



**THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB**

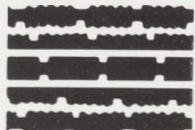
Number 137 Summer 1988



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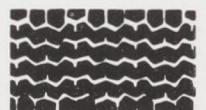
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MAGAZINE
Issue No. 137
Summer 1988

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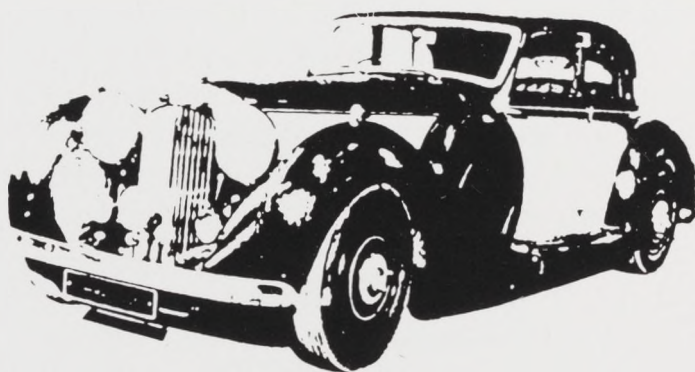
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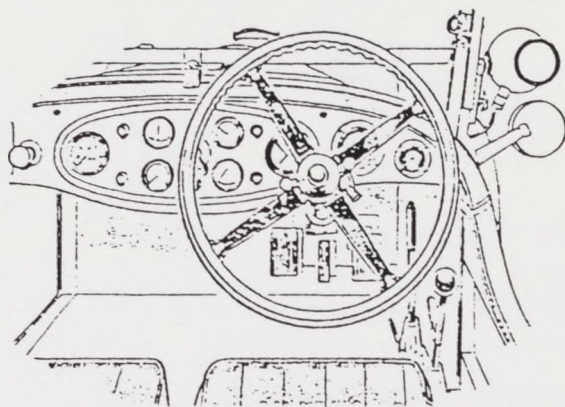
*Colin Mallett in the 12/24, with Hilary
Leeks and Frankie on the Chateau
Holiday.*

Photo: Jeff Ody.



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From the Driving Seat.



THIS WAS to have been a light-hearted swipe in all directions at those who destroy original cars to create specials or replicas and would have been followed by the admission that I use and enjoy a Rapier with a non-original body and the confession that I was responsible for our esteemed Chairman creating his very tasty Rapier Special from the desperate remains of an Abbott bodied tourer, since I sold it to him in the first place. Then Arnold Davy sent me the cutting from the *Daily Express* which appears opposite and suddenly I didn't feel so light-hearted after all.

The Lagonda Club is a member of the Federation of Historic Vehicle Clubs and we share the concerns voiced so eloquently in Lord Montagu's article. It is reprinted exactly as printed and I suspect that the somewhat odd style owes more to careless editing within the newspaper than to the original author. As a Club we will play our part in ensuring that every attempt to restrict our hobby is resisted, but I am sure that there is much that we could do as private individuals. Do you even know who your MEP is, for instance?

Why not find out and write to him or her and ask what action he or she is prepared to take to resist this unnecessary attack on our freedom? Whilst you are in the mood, write to your MP as well and express your concern that the Government is not being vigilant enough in combatting this. Did you know that the requirement for pre-war public service vehicles to be fitted with tachographs was slipped into some environmental legislation intended to restrict the hours modern bus drivers can operate?

Compared with the changes that unsympathetic legislation from Brussels might impose on our cars, the work of the special builders and replica creators fades into insignificance and it is time that we recognised who our real opponents are. I suppose that I could threaten only to publish letters and articles criticising the 'specialists' if they are accompanied by copies of the letters the authors have sent to our legislators asking what they are doing to make the future of our hobby more secure.

Now for something completely different. I was astonished to find that this Club has never attempted to maintain a 'run' of magazines as a reference work for the Editor of the day. I would like to remedy this and Valerie is providing copies of all the back numbers which she holds. The problem is that the Club's supply of back numbers is incomplete, so I appealing to our membership, do you have any duplicate or unwanted back numbers of the magazine which you would be prepared to donate to the Club? They would be held 'in trust' by the current Editor and would be passed to future Editors, so will not become any individual's personal property. To keep everything open and above board, I would be happy to list the donors in the magazine as their contribution is received.

KPP



Is This The End of the Road for Classic Cars?

THE LOWERING of all barriers across the European Economic Community in 1992 will provide a welcome boost for businessmen and exporters.

It will also give the ordinary citizen a far greater freedom to move about Europe than has hitherto been possible.

But it also could mean that many of the privileges we enjoy today as British citizens may be gradually eroded in the interests of the Community and of standardisation.

As founder of the National Motor Museum, I am personally concerned at the threat posed to collectors of historic cars, motorcycles and commercial vehicles.

After all, Britain did start the veteran car movement and nowhere in the world are there more enthusiastic car collectors than in the United Kingdom.

I refer to the hundreds of thousands of post-war "classic" cars so enthusiastically kept in pristine condition by their owners.

Many of these cars are only just over 20 years old yet they have acquired a following and a worth far beyond their original markets.

Best Sellers

Who would have thought the various marques of Cortina, for example, would have become a collector's car?

Morris Minor too enjoy an affection that belies the fact that they were once the best selling car on British roads.

Dig into the cars of the 'fifties and the list of collectable cars is endless. Each marque can boast a club and dedicated followers.

All summer enthusiasts have been driving their precious machines to rallies, fetes and other events for an afternoon of glory and motoring in the grand manner.

Yet this harmless pastime is under threat by harmonisation plans of 1992.

Not all countries in Europe are as enthusiastic as we are about the

preservation and enjoyment of older vehicles.

Some bureaucrats in Brussels may well be persuaded that, in the interests of road safety and uniformity it will be desirable to place severe restrictions on old vehicles on the road or so disfigure them with modifications as to make them unrecognisable.

As president of the Historic Commercial Vehicle Society, I have personally had experience of this with the introduction of tachographs for lorries and passenger vehicles.

Strictly speaking, our historic charabanc should be fitted with a tachograph and a full record kept of all drivers' hours behind the wheel. This would have made a nonsense of my attempts to preserve it in original condition.

So I have won conditional exemption for the bus, but would it still apply in 1992?

Brussels may listen to the Germans. They require old cars to be fitted with flashing indicators, hazard warning lights, safety glass, anti-theft device, demister, sun visor and much more. All completely out of character for even a recent classic car.

Or they may hear the French: And impose their laws on us. In France cars over 25 years old are offered "collectors' " log books and severely restricted in their use.

Or they may take up Dutch law: Cars over 30 years old are restricted to 60 days use a year. Imported old cars have to be fitted with see-through brake fluid reservoirs, safety belts, washers, flashers and modern brakes.

And so it goes on throughout the EEC—different regulations in each but all more restrictive than ours.

Inbuilt safety

There are also moves afoot in many EEC

countries to require post-war classics to meet modern emission regulations and the fitting of catalytic converters—virtually impossible for all but the most recent models and a regulation, if adopted throughout the Community, which could effectively bar most post-war classics from the public roads.

Sweden, though a non-EEC country, has already given such a lead requiring post-1940 cars to meet 1971 emission regulations.

Denmark is still lobbying to have similar pollution regulations passed in Brussels.

No-one is opposing stringent anti-pollution regulations for new cars but attempts to bring older cars in line will not materially reduce the pollution in the atmosphere.

Popular as car collecting has become, the number of classics is minute compared with the millions of new cars which come on to Europe's roads each year.

Of course, many post-war classics do not have the inbuilt safety of the modern car. This has been given as a reason for getting them off the roads in the interests of overall safety on the roads.

But the argument fails to recognise that the classic car owner is a very special type of driver.

His car has been painstakingly preserved and he- or she- treats it with far greater respect than the average driver uses his modern car.

Generally speaking, the classic car owner is a much better and careful driver than most.

The classic car collector has proven that he does not need to be "nannied" with restrictive legislation.

In Britain, this has been recognised and the Secretary of State for Transport, Paul Channon, who has given assurances that there are no plans to restrict the use of older vehicles through retrospectively applicable regulations.

But this still leaves the way open for the historic-vehicle owner to be hit by "oblique" legislation or by the European harmonisation, rather than by direct technical regulations.

And it has become quite obvious that we

in Britain have to give a lead because no one else in Europe is prepared or competent to do so. The European clubs seem indifferent to the political scene.

Money Needed

So we have banded our clubs together into a Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs and appointed a political lobbyist in Brussels.

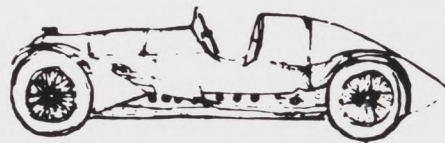
Mr Edward Seymour-Rouse is a professional with a proven track record and can far better look after our interests in the complicated corridors of the Brussels bureaucracy—or of our own transport ministry in Marsham Street.

Of course, all this needs money as well as effort and we need the help of every car enthusiast in Britain. Derek Grossmark has been appointed chairman of the FBHVC and donations or offers of help may be sent to him at Danny Court, New Way Lane, Hurstpierpoint, Hassocks, Sussex, BN6 9BA.

We're not going to panic and get into a state over things but the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and that is what we are trying to organise with our Federation and our lobbyist.

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Reprinted from "The Daily Express"
August 25th 1988.



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Evenings — Weekends



The Chateau.

Photo: Jeff Ody.

The Lagonda Chateau Holiday.

Friday Evening

A BLUE smoke haze hung over the M3 as the final wave of six Lagondas, with their exhausts and distinct gear changes reverberating in the still damp air as they drove into the Assembly Park in Portsmouth for the ferry to Caen.

The ferry trip gave us all an opportunity to relax, meet each other and have a welcome drink to get in training for the holiday to follow. Jeff Ody briefed us on our 180 mile route for Saturday, to the Chateau Laveau in the Loire Valley. The team included Roland Grindell in Jeff Ody's M45 tourer, Hilary and Jeff Leeks in their 2L LC, Elizabeth and Douglas Brown in their M45 tourer, Irene and David Willoughby in a friend's modern Lagonda, John Breen and John Batt with his 2L LC Lagonda, Frankie and Colin Mallett in his 12/24.

Saturday

The vibrant ship's bell woke us from our slumbers at 4.15 am and we all crawled out of our respective cabins to eat a croissant and coffee before embarking at 6.00 am. We all arranged to meet in a car park just outside the customs while Colin unhitched his Lagonda which he had solid towed from his home in Suffolk. The estimated 5 minutes dragged on for 30 minutes as the brakes were adjusted, the car serviced and rebuilt by Colin, whilst we all waited patiently to begin our journey. At last we were off—and half a mile later Colin braked and veered off to the right, fortunately into the entrance of a garage, to sort his brakes out again. The convoy proceeded to by-pass Caen and due to the fact that Jeff Ody's navigator, Roland Grindell, fell asleep at the wrong time, we found ourselves on an 18 mile stretch of

motorway heading in the wrong direction. Although we all then drove off in various directions, with John Batt pretending he was Stirling Moss and John "Jenks" Breen hanging on for dear life, we all converged from various directions on our route at the Toto Bar in Falaise, for crossiants, coffee and cognac, at approximately 8.00 am.

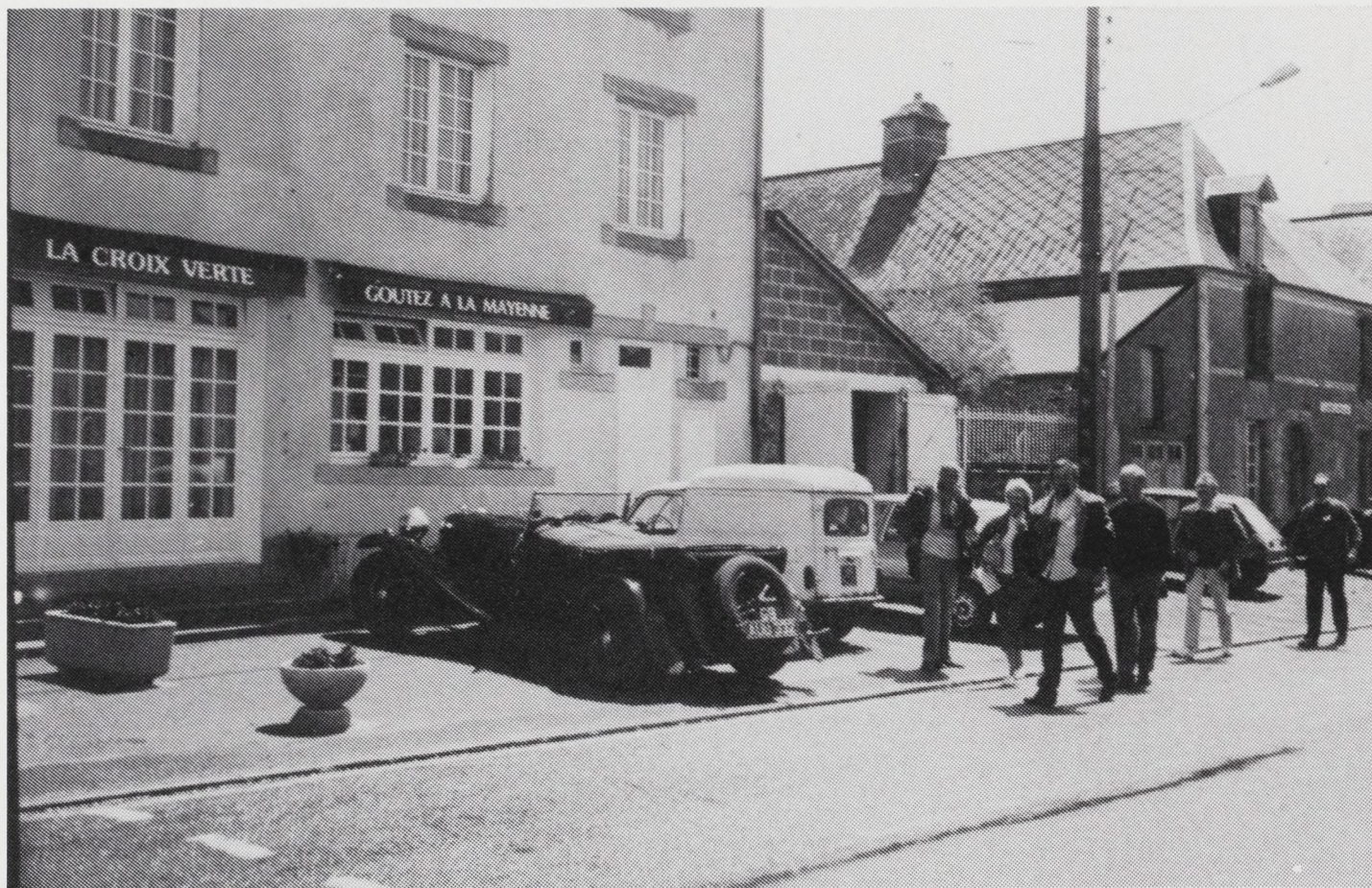
Our next planned stop was for lunch at Montsurs, Hilary and I fortunately know the beautiful Normandy countryside and chose our route carefully, going over the River Orme and its beautiful weir at Pont d'Ouilly. We then drove through charming Flers taking a road closed diversion we suddenly found ourselves with three other Lagondas, stopping for a break on a tree-lined country road. We then pressed on to our lunch stop, but the clouds became greyer and the last fifteen miles were driven with roofs down in drizzle, which turned into pouring rain. Hilary and I were the lead car when our windscreen wiper motor decided to give up, just as the hail-stones came pounding down. As we are all brave Lagonda eccentrics with dogged determination, we carried on to our

planned stop, parked up and with mouths watering, walked across to our restaurant. Unfortunately at that same moment, a wedding party arrived and filled the premises and all we could do was to climb back into our cars and head south. Fortunately we quickly found a superb hotel, took over a beautiful dining room, and duly consumed five courses and plenty of wine, which lasted two very relaxing hours, where we really started to get to know each other, hic! Then off again on the last 80 mile run to the Chateau Laveau.

Gradually the cars split up, as we chose our various routes, although Elizabeth and Douglas Brown and Irene and David Willoughby stayed together with us. Suddenly on a narrow country lane we came across Colin and Frankie, who we hadn't set eyes on since Falaise, suitably refreshed having just slept off the large bottle of wine they had consumed by some river bank at their lunch stop. They were making an awful lot of noise with Colin jabbering something about 'submarine cables' and Frankie jumping up and down in the middle of the road.

A splendid stop for lunch on the journey down.

Photo: Jeff Ody.



We eventually arrived at Chateau Laveau at 6.00 pm to meet up with the advance party, which included Richard Hare and Shelia, John and Sue Walker, Ted and John Townsley. Jeff and Joan Seaton and Roger and Beryl Firth. Clearly the advance party had their concerns about the accommodation and toilet facilities and various discussion took place, with numerous suggestions being put forward on how best to accommodate everyone. Jeff Ody and Roger Coghill, the Chateau owner, tried to rearrange the allocation of rooms to suit everyone during the early evening whilst the group gathered by the moat and around the cars in the courtyard socialising and having an aperitif in the ambiance of a very peaceful environment.

Around about 9.30 pm we all sat down to a splendid six course dinner, prepared by Ian our chef, which everyone was ready for and thoroughly enjoyed within the splendour of the chateau. We then adjourned for coffee in the 'Grand Salle' in front of a roaring log fire, to reflect on the long day, before retiring to bed around midnight.

JEFF LEEKS

Sunday 5th June—Day 2:

Presentation Day

The first morning at Laveau dawned dry and bright. Despite a sumptuous Saturday evening meal, everybody enjoyed a good 'French' breakfast—croissants, apricot jam, local honey and of course copious quantities of hot strong coffee. The clear local air was already having a beneficial affect! Lagondas rested after the long journey down, most were oiled and cleaned ready for morning parade. A very special occasion had been arranged by Roger Coghill, our host at the Chateau, for we were to be officially greeted by the Mayor and Council of the nearby town—Beaufort en Valle, at noon in the Hotel de Ville. Prior to this a display of our cars was to take place in the imposing town square, in front of the large Catholic Church.

In our Sunday "holiday" best, we left the Chateau in convoy for the three mile run into Beaufort, arriving just as morning service had ended to find the square full

of people and parked cars. At this point, a charming French lady approached me by the name of Madame Messenger, and announced she was to act as our interpreter for the morning. The line up of our cars was arranged and our group welcomed by the towns people with great enthusiasm.

The Lagondas made a wonderful sight parked at the East end of the cobbled market square and in the sunshine, looked superb. But what a pity our full party was not to be present to enjoy this occasion! Using "Franglais" much lively and animated conversation took place with the locals amongst the clicking of dozens of cameras. Some members may not be aware of the great love the French hold for what we refer to as Vintage cars. Driving anywhere in rural France one is greeted by waves from people with happy smiles!

The Mayor, Monsieur Oriot passed amongst us enthusiastically then left to prepare the bottles for the official reception.

Roger, our host at the Chateau, who is well known in and around Beaufort (certainly the bars!) had mentioned our visit previously to the Town Council who promptly insisted upon a reception for Sunday mid-day, even though they were holding local elections after recently re-electing their President. That is what I mean about enthusiasm not to mention priorities! With tonneau covers set, we took the short stroll through the picturesque streets of Beaufort to the Hotel de Ville (Town Hall) a charming building about 100 years old. Madame Messenger and Monsieur Oriot produced several bottles of local sparkling wine which was liberally mixed with Cassis and made a superb cocktail.

After speeches of welcome, Jeff Ody replied on behalf of the Club members present and various gifts were exchanged. We presented a copy of the Lagonda Marque by Davy & May, a Club headscarf for Madame Messenger, with grateful thanks for her assistance and handed out a number of other items including several lapel badges. One of these was given to the Beaufort reporter who published an

excellent article and photographs, in his local paper "Le Courrier de L'Ouest".

All too soon the wine bottles stood empty and it was time to leave. It had been a most pleasant occasion and the Mayor genuinely expressed the hope that we would return in future years.

At this the party dispersed in various directions although a number of us in company with Roger, decided to take the opportunity of investigating the local bars, returning to the Chateau late afternoon.

After the obligatory short rest! John Breen and I decided to explore the scenery which lay behind the Chateau, taking with us two fishing rods to have a go at the Pike in the nearby tributary of the Loire. Within fifteen minutes John had been successful in pulling out a fourteen inch long Pike—photographed as proof. We were later to enjoy excellent fishing on several other occasions, Colin Mallett also being successful.

Sunday evening provided yet another contrast and example of the friendliness of the locals.

Through a chance meeting in one of the bars earlier in the day, we had learned that most of the restaurants in town were closed on Sunday evenings. As our plan had been to eat out that night, this fellow agreed to organise a restaurant for us—Les Voyageurs—where we repaired for dinner at 9.00 pm. John Breen—by now "at one" with life—struck a great friendship with our host and was later photographed with him in front of Jeff Leek's car, both it appears standing on one leg! "Vive la Francaise!"

We all spent an enjoyable evening with plenty of wine, although the food on this occasion could perhaps have been rather more exciting. Well past midnight we set off back to the Chateau to find the town in pitch darkness. All the street lights were out and this resulted in a certain member of the party becoming lost in the the small lanes surrounding Beaufort, eventually having to return to the town, find the market square and retrace our morning route back home!

It was an excellent day and a nice way to start our holiday. We all looked forward to several more to come.

J. A. BATT

Barbeques and Sangria

Having dined well the previous night, many of the party appeared for breakfast a little late and somewhat off colour. Ian, our chef, enhanced this somewhat delicate state by preparing a full English spread.

Some of our party made a sortie to Le Mans to get tickets and have a look round. They were there so early that they ended up in the paddock and scrutineering areas—only realising this when the barriers went up behind them how lucky they had been. It's wonderful what a vintage car and a Lagonda Club badge will do. Meanwhile, back at the Chateau, more of us just relaxed in the sunshine. Jeff Ody and Roland Grindell started a major rebuild of the M45's rear suspension by dismantling it, looking at the problems and reassembling it, deciding it was too difficult to sort out in France. Then Roger, the Chateau proprietor, decided to celebrate the sunshine by mixing up Sangria. This effectively put an end to the Chairman's suspension rebuild and they transferred their expertise to discovering the effects of Sangria. Several vats later it was conclusively proved that it makes everybody extremely relaxed.

Towards late afternoon, the thought of a barbeque seemed a good idea and we piled Jeff, Roger, Ian and myself in the 12/24, together with my lovely friend Frankie, who sat in the back, keeping the Chairman in order. We trundled off to Angers, where we parked in the supermarket amongst slightly bemused looks from various French shoppers. Frankie had her arm stung by a large bee; the Chairman offered to kiss it better.

We had our barbeque in the ruins of one of the original turrets, with a table made out of an enormous four foot redwood tree stump which was growing in the turret. We dined well again, drank some wine and finally collapsed in bed.

COLIN MALLETT

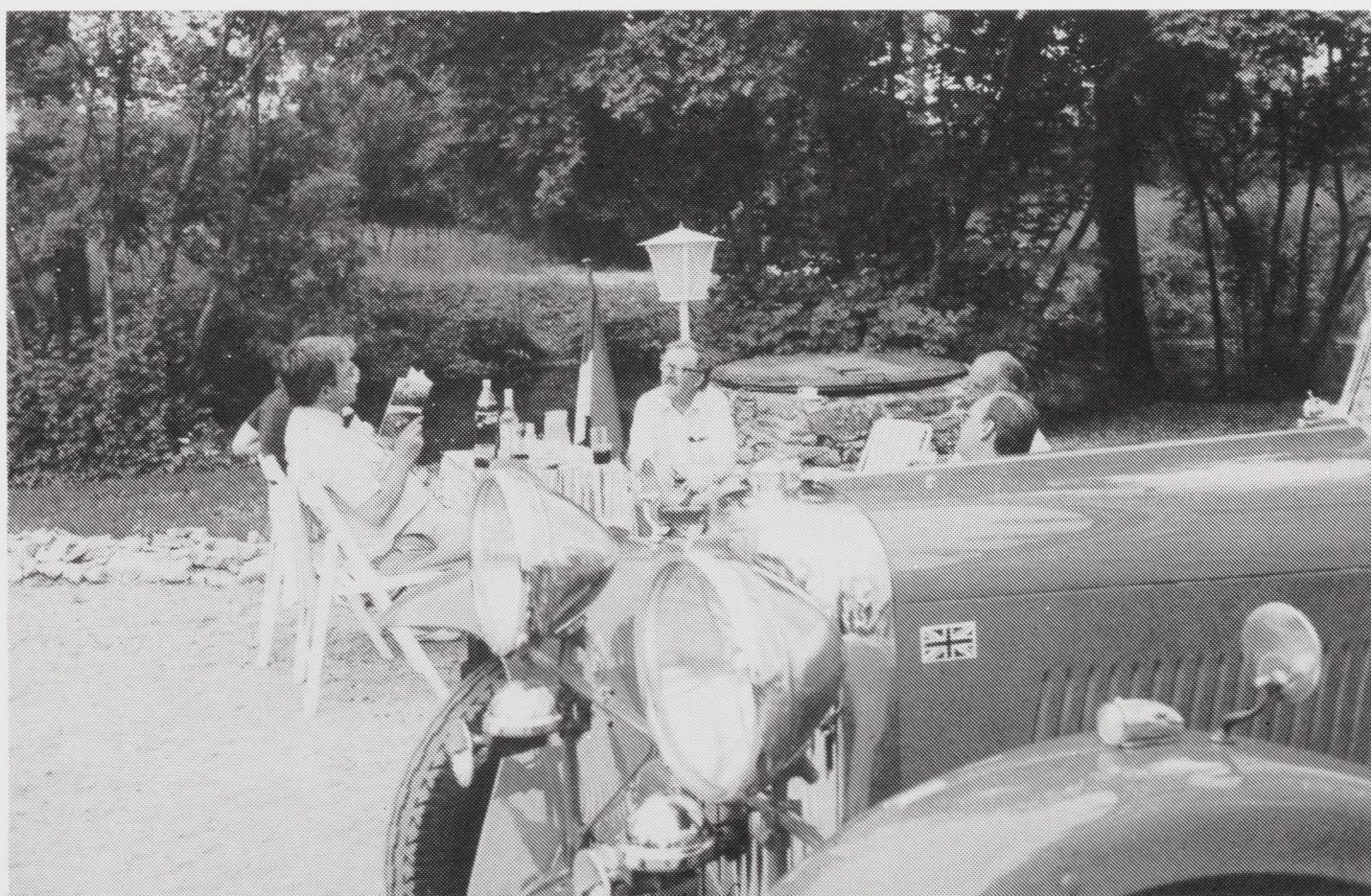
Market Day

The roar of Niagra Falls rang in my ears and our frail craft was being sucked inexorably towards the cascading waters. I started to paddle furiously and found myself bolt upright in bed, with Elizabeth complaining about being pushed out! It



The cars meet up once again on their various roads south.

Photo: Jeff Ody.



The Chateau.

Photo: Jeff Ody.



*Batt performs a spontaneous rebuild for the inhabitants of Falaise and "Dreamer" Grindell.
Photo: Jeff Ody.*



Elizabeth Brown and Hilary Leeks ignore the boring side of France. Photo: Jeff Ody.

was only the plumbing! The "Angel Frankie", who lives in the heavens above us, had dismissed the bathwater (even angels bathe!) and, with French plumbing, the departing waste would waken the dead!

A new day—the sun still shone. We took a fruity breakfast of our usual apple and orange, whilst the rest tucked into croissants, fresh bread, honey, conserve and coffee. The Willerbys and Jeff Leeks decided to go over to Le Mans to ensure the Jaguar team had got it all right and indeed they reported on return that they were able to get into the paddock and see at first hand all the goings on.

The less adventurous of us went into Beaufort to take a look at the weekly market. Here were many stalls, mostly of clothing, but we found nothing at exciting prices. Colin did, however, find a beautiful hat for Frankie. In the food hall there was a good selection of all the usual fish, meat and vegetables. Hilary was a little surprised to find bananas weighed on the same scales as the fish, but *ça ne fait rien, c'est la France!* After the market, we all congregated at the local cafe for coffee and drinks and were impressed by the ever friendly reception of these lovely provincial French folk. Elizabeth wandered back to the Oriental carpet vendor, as she was working up courage to buy a Caucasiabn rug, but I was saved by the gong, as the vendor had, by this time, packed up and floated away on his magic carpet!

For the afternoon I was prevailed upon by Roland to do something about a little canary under my bonnet, which he diagnosed as a cylinder head gasket leak. Rocker gear off, a good pull down on all nuts and, presto, exit canary!

The evening meal was served "in house" and we enjoyed the company of the local reporter and his "companion". Roger and Ian produced a fabulous meal, the whole being washed down by copious quantities of wine.

Replete—relaxed—retired.

The menu:

Soupe de Poissons

Rillettes du Mans pur porc

Poulet Chasseur

Fraises avec Creme Fraiche

Fromage

Coffee

Boisson:

Cabernet d'Anjou (Rose)

Souvrignon Blanc

Vins de pays de l'Aude (Rouge)

Vind de pays

DOUGLAS BROWN

I ARRIVED at the Chateau late morning on Thursday to find all the cars 'away' except Jeff Ody's very original M-45 Tourer, parked outside the main entrance of this fine and imposing Chateau.

The owner, Roger Coghill immediately set about making a cup of tea whilst Ian—the chef—continued his rather uneven struggle with the carp in the Chateau's moat.

Lunch was not on offer due to the size and lateness of the breakfast but I was left in no doubt as to the magnificence of the meal—a fact that was shortly to be confirmed by John's Batt and Breen who having been shopping in Beaufort en Valée, returned in style in the 2-litre S/C, together with lunch which consisted of some very fine paté and cheese and rosé wine. This was bolstered by further bottles of rosé from Rogers store and the conversation turned from breakfast to the whereabouts of the other Lagondas.

Most had gone to Le Mans to watch the practice races and others to Villandry to view the Chateau and gardens. The whereabouts of Colin and Frankie Mallett in the 12/24 were unclear but as I later discovered they were probably quite close to the Chateau although having driven for many miles!

Around 1830 most of the cars returned to Laveau with Jeff and Hilary Leeks arriving in fine if somewhat divergent style in their 2-litre L/C, An hour or so's work on the steering and another 30 minutes with the grease gun soon had the car ready for the early departure to a French organised rally a little to the north starting on the following day.

Douglas and Elizabeth Brown had also

visited Villandry with Jeff and Hilary in their M-45 Tourer. A little time spent on the fuel pump cleared up the rather erratic running and with the arrival of Colin and Frankie in the 12/24 we were just about ready to meet the others in the 'La Grande Turque' restaurant in Baugé.

I cadged a lift with Colin and Frankie to enjoy a very smooth and civilised ride to Baugé in the oldest car at the Chateau, if not only the slowest. By the time we found the restaurant the car park was already playing host to the AML 1 and John's 2-litre S/C in addition to the 2-litre L/C of Jeff Leeks all being inspected by numerous inhabitants of Baugé.

With our arrival, the table was full having been extended to seat Roger and Ian from the 'Chateau' and Jeff Ody and Roland Grindell having come straight from Le Mans, together with David and Irene Willoughby in the AML 1.

Copious amounts of wine and good food followed and it was obvious that the journey back home would be at a slightly slower pace than the outward leg.

Colin again offered a ride in his 12/24 and so under a starlit and amazingly still night we returned to 'Chateau de Laveau' arriving last—a fact not entirely unconnected with the six sharp turns we took to the left in fairly short succession!

And so to bed.

June 11-12th, Departure and the Race

THE WEEK had just evaporated in the sunshine. Already the humour, wisdom and song dispensed around the chateau grounds and fire at night had started to blur, although, to be accurate, not all was crystal clear when just delivered, particularly on the evening when the locals came to share the carp.

Most folk were heading home or rallying the north coast so farewells were said and addresses were exchanged before the two cars going to race were fired up. It was to be the riding mechanics moment of glory, Rowland and I were to be Biggles with Jeff and John content to be Algey for a while. All went well until the inevitable congestion near the track. When the rain struck Rowland and Jeff took it like men

whereas John and I, with unlagged knees, had to throw up the golfing umbrella. "Regarde donc les wallies de la Legal et General".

The parking area was vast with no Lags in sight. After searching for a while we picnicked together and speculated on the race to come. Various sporting investments were placed before Jeff and Rowland headed for the boat. On entering the circuit John and I booked another couple of manhours to the Waiting for Dave Berry Project. I personally doubt the existence of such a person believing it to be another manifestation of Batts Godot compulsion that up to now has been undiagnosed. We have done it before at Silverstone but then I innocently thought that he was just trying to disguise his loitering with intent activities.

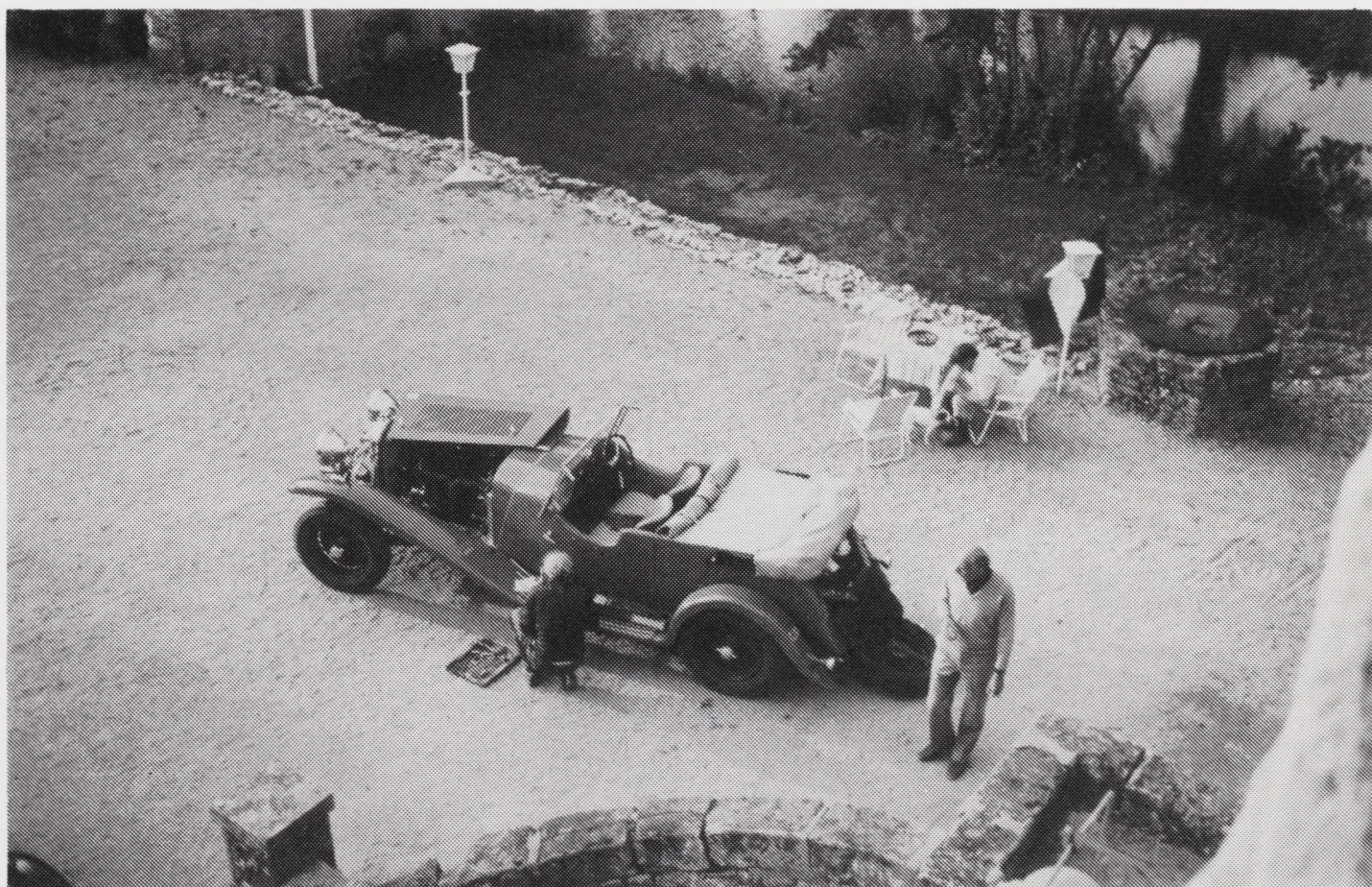
By now the race details will be known to all so I will give only my impressions of the day rather than a lap chart. Compared to 1985 there were fewer entries so the decibels at the start appeared to be relatively subdued, however, this was soon forgotten as the works cars began to test each other. On this trip John and I had gone through the whole process of scrutineering, practicing and wandering around the pits so by now the cars were known to us both almost as friends which heightened our interests as the race settled into a routine. We moved contentedly around on the inside and outside of the course until we had studied all the techniques for taking every section from the Esses back up to the Ford chicanes, then, just to make sure, we did it all again in the dark. We both had a soft spot for the IMSA class Mazdas which sounded superb and were spectacular on the over run after dark. I have always thought the cars have less adequate lights than one would expect. Bell did his gloaming stint with only one but seemed no slower. At midnight we decided to call it a day, with five cars still on the same lap, pausing to sympathise with some Australians in a tent pitched a few feet away from someone else's BMW with its disturbance alarm flashing and wailing. "Goodnight happy campers."

We returned to the race from the chateau, following M. Le President Coghills breakfast of a lifetime, this time equipped with radios. It was soon clear we were about to witness something memorable so we stationed ourselves as close as we could opposite the Jaguar pits and just let it happen. It was hard not to be emotional, particularly as my fiver was on Bell, Stuck and Beethoven, but to see the three Jaguars form up line astern only to cross the finish line some few seconds before 3 pm and thus have to do another lap was pure theatre. As they played our anthem for the nth time we made our way back stage to see who we could find,

having decided to camp at the track overnight. All security was off and one was free to roam at will. The Jag. camp were ecstatic and gave me several when I asked for a spark plug from the winning car, perhaps I should have asked for a cylinder head.

My thanks go to all who made this such a unique experience, to our host Roger, our chef Ian, to Jeff for organising it (the fiver's in the post) and all the other guests but primarily to John Batt for giving me the chance to grind a Z box after a ten year lay-off.

JOHN BREEN



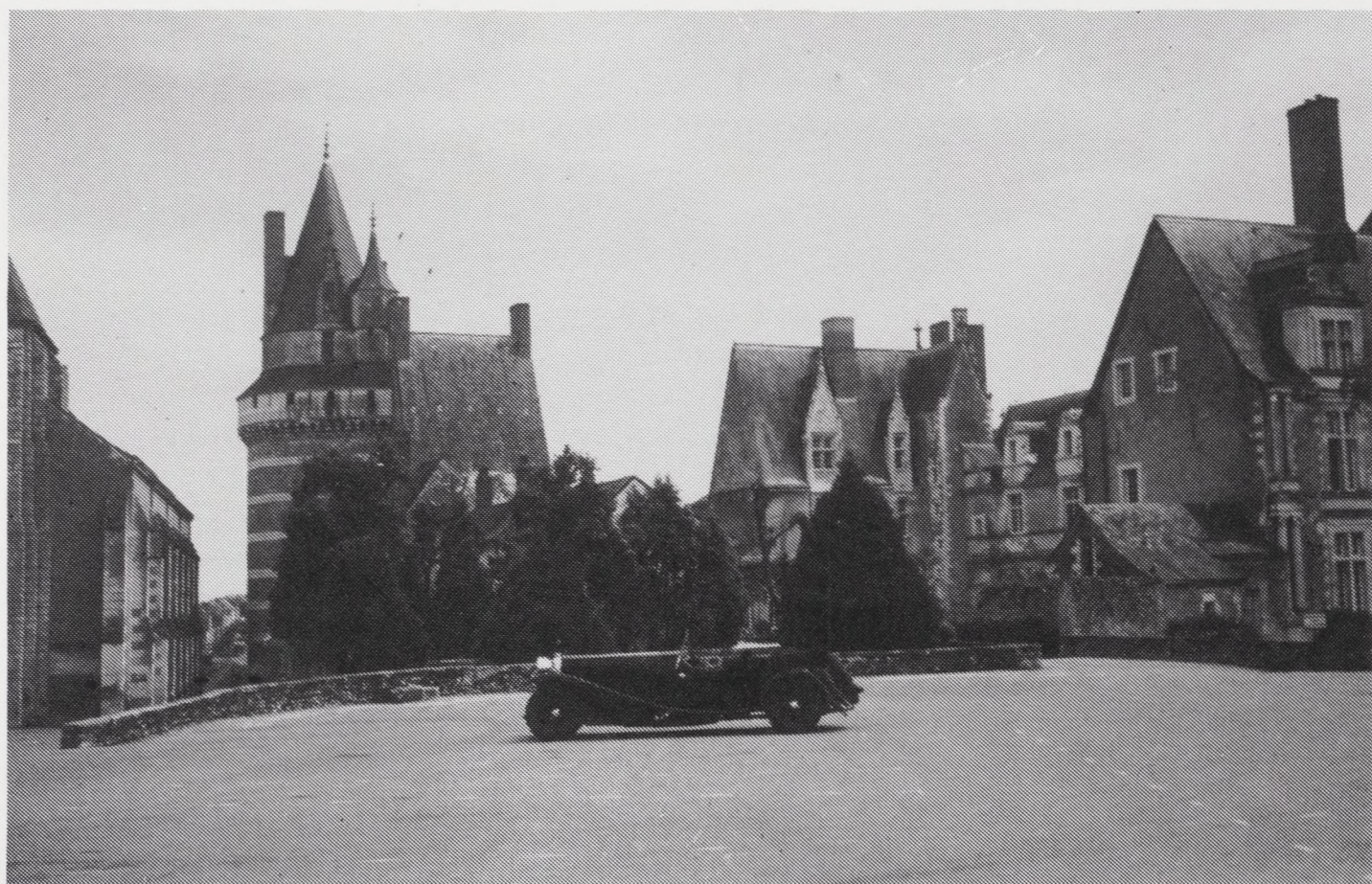
Douglas Brown performing his evening pennance.

Photo: Jeff Ody.



Douglas Brown feels for a signal from the source.

Photo: Jeff Ody.



AUU 332 attempting to look dignified in Durtal Sur Loir (sic).

Photo: Jeff Ody.

Northern Driving Tests

July 9th 1988.

A Super Club Meeting

AFTER YEARS of the event being nothing more than a heavy lunchtime drinking session with the tests added as a bit of afterthought, we decided that this year the tests would be planned properly, with no boozing, and the result?—one of the best Club meetings for years.

More than twenty Lagondas made their way to Elvington Air Museum, which is worth a visit in itself if you are fond of old aeroplanes, parts of old aeroplanes and a licenced NAAFI, which serves up good grub in a World War II atmosphere. Sgt Ted Townsley was in his element! Royston Hatfield came over all nostalgic, as he remembered doing his bit in the days when it was still known as the Royal Flying Corps!

As mentioned earlier, we had a good turnout of cars, mostly with their original bodies and especially so of Dobinson, Paling, North and Piper, plus the 16/80 of Boylan and Clayton. Hoggard's 3-litre tourer was admired and Hatfield was conducting his LG45 Rapide, nice to see one of these cars used in anger for a change.

We welcomed new member Russell Squires in the ex-Sherwood 3-litre saloon. Saloons are now being restored in their own right and, hopefully, are no longer chopped down to make open specials. The writer was in his M45 saloon as he assumed that it would rain (it didn't).

More youthful enthusiasm was displayed by the Hills in their Rapier. Amongst the bigger cars was another Hill in yet another Hill's M45R! Simpson's 3½ DHC was interesting and it was good to see Doc Rider out in his M45R. Firth's LG45 special was being driven by both himself and Beryl, and Thring was having a go in his 3½ tourer.

Townsley's LG45 tourer is one of the nicer cars in the Club and he also provided Cassidy with an LG45 special, which he used with great effect—see the results!

The series of six tests were planned in such a way so as to put no stress on ancient machinery or their equally ancient drivers and if possible, to also equalise the differences in performance between the cars. The formula seemed to work, for the top results came out as follows:

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|----------------------------|-------|
| 1. M. Cassidy LG45 special | 112.5 |
| 2. D. Hill Rapier | 116.6 |
| 3. I. North 2-litre | 117.5 |
| 4. R. Hatfield LG45 Rapide | 130.0 |

Full results appeared in the July Newsletter.

At the conclusion of the afternoon's fun, most of us repaired to the Old Rectory Hotel, Sutton-on-Derwent, York (0904 85548) and we had about 30 for dinner, with a large number staying overnight. We can recommend the Hotel, which is very reasonable in price, very clean and friendly

and ideal for visiting York and the surrounding area.

We all agreed it had been a good old style Club weekend, with a good atmosphere, interesting conversation, some nice cars, one or two attractive ladies, plenty of drink, some hangover and yes, in the case of Russell Squires, morning sickness too!

Thanks to Elvington Air Museum, Ted Townsley, William Birch and Sons, the landowners and Alan Brown, for helping me run the tests.

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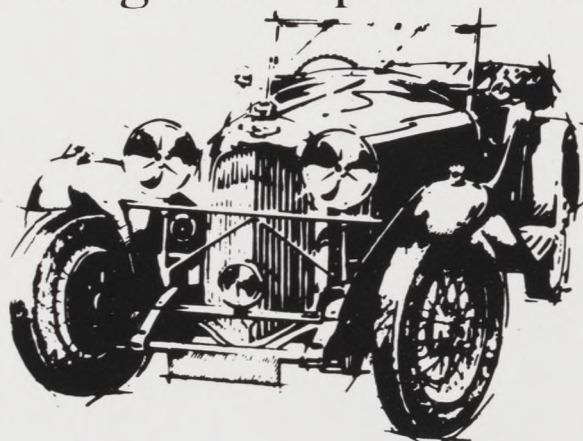


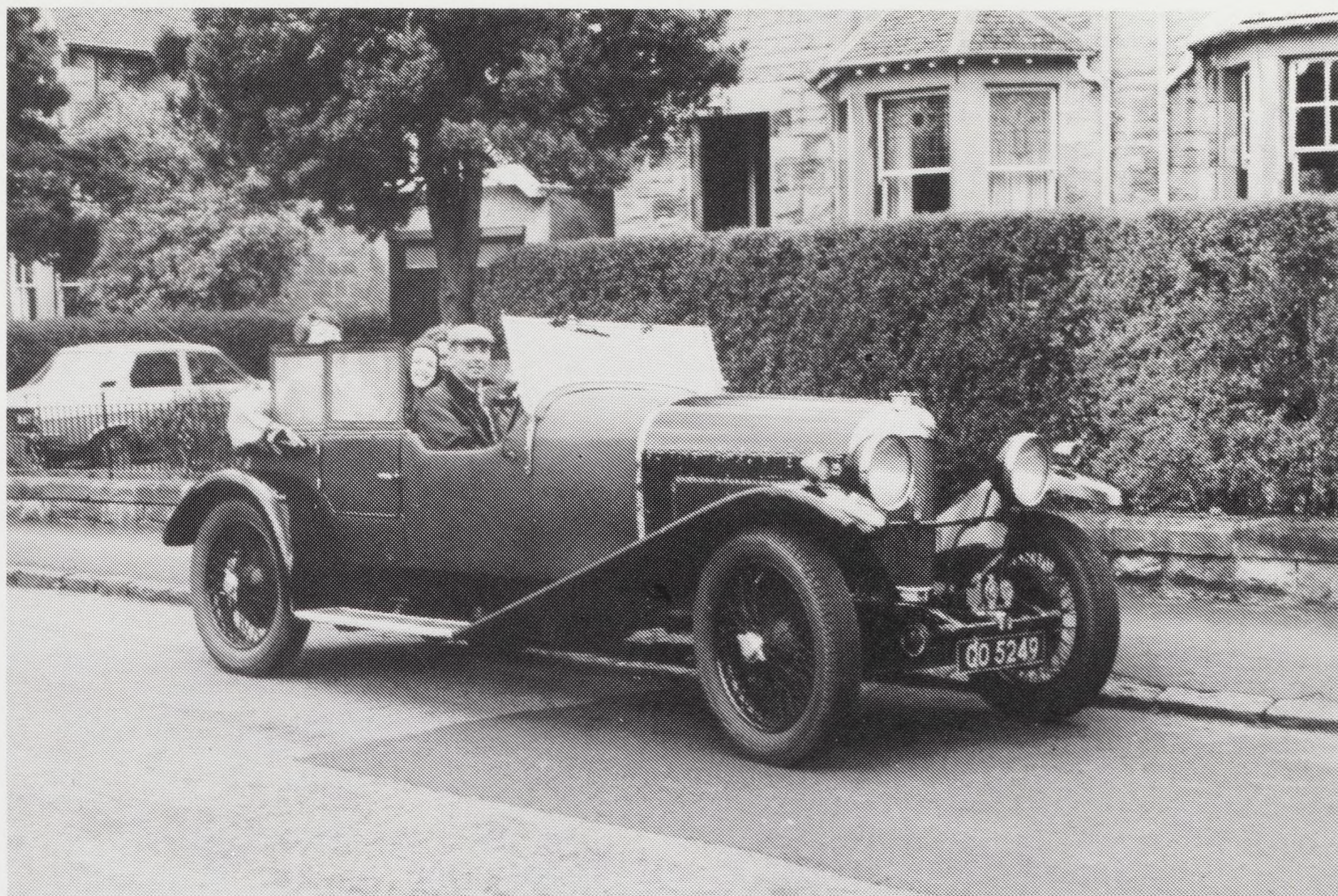
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Dusk on Loch Lomond.

CROSSING A large city without a navigator can result in complete disorientation as happened the last time I attempted to avoid the evening rush hour when I was swept into the Clyde Tunnel travelling South instead of North as intended! So I was glad to have the Morrison family with me—5 up in the Crossley—to guide me to Milngavie and the start of the Scottish Western Thoroughbred Vehicle Club's evening run to Loch Lomond. Three up on the back seat of the Crossley was only possible as Neil at 12 years old was still slim enough to be sandwiched in between Mum and elder sister.

Next to arrive at Milngavie with as much panache as is possible in such a carriage was a Bond three wheeler, followed closely by a nice Rolls 20/25, an Austin Chummy van, a late '30s Rover tourer, various '50s saloons, a very noisy and energetically driven Morgan and a little

low car. This pretended to be a Lotus derivation, a sort of "apologies to Colin Chapman" car, and was always driven at 90 mph causing even young Neil to exclaim "Show off" as we trundled along sedately in the Crossley. Loyalty forbade him to admit that secretly he would have loved a burn up in the thing, whatever it was!

Balmaha is on the south-eastern shores of Loch Lomond and our route from Milngavie (pronounced "Mulguy") took us through Strathblane and round the western slopes of the Campsie Fells tinted rose by a shy evening sun; a pleasant drive but in falling temperatures judging by the pale faces and purple lips of my rear seat passengers, by now almost invisible beneath blankets, the tonneau, anoraks, goggles, etc.

I was relieved to learn that the Club's advertised "Evening Sail on Loch

Lomond" was in reality a sedate potter across the Loch in a vintage (or PVT) motor launch—two of them. Our boat was 1939 vintage, varnished, clinker built, with a vertical prow and tall funnel, powered by a large sparsely cylindered diesel, but I omitted to discover what makes being more impressed by the glorious view across the Loch to the Highlands. As the sun set the sky cleared. A stiff breeze darkened the loch surface and blobs of spray flew across the bows—making us even colder! Neil was invited to take the helm, and remained an able helmsman for the rest of the trip, enjoying such a novel responsibility as boys of his age will—shades of "Coot Club" and "Swallows and Amazons" for those Arthur Ransome fans amongst us.

Glowing, we relaxed in the bar of the Strathblane Country Club. The drive back from Balmaha and the Loch was done in the relative shelter of the Crossley's hood and side screens to reduce the risk of serious exposure. A lovely evening, and a very happy Morrison family.

STEPHEN WELD

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

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 the Frampton Arms, adjacent to Moreton Rly. Stn. on B3390, Bere Regis. Map reference 780 891, Sheet 194.*

North Wilts/Avon: *Second Tuesday each month at "The Shoe", North Wraxall. (On A420 between Marshfield and Chippenham). Contact Editor for details.*

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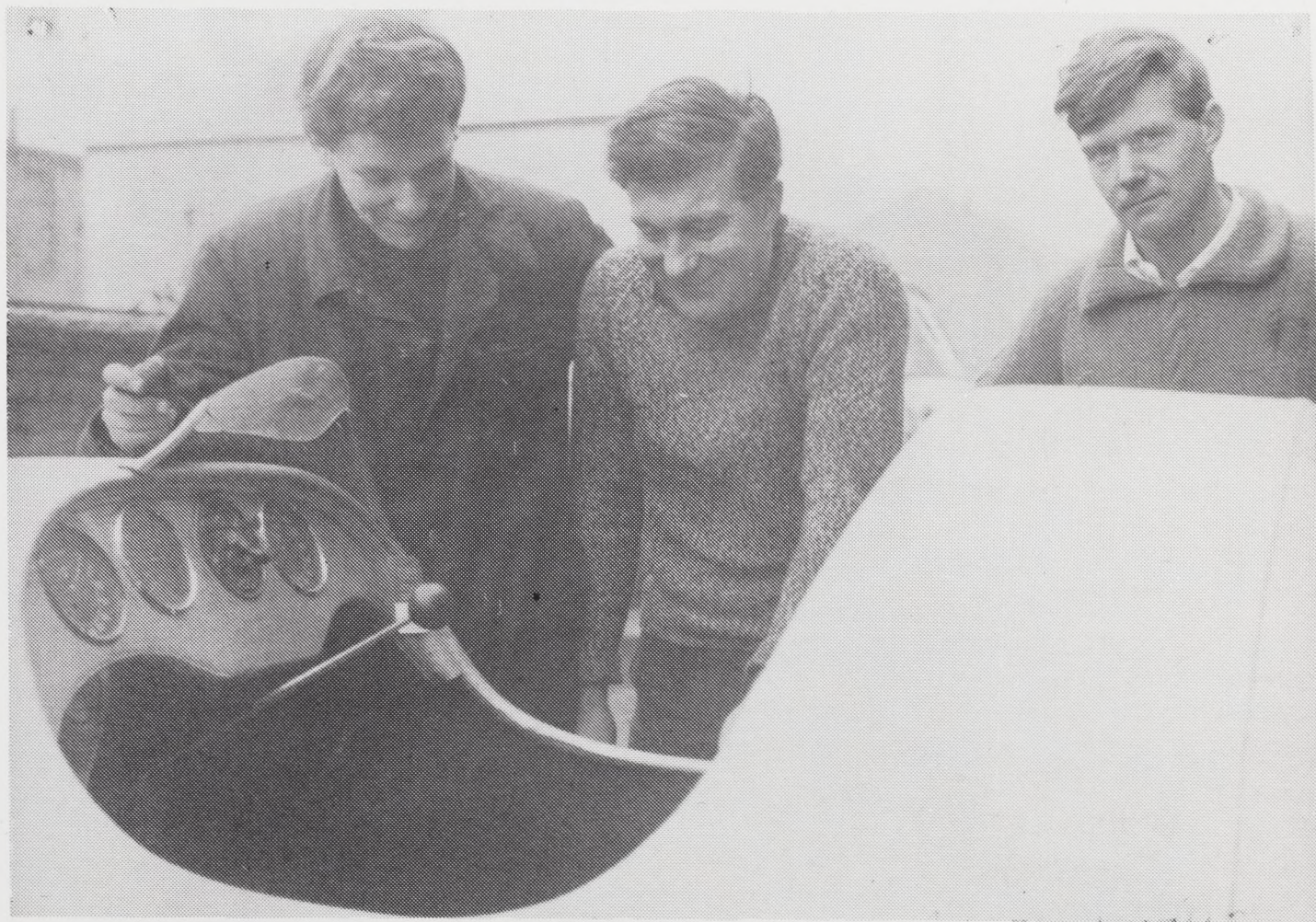
LAGONDA AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY 1900-1950

by Geoffrey Seaton

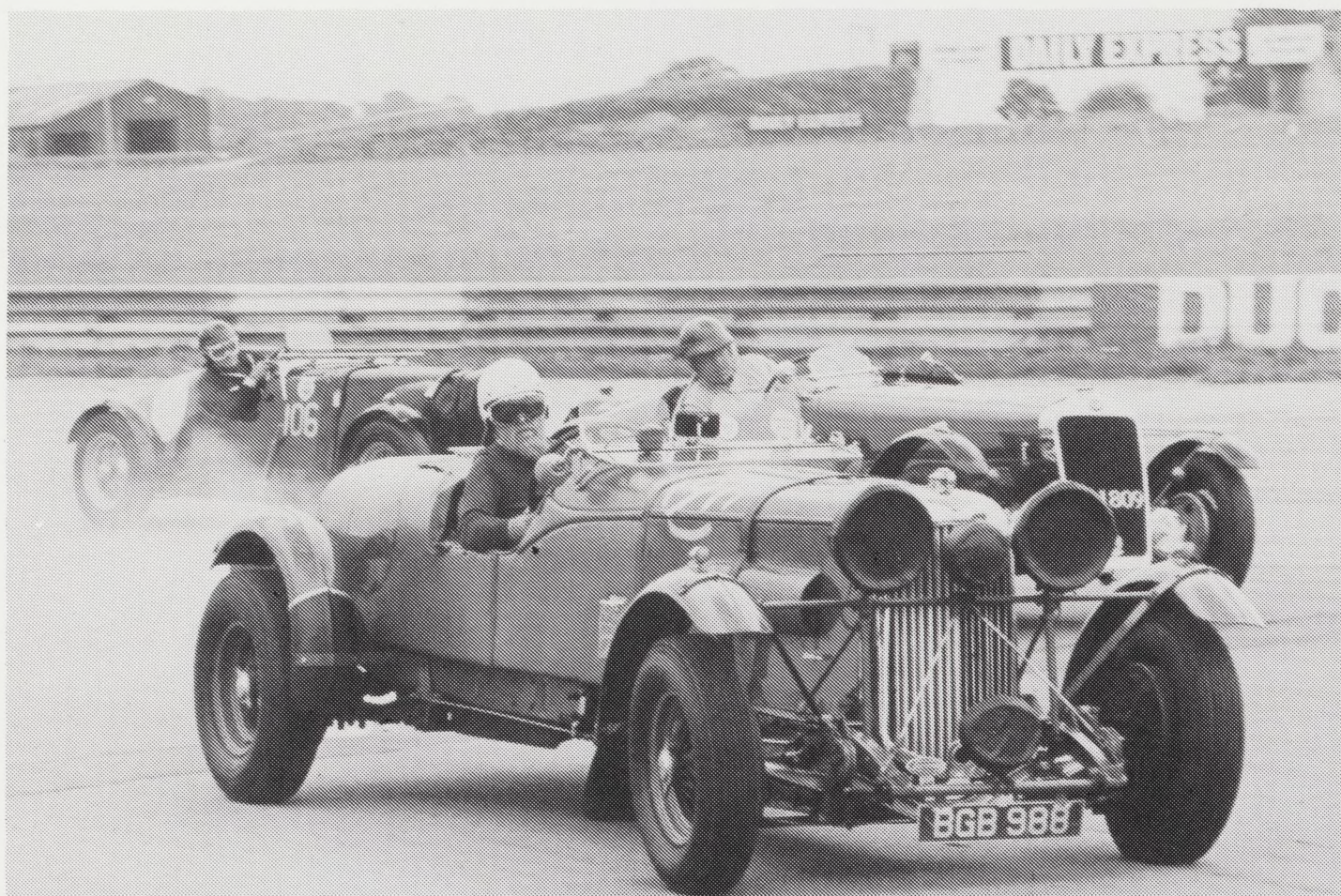
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The start of the V12 Special. Ian North, 'Podge' Hine, 'Chest' Brown and John Beardow unloading the car at the garage in Oldham. Photo: Herb Schofield.

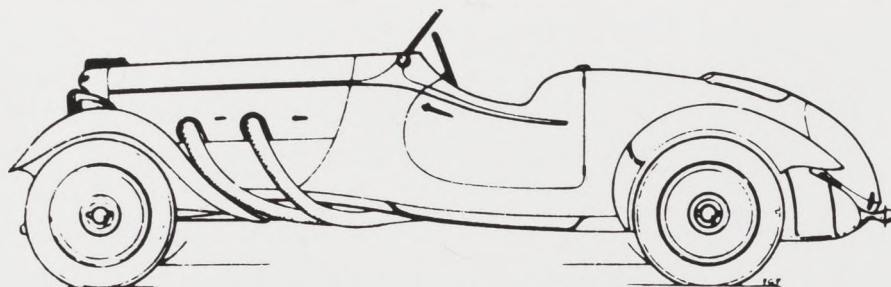


Building V12 Racer 1965/67, Herb, Alan Brown, Jack Buckley. Photo: David Hine.



Jenks at speed in the 'Fire Engine', Herb Schofield's 4½-litre Lagonda Replica.

Photo: Harold Barker.



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Book Review.

Lagonda an Illustrated History 1900-1950
by Geoffrey Seaton. The Crowood Press.
£25.

The only serious complaint ever made against 'Lagonda, a History of the Marque' was the lack of pictures. This wasn't the fault of the authors, but was done at the insistence of the publishers. No-one could ever level the same complaint about Geoffrey Seaton's new masterpiece. There are pictures of every model and virtually every body ever fitted to a Lagonda. The personalities associated with the cars and the factory itself also get the full treatment. But this is far more than just a picture book, Geoffrey tells the story in a very readable manner, with a potted history for every model, he does not simply repeat the story as it has been written before, but tells it in his own highly readable and meticulously researched style.

Here we have a book which is difficult to put down once you start to read it, every page offers new treats, with new and unpublished pictures mixed with ones which are more familiar. Many original advertisements and extracts from catalogues are included within the text, these both add to the pleasure and show

clearly how the cars were presented to the public when they were new.

I have spent many happy hours with the book, looking for the cars I have owned (some are illustrated in it) and trying to recognise the club members illustrated in the pictures from our archives. My wife and I are still arguing whether the back of my head appears in one of the pictures or not!

For those who want to rebuild their pride and joy to original condition, this book will become essential reading. For those who have never really understood the subtle differences between the various tourer bodies, each is clearly illustrated and those who can't tell the difference between each model will have no excuse in future.

Many marques seem to attract biographers, who retell the story with varying success. I don't think this will happen to Lagondas, with this new book and the earlier one by Davey and May, we now have the definitive history. If you haven't already purchased a copy of 'Lagonda an Illustrated History', you should do so at once, you will never regret it and you will certainly enjoy it.

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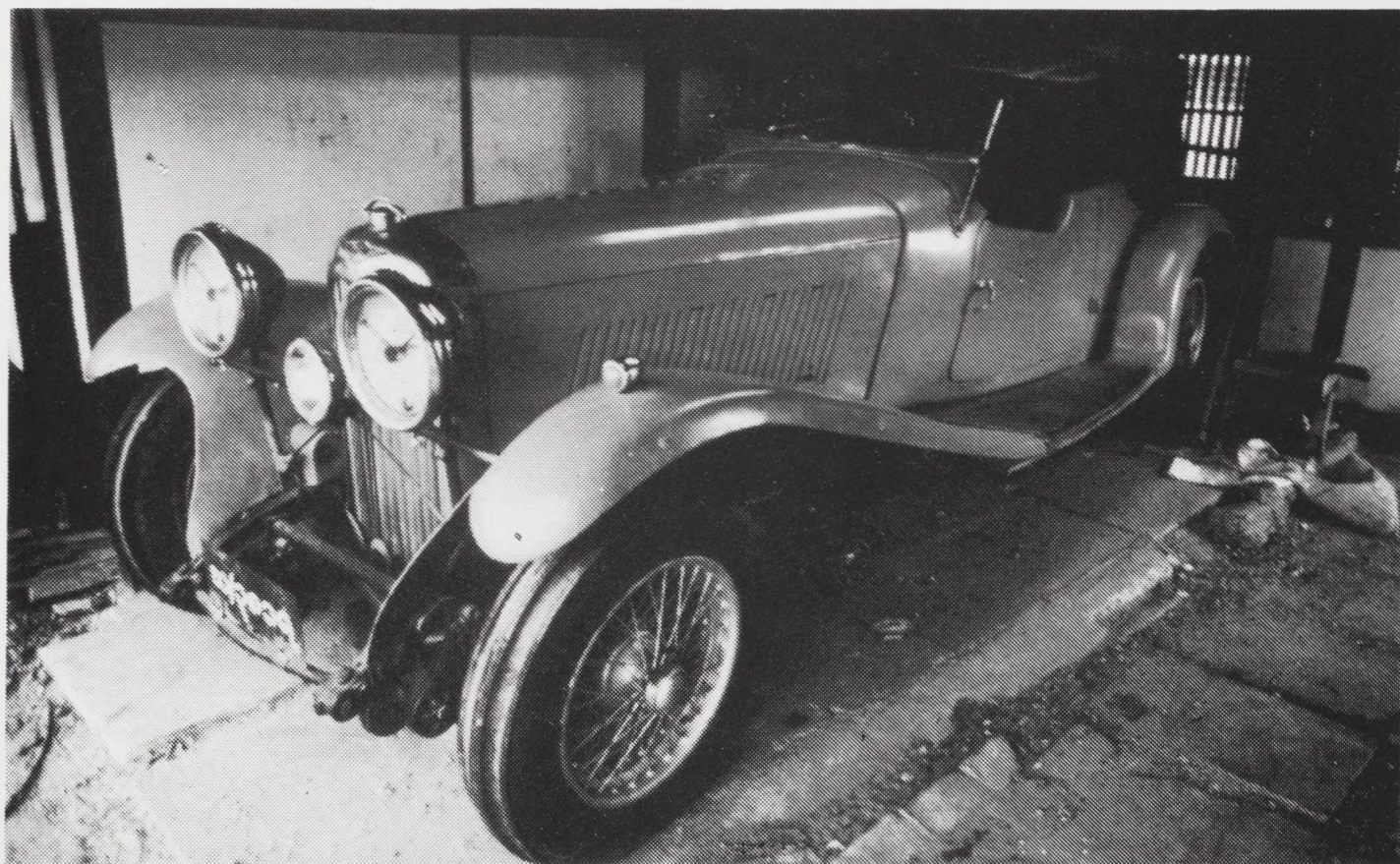
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James Leander Nichol's Lagondas in Burma—another country where old cars are banned from the roads.

Photos: Christopher Owen.



The Esso Centenary Run.

THE ESSO Centenary Run, Bristol to Bournemouth, organised in conjunction with the Yeovil Car Club, was staged on Sunday 12th June and attracted some 400 entries, of which there were no less than a dozen Lagondas present, including my 1931 supercharged 2-litre. Co-driver and navigators were Mathew Collings and his father, we were to be on the road for about nine hours in all.

The day dawned warm and sunny and turned out to be one of the hottest of the summer. Except for petrol stops, the only non mechanical repair was sunburn cream at the halfway mark!

The cars assembled at the beautiful country estate of Ashton Court, it was pure pageantry, spread across a vast field, many people being in period dress.

The start was not without its problems, one of which concerned a high vintage lorry, which was unable to pass under the Esso Centenary Arch and had to go round it, much to the amusement of all.

Such was the publicity that every village and town and many laybys were thronged with crowds of waving families picnicing on this lovely day. We felt that the atmosphere was very like that at the Mille Miglia!

All the cars were lined up along the quay after the finish for everyone to see. The Mayoral judging of the period costumes followed and then tea was served.

Congratulations and thanks to Esso Petroleum and to the Yeovil Car Club for a super event.

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Jottings from the Chair.

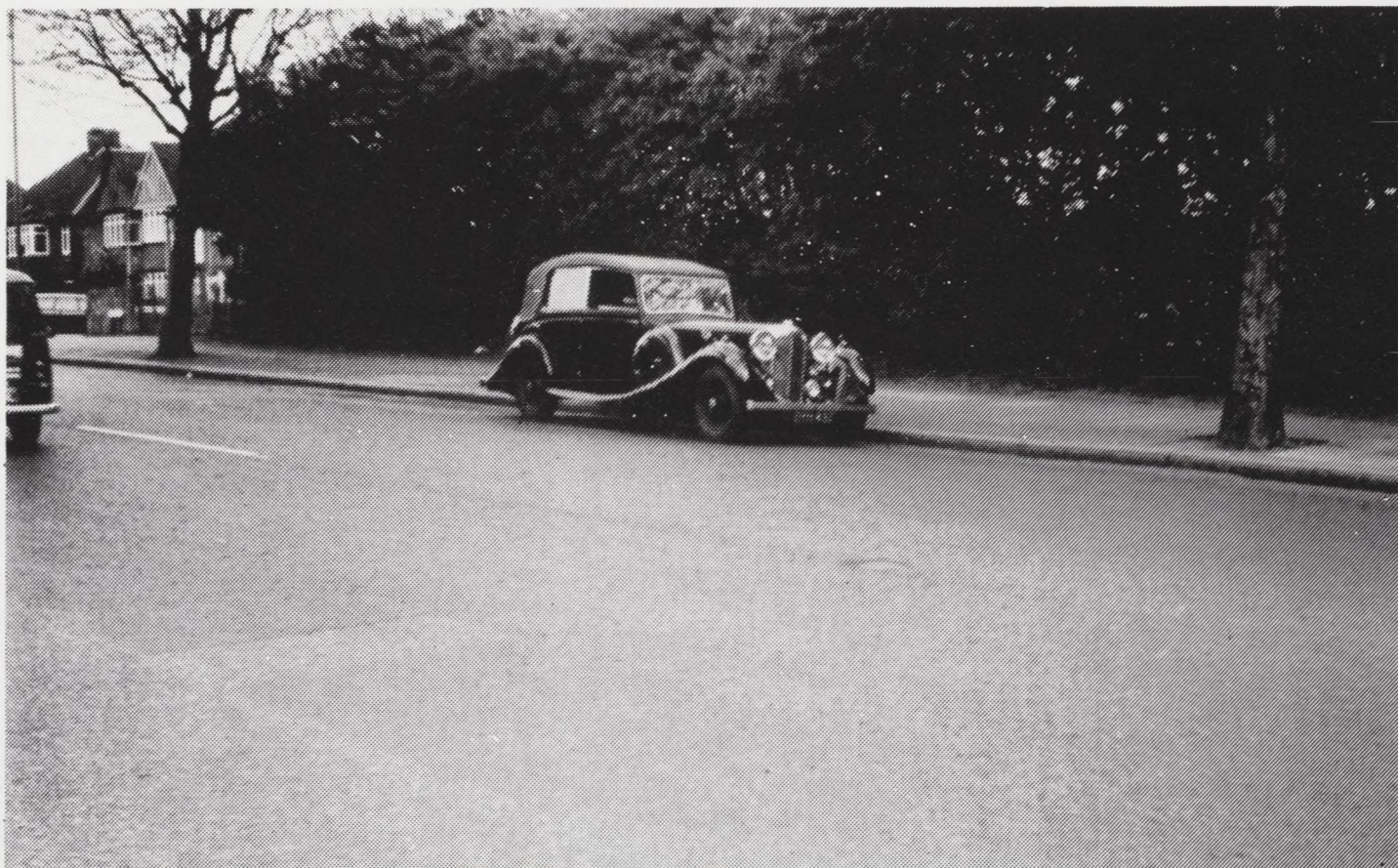
A LOT OF vintage activity since the last time of writing, in magazine no 136. Two Silverstones, the Chateau jolly, and a Light Car and Edwardian do in the Cotswolds, quite apart from the ones we failed to get to like Curborough, Oulton and Brooklands.

The Lagonda gathering at the Green Man after Silverstone is becoming an established part of the timetable now. Organised with the Bluff Good Humour which is the hallmark of your Events Secretary, it has little choice but to succeed. The session after "July" Silverstone (ie on 16 June) attracted JAB himself, James Woollard and his eminence rose Jerry, David Williams, Jim Bradshaw (with Wilkie Wilkinson) and Clive and Shirley Dalton. Clive had his lifelong 16/80 rebuild on the road and running, but has not got round to details like a body yet.

A major event locally in the Surrey Section has been emergence of the Rendall 2-litre, this time in very professional hands

of Alan, the son of Ken Rendall, long established Club Member from whom Alan inherited the car. Laid up but not neglected for ten years, the engine has been substantially rebuilt by Alan, who now joins the select Mafia of those returning blown cars to original, which also includes J. Batt, and Jeff Leeks. Alan has not managed to get all the drive train to the supercharger in place yet, but the car goes well without. Some say it's the balance weights which make the difference anyway, not the compression. Putting the engine in with Alan made me realise how one forgets the hard learned lessons of years ago. It is fifteen years since I dropped a 2-litre unit into place, and I had forgotten how easy it is once you take the trouble to lift the steering column out of the way. Alan is hoping to take the car to the AGM for its first official outing, where its crimson brake drums are sure to attract attention.

Chris Hancock (14/60 tourer) and Rupert



Hitler's Lagonda in Finchley?

Photo: Jeff Ody.

De Salis (LC 2L) were both spectating at the Light Car Welsh in April, and I heard later and ruefully from Chris that he had taken my advice to use the full potential of the 2-litre engine on his way home, and had promptly run a bearing over 3000 rpm. This sort of thing usually only happens to folk who listen to the Events Secretary. Rupert De Salis was also spectating again at the June Light Car Navigation Rally in the Cotswolds.

The Chateau Jolly was an amazing slice out of time for the small group who were able to enjoy it. We had uninterrupted hot weather, which went to the Events Secretary's head and sent him fishing in the neighbouring stream, and a variety of Lagondas which went from Colin Mallett's 12/24 to a modern AML brought by David Willoughby. Being the week before Le Mans, we were able to motor up the road and see the practice sessions, as well as the event itself. It turned out that the Chateau was beset by ownership disputes, and it was sheer good fortune that we were able to make use of our booking. The following week the property changed hands against our host's wishes, and the week after that he was in collision in his Landrover with an unlit horse on the road back to London from the night ferry. He ended up with its severed head in his lap. This made him complain later that somebody somewhere was trying to tell him something, and he went off to Portugal to start a new venture.

By the time you read this you will all have received your Illustrated History Books, or be wishing you had ordered one. A spectacularly attractive piece of motoring history, which should have the incidental result of winning Lagondas more of the recognition they rightfully deserve as one of the outstanding marques. The publisher's errors are thankfully few, but I wonder how many of you have spotted the left hand drive cars in the reversed photograph?

At last: it had to come up. Hitler's Lagonda, or at least a tale about one he rode in. A REME unit on a North German airfield after the war uncovered an LG45 cabriolet which had been used *before* the war to convey the fuhrer on a tour of

inspection there. Heaven knows why. The REME lads ran it about locally, and eventually it was repatriated by a junior officer named Anderson. By the description (black, long chassis, opening taxicab rear) it sounds like what I encountered as the Sainsbury Car in Finchley in the 1960's, which subsequently went to the US. Can anyone add to this?

P.S. As a postscript to last quarter's note on M45 axle problems, things have moved forward now with Alan Rendall's help. In fitting the rebuilt 4½ differential we discovered that by jacking the rear of the car high over a pit there is enough movement up and down on the axle to wangle the prop shaft clear at the rear end, without disturbing the front end and the seats. It is still easier to rotate the diff unit through 90 degrees to clear it down away from the axle casing. P.P.S. I was right to be worried about running on the 3-litre diff and halfshafts, even temporarily. The diff performed OK but one halfshaft had twisted through about 20 degrees at the root of the splines and was almost completely sheared. Probably Roly Grindell's wild driving with me in France in June that did it.

J. G. ODY



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Letters to the Editor.

Dear Mr Editor,

Thank you for the winter copy of the Lagonda Magazine, and my regrets at not acknowledging the copy sooner.

I think that in an earlier letter I remarked that I had a photograph of the old prewar Lagonda racing team, well here it is . . .

On page five the letter from Truman Stockton asks if the Lagonda owned by Mr. Morrison could be one of the racing team which won at Le Mans in 1939 . . . alas . . . no.

As you will see from the enclosed photographs all the racing car team were thoroughly destroyed in a bomb attack

which I think was in 1944 and even the tyres were blown off the wheels . . .

HPL 445 is just recognisable but not any of the others. On the outbreak of the war we were even then working on re-armaments and manufacturing various items and clearing the decks for the quick changeover to arms of many types.

All the production material was collected and put into store, some, over at old Ironbarks House across the Chertsey Road, and the bulk in an unoccupied row of shops in Kingston Road not far from the bridge over the railway.

When the bombs fell onto the stores



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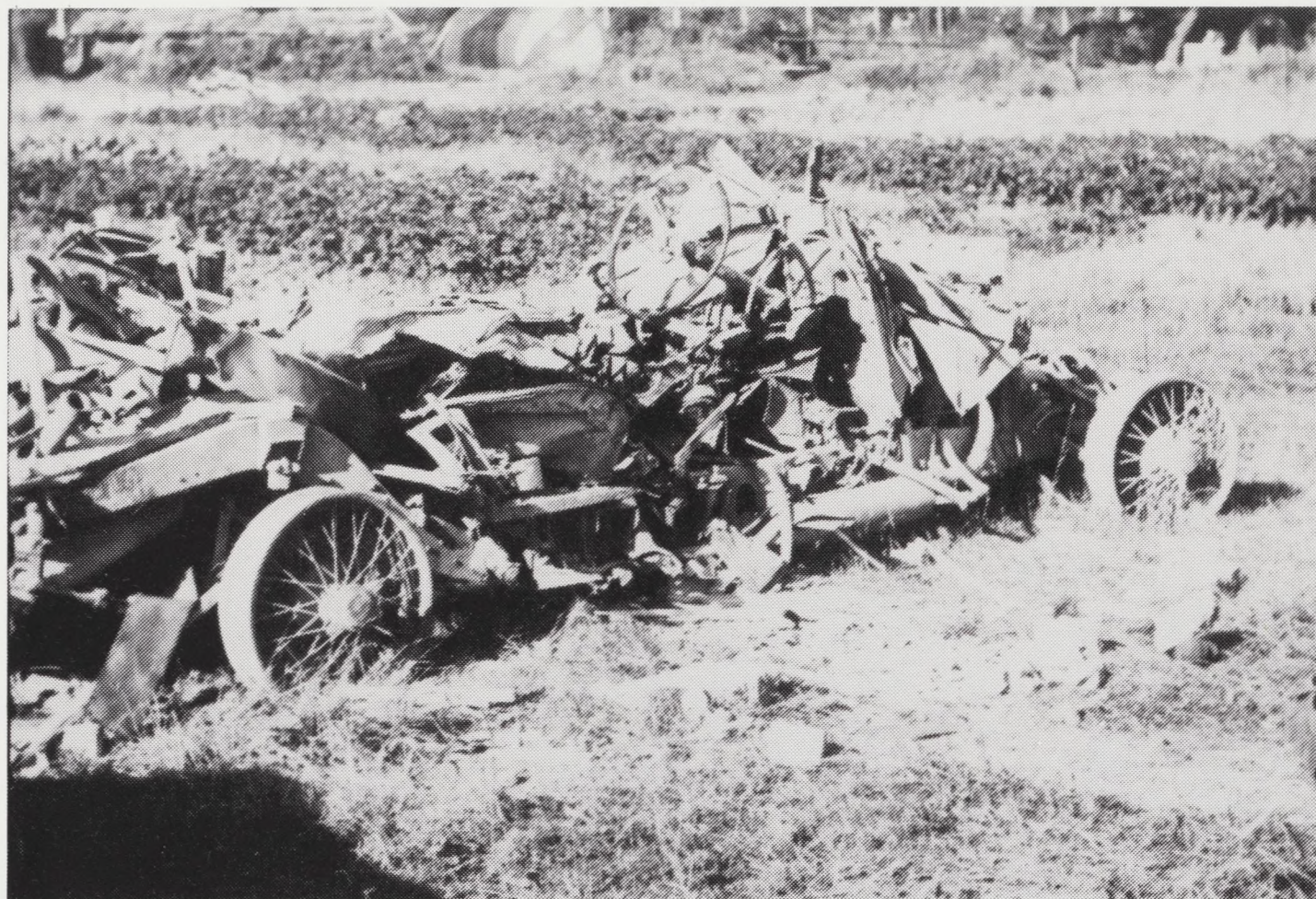
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After the bomb . . . Photos of the V12 team cars.

Photos: by John Berridge.





pretty well everything was destroyed, original drawings, prints, tools, some machines, forgings, castings, and so the company had no basis for a resulting kickoff after the war and when the government ended the European conflict the running contracts were rapidly run down.

I was an active amateur photographer and secretary of the local society, so Reg Ingham asked if I could make a record of the end of the racing team and here it is. I must have more negatives of those days and will see what else I can find. (Reg Ingham was the managing director in those days). (The chairman was R. G. Watney who was later killed in a car crash in Australia).

Perhaps somebody can follow this up and find out if any of the wrecks were cannibalised in order to make up a car.

One point which should be remembered in those days is that, the Lagonda/Bentley team drove the cars to the race and then raced them; not a bit like today where the cars are cosseted in wraps and cotton wool before the race. Ours were real roadworthy cars and could be bought off the shelf and run by anyone.

After the bombing a crash programme began in order to replace the Lagonda with a new car and the design specification was to move away from one offs for specialists to a design capable of sales to a more modest market.

The car was meant to sell at below £1,000 . . . and the first price in 1947 was £950. It was to be a 2.4-litre six cylinder OHC twin camshaft engine. All independent suspension all round with torsion bars. The body was to be steel on a subframe and the body shell was to be made at Pressed Steel. Chassis was to be X frame; transmission was to be with an Newton self operating clutch, onto an automatic gearbox based on four speeds and reverse operated by solenoids to armatures wound onto the geartrain carriers. The variable plates moved about ten thous fore and aft and when the armatures were energized the fixed plates stopped the epicyclic gear train for the speed chosen and thus the drive went to

the divided prop shafts.

The rear axle was swinging arm with the diff bolted to the chassis and the rear brakes mounted at the diff so that the rear axle swung crosswise and this did give rise to some original tyre wear.

Five cars were handbuilt and the weight kept down to 23 hundredweight. Tooling was as advanced as the car concept and the cylinder block and the cylinder head were planned to be machined on what today you would call "automatic machine centres", where all the machining operations were done on an automatic line with a conveyor taking the cylinder blocks from machine to machine. All the tooling and the enormous machine centres were built in the toolroom under the watchful eye of Vernon Tonge tooling superintendent . . . The largest machine was sunk into the factory floor not far from the main works entrance off the Causeway.

At the same time we had been producing the small auxiliary engines, for the Petter company which was also a Lagonda concern and the company needed bread and butter income so another programme of small diesel engines ran with the car programme but the market for cars was small, petrol was rationed, other makes entered the same slot of the market.

So the small diesels went ahead and the cars declined finally being sold off to David Brown of Huddersfield. David Brown owned Aston Martin and the Lagonda went to Newport Pagnell where the Lagonda joined the Aston Martin and was renamed the DB One.

The production/design people naturally dispersed, Pat Feeley, and co went to Newport Pagnell, Stan Ivermee, Percy Kemish and Fred Shattock joined Bristol where they developed the Bristol 140 and I stayed with the diesels.

At Staines we produced the first very high speed diesel engines easily beating the Germans with engine speeds in excess of 4,000 r.p.m. and a new very high speed fuel injection pump, and a magnetic governor which allowed a noiseless tickover at 300 r.p.m.

We designed and built one only of an air-

cooled vee eight diesel, several water-cooled inline fours, and of course the single AV Ones and AV Twos which were designed by Bradbury. Today one sees the small diesels everywhere every day and that's what is left of one of the finest teams of talented men who ever worked in the car industry.

The very highspeed fuel pump business was sold to Hawker Siddley and was all relocated at Gloucester and its name disappeared after amalgamation with Lucas who closed the Birmingham factory and went to Germany with that side of the business.

W. O. Bentley retired and didn't take part in car design again although for a time WOB acted as design consultant with the old Armstrong Siddley company and had a major part in the "Typhoon".

I will do more research and see what else I can dig up.

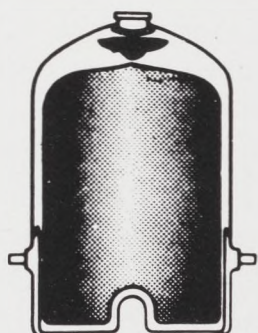
If you give me the USA address of Truman Stockton I will be able to mail him a print of the end of the racing team.

JOHN D. BERRIDGE

Dear Editor,

It is a very late date to be writing you this letter, the principal purpose of which is to express how memorable was my weekend last fall at the 1987 A.G.M. To me it represented what we rarely find any longer in comparable U.S. functions, particularly the pleasure of seeing all the cars, driven to and from the event as they should be, but also the general comradery and atmosphere, not to mention the splendid setting, superb company and good weather, all of which made the weekend outstanding in every way. Not that that wasn't enough, but to then receive a First Prize for my Rapide more than gilded the lily. As I express at the time, there were in my opinion more cars than fingers can count far more deserving of the Award than mine. Incidentally I also was pleased to see John Oliver's excellent photograph of FPC 452 on page 19, The Lagonda Number 135, Winter 1987 issue. Thank you.

As interesting certainly are the enclosed photographs which I took this past March



GWR

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at the home of James Leander Nichols, Royal Norwegian Consulate General, in Rangoon, Burma. These two automobiles are part of a much larger collection (other than Lagondas) owned by Mr. Nichols. A law enacted not so long ago forbids cars over 35 years old on the public roads. Besides the Lagondas this of course struck from Rangoon's streets the vast majority of motorized vehicles. They now sit in splendid dormancy (along with the rest of his collection) reasonably well protected in garages behind his house. No they are not for sale, and even if they were it would be virtually impossible to remove them from the country.

Needless to say I look forward to attending a future A.G.M., reasonably convenient for The Rapide as she resides in England. I wish I did.

CHRISTOPHER H. L. OWEN

Dear Sir,

I write to congratulate the Committee on their imagination in converting the Club into a Company Limited by Guarantee.

The response in the last Magazine was tremendous, and I haven't read so many entertaining resignation letters for years.

How soon can we change into a PLC?

B. DEARDEN BRIGGS,
CLARIDGES, AURANGZEB ROAD,
NEW DELHI 110.0011

Dear Editor,

I have found on several occasions that my recollections of events may not agree with written records. I hope John Berridge won't mind if I list some small inaccuracies in his recollections, printed in no. 134 of "The Lagonda", in his articles 'Memories 1939-1950'.

I worked for Lagonda at Staines from May 1944 to the time of the David Brown take-over in September-October 1947. For most of that time I was Mr. Bentley's technical assistant. I have quite a lot of written and printed records covering that period. John Berridge's name doesn't bring a face to mind but I am sure I would remember if we met . . . I too, as an ex-

employee, have only recently started to receive copies of "The Lagonda".

1. The engine capacity was not 2.4-litres but 2.58. It was generally referred to as the 2.6-litre. Bore and stroke were 78 mm x 90 mm.

2. The complete car weight was hoped to be about 25 cwt, not under 23 cwt. I did a budgetary weight analysis, based on the figure of 25 cwt. and the results from several other cars which were available to me. I allocated probable weights to different components. The complete car, according to road tests by 'Autocar' and 'Motor', weighed about 29 cwt.

3. The Dagenham company which was originally interested in the body project was Briggs Motor Bodies, at that time suppliers of bodies to the Ford Motor Co. at Dagenham. Briggs was later absorbed by Ford.

The first three experimental cars were built in the Experimental Shop at Staines: a further six pre-production cars were laid down with a revised body shape for which a M. van den Plas was responsible. This was the basis of the final production body shape made at Newport Pagnell. Frank Feeley was responsible for the details of body construction for at least the pre-production cars. It was from these that the cars shown at the announcement at 'Great Fosters' at Egham, and used for demonstrations, were chosen. They too had the Cotal epicyclic, electric clutch, gearbox, in combination with the Newton automatic clutch.

4. The Diesel fuel injection equipment made at Staines was sold under the name 'Bryce' and was made by Bryce Fuel Injection Ltd, which shared premises with Lagonda. The chief engineer was Mr. W. A. Green, a very fine and experienced engineer. Mr. Rutherford was involved in sales and development. Up to the time when I worked at Staines there was no connection with CAV or Bosch. I don't know enough about CAV to know how they started in the fuel injection business; they were competitors of Bryce.

I have enjoyed reading the copies of "The Lagonda" that I have so far seen.

DONALD BASTOW

Dear Ken,

Well done—having taken over the editorship!

Two points, you don't identify the front cover picture on number 136, but what sex is the ship's figurehead? THREE protuberances!

Secondly, I didn't know until reference to Geoffrey Seaton's super book that Lagonda made left hand drive cars—see page 76 (vide the number plates too!)

JOHN ANDERSON

I'm going to try to resist the urge to respond to letters every time, but the splendid cover picture should have been credited to Roy Paterson, it showed the ex Henry Coates car whilst in Roy's ownership a few years ago and was photographed in the docks at Hull. He didn't elaborate on the sex of the figurehead... As for the accidental reversal of just one of all those wonderful photos in Geoff's book, you should have seen what our printer in Singapore could do to perfectly good pictures! K.P.P.

Dear Editor,

May I express so many congratulations to Geoffrey Seaton on his splendid production of the Lagonda "picture book"? I find it a very comprehensible text for lay people like me (especially in bed!)

The superb collection of photographs, which he laboriously hunted out over a long time to create this fine tome is fantastic.

ROBBY-ANNE HEWITT

Dear Sir,

I write to complain bitterly about the deplorable displays of despondency and pessimism indicated by the various resignation letters in the last magazine.

It was for defeatism of this kind that I cancelled my standing order over ten years ago.

Please strike my name off your mailing list at once.

CURZON, SIMLA

Dear Sir,

I write with heavy heart to confess to the crimes alledged by Jenks in the last mag. I actually enclose EVIDENCE of photos taken in 1966, of northern members killing a V12 saloon, which Ted Townsley had given us. The other photo of the replica team car being built on the chassis saw the evil enthusiasts at work. It cost £275 to do!

We actually took great pleasure and, I think, gave pleasure to others in building and subsequently racing the car—indeed, Alister Barker still performs to great effect in it twenty years later. Surely this "crime" has done much to promote the marque—dare I say the equivalent of the original V12 team cars? It can be seen in action on page 308 of Geoff Seaton's super new book. This book is giving me hours of pleasure and is only marred by Jenks' snide comments in his foreward.

What we need to keep the club and marque alive is more and more enthusiasts for restoration, replicas and specials, to get more Lagondas back on the road. The last thing we want is media men like him sitting on the sidelines, dishing out unwanted and inaccurate criticism of our efforts.

Ten years ago, when I proudly turned out in the "white car" I well remember my humiliation when Jenks publicly slated it as not being the correct body for the year of the chassis. Fortunately, its splendid performance on road and track created its own rewards for me (these were pointedly not reported in Motor Sport). The ultimate accolade is that replicas have been made of her!!

I still have my M45 saloon and tourer, carefully preserved in absolutely original condition and, yes, my latest restoration is a 1936 LG 45 S3. The car was broken up by persons unknown in the 60's and the body long since gone. Not desiring to build another team car replica, the Rapide body is the only practical alternative correct for the chassis. The pain and pleasure of the last three and a half years, of painstakingly bringing EPC 44 back to life is what this wonderful hobby is all about—go off and winge about something else Jenks!

DAVID HINE

Dear Ken,

Whilst the gods kindly send us all too frequently plentiful supplies of free coolant for our engines I am seriously considering changing to paraffin and wonder what are the pros and cons.

Whilst water has several advantages apart from low cost, e.g. high specific gravity and specific conductivity, on the other hand it does have considerable disadvantages. For example in being an efficient electrolyte it encourages corrosion in our mixed cast iron/aluminium alloy/bronze engines. It encourages sedimentation and so helps clog our orifices and hinder our circulation. In winter it carries with it the nagging worry as to whether we have a sufficiently strong brew of anti-freeze to withstand that freak frost.

Paraffin appears in many ways to be a superior alternative. It should inhibit corrosion, it would not create sediment and would help remove existing deposits, it will have no frost risk, and its flashpoint is sufficiently high that I cannot see that it gives any fire risk in anything less than a major conflagration when all is probably lost anyway. The only shortcoming which I am already aware of is that its specific conductivity is only about 25% of that of water, but is this significant in practice? Also I wonder whether rubber hose life would be badly affected, or perhaps one can obtain paraffin resistant hose formulations in the sizes we require.

I should add that the idea is not original and for all I know is an old chestnut. It arises from a report that many Australian R-R enthusiasts have now been using paraffin for some time without problems. Since a water to paraffin change-over seems so easily done, and with such considerable potential gains, I am wondering whether there are snags I have not yet appreciated. Have members any views and/or experiences they would like to pass on please?

C. H. SHERWOOD

Dear Ken,

'The Northern Lagonda Factory' in Oldham is not, repeat not making replicas

of LG45 Rapides, as stated by Jenks in his letter printed in the last magazine. However, there is a professional vintage car restorer in the same area, and with whom we have no connection who is making replica Rapides for various Lagonda Club members. So far as I can find out, no cars were destroyed to make these spoof Rapides.

For those members who have only recently joined the Club, 'The Northern Lagonda Factory' had its origins back in 1964 with David Hine and myself, when we built a 4½ special for racing. Subsequently we were joined by Alan Brown, Nigel Hall, Captain Barker and John Davenport. By 1970 we had moved into some rather grotty premises (rather like the old Lagonda factory at Staines) and had become a non-profit making mutual self help group, making Lagonda specials for racing and restoring original cars for ourselves. This work still continues and only Alan Brown has left us. Apart from open tourers, we have, over the past few years, restored three saloons, two of them being M45's and the other a 3-litre saloon, which Jenks started restoring back in the early seventies and must have abandoned some time later.

The many competition specials we built were, it is true, based on the original team cars, but in no way could they ever be confused with the real thing. Jenks spent a happy season with us racing 'The Fire Engine' in VSCC events.

I agree with most of the things Jenks writes about and, as the owner of a genuine LG45 Rapide, I am not happy about fakes being made of these cars. I am only sorry that in this particular letter he has got some of his facts wrong.

HERB SCHOFIELD

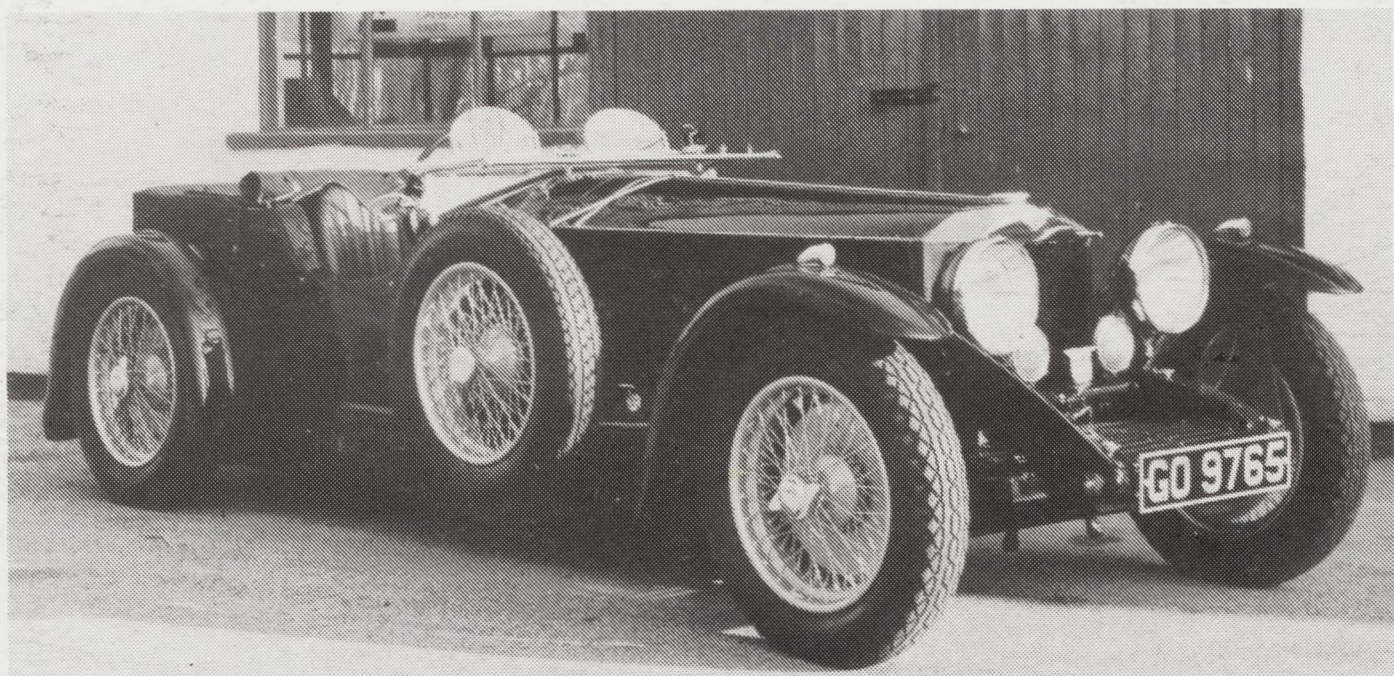




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