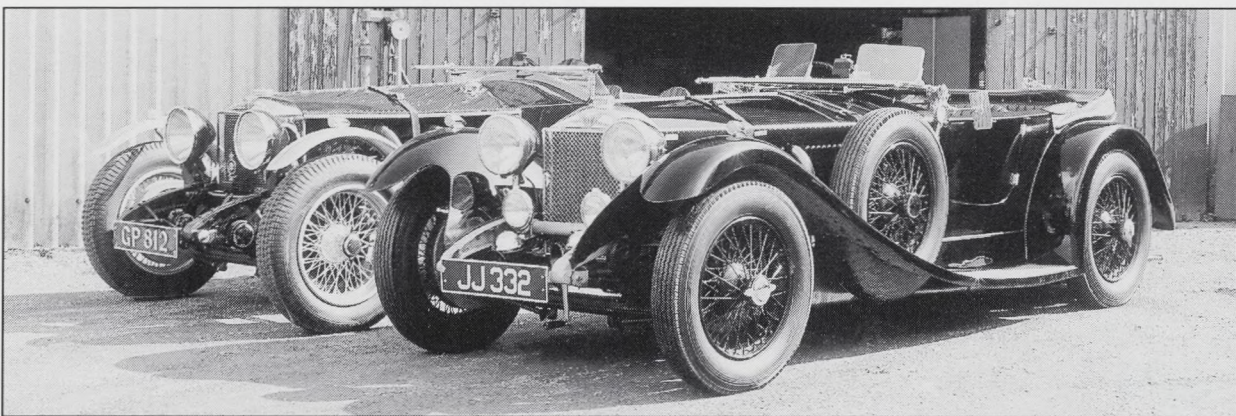
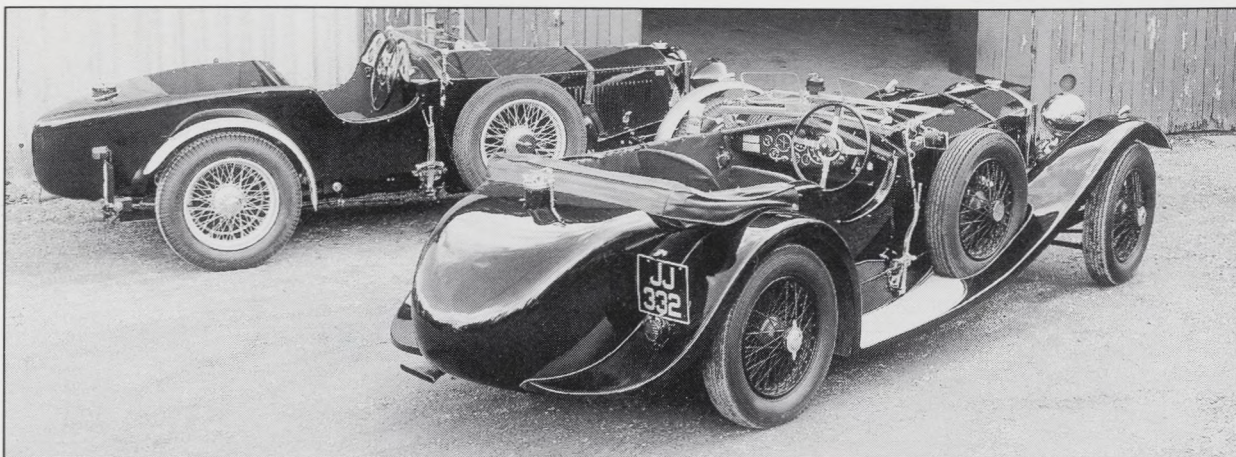




THE
Lagonda
THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB

Number 188

Spring 2001



A Tale of Two Tails

(See *Motor Sport* May 1988)

Together for the first time the two Invicta team cars with pointed tails.

S62 "Speedy" On the left was campaigned extensively by A. C. Lace from 1932, and after the 1933 TT was sent back to Van den Plas to have it's present pointed tail body fitted in time for the 1934 Ards TT. Sold by us, "Speedy" is now being prepared to re-enter the competition fray after 67 years and has one of our well known 200 BHP engines.

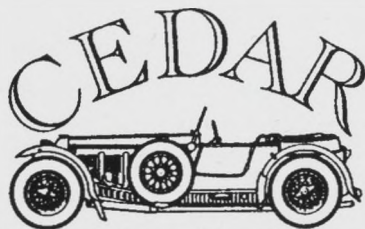
S90 "Simplon" On the right was fitted with its pointed tail body by Carbodies, in time for the 1931 TT when it was driven by Tommy Wisdom and then continually raced by Dudley Froy until sold in 1933. "Simplon" has had a little sympathetic TLC and is now ready for magnificent touring. **For Sale**

Contact us if you are interested in the definitive S Type Invicta with an impeccable history.

It is fascinating to have these two "Works" cars in the "Stable" at the same time to be able to compare. They are getting on very well together and we are hoping that it may lead to the pitter-patter of tiny Invicta feet! Why not bring yours to join the party?

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FRONT COVER

Lisbon Rally, Macko Lacquer at Sintra on a closed road.

Photo: John Brown

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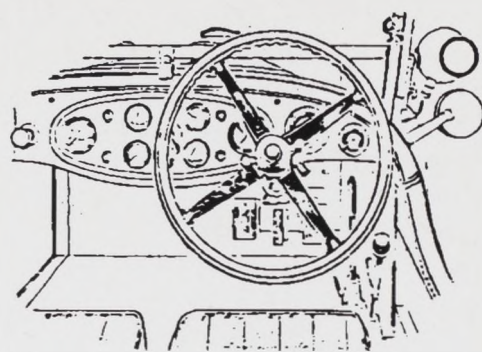
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From the Driving Seat

by Ken Painter



IT MAY BE A STRANGE TIME to make a new year's resolution, but I have decided that 2001 must be the year when major progress is made on my 2 litre. The heart surgery on my Italian Mistress will be just about completed by the time you read this, so there will be no excuse, besides, I removed the car that has been sharing the garage with my Lagonda's mortal remains and all that working space suddenly looked very inviting! It would be fair to say that the old lady hasn't been entirely neglected over the past year, the endless hunt for parts has continued and the 'wanted' list has grown significantly shorter. But the time is now right to turn those heaps of parts into meaningful chunks of machinery – and I am sick and tired of tripping over the planks of ash which should have been transformed into body framing ages ago.

When I retired three years ago I fondly imagined that I should be able to concentrate on the Lagonda, but life – and other motor cars – have, between them, ensured that I have been busier than ever. I'm sure you have heard all these excuses before, so I shall try to give a short progress report each quarter in future. They say the road to Hell is paved with good intentions, but I really will try to prove them wrong.

At a recent Board Meeting, we discussed how the magazine could be improved and the suggestion was made that we should try to incorporate technical advice on as many models as possible in each edition. This might

prove to be rather more difficult than it is for Clubs where fewer models of less technical and mechanical diversity are catered for, but the idea of featuring a single model in each issue seemed less daunting. There is, of course, the problem that the model you own and run is bound to be the very last one featured and reading months, or even years, of articles on models you have no intention ever of owning might not be your idea of value for money. There is the second problem of finding volunteer scribes to prepare the text each quarter. There has been some correspondence within these pages on how technical advice should be shared around the Club and we have still to decide the best way forward, but it is not too late for you to have your say as well.

This issue carries the first e-mail letter to be 'lifted' from the Club's website pages, but it is to be hoped that it will not be the last. For those of you who have access to the Internet, our site is well worth a visit. If you don't have the facility, ask your children or grandchildren for assistance! There is no doubt that the web and e-mail will, between them, significantly alter the way the magazine is put together in the future. Many of the articles are now being sent to the Editorial Office in this way and this makes both the writer's and the Editor's task much simpler. I have yet to fathom out how to send the text of the magazine to our printers with it already laid out in the proper format, but I am sure this will be resolved in time.

At present, we would prefer pictures to be sent by more traditional means, since downloading e-mail pictures can take a very long time if they are sent in a 'high definition' format and some lower definition pictures do not reproduce as well as we would like. Having said that, the pictures accompanying Roy Williams' article were sent in this way and pictures have been sent on CD and on floppy disc, so they can be accommodated. I shall be in deep conversation with our printers on this very subject before this reaches you, so the position may well have changed by the time the Summer magazine is produced. As the song says, "Times, they are a-changing"!

As this is being written, the spectre of Foot and Mouth Disease is beginning to

have an effect on motoring events. There have already been several autojumbles and off-road events cancelled and it remains to be seen if the more active events will be similarly affected. I write this without any opportunity for prior discussion with other Board members, but, at the moment, Woburn Safari Park is closed to visitors, and only time will tell if life will be sufficiently back to normal for our planned Annual General Meeting to go ahead there as planned. Rest assured that every effort will be taken to keep you informed of any changes to our summer programme. For those members who are a part of the farming community, our sympathies go out to you and we all hope that this awful disease does not affect you or your livestock.

**LAST DATE FOR COPY FOR THE SUMMER MAGAZINE IS
... 8TH JUNE 2001 ...**



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Competition and Awards Round-Up 2000

Peter Whenman and John Stoneman update the listings given in the last newsletter

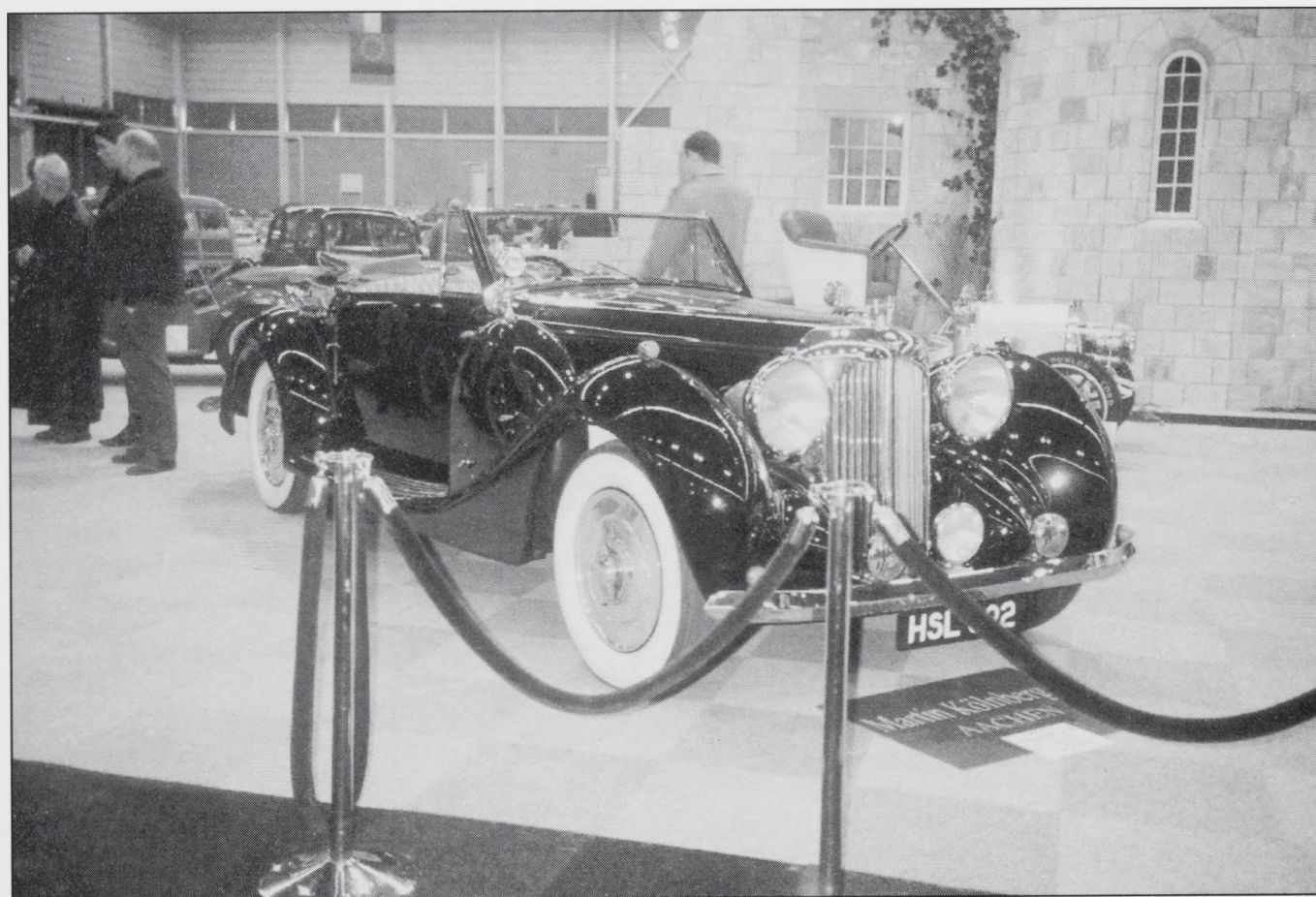
Peter Whenman and John Stoneman update the listings given in the last newsletter

Allison Bentley W.O.	Wessex Rally The first Lagonda in the BDC/ Lagonda Race at Silverstone	Rachel Whenman
Car Club Committee Plate	Concours Winner at AGM Awarded by the Committee at their discretion	David Hine Brian Watson
Densham Expensive Noises	Most active 2 litre or 16/80 For those unfortunate to have major problems	Roger Firth Tim Wadsworth
Fox Mobil	Best Performance at Prescott Hillclimb	Christopher Claridge-Ware Tim Wakeley
The James Crocker	Best racing performance Racing Trophy driving a Rapier	Sir Aubrey Brocklebank
Fox and Nicholle Mans Trophy Gaber	Top Driver Best performance in a V12 in any event	Mark Butterworth David Brock-Jest David Hine
Gostling Invicta	Best magazine article Best performance by a Club member	Jo Moss
Michael	Best performance driving any Lagonda in all types of events	Colin Bugler
Belline Racing Trophy Rally Trophy	Best new driver in competition events Best performance in navigation Rally	Peter Blenk Roy Williams
Northern	Winner of Northern Driving John Thring Tests	
Rain Concours	Best DB car at AGM	Lois and Peter Gilkes
Seaton	Best maintained and used Lagonda	John Batt

Points for Racing Season 2000

Mark Butterworth	23	Nick Hine	5
Colin Bugler	22	Alastair Barker	5
Sir Aubrey Brocklebank	19	Paul Tebbett	2
Terry Brewster	19	Jeremey Brewster	1
Martin Bugler	18	Alan Elliott	1
Roy Williams	16 (Rallies)	Jonathen Elliott	1
Jo Moss	15	Richard Campbell	1
Tim Wakeley	13	Robert Goodchild	1
Peter Whenman	11	Tim Wadsworth	1
David Brock-Jest	10	Peter Weir	1
Peter Blenk	8	Clive Dalton	1
Robert Bettigole	8 (Rally)	Ian Ronald	1
Robin de Garston	8 (Rally)	Brian Watson	1
Michael Fountain	7 (Rally)		
David Hine	7		
Neil Jones	7		

Apologies to any member we may have missed in the result. We look forward to seeing you at April Silverstone



J. J. Dólleman reports on the Classic Show at Maastricht, 13th - 14th January. The theme was "Elegance" and this Dutch owned 1939 LG6 Rapide, displayed at the show was awarded a top rating at the concours at Pebble Beach, California in 2000, plus second overall in the concours d'elegance at Paleis het Loo in Holland in August 2000. The car is spectacularly beautiful, but Mr Dólleman apologises for having to use a borrowed camera, which is not up to his usual high standards.

An Australian Tour

RICHARD CAMPBELL'S PARENTS made a 7000 mile tour around Australia in 1949 in the family Lagonda LG45 Drophead Coupe. His mother kept a diary of the trip, which lasted 27 days and he very generously allowed your editor to borrow it so that we could all share in what must have been a remarkable trip just after the war years. The diary itself is a very personal account of the journey, but an Australian newspaper published an article on their trip, which makes fascinating reading and, just to complete the account, we have included some extracts from the diary, so that the headline of the newspaper article is brought to life:

The Outback Through English Eyes

At Alice Springs and Darwin, round Tennant's Creek and Mount Isa, at Charters Towers and Rockhampton and down towards Brisbane, people probably remember a low-slung Lagonda car and four English tourists who passed that way recently during a 7000-mile tour through central and northern Australia.

These four - Mr and Mrs David Campbell and Major and Mrs Charles Napier - have brought back to Melbourne vivid impressions of people they met and places they saw. They can talk more knowledgeably about the outback than many Australians, though they have been here only a year or two.

Mrs David Campbell kept a diary for the 27 days she was away. Extracts from this, combined with her own vivid verbal account of the trip, are full of interest.

No Crooked Streets

An indication of the unfamiliarity of the Australian landscape to an Englishwoman brought up in a different countryside was her surprise at the straightness and flatness of streets in Australian outback towns "We are so used to villages with crooked streets," she said.

Other surprises were the amount of vegetation they found where she had imagined everything was dried-up desert, and the colorfulness and quantity of birds they saw.

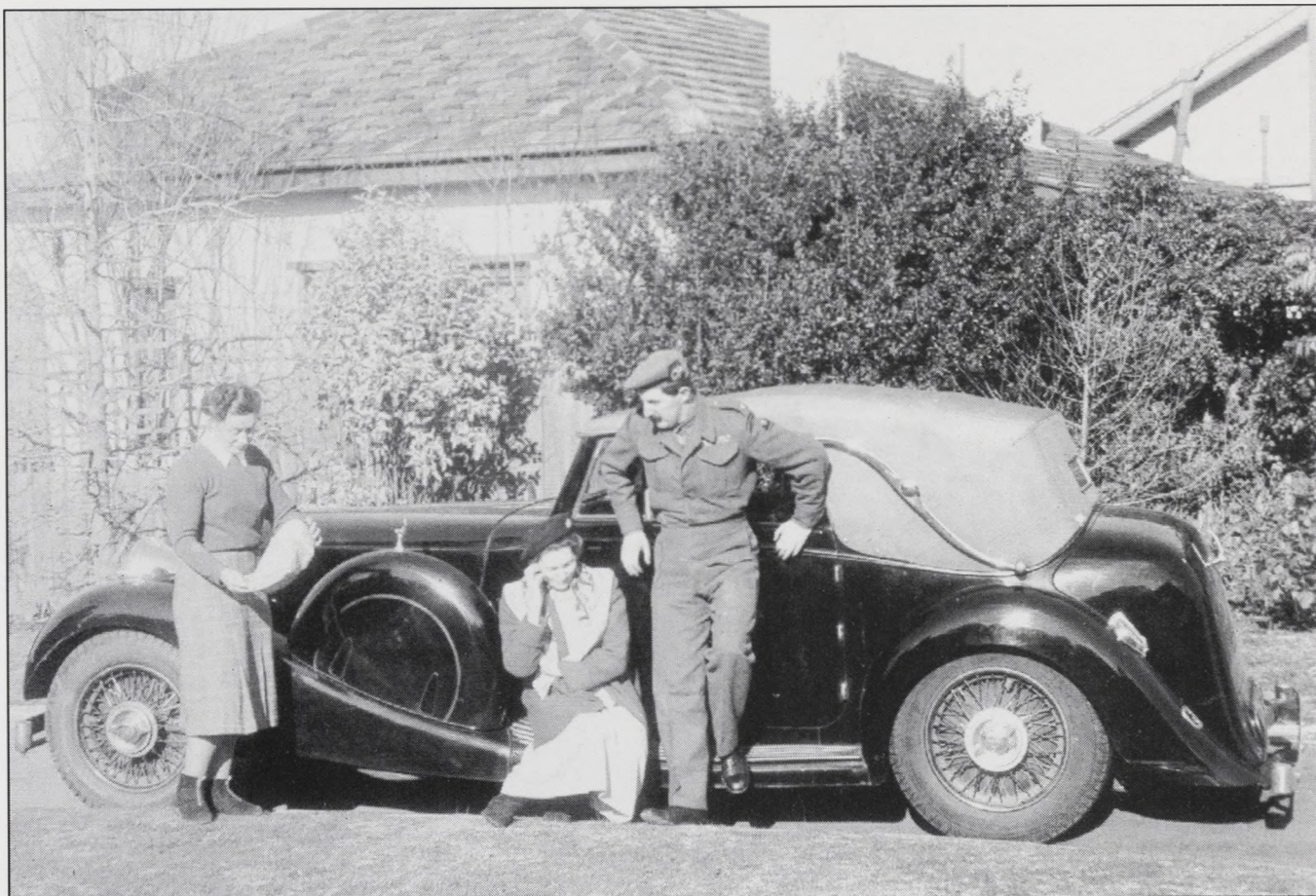
Though some of the party left Melbourne earlier by car, Mrs Campbell flew to join them at Alice Springs, where she found them full of enthusiasm about their journey from Adelaide in the "Ghan", the nickname for the train between Adelaide and Alice Springs, in which the Lagonda also made the journey.

To Tennant's Creek

The party now complete, the first stop was Tennant's Creek, along the great, wide road to Darwin. Although accommodation was clean, Mrs Campbell described bathing facilities as "a bucket on a string," and "you cleaned your teeth in the garden."

Biggest surprise at Tennant's Creek was to meet a young girl who had not long been out from Liverpool and was working there.

The journey by car from "The Alice" to Darwin took three days. During this stage they always arranged a stopping place near water round about midday, to enjoy the birds - their gaiety and color, particularly among parrots and galahs, was more interesting than any other bird life they found. In the evenings, too, they



The star of the journey. Unfortunately your editor has no details of the car.



Are those water bags on the bumper? Evaporation from a slightly porous bag will cool the contents a surprising amount.



A pet baby wallaby, seen at one of their stops.



Changing the front wheels.

never tired of watching the evening lights - the earth the color of new bricks, and the purple distances - all bathed in a strange light, peculiar to this area.

An amusing sidelight from Mrs Campbell: "We never once pulled up by the roadside without finding an empty beer bottle or two under the tree or beside the patch of water we chose!"

Ena of Frewena

After leaving Darwin they drove back along the road to branch off to Mt. Isa. On the road between Tennant's Creek and Mount Isa they met a unique character, known as Ena of Frewena.

She lives alone at an artesian bore reserve at Frewena and is entirely self-supporting. She grows all her own vegetables, keeps a herd of goats for her milk and meat, and fowls for her poultry and eggs.

With her they had the best meal the Territory had offered - tender goat steak, cold duck and fresh vegetable salad.

This woman's nearest neighbour was 45 miles away.

From Mount Isa they moved on to Townsville, and motored home down the east coast, calling at the larger centres on the way.

Minor mishaps with the car, little adventures in out-of-the-way places, meetings with unusual people, and help given along the roadside to other motorists in trouble, were all part of the enjoyment of the trip, and add patches of local color to Mrs Campbell's diary. She plans to send the diary home to England to tell her own people something of the country she saw.

Her outstanding personal impressions were the friendliness and good nature of the people they met and the comfort combined with crudity in the lodgings they found every night - "clean sheets everywhere we went." They did not book ahead anywhere. "We even found an electric iron whenever one was needed - until we reached Lennon's Hotel, Brisbane. There, strike had rationed power!"

Mrs Campbell had some dress advice for women who might be planning a

similar journey. First essential was a shady hat. (Mrs Campbell chose a stitched linen man's sports hat). A skirt and changes of blouse - with a cardigan always handy - she found a most useful ensemble; and several cotton or crease-resisting silk frocks.



Mrs Campbell's diary makes fascinating reading, but it is far too long to reproduce in full, so here are a few tiny extracts; the first from the entry for 3rd July, she is in Alice Springs, waiting for the car to arrive by train:

Lunch at the rendezvous. No car yet. Out to Bond's Springs, Mrs Sargood's place. Saw our first wild kangaroos.. great excitement! Mrs S's sons, Bruce and Tony Chisholme run the place... 3,000 sq miles.....

P.D. said he'd be willing to bet anyone £500 that he could drive his Jaguar to Darwin in 12 hrs. (driving time). We shall see what we think.

Left earlyish and went down to station and there was Mathilda all alone - unloaded her and Charles and D. drove her back. Lovely to see her - she was very, very, full of dust!

4th July:

..... Then a long wait while the dust was blown out of the Lagonda; water, petrol and oil coped with etc. Lovely cup of tea at Mona and Des' and on our way - car worrying - getting hot still. Interesting rocky country to begin with, then flattens out into well grassed scrub. More dead Kangas seen than live ones. Passed a mob of cattle near the turn to Annie station..... Tyres wearing unevenly so a stop for food at 4 o'clock and to change front wheels. Stock route and telegraph wires travel with the road quite a lot. Different country, more undulating and rocky near Barrow Creek. Evening light very clear and sky very soft blue and pink and mauve. Stopped past Barrow's Creek to adjust the "track" and Kanga shooters tore by and turned back to see if we were alright. Only met about 8 cars in 300 miles, and two overtook us while we were stationary.



A routine refuelling stop, don't you love that petrol pump?



Airfields were a little less sophisticated in those days . . .

Didn't reach Tennants Creek until 9.30. How welcome the lights were! Very wide main street. Hotel kept by Charlie Smith, very far from complete, but beds oh! so comfortable. Rather transparent canvas instead of glass doors and windows - the shower a bucket hung from the ceiling and tipped by pulling a string. Fed on eggs "down the road" at "The Owl". Approx 326 miles. 9 hours travelling.

5th July:

A long day but not so tired as last night and should have quieter night.... Can't believe that Pat Davies could possibly do A.S. to Darwin in 12 hrs. running time. Must let Des know he could safely take on the bet. Old Spanish miner at T.C. interesting old character and had worked at Mt Isa. Saw first drove of horses at Elliot. 370 miles.

13th July:

After the turn to Mt Isa the road was splendid - as straight as straight as far as you could see and farther. Found Ena of Frewena easily - large herd of goats and a lovely garden - amazing ramshackle place. Mrs W. very pleasant, dressed in pretty red and white frock, no green pants! (some other travellers had told her that Ena always wore green pants!) She is from Sydney and had been a barmaid. Interesting old Mr Morrison staying there en route for Pine Creek, now crippled in wheel chair, ex-station. McIntosh and Pulley came in for fish from Townsville, they are from Alroy Downs - 2,000 sq. miles!! Wonderful supper, cold roast duck and fresh salad. Chatted and learnt lots - looked at maps. Palatial bedroom, comfy bed, ingenious shower with screw rose to turn on water, took two to hoist it after filling. Ena's garden very productive, saw loofahs growing on her wire fence, she gave me one. Tomatoes, lettuce, shallots, carrots, lots of flowers, rosellas (we had jam from these for breakfast), peppers, etc.etc.

They reached Mt Isa on 13th July and shipped the car to Townsville by train on the 16th, but the four of them flew down and waited for the car, which arrived on

the last train on the 18th. They set off again the next morning, but the roads were very poor:

The road seemed to become worse as it got dark until finally we got to a patch that was being "reconstructed" - "clonk" and a beastly stone knocked the drainage cap out of the sump. C. shot out and put his hand over it while D. found something to catch the oil in, the poor old Billy! C. then made a marvellous fire and Pam and I settled down by it on the car seats at about 6:45. David managed to bung up hole satisfactorily with a water bag cork and some tape, then oil was the trouble - they drained as much as they dare from the gear box and at about 9:30 or so we set out very, very slowly and gingerly down unknown appalling road. A mile or so down the road we found a jacked up 'dozer' which D. and C. proceeded to milk for oil, filthy black stuff but it gave us a little pressure. About 4 miles further on we saw a light, the road gang's camp and someone awake. "Jack" sold us oil and boiled a billy for us and made tea and gave us bread and pastries. Calling down blessings on all road gangs we went cautiously on feeling our way into Clermont very sump conscious. At about 2:15 a.m. having found the Commercial we couldn't make anyone hear for nearly 3/4 hour, however at last we tumbled into bed, cleansed of some of the dust but still tasting it - asleep in no time. About 18 hours on the road, all an interesting experience now it's over.

She never recorded when the sump plug was replaced, but the only other problems were a puncture and some slight attention to the exhaust. Pam, the other female passenger was expecting a baby, so much of the journey must have been extremely uncomfortable for her. It must have been a wonderful adventure for them all and we are grateful to Richard Campell for sharing his mother's diary with us.



Dave Williams, complete with medal and full beard.



The line-up of cars at Saxstead Green.

All pictures by Anne Pilgrim.

Aldeburgh Recollections, March 2001 Suffolk Dinner.

John Breen waxes lyrical on events in Suffolk

THIS IS THE fiftieth year of the Lagonda Club and the Rapier Register Suffolk Dinner has been going for nearly half that time. It is always a pleasure to anticipate the start of the season with this event for, as at any Lagonda gathering, there are a few people who will greet you like a brother and yet after two days you will part and not see each other again until the same bash next year.

The only thing outside the organisers grasp was the weather. It was damp, very cold and dull; bad enough that had our Lag been road worthy we would still have chosen to use a modern. We always enjoy spending a time on the Aldeburgh coast, just to the south of the town, to work up an appetite. With an easterly gale feeling as if it came direct from Russia we were glad we were not in the Lag. Nevertheless others were made of tougher stuff and came from far and near properly equipped to the Saturday dinner as well as the Sunday lunch time pub meet.

As the numbers attending increase year on year other members clearly also appreciate the efforts of the organisers working so hard on their behalf. Everything about the evening was excellent, the company, the table decoration (complemented by menus designed and produced by the Register resident computer expert), the cooking and the hotel service.

After dinner Mike Pilgrim welcomes first time guests and usually produces some statistics on the regulars. This attention to detail had highlighted that Sidney Allerton, Rapier owner since 1940 and long serving member, was unable to attend this year due to being unwell. I hope our spontaneous wishes for a speedy recovery, in the form of a

menu card signed by everyone present, cheered him up. We could, of course, have achieved the opposite effect by emphasising what a really great evening he had just missed. Whatever the outcome, Sir, our intentions were honourable and we all wish you well.

The Gary Guiver Gong (Longest drive to the meeting in a Rapier) was awarded to Dave Williams with a 258 miles trip from Mid Wales. The accompanying photograph, showing Dave receiving his medal from Mrs Pat Bosworth, is likely to be the last published of him with the full Barnet. A complex sponsorship table has been created to benefit the Royal National Lifeboat Institution on a pro rata basis. The greater the sum raised the more areas of Dave will be shaved.

The guest speaker, Mike Bosworth, was an inspired choice. With 50 years unbroken membership of the Lagonda club he was free to be waspishly indiscreet in his recollections of the goings on over that period. Mike was involved in the early 1950s amalgamation of the 2 Litre Register and the Lagonda Car Club to form The Lagonda Club that existed until today's limited company was formed in late 1987. Apparently after the merger was agreed no one from either committee was wildly keen to continue on the new one. At this point I thought nothing changes! In any type of club it's always the same. I am sure Ivan Forshaw was at least one who carried on but if there were others please write to Mike not me as it was his story not mine. Throughout his career Mike has owned an impressive list of Lagondas as well as other quality cars. As he is currently a non-owner, and knows about the statute of limitations, he

seemed to be under some constraint to confess that he meddled with the identification plates of a very high proportion of them with body / chassis exchanges being routine. Sorting it all out for the archives keeps Arnold away from Countdown so let's hope they never meet up. Thus purged Mike went on to relate tales of holes through some chaps tin foot as a driving aid and other amusing stories all of which were greatly appreciated. In all a very witty address enthusiastically received.

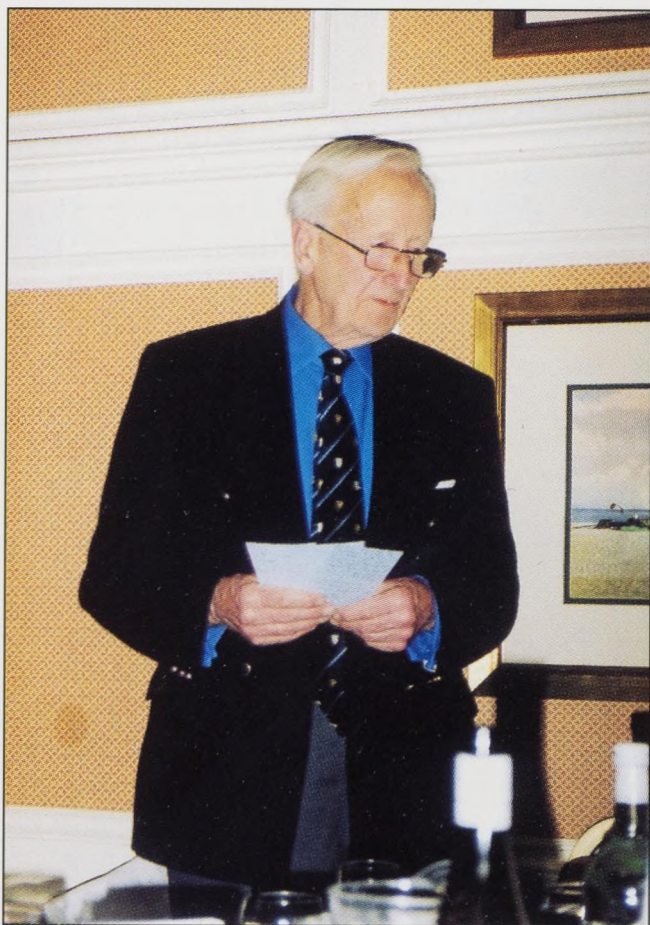
The evening closed as usual with another mass mingle and browsing of last years photographs in the ever growing Register albums.

Sunday morning was freezing cold. However, when we arrived at the Old Mill House in Saxtead Green there were more vintage cars present than we expected. Seeing a carpet radiator muff on an M45 saloon we again went into another session of self justification about it being a weekend for moderns but in

later conversation it turned out to be there not due to the weather but the owners lack of maintenance time.

The pub meet is always a very relaxed casual affair. Most people were content to stay in the warm. With varying arrival and departure times there was a constantly changing bar and lunch seating scene giving everyone opportunities to talk to those they had missed at the dinner. Chris and Monika Magawly were present again from Germany and I was grateful they had taken the trouble to bring the latest news from Lagonda Club member Manfred Hassel.

With all enjoyable weekends you appear to be on the way home again all too soon. It can become addictive. We are already booked for Herb's again this year, the AGM is a given, I wonder what the North's do in Hull at Christmas is like? Must ask them when we meet at Monk Fryston.....



Mike Bosworth tells all.



The Pilgrim's M45 with its radiator muff.

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Fans of Arnold's book come in all shapes and sizes, Rob Bettigole's dog Tache settles down for a good read.

Grease or Oil?

David Hine adds a little more to the discussion

I CAN'T RESIST ADDING my two pennyworth to this grease versus oil discussion.

I well remember talking to an "old lag" in the sixties and he told me that I should be oiling my chassis not greasing it. I tried to tell him that modern greases were far better than the old pre war ones that set solid after a few months. Also I pointed out that an oiled chassis dripped all over the garage floor. "Aye, that's rite" he said "an when it stops dripping 'appen it's time you did it again"

Old fool, I thought to myself, but said nothing. As usual time has proved him absolutely right and over and over again I am reminded of my youthful ignorance.

I have just had exactly the same experience as John Turner when dismantling my V 12 chassis. The lack of lubrication was so bad that one side of the independent suspension was actually seized solid which must have made for an interesting ride ! There is no problem in fitting grease nipples instead of the original oil pipes PROVIDED that you use oil in your grease gun and not grease. Most of these centralized chassis lubrication systems work on a trickle down principle where oil is pumped to one bearing and then is supposed to pass through drillings and flow by gravity to the next bearing or ball race and so on. The use of grease stops this happening altogether.

Oil is nearly always preferable to grease with the exception of the water pumps, and other spindles which are fitted with a stauffer and the front wheel bearings. The latter have always posed a problem and the practice of completely filling the front hub with grease is now out of favour as well! It is much better to

dismantle the hub every 5-10,000 miles and liberally smear both bearings with grease and re-assemble. The grouped nipples on the 2 litre and 16/80 chassis were a great idea to take some of the groveling out of chassis oiling. This system also relied on "trickle down" to lubricate the lower shackle pins at the rear of the springs.

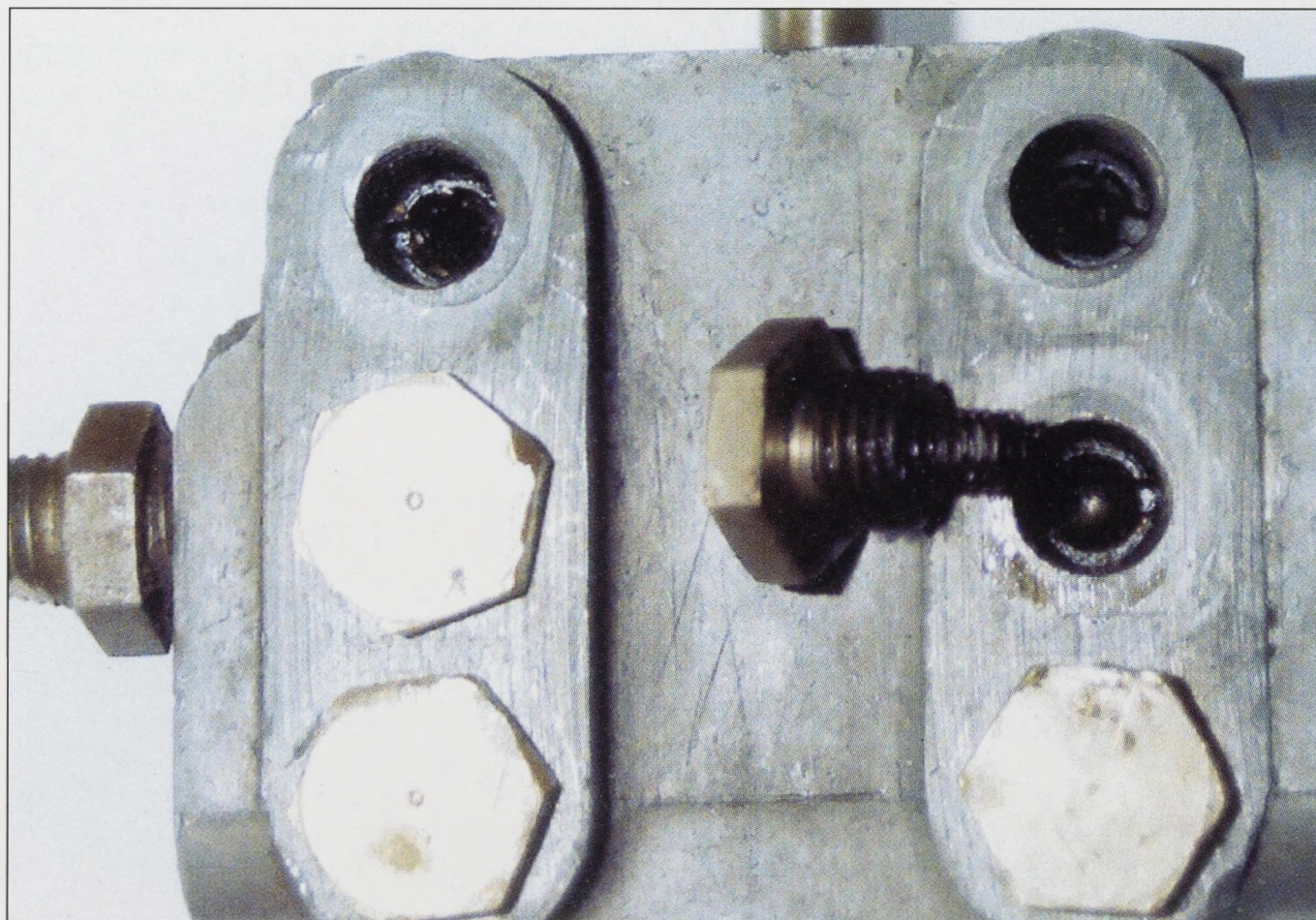
On the M 45 chassis they designed this problem out by fitting silentbloc bushes to the springs and then recommending grease for most other joints. However they were vague about the prop shaft joints, which really still needed oil, as they were plain steel bearings. Only the later design by Hardy Spicer which incorporated needle roller bearings, were suitable for grease rather than oil.

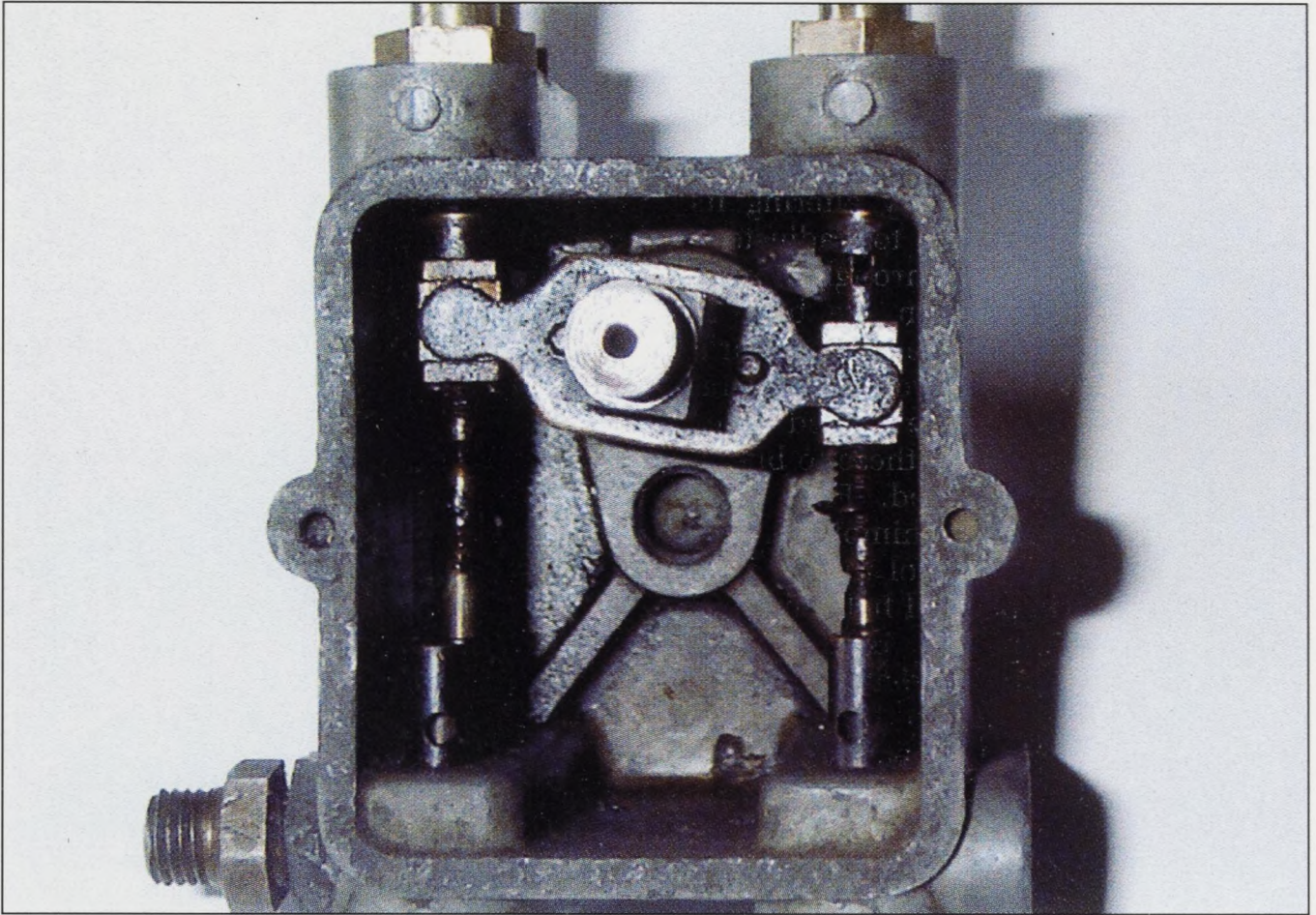
When I had the temerity to re-write the M45 handbook some years ago, I actually included an instruction to grease the Wefco spring gaiters. The picture shows a rusty spring after a gaiter has been removed with the big dollop of grease immobile on the top leaf.

I fear my handbook re-writes are peppered with howlers, fortunately none of them life threatening. Poor Alan Brown gets these phone calls for technical advice which, once given, the caller then says ah but the handbook says! (Alan's subsequent description of my revised handbooks are not printable!)

When the LG 45 cars came along the company embraced the Tecalamit system for automatic chassis lubrication. This involved a pump which operated every time the clutch pedal was depressed and this sent oil along a myriad of pipes to all the important joints.

I enclose some pictures taken with my new digital camera showing the





internals of this pump. Those readers who have not already lost the will to live will be amazed to observe that the pump can deliver via six plungers to six circuits. The out put of each of the six plungers can be varied by altering its effective stroke with the top adjusters. The oil then passes through spring loaded ball valves set in the base to pressurize the subsequent pipework. Incorporated in the pipework are several restrictors and you will be excited to see that I have pulled one of these to bits to find out how it worked. First they installed a fine gauze thimble then a threaded section to control the oil flow then a little fabric pad, all held in place with a little clip. No doubt these restrictors were of different ratings to allow some bearings to be liberally washed with oil and others to get one drip every Preston Guild.

These noble designers then snatched defeat from the jaws of victory by bolting the pump onto the base of the engine oil sump to provide a limitless supply of lubricant. Sad to say, most Lagonda sumps contained at some time in the not too distant past, a thick layer of sludge consisting of a bit of oil, lots of water and well mixed with carbon and metal filings. if any of this grim cocktail

actually got through the pipes to the intended joints it acted as grinding paste, however before long the restrictors ensured permanent thrombosis.

With patience and lots of time (or money) these Tecalamit systems can be restored to their former glory and then provide superb lubrication.

For the rest of us, grease sparingly, oil liberally and keep dribbling just like Doc advised !

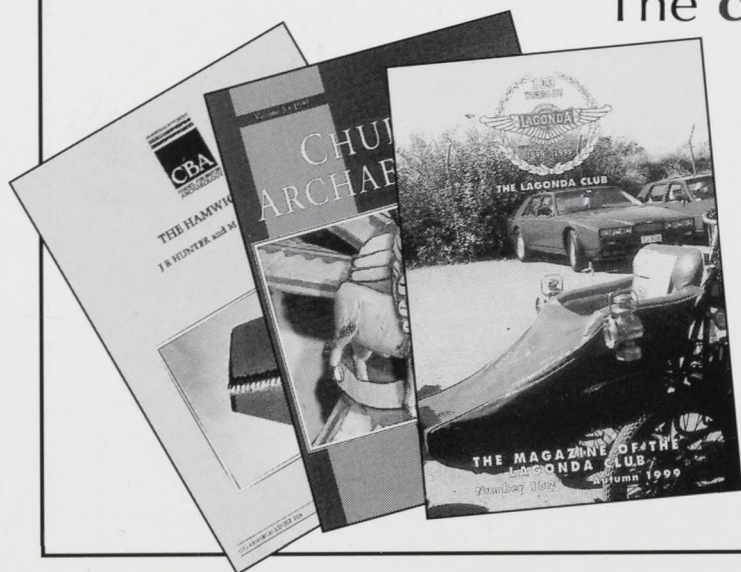
P.S. The Knarr Mill Mafia think there are too many pictures of Hine in the magazine - it's not healthy!

The oil restrictors should really be called drip plugs and replacements can be obtained from: Coldwell Engineering, Coldwell Lane, Sheffield S10 5TJ. Tel: 0114 2301541

*The Knarr Mill Mafia aren't the only ones to comment on the number of pictures of David in the last magazine, but short of electing a "Miss Lagonda" to present the awards at the AGM, his handsome visage is inevitably in evidence at such ceremonies. Of course, I could always get our printers to magic him out of the picture..... Perhaps we should think of other ways to record award winners for future years. **K.P.P.***

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London – Lisbon, 14 to 23 October 2000

Roy Williams goes Continental again

LONG-DISTANCE RALLIES are strange affairs. Before and during them, attention to the smallest detail is vital. Car preparation, route plotting, spares and kit selection and a general thinking ahead are essential. A wrong turning or a parts failure, or arriving a few seconds too early, or a few seconds too late at a control mean the difference between success and failure.

During the event itself everything is compressed. The eight days of the Rally as such have no meaning. The activity is continuous, punctuated only by brief interludes for food and sleep. Afterwards it all becomes a sort of general blur, broken by a number of specific and vivid memories.

The start was at Hampton Court, full of colour, cars, people and excitement. Down went the flag; we were away on the first leg to Portsmouth. Fortunately this did not count in the final results. My own and my friend and navigator John Herbert's rustiness were in strong evidence, but it was great practice and good fun.

The rally proper started in Bilbao at the Guggenheim Museum. Here we met Macko Laquer and Milosh Kaposi in the Team Car and Howard Bellm and Philip Sybron in a beautiful M45 Rapide; three Lagondas together as team-Lagonda. Against us were some tremendous cars; a 2500cc Alfa, a 328 BMW, 105 Talbots, along with several others.

The challenge set by HERO (the organisers), in an outstandingly well designed event, is to reach Lisbon by precisely the right route and not to be early or late at any control point. Moreover, in this event (unlike most others), the pre-war cars are given the same times as the post-war, with no

allowances. So times will be very, very tight.

Before the flag goes down, the adrenaline is fierce and although the brain says "Slow down - take time - calm down", the right foot pays scant attention. We are the second car off. Within a kilometre we are passed in the town centre of Bilbao by the Team Car, making a glorious sound and a wonderful sight, overtaking us and the local traffic. Game on.

The first day was splendid: inland from the coast on absolutely stunning routes. Narrow, winding, car-free roads, up into the mountains: all sunlight, waterfalls and superb scenery. And all the while, the clock is ticking.

At the top of the mountain, Howard needs petrol and has to turn back and, despite the most determined driving, loses lots of time. Macko and we do well, only a few points lost on the day, both on gold standard. Evening sees us fettling, preparing the route and, thankfully, downing a few beers.

Day Two sees more of the same, but with far tighter times and very tricky navigation in the regularity sections, where the correct average speeds must be precisely maintained. The biggest challenge comes in a series of time controls. At the top of the mountain we are faced with a continuous descent of over 6 km with only 7 mins to complete it. It's all very steep, tight, narrow hairpins. Will the brakes take it? The smell and the loss of retardation suggests, no! The clock is ticking: very, very quickly. Getting into non-synchro second becomes an essential art form. We make it with 4 secs to spare, so does the Team Car. The Rapide has mechanical problems.

At the beginning of the third day we are still on gold standard. On a long regularity section we miss a turning, but catch up. We miss another and the Team Car sails serenely by. We catch up, but are 25 seconds late at a fiendishly placed control, lose our gold standard and watch the Team Car sailing even more serenely in front of us into the Valley of the Gorges.

Later that afternoon, the rain starts really heavily. My son has spent a long time fashioning new and elegant wing stays. I hear an ominous rattle from the off-side; the rear wing bracket has broken. At the speed of light, the wing is removed and lashed on to the back of the car. The clock still ticks. Within 5 km the second rear wing bracket also breaks, work-hardened in the identical place and this wing joins the first behind us. The car sends up vast columns of spray, soaking us and drenching the maps, making navigation extraordinarily difficult for John. We just make the final control at Santiago on time. I spend the evening learning Spanish technical terms and metallurgical theory. Importantly, I find that 'soldar' doesn't mean 'solder', but thankfully means electric welding. The wings are back on.

Misty dawn and a superb climb on a fast, sweeping road, through forests and dappled sunlight down to a little town. The Lagondas are running 1, 2 and 3 together. Howard drives straight on through the town. We miss the turn by 100 metres. Macko doesn't. We turn and chase. There follows the fantastic run on narrow, twisting roads, up and down the mountains. The roads have been freshly tarred and every time we get near to the Team Car we are sprayed with gravel and lumps of tar. Faster and faster, sweep after sweep, up and down the gearbox. We just make the time control by a whisker.

The next day takes us into Portugal and a short break at the mature and hospitable Croft Vineyard sees the start of what turns out to be the most demanding section. Many pre and post-

war cars have dropped out, but the BMW and the Alfa are still there. We hurtle into a corner, to find the team car stopped, brakes jammed full on. Our offers of help are declined and we learn a whole new vocabulary of Belgian expletives. Macko and Milosh join us later, but their gold standard has gone. It appears that the repair was effected by a firm blow in the right spot by a passing local, thus avoiding a complete strip-down of the braking mechanism.

The afternoon sees me reverse into a 'hidden' boulder and the self-same rear wing and stays that have been replaced are bent out of all recognition. The navigator and passers-by learn a whole new vocabulary of Welsh expletives.

On into Portugal; down the Douro Valley through golden, misty, autumn vineyards, with glimpses of the ever-growing, steel-grey river down in the gorges. The mist thickens. A regularity section sees us pressing on in one direction and coming face-to-face with the other Lagonda appearing out of the thick mist, pressing on in precisely the opposite direction. Hopefully one of us is correct.

Then down through Portugal. First a long run into Mafra. I misread my watch, drive like fury and increasingly complain about the crazy time allowed. John eventually realises what I'm doing and lets me know that I've got an hour more than I'd thought. At least we have some time to change wheels and eat something. Then on into Sintra and a relatively long break at the Palace. The town square is full of people, colour and bustle. Lots of people are fascinated by the two Lagondas standing side by side and we are given a raucous send-off.

We are lying in first place and Macko and Milosh in second in the pre-war category, as we go to the race circuit at Estoril. We screw up badly. On the circuit the red mist descends on me and our timing system goes to pot. We contrive to incur more penalties in about 15 minutes on the racetrack than we have in the rest of the rally. Gloom and



Ready for the start at Hampton Court.

Photo: Julie Eaglin



With Macko at Sintra.

Photo: John Brown

despondency descend. John is virtually suicidal and a joint run-through of the full repertoire of Anglo Saxon expletives is fortunately lost in the exhaust notes of cars still on the circuit. The results that evening show that we have narrowly held first place.

The last morning has one test left, up to the old race circuit of Monsanto, high above the city of Lisbon. We travel there in slow and stately convoy along the coast road and through the city, which really gets the adrenalin going. We have to drive the circuit as fast as possible; the fastest car will set the standard for others. The roads have been closed and we are the first car off. We blast around a sharp hairpin, knowing that the road is clear. Unfortunately two local commuter cars travelling towards us are not aware of the closure until we approach very near to our limit. It's difficult to tell if they or us are more frightened. Thank goodness that Peter Whenman had relined the brakes and rebushed the front compensator!

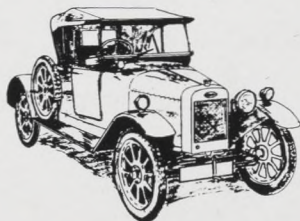
Finally, to Lisbon, the blue sea and the excitement of the finish. HERO, as ever, secured a first-class finale; the crowds, the noise, the location at Black Horse Square and the wonderfully warm welcome of the Portugese underlined a sense of achievement. It was truly an occasion. Lagondas had come first and second in the pre-war section and, moreover, were the only two pre-war cars to finish in this quite gruelling rally. The only regret was that Howard and

Phillip were not there with us in their Rapide.

We attempted our first rally in the Touring section of LEJOG in 1997 and since then I've been fortunate to do several Alpine and Classic Marathons as well as UK events like LEJOG proper and the Classic Malts, mainly in my Riley whilst problems with the LG's block were being finally resolved (thank you again, Peter Whenman). London to Lisbon was a great rally, cunningly and expertly designed and highly demanding on car, driver and, particularly, navigator.

London to Lisbon also incorporated a Touring rally, which the participants found a great event in itself. Several pre-war cars completed it and we travelled back to Bilbao using many of the sections of their route down. These were outstandingly beautiful and it was great to have some time to enjoy and relish the magnificent countryside.

I had never intended to go rallying. Richard Mann is the one to be blamed, or more honestly to be thanked. Reading his account of the Megeve-Simplon rally in the magazine some four years ago, just after I had acquired my car, set my imagination off. If you had said then that we would be standing alongside the Team Car in Lisbon, let alone with the result, the experience, new friendships and a fantastic sense of achievement and satisfaction, I quite simply would not have believed it.





Roy's car en-route to Arganil in southern Portugal.



Kilometres of hairpins.

Photos: John Brown

Classic Reflections

Tony May reports on some classic racing

THE SHEER VARIETY of entrants taking part in classic and historic sports/touring car events in this country seems to grow season by season. The signs are that the specialist one-make clubs are beginning to field substantial entries for these categories of racing and as a result are enjoying a much higher profile than hitherto. For spectators this is good news indeed.

Brands Hatch for example hosted a number of such events during 2000 including the perennially popular Aston Martin Owners' Club Weekend last July. This meeting produced a splendid turnout of Astons of both Feltham and Newport Pagnell provenance. There was a strong supporting cast which included Ferraris, Jaguars, TRs, Porsches and the like which together created a crowd-pleasing two-day event.

Brands was also the scene of the 'CSMA Classic Festival' Weekend earlier in the year. A whole range of classic and historic saloons, post-historic touring cars, Classic Formula Ford 2000 and 1600 took part in eleven races over the two days. The length of races varied between 15 lap dashes and a one-hour, two-driver event where the driver changeovers created lots of pit excitement for the spectators (and the mechanics!). During the intervals the racing was supported by both aerial and track displays - Jaguars in the skies as well as on the ground. Over the Sunday lunchbreak demonstrations of stunt driving by the expert Russ Swift and two colleagues in three Minis enthralled the watching spectators. On the menu were manoeuvres reprising the 'Italian Job' and these were certainly not recommended for duplicating on public roads!

No wonder this weekend attracted large crowds who flocked to the Indy

circuit on both days.

Brands Hatch Leisure Group offers a full programme of events during the season at all of its circuits - Brands, Cadwell Park, Oulton Park, and Snetterton - not only for cars but motor bikes as well. A call to 0870 60 60 611 will provide details of what's on and where.

Not to be left out of the season's activities, the AC Owners' Club attracted a very high quality entry for its Autumn Sprint meeting at the historic Goodwood circuit on a day blessed by miraculously good weather following a prolonged period of heavy rain. Competitors arrived in a mouth-watering selection of sports/racing cars to put up some very respectable lap times and it was encouraging to see the Lagonda marque well represented by stalwarts such as our Secretary Colin Bugler in his familiar Rapier (best time 131.62), also Alan Elliott - sharing drives with his son in in their Lagonda 2-litre. Appearances too by the Rapier of E. Fletcher and P. Blenk's supercharged 2-litre - commendable Lagonda performances all round. The Heavy Metal was out in force in the uncompromising shape of Stanley Mann's 8 - litre Bentley supported by an immaculate Invicta 4½, a Jaguar D-type, a splendid Cooper-Bristol (which soon had the photographic buffs gathering round), and very much at home on this circuit of course, a Lister 'Knobbly'. As befits the hosting club there was a substantial entry of delectable Aces and Acecas with muscular Cobras all competing strongly for Club honours. A Mark IV Cobra returned FTD with a scorching 87.52 lap. A splendid day for all concerned.

Let us hope that we have a long, dry summer this year in order to enjoy fully the season's events as they unfold.



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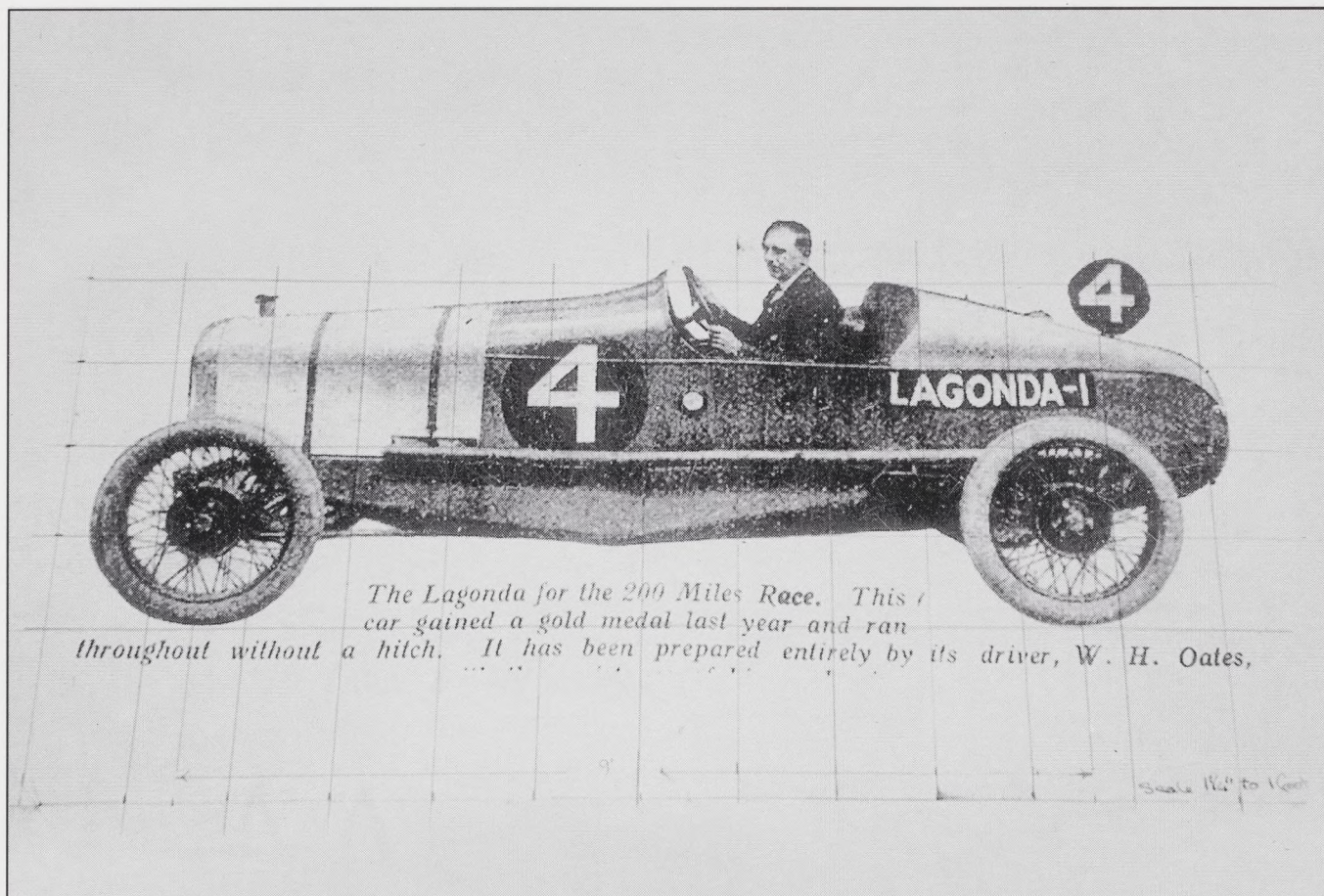


Photo No. 1, scaling up a picture of the racer.

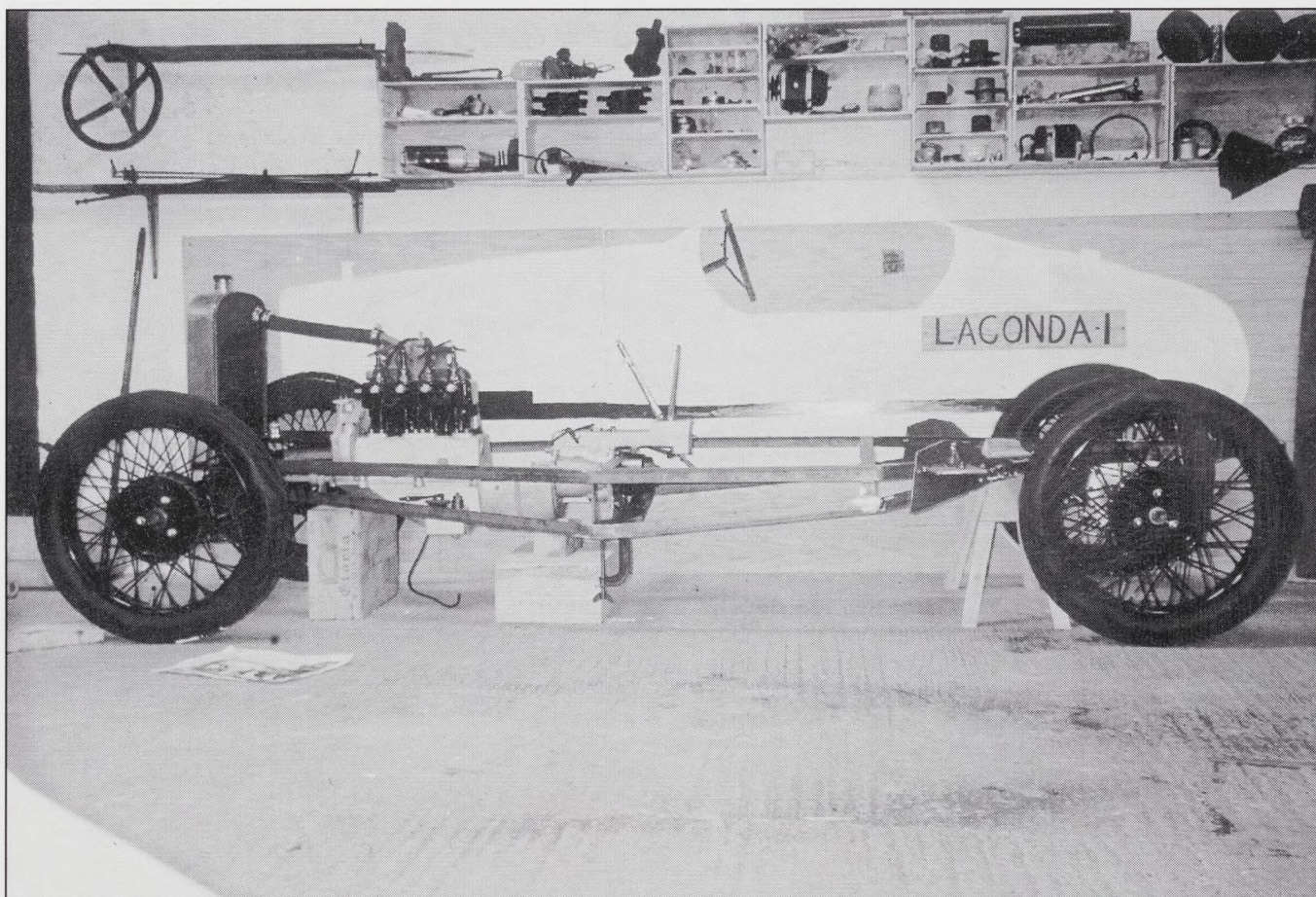


Photo No. 2, the chassis lined up with the full scale outline on the wall.

Lagonda Reproduction 1921 Racing Car Part III

Jeremy Oates continues with his Heroic Re-creation

FOR OUR YOUNGER readers. It was decided in 1996 to try and reproduce one of the two cars that raced successfully in the Brooklands 200-mile race in 1921 and again with a single car in 1922.

It was felt that the chassis (4 pieces of 1.5" angle iron) was probably similar to the production cars. We duly found and were lent a 1922 Doctor's Coupe to copy. Meanwhile various people kindly donated or parted with several engines, two axles and multiple gearboxes.

By Spring of 1999, John Scholey, with minimal assistance from me, had heated and bent the chassis 'rails' to the exact shape of the loaned car and we were able to mount the engine, gearbox, torque tube, front and rear axles roughly in place - it really did all look very professional.

In the interests of authenticity I then scaled up one of the best contemporary photographs and painted the silhouette onto the garage wall - see photo No. 1.

Placing the components in front of the scaled up drawing we noticed a fatal flaw - Bill Hamilton or Captain Oates needed arms 5' 3" long to reach the gear level. See photo No.2. A check with Arnold Davey would no doubt have given us their respective shirt collar sizes as well as sleeve length but we didn't bother to call him.

Looking at the pictures again and Photo No.3 it is apparent that the engine had to be moved back about 9.25" for the exhaust ports to line up.

Lagonda Repro Racing 1996 had a fatal finance meeting at 8.00am on 9th October 2000 with a view to sanctioning the Mark II chassis. Finance Director Margaret Oates rejected the additional expense and requested new curtains for the front room.

Production Director Jeremy Oates stormed out of the meeting and, without authority, purchased four 8 x 1.5" x 1.5" lengths of angle iron - cost £5.00 each + VAT thus saving the project. Using Ross Formhall, a man more used to building and racing JAP engined motorcycles, we threw conventional building procedures to the winds, cut the iron where necessary and cold bent and welded it back together. As the chassis now bears little relationship to the original we added 2 feet to the back and brought it to a point, which was probably how the original had been produced.

The torque tube and propeller shaft now had to be shortened, a process way beyond my ability and again Ross and his brother Terry undertook this task. Now, with everything again roughly in place, you can see photo no. 5 that the driver can now at least reach the controls.

The rear hanger for the springs had to be remade, as the angle created by the pointed tail was too great for the standard ones. Stephen Lawrence kindly lent us the transmission brake from his 1913 car and we were able to copy it.

Endless study of the engine photographed in the 1922 car shows various differences from the standard engine. The inlet valves are bunched into pairs on the racing car, presumably to help enlarge them, and the spark plug holes have also been moved into line. We are not able to recast a head and anyway don't know exactly what they did. However we do know that the new exhaust manifold needed different studs to attach it to the side of the head once we had ground off the raised parts for the original exhaust.

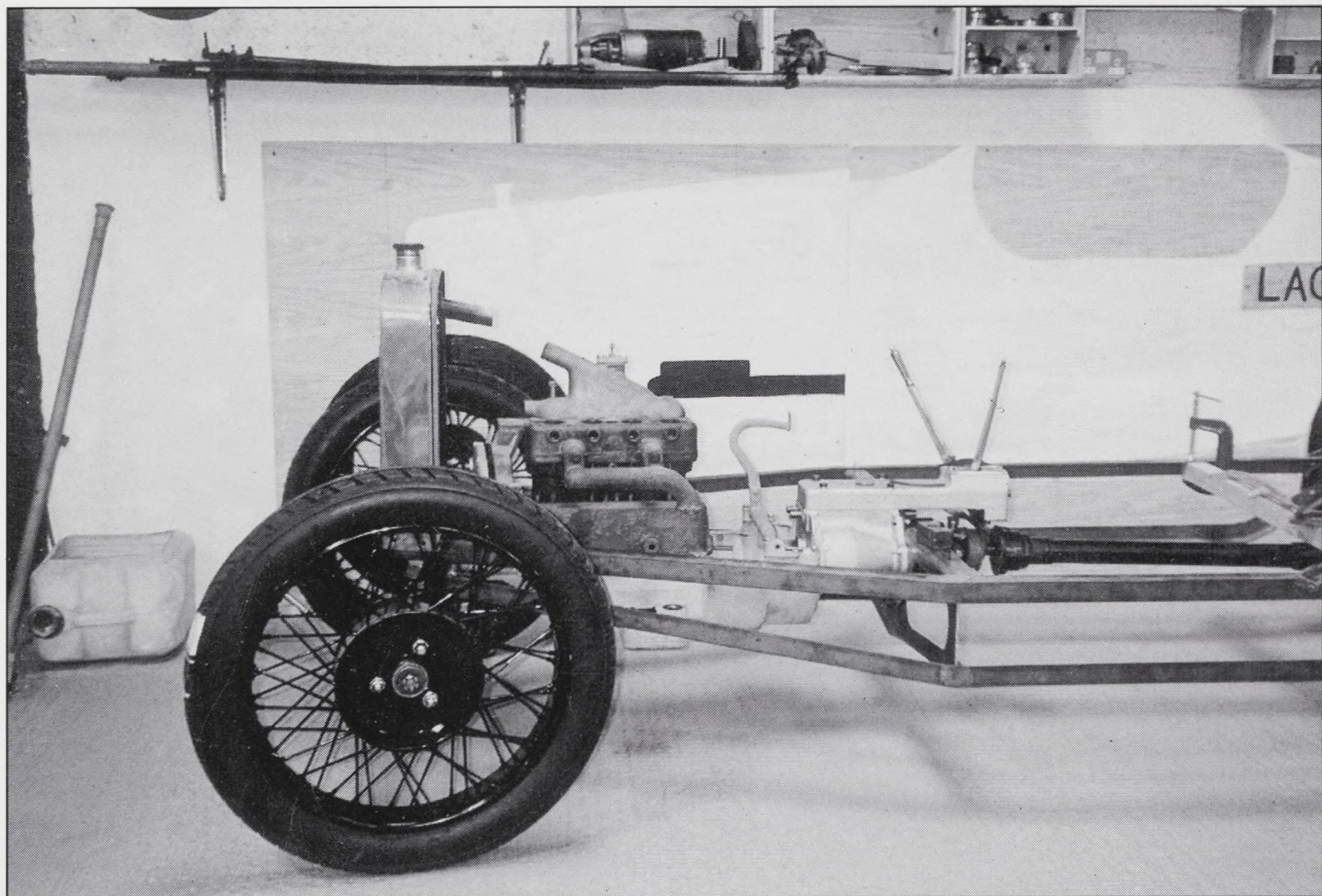
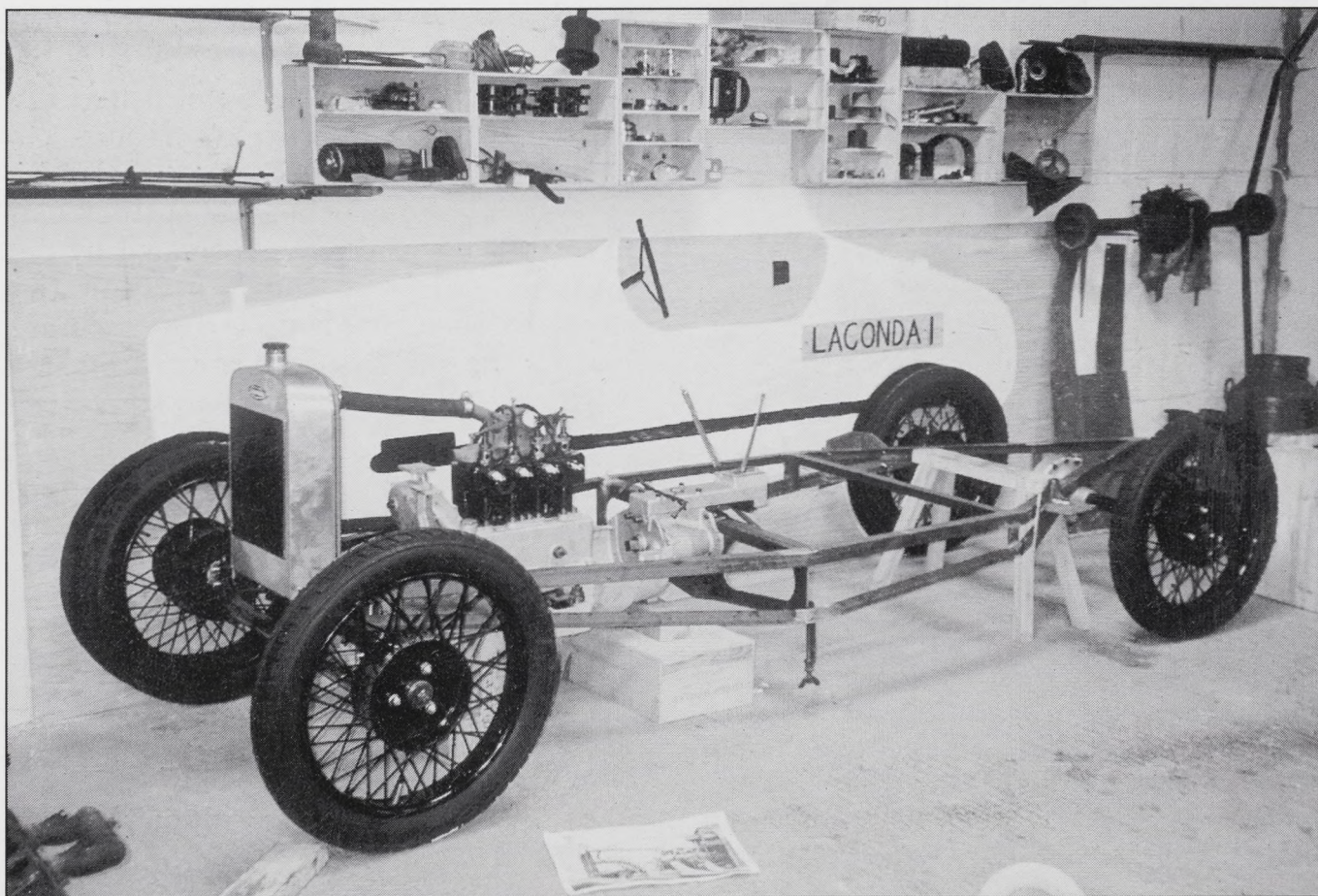


Photo No. 3, the black outline on the wall shows where the exhaust should appear.

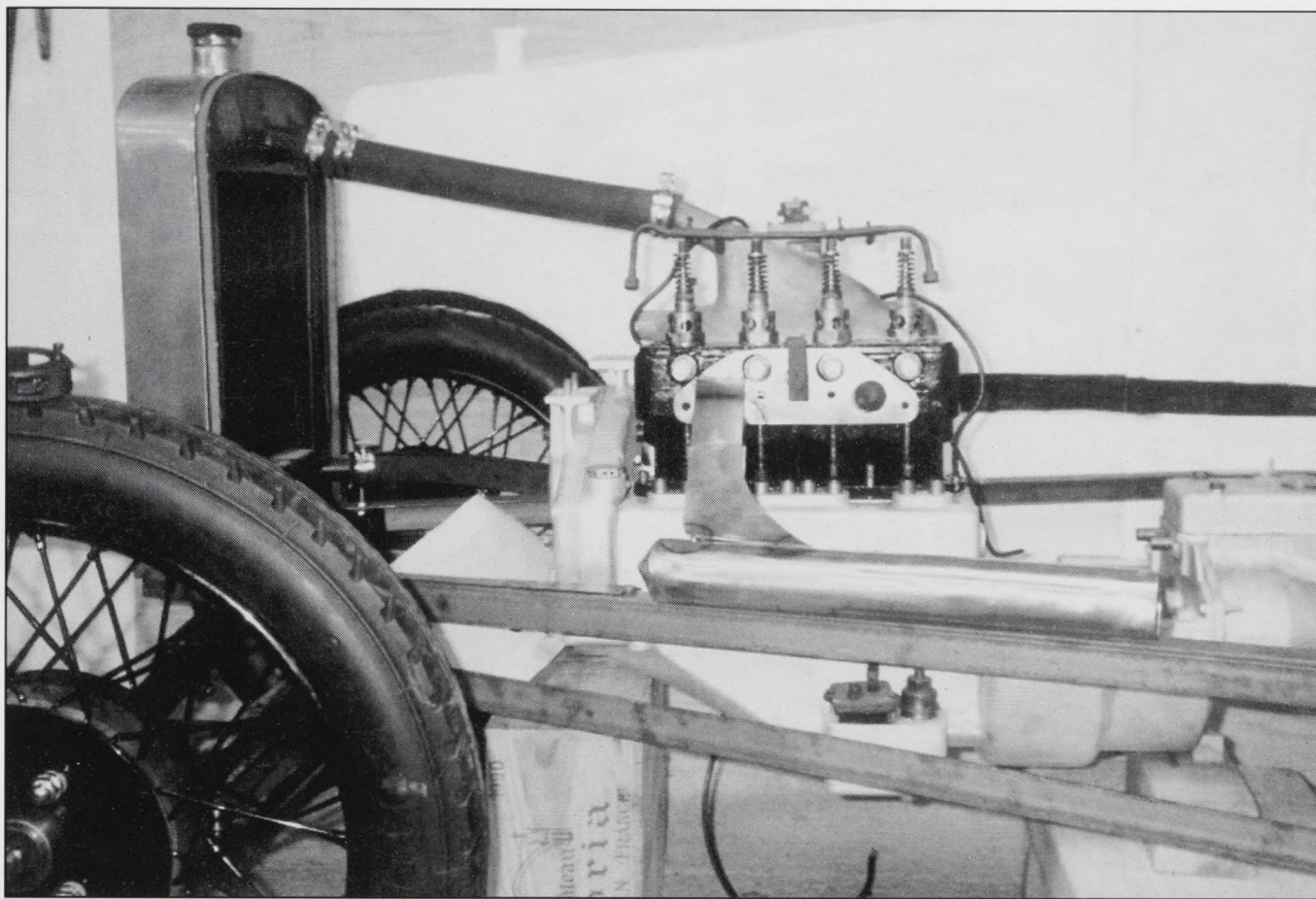


The second attempt at chassis building puts everything in the right place.

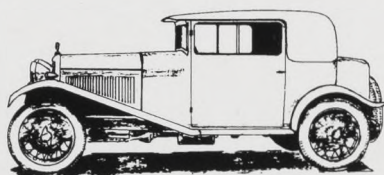
Again looking at the only known contemporary picture of the racing engine, there appears to be a plate fitted to the side of the head and the new exhaust manifold is attached to this. Ross fabricated a copy of the exhaust manifold and you can see the half-finished version in the final photograph. Currently two engines are being rebuilt, one by John Scholey and the other by Terry Formhall.

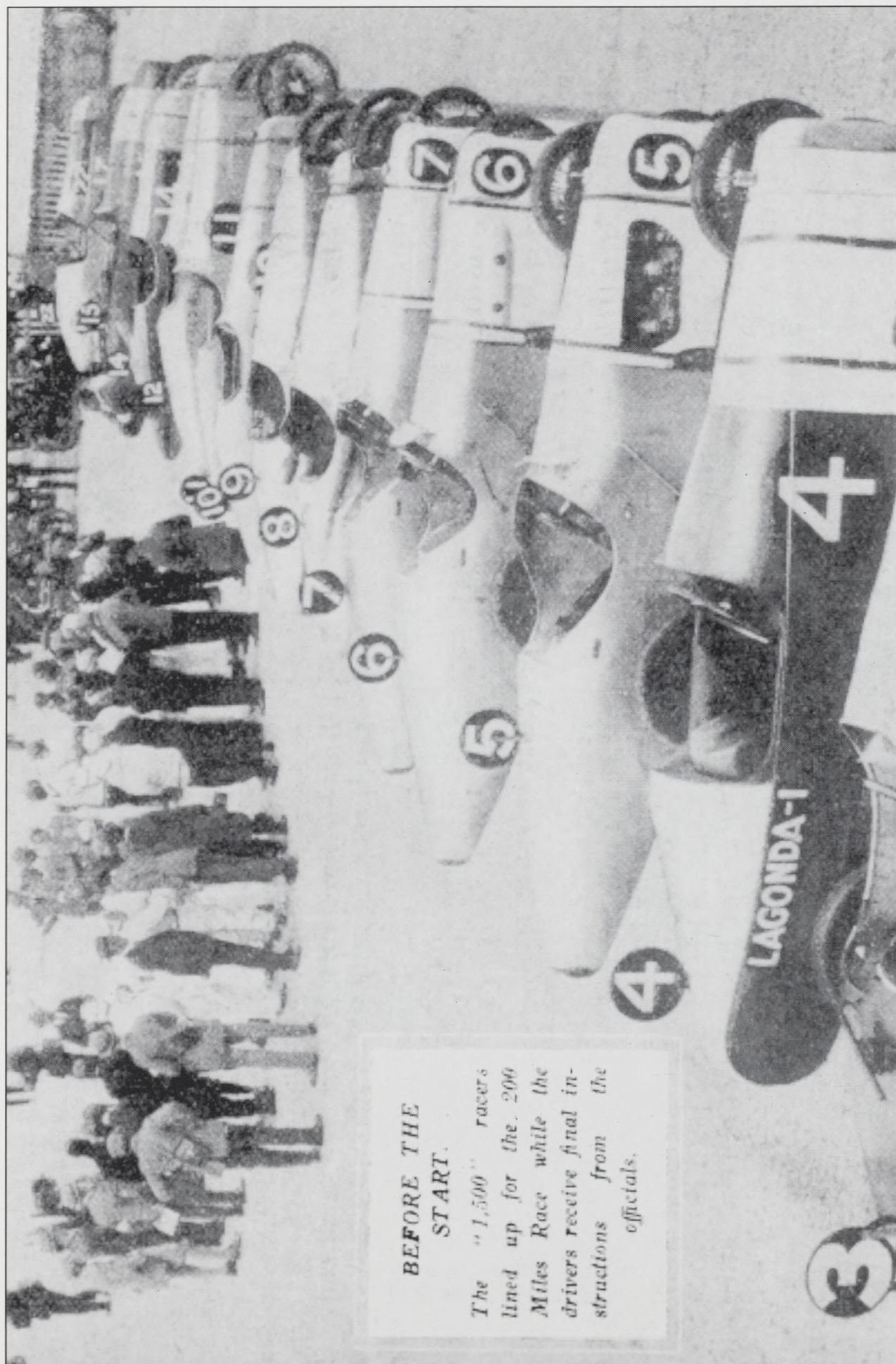
We have not found anyone able to

identify the carb shown in the 1922 picture. The experts all say not Triple Diffuser Zenith and not Claude-Hobson. However, after the 1921 race, Zenith placed an advertisement in Autocar saying that 6 out of 8 Gold Medallists used Zenith Triple Diffusers, so if we can find one we might well fit it, after all there is no picture of the 1921 engine! Currently we have attached a small side draft Zenith of the correct period, but remain open to suggestions!



Starting to shape the exhaust manifold. No trouble with excess back pressure with pipes that size.





**BEFORE THE
START.**

The "1,500" racers
lined up for the 200
Miles Race while the
drivers receive final in-
structions from the
officials.

This is from "The Autocar" and shows the Lagonda racer in its prime.

Letters

Dear Ken,

I was pleased to see the photograph in the Autumn Magazine, of my Lagonda V.12. Rapide Coupe, taken at Aldermaston during the AGM in September.

The modern Marchal headlamps were fitted in the fifties by Mike Allison of Halfway Garage, Padworth, halfway between Reading and Newbury on the A.4. Bath Road.

The work included modifications to the front wings and valance, and also included repositioning the side lamps. The support for the front wings, required due to the removal of the radiator tie bar, was provided by massive steel fabrications.

All the workmanship was carried out to a very high standard. Sadly the garage has now disappeared, and I understand that the site has been levelled.

Mike also referred to as Commander Allison, owned the V.12 from 1953 until 1962.

During that period the car was re-registered with a current number 840 AJB.

In 1962 Mr Robert McAlpine purchased the V.12. from Halfway Garage, he soon afterwards instructed Meads of Maidenhead, the local Rolls Royce dealer to change the colour from Light Burgundy to Light Metallic Blue, a standard Rolls Royce shade. The brown interior became red and the fawn hood and cover was replaced with a rather unpleasant blue P.V.C. material.

I serviced the Lagonda for Mr McAlpine until he was compelled to part with the car due to health reasons in 1967. After considerable negotiations I purchased the V.12, a car which I had always admired, although lacking

originality without the Lucas P100 headlamps. Mike Allison estimated a maximum speed increase of 10mph due to the reduction of wind resistance, at that time he considered his modification to be an improvement, in line with current Bentley models.

I was very fortunate to be able to recover the original number FLO 727 from the DVLC with much help from Arnold Davey.

Davies Motors were not involved in the headlamp replacement. I also serviced an LG6 D.H.C. with similar headlamp modifications, this Lagonda FMA 723 was then owned by Mr F.E.G. Keen in 1962. Since then the car has disappeared from Club Records.

Best Wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Maurice Leo

Thank you Maurice, it is good to get the definitive history of a car from the one who knows best! I am delighted to correct the errors I included in the captions to the pictures of your lovely car.

K.P.P.

Dear Ken,

If anyone ever asks, yes I would like to keep the colour magazines rather than reverting to the cheaper versions. And what a great magazine it is, although I do share the views of some that more technical articles would be welcome. David Hine's on the V12 engine was a masterpiece.

Not being one to say 'more articles' and leave it to others, I enclose something that you and others may find of interest. More to come if you are interested!

Regards,

Michael Drakeford

Rest assured, the magazine will continue to use colour, the Board approved this some time ago and it was reported in the Newsletter. It is editorial policy to aim for as wide a mix as possible of articles in each issue, but 'date sensitive' items, such as reports of events are given priority, so that you can read about them soon after the event. A small supply of new technical articles is held for future publication, but more will always be welcome.

K.P.P.

Dear Ken,

Referring to Tony Loch's letter, I would like to voice a contrary opinion. We need a blend of all sorts of articles. To some extent, I am a trifle sated with details of overseas trips with quaffing bubbly by the dozen. Nevertheless, I do accept that this is what lots of members enjoy these days. Also that you will never please all the people all the time.

As far as articles are concerned, I do miss accounts of the Lagonda races at BDC Silverstone and the awarding of trophies.

Best wishes,

Yours sincerely

Ron Gee

Dear Ken,

Because you already know that it will be impossible to please all readers, I also make a statement on "Technical Topics":

Some of the articles on technical matters are, to those members not living in the U.K., more interesting than the reporting on all sorts of events.

Reasons are obvious. We cannot exchange experiences so often while looking under a bonnet at the same time. It is not nice to publish a workshop manual, but limit the subjects to practical solutions to common problems, or to improvements. It will help those that try to maintain and repair their cars themselves and are not in a position to come over with their cars frequently. In short: I will certainly welcome initiatives as proposed by Tony Loch. But, even shorter: I do enjoy the magazine.

Yours

Peter C Bloemendaal

Dear Ken,

The advertisement in the latest VSCC Bulletin by Royle & Co has apparently rewritten the derivation of the name "Lagonda". It refers to "2 Lagonda" (sic). Those members with a Classical education will immediately agree that this must be the plural, the singular being a Lagondum, presumably being declined like bellum (every schoolboy's favourite Latin noun meaning war - the plurals being pronounced blar,blar,blar, etc.). Similarly classical motoring names might include Invicta (unconquerable female), Minerva (goddess of wisdom); naturally, these cars' radiators specify topping up with Aquae Sulis and perhaps Clyno is the dative of Clynus (as in dominus) which sounds positively hermaphroditic. It may be pushing the point, however, to suggest that the plural of Leyland is Leylandii; but undoubtedly more than one Alvis would be Alvitides, being declined, of course, like clitoris.

Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

Laureatus Anas Mas (D25)

*You learn something new every day as Editor!
I can't recall declining clitoris before. K.P.P.*

Dear Ken,

May I take this opportunity to make a correction to the article that appeared in the last magazine about the Ards TT Race? An error crept in about the identification of the Riley Nine and its driver. It is, of course, Ian MacDonald and not, as stated in the text, A V Wilkinson. MacDonald lasted at least 15 laps and is recorded as having retired after "ramming the pit counter".

Apologies for the confusion.

Yours

Martin Whitehead

Dear Sir,

I have recently acquired a 1938 Lagonda V12 Rapide Coupe. The car is in a terrible state, but complete. On making enquiries about the car, I got in touch with Mr Peter Whenman of Vintage Coachworks who advised me to contact the club.

I am 27 years old and have never owned or driven a car like the V12 (I did ride in an M45 once as a child). My car was originally owned by the Maharajah of Jodhpur and has just over 18000 miles on the clock, unfortunately the sad state of the car is because of its previous owner, when the car was unloaded from the truck it was transported to Delhi in, I was very keen to drive it, but just as a precaution (& curiosity) I turned the engine over by hand and was delighted when it turned freely, but was shattered when I opened the distributor caps and saw that the rotors were not turning, Mr Whenman informs me that this is most likely because of stripped half time gears...ouch????!!

Today I took the sump off and what do I find.....CLAY!!! it was actually oil some decades ago but today it looked and had the viscosity of clay.. I don't think anyone remembers when the car last saw an oil change, and this in a car that has not one, but two oil fillers (on the crankcase on the left and on the right tappet cover, why?.. you tell me!) and if you are already shocked at the treatment meted out to this car, wait, there is more...the petrol pipe to the carburetors does not lead to the tank, it goes to a bloody five litre plastic bottle hidden behind the seat!!! I really don't know why the previous owner bothered owning the Lagonda at all if he was so worried about high petrol prices.

The rubber engine mountings have disintegrated and as a result the front aluminium mounting has cracked because of vibration. I'm sure I'll find more faults as I go along, and unfortunately most of this damage to the car could have been avoided if she had a more sympathetic owner.

However.... the engine was definitely running till the beginning of September 2000 because I saw it then, (the heat shields were in place so everything looked ok in a visual inspection) the previous owner told me that it was running till the time just before the car was loaded into a truck in Ahmedabad, he washed it and it didn't restart, at that time I thought it was because of water getting into the distributors, but now I don't think he was telling the whole truth.

Now, the situation is... I own a car I always dreamed of owning but I can't drive it

and I would like to join the club so I can get to know my car better and undo the wrongs committed on it . Please inform me of the membership fees and the prices for club regalia etc. and if the club has any manuals and other literature, parts for sale for the V12 Lagonda. I especially need a workshop manual because there are no specialists here in India for this type of car, and those who claim to be, are basically quacks working on the principles of hit and miss.... something I cannot afford.

Please inform me by regular airmail because I will need to show my bank your letter in order for them to release foreign exchange for remittance (we are still a largely closed economy).

I would also like to know if you have any information on my car, the details are:

Lagonda V12 Rapide Coupe 1938

Engine No.:14096

Chassis No.:14096

Previous owners as far as I know:

1-The Maharajah of Jodhpur

2-Mr Krit Chandra Nath

and then his son Monik

The car is currently finished in black over red paintwork with REXENE upholstery in the same colours, and a grey PAINTED dashboard with a black painted glovebox lid. Is it possible for the club to tell me how this car was originally finished, because I don't think Lagondas came with Rexene upholstery and brush painted dashboards in synthetic enamel !!!

How many V12 Rapides were made and how many are known to exist today?

I would also like to thank you for being so patient in reading this e-mail

yours sincerely,

Awini Ambuj Shanker

P.S My other cars are nothing as exotic as the Lagonda, (the Lagonda is a wedding gift from my parents) but I love them too, they are:

1927 Austin 12/4 two seater and dickey, in parts

1930 Studebaker Commander, 4-Litre Six tourer, My Great-grandfather's car currently being repainted.

1946 MG TC Midget, restoration project

1966 VW Karmann-Ghia coupe, my father's

car & my daily driver through College between 1991-1994, just been repainted and reupholstered.

Our Secretary has already responded to this and we hope that Mr Shanker will become a member very soon.
K.P.P.

Hello, Clive,

The Sheffield pewter tankard arrived safely and again I must express my appreciation for the thoughtfulness of the club Board members. The "Good Samaritan" words engraved on it is particularly appreciated for various personal reasons but here's a bit of information that makes the words so appropriate:

After removing the engine from my M45 and shipping it overnight airfreight from Anchorage to Seattle, I contacted a Seattle trucking firm and hired a truck and driver to carry the engine north into Canada. When the driver arrived at the US-Canadian border, the US customs let the truck through but the Canadian Customs supervisor insisted that duty be paid on the engine. After the driver called me and explained the situation, I called the Customs supervisor and explained in detail that the engine was going to be "temporarily" in Canada and would be coming back into the States within two days installed in one of the 'Round the World' rally vehicles. No, he replied, duty must be paid....and at the moment he didn't know how much! He would have to

find out from some authority during the day and that I should call back later.

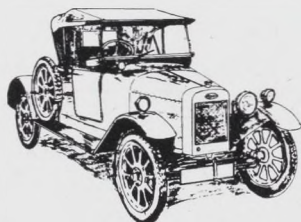
I then telephoned the American Customs Office which was only a few yards away and discussed the matter with a very understanding official. He suggested that I wait 15 minutes and call the Canadian Customs Office back again and talk to the supervisor coming on the next shift. I did so and had a very nice conversation with a lady supervisor in which I emphasized that I was trying to be a "Good Samaritan" in aiding the rally participants. She advised that she had been told by the previous supervisor that duty had to be paid. After a few "pleasantries", I stated once again that this was simply a "Good Samaritan" act. She said that she understood the situation and that I should call back to the American Customs nearby (where the truck driver was awaiting further directions from me) and tell the truck driver to drive straight through the Canadian Customs gate.... don't stop.....keep going!

And that's just what happened. The next message I received from the driver was that the engine arrived at the Prince George Hotel about the same time that the disabled Lagonda arrived on the back of a flat bed truck down from Ross River in the north!

The sequel is that Christopher Claridge-Ware's M45 was shipped into Canada from England last month with my engine "smuggled" into Canada again!

All the best,

Harry Robinson



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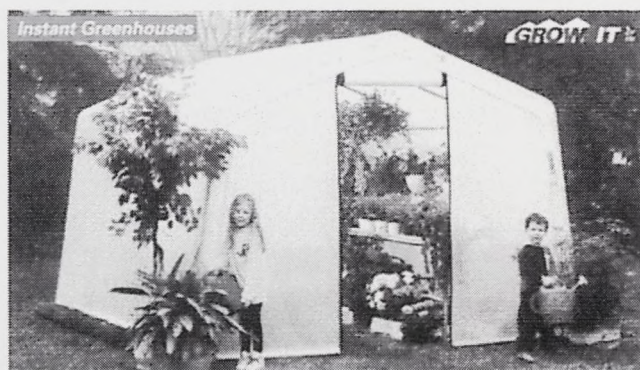
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