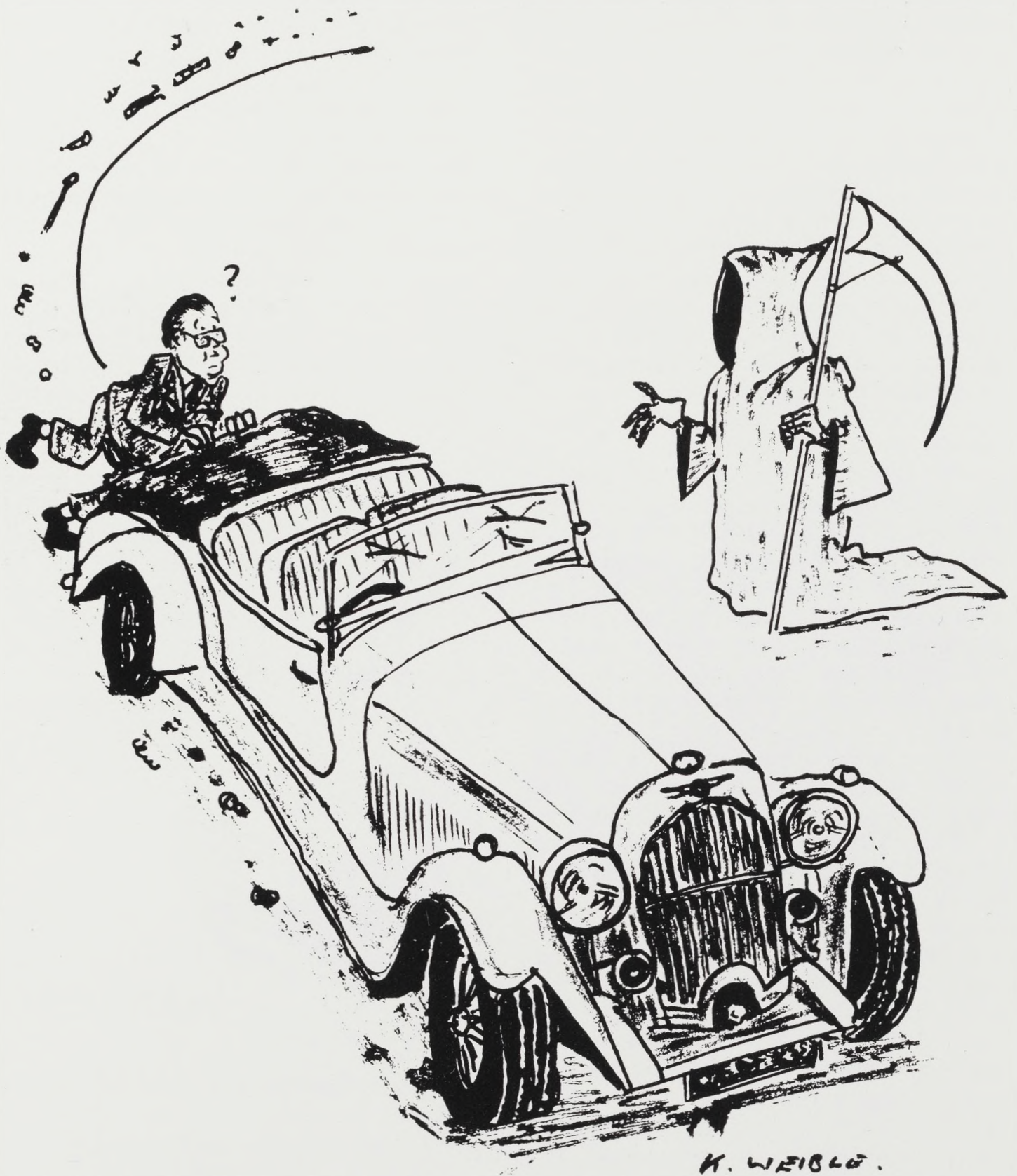
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# Joking Aside . . .



*"No need for alarm, Mr. Hyett . . . It's only the car I've come for".*



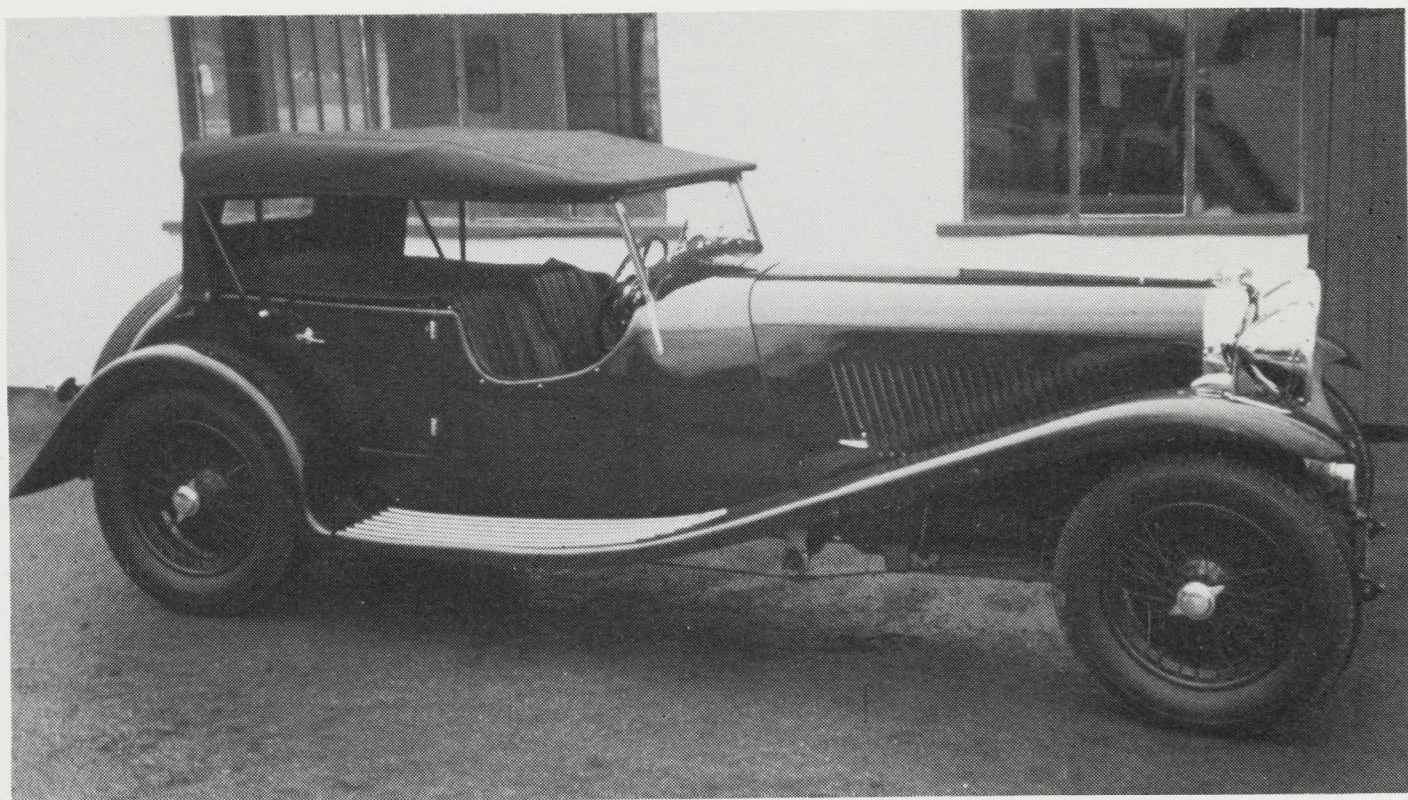


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Lagondas occasionally bought or sold.

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# Mainly on 16/80 Bits and Pieces.

FIRST THE READER BEWARE. The fact that I often take the 16/80 to pieces is not necessarily a recommendation.

Recent articles in the magazine indicate that pistons may be a problem for this car although Peter Whenman reckons that these should be available from Peter

Hepworth Components who have advertised in the penultimate magazine. To help members in searching for pistons for various Lagondas (as well as the 16/80) the following extracts from a 1958 Hepolite catalogue may be of some assistance.

PISTONS										
Line No.	Make and Year	Model	Metal	Cylinder Bore Inches	Millimetres	Ref. No.	Comp.	Length	No. of Cyls	Head
1	1934/8	10 H.P. 1104 c.c. Rapier.....	Al.	2.4606"	62.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>5077</b>	1 <sup>15</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	3 <sup>9</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	4	Dome
2	1933/5	15.7 H.P. 1991 c.c. Special 6.....	H'lex	2.5590"	65 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>1348</b>	41.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	79.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	6	Dome
3	1926/33	12.9 H.P. 2 Litre, Speed C.R. 6.2 to 1 (R.B.P.).....	Al.	2.8346"	72 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>2578</b>	1 <sup>19</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	3 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	4	Dome Stepped
4	1946/53	22.6 H.P. 2580 c.c. O.H.C. 2½ Litre, LBS, Mark I and II.....	H'lex	3.0709"	78 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>11258</b>	2 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	3½"	6	Dome Radiused
5		(High Comp. for above) C.R. 8.16 to 1.....	Al.	3.0709"	78 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>11941</b>	58.86 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	92.99 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	6	Cone
6	1954/8	25.6 H.P. 2922 cc. O.H.C. 3 Litre.....	Al.	3.2677"	83 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>12466</b>	2.199"	3.494"	6	Dome
7	1934/5	30 H.P. 4½ Litre, Z (R.B.P.).....	Al.	3.4842"	88.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>S3402</b>	1 <sup>25</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	3 <sup>11</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	6	Dome

RINGS				RING SETS				PINS		LINERS	KIT SET
Line No.	No. of Rings	Width	Ref. No.	Original		Replacement		Dia.	Type	Ref. No.	Ref. No.
1	2	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>P.142</b>					1 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	S.C.	<b>2824A</b>	<b>FS.1118</b>
	2	3 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>DO.1717</b>								
2	3	2 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>P.202</b>					9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	S.C.	<b>70A</b>	<b>FS.171</b>
	1	4 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>DO.215</b>								
3	2	3 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>P.405</b>					¾"	F.F.	<b>363B</b>	<b>FS.251</b>
	2	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub> "	<b>DO.415</b>								
4	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>KTP.7357</b>					¾"	S.C.	<b>3306A</b>	<b>PF.1459</b>
	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>MP.5595</b>								
	2	5 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>MDO.7269</b>								
5	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>KTP.7357</b>					¾"	RC26	<b>4190A</b>	<b>PF.1459</b>
	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>MP.5595</b>								
	2	5 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>MDO.7269</b>								
6	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>KPC.10345</b>					¾"	RC26	<b>4579A</b>	<b>PF.2461</b> (To 1957) 1958 onwards <b>PF.2607</b> <b>PF.2608</b>
	1	1.5 <sup>m</sup> / <sub>m</sub>	<b>MPC.10346</b>								
	1	5 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>M2S.10034</b>								
	1	5 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>MDO.8259</b>								
7	2	3 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>32</sub> "	<b>P.2263</b>					1 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	A.C.	<b>1900</b>	
	2	3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub> "	<b>DO.2265</b>								

KEY TO ALL SYMBOLS AND ABBREVIATIONS IS AT THE END—PLEASE REFER TO THIS BEFORE ORDERING

## PISTONS

C.I. ... Denotes Cast Iron.  
 Al. ... Denotes Aluminium.  
 H'lex ... Denotes Low Expansion Silicon Alloy.  
 RS. ... Denotes DO Ring below Pin, Split Skirt Compensating Aluminium Piston.  
 W. ... Denotes Thermal Slot Heplex Piston.  
 RW. ... Denotes Thermal Slot Heplex Piston with ring below Gudgeon Pin.

SW. ... Denotes Split Skirt Thermal Slot Heplex Piston.  
 RSW. ... Denotes Split Skirt Thermal Slot Heplex Piston with ring below Gudgeon Pin.  
 LS. ... Denotes Lynite Split Skirt Type.  
 S. ... Denotes Plain Straight Sided Split Skirt.  
 T. ... Denotes "T" Slot Design.  
 U. ... Denotes "U" Slot Design.



(R.B.P.) ... Denotes Ring below Gudgeon Pin.

\* ... Denotes Piston bosses fitted with Phosphor Bronze Bushes.

NOTE.—The dimension listed under Compression Centre is the measurement from the highest point on the piston crown to the centre of the Gudgeon Pin hole. The overall length dimension is also taken from the highest point of the piston crown.

In many cases the same Piston is fitted with alternative types of Gudgeon Pin. Therefore, check carefully Gudgeon Pin anchorage. Pistons are packed in Cartons and only sold Complete with Rings and Gudgeon Pins.

### GENERAL

Where High Compression Pistons are required the compression ratio of the Standard Piston must be given.

### SPECIAL NOTE

Wherever the maker's part number of model is quoted, the article to which it refers is suitable for replacement purposes, but is of Hepolite manufacture.

### IMPORTANT

PISTONS ARE ONLY SUPPLIED COMPLETE—WITH RINGS AND PINS, and thus the very best equipment is included to ensure the high standard of service that is expected of Hepolite Pistons. While this catalogue lists all popular pistons which are produced to stock, there are many older and obsolete types of which we have particulars and these can be supplied. It is however, necessary, when ordering, to give the fullest information regarding dimensions or alternatively to send a sample. Also we are daily increasing our records of the latest designs and when such late type pistons do not appear in this catalogue, it must not be assumed that we cannot supply.

WHEN YOU CANNOT FIND ANY PARTICULAR PISTON YOU REQUIRE IN THIS CATALOGUE AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO SEND US A SAMPLE, PLEASE GIVE THE DIMENSIONS ENUMERATED BELOW:—

- A. Cyl. Bore Dia (standard size).
- B. Compression height (distance from centre line of G.P. to the piston crown).
- C. Distance from centre line of Gudgeon Pin to open end of piston.
- D. Gudgeon Pin Diameter.
- E. Distance between the bosses.
- F. Width of top land.
- G. Distance from centre line of Gudgeon Pin to edge of ring groove when piston has ring below pin.

H. Depth of dish.

J. Height of dome. When piston is a two-stroke design, sample piston to be submitted.

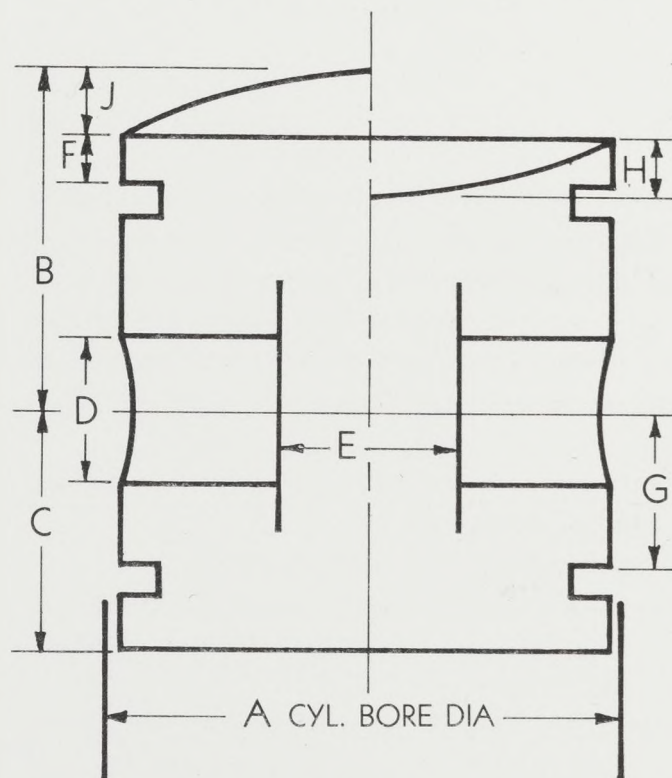
K. Type of Gudgeon Pin.

L. Number of Piston Rings (Plain and DO).

M. Material.

To complete the specifications give type of engine, model and number of cylinders.

ALWAYS SEND SAMPLES WHEN POSSIBLE



These tables and general information reprinted courtesy of Hepworth and Grandage.

Returning to 16/80 pistons, Dick Sage thought that 1954 Hillman Minx might be utilised at the expense of a lower compression ratio. Dick also said that other alternatives might be pistons from a pre-war Triumph Vitesse or from the current Austin 1100. The writer's own 16/80 is fitted with 1946 Rover 10 pistons (Hepolite No. RS 7819 or BHP No. R 1670). The trouble with these is that they are also in short supply. Here must be added:—

“Also the Rover pistons have a ring below the pin. This descends below the open slot at the bottom of the liner. Such pistons need careful running in and possibly the securing of the bottom ring in its groove so that the ends cannot work round and catch in the slot”. These increase the compression ratio slightly,



thus taking advantage of today's higher octane petrol—the car is still quite happy with 2-star although it was raced with 95 octane.

The snags are:-

- (a) the small ends must be re-bushed.
- (b) the bore is 66.5 mms compared to the original 65 mms diameter of the 16/80 n.b. 1.5 mms = .060 inches.
- (c) the Rover pistons are also becoming scarce although Peter Hepworths still have some.

Some of the recent Magazine articles conclude that a freshly overhauled 16/80 is a pig to start. I agree! A worthwhile improvement in starter motor torque is achieved if the armature bushes (yes bushes not brushes) are replaced, as well as the more usual re-furbishment of the electrical components. Another ploy is to couple an extra 6 volt battery in series to give 18 volts across the starter.

Whilst this expedient is tried, it would be essential to either:-

- (a) disconnect the dynamo, or
- (b) to remove the fuse from the base at the top of the dynamo to prevent it exciting.

This is because if the engine fires and revs up, unless the dynamo is disconnected or neutralised, the dynamo voltage will rise, and actuate the cut-out, thus connecting the dynamo to the battery which will then discharge through the dynamo. Also I am

not sure how a third-brush dynamo will cope with an 18V battery (n.b. my dynamo has been converted to constant voltage control).

Whilst on the subject of electrics, brushes for the starter and dynamo are still available: but are becoming scarce. I urge everyone to buy a set or two whilst these are available. These are items which are difficult or impossible to make by hand. For the 16/80, the relevant part numbers are:-

- (a) Starter. Commercial Ignition Co. No. 212/214 or Lucas No. 2-255659.
- (b) Dynamo. The main armature brushes are Lucas No. USB 105. However you will also need a smaller "third-brush" which is probably easily available if you give the dimensions.

The starting of a Lagonda obviously depends on battery condition. Laying up a car for several months usually ruins the batteries even if you charge them regularly. I buy 57 AM (pre-war Austin 7) batteries instead of the recommended 85 AM. In winter, when the 16/80 is laid-up, I run the batteries occasionally in my Morris Minor, thus keeping them up to scratch for starting the Lagonda. The 57 AM batteries have always lasted 4 years in this mode, whereas the correct 85 AM batteries have never survived a winters lay-up.

RON GEE

**Craftsman**



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# A note on the VSCC Lakeland Trial.

THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT an event designed with Lagondas in mind, so it is not possible to write an active account from the Club's point of view, but our visit this year, (which was our first) was memorable nonetheless.

The 3-litre had just been released from substantial work with Peter Whenman's organisation, and having been without the car for many months we were keen to use the Lakeland as a reacquaintance run.

Peter's work on the car was remarkable for the way it transformed the feel of it without substantially changing its character as a carefully used and original looking used motor car. The reconstruction of the timberwork and overhaul of the Andre Hartfords give a sense of solid security to the occupants, whilst the external freshening up of paintwork, glazing, chrome details and roof fabric, especially around the window surrounds, have made it seem immensely smarter without too much bullshine. New wiring, silencer arrangements and new tank below the plimsoll line have been welcome but outwardly unobtrusive improvements to our ability to use the car with confidence and pride. Indeed, the only settling down problems we encountered on the run North were connected with fuel starvation, although the effects were pretty unpleasant in terms of enforced stops periodically up the A1.

It was nearly 300 miles each way, but the spectacular autumn sunshine over much of the weekend made the distance from London well worthwhile. As expected, no Lagondas were entered in the event itself, but some familiar faces were around.

James Crocker was marshalling on the particularly critical Drumhouses section; B. Dearden Briggs and family were seeing and being seen in debonaire fashion, in their latest-shade-of-ochre Lancia Lambda; Roger and Beryl Firth were Real Entrants, in their neat little Riley trials car; Bruce

Spollon was rather more aggressively mounted in his very fine 30/98; and Alan, Rowland Hills' son was prominent in the Buttermere Bridge Main Bar Right Elbow Endurance Test. Ted and Eleanor Townseley, with son John, were their natural selves as the instinctively gracious host and hostess of the Lagonda Club group.

Herb and Joan Schofield were sorely missed altogether, as Joan had most unfortunately slipped and concussed herself the previous day. We were told there was no lasting damage; hopefully this is indeed true. Gill and I were the fortuitous beneficiaries, inheriting their booking at the desirable Buttermere Hotel venue, but we would not have wished the situation to occur for that reason. John Ryder was a pillar of social strength at whichever hostelry one chose to appear, and made the Opening Times pass pleasantly indeed.

For ourselves, in OG, the weekend's motoring was more ambitious than we had anticipated: what with rewiring and rearranged fuel line plumbing among the jobs carried out by PW for us over the summer, the inevitable teething troubles made the forced stops on the A1 on the way up most unpleasant: one of them was on a *very* hostile 2 lane carriageway, with no hard shoulder onto which to retreat. Not the right place to start looking for air leaks in the fuel line, at all. Eventually the trouble was traced to two interacting matters, a slack connection to the Kigass, and an over enthusiastic use of heavy oil in the SU dashpots, giving very high fuel consumption. The climactic moment of the run North, the assault on Honister Pass in dark and driving rain, with lack of confidence in the fuel supply, was no laughing matter at all (Only in aircraft have I been so seriously alarmed for so many long moments); whilst on the Sunday morning return we set off over Windlatter, only to find we had to press on up into the





*OG 9999 waiting patiently outside the Haycock Hotel.*

*Photo: Jeff Ody.*

snowline, and were then in serious danger of being unable to descend again without skidding on the freezing surface. The arrival of a gritting truck saved the day,

and possibly OG's skin too.

All in all, an event to remember with respect as well as with nostalgia. 5 Star recommendation.

JEFF ODY

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# How It All Started.

I WAS NURSING a particularly lethal hangover one Saturday morning and had just been outside to get some fresh air and generate some recovery to my system when the phone rang and my very good friend David reminded me that we had arranged to go to a VSCC meeting at Thruxton. I had noticed it was hosing with rain. So I didn't relish the idea but he was insistent and was on his way.

After coffee David revealed that he too was suffering from the after affects of alcohol and feeling none too strong. We repaired to the garage and inspected my Austin Healey 3000 lurking there and climbed aboard. I jabbed the starter and there was a slow distant grumbling which indicated a very flat battery. We alighted slowly, I found some jump leads and after a few sparks—I think we may have reversed the polarities! The big Healey burst into action. I backed out and set off. It was still bucketing down and not a word passed our lips as we fought our particular brands of hangover. The rain teamed down and gradually worked it's way under the top of the screen and formed large drips which plunged accurately to the nether regions!

We arrived in Hook and abandoned ship at a beckoning hostelry and surveyed our plight. To continue or not—after a bowl of excellent vegetable soup followed by Steak and Kidney pie and washed down by two pints of Diesel (Draught Guinness) there was no problem—we would push on through the rain and hope for better things.

We arrived at Thruxton and as if by magic the rain stopped, the clouds blew over and the sun eeked it's way out round the passing clouds. David is a Bentley Buff and he really seemed to consider it the only marque having just purchased a 4½.

The racing was in progress and we wandered through to the paddock and suddenly I saw the most beautiful car I had ever clapped eyes on—What is that? Quoth I—He replied, What that? Don't know. We drew near and the radiator revealed it to be a Lagonda. It was magnificent—Black,

long, strong, very long wings, hood up, sidescreens in, frowning at us with that splendid flat hat look and with those big high eyes gleaming. Bentleys always seem to carry their eyes down by their stomach, or is that their owners! If ever there was a car for a bank job this was it! I suggested we nick it and try our luck at the nearest listening branch but he wasn't having any (the Lagonda I mean).

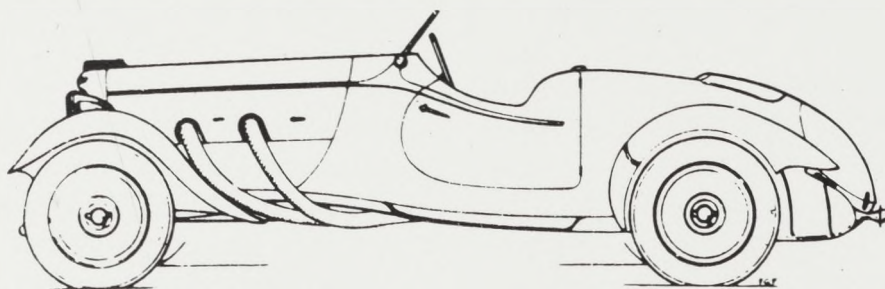
We watched some of the racing but my eyes kept straying back to the Lagonda—it had a real presence! We encountered some friends as we walked around and when I took them over to see it, alas it had departed. I was mortified and we immediately returned to the Healey and set off home hoping to encounter the Lagonda on the road but no such luck.

I next encountered a Lagonda at a Alexandra Palace Auction it went for £1,100. It wasn't a particularly nice car but I was too late to bid—not paying attention whilst chatting to friends who were mad about a Delage with dual windscreen and a dual seating compartment which was Mint. This went for £1,800 and really was superb.

Thereafter I scanned Motor Sport and came across a Lagonda Special Six 16/80 Tourer near Maidstone and although I didn't really know what a 16/80 was, I was determined to look at it. I assembled the family and we all set off arriving in Maidstone two and a half hours later—the car looked just like the Thruxton one so I suggested a ride. It was then I discovered it had a Pre-Selector gearbox, this I felt a distinct advantage as I had a Double Decker London bus at the time with a similar gearbox which worked superbly.

I'll do my Ronnie Corbett bit here—wander off the subject—just a word or two about the hazards of owning a genuine London Double Decker Omnibus which stands 14ft 6ins as compared to a country double decker which is only 13ft 6ins—that 1ft difference is most alarming if you let the concentration wander! I bought the bus on a 50/50 basis with a friend—it seemed like a good idea at the time! First





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problem, where to park it. Up your drive, he said, okay, so I drove home stopping for fuel en route which is where the first incident occurred. I sailed into the nearest gas station sporting a Diesel sign, full of the *Joi de Vivre* only to be met by a very distressed attendant who said, 'Ere, what about my bunting! I looked round to see his nice little flags gently fluttering to earth—the bus had severed the line with consummate ease!

I apologised and with abandon said 'Fill her up'. When the pump got to 47 gallons he raced round to the cab and said, is this cash or credit! I also told him to check the oil which seemed to take a very long time and he eventually appeared at the cab door and confessed he couldn't find the dip stick. I alighted and discovered there was indeed no sign of it—a hollow tube ready to receive one but no dip stick! It transpired there is only one per bus station and each vehicle receives a morning probe to discover the state of yesterdays thirst. I eventually bought one from Chiswick—a most impressive weapon—4ft long and calibrated in GALLONS to be put in!

Running from 1 gal to 8 gals. I still have this excellent weapon. Eventually I arrived home and confronted the family with this latest acquisition—it took 3 bites to get through the gate. It really was impressive—nay, imposing—in our private drive. There were one or two dents in the buses forehead where overhanging branches had made contact—a most efficient chain saw!

Two days later a chap from the council came up the drive and accosted my wife telling her that our neighbours were complaining about Rights of Light! So I had to move it to a nearby farm where it lurked for several winter months. When I went to start it I found the batteries were flat and upon investigation found there were four of them! Connected in series making up 24 volts! Each one was approx twice the size of a normal battery with two handles at each side to enable one to lift them out. It cost £4 to get them charged at the local garage. This event occurred several times over the next two years and I was undoubtedly getting weaker at the end!

Now the starting procedure—there is no



cold start mechanism—it is supposed to rest in a nice comfortable bus garage and receive a morning jerk from the excellent startall! Out on the farm all it did was flatten the batteries so I developed a technique—shove the Telegraph up the inlet, light it and rush round to the cab and press the starter—now well alight the hot breath was enough to achieve ignition! This worked like a charm and I eventually refined the technique by hanging a piece of wire just at the entrance of the inlet and impaling a Zip fire lighter on it. Light it, rush round to the cab, jab starter button and blast off! It consumed the whole firelighter and left the bare wire ready for rebaiting!

However I digress, let us return to matters Lagonda. We set off and it seemed reasonable—it went, albeit rather slowly and with a strange whinney—like a horse—on take off. It stopped and steered well but made a few odd noises which I was assured were quite normal for the age of the car! We went off to have a family Sunday lunch and I decided *We* had to have it, so we returned to the 16/80, haggled over the price and agreed to buy it. I came away with some bills and a road test which suggested it would do 20, 40, 60, 80 in the 4 gears which seemed amazing after our ride.

Later on that week I persuaded David to run me over there to collect it. So on the Thursday night we set off in his Lotus Cortina—the Bentley was in dock. He generally drove flat out so it didn't take us very long and soon I had parted with the loot and was on my way at the helm of the 16/80. It was quite exciting fumbling about in the dark—trying to remember the throttle was in the centre and the gear lever on the right and where I had put the gear lever whether I was ready to change up or down!

We had done about 15 miles with my friend passing, slowing down and repassing shouting various umprintables about the fiendish fumes, the smoke, oil on his windscreen etc when he flagged me down and said something to the effect if we didn't get a move on we'd never get home tonight! I protested that I was doing 60 mph which I considered very

reasonable but he cut me short saying we had never been over 40. I was very testy at this and decided I must have been looking at the Rev counter! Actually my eyes were riveted on the OIL pressure gauge and Water temperature gauge both of which were showing considerable activity.

I set off after this discussion and it was then that it revealed a particularly nasty habit—whilst releasing the clutch the pedal suddenly developed a lethal kick back and whanged my knee back against the dashboard. My leg went numb, I managed to draw the car to a halt, extricate my pinned left leg by depressing the clutch with my right foot and painfully abandoned ship! I explained to my friend this monster had a kick like a mule and showed him the slowly swelling knee!

Having revealed this extraordinary trait so early in life I sensed when it was liable to kick and learned to handle it.

We stopped in London for dinner which was not without drama as the lights fused just as we were tucking into the main course and the management took forever to find some candles—we found it remarkably difficult to find our mouths! We resumed our journey via Chiswick and on to the M4 when suddenly it spluttered to a halt. After some discussion and investigation it appeared we had run out of juice—the furiously ticking pump was a good indicator—as the petrol tap had been left turned to reserve we could not resort to that—always remember to turn back onto Main as all petrol gauges are unreliable! Out with the tow rope and off we go with me furiously trying to make sure I am in Neutral. We now proceeded at a terrific lick and when I enquired later we had been doing 70mph! It was some days later that I learned Pre Selectors should not be towed above 20mph and only for a short distance! Although no harm ever revealed itself in my ownership.

Suitably refueled we rushed on home and glad to have arrived went to bed. The next morning that wonderful feeling of excitement as I peered round the garage door to reveal Henry—that was the name we had decided the Lagonda answered to. Much inspection—looking behind seats, in



glove boxes, tool boxes and marvelling at the very substantial chassis and the very good looks. Then the moment—the starting ceremony—pump the Ki-gass—had he said 3 or 4 pumps or 5 or 6—don't want to flood it—go on—press the tit—much churning, coughing, a touch of autumn laryngitis—then Eureka—Blast off—Stethoscopes out—what a cocophany of noise—piston slap, big ends, little ends, rockers, tappets—they were all talking to each other!

Lunch—shouted my wife. After lunch—assemble the family—hood up to appease the faint hearted and to much hooting and waving to neighbours we proceeded up the road. We managed just over a mile before the engine just died and we silently drew to a halt. Everyone peered at the engine—what is a Magneto and where is it? My wife has twice revealed extra sensory perception in these circumstances whilst having no mechanical knowledge—once when an Alfa GTV engine just cut out and I thought of a dozen things it could be and she said cracked distribution cap—jackpot first time! Also when I backed my Alfetta up to a grassy bank and plugged the exhaust with mud—I checked the engine and she walked round the car, quietly telling me the exhaust was stuck in the bank as I was holding the Distributor cap!—but this time she couldn't work the oracle and nor could I so—Family push I shouted—Gosh, it's heavy they said! We did three quarters of a mile and everyone was exhausted. I said the disgrace and embarrassment of pushing it past the neighbours would be too much for me—lets wait until after dark—but they refused so we had to run the gauntlet of—what a quiet engine!—lovely runner!—good in museums!

The Magneto was the suspected part and this started quite a saga which proved to be an education. If I had a pound for every time I have spun the end of a Magneto searching for the ever elusive spark. Even when it does appear and flash consistently, when put back on the engine it has no effect on it!

It took two months for me to work my way through those who professed to know about Magnetos and several refits on the

engine before I eventually found someone who really did know—It really is an area where you either do or don't and there is no room for the guessers.

After this saga and a decoke it really went quite well and in memory of my first sight of a Lagonda at Thruxton I took it there and parked in the very same spot. One other problem revealed itself—in looking under the engine I saw an open pipe and realised it was the water pump outlet. On investigation I found the water pump had been by-passed so we were operating on thermo-syphon which was fine on the road but pretty hairy in traffic. I took the pump off and took it apart to find there was no impeller inside! So I acquired a serviceable pump, made up the relevant hoses, reassembled and drove off to test—within 5 miles it boiled! In despair I went back to the by-pass and sold the car (telling the new owner about the pump. He subsequently refitted the pump and boiled immediately—History does not relate his solution to this problem.

I bought an E-Type after that but it wasn't quite the same and when I saw another 16/80 for sale off I went and bought it. It had a manual centre change—Alvis Speed 20 box which was very good—it certainly went better than old Henry but not much. It gave little trouble until the children reported that there were bits coming out underneath—Don't pull my leg, said I, but I stopped and sure enough there were bits of carbon thrust all over the road—I collected them and returned home quickly. A friend suggested the bits looked very like Austin commercial parts so I went to a distributor and asked if they had a similar carbon thrust—the stores chap asked what it was off and looked very askance when I replied—a (16/80) 1934 Lagonda. He disappeared and at that moment the other customers disappeared, the phones stopped ringing and I heard him ask his colleague in the background—Hey, George! I got this geaser on the front counter want's one of these—Whats it off? A 1934 Lagonda—tell him to XXXXXX off! says George. I retired hurt, eventually solved the problem and sold the car.

By now I had learnt there were 2 litres,



3 litres, 3 ½ litres and 4 ½ litres—6 and 12 cylinder. I then encountered a 3 ½ which was all cut and shut and very tatty with the upholstery split and the stuffing coming out. I had seen this car 2 or 3 years before and had rather admired it—it had a hole through the bell housing where something had let go and exited whilst racing—It also had a Speed 20 gearbox and looked like a RoD. At the AGM at Maidenhead, the fellow who owned it charged up and down the road offering rides and stating it was for sale. I didn't do anything about it at the time but I saw it on the road 3 or 4 weeks later and followed him home—One ride up the road and I bought it. This was great news—it really went, I charged around like a lunatic—flat out everywhere—it backfired magnificently on the overrun, started superbly,—went round roundabouts in top gear if you wanted to and was generally enormous fun. It rattled and bumped a lot but this was half the fun of riding in the monster—it had real teeth! I thought this is so good and such fun what would a 4 ½ be like and by chance saw an advert in Motor Sport about a rebuild project on a Saloon. I contacted my trusted Bentley friend and off we went—on arrival at a dimly lit farmhouse—we heard this terrific noise and went round the back to see this monster 4 ½ charging round and round the yard belching smoke and flames as it only had the manifold attached and no exhaust system at all. There was a 2 gallon can of fuel wired to the bulkhead from which the carbs were receiving the required dose of octane. The front wings were more or less attached with the running boards flapping about madly as they were almost broken away from the main wings. The bonnet was lying in the yard. The Headlamps were still in position and that was it—no sign of the rest of the body—no screen, just the front seat in position—to say it looked fiendish is an understatement! The lunatic was so intent on his fun as the 4 ½ charged around on 4/5 or 6 cylinders subject to the angle of fuel level in the can that he didn't notice us for a while. Our conversation went like this. Gosh! its a genuine fire eating dragon—what a load of rubbish—lets go—Imagine how super it would be

when rebuilt—it goes!—only just! You've got six wheels, tyres are shot, radiator, headlamps, bonnet, engine, gearbox, axle, bulkhead, all the running gear and the front wings—yes look at them—they've got measles! They really were in a state showing evidence of many argument with gateposts and the like of which had bent them out of line all along those lovely flowing lines. The bumps had cracked the paint and the water had found it's way into the cracks and gradually rusted its way out into a series of huge blisters which were now running sores.

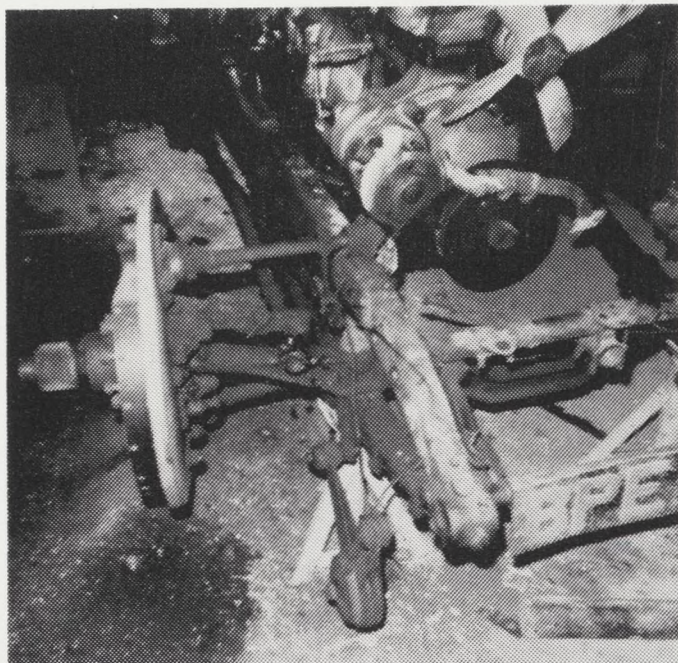
Undaunted within ½ an hour I had purchased it with the promise of the rest of the body and trim which was housed some 20 miles away and since it was 10.00 pm now we would leave it for another day. On the way home I began to consider just what I had taken on and estimated approx 1 year to rebuild it!! So we had a few celebratory drinks to reduce the shock. A week later we returned with Land-Rover and trailer and loaded the M45. Whilst driving along I had this sensation at the back of my neck and turning round I found the two headlamps of the 4 ½ really frowning at me from a great height. What a marvellous sight! We had an excellent meal en route and rather more wine than was prudent as I found to my cost when trying to back the trailer between greenhouses at 1.00 am! I had to have several bites at it before I managed to get the trailer in position to unload the 4 ½ into its shed—its home for the next 3 years! So much for my 1 year rebuild!

The 4 ½ was now some 15 miles from home and 5 miles from work so I had to try and find the time to get stuck into disassembling it. After a few cursory forays at it I put aside a whole day to attack with a vengeance. Always there were some nuts and bolts that just would not shift and most of my spanners seemed to be between sizes. At this stage I began to realise that Lagondas bite and keep biting! My knuckles lost chunks of skin, blood but not bone and when I returned home many questions were asked as to the state of my hands—oil, dirt parafin and blood had left them in a sorry state. When my wife, first visited the 4 ½ she recoiled in horror at this



'pile of rust' that I was eulogising about. She thought I had gone stark raving bonkers—a view she held until it finally hit the road.

Other duties, like work, seemed to intervene and progress was painfully slow and soon six months had elapsed. The engine had looked very good but upon



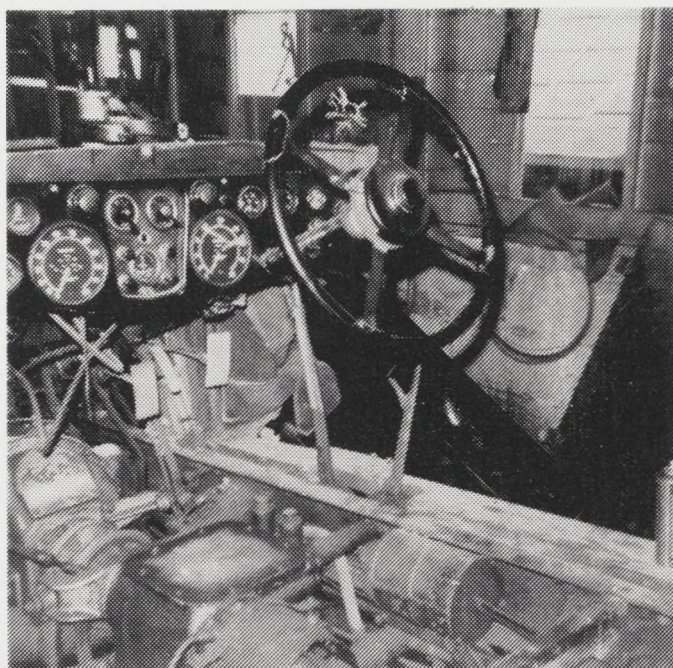
*The individual parts . . .*

removing the head there was a very nasty crack in the block which was not visible from the outside—great depression! I turned to Ivan Forshaw who with customary efficiency provided another block, bored with new pistons and rocker shafts.

Meanwhile the 3½ was running and diverted my attention at weekends as I charged around thinking how good it was and how superb the 4½ would be. This is the answer a runner *and* a rebuild! Progress may suffer but it does keep you going. The 3½ went to Silverstone on numerous occasions and my children and their friends enjoyed the enormous fun of those days out and still do now with the 4½.

One day I was invited to play golf in a foursomes event at Denham so I decided to go in the 3½—it was a really boiling July day and I arrived without incident and set off to play—Pimms was served at the 6th hole, the 12th and the 16th! So we were well primed by the time we arrived at the 19th, lunch continued to be nicely alcoholic and the afternoon round was

completely in a trance! About 7.00 I decided I had better retire whilst I could, so I loaded up and set off. It was still hot and the 3½ soon seemed to go off song and started misfiring and eventually expired completely at the bottom of PRIEST HILL. This hill I imagine must have been well known to Lagonda testers as it



lies between Old Windsor and Englefield Green and would have been a very suitable test course as it forms a complete circuit via Runnymede and then up the hill and onto the A30 and back to the factory.

However, the 3½ either had bad memories or it didn't like the condition of its driver—albeit it would not start—I put it down to the Magneto getting too hot and shorting out. So I resolved to let it all cool off and try again later. One or two people had stopped and really wanted to chat rather than help until a very unlikely character stopped and alighted from his SMOKE GREY Minor 1000 Traveller. Huuh! Mate—spot of trouble. I was not overly enamoured of this familiarity—mate indeed, I always felt you needed a good 5 year friendship to achieve this status! However, he did seem concerned and enquired what the trouble was and where I was going. No sparks and Wentworth said I—I'll tow you says he—you must be joking! said I—its about 2 tonnes and straight uphill for one mile—I've towed bigger motors than this—so out came the tow rope and we coupled up and



set off—within 20 yards the tow rope broke and we had to retie it. We proceeded up the hill in this fashion and retied the rope some 12 times—it was rather fun and we developed a most efficient drill—I would anchor up and he would freewheel back into position and I would retie. There were two worrying aspects—the smell of his burnt clutch was desperately strong and I seriously wondered whether we would make the crest before it gave out and secondly I was closing up on him at an alarming rate with every retie! We did eventually make the brow and get on the flat and just into the village when it broke again.

I tied up again and climbed aboard the rope now had approx 3 ft between us—I was on the foot brake and the handbrake and was praying he didn't need to do an emergency stop as I envisaged the dumb irons mounting the Traveller crashing through the body and pinning the driver between the headlamps! Englefield Green joins the A30 via a cross road which is controlled by traffic lights. As we approached they were green and I felt they were going to go red—our hero decided he was going through and attacked determinedly his clutch seemingly on its last legs—the Minor doing 5000 rpm and the 3½ having to be checked as I kept catapulting forward. Imagine the scene if you were sitting at the traffic lights on the A30 with the lights just changing to green. There was a blur as Minor and 3½ flashed past with barely a foot to spare between them looking to all intents and purposes like a small terrier being pursued by a very large bloodhound!

By a miracle we made it and arrived at my destination. I told our hero he was a knight of the road which seemed to please him and he immediately plucked the ubiquitous camera from the Traveller insisting on a picture. As he departed leaving a heavy redolence of burnt clutch I felt I really should have offered him the price of a new clutch!

There was another trip I remember in the 3½ to Thruxton with a neighbour and his two sons and another friend. We had a very entertaining day and settled into a few sharpeners on the way home—until

suddenly realised we should be home by now so my neighbour who is 6ft 5ins and his sons climbed in the back seat which sits up rather higher than normal and I got the bit between my teeth and really trod on the loud pedal. I remember some gasps and Arrgh! as we hit some really bad bumps and the axle belted the underside of the seat and I noticed as we went through a town his sons crouched under each arm as he bent down to try and avoid the worst of the airstream but to no avail, he was well proud of it. When we arrived home his wife said what on earth has happened to your forehead and he went into the toilet and looked into the mirror which revealed half the night life of Hampshire impaled on his brow! Moths, flies etc!

This is one of the better parts of owning and driving a Lagonda you very seldom find out how windy it is in the back—in fact there is a story of one member who has 3 sons and the youngest didn't get into the front seat until he was fifteen and was amazed to find out what he'd been missing! The fight for the front seat was a real event for all subsequent trips—now no doubt father finds himself relegated to the back!

The 3½ continued to give wonderful service with the minimum of attention and was always a ready starter. I have come to admire this car enormously and it really has been tremendous fun. Whilst the 3½ remained a runner the 4½ deteriorated into more and more bits, eventually becoming completely stripped chassis ready for shot blasting and zinc spraying. Once again David came to my rescue by transporting the chassis to the metal finishers.

Suddenly after 3 years I had a bare chassis ready for reassembly. It was now at home with the hope that I would be able to improve progress but meanwhile my third daughter had arrived and so developments continued at a very slow pace but at least we were now going in the right direction! The axles were offered up with springs, gearbox, steering gear and enormous quantities of parts strewn round the garage were gradually identified and fitted rather like doing a huge jig-saw puzzle!



When I came to fit the prop shaft I couldn't believe it—it missed the axle by 6 inches! It was too high. Clearly the springs were enjoying great relief from the burden of the saloon body. I think we had 3 or 4 trips to the spring people before we achieved the right result. It is amazing how a small adjustment affects the angle of the spring hangers considerably.

I removed all the silent block bushes and purchased replacements from Ivan. The old ones were very tough to knock out. During the reassembly I found it incredible how often I had to remove the same part as I had not assembled things in the right order! My wife could not believe how progress was visible at one moment and back to square one the next. However I felt we were going forward! The chassis really was taking shape and suddenly we could manoeuvre the car on its wheels.

The engine had been taken to an expert who had quietly disassembled it waiting for me to acquire the new rebored block, pistons, crankshafts, rebushed rocker shafts, etc. He unfortunately became very ill and after some time I decided I had better retrieve the bits and find another expert. This took some time as several people were unhappy to receive multitudes of bits purporting to be a Meadows engine. At last I found Dave Cole and dumped boxes galore, a Meadows instruction manual and departed glad to have got things under way. Alas, one week later he called. Where's the oil pump? It must be there—No I've checked all the boxes—no sign and I retraced all my steps but nobody had it. This really was a mortal blow which took some recovering from—Here I was 5 years into a rebuild that I expected to do in 1 year and all I had was a rolling chassis and an engine in hundreds of bits and no oil pump—how's that for progress!

I appealed to Ivan who gave me some sympathy and said he would see what he could do but they were a very scarce item! He eventually found me one and saved my bacon.

After this episode I really felt I had had enough of rebuilds and nearly fell to the blandishments of some intrepid chap who wanted to stick a body on it and drive to

the North Pole! Since I was right up the pole I almost let it go but a ride in the 3½ put me back on course and I determined to complete the project whatever. I had approached Nick Jarvis who I believed to be amongst the foremost body builders in the country if not the best and he arranged to have the frame rebuilt by H and H at South Stoke as they had an original to copy from.

I made one major modification, if anyone notices—I have no opening boot—my experience with two 16/80's had proven there was virtually no space in the boot and in any case it was accessible via the backseat. The strain on the mounting points with the sparewheel on it when open was enormous and generally served to crack the framework.

The chassis was duly delivered by me on a trailer, scale drawings began and soon a beautiful ash frame emerged. At last I really believed I was going to finish the car after all, when you've had the pain you deserve the pleasure! Next the car was clad in aluminium, new rear wings were made—entirely separate from the main frame—so much prettier, and the old front steel wings were sorted out with new running boards welded on and the twin sidemounts cut out and replaced with new metal so that the beautiful flow of these wings remained unbroken. Bodyfitting is a very underrated art and the fitting of those front wings proved to be quite a nightmare. Next a windscreen was made and fitted. Then that terrible decision what colour to paint it—I had already bought the leather and carpet 2 years before which were blue so it made the decision easier—matching twin set—it had to be blue—almost RAF BLUE which I think turned out to be an excellent choice as anyone who is acquainted with the car will agree. John Andrews trimmed the car quite beautifully and made a superb hood and side screens and with the hood erect we have a really menacing frown—very impressive and exactly like the one I saw at Thruxton some ten years ago.

The completed engine was installed, the electrics sorted out and everything connected up some cranking to move the oil about and then amidst huge



anticipation, after a decade's endeavour press the tit, deep murmurings—a spit back—more Ki-gass—at last some firing—three or four cylinders and then all six! Oil Pressure eighty! Keep it going and try and adjust the carbs—yes that's better running more evenly now—coming up to temperature now—try the ignitions separately—quite a luxury having two, quite forgotten about that! Onto coil—dies immediately—check points clean and reset—yes now we are on twelve, plugs I mean!

Come on then—Up the road—What now! We haven't got a MOT— Can't get one until you try it on the road—Okay let's go—gently into first—gosh, will I ever change gear I've not tried a CRASH box before except in an Austin ten which was very reasonable. Come on—suck it and see— right 1st gear off we go, now 2nd—CRASH stop, 1st gear again, try 2nd—CRASH—everybody out—seats out—floor out—adjust clutch stop—Everything back in—now 1st—off we go—2nd—CRASH—blimey, he said, you're playing the Bluebells of Scotland on that gearbox! Stop 1st again—change a little bit quicker, the clutch stop will allow it—now 2nd—My god—I'm in! Look out!—stop looking at the pedals and the gear lever and remember to steer! Right now have a go at 3rd—no—arrgh—arrgh—brilliant you did it—what's up? he said, as my face contorted with pain, Stuck! I screamed, as I stopped the car and gingerley leant out over the drivers door and undid the outside door handle in order to release my right hand which was freely flowing with blood where three knuckles had been bared as they jumped on the inside of the door catch. Crickey I'll have to do it backhand! Otherwise I'll have no hand left. Have another go—some more crashes along the way and suddenly 1,2,3,4! Now down into 3rd—CRASH—not enough revs—CRASH—too many revs—that's it—you're in! I really should have brought my L plates—Do you think everyone has this sort of experience—of course they do—its the only way to do it, suck it and see!

Suddenly we were back home having done 6 miles and I felt quite exhausted and very elated. After a decade of endeavour

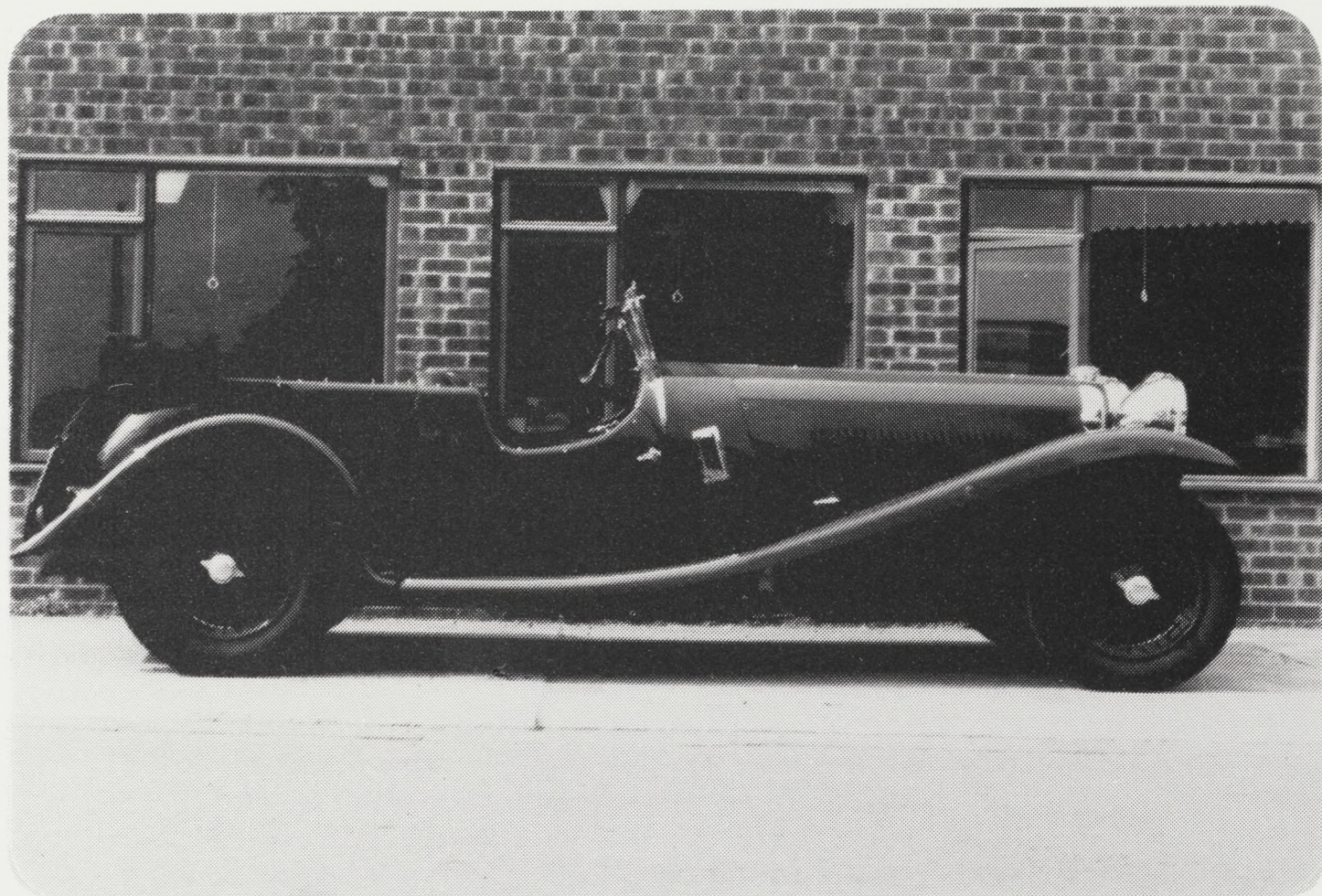
I had actually made it down the road. Strewth, what a super car—brakes need a bit of sorting—at the first left bend—a dab on the brakes and you're round no need to turn the steering!

The maiden voyage safely negotiated I nipped around adjusting things and couldn't wait for it to be run in. The gear box remained tricky but interesting as the road test report had mentioned. The engine was lovely and I was so delighted the car was as good as I had hoped. Several times I had terrible thought of, what if I don't like it or what if it drives dreadfully, but one must have confidence in the Marque, they are really very fine cars and it must have been a sensation in 1934.

Having spent ten years getting it on the road little did I realize there was another three/four years ironing out the problems, short cuts that seemed a good idea at the time, came home to roost in the end. Bad workmanship by various people took 1000 miles to show up. There really is no substitute for mileage. I had starter trouble (the unit itself, the bendix and the button, which flew off at 70 mph, and activated the starter immediately!) fuel pumps, water pump which took three or four goes to solve, wipers, exhaust, dash lights, water temperature gauge (twice), front springs were found to be foreigners, and the rear ones fouled the body work on rough bumbs, so both had to come off, as I kept saying to myself—I have done all this before! But the worst event of all was last year when I decided it was time to change the gear box oil. I have a sawn off end of a forty gallon drum which serves to catch the oil and when I undid the plug and let it drain, there was a slight tink from the bottom and I started fishing around in the EP 90, the smell of which I find infinitely preferable to glue sniffing! I could easily become adicted and go off for my daily fix!

Amongst the oil I found a metallic object and to my horror half a helical tooth revealed itself. I went numb and walked around the garden in a daze cursing myself for not having bought a T 8 box that had recently been advertised. (If anyone has one spare, I would be pleased to purchase it). After the shock I set to and removed seats, floor boards and top of gear box and





*go together to make a very presentable end product.*

*Photos: Roger Cooke.*

there it was—top gear. Out came the gear box and I took the whole offending assembly round to one of our foremost members, Geoff Seaton, who very kindly set to and took it all apart. The failed gear and its partner were dispatched to Ivan in the hope that he could find suitable replacements. After several SOS calls and much entreating he finally worked the miracle and found a second hand pair which were slightly marked and when offered up fitted perfectly. The box was reassembled and works very well, the oil was changed twice within 300 miles and I am most reluctant to EVER change it again in the fear of what may appear! Subsequently it has survived our wonderful trip to Le Mans, three to Silverstone, Prescott and much general running around. Rather like a dog I try to give it a run most weekends, often going past the old works at Staines.

Last year the 4½ became “Star of stage and screen” when it starred in the Agatha Christie, Miss Marple series—The Moving Finger—which came on our screens in late January/February this year. The car was transported by Range Rover and trailer and

thereby hangs a tale. When the Range Rover appeared we were all in the midst of a Barbeque, and the driver said, “you just carry on and I’ll load up” I eventually went round to see how he was getting on to find the Lagonda nicely installed on the trailer and he mercilessly churning the starter on the Range Rover, whose battery was gradually failing and showing absolutely no inclination to start.

I couldn’t resist it, and suggested we dismount the Lagonda, start it up and give the Range Rover and trailer a tow start! He was most put out by the ignominy of this and so I rustled up another battery and we jumped it into life. The 4½ was away for one or two days at a time depending upon the weather and a total of seven days in all spread over approximately six weeks during July and August, so I had to go to July Silverstone in a moden car—it just is not the same!

It was fun to watch the Lagonda make its entrances albeit too briefly, and listen to the various sounds even down to the nicely squeaking brakes! It was after it was returned that the gear box problem occurred, but I believe this was just a



coincidence, and the two events were not related. I used to wash the car off before it was collected each time, but they said this was unnecessary—we do not want it too clean! It was the first time the Lagonda had earned its keep, and I think I would do it again if the opportunity came, but you do tend to notice the odd mark here and there, after all it is only a prop!

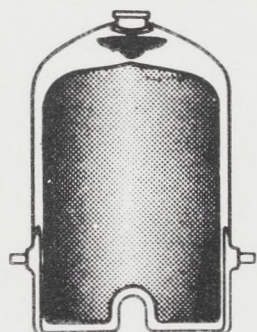
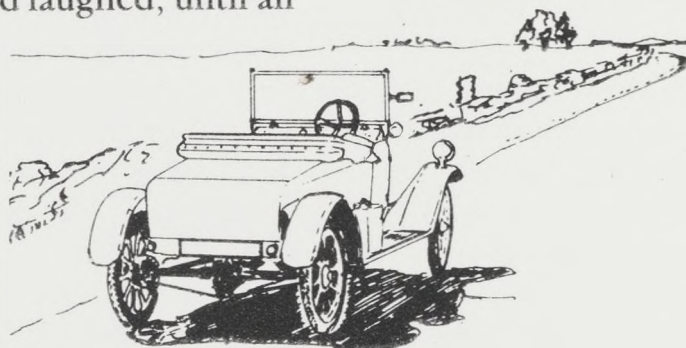
The sensation of the year was the short Le Mans trip which really revealed to me the true magnificence of this wonderful car. Cruising at seventy, only 2800 rpm, occasional bursts up to eighty, and once I did not dare look when I decided I had to have the 4½ in front! The ride was extremely comfortable, and my three passengers, a hand picked team who laughed and laughed and laughed, until all

our sides ached, found no discomfort even with the hood down they were just frozen stiff! I found the most difficult thing was to hear the punch line at 70 mph of the next story being related in the back!

I have asked one of my passengers to write an article of the whole trip from a less biased angle! Needless to say we would all like to repeat the journey NOW!

I have done nearly 8000 miles since 1980 and the tyres are nearly out so that is the next expense, but those miles have given me enormous pleasure, and I must say if you read the Herriot books he says the stable is his byre—I feel likewise about the garage, the smells of the leather, timber, hood, carpet, oil, petrol, grease and EP 90—modern cars just do not smell!

ROGER COOKE



# GWR

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# Boobs II.

I HAD SOME rear hubs resplined this year and got them refitted by the chaps at work. Apart from getting the wrong hubs on the wrong half shafts they forgot the vital split pin in the hub holding nut. This reminded me of a boob when a kind soul gave (yes gave) us a spare rear axle sans split pins and on the way back from racing at Oulton park sometime in the late 60's the whole offside wheel, brake drum and hub went shooting across the Chester Road, giving rise to the age old saying on entering a high class garden—"Can we have our wheel back"! The car in question can be indentified by a small flat worn on the rear offside back plate as the car came shuddering to rest.

The half shafts are right and left handed due to the spiral groove designed to throw oil back to the differential casing. To check, remove half shafts from car, rotate in foreward direction grasp spiral grove pretending your hand is thick sticky oil and your hand should travel slowly towards the splined end of the shaft.

When replacing shaft I suggest you throw away the felt oil seal and fit a Weston W275 175 50 R4—it actually stops oil getting into your brakes. Some half shafts have O.S and N.S stamped on the end which can be seen by removing the hub cap—if so ignore all you've just read!

I decided to put my money where my mouth is and had the splendid Jack Buckley make me some new bonnet sides for my M45 saloon. These have conventional outward facing louvres and look almost indistinguishable from original. And YES YES all the fumes and smell that I have put up with for the last 20 years have gone away! I am so pleased I have put my M45 tourer bonnet sides in for doing. Jack only uses the hinges and we are keeping the old sides to be replaced when petrol runs out.

Back to the past—a rather sad tale, almost in the boob class. We were at Curborough—Herb says Silverstone in '68 with the V12 replica Le Mans 2 seater. Over strolled an elderly bald chap in an old raincoat having just alighted from a tired looking Morris 1000. Herb whispered in awe—its W. O. Bentley—I could hardly believe it—not at all the image I had in my mind. I became more sceptical to begin with when he started to talk to me about the car—and it was clear he thought it was one of the actual Le Mans models. However his advice on the engine was clear enough and he confided in me that there was something wrong with the profile of the V12 camshafts which meant very low power at low revs. High revs produced the optimum performance and W.O. said to ignore the 5,500 rpm limit as up to 6,500 had been held for long periods without problems. Off he went and I never saw him again. I have often reflected that he could have done with a little financial help but was probably too proud to accept charity—if indeed it was offered, but its none of my business anyway. What amazing financial gains were and still are being made from his various creations. I had, subsequently, an exhilarating race at Silverstone—ignoring the rev limit and seeing off Bugattis and

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## MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS BY:

SUMMER:  
AUTUMN:

30th June  
30th September

WINTER:  
SPRING:

31st December  
30th March



the like—Oh dear it was all too much for the tired engine—purchased for £50 in a garage in Carlisle—the big ends ran and a much needed rebuild resulted.

There must have been some red faces in the drawing office at Staines when the Girling Brake System was decided upon late in '34. It made the perrot shaft system look a joke and must have saved Lagondas a lot of time in chassis building—not to mention the weight saving getting rid of all the cross shafts and servo motor etc. Nowadays after many years the rather lightweight Girling system can be very dangerous. I have found clevis pins worn nearly right through as there is no provision for lubrication—a good winter job is replacing these—also Alan Brown does supply new bushes and pivots. Be very careful when cleaning the expander units—if you put the little pushers in the wrong way round they won't work properly and the car will swerve—also they should not be clamped tight to the back plate—but be able to find their own centre otherwise one brake shoe will operate only—more swerving!

On the last engine rebuild I did I had to have the block re-linered—the company fitting the liners used too much wellie and

cracked the block in the thin part between cylinders—the results were disastrous with broken pistons bent con rod, bent valves as the loose liner broke up—and I'm really quite a careful engineer.

There's no doubt about it a thick cork gasket under the rocker box cover does cut down engine noise to below the new EEC 90 decibel limit! Do be warned when some one suggest you use locktite to stop bearings turning in their housings—it does work but makes them virtually impossible to remove later.

If you have your rear springs set up beware of the boob of setting rod brakes (M45/3ltr) too close. As the springs settle the axle moves back a little and the brakes bind. On Motorways the drums get red hot—all the paint comes off and the grease boils in the hub making an unpleasant stink when you stop for tea.

I have had a large mail bag containing two letters since my last article—more than happy to answer queries with low to medium quality technical advice on 4½ litres & V12 cars. Prefer the phone as I hate writing letters and can deny all knowledge if things go wrong!

DAVID HINE

## Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir

I wonder if Members were aware that Compo Brown was in charge of the Northern Driving Test in Sandtoft in July last year.

Please find enclosed some photographs of him for the records.

With Best Wishes

REX

PS—I have just purchased—well last August—a 2-litre high chassis Honeymoon fixed head coupé, in very good original condition, ex Blake of Stratford on Avon, not in the Club, last known to The Club about 25 years ago "R. C. Whiteside" If you could do with photos and an article please let me know.



*The complete picture. Now all you have to do is decide. Offers and Photo: Roger Firth.*



Dear Sir

Many congratulations on the latest Technicolor Lagonda Magazine!

Regarding the picture on p.37, I am pretty sure the aeroplane is an Avro 638 Club Cadet, dating from 1932, and fitted with a 135 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Genet Major engine. Only 17 of this version of the Cadet were built (with unstaggered folding wings) and none survived beyond the last war, as they were all either crashed or broken up. They were introduced for clubs and private owners—if only the registration letters of the aeroplane in the photo were visible, one might be able to trace its history.

It certainly is a nice evocative photograph, of interest to me as I am lucky enough to have flown a surviving example of a later version of the Cadet with staggered wings, known as the Avro 643, although I don't know if this particular aeroplane, G-ADIE, still exists today. If the car in the photo is a 2-litre Lagonda, I've driven one of those as well. Is there no end to some people's good fortune?

Yours sincerely

PETER HULL

Dear Sir

Thank you for an excellent commemorative issue of the magazine detailing our Le Mans experiences—the memories evoked make a pleasant change from the sight of the snow outside!

I showed my father your mystery aircraft picture, and he has written as follows:

"In his letter in the Winter issue, Bill Bangham asks for identification of the aeroplane in his photograph. This is an Avro Club Cadet, which is fitted with the seven cylinder version of the Armstrong Siddeley Genet-Major radial engine. It was first produced in 1932 as a successor to the popular Avro Avian, and was a junior version of the RAF trainer, the Avro Tutor. It was the last in a long line of Avro training biplanes, and was also one of the last biplane light aeroplanes to be designed in this country."

Yours sincerely

DAVID COCHRANE

Dear Sir

With much interest I have read the references to the late Frank Feeley in the Autumn and Winter issues and particularly note Mr Arnold Davey's first sentence in the latter:

Shortly after the publication of 'Lagonda. A History of the Marque.' I addressed a letter to the Club for the attention of whom I can not recall but 'most' probably the secretary, saying I felt it was a regrettable omission, no reasonable reference or space was given to the then methods of production and the craftsmen involved in the manufacture on the engineering side.

No doubt there are still a few of the engineers still alive who were there during the early days of the 2 litre.

I for one joined the company in 1922 and was very closely involved in the planning and tooling of the 2 litre engine and chassis and others up to 1935, joining the reconstructed company for two years during the Bentley period.

I know of two other early employees: It would be nice to hear of others. No doubt time has taken toll.

Yours faithfully

JAMES VOLLER

Dear Sir

May I repeat what I said at the AGM with regard to its venue for the benefit of those who did not attend this time (perhaps this was because some may have had the same views as myself).

The West Lodge Park Hotel is not a suitable venue and I believe that this is the opinion of the majority of club members. The reasons are quite simple:

1 The car parking facilities are very cramped with inadequate room for all the cars.

2 The Conference Room cannot cope with our number and we have been told that a larger room is not available.

3 The hotel is not easily accessible and involves a frustrating journey with the major M25 roadworks and long queues on the A6. Even last year when I approached from the South, I had to endure a painful journey through suburbia.



The reply to my objections at the AGM from Mr Crocker was that "I thought members enjoyed driving their cars". That is *precisely* the point I am making. We do enjoy driving our cars and getting to the West Lodge Park Hotel hardly constitutes enjoyable motoring—in fact it is the complete opposite. Indeed, even the Chairman openly attempted at the beginning of his speech that many members had been "cursing" to get there. So why persevere with such an unpopular venue and inadequate facilities? Let's be honest, admit this place is unsuitable for AGM's and find an alternative venue for next year.

Just taking a quick look at a map covering the area, why cannot a country hotel with easy access by motorways, main roads and B roads be found—near say High Wycombe or Oxford for example. At least we wouldn't then all be cursing on arrival but rather have had an enjoyable drive in getting there.

Yours faithfully

RICHARD BUSH

Dear Sir

We have recently completed the restoration of the LG6 shown in the enclosed photograph. The car belongs to a Swiss couple having been presented to them on their marriage by Irish relatives.

The car was delivered to us from Ireland some time ago bearing the Registration Number JPB 500 (Chassis/Engine No 12353), which I believe is the original number. It is interesting to see that this car appears in a photograph facing page 336 in Davey and May's "A History of the Marque". Presumably it was owned or used by somebody connected with the 1939 Le Mans team.

I am trying to register this car with the DVLC and if possible retain the original Reg. No. To this end, I am endeavouring to trace previous owners and hopefully obtain an original log book or any documentation which can then be given to the DVLC since they say they have no record of its existence. If anybody reading this can help in any way I would be very grateful if they could contact me at The Old School, Staindrop, Darlington.

Yours sincerely

DAVID A C ROYLE



*The LG6 JPB 500 after the work.*

*Photo: David Royle.*



Dear Sir

Congratulations to you and the Committee upon a very successful A.G.M. We left—3 2-litres in convoy—to spend the rest of the weekend at Weybridge with another club member Bruce Balcombe who, unfortunately, sold his 2-litre a year ago, otherwise there would have been four of us!

Thanks for your patience with me over the Spares Scheme and no doubt the committee will take the matter further in discussion, but I take the liberty of setting out the following points as, in criticising the system (*NOT* the scheme) I feel it's up to me to try to be constructive.

Please don't bother to answer this but I would be interested in the outcome of any discourse on the subject and if you don't agree with me I won't be in the least offended!!

- 1.) Alan and Peter should not be put in a position of having to refuse spares to a Club member.
- 2.) Future new members should pay—within the joining fee—a contribution towards spares until such time as the scheme is self sufficient.
- 3.) A Chairman's letter should be sent to all those car owning members who did *not* contribute, asking for a donation following the discussion at the A.G.M. Hopefully this



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will add to the fund and involve more Club members but no further steps need be taken in the event of no reply.

4.) The object of 3 above is to get rid of the separate spares membership list and the difficulties it produces.

5.) If V.A.T. rears its ugly head—so what?—we all pay V.A.T. every time we visit a garage and in any case there are ways of minimising this and I'm sure the Club has an accountant member who can advise.

6.) Taking a long term view, if a motor repairer wants to buy spares for a Lagonda whose owner is not a Club member—why shouldn't he? Provided of course that the Club makes a profit.

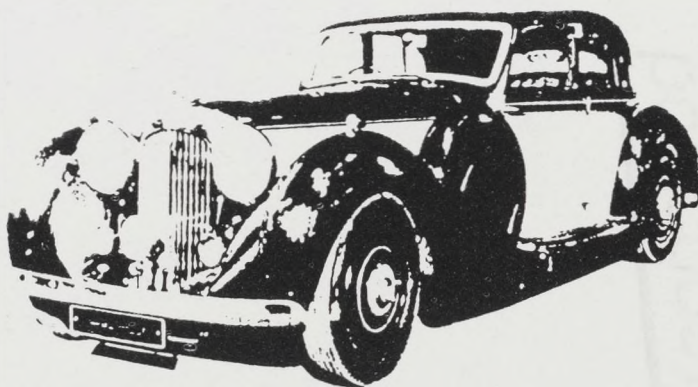
7.) Individual members should be discouraged from having spares manufactured unless in close co-operation with the Committee with the ultimate club financial profit in mind. Essential and most helpful in the past and I was myself so involved in the 1950's. Far better on a Club basis nowadays.

There is very little new in the foregoing and I myself was treated very kindly by the Austin 7 people when I wanted a somewhat rare rear axle bearing for my special—they made a profit on the sale and got a small donation as well!! The suggestion put forward of having one price for "Scheme" members and another for non-members is not sound—it would produce problems and ill-feeling.

I will now sit down!!

All the best to all of you.

JOHN ANDERSON











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