



THE MAGAZINE OF THE  
LAGONDA CLUB

Number 129 Summer 1986





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

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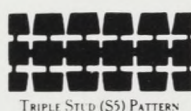
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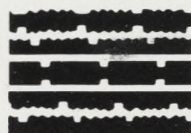
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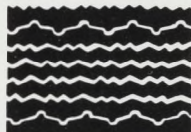
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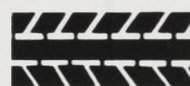
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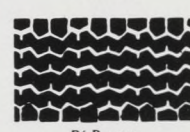
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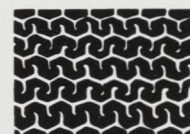
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MAGAZINE

Issue No. 129

Summer 1986

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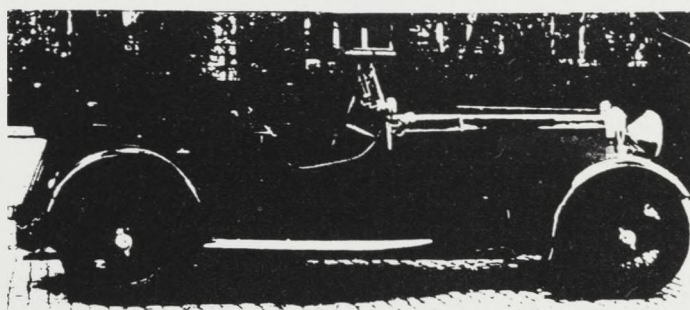
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*FRONT COVER:* Dr Wulf Müller's V-12 dbc (FMA 310) at the ADAC Oldtimer Meeting in Munich 1985 when she won a concours d'elegance prize. Photo: Courtesy Thomas Kohnle.



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# Out and About.

AT LAST some reasonable weather. The time has come to start looking at the editorial rebuild again. This has not really started yet and the temptation is to paint the bits that show and have some fun again.

Various bits have now been returned from the casting shop and will now have to be machined. I hope that I will be able to get a lot of this done by friends and acquaintances.

The undertrays have now been removed and stripped of gallons of old paint and lbs of muck and oil. They will now have to be welded where they have split.

It will be pleasant when all the bits go back as by then they should be a lot cleaner.

Happily the bits that have been missing for many years can be replicated from photographs of the two cars. The back cover over the petrol tank and spare wheel is visible in a picture of both cars on the banking at Brooklands and the mudguard shape is visible in a side on shot in an earlier magazine.

However, if by any chance anyone has any other photos of the cars I would love to see them, or copies of, to confirm any lingering doubts,

In the meantime I can only look enviously at other Lagondas when I see them and stretch my memory to remember the fun and pleasure to be gained in driving them.

## 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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Short history of the Lagonda £0.75

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# 'Zandvoort'.

"I've just been to Holland", I said.

"To see the tulips?" he said.

"No" I said. "To race the car".

"It's a good time for the tulips" he said.

"I know" I said, "I saw them!"

"What do you want to race the car for?" he said "when you can see the tulips".

"I like racing the car" I said.

"It's better seeing the tulips" he said.

"Anyway, now you're back I suppose I'd better buy you a pint" he said.

That's the kind of welcome you get back in the local after a brave trip 'sur le continent'.

The trip itself started on Friday 9th May, 1986. I won't bore you with the necessary generalities as regards the paperwork but suffice to say that the VSCC office made it as palatable as such things can be.

So armed with a 'few quid', passenger, paperwork and "crash" hat we left Knutsford bound for Holland and the North Sea Ferries terminal. It's not too bad a journey to Hull, just a little boring as it's all motorway.

Anyway the old V-12 thundered along quite happily at 65 to 70 mph with no mishaps. We only had to stop once and that was to anchor the 'flat hat' onto the head with a scarf. Necessary to combat the draught as the 32 tonners overtook us, with their 'hammers' down, to make the ferry.

We got to the terminal in comfortable time, about 16.30, and the boat was due to sail to Rotterdam at 18.00. However the first snag now arose. There was an enormous queue down the road being shepherded by the local constabulary.

"Good afternoon Constable. What's happening?" (I always use capital C for Constables in case they paint in their spare time!).

"There's been a toxic chemical spillage on the dock and they've evacuated until the matter is cleared up".

"Will it be long?" I said.

"I don't now Sir" he said.

"I suppose that means the ferry will be late" I said.

"You'll have to ask the sergeant" he said.

"Fine" I said, "where is the sergeant?"

"He's on the dock Sir!" At this I climbed back in the car and massacred another Mars bar.

Anyway, after four hours miserable wait we finally got onto the boat, secured the car and found our cabin. We sailed at 22.30—4½ hours late.

This was obviously going to cause problems later, as we were originally due to dock at 08.00, clear customs and get to Zandvoort by 10.00 to present for scrutineering and practice. We were told that we would not dock until 11.00. However there was nothing we could do for the moment but a few swift halves and a meal seemed to have the most attractions.

The conversation during dinner centered around our problems when I noticed 'passenger' kept disappearing and returning with a full plate.

"How many steaks is that you've had?" I asked.

"This is the third" he said.

"Where do you put it?" I said.

"In here" he said, pointing below the table.

"The food is part of the price of the ferry ticket" he said "and I wanted you to have good value for all this expense".

"That's a kind thought" I said.

After some more liquid refreshment we retired to the cabin for some sleep before tackling Saturday's problems.

In the morning we found a note in our cabin from Don Fox who was on board and taking his Delahaye to Zandvoort. We met and it was decided that I would try and telephone the circuit from the ship. I would assure them we were coming and ask if they could make some arrangement for us to be scrutineered and then practice. I should say at this stage that scrutineering and practice were supposed to be on Saturday and the two races on the Sunday. There was, of course, also racing on the Saturday.



I approached the Bursar with the problem, made worse by the fact that I didn't have a telephone number for Race Administration at Zandvoort. He was fantastic. He enquired and found the number for me and the Radio Operator got the circuit on the radio telephone. They listened politely while I explained the problem and when I had finished explained that although I was through to race administration they were not organising the meeting. The organiser was in a pub down the road. "Xxxxxx Hell!" I said and asked them to send a runner with a message. They said they would do that, so I thanked them, put the phone down and paid the bill. This appeared to be all we could do for the moment.

We cleared Customs some time after 11.00 on Saturday and after stopping for oil, water and petrol caught up with Don who was towing the Delahaye so we proceeded to Zandvoort in convoy.

As we were the only two VSCC members on the Hull-Rotterdam ferry the problem was confined to us.

At the circuit we eventually found the race administration and checked-in, paid our fees and collected our paperwork. We then drove to the circuit to explore the situation. By now it was 14.00 and Saturday's racing was underway. Although the Paddock was packed and it was difficult to find a parking spot we eventually did so and got sorted out. Scrutineering was no problem. They were even kind enough to come to us and scrutineer the cars where they were parked. The Scrutineer said we were now finished for the day and propelled us towards the bar. However the question of practice was still on our minds as neither Don nor I had been to the circuit before.

I therefore went to Race Control to plead our case and tell them of the ferry saga.

"Can we, therefore, practice after racing today?"

"No!" they said, "We shut the circuit as soon as racing is over".

"Oh" I said, "Perhaps we can practice tomorrow morning".

"No" they said, "Concours in the morning and then racing starts."

"Oh" I said, "When can we practice?"

"You can't" they said "But you can race. You will have to start at the back, because you haven't practiced, and take it gently for the first lap or two to see where you're going!"

"Thanks" I said and retired discreetly.

Don, Kate, 'passenger' and I chatted the situation over a 'few beers' and thought that at least we would be able to race. The other VSCC members had come by different routes and not having been affected had retired elsewhere to more diverse activities.

Don and Kate had to go and find a hotel whilst 'passenger' and I had to get to the Hague where we were booked into the 'Sofitel' hotel. So by 16.30 we had parted company until the next morning.

We parked the Lagonda in front of the hotel while we checked in. Picture the scene. Automatic, tinted glass doors, opened themselves to reveal a marble floor about ½ mile long liberally sprinkled with potted plants. A small 'clutch' of liveried bell boys were hovering near the reception counter, all smartly dressed in grey, gold and maroon uniforms. As the doors parted they looked up to see what I can only describe by the look of horror on their faces. Silhouetted in the doorway must have been what looked like two rather tatty versions of canvas clad 'Michelin Men' wearing goggles and streaming with water. (We had just had a heavy rainstorm.)

We proceeded up the marble hall leaving large pools of water as we went. The receptionist must have called for reinforcements for by the time we arrived at the desk there were half a dozen waiting for us.

"Good evening!"

"Good evening, Sir!"

"I have a room booked for tonight and tomorrow."

"Of course Sir. Could I have your name?"

Without going any further may I say that they were charming but thought 'passenger' and I entirely mad—but then we were English and that helped to explain matters.

The hotel was excellent in every respect.



We ventured into town having secured the car in their underground car park and repairing ourselves to appear a little more civilised.

On Sunday morning we returned to the circuit and to Don and Kate who had been staying with a Dutch friend who came with them. He suggested that as we did not know the circuit, and the Concours cars did two laps after judging, that we tacked onto the back end and we would at least be able to get a look at the track. With no more ado we drove the cars onto the circuit. We didn't win anything: We did, however, get a tour round which gave us some idea before the race.

The meeting was sponsored by 'Marlboro' who were dispensing free 'booze' from their hospitality suite. 'Passenger' got us both an invitation to go in whenever we liked—very tempting.

However we were in the first race so kept away and prepared the car, or at least I did.

Don and I started at the back whilst Derek Edwards, in the Ulster Aston Martin, and John Brydon, in the Alvis, were at the front. The race was over six laps of 4.7 km a lap. It was a super circuit and a lot of fun. It is a long time since I have had the old V-12 round to 5,500 in top. Derek, John and Nicholas Lees in his Riley were having a great dice. I could not get near them but kept seeing them vanish round the hairpin at the end of the straight as I was reaching the pits. They finished in that order. Unfortunately the V-12 brakes overheated with all the excitement and the front near side stuck partially on. Lots of blue smoke, but we finished.

On getting back to the Pits the first thing to do was retire with Don, Kate and 'passenger' for some of the free ale. Now it must be understood that 'passenger' had tried several glasses while we had been racing.

"Your car's smoking a lot."

"Yes, it's the brakes."

"What are you doing here then? Why aren't you fixing it?"

"Because they're too hot."

"What are too hot?"

"The brakes are."

"I bet you can't fix it!"

"I don't know til I have a look."

"Why don't you have a look then?"

"Because the brakes are too hot."

Refreshed, at last, we got down to tackling the brakes. When we finally got the front drums off and cleared a mountain of black dust we could see the extent of the problem. The linings were on their last legs and there was some scoring on the drums. The wheel cylinder pistons had stuck and caused all this. A bit of judicial bleeding and some hammer work had the cylinders working again. However after re-assembly and even with maximum adjustment there was not much stopping power.

I thought I had better give the last race a miss but on talking to Derek it turned out the results were worked out on an aggregate of both races. So even if I went gently enough I ought to start. The trouble is one gets excited at these meetings and I had to consider our journey back to the U.K.

"What the hell!" said 'passenger', "I don't mind being stuck here for a few days at your expense."

"Great" I said, "I appreciate that." So it was decided that we should start.

We managed the race but had to work on the brakes again afterwards to make the Lagonda reasonable roadworthy for the journey home. So we missed the prize giving.

We got back to the hotel in the Hague that night without any problems. We then had a spare day on Monday to sort the car and have a look around before getting to Rotterdam for the return ferry.

The journey back was pleasant and uneventful and I'm pleased to say the V-12 now has a new set of brakes—it does help!

CAPTAIN

MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS BY:

AUTUMN:

30th September

SPRING:

30th March

WINTER:

31st December

SUMMER:

30th June



# Lagonda Summer Picnic.

HERE ARE a few photos of the event at Brooklands Museum on May 11th. Rather more than thirty Lagondas turned up. I believe the little red car in the foreground of one of the pictures is the 1914 example recently advertised in Arnold Davey's Newsletter.

The Aston Martin O.C. produced a dozen Astons, all post war except Jim Young's, whilst a dozen Alvis and a similar number of Austin Sevens joined in.

The Mayor of Woking turned up and was taken briskly up the Test Hill and along the Member's Banking by Alan Ross in his M45.

She thoroughly enjoyed herself, this Mayor is a lady! As I think did everyone who tried the Test Hill and banking circuit, despite the lack of tarmac on the return road which had only been made penetrable that morning by the helpful enthusiasm of an Irish JCB driver who made an early start and commandeered an vibrating roller for half an hour!

Alec Downie and Richard Wills had

great fun staging a match race along the banking for the benefit, they said, of the Associated Press photographer who crouched in the line of fire halfway up the banking.

Anything, he said, was an improvement after spending a night at Fortress Wapping! The photos which resulted were syndicated world-wide but so far I haven't got hold of any copies. Perhaps the Kuala Lumpur Times could help.

I wouldn't comment on the speed of the Rapide and the Bugatti, but Alec appeared to have the edge over Ettore's masterpiece.

The weather was just about adequate for the picnic side of things to be enjoyable—hopefully next time the beer tent won't be teetotal—apparently this was due to a hangover from the instructions given by the MGCC at an earlier event, when they banned all sales of alcohol in the thirty acres.

It was never like that when I had an MG but times change.

JOHN OLIVER



*Lagonda Southern Picnic, May 11th, 1986.*

*Photo: Courtesy Brooklands Museum.*



# Blown 2-litres or The Blue Haze Behind.

AS A HAPPY OWNER of a Blown 2-litre, I scanned the 1984 Owner's Register with particular regard to these fine examples of Lagonda art. Including my own, I found thirteen (surely not unlucky!) recorded in the Register: twelve were in the U.K. and one in Australia.

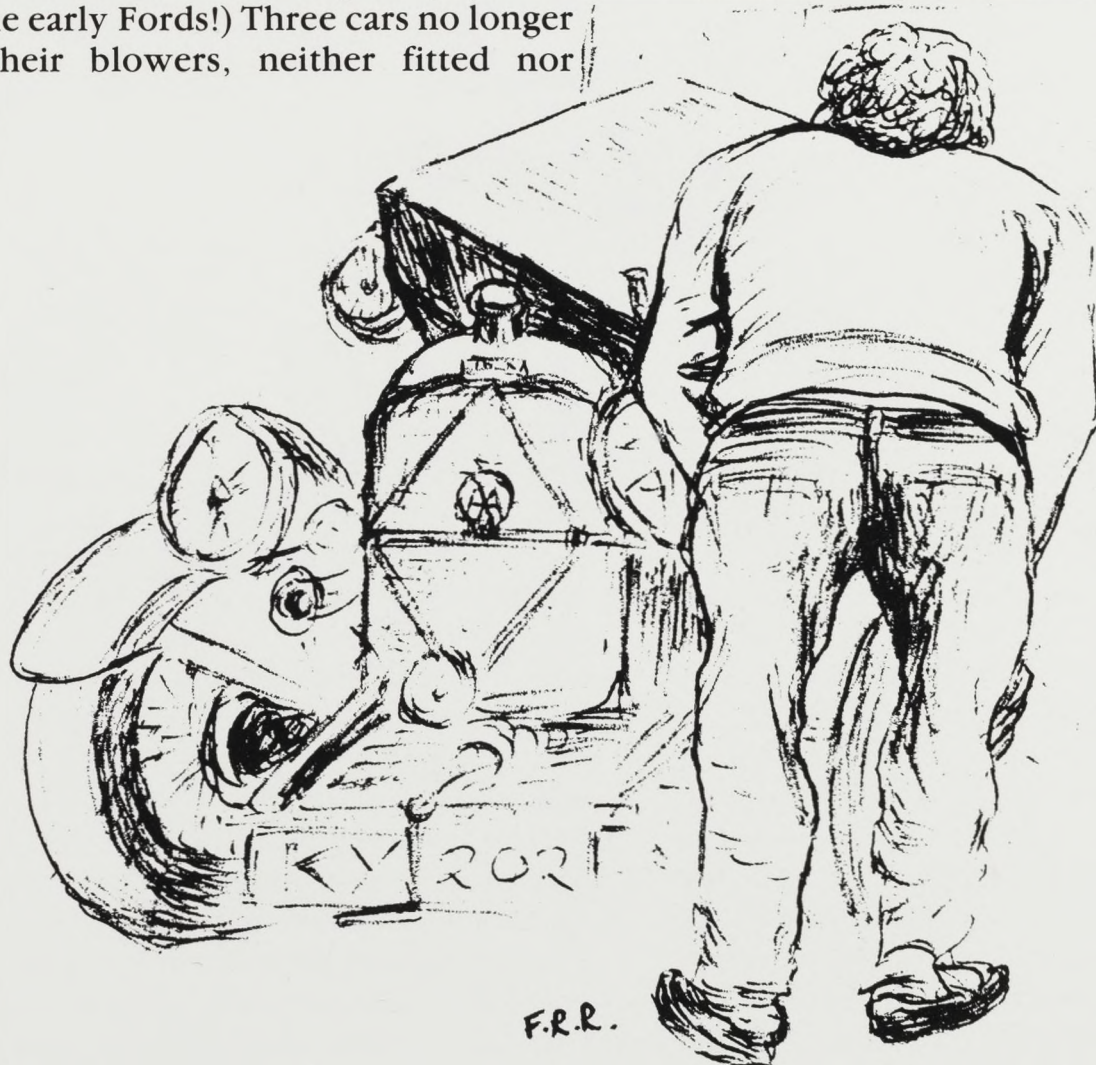
The only trouble with the Register is that it only gives certain basic facts, while whetting the appetite for more. There were, thus, a number of questions that the Register did not answer; so I decided to write to all the owners mentioned with a rather primitive, non-engineers questionnaire.

It transpired that some cars had already changed hands, but in the end I had a total, including my own, of eleven questionnaires completed. All the cars were Tourers, and at least nine out of the eleven had been black originally (rather like the early Fords!) Three cars no longer had their blowers, neither fitted nor

available, so I have excluded them from the table at the end of this article.

A wide variety of plugs were used, but M80s and M100s seemed the most popular. Eight of the cars were fitted with heavy duty back axles, one had been rebuilt with the ordinary 2-litre axle in 1951 and had given no trouble, and information on the two others was not available.

I had asked about performance, and while accepting that this must very much depend on the owner's attitude and the car's mechanical state, I was given sufficient data to estimate, I believe, a broad indication of cruising and maximum speed. Clearly the blower pressure had an effect on the maximum 95 mph achieved by one car, but the general view was that 85-90 mph would originally have been obtainable, with a realistic cruising speed of around 65 mph. How does this compare





with the unblown 2-litres owned by members?

I had asked for any comments on modifications that seemed worthwhile, and these included:

- a) Fitting an electric fan.
- b) Blower cush drive (made from starter bendix to protect blower drive.
- c) 14 mm cylinder head for better cooling.
- d) Lightened flywheel.
- e) Redesigned inlet and exhaust manifold with 2" H8 S.U.
- f) Blower gauge set at 10 when at rest, thus showing negative pressures.
- g) Jack fitted to bulkhead with handle to clips along bonnet central support.

h) Timing wheel made of naval brass.

The main problems mentioned were overheating at wide throttle openings and blower drive failure.

I believe that a number of members are anxious to return their cars to blown form, and hopefully this will increase our numbers. I should be very happy to hear from them.

Finally, I would like to thank all those who completed my questionnaire and say that I would be only too happy to put owners in touch with each other concerning any of the modifications.

DICK RAYNES

Registration	Date of Reg.	Colour—Body	Type of Blower	Maximum Puff
GK 3255	17.10.30	Black, Tourer	Powerplus No. 11	15 PSI
GO 4495	4.5.31	Blue, Tourer	Cozette 9 (Lynx)	N/A
GO 4553	31.3.31	Black, Tourer	Cozette 9 (Lynx)	6 PSI
KY 202	31	Green, Tourer	Cozette 9 (Lynx)	6 PSI
GO 1906	—	Black, Tourer	Cozette 10	8 PSI
GT 910	11.9.31	Black, Tourer	Marshall Roots	9 PSI
PL 6186	28.3.31	Black, Tourer	Rootes	12 PSI
WH 3420	10.8.31	Grey, Tourer (originally black)	Zoller No. 5	N/A



## On Buying a Car.

LAST SUMMER after being frightened witless in a friends 3-litre Lagonda, I was easily brainwashed by its owner and quickly came to the conclusion that small two seater sports cars that can only ferry a party of one to the local pub were no longer suitable wear for someone who was turning into an ageing recluse, due to the fact that the aforesaid small two seat sports car rarely even went as far as our local with its party of one; and especially since the breed in question seems to find the company of others of its contemporaries anathema and therefore to be avoided, particularly in competitive situations. So we came to what I thought was a simple and straightforward decision—namely to

buy a 3-litre Lagonda tourer. The obvious first move was to join the Lagonda Club, this took a few weeks.

So whilst this was going on a note was written to every owner of a 3-litre I could identify asking, as tactfully as possible, if they knew of anyone who had such a car for sale. This produced a pleasantly overwhelming response—not a car for sale, but I received a small flood of encouraging replies. One only was rather distant in tone though no doubt the few owners who did not reply considered such a casual enquiry beneath their notice. Mind you, I think nearly everyone responded—Lagonda owners' enthusiasm is infectious!

Advertisements in the VSCC bulletin and



in Arnold Davey's Newsletter produced little response and gradually it became clear that 3-litre Lagondas did not exist in large numbers, and in fact as Arnold helpfully explained very few indeed were actually 'up and going'.

However, perseverance eventually produced a list of some eighteen Lagondas of varying shapes and sizes which were for sale, albeit in varying states of wellbeing from the completely exhausted to better than new: at prices varying from the sublime to the utterly ridiculous. Some Lagonda owners I feel spend overly long in pubs with Bentley owners and their spectacles are perhaps a little misted over as a consequence. I kept reminding myself that so far in the history of the automobile Lagonda is still spelt LAGONDA and Bentley BENTLEY.

Anyhow, I now had a choice of 2-litre High Chassis, 2-litre Low Chassis, M45 and LG45, but not a single original 3-litre tourer; 3-litre saloons yes, 3-litre saloons converted into tourers yes, but 3-litre tourers built as 3-litre tourers, no way. One of the conversions was beautifully done, but I could not afford it, had I been able to I am sure I would have slipped out from behind my 'cloak of originality' and bought it! The others were so overpriced, or so unoriginal that they were just pretending. I have no doubt that in the fullness of time increasing values will overtake their asking prices but I am already too old and tired to wait!

It now began to look as if alternatives would have to be considered and that perhaps that simple ambition of owning a comfortably tatty 3-litre Lagonda tourer would not be realised, and I began to listen to the advice of 2-litre owners who kept repeating the well known phrase "what do you want a 3-litre for, a 2-litre is quicker anywhere unless the road is straight uphill for three miles! Uses less petrol to said Barbara. Quite right I said and went on looking at every 3-litre I could find for sale and not liking any of them. A few more weeks went by and my resolve weakened a little, after all nothing is forever, said Barbara, and when have you ever kept a car till you were too old to drive it? I still haven't worked out the answer to that

one, but 2-litre High Chassis tourers began to look very pretty. I know its all in the eyes of the beholders but this beholder kept groping High Chassis 2-litres and started mentioning real money to the owner of a quite immaculate example. After several weeks however it became evident that real money and imaginary riches were indistinguishable in the consciousness of the seller, and at times I almost began to feel I was bidding against myself—certainly no one else was there!

About this time I was diverted by Coys and that nice Mr Jameson, who offered me an M45 for £12,500 which I should have bought, but the initial disquiet caused by coming upon its vast but original bath tub body in the half darkness of one of the lesser known entries off Sloane Square frightened me away long enough for someone else to rush away with this prize. I expect he is going to reboddy it which will be a pity.

Abandoning the better than new 2-litre High Chassis and keeping a firm grip on my cheque book all the while, I returned to the first Lagonda I had looked at some six months previously when I had fallen over it in a pub car park, both before and after closing time. Back at another pub this 2-litre owner and I agreed a price in a civilised and gentlemanly fashion. Sober even. I always find it difficult to argue price when I think the vendor is being reasonable and asking less than I would were it mine to sell. I will never be successful in the motor trade as a result! Despite all its warts this Low Chassis car went well, and would cost me £5,000 less than that better than new High Chassis. So slipping a cheque through the owners letter box I crept away hoping to be undetected in the gloaming to await a telephone call. This came on cue and I'd got a Lagonda at last, so stage one is over. Now I am at stage two, has anyone got a nice original, not too immaculate mechanically sound 3-litre tourer for sale?

Mind you, I may be at stage 1½ already—some weeks ago a friend rang to ask why I hadn't got my Lagonda yet—they are quite easy to come by he said, I bought one last night! Rather miffed at this piece of glib news I enquired as to which



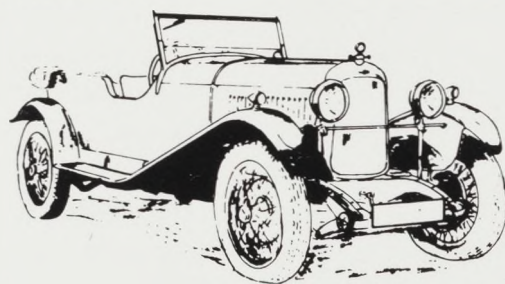
model he had got hold of, only to be told that he didn't know since it had been a very good party, although he remembers it had cost £500 and he was sure the rolling chassis was complete. It's mine if I want it I understand, and hopefully next time my friend goes back he will count the wheels and the cylinders, before the party gets under way. He sailed away to Uruguay last week though, so I shall not know the rest of the story till the summer. Could be a nice birthday present.

If any of my friends in the Alvis Owner Club read this, thanks everyone for the

help and advice. So far very few Alvi have appealed perhaps their shape isn't macho enough or is it that they are too modern in concept? I do have the feeling that Lagonda did at times ignore what the rest of the world was up to and went their own way regardless. Part of their appeal I am sure, but should synchromesh, servo brakes independent suspension really have to wait for that clever Mr Bentley to come along?

I hope Lagondas are as user friendly as their owners!

JOHN OLIVER



## In Register. Designers Notebook.

CHARLES W (REX) SEWELL was one of the talented band of engineers that W O Bentley recruited in 1935 to help build the best car in the world. He came from Napiers and was principally, but not exclusively, a transmission specialist. I met him when researching the Lagonda history and he gave me a lot of the detail on how Lagonda made their cars or, more specifically, who made the various bits. He let me have the original Lagonda gearing charts, now part of the Club Archives.

He died in November 1980 and recently, through the generosity of his daughter, I have been able to browse at length through his papers and to copy the key ones. They have filled in a lot of annoying gaps in the Lagonda story.

Once you assemble the papers in some sort of order, I flatter myself that you can trace the problems confronting WO's proteges as they took over an empty factory with no staff. They had first to analyse what the existing product was,

before very quickly getting down to improve on it. Thus there are several papers on the M45, since this was to be the basis of the new car. At last we have undoubted power and torque curves for the standard M45 engine, taken from a Lagonda test bed result dated 4th July 1933. These show slight increases over Meadows figures, given in Fig 9 on p 448 of the Lagonda book. If you want to fill them in, the 1933 Lagonda figures are:-

RPM	Power bhp	Torque lb-ft
1500	62	216.7
2000	80	212.5
2500	95.5	201.7
3000	107	189.17
3100	108	183.3
3200	108	175
3300	107	—

These confirm that the figures released by Lagonda in January 1934 were accurate



and thus we can end the speculations on pages 277 and 278. They do not agree, however with Lagonda's own earlier published figures of October 1933. Among the papers are printed technical data and specifications issued in October 1930 and October 1933 that have never been seen before. For the M45 it was claimed that it produced 115 bhp at 4000 rpm. We now can see that this figure is fiction. For the record, and to be taken with the same pinch of salt, the Rapier is shown as producing 50 bhp at 5400 rpm with a 6.9 to 1 compression ratio; the 16/80 61 bhp at 4500 (6.5 to 1) and the 3-litre 79 bhp at 3800 (6.43 to 1). The M45 compression ratio was 6 to 1.

The 1930 list contains several surprises. The firm was at this time selling only the 2-litre, blown and unblown, and the 3-litre. Yet the specification sheet lists no less than 18 models. The first four are what we now call 14/60s and which the firm then called standard OHs. It is interesting that the LOH is quite distinct from the OHL and the LOH only appears on saloons, either W24 or CCS models. Recent research suggest the LOH was a hybrid High chassis car with a low chassis engine and axles, and usually, but perhaps not necessarily, a lefthand camshaft engine. Some of the models listed have not survived at all. Nobody has seen a ZSS or a ZS2A since the war and although I know what a Special Low Speed Tourer was, it is hardly the sort of name to stir the pulses of the public in the adverts.

Note, too, that neither Lagonda nor their printer can spell "supersede". In this they join about 80% of the British public.

Getting back to 1935, the new men had now to produce the LG45 pretty sharply. The starting point seems to have been the M45 Rapide engine for which a page of details are set down, including the combustion space above the piston which at 124cc gives a compression ratio for the M45R as 6.98 to 1. Nearly a whole ratio above the ordinary M45 and yet the power and torque figures of 110 bhp at 3150 rpm and 220 lb-ft at 1600 rpm are only a very little above the standard car. All that modification for a 2 bhp!

It was at this point that CS actually multiplied up the bore and stroke and discovered that the 4429cc quoted early on was wrong and that the Meadows engine was actually 4453cc. Present day worriers about oil pressure should be heartened to see that the test bed engine had 25 psi hot at 30 mph and 5 psi at idle.

By the end of October 1935 at least 3 LGs had been built, for we find records of the weights of saloon, coupe and tourer. Of these, the saloon was chassis no. 12002 (4080 lb) but the numbers of the others are not recorded. As 12000 and 12001 are also saloons I expect they were 12003 (DHC) (4004 lb) and 12004 (Tourer) (3864 lb). It is interesting to see a footnote to the tourer and coupe that they had "old type gearbox", so the troubles recounted by CS about gear cutting on the new G9 meant that they were slow in coming through. They had also had the LG45 engine on the test bed, getting 115½ bhp at 3600. This is a Sanction I, of course.

Other notes refer to the steering gear (18 to 1 on the LG, compared with 14 to 1 on the M45), clutch, flywheel and starter and



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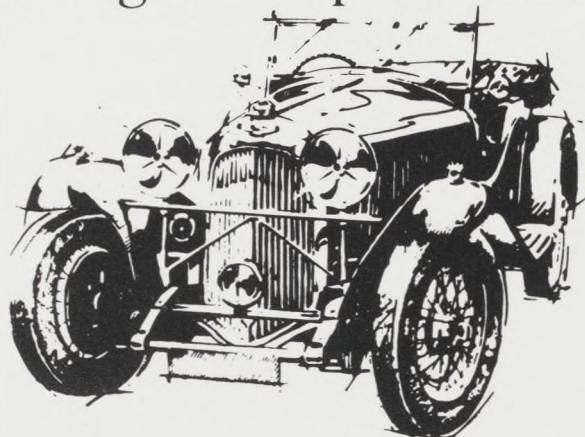


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Floatex rubber engine mountings. The oil consumption of the automatic chassis lubrication system was found to vary from 1500 to 2000 miles to the pint and the bare chassis weighed 27 cwt (3024 lb).

In January 1936 they were weighing cars again on the GWR weighbridge at Staines. Saloon 12007 was a 37½ cwt (4200 lb) empty and 45½ cwt (5096 lb) with 4 people and a full tank. Coupe 12008 was 36¼ cwt (4060 lb) and tourer 12013 35 cwt (3920 lb). These were all a bit heavier than the very first cars. Lagondas tended to go that way. Much later on, there is a pencil note that the 11ft 6in long wheel base saloon weighed exactly 2 tons empty.

That notebook stops there and by the time we get to the next surviving notebook, the V12 has been designed and introduced and the staff are now working on the V12 Rapide. This notebook looks to be the one CS took to meetings with management with things to do jotted down. For example, a list of changes from the standard V12 in designing the Rapide is undated but must be 1938. The list consists of:-

- i New type of steering wheel (coloured)
- ii Move steering wheel back 3¾",

giving 'E' dimension of 36½" (I have no idea what this last bit means)

- iii Move back gear lever at least 3"
- iv Move back pedal pad 3"
- v Instrument panel to have special background
- vi More noise for exhaust system
- vii No step irons
- viii Front and rear bumpers
- ix No wheel cover and tool tray. Remove support and fittings etc.
- x Saloon dash, but 1" taken off top
- xi May fit stone guards to head lamps (They didn't)
- xii May fit bigger spot lamp
- xiii Intermediate height for steering wheel
- xiv New adaptor plate for steering support bracket.

I especially like (vi). They were after the boy racers.

These are the notes of a series of meetings in August 1938 giving the changes for Sanction 2 of the V12. Most are small details, like additional felt or moving the master switch, but others are new to me, like the change to taper faced compression piston rings and rerouting of petrol pipes to avoid heat. There was



clearly a problem with rear axle clearance and no less than nine small changes were made to increase this. The taper on the water pump spindle was changed to 1 in 4 and for the first time the timing gear and chain sprockets were to be marked. A smaller fan pulley was to be fitted to the 2nd Sanction—I suppose to speed up the fan, and there is a cryptic note to “replace roller for ball in gearbox” followed by a tick. Is this a difference between the G10 and G11 gearboxes? Can an expert enlighten me?

There then follows a rather half-hearted attempt to seek to lose weight. This involves mind-bending ideas like increasing the size of the hole up the middle of the primary gear shaft and one feels it wasn't really serious.

The last item is a draft letter to Lucas to accompany one of the magnetic clutches for the experimental G12 gearbox, which had suffered from a time lag in take-up and was being returned to Lucas to be rewound to give a quicker response. It is obvious that the G12 was a serious proposition, as CS told me it was, and they had one built and running. The new windings would have increased the current consumption to 5 amps, but only for a very short space of time, of course. Not long after, WO fell in love with the Cotal gearbox and fitted one to a V12 medium chassis saloon (which still has it) and the G12 was dropped.

As well as the notebooks, there are some interesting drawings, starting with full size negatives of the Maybach gearbox and an extremely faded office copy of the full size drawing of the G10 gearbox. This last is so faint as to resist all attempts by my local photocopier to copy it and I have been forced to retrace the drawing.

An undated drawing gives lots of interesting data for setting up the LG45 chassis. Some of the dimensions are worth passing on. The car is assumed to have its water, oil, but no petrol or crew. The front springs are rated at 325 lb for all bodies and the heavier saloon therefore rode a fraction lower, the actual clearance from frame to top of rubber buffer being 2.28" for the saloon and 2.34" for DHC and tourer. The springs should have a free

camber of  $4\frac{3}{4}$ " and under load the saloon straightens to 2.12" and the other two to 2.18".

At the rear, the spring rate is only 154 lb plus an alternative tourer spring of 150 lb (possibly the LG45 Rapide). The free camber is  $8\frac{3}{4}$ " ( $8\frac{1}{2}$ " for the light tourer), reducing to 3.94" for the saloon under load, 4.01" for the DHC, 4.46" for the tourer and 4" for the light tourer. The clearance from the bottom of the buffer to the top of the U bolts should be 3.75" (saloon), 3.82" (DHC), 4.27" (Tourer) or 3.82" (light tourer). I hadn't realised, but I bet Alan Brown has, that some of the LG45 spring eye bolts and bushes are 2-litre items with OH part numbers. When correctly set up, the line between the centres of the front spring front eye and rear eye should slope downwards to the rear at  $2\frac{1}{2}^\circ$  from the horizontal, whereas the corresponding line for the rear spring should slope upwards to the rear at  $\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ .

I had hoped to find corresponding drawings for the V12 but the only one is a load/deflection curve for the rear springs, showing a rate of 140 lb/in.

In a special wrapper there were practically every drawing needed to make a Cotal gearbox, mostly full size, and an assortment of LBS prototype drawings. These differ from the production car in lots of ways and fortunately I don't have to go through them all checking, as we have, in WO's papers, a list of the changes between prototype and pre-production cars. From memory, there are about twenty pages of typescript, but the bulk of the changes are minute, details of clearance changes, machining radii and so on.

The whole exercise has been most illuminating and my thanks go to Phil Erhardt, who has been the intermediary, and the Waldens who lent me all the papers and have given the club quite a number of them.

ARNOLD DAVEY



# LAGONDA LIMITED

Specification Sheet No. 1

October, 1930

## DIMENSIONS AND WEIGHTS OF CARS.

	Overall Length.	Overall Height.	Overall Width.	Wheel Base.	Track.	Turning Circle.	Chassis.	Weights Body.	Total.
OH-SS 2 Litre Standard Semi-Sports ... ..	14' 3"	5' 9"	5' 8"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	cwt. 23 qr. 2	cwt. 6 qr. 3	cwt. 30 qr. 1
OH-T 2 Litre Standard 5-Seater Tourer ... ..	14' 3"	5' 9"	5' 8"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23	7 1	30 3
OH-S2A 2 Litre Standard Coach Built Saloon ...	13' 10"	5' 11"	5' 9"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23	8 2	32 0
OH.W.4 & W.6 2 Litre Standard Weymann Saloon	14' 3"	6' 1"	5' 8"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23	7 2	31 0
*OH.L. 2 Litre Speed Low Tourer ... ..	14' 3"	5' 6"	5' 6"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23 1	4 2	27 3
*L.O.H. W.2.4 & W.2.6 2 Litre Speed Weymann Saloon	14' 4"	5' 7"	5' 6"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23 1	6 3	30 0
*L.O.H. C.C.S. 2 Litre Speed Close Coupled Saloon...	13' 10"	5' 8"	5' 6"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	23 1	6 2	29 3
Z.S.S. 3 Litre Standard Semi-Sports ... ..	14' 7"	5' 9"	5' 8"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	26 0	6 3	32 3
Z.T. 3 Litre Standard 5-Seater Tourer ... ..	14' 7"	5' 9"	5' 8"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	26 0	7 1	33 1
Z.S2A 3 Litre Standard Coach Built Saloon ...	14' 7"	5' 11"	5' 9"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	26 0	8 2	34 2
*Z.C.C.S. 3 Litre Standard Close Coupled Saloon ...	14' 7"	5' 9½"	5' 6"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	25 3	6 2	32 1
Z.W4 & W6 3 Litre Standard Weymann Saloon ...	14' 7"	6' 1"	5' 8"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	26 0	7 2	33 2
*Z.S.L. 3 Litre Special Low Speed Tourer ... ..	14' 7"	5' 7"	5' 6"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	25 3	4 2	30 1
*Z.C.C.S. 3 Litre Special Close Coupled Saloon ...	14' 7"	5' 9½"	5' 6"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	25 3	6 2	32 1
*Z.W.2.4 & W.2.6 3 Litre Special Weymann Saloon	14' 8"	5' 9"	5' 6"	10' 9"	4' 8"	43'	25 3	6 3	32 2
Z.W7 3 Litre Long Chassis Weymann Saloon ...	15' 5"	6' 3½"	5' 10"	11' 6"	4' 8"	46'	26 3	9 1	36 0
*2B.T2 2 Litre Supercharged Tourer ... ..	14' 3"	5' 6"	5' 6"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	24 0	4 2	28 2
*2B. W.24 & W.26 2 Litre Supercharged Weymann Saloon	14' 4"	5' 7"	5' 6"	10' 0"	4' 8"	40'	24 0	6 3	30 3

\* Cycle Type Wings are standard fitting on these models. If speed or saloon wings fitted, as alternative, add 3" to total overall width.

Supersedes Spec. No.....Dated.....

Superseded by Spec. No.....Dated.....



DATA	21 h.p. 3-LITRE.	30 h.p. 4½-LITRE.	10 h.p. "RAPIER"	16 h.p. SPECIAL SIX
BORE & STROKE m./m. CUBIC CAPACITY R.A.C. RATING MAXIMUM HORSE POWER MAXIMUM REVS. B.M.E.P. COMPRESSION RATIO FIRING ORDER IGNITION POINT VALVE TIMING	75 x 120 3181 c.c. 20.94 79 3800 108 lbs. sq. inch 6.43 to 1 15.3.6.2.4. Fully advanced 36° before T.D.C. Inlet opens 10° after T.D.C. Inlet closes 50° after B.D.C. Exhaust opens 42° before B.D.C. Exhaust closes 10° after T.D.C. 7 4 2" 2¼"	88.5 x 120 4429 c.c. 29.13 115 4000 118 lbs. sq. inch 6 to 1 1.4.2.6.3.5. Fully advanced 42° before T.D.C. Inlet opens 10° before T.D.C. Inlet closes 50° after B.D.C. Exhaust open 60° before B.D.C. Exhaust closes 15° after T.D.C. 4 4 2" 2"	62.5 x 90 1104 c.c. 9.69 50 5400 128 lbs. sq. inch 6.9 to 1 1.3.4.2. Fully advanced 45° before T.D.C. Inlet opens 10° before T.D.C. Inlet closes 45° after B.D.C. Exhaust opens 56° before B.D.C. Exhaust closes 18° after T.D.C. 3 4 2" 2"	65 x 100 1991 c.c. 15.7 61 4500 112 lbs. sq. inch 6.5 to 1 1.5.3.6.2.4. Fully advanced 44° before T.D.C. Inlet opens on T.D.C. Inlet closes 50° after B.D.C. Exhaust opens 55° before B.D.C. Exhaust closes 20° after T.D.C. 4 4 1⅞" 1⅞"
CRANKSHAFT BEARINGS CAMSHAFT BEARINGS DIA. CRANK PIN DIA. CRANK JOURNALS SPARKING PLUGS OIL CAPACITY PETROL CAPACITY WATER CAPACITY ENGINE SUSPENSION STANDARD AXLE RATIOS STANDARD GEAR RATIOS SPEED AT 1,000 R.P.M. ALTERNATIVE AXLE RATIOS SPEED AT 1,000 R.P.M. APPROX. MAX. SPEED 0 TO 70 M.P.H. 10 TO 60 M.P.H. (3rd Gear) BRAKING FROM 30 M.P.H. WHEELBASE TRACK OVERALL LENGTH OVERALL WIDTH GROUND CLEARANCE TURNING CIRCLE TYRE SIZE BATTERY VOLT & CAP: SHOCK ABSORBERS	Champion 16 3 galls. 20 galls. 6 galls. Rubber Mounting 4.1 1.3 to 1 2.01 to 1 3.148 to 1 Top 23 m.p.h. 3rd 17 m.p.h. 4.7 Top 20 m.p.h. 3rd 14 m.p.h. 85 35⅓ 20⅓ 28 feet 10' 9" Front 4' 8" Rear 4' 9¾" 14' 8" 5' 8" 7" 43 feet 6" x 19" 12v. 90A. Hartford 26½ cwt. 32 cwt. 35 cwt. £550 £695 £750	Champion 16 2 galls. 20 galls. 6 galls. Floatex Bushes 3.66 1.3 to 1 2.01 to 1 3.148 to 1 Top 25 m.p.h. 3rd 19 m.p.h. 4.1 Top 23 m.p.h. 3rd 17 m.p.h. 97 20⅔ 14⅔ 27 feet 10' 9" Front 4' 8¾" Rear 4' 9¾" 14' 8" 5' 8" 7" 43 feet 6" x 19" 12v. 90A. Hartford and Telecontrol 27 cwt. 32½ cwt. 35½ cwt. £675 £795 £895	Champion 14m./m. 2 galls. 8 galls. 2 galls. Silentbloc 5.25 1.34 to 1 2 to 1 3.4 to 1 Top 15 m.p.h. 3rd 12 m.p.h. Top 3rd 80 23 feet 8' 4" Front 3' 11¾" Rear 4' 0" 5" 35 feet 5.00" x 18" 12v. 63A. Hartford 13 cwt. 17½ cwt. £270 £270 £270	Champion 17 2.5 galls. 14 galls. 4 galls. Rubber Mounting 4.66 1.47 to 1 2.24 to 1 3.91 to 1 Top 18 m.p.h. 3rd 13 m.p.h. 5.44 5-Seater Saloon Top 16.5 m.p.h. 3rd 11.5 m.p.h. 78. 68 5-Seater Saloon 36⅓ 22⅔ 25 feet 10' 0". 10' 9" on 5-Seater Saloon Front 4' 8" Rear 4' 7¾" 13' 7" 14' 4" 5-Seater Saloon 5' 6" 6" 40 feet 5.5" x 18". 5.5 x 20" on 5-Seater Saloon 12v. 76A. Hartford Telecontrol on 5-Seater Saloon 22½ cwt. 28 cwt. 30 cwt. £475 £595 £650 £695
WEIGHT { CHASSIS TOURER SALOON CHASSIS PRICE TOURER PRICE 5-SEATER SALOON PRICE SPORTS SALOON PRICE				





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# The Northern Dinner.

THE LAGONDA CLUB has a good schedule of Annual Events. One of the main highlights of the year is the Northern Dinner Dance and Prizegiving, organised by the Northern Mafia Secretary, Herb Schofield. The majority of members would call it an entertaining evening meeting with friends etc generally with a common interest i.e. beer and cars, however, there is always the odd exception to the rule.

They would liken it more to a Rugby Club Party none the less. In any case it is not for the faint hearted, narrow minded or teetotal and definitely not to be missed.

Upon arriving at Monk Fryston we noted that various people had arrived in Proper Motor Cars. Having surveyed said cars we entered the hotel and had the usual tea and chat for an hour or so.

Those who arrived in Proper Motor Cars included the fresh air fiends led by Ted Townsley LG45 Tourer, Phil Ridout M45 Tourer and Phil Erhardt M45 Tourer. Whilst those preferring creature comfort came in Saloons. Notably Honourable Chairman Jeff Ody 3-litre, David Hine and Herb Schofield M45's and Dave Berry LG45. Plus David Price, Crossley, Jim Fisher DB6 plus Roger Firth's Amilcar complete with new body by the Master of the body Beautiful, Jack Buckley, on a trailer en route to V.S.C.C. Light Car Event in Wales.

Six o'clock arrived as a signal for an hour or so of liquid Lagonda Liaison. The emphasis being more on the liquid side than the liaison side.

Approximately 90 people sat down to sample the culinary delights of the Monk Fryston Hotel kitchen, being Prawn Cocktail for starters, Chicken for main course followed by Fruit Salad and Coffee. All to the satisfaction of the various gourmets present.

After the meal speeches were the order of the day. Starting with Jeff Ody making a brief speech which included an announcement that the worlds most eligible batchelor was biting the dust. Notably the V-12 crank, Joe Harding.

Alan Brown followed with a bit of Schofield banter and the usual striptease. Herbert made a speech reminiscing about his speeches over the last 20 years or so. Whilst comments of interest on the various merits of balls and overies where found to be rather humorous.

All this was interrupted by that Poor Mans Mike Yarwood, Alias Doc. Turner reading out his replies for his hair piece advert in the newsletter.

Herb followed by reading out the replies to Capt. Alistair Barker's advert requesting a lady of Sporting Demeanor to accompany him to the said Dinner . . . Nobody saw her.

Thereafter David Hine gave his usual monologue. This time about Magneto Charts or something historic.

Prizegiving was brief as only three turned up, Phil Erhardt, Roger Firth and John Harris taking the honours.

Dancing followed after which various insomniacs stayed up for the duration.

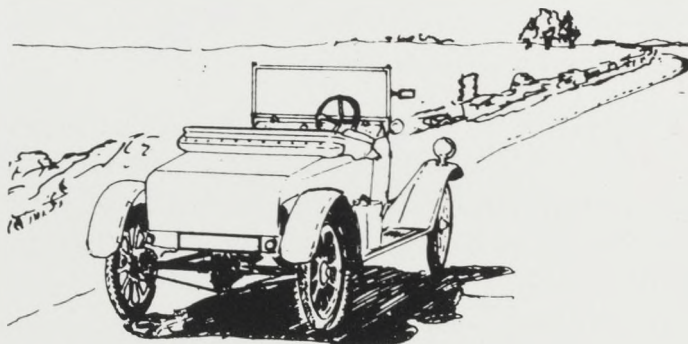
Notable absentees this year included John Stoneman from the Fenns, (low mist and no fog lamps I believe), Squire Hewat from Edinburgh (Haggis Basking), John Batt (working abroad). Rumour has it last seen riding a low chassis 2-litre camel around Egypt trying to sell sand to the Arabs.

Long distance travellers included Duncan Westall, West Country, Peter Stevens, Cornwall, plus the Southern crowd Alec Downie and Co, and Julian Riesner, Newcastle.

Here endeth this years chapter.

Roll on next year.

DAVE BERRY





# Lagondas in the AFN Stanley Cup.



4 of the cars . . .

. . . . and more of the people involved in the AFN Stanley Cup.

Photos: A. Hales.



## Competitors Report

I WAS ORDERED to write this report by John Harris, only as I was leaving at the end of our day. I therefore took no notes or paid particular attention beforehand and hence this report is most unlikely to bear any resemblance whatsoever to real people or events.

In response to the note in a recent "Newsletter", six intrepid parties contacted John Batt about the Stanley Cup competition. Team I (John Harris, Trevor John and Eric Holland) was accepted but Team II (David Crow, Gert Jensen and myself) was declined by AFN who were oversubscribed.



Diplomatic representations by John Batt (who pointed out the ratio 1:5 Lagondas: 'Nash/BMW's seemed a little unfair) did the trick however, and both teams were in—thanks John.

Final polishing Saturday evening proved to be wasted effort as Sunday morning was the first wet day for almost two weeks. A damp drive took us to 'Motec' (near Telford) by 9.30 am, all six Lagondas arriving roughly together. We collected our numbers and talked tactics with John Harris; no time being left to inspect AFN's support vehicles (Porsche 924s, 928s, 911s and 930s), just as well I suppose—far to tempting.

Scrutineering seemed to comprise a quick wheel-count and we started the first Special stage promptly by 10.25. John Harris undoubtedly had the most difficult task as Team Captain with responsibility for setting our 'target times'. John had navigated with last year's AC team and explained that the idea was not to achieve all-out speed but rather a close grouping of all team members times. Any differences from the average would incur penalties so John therefore tried to set target times which represented a brisk pace achievable by all team cars—the problem being that he couldn't see the stage before setting the time!

The 'Motec' stage had a slalom section in a hanger followed by a coned section outside. John targeted us 60 seconds, 30 seconds to leave the hanger. This proved to be remarkably accurate assessment of our pace and we gathered at the time control to collect our first route and plot on the lead cars O.S. Sheets.

We then left a bleak 'Motec' (with some difficulty as the main gates had been locked!) en route for Loton Park, eight miles out of Shrewsbury, close to the Welsh border.

#### **Motec to Loton Park**

John Harris' famous LBT 74 led Team I followed by Trevor John's beautiful Monte Carlo Rally Rapide and Eric Holland and his wife in their magnificent grey and black M45 tourer.

Team II Captain David Crow headed our convoy in his pearlescent green LG45

followed by myself with an adventurous car full of passengers in "BLO" our M35R and Gert Jensen with navigator David Rowley in the Concours 2-litre.

The road sections were not timed but AFN observers recorded our correct progress. Throughout the event the navigation of our experienced leaders was first rate and an inspiration to we novices; interest in our progress being further generated by a set of photographic clues supplied to each entrant by AFN for matching with landmarks en route—the winner of this contest receiving a prize.

David and Yvonne Crow's previous experience of navigational rallies was apparent as they taught us to peer around for clues just when full attention would normally be diverted to road conditions or sharp bends. The 24 miles to Loton Park took about an hour and we met at the ancestral home of the Leighton family, on the edge of the mainly stone built village of Alberbury by the present Lord Leighton, resplendent in family tartan, who warned us that the hill climb was treacherously slippery and two cars had turned over!

Captain Harris told us to take it slowly. This of course presents a problem for 3½ litre drivers—sensible enough chaps to a man who struggle with the ego of their motor cars, all of which believe themselves to the M45R's and occasionally conduct themselves in a most immature manner to the shame of their hapless chauffeurs.

The little-researched phenomenon sadly manifested itself at Loton Park. Triggered no doubt by the sight of Trevor and Jenny John's splendid Rapide, BLO's docility was abruptly forgotten on the start line and heedless of the perilous surface from the action of drizzle on a sun baked road the 3½ tore up, paying no regard to my pleas for reason.

Even my rear seat passengers stopped talking!

The finish line came up much sooner than anticipated and our time was well under 'target'. Regrettably a stern-faced Captain Harris had not heard of this 3½ litre trait and I was forced to loyally accept the blame for my steeds indiscretion.





*The competition photo sheet.*



### **Loton Park to Walcot**

Still feeling optimistic, we collected our route for the 30 mile road section to Walcot (where we were to lunch) and departed in convoy at 12.30 pm, Eric Holland chastizing Shropshire rate payer David Crow for the state of 'roads'. Most of us were surprised how testing this single track section was, regular confrontations with modern vehicles and steep slippery descents combining to induce fade in the narrow Lagonda brake linings.

Still, we didn't slow down too much or break convoy but were glad to be greeted at Walcot by Bill Boddy, with Winifred parked in the editorial XR4x4 at the time control.

Before lunch we had a special stage, about one mile, target time two minutes. This was actually a naughty one as the 'road' was really a field track with a loose and deeply rutted surface. We all made the time though, but checked petrol tanks for stone damage over our lunchtime picnic, during which the weather cheered up considerably.

### **Walcot to Aldenham Park**

Suddenly Captain Harris announced we were leaving and simultaneously hit his starter button. Other team members threw hampers, plates and bottles in all directions and somehow we were off to Aldenham Park.

This 31 mile jaunt confirmed our suspicions. Designed by AFN to provide competitors with stunning views from the very top of 'Long Mynd', a 10 mile stretch of bleak hills with a narrow pass 1,500 feet up. Nature had contrived, however, to bring the cloud base down to 1,450 feet! 20-50 yards visibility apparently does not deter Shropshires Sunday motorists who blundered towards us looking terrified. Overheating engines and overstressed wipers added to some competitors excitement but kept minds off the sheer drop to the valley below just to the left of our nearside wheels.

The passengers had less to occupy their thoughts than the drivers and many (particularly one vertigo sufferer in the team) found this quite a strain. Amazingly, Tony my navigator seemed to relish this

section and hung over the side surveying the drop with positive glee.

The mood as we descended towards the red roof-tops of Church Stretton lightened considerably and the sign to "Boiling Well" raised a laugh.

The sight of over twenty vintage cars threading through the medieval streets with still more parked outside the abundant hostelrys of this charming market town was truly uplifting and we powered down the hill towards Aldenham at a good lick. Even my rear seat passengers were happily chattering again—still you can't have everything I suppose.

Upon reaching Aldenham we were battle hardened and ready for anything. David Crow and I nursed damaged hands 'bitten' by our gear levers but still tackled the two mile loose surface special stage with gusto. Eric then remounted his headlamps.

### **Aldenham Park to Hatton Grange**

The sunny disposition of Yvonne Crow despite her previous ordeal was by this time particularly instrumental in ensuring our enjoyment of the day was sustained as we departed on the final leg to Hatton Grange. The route sheet had suffered a last minute change as the Local Authority Highways Dept. had blown up a bridge on the initial route but the diversion was nevertheless a most enjoyable drive culminating in a beautiful final timed section around the Grange Park between the rhodedendrons.

Eric cracked open his celebration bubbly for us all and we took in the mild early evening air as the "Chain-Gang" drove by smoking briars—are those chaps for real?

We all pooled our photo competition answers and I congratulated Gert on his fast cornering, only to learn that his hand throttle was fouling one of the steering-wheel spokes giving unplanned bursts of power without warning.

### **Hatton Grange to Bridgenorth**

Elated, we all set off in convoy at a cracking pace to the Midland Motor Museum near Bridgenorth. Our arrival in the grounds of the MMM made us feel very popular as we were met with cheers and



frantic waving from Mike Heins and Mike Podmore (competing in their Rapiers on this occasion).

All six of us parked together, surrounded by other beautiful machinery—a further pleasant surprise afforded by sight of John Ryder walking to greet us.

A truly excellent meal organised by AFN and the MMM followed by a private viewing of the museum collection (well worth a longer visit) brought the day towards its close.

The HRG team took first prize and presented their £1,000 cheque to the Red Cross. Lagonda Team Captain John Harris collected the photo competition prize of three bottles of Porsche champagne and suddenly became very popular.

At 9.20 pm, some 12 hours after scrutineering, we made our farewells and fired up; Jenny John doubtless attacking the M1 contraflow cones in slalom fashion as she drove her burgundy Rapide back to Chiswick.

Even after a hard days driving all the magnificent Lagondas were running superbly (what wonderful motor cars they are) and my rear seat passengers were in considerably better humour than could be reasonably be expected by this time (maybe they train for such events by driving their moderns with their heads out of the windows?).

In all, a really memorable day.

RICHARD McCANN

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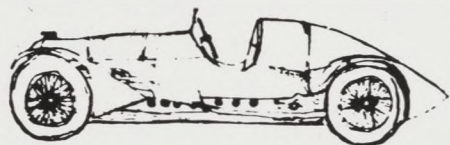


# La Randonnee des Trois Vallees.

WHEN JEFF ODY SUGGESTED going on this year's French ANVE rally, Geoff was a little dubious. However, when Alec Downie said let's go for a week to make the ferry fare worthwhile, the logic of spending out vast sums of money on hotels, food and booze in order to make the fare worthwhile, appealed to us immediately. We did have further doubts when we realised the week included a Friday the 13th and that it was the 13th rally, but clutching our St Christophers, we set off in the 3-litre with Alec and Sylvia in their LG45 Rapide on an overcast morning to catch the ferry from Portsmouth. The sun was shining when we reached Cherbourg and, waved through out of the queue of modern cars by smiling French officials, we drove the short distance to the Hotel du Vieux Chateau in Bricquebec. This hotel really is vieux, part of it dating from the 11th century when it was put up by one of William the Conqueror's Lieutenants and you will be rivetted to know Queen Victoria stayed there in 1857. As the Cherbourg peninsular is a part of

France that one zips through on the way to somewhere else, we decided to look at the west coast on Tuesday. We drove to the Cap de la Hague, rather spoilt by the nearby vast nuclear re-processing plant, but once past the cliffs of Jobourg, found miles of empty sands. In Biville there was a sign to The Dunes, but when we arrived we found the Army in possession; after some Franglais, we gathered we could walk northwards. We started to stroll north, looking at the beautiful wild flowers, when an officer arrived greatly excited, pointing to one path only, saying everywhere else "Explosions, Boom, Boom". Rather put off, we soon beat a retreat. Looking at my map later, I discovered that a large part of the dunes was marked as a restricted area, no wonder they got a bit excited. Continuing south, there were more miles of empty golden sands, only spoilt at Flammaville by a nuclear power station.

It rained all day Wednesday, which rather put us off the sightseeing lark as we headed south for Courtils. The Hotel



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Manoir de la Roche Torin has two acres of parkland and provided very safe parking, once we had found it in the middle of nowhere. As we were so near, Alec suggested a visit to Mont St Michel, which Geoff and I had never seen. It is a most impressive sight from a short distance, but not so impressive once among the dreadful souvenir shops and other tourist traps. I only got two thirds of the way up and ground to a halt, pleading old age and infirmity, but Geoff and Alec romped to the top.

The next day dawned with brilliant sunshine and Alec and Sylvia remembered a good hotel in Chateaubriant, so we headed in that direction. A stop on route to look at the old part of the town of Vitre was well worth while. We stopped briefly in the small town of La Guerché and I decided to get some money from a nearby bank with a Eurocheque. I do not recommend you to try this in a small French town. It took the combined efforts of three counter clerks, plus advice from the cashier and supervision by the manager before, twenty minutes later, I emerged clutching 1,000 francs. I decided to wave my Access card everywhere after that. We arrived at the Hostellerie de la Ferrière in Chateaubriant and very good it was, plus plenty of safe parking.

On Friday we motored gently towards Bagnoles where the rally was to start. we stopped in Martigné for coffee and a very excited chap implored us, in voluble French to come to a car rally there on Saturday. We explained that we were already committed to one, but when he discovered that ours didn't start until 11.30 and his started at 8.30, he begged us just to turn up for their start. Muttering 'peutetre' we escaped.

At the Hotel Bois Joli in Bagnoles we were joined by Jeff and Hilary Leeks in their Sunbeam Talbot. He explained that he had left the Lagonda at home so that Hilary could drive while he navigated, because he was better at navigation. Guess who missed the last control point. David and Margaret Nortcliffe also arrived with their Riley, fresh from their posh German rally and later, David Ayre and Kim arrived with their H/C 2-litre. Come the morning

and David Ayre found that he had the first of four punctures he was to get during the day. He managed to get it fixed in time to join the line-up of cars in front of the Casino at 11.30. We were also joined there by Roland Morgan in his L/C 2-litre, Kip Waistell with Carmen and Marcus in their 3-litre tourer and Stanley Hughes and Rosie in their Riley. Amongst the line-up of 50 cars there were a few of interest—a Maserati-engined Citroen, a couple of Delages, a few Lago-Talbots, a Panhard Levasseur and a lovely Hotchkiss D/H coupe. The manager of the Casino did us proud with a lavish buffet lunch and then Patrick Guilleux and Philippe of the ANVE welcomed us all at some length. As their French got faster and faster, most of the exhortations and warnings passed us by, but I did gather that on no account must we get in the way of a cycle race that could cross our route. Cycle races are a serious business in France. When we returned to the cars for the start, an anxious onlooker pointed to the pool under Roland's car. "It's all right" said Roland "it's only water—or oil—or petrol." The onlooker retreated, uncertain whether this was an English joke.

The rally itself took the usual form on Saturday of gentle motoring, to Granville this time, along pleasant roads with scheduled stops at various sites for games or questions, and unscheduled stops at various bars. It was a very hot day. I think the only couple who didn't entirely enjoy it were David and Kim, who were so worn out getting punctures mended, that Kim even passed up dinner at the hotel in Coudeville that evening in favour of a good sleep.

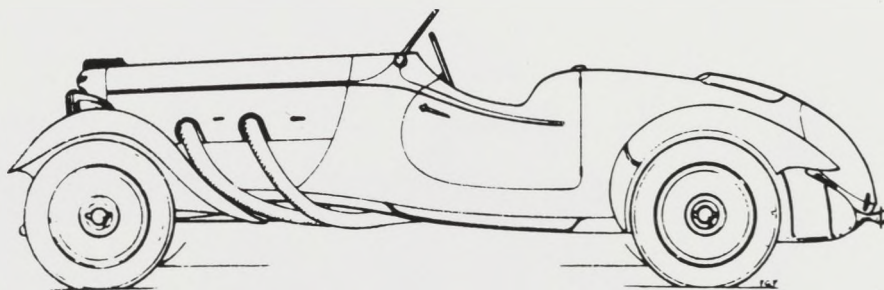
The next day the rally took a different form. We drove to the harbour at Granville parked the cars, and embarked on a boat trip to the Illes Chaussey for a picnic lunch and two more games. One of these was to produce a picture that had something to do with the sea—we had been warned the previous day that we would need some coloured pens or pencils. Geoff and Sylvia produced a couple of quite respectable seascapes, while David Ayre, at first not very interested in the project, suddenly got carried away and produced a positive



masterpiece, with everything in it, including a well-endowed mermaid. On the boat trip back, I was co-opted onto an Anglo-French jury of eight, each of us to award the pictures marks out of ten. I was amazed to find that some people always travel with painting gear, as there were several excellent watercolours worthy of framing. I was even more amazed when one member of the jury, after gazing admiringly at her own entry, awarded herself ten out of ten. Perhaps this is the effect of travelling in a R---- R----. However, Patrick neatly adjusted things by giving her two out of ten. Marcus, who must be a thoroughly kindhearted boy, gave everyone higher marks than the rest of the jury.

When we got back to Granville, we walked to the nearby Yacht Club for the prize-giving. The nice thing about the ANVE Rally is that everyone gets a prize; the higher your position, so the more articles in your prize bag. Geoff and I were 38th, not surprising in view of our results in some of the games. I'm not sure how

the rest of the British contingent did, except that Alec and Sylvia did a bit better than us. The volume of noise in the bar defeated my efforts at deciphering rapid French. After a farewell drink with everyone, we returned to the cars, and there was the usual pool under Roland's car, and the usual anxious onlooker pointing at it. Only l'eau boomed Roland, and poured gallons of l'eau into the radiator to prove it. Amid cries of 'see you next year' cars disappeared in all directions, with David and Margaret, Alec and Sylvia and ourselves headed in convoy to Valognes, where we had rooms booked for the night. We had an anxious few moments in Coutances, stuck in a traffic jam, with the temperature gauge rising ominously near to boiling point, but fortunately it didn't quite reach it, although the 3-litre took a few miles afterwards to recover full power. The hotel Le Haut-Gallion in Valognes, chosen virtually at random, proved to be an excellent choice, with safe parking out of sight, and a conveniently situated



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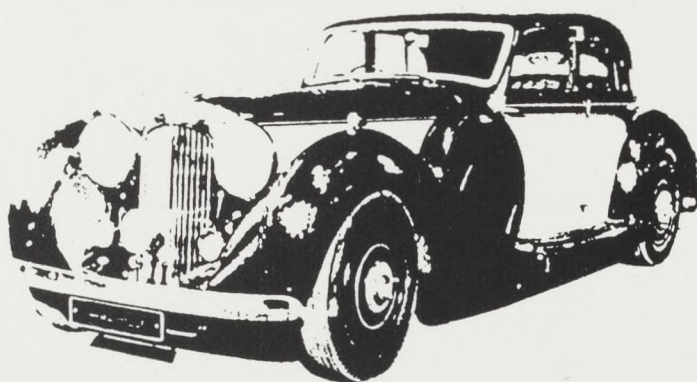
hypermarket a few yards down the road for loading up with duty-frees. The ferry operators were, as always, kind to us, lining our three cars up completely separately from all the other cars, and then neatly placing us three abreast on board. At the other end, the English customs officer just waved us straight through, perhaps it was because with open cars he could clearly see our honest shining faces.

I can say, with great pleasure, that everywhere we went, the cars were greeted with great enthusiasm and interest, but even though several times we left the cars parked unattended, usually loaded with our luggage, at no time were the cars

ever touched. I only wish people in our own country were as enthusiastic and considerate.

P.S. Jeff Ody, who you may have noticed never got mentioned after the first sentence, was sadly unable to make the event, due to pressure of work.

JOAN SEATON

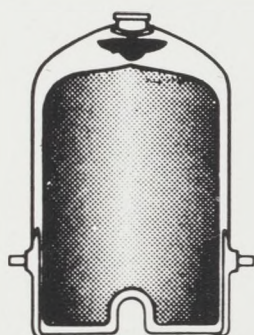


## Auction Report

*A report just in on the auction of Alan Brown's knees mentions a good attendance.*

*A crowd of wealthy Americans flew in hoping to obtain a genuine pair to go with their Queen Anne legs. Three Irishmen were looking for something to go well with their brogues, although one reportedly, was hoping to use them for target practice for his national sport.*

*However, in the event, the lucky person was Alan Brown himself. Claiming he needed somewhere to keep his shoes and socks and they looked to be in better condition than those he already owned. Congratulations Alan on keeping the original model in as close to genuine condition as possible.*



# GWR

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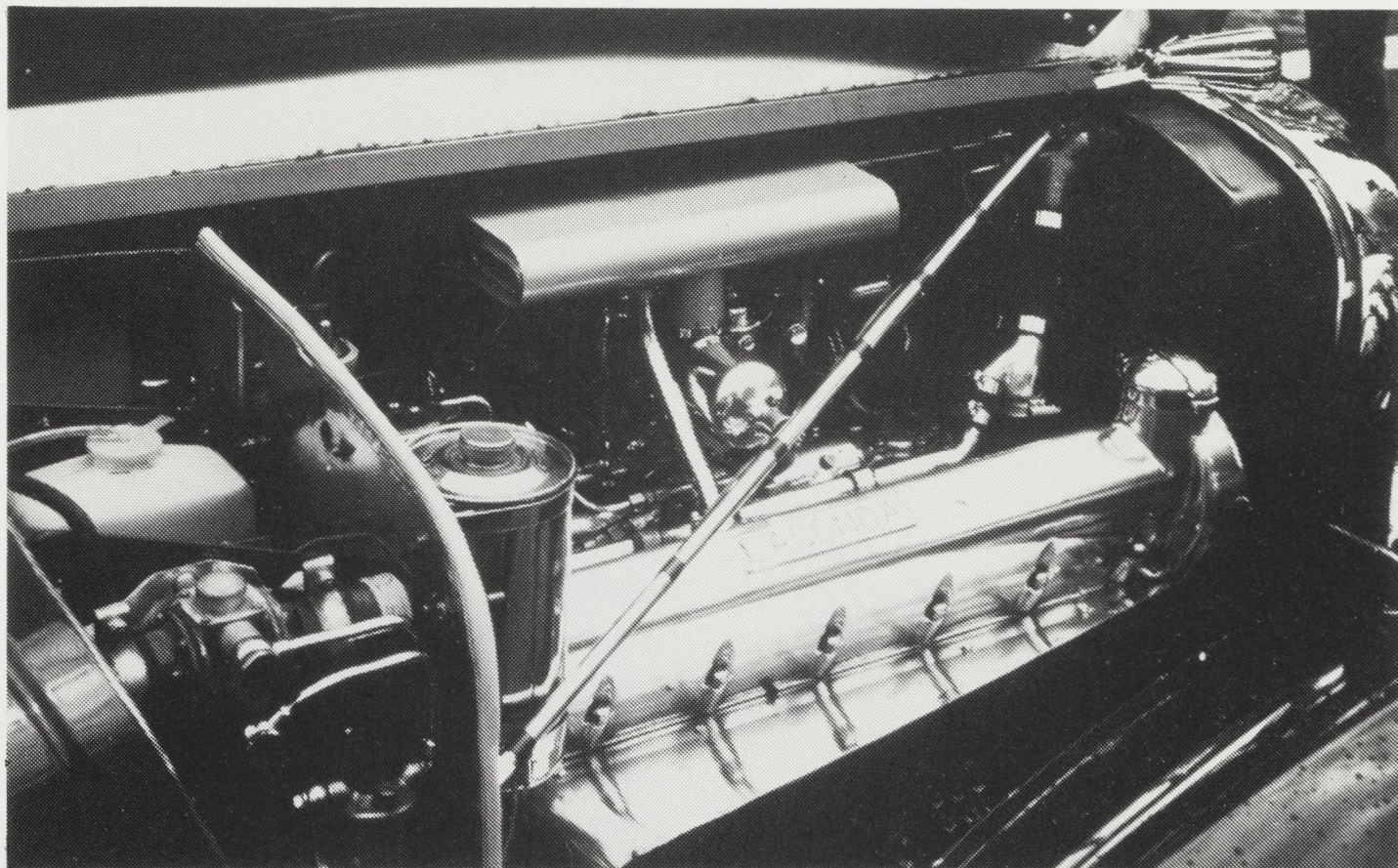


# FMA 310.

IT WAS NOT EASY indeed, but at last I got from the newspaper: 1) a black and white photograph of my car with the old fashioned bicycle and, 2) the copyright for printing the snapshot in our Lagonda Club magazine. Voila!

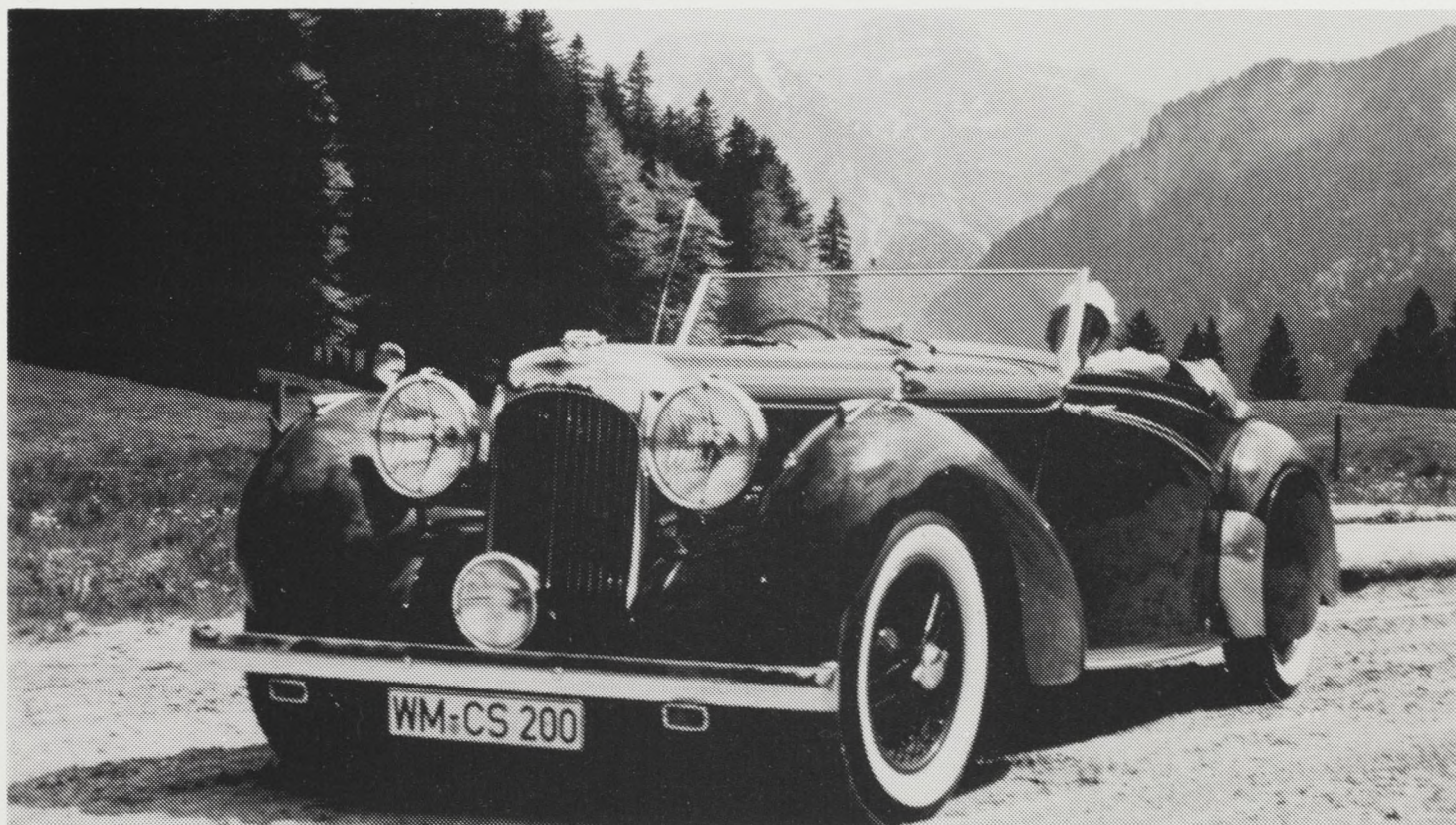
The picture was taken on the occasion of the ADAC-Oldtimer Meeting in Munich last year. I enclose some further photos in which I think you will take pleasure.

DR WULF MÜLLER



*Dr Wulf Müller's V-12 engine positively gleaming . . . as is the complete car.  
The V-12 en route in the Bavarian Alps.*

*Photos: Dr Wulf Müller.*





# Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

May the soul of Dr-Ing, e.h. Carl Benz be allowed to rest in peace for, as ever, the last editorial carries a certain cachet.

Carl Benz grew up near Karlsruhe, close to the border with France. His mother was Josephine Vaillant of French family. The company he founded in 1883 was registered "Benz & Cie . . ." The first motor cars were sold through his agent Emile Roger of Paris. Until he died in 1929 he wrote "Carl"—and so it appears on the memorial unveiled four years later by President Field Marshall von Hindenburg in the main street of Mannheim, the Augusta Anlage. Ladenburg, his final home near Mannheim has a Carl Benz Platz. Pforzheim, birthplace of his wife Berta and the world's first lady motorist today has Carl Benz in leaflets for visitors. Respected historians all write "Carl". I enclose some photographs in confirmation.

However, the Nazis with their hatred of intellect and culture and France, changed his name posthumously to the teutonic Karl.

Many of my friends gave their lives to defeat that infamous regime and all it stood for.

Yours faithfully

"LEPUS"

*Linked to the editor's inability to subtract 100 correctly . . .*

Dear Sir,

I must congratulate you on the excellence of the Winter 1985 magazine (issue 127). Despite being unable to participate in the UK events I read your magazine with interest and particularly enjoyed this one. Unfortunately I did not receive the magazine in time to meet the 30th March deadline for the Spring magazine but in case the aircraft in Mr Banghams picture has not been identified yet I think I have the answer—an Avro Avian MKIVM.

The Avian MKIVM—the 'M' is significant

Dear Sir,

Thankyou very much for "the Lagonda" magazines you sent me they are most interesting, and useful for myself and any customer queries.

I have enclosed some items on Lagondas which I hope you will find useful and any further information I receive I will send to you.

I receive quite an amount of letters asking for information on old Lagondas and I try to help them even though it is sometimes difficult (I have the records of all Lagondas built in the DB time stating most details).

*(Present owners may like to note this Ed).*

I would like to be considered as a liaison officer on your behalf so I can forward information to you and obtain items to give to customers in the event of queries, and also to inform our Lagonda fans (staff) here at the factory of any events etc. Also some of our staff were wondering if you have a promotional list of any sales items you sell so they can purchase?

I look forward to hearing from you and I must apologise for the writing but my thumb is in plaster! making it difficult to write. Que Sera Sera!

Yours faithfully

C. CHANDLER

*(Marketing Asst. Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd.)*

as it designated a metal fuselage using welded steel tubing and these show up prominently under the fabric covering in the photograph. A total of 171 M's were produced commencing 1929 and it was engined either by Cirrus Hermes or Garnet Major engines. The aircraft was essentially a sporting/racing machine and was popular in Canada, some overseas airforces bought some, and about 20 were registered in the UK. The sporting designation goes well with the Lagonda.

Yours sincerely

PETER VOWLES



Dear Sir,

May I, as a member's dog, make a plea through your columns to consider the keen vintage motoring canine.

The holding of the picnic at Michelham Priory which so ostentatiously bans myself

and my friends always results in the absence of "my" Lagonda and all its' gremlins.

Surely it's time for a change!

TITO  
(KY 202)



*Tito Raynes in the 2-litre KY 202 ready for anything.*

*Photo: Dick Raynes.*

Dear Sir,

I have recently purchased a 1926 Lagonda from Herbert Chapman of Kildare—Ref: C10. As far as I understand, it is a 14/60H.C. open tourer Chassis No. OH-8401, Reg. No. PF 1761, Engine No. OH-130, Re Reg. ZW 80.

The papers show it to be 1691 c.c. which I suspect is incorrect. I have no other information on the car and would like to have some technical data, especially service information.

Generally it is in good condition, body, paintwork, upholstery, hood and side screens. I have driven it a hundred miles or so and find the main problem to be water temperature. It goes up to 80

degrees very quickly and hovers from there to 85 and sometimes to 90 degrees.

There are three more Lagondas not far from me but none of them is running—all awaiting restoration and are about the same vintage.

Please let me have a membership application form and any information available on the car.

Yours sincerely

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