

THE *Lagonda*



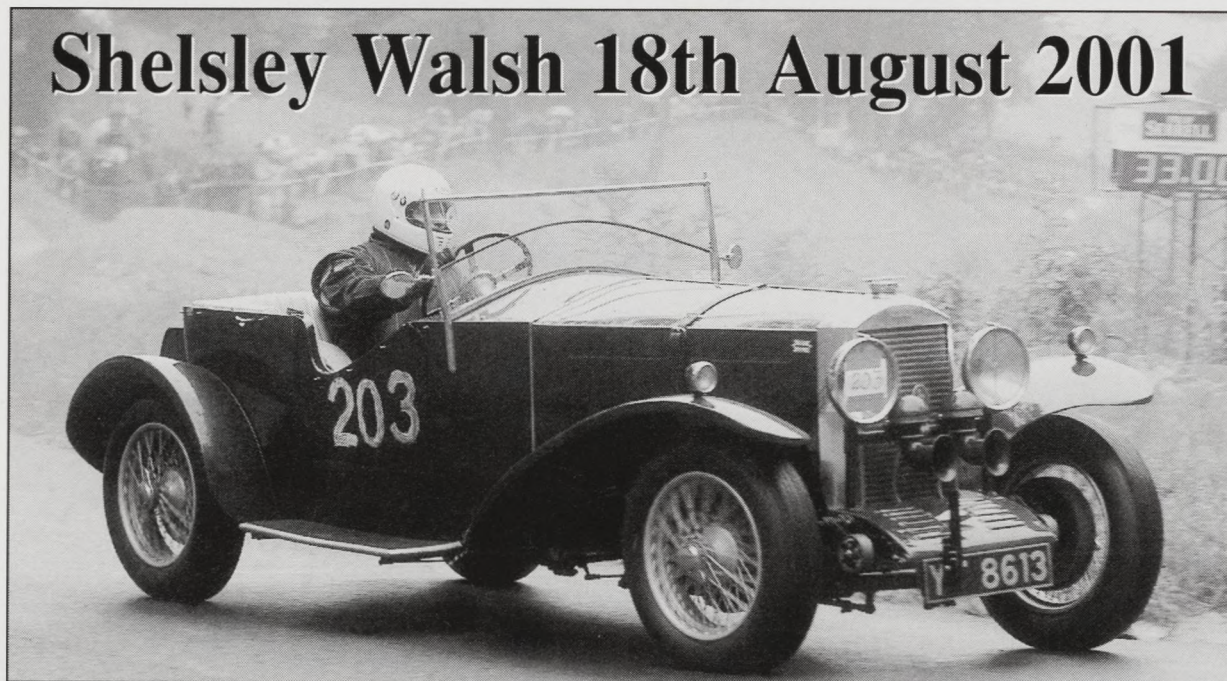
THE MAGAZINE OF THE
LAGONDA CLUB

Number 193

Summer 2002

Congratulations to Trevor Swete and his Invicta

Shelsley Walsh 18th August 2001



Winner Bill Phillips Trophy
Winner Thoroughbred Trophy
Ford Trophy 3rd

Prescott Hill Climb 1st Overall Class 6 Time 49.40
Shelsley Walsh VSCC & MCC 1st Overall Class 6 Time 50.83

VSCC quote *"Trevor Swete's Invicta was almost indecently quick!"*

Trevor quotes very inaccurately and far too modestly:-
The car is always referred to as "extremely well prepared" never "very well driven!"
sole credit to Derek and his team at Cedar . . . I'm afraid.

We are delighted to have been able to assist Trevor over the years and wish him similar success for the New Season.

Why not let us wave our wand over **your** Meadows engine?

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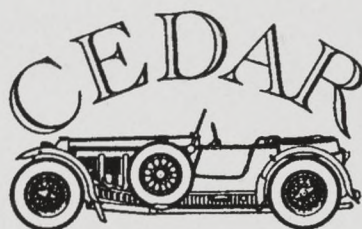
1931 Invicta S48 The ex Donald Healey Monte Carlo winning car.
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THE LAGONDA CLUB LIST OF OFFICERS 2002

e-mail: lagclub@totalise.co.uk

Web Site:

<http://www.lagonda-club.com/>

President: D. R. Hine

Vice Presidents:

A. Davey, A. W. May, H. L. Schofield

Chairman: Clive Dalton

e-mail: caminsitu@aol.com

Hon Secretary:

Colin Bugler, Wintney House, London Road,
Hartley Wintney, Hants, RG27 8RN

Tel/Fax: 01252 845451

e-mail: lagclub@totalise.co.uk

Hon Company Secretary:

Brigadier Stephen Matthews, Whitehall Farm,
Whitehall Drive, Arborfield, Reading RG2 9NE

Tel/Fax: 0118 976 1307

e-mail: calleva@btinternet.com

Hon Communications Officer:

John Stoneman, 21 Main Street, Little Thetford, Ely,

Cambs. CB6 3HA. Tel: 01353 649494

e-mail: john.stoneman@btinternet.com

Hon Competition Secretary:

Nick Hine, "Poppycorn", 30 Millcroft Way,
Handsacre, Nr Rugeley, Staffs WS15 4TE

Tel: 01543 492822

e-mail: nickhine@aol.com

Hon Registrar & Newsletter Editor:

Arnold Davey, 86 The Walk, Potters Bar, Herts. EN6
1QF. Tel: 01707 651302.

The Spares Service:

Alan Hancock, The Old Mill House, Horsted Keynes,
West Sussex, RH17 7AZ

Tel/Fax: 01825 791526

e-mail: lagondaspares@onetel.net.uk

Hon Editor:

Ken Painter, Church Farm Cottage, The Street,
Rickingham, Diss, IP22 1EQ.

Tel/Fax: 01379 890653

e-mail: kenpainter@expertise333.freemove.co.uk

Events Finance Officer:

Michael Drakeford, Hillcrest, 21 Abbotswood,
Guildford, Surrey GU1 1UX

Tel: 01483 567291 Fax: 01483 564734

e-mail: michaelwdrakeford@hotmail.com

Other Committee Members:

John Batt, Reynard House, 49 Ampthill Road,
Maulden, Beds MK45 2DH Tel/Fax: 01525 402935

Kevin Lloyd-Bisley, St. Margarets Cottage,
Woodlands Lane, Windlesham, Surrey, GU20 6AS.

Tel: 01276 452723

e-mail: kevin@excel5.freemove.co.uk



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FRONT COVER

P G Gardner's M45R at the new meeting at the Cricketer's Arms, Wisborough Green, *see the article on page 18.*

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USA Representative:

Rudy Wood-Muller, P.O. Box 403, 51 Bill Hill Road,
Old Lyme, CT 06371, USA

Tel: 001 860 434 1996

e-mail: lagondausa@aol.com

Netherlands and Belgium Representative:

J. J. Dolleman, Prenssekade 1 2312 DA Lieden,
The Netherlands

Tel: (+31) 715 123918 Fax: (+31) 715 145922

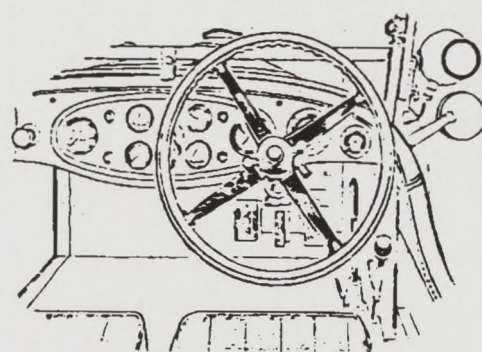
From the Driving Seat

by Ken Painter

AH ME. IT'S A HARD OLD LIFE! I regret to report that nothing has been done to my 2 litre in the last four months because other vehicles in the family fleet have demanded their share of attention. I promise to do better, but don't hold your breath! Does anyone out there know why a Volvo 7 Series won't start when it is hot? It has defeated half a dozen marque experts so far!

But back to more important matters. There are lots of events to report on this quarter, more "history" from the typewriter of our Registrar and Archivist – or is it? There are lots of superb period pictures once more – and we have yet to raid the Club's archives, since these have not been published previously. Last, but not least, there is no shortage of technical material to help keep our cars on the road. In fact, several articles have been held over for future issues, but don't let that stop you from submitting more.

More and more of our members are now choosing to submit their contributions by e-mail, on floppy disc, or even by Fax, but a good number still arrive in typescript, or even in handwritten form. For those who submit their masterpiece in anything other than handwriting, may I make a suggestion? We are now long past the bad old days when it was essential for copy to be double-spaced so that the typesetter could read it more easily, so please submit all printed text in single spacing, with no spaces between paragraphs, just a normal indent – like the way this editorial is printed in fact! Don't bother to use the fancy fonts in your computer memory, the editorial machine has over



100 different fonts in its memory, but if you select the one it doesn't have it can cause problems. E-mails or material on floppy disc are down-loaded straight onto the computer's hard disc and printed text or faxes are scanned in. The old fax machine used heat sensitive paper and scanning those resulted in some hilarious mis-readings by the computer, so the Board invested in a plain paper fax machine for yours truly and these scan beautifully. Only handwritten copy requires me to type it into the computer and the odd item I receive this way is no problem at all if your writing is reasonable, especially if all proper names or unusual words are printed in capitals.

Our printing process really requires all pictures to be scanned at 300 dots per inch, so if you try to send photographs by e-mail, please remember this. Anything less can cause a serious drop in quality. It is difficult to ensure good reproduction from photographs scanned into a computer and then printed on anything other than photo quality paper, so we try to avoid these. Modern laser copies of photographs usually print well, but if you have a precious picture it is simple for me to scan it into the computer and then to return your original the same day. All you have to do is ask.

Do remember that, unless you indicate otherwise, photographs are passed to Arnold Davey for inclusion in the Club archives, if you want to have them returned to you, then please tell me. It is helpful if you put your name and address on all pictures, but make sure the ink is dry before you pack them

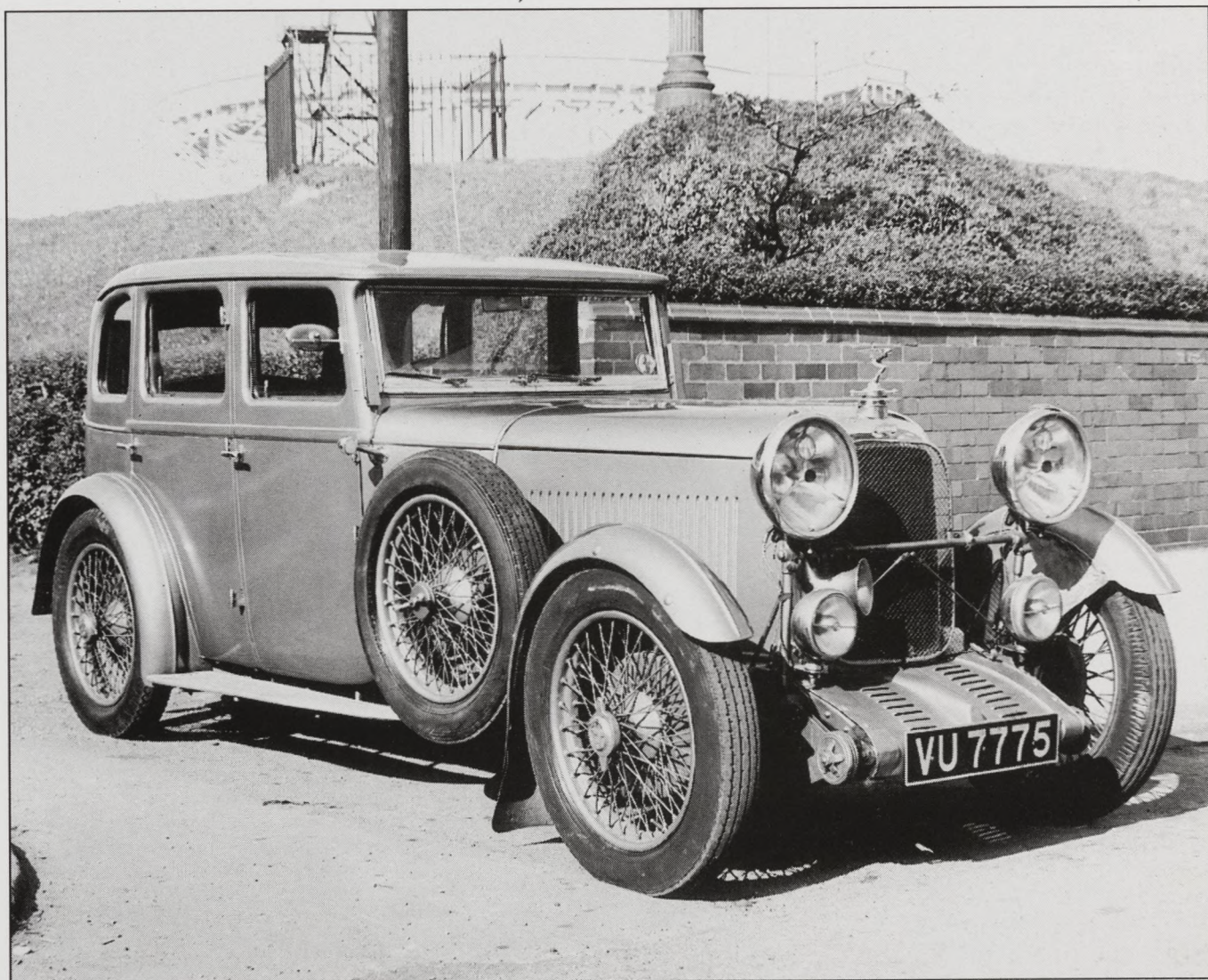
and send them to me, modern photo papers are plasticised and less absorbent than days of yore, so damp ink can be spread all over your pictures if you are not careful.

Finally, your editor simply prepares

the magazine for printing, he does not post it to you, nor does he maintain the address lists. That task is handled very efficiently by our Secretarial duo at Hartley Wintney.



***LAST DATE FOR COPY FOR THE AUTUMN MAGAZINE IS
... FRIDAY 27TH SEPTEMBER 2002 ...***



Another splendid period picture of a low chassis 2 litre from the albums of CA Hartridge. We are not sure when this was taken.

That Dreaded Shimmy

Roger Firth thinks he has the answer

FOR MANY YEARS the question of the dreaded shimmy has been discussed, this is not only relevant to the Lagonda but also many other marques including Bentley, Vauxhall 30-98 etc. During the last debate on this matter, in The Magazine Number 179, I expressed my opinion of what was the cause of the problem, and as I did say, the fitting of shock absorbers, tightening of the drag link or track rod ends was not really the answer and I have no reservations about sticking to this theory.

Some people on the Alpine Rally may remember that at times I was having some difficulty with the steering on my M 45 Tourer and therefore following the rally I had professionally adjusted the track, this was toeing in some 1/4 of an inch, and was adjusted parallel, this considerably improved matters, even though it still felt a little twitchy, but I was of the opinion that the adjustments had worked to a certain extent, and therefore to leave well alone.

Now, having persevered with my home made tracking bar for many years, and whilst it was a struggle to get things correct, I had assumed that all was well, clearly this was not the case. I have acquired a more modern tracking bar which now tells a rather different story to that of my home made device.

In tracking a rear wheel driven car, the wheels should toe in so that when you are in drive, this then takes up any slack in the steering joints if you have any, and the wheels in theory should then run parallel. With front wheel driven cars, the track should toe out, so that when you are in drive, this again takes up any slack in the steering joints and the wheels should run parallel.

Having put my M 45 Saloon in the workshop ready for the Northern Dinner

at Monk Fryston and not having any reason to suspect that the tracking was out as it had quite good even tyre wear, and was as stable as any other car I had driven, I thought, yes, I will try out my new machine and see what the setting is. I found that it was toeing out by around 1/8 of an inch, so I adjusted this to 1/4 toeing in, and on setting out for Monk Fryston I did around 200 yards and the car was all over the place, and dancing the polka at any opportunity, so I returned to the workshop, on with the dirty clothes put the track back to where it previously was, and the car was back to normal, and we still made Monk Fryston for lunch.

It goes without saying that my Tourer is now toeing out, and matters are resolved.

Wishing to put this to a further test, a 3 litre which had some work done on the steering and was set to toe out some 5/32 of an inch then developed the dreaded shimmy to which it had not previously suffered, so I adjusted this to some 1/8 of an inch toe out, and the problem was solved.

Whilst one of our Northern Members who has read many books to try to solve this problem is rather scathing of this method, I am still waiting for him to come up with the answer. If any tyre wear is present, then I am of the opinion that it will be negligible, and whatever, far cheaper than replacing loose rivets etc which will be inevitable if the possibility of shimmy is not eliminated.

I have clearly found some way of addressing the problem, and if anyone else is minded to try this and it works, then we appear to have solved the problem, if it works with you, please let me know.

A Fete Worse Than Death

More unreliable history from the founder member

By Arnold Davey

WE HAD TO MOVE our regular monthly meetings away from the "Swan & Filofax" as it was taken over by the Pillock Corporation, who turned it into a Theme pub called "The Bar-X". All the barmaids had to wear spurs and stetsons and shout "Yeeha" when they took your order. So we moved to the other end of the village to the "Rat and Handbag", where the landlord actually welcomed us, even if most of the members made a pint last all evening, lest they be breathalysed.

It was inevitable we should lose a few regulars who mislaid, or didn't read, the notice of the change. Our Founder Member was one of them, not that he didn't read the notice, it was just that he forgot he had and went to the usual place by force of habit. After a couple of months of this, he rang me one night to ask why he was now the only member going to the pub meet. I put him right and the next month he was there as usual.

"I've been meaning to have a word with you, me lad", he started, "about those Lagonda Fetes and the article you wrote". I fully expected him to say he had been to all of them and was ready to ask him if he remembered the date of the elusive 1927 event.

"I liked your piece", he began, "It's nice to have all the results in one article and all that, but you are wrong about the reason why the 1930 Fete was the last one." I said I thought the Brooklands authorities had stopped them all, not only the Lagonda Fetes but those put on by Alvis and Daimler and whoever else that I don't know about.

"Don't know about the others", he said, "But Lagonda decided against them after the affair of the Brigadier's dog." This meant absolutely nothing, so we got

him another pint and asked him to elaborate. He then told us the following story and later produced, after a protracted search, the drawings that illustrate it.

It appears that Brigadier-General Metcalfe had a daughter, Persephone, usually called Percy by her friends, which could on occasion cause a certain amount of confusion. She was a high-spirited girl, not to say wayward at times. All part of her artistic temperament, it was held. After being expelled from her expensive finishing school for kidnapping the gym mistress and holding her for ransom money to buy a motor cycle, after her father had refused to pay for one, the family held a council of war about what was to be done with her. Eventually, agreement not having been reached, they thought to ask her what her preference was. She would like to study art at the Sorbonne, she said, and after a lot more argument, this was agreed. It was an expensive solution, but at least with her in France her more newsworthy exploits were less likely to be read about by the neighbours in the 'Telegraph'. After all, she **was** good at art. However, certain precautions were taken. Mrs M. went out with her and insisted on finding respectable accommodation and arranged to pay the rent directly to the landlord, so that Percy shouldn't squander it on booze or boyfriends.

Percy took to the artistic quarter of Paris like the proverbial, she really did have talent, but it wasn't long before the predictable unsuitable boyfriends began to multiply. One in particular was an emigre White Russian (Paris swarmed with them, mostly claiming to be aristocrats and frequently driving taxis). He claimed to be Count Ivan Skavinsky-

Skavar and had the look of the mad-inventor type, with a shock of unruly hair and battered round specs on the end of his nose. Percy had clearly never heard of Frank Crumit or any of his songs or she would have seen through the alias; Count Basie was more her line. However, when "Ivan" found out that Percy's dad ran a sports car factory his attentions to her multiplied tenfold. It turned out that he was not merely the mad inventor type, he really was an inventor, who had progressed from perpetual motion machines, via an anti-gravity ray to a revolutionary new motor car that would, he said, go at 100 mph on a sniff of petrol, stop instantly, turn on a sixpence and never wear out. They all say that. "Ivan" deduced, correctly, that in addition to Dad paying the rent, Percy had a substantial allowance and he managed to get his hands on some of it, enough to build a prototype of his car.

Somehow, he then got around the organisers of the 1929 Paris Motor Show to allow him to exhibit his prototype. I fancy there was an element of tongue-in-cheek by the organisers about this, for they had rounded up several of these fantasy machines to be exhibited collectively under a "Cars of the Future" banner, which you could construe as "Madman's Corner". He then started to soften up Percy with romantic dinners and the like, to try to persuade her to drag her father to the Show, where "Ivan" would sell the General the idea that Lagonda should make a production version which would make millions, drive Ford out of business and transform civilisation as we know it.

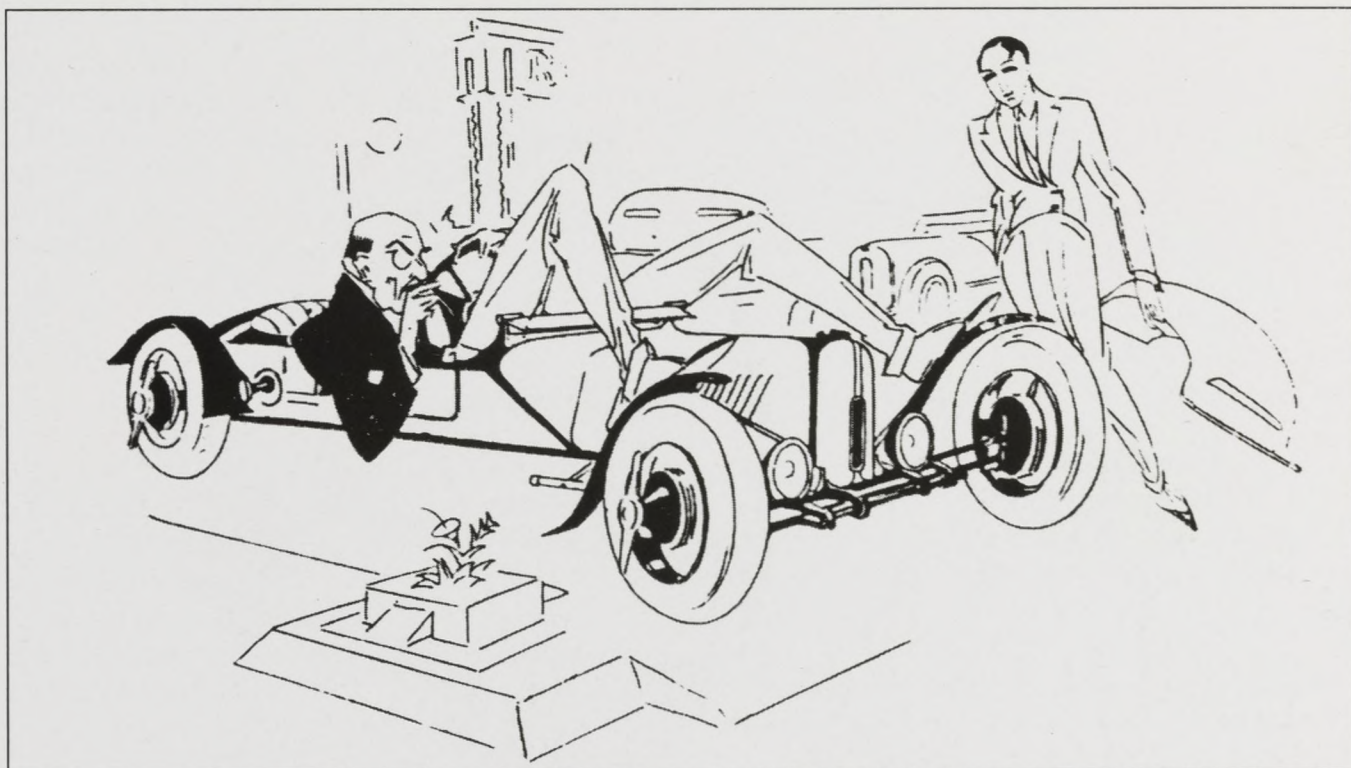
Against all the odds, this worked. Percy persuaded her dad to come to Paris, he probably wanted to check on her pals anyway, what father wouldn't? The tour of the Paris Show was, by all accounts, a knockabout comedy act. The General was going on to some function afterwards and was in full tailcoat and top hat rig, monocle gleaming like his shoes. Percy had recently succumbed to the Eton Crop and matched it with a man's suit, so they made an eye-catching pair. Percy had felt for some time she

needed a small, nippy sports car and had she lived in England would undoubtedly have had an MG Midget. But the French equivalents were undeniably more chic, so she diverted dad to look at "Le Moucheron", her choice. He insisted on trying it for size and, attempting to insert his lanky frame into the minute cockpit, got stuck and had to be rescued by the stand attendants, hiding their smirks with some difficulty.

The General had a secondary motive for his visit, which was to see if suitable Paris Concessionaires could be found for Lagonda's range, although this was something of a safety belt operation, as in 1929 Lagonda could barely keep up with demand in the UK, let alone export. His eye was led to the multi-lingual stand of "Ding Dong Bell Motors", who were showing a stripped Maserati two-seater. The grapevine had suggested they wouldn't be averse to handling another concession. He was considerably taken aback to find their Sales Manager to be an attractive young woman whose sales technique owed more to Montmartre than to Staines and it was with difficulty he was able to resist buying the Maserati, so that he had little chance of selling her any Lagondas.

Eventually they got to the "Cars of the Future" display and "Ivan's" brainchild. No photos have survived of this amazing creation and we have to rely on Percy's sketch which is reproduced here. She was no engineer and one can only conclude her mind was on other things and several vital bits got left out. For example, there must have been a tail wheel of some sort. Without it, the bodywork could only have stayed level by relying on engine compression while in gear. Engaging neutral to start the engine would result in the body revolving round the inner gear until the tail hit the ground.

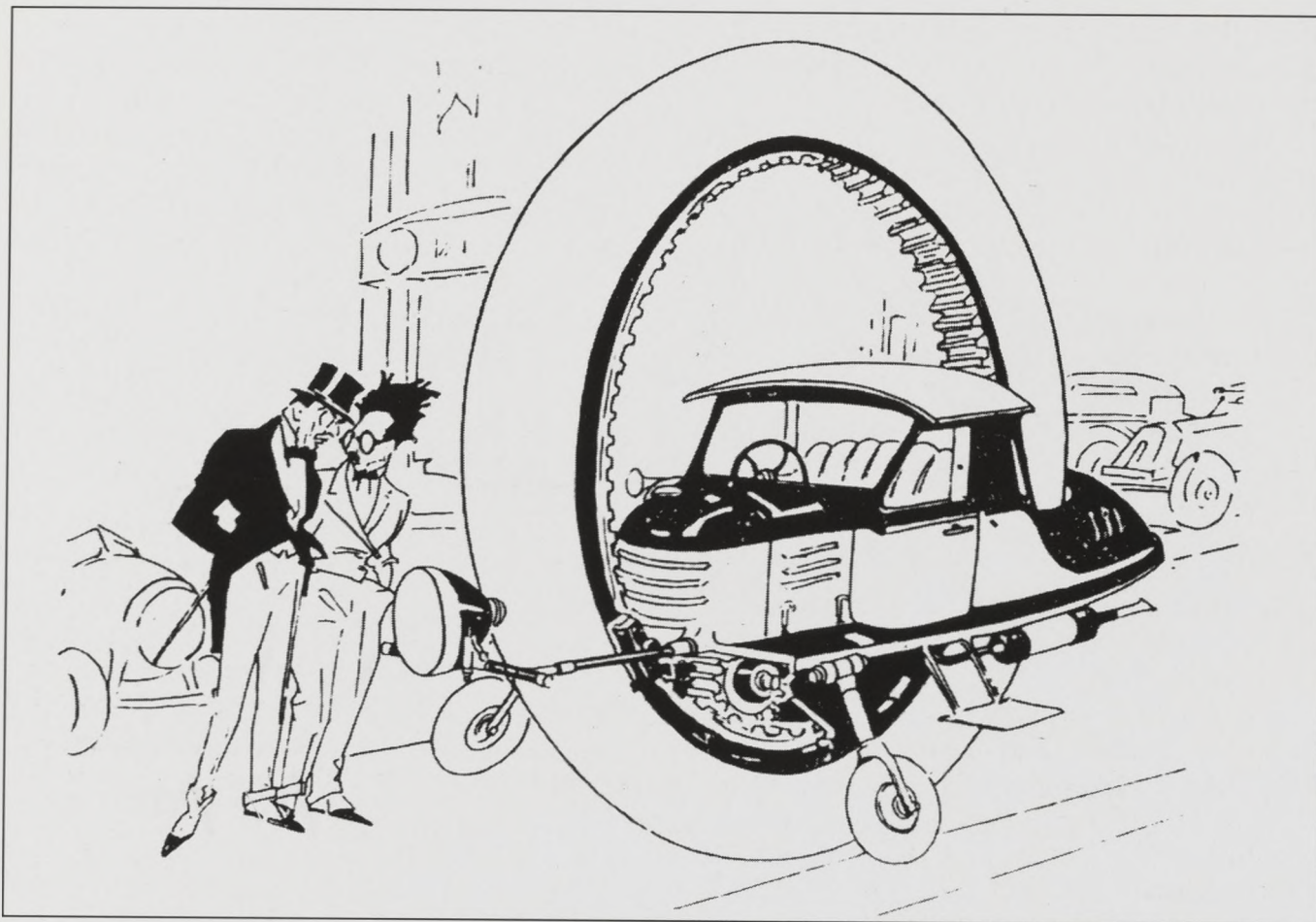
"Ivan" was there to meet them, was introduced to the General (who had never heard of Frank Crumit either) and began to try to impress him. The General was initially extremely sceptical and full of questions. How was it steered? Where were the brakes? How did they work?



The General attempted to insert his lanky frame into the cockpit



The Sales Manager's technique owed more to Montmartre than to Staines



Eventually they got to the 'Cars of the Future' stand

Given that it was over 10 feet high, how would you garage it? "Ivan" had to launch into extended explanations; you steered it by raising one outrigger wheel and lowering the other, causing the main wheel to lean over and change direction. The footbrake was on the transmission and the 'handbrake' was concealed in the boot and operated directly on the inner teeth of the main wheel. He ignored the garaging issue as being of no importance.

In spite of himself, the General found a growing interest, not least in how this man, working alone and with very limited resources (generally what he could wheedle out of Percy) could construct such an elaborate device. "Ivan" admitted that the main wheel and its driving pinion were actually the slewing gear from the gun turret of a French warship being broken up as war surplus and the outrigger wheels and their supports were from a Nieuport Scout fighter aeroplane going the same way. He further confessed that the huge tyre was solid but no doubt Mr Dunlop

would be interested in making pneumatic versions when Lagonda took his baby into production, as they surely would. He had even made the prototype right-hand drive in this expectation.

These sorts of economies and stratagems made the General warm to him, they were exactly the sort of thing Lagonda had been doing for years. We call it recycling nowadays. He glossed over, or didn't realise, the weight of the thing. The ring gear and its pinion weighed over a ton and a half and the solid tyre 14 hundredweight, although admittedly a pneumatic version would be a lot lighter. "Ivan" then launched into his sales pitch, aided and abetted by Percy who wanted to see her boyfriend succeed and hoped that if he did he would be less of a drain on her resources. The General was still less than convinced, but seeking a relief from this two-pronged attack, suggested that if they could get the thing over to Brooklands for the Fete the following summer, all sorts of influential people

from the motor trade would be there and the machine could be demonstrated in the lunch interval.

It wasn't that easy. The rules governing the construction of motor vehicles in the 'twenties were pretty rudimentary but this contrivance would never comply even with them and although he hadn't admitted it in his interview, the numerous bugs in the system meant he couldn't even contemplate driving it from Paris to London. So it was all dismantled, crated up and sent by rail straight to Weybridge to await Lagonda's takeover of Brooklands for the day. There it was re-assembled by works fitters, laid on as a result of Percy's powers of persuasion over her father.

It took several days, not helped by "Ivan's" excitability, which often meant his English deserted him and of course the unconventional nature of the beast. It got finished only on the morning of the Fete and pattered out to do demonstration laps of the Outer Circuit in the lunch break, sharing the track with the brand new supercharged 2 Litre, having its first public showing. The works drivers got PL 1240 up to 90 mph and there was no way "Ivan's" primitive prototype was going to get anywhere near that, but in the excitement he did wind it up to a quite respectable speed, although the combination of the Brooklands bumps and the atrocious sprung/unsprung weight ratio of his machine meant it was anything but steady, leaping about like a chamois as it approached the crowded Finishing Straight. At this point things began to go wrong. The outrigger wheels had lain unused for ten years and although they took little weight, were not, in their original application, expected to travel more than a few hundred yards before takeoff. Six miles of bumpy Brooklands proved too much for the rusty bearings, one of which seized, sending the vehicle off to the left in an uncontrollable spin. The huge wheel in front of the driver meant he couldn't see very well to the left, even though the view directly forward was satisfactory. The whole

device started to head for the crowd, which scattered like a flock of pigeons. As luck would have it, the General's dog, an aged Labrador with none too good eyesight, was right in the machine's path and although she got up and began to follow her master, the giant wheel hit her and killed her instantly.

The General never spoke to "Ivan" again and two bulky members of staff escorted him off the track and on to the next train at Weybridge station. Relations with Percy were equally strained, to say the least, for some time. It isn't even clear what became of the "Car of the Future" although there were stories in the local press about how the council had had to hire a crane to remove a strange metal obstruction from the River Wey that was causing flooding. When plans for the 1931 Lagonda Fete came up, the General vetoed them and there were no more such events, although the lack of them led, indirectly, to the founding of the Lagonda Car Club.

I have set all this down as a connected narrative, free from FM's digressions, fulminations about Johnny Foreigner and the shortcomings of the government. Bearing in mind that some of his other yarns had not stood up very well to critical examination, I tried to check some of it. General Metcalfe did indeed have a daughter, although the General's entry in contemporary "Who's Who" didn't name her, and of course "Ivan" was sailing under false colours. Then an unexpected encounter at a lecture at the Civils with a former colleague that I hadn't seen since the 'sixties, when he went to work for a contractor who sent him to Algeria to build a gas pipeline, cast a whole new light. After the meeting we retired to the pub in Storey's Gate to catch up on mutual acquaintances and generally put the world right. Somehow we got round to Lagonda history and I told him the above story, since it was fresh in my mind. At the end of it, he looked at me very straight and asked if I could show him Percy's drawing of the monowheel car. By coincidence they were in my case. He looked at it very carefully and

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then said he could carry on the story, even if there was a gap of about 30 years. This is his contribution:

"We got very behind with the pipeline job because we were doing it in what was then the conventional way. This got written up in a trade paper and the article produced a letter to Head Office in England from an inventor who said he had just the machine to speed up the work and if the firm was prepared to ship it and him to Algeria (and back if it didn't work) he could catch up the backlog for us, for a fee, of course. There followed months of haggling, but we were getting desperate, so HQ agreed and he eventually turned up on site with it. It was your monowheel, adapted. There were now four outrigger wheels, all of which steered and he had welded excavator buckets all round the circumference of the big wheel. The engine was a vast diesel, probably salvaged from a 'dozer. Above the cab was a transverse trough to collect the spoil, sloped down to tip it beside the trench. It was rough and crude, but it

worked. By welding the pipes together on the surface we could dig the trench afterwards with this machine straddling the pipe and tip it in when a sufficient length was exposed. It speeded the job up amazingly.

"I got to know the inventor well, as he stayed on to drive the thing. Good thing, too, since it had a lot of quirks. He said he was Swedish and went by the name of Lars Orduss, but he could easily have been your "Ivan", because I've never known anyone to hate dogs the way he did. Utterly detested them and we got into trouble with the natives all the time when he deliberately ran over their pets."

Editor's Note to newish readers:

Many of the Founder Member's tales, as retold by Davey, do not stand close examination.

We spiked his tea with wine gums at a Board meeting and in his cups he confessed that he found the drawings in a French motoring magazine of the 'twenties and made up the story to fit them.

The Pictures on Page 24

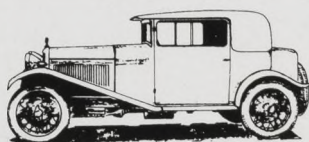
Top picture:

The Lagonda Club lunchtime meet in the New Forest was a great success, with a dozen cars and their crews enjoying the sunshine and the hospitality of the Royal Oak at North Gorley, near Fordingbridge. This all took place on June 2nd, the Sunday of the Golden Jubilee weekend and the members all gathered around the Union Flag to celebrate. This is the second year the Sunday lunchtime meet has been held and it looks like becoming an annual event!

Lower picture:

This painting is the work of Chris Gent. He will be providing an illustration for the menu at the forthcoming pre-AGM Dinner.

If you would like him to paint a picture of your car, you can telephone him on 01483 453899. The cost will be around £49.95.



Lagonda M45 Servicing

Weekly

Oil carburettor linkages
Check tyre pressures at 34lbs
Top up Carburettors with 3 in 1 oil

500 Miles

Grease 4 steering connections, 2 on track rod and 2 on drag link
Grease 4 steering pivot connections 2 at each front wheel
Turn both water pump greasers half a turn (Water resistant grease)
Check oil level in engine
Check water level and top up with antifreeze
Check battery levels and grease terminals with vaseline

1,000 miles, or 6 months whichever is the earlier

Change engine oil

2,000 Miles or annually

Grease both ends of propellor shaft (modern type) or oil, cone type
Oil 8 spring gaiters (not grease)
Grease front shackles (if fitted)
Oil can for :
 pedal shaft bearings
 splined shaft at front end of gearbox
 steering rods joints
 brake servo links

Check oil levels in: gearbox (SAE 90, not hypoid) rear axle (SAE 140)

Check level of oil in steering box (SAE 140)

Magneto:

3 drops of 3 in 1 oil into driving end
5 drops of 3 in 1 oil into the distributor end
contact breaker, check gap at 0.012 ins

Every 3,000 miles:

1 drop of oil on contact lever bearing pin and 2 drops on the cam lubricating pad
clean inside of distributor section with petrol soaked cloth

Distributor :

Clean inside with clean cloth soaked in petrol

Oil, 2 drops in oiler every 1,000 miles
smear cam with vaseline when dry or every 3,000 miles
check gap at 0.012-16ins

Check sparking plugs for 0.019ins gap and clean or replace

Brakes: remove drums and inspect shoes for wear and clean out dust

Clutch: check for free movement and adjust
grease (2) oil linkages including swinging arm pivot of the clutch stop and the oil filler at bottom

Springs: Check for tightness of U bolts

5,000 Miles

Clean oil strainers in engine (2)
Grease front brake camshafts (2 on each front wheel)
Grease rear brake camshafts (1 on each rear wheel)
Grease rear hubs (removing plugs)
Grease cross-shaft bearings (2 per side)
Replace grease in front hubs (high melting point lithium based grease)

Dynamo: check and clean bushes and commutator.

Starter motor: check and clean bushes and commutator.

Clean carburettor float chambers and filters

Clean petrol filters at petrol pump (2)

This has been prepared by Michael Drakeford and endorsed by David Hine. Any volunteers to prepare similar charts for the other models in the range?

Pink Carpet Treatment – Dartmoor 2002

Michael & Georgina Drakeford report

JOHN AND JOAN FITTON, for the second year running, organised a successful tour notably Discovering Dartmoor - 2002, from 24 to 28 April.

Once again the visitors used the splendid Thurlestone Hotel on the south Devon coast and were welcomed with red carpet treatment. Well pink carpet, actually. In the large garage where we parked our cars overnight there were pieces of pink carpet for each car to catch the oil and water drips. Clearly the management had remembered from last year that our cars do shed just a little oil after a run.

This time the tour was joined by three cars from Holland driven by Frans and Els Louwaard in their M45 VdP Continental tourer, Ted and Erna van Wijk in a Mercedes 220 DHC from 1952 and Ton and Leni Krenn in an MG TF sports Coupe. What fun it was to have them with us.

Our Lagondas were also joined by the the 3-4½ Bentley of Hugh and Katie Guest. Their M45 is currently awaiting a buyer and it was thought that several hundred miles along the narrow roads of Devon was probably not the best thing, having in mind its pristine condition. (This is a free plug) The Lagonda contingent was made up with a 2 litre Continental Tourer, a 2 litre Supercharged Tourer, three 2 litre High Chassis Tourers, a 2 litre low chassis Tourer, an M45 Tourer, and finally Michael and Shirley Valentine's marvellous Invicta 4.5 litre 'S' Type Corsica DHC. A grand display but one must ask where the saloons have got to?

Walter and Rosemary Thompson suffered a puncture on the way in when the wheel rim deteriorated to the extent that it ruptured the tube valve. In true

spirit they ran without a spare in the knowledge that others were there to help with spare tyres.

The first day comprised a run in the Devon countryside from Kingsbridge to just south of Paignton over the Dartmouth ferry and on to the Dartington Cider Press for coffee. As one member related, the countryside was like the Cote D'Azure but in green. The joys of the Dartington Glass shop were so engaging that we were a little late to the next stop, the Haytor Rock on the moor. The lateness was probably the excuse for none of the party to reach the top of the hill on which the rocks are perched. The lunch at the Rugglestone Inn a few miles away was a far better draw.

After a splendid lunch laced with local beer enjoyed in the sun drenched garden we discovered that the 2 litre belonging to David and Gill Edwards had sprung a water leak. The jacket had corroded to the extent that a 2 foot head of water was achieved. The carpark became a hive of activity as the hole was plugged with the deft use of Bostik and Araldite. The job was made more difficult by the need to move both the dynamo and the steering gear to get at the hole. On that day, the other casualty was the Invicta, which suffered magneto problems. All efforts failed to solve the problem and it ran on the coil for the rest of the tour. Thank goodness for the old fashioned 'twin spark'.

It is Friday, it must be Cornwall. A 137 mile trip to the Lost Gardens of Heligan brought more adventures. Rain threatened on the way to the gardens but after the compulsory heavy shower on arrival the skies cleared and we were again blessed with sunshine. The history of the gardens was dramatically



Parking at Haytor Rock



Happy wanderers at the Rugglestone Inn

described to us by a local named 'John'. Through his well formed moustache and in a dialect nurtured over many years probably in Cornish pubs, he gave his tale. We the foreign English (he did not count Cornwall as part of England) understood most of that he said, and our Dutch friends just a little less. His great enthusiasm for Cornwall and the Gardens of Heligan was such entertainment it should be bottled for posterity.

The trip back was eventful for those that chose to return through the little port of Mevagissey. Led by the Bentley the party descended the hill to the town only to be confronted by a 'modern' coming the other way. As so often in the West Country here was only room for one car and etiquette dictated that one vehicle should reverse. The Bentley could not do so because by then the line of our cars behind had been joined by a coach, a lorry and other cars forming an impenetrable queue. On the other hand the modern did not wish to go anywhere despite encouragement from our own Hugh Guest.

After vocal comment from the now gathering crowd the modern did reverse. Into a wall. Forestalled he proceeded forward. Into a post. The onlookers now realised why he was reluctant to give way. Driving was clearly a problem for him. Matters were little helped by an elderly lady who came from her house to help direct the traffic.

After much huffing and puffing,

matters were sorted and the crowd shook hands with the actors in this farce. By this time our Dutch friends were thoroughly bemused and later described the scene as one from an early English film. Genevieve perhaps?

The final trip, on Saturday was to Lydford Gorge on the west side of Dartmoor. Sadly the weather turned rather unpleasant and hoods were the order of the day. The party was still able to enjoy the beauty of the moor and a walk into the Gorge. The events of a mechanical nature occurred on the way out when John Fitton enjoyed a slipping clutch due to the steep hills and the Batt's supercharger threw the pipe work connecting it to the engine with a bang and a pall of smoke. Neither happening was terminal and the former was in part a blessing when Frank Walton, at the cooling down stop for the clutch, implored a pub landlord to open shop and provide coffee for all those present.

All through the holiday the hotel provided exemplary service and the food was to the highest standard. Our Dutch friends showed their appreciation on the last night by presenting cheeses to each couple. Chairman Clive Dalton gave a short and well supported vote of thanks. After due reflection, mention for the most helpful member must go to John Batt, he always appeared to be getting greasy hands helping others in trouble. But the biggest thanks of all go to John and Joan for their superb organisation..... again next year perhaps?

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Wisborough Green

Michael Drakeford reports on the new meeting he has organised for the Southern Area

WHAT GREAT WEATHER we woke to on 17th June. Blue sky, a little dew and the promise of wall to wall sunshine. Unfortunately the meet took place on Sunday 16th June and the nearest thing to a little sunshine was the promise of Ireland beating Spain in the World cup.

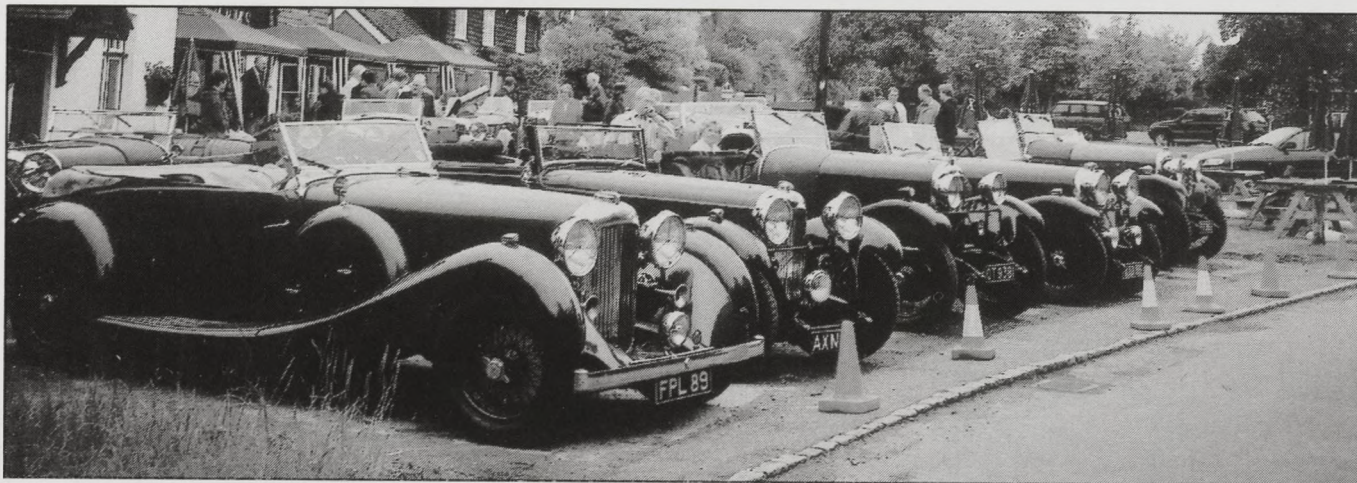
The dank and drizzly weather did not deter the drivers of 16 of our lovely cars arriving at The Cricketers Arms, Wisborough Green for the first of a new round of meetings in the Southern area. The Green was supposed to be our car park, but it was too sodden with all the recent rain. Nevertheless Sarah Tulip, the pub manager did us proud. The car park was cordoned off and we managed to use it just for our cars. A large area inside the pub had been set aside for lunch which was truly excellent fare.

There was some trouble with traffic hold-ups reported by the Lagonda owners, as there appeared to be an extraordinary number of cyclists on the roads. This was caused by our event coinciding with a charity run from London to Brighton. As I was sponsoring our local postman on his heavy work bike, I must support the cyclists. Another problem was reported by Jonathan

Oppenheimer, who had difficulty with his starter on his Rapier, resulting in a need for a push to get her started to go home. Thank goodness it was not an LG 45.

Many interesting and splendid cars were turned out. The stars of our meeting, apart from the ladies present, were Philip Keevil in his Corinthian bodied Rapier, Nick Channing with his V12 Vanden Plas bodied Tourer, and Clive Peerless in his lovely LG 45R Tourer. I must apologise to Clive for introducing him to my wife, Georgina with the words "Darling, you may recall that you have met Clive before, when he was blowing his own trumpet at the AGM dinner". Well I thought it was funny at the time.

With 16 cars, 2 members who turned up without their cars, which were in a state of restoration (both promised for 2003 completion) and family and friends totalling an estimated 43 in all, it turned out to be a great success. We will no doubt return to Wisborough Green, but we will ring the changes. Next time there will be a picnic and the chance of a visit to a country house. That will be on the 25th August, don't miss it!



Part of the line-up of cars



The Peerless LG45 Rapide



Michael Drakeford's M45 and Bill Schofield's 2 litre

The Northern Dinner

Clive Dalton reports on one of the Club's finest events

THIRTY-NINE YEARS IN THE SAME PLACE, always a complete sell out and now so crowded that there is difficulty in getting round to serve the meal, the Northern Dinner is always something of a special occasion in the Club's calendar..

The event of the evening started, not as many might think in the late nineteen fifties when young Herb Schofield joined the Club but on some date not precisely known in the early nineteen forties. The evidence is not entirely reliable since the authority was not, so to speak, completely there at the time but the event is alleged to have taken place in a 14/60. This must be as close to hereditary membership as is possible.

Suffice it to say that the result of this union joined the club in his own right on 4th November 1958 though his name first appears in the magazine in the summer of 1962 where he is described as Manchester Secretary. The next edition showed him as Northern Secretary and included an article entitled "Northern (but mainly Manchester) notes by the new Northern Secretary Herbert Schofield". They went on for over three pages.

In September 1963 Herb attended an AGM. Arnold's comment reads as follows: "The next speaker was our Northern Secretary, Herb Schofield, surely the outright winner of the enthusiasm prize, for he had come to the AGM on the day after his wedding. Not only present, but properly dressed and sober enough to make a nasty crack about Northern members not being very keen on 'polishing events' but preferring events of a more combative nature."

Subsequently Herb has, of course, become one of the pillars of the Club. The Northern Dinner started back then and has continued uninterrupted ever

since. Herb organises the Northern Driving Tests and helped with many other events not to mention a spell as Chairman.

More significantly he is one of the founder members of what came to be known as the Northern Lagonda Factory. That this Club is not entirely about cars is important and true but the survival of the marque is still a major concern to which the Northern Lagonda Factory has contributed wonderfully.

He is now one of our Vice-presidents, has been Northern Secretary for forty years and the Club wished to mark this with a presentation. Herb is a keen birdwatcher and the Club presented him with a pair of electronically self-stabilising binoculars. In keeping with the traditions of the Northern Dinner we put it, of course, in a plain brown wrapper.

Later, we heard that although Alan Brown couldn't make the dinner he was making good progress and this drew loud applause.

Our President, David Hine and Herb presented the trophies followed by the usual entertainment. David presented his latest, new, monologue to great appreciation.

The following morning is always a pleasure especially if the sun is shining. The car park is full of all sorts of desirable machinery from Tim Gresty's 2 Litre via several very nice 4½s, including Rudi and Jenny's, to Clare Fisher's DB 3 Litre. One sad omission was the Clarke's 2 Litre which normally comes from New Milton near Bournemouth. It is still suffering the effects of its accident last year and we wish it a speedy recovery.

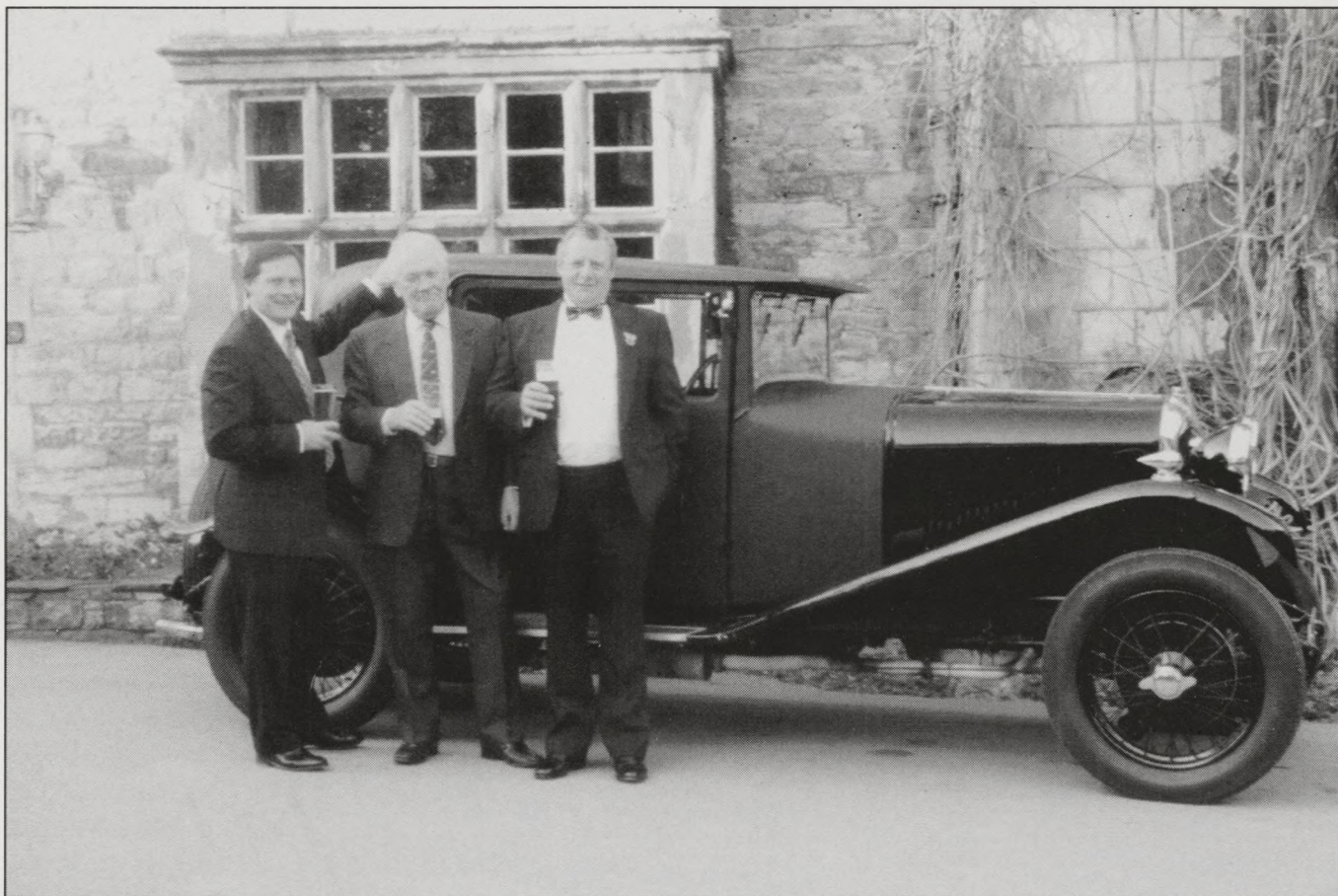
With thanks to Colin Bugler (who provided much of the biographical detail).



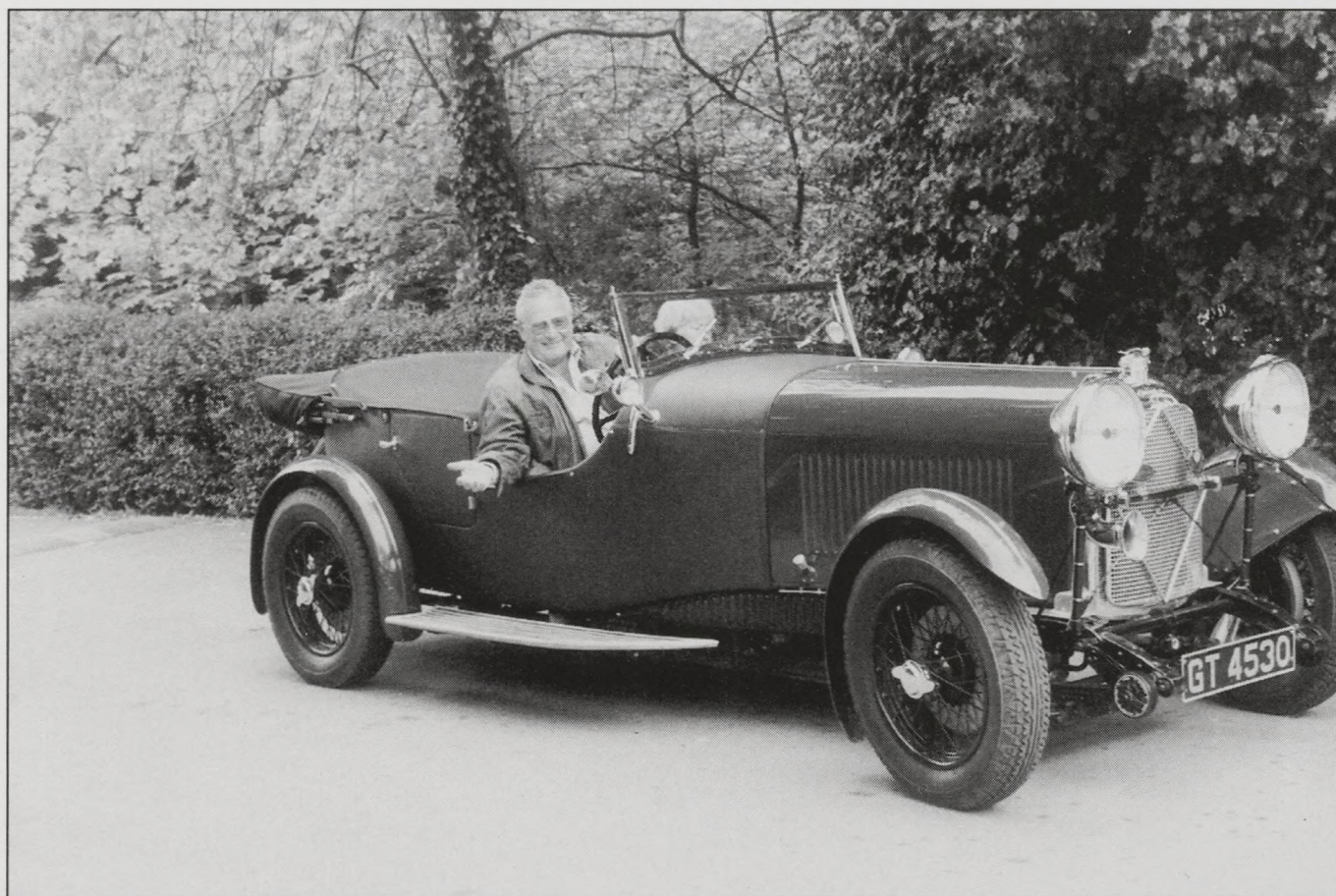
Clive Dalton presents a surprised Herb Schofield with his award



A few of the guests take drinks in the courtyard before the dinner



Nigel Hall, 'Doc' Rider and Roger Firth with the 2 litre Honeymoon Coupe



Time Gresty took many of the pictures at the Northern dinner and the IoM Rally, so this is one of Him! The engine in his 2 litre originally powered the car from which your editor's Weymann saloon body was saved.

METICULOUS



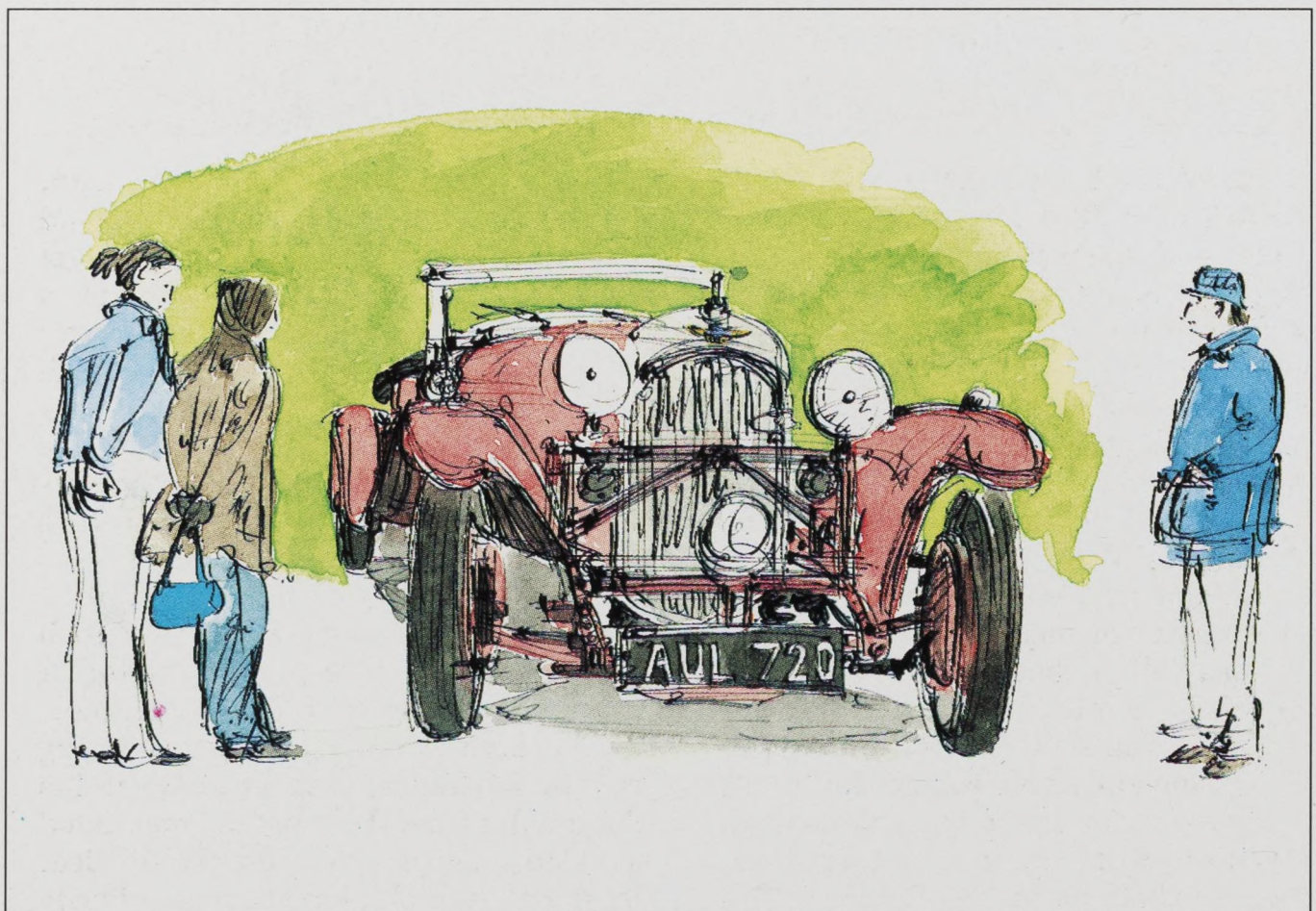
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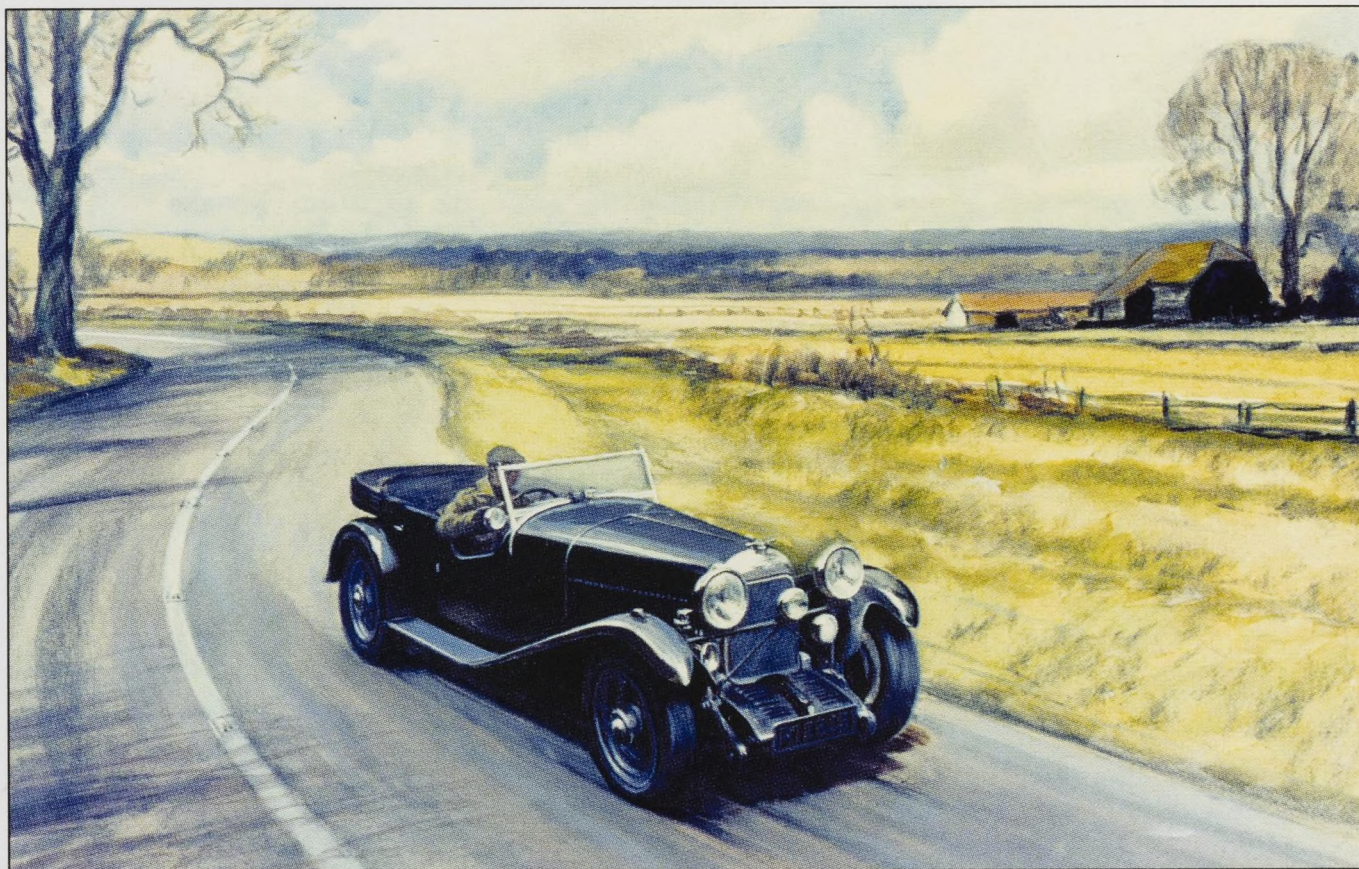


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The Densham Trophy

Colin Bugler researches the history of one of our oldest awards



ROB BETTIGOLE HAS WON THIS TROPHY FOR 2001 and asked about its history and the criteria for its award. This gave me the incentive to do a bit of research in the old Minutes Books and correspondence, which I hold in the Secretarial archives. Most members know that the present Lagonda Club was formed in 1951 by the amalgamation of the 2 Litre Lagonda Register and the Lagonda Car Club. The 2 Litre Register was formed in 1947 by Peter Densham and the strange method he used to do this has often been quoted in the magazine. I intend to write an article about the events of 1951 and the birth pangs of the current Lagonda Club.

However, for the moment, we will go back to the AGM of the 2 Litre Register, which was held on the 8th October 1950.

Peter Densham resigned as Joint Honorary Secretary due to ill health and overwork. Somebody must have got moving quite quickly to arrange a collection as the Minutes of the Register Committee Meeting on the 19th November 1950 record that Peter Densham announced that he would like to use the money collected for his Presentation Gift for the purchase of a trophy to be competed for annually.

His choice was a painting of his 2 litre being driven along a typical British country road of that era i.e. no other traffic. I am guessing that Peter knew Roy Nockolds, the well known motoring artist on a personal basis as I have in the files a letter from the artist to Peter dated the 15th August 1951 addressed "Dear Densham" (which passed for familiarity

at that time) and signed "Roy" stating that the painting was finished. The artist's fee was twenty guineas but he gave Peter a 50% discount and I hold the receipted Invoice for 10 guineas.

In October 1951 Arthur Jeddere Fisher wrote to Peter Densham suggesting that the "Densham Trophy" should be awarded each year on a basis to be decided by Peter and it was hoped that he would "confine it to include 2 litres only". In the records there is a fading yellow foolscap sheet which was sent to all members headed "Densham Trophy First Year of Award 1951". It set out the fascinating method of award as follows.

Marks will be awarded as follows: -

Payment of 1950/51 sub within 14 days of the 1950 AGM	5
Contribution accepted for Notes during the year ending Oct.1951	5
Marshalling at any one Register event	10
Entering for any Register open competition	10
Being placed in the first ten at any such event	1-10
Cleanliness and maintenance of the car mentioned on the entry form	10

Attending 1951 AGM

5

I am sure our current Editor will envy the incentive for members to provide copy for the Magazine and the Club Secretary would love to see subscriptions paid within 14 days of the due date!

Time has seen a less structured system for awarding the Densham Trophy and it was subsequently applied to success in Competitions by members driving 2 Litres and 16/80's. This has continued whenever there has been a noteworthy campaign by the owner of one of these models.

The painting is awarded for the usual twelve-month period and the original plan was that the winner would receive a miniature copy as a memento. In recent years, this practice was dropped in favour of a tankard but I am hoping that the original plan can be reinstated if members indicate they would like this to happen. The first winner of the Trophy in 1951 was D P King followed by Tony Loch who owned a 2 litre in 1952.

It is good to know that the 2 Litre featured in the Densham Trophy painting is still in existence and is owned by our member Jack Wright.

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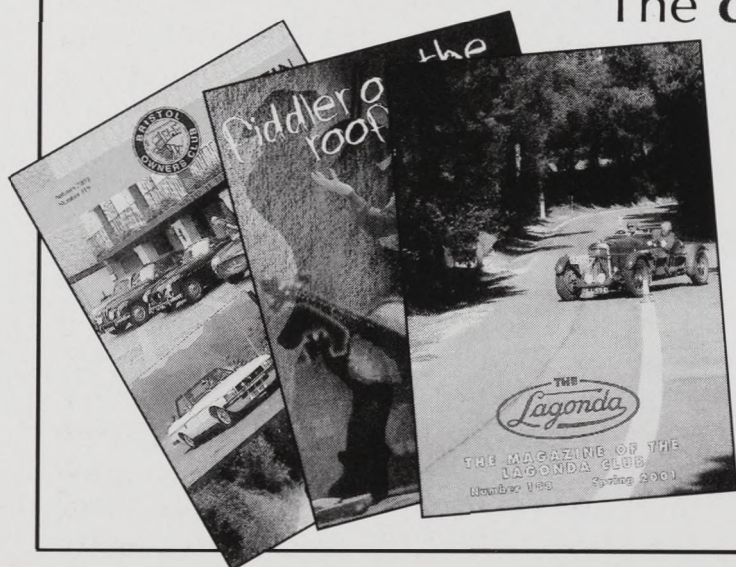
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The Lagonda Club 2002 Isle of Man Rally

Roger Firth reports on his latest fantastic event

I HAD WAITED IN ANTICIPATION, but as it turned out it was wishful thinking, that a volunteer would be found to write this article, but nobody was forthcoming so yours truly has once again had his arm twisted by your kindly Editor.

Two weeks before the rally we were away in Ireland on a VCC rally, I was not sure if this was a wise thing or not as any problems would have to be dealt with a little closer to the event. When we returned, surprise, surprise, there were no messages left for me.

The week leading up to the rally was quite foul, and clearly some people were expecting this to continue into the week of the rally with phone calls like "Would it be in order for me to bring my saloon instead of my open car" quite O.K. Old boy I replied, you can bring a go cart if you wish, you have paid up front, see you at Heysham."

16 cars and their occupants arrived at the Lancaster House Hotel & Conference Centre to stay on the Saturday evening. I do consider this to be a good idea, as any problems come to light at least 20 hours or so earlier. Beryl persuaded me to travel to Lancaster via Gibbon Bridge just in case we could meet up with Gordon and Ann Rider who were staying there on the Friday evening, but unfortunately they had just left for Whalley where I understand Ann's shopping for frocks etc had somewhat reduced Gordon's spending power, I must say, not very noticeable on the rally.

We had a splendid meal perhaps a little late for some people's constitution, but some time was spent in the bar and appeared to have had the desired effect.

Sunday morning, breakfast from around 8.30, some polishing and we were ready to head towards Heysham at 11.15 to meet up with everyone else at

The Duke of Rothsay public house and eatery who had agreed to open the doors for us at 11.45 to order our food and get in front of the Sunday trade as it was Fathers Day. As it turned out we were not in anyone's way except for a fat chap who would insist on leaning on the bar and expecting everyone to leave a sort of channel so he could continue viewing a television set on the other side of the room showing a football match which no one else appeared to have the slightest interest in. Everyone arrived in their own time, and of course Herb was the first, and quite surprisingly, he stood me a pint whilst he was waiting for Ann to arrive. Everyone being fed and watered, they then collected their rally plates and eventually made their way down to the ferry terminal which is some ¼ mile from the hostelry.

The ferry left some 5 minutes early which was fine for us, another good thing being that the ferry was full of children who were getting louder and louder, and as the purser felt sorry for some of us who were in the firing line, he provided us with a number of cabins in which to relax and introduce Ann's helper, Di Disney to the Lagonda Club Members. Eventually, following some moderate drinking, eating and frolics, we arrived in Douglas at 6.45, and to say it was raining was an understatement, it was flooding down from the upper deck and no doubt some people wondered what they had let themselves in for. Our journey to the hotel some 3 miles was extremely damp and uncomfortable, and as we approached Richmond Hill you could not see your hand in front of you. Well we all arrived in one piece, enjoyed our welcome drink, checked in and made ourselves decent for the evening meal.

Sheila Waiting had once again



Some of the cars outside the Creek Inn



Double yellow lines, what double yellow lines? The cars park where they like in Peel.

turned up to video the event, and you will certainly not be disappointed if you were to send Sheila £11.00 for the video which includes postage. Sheila's address is Ballavolley Lodge, Ballaugh, Isle Of Man, IM7 5EA. You will then have a reminder of either what you enjoyed in the company of your Lagonda friends or on the other hand what you missed.

We had a varied collection of cars, but mainly 2 litres in various forms. The 2.6 Lagonda of Mike Fishwick joined us following a 17 year rebuild from an absolute total wreck, the rear part of the roof resting on the vermin ridden rear seat. The rebuild he has mainly undertaken himself in a tin shed, this must be amongst the finest restorations you will find. Another first being the previously unknown to the club, 3½ saloon of Philip and Margaret Evans on loan to Norman and Mary Barber for the duration, this car has improved considerably since I last came across it in Dr Sandy Lindsay's garage in Caerfyrddin, lets hope we continue to see it in its Saloon form for many years to come. John Longridge purchased a 16-80 Tourer from Jimmy Bowland at the end of last year, again I saw this a number of years ago in Jimmy's garage just outside Dublin, but now looking considerably better following some TLC. Unfortunately, Doc Turner and Michael Campbell both had unforeseen problems with their respective cars, and came in moderns.

Monday morning, and a little cloudy, but better things to come. After breakfast and collection of the goodie bags, at around 10.00 the sun was shining and everyone was looking a little happier. This was to be a relaxing day, but for some it turned out a little different. Most of us travelled partly round the TT Course to the top of Snaefell to visit the Motor Cycle Museum. The Museum houses a wonderful collection of over 80 bikes, cycles and Automobilia of every description. There are around 30 magnetos on display, and I asked Mr Murray the owner if he needed any more, and his reply was that he had at least

another 1000 in store. Following our visit we gathered at the Grand Island Hotel, Ramsey where lunch was laid on, we were joined by George Daniels in his Bentley R. Type Continental, and the 1906 Stuart (Now Brighton eligible) of Michael Bell. Unfortunately, John and Sue Walker broke a half shaft at Brandish Corner on the TT course and were unable to join us for lunch. Julie Daniels and her friends were most helpful with solving the problem, and recommended a most wonderful mechanic Mr Brew of Ballaugh Curragh who sorted out the problem most professionally, of course, with the help of David Ayre who had the parts flown out. John and Margaret Robson all the way from America joined us at Ramsey, unfortunately, due to some insurance restrictions, John was unable to drive his vintage car whilst in the UK, but were making the most of meeting old and new friends. When we returned to Mount Murray, we were pleased to see John Longridge and Trish who had arrived from Belfast, no sailing from Belfast on the Sunday so they were a day late joining us.

Tuesday, Norman and Mary Barber, Brian Savill with Joyce his caddy, Robert Miles and Beryl Firth decided that it would be a good idea to play a round of golf, 18 holes. I have no idea who won, but at around 3.00 they were enjoying themselves in the bar which I understand is where every game finishes. There were many stories of how wonderful the Island is and how easy it is to drive round on almost car-free roads, unless you are in Douglas. Many people appear to have found some splendid fish and chips, and sampled the delights. Unfortunately for Russell Squires, his weekly bell ringing session had to be called off as Ros due to pressure of work was unable to join him. Whispering in my ear, he told me he will make up for it the following week. In the evening some of us including Russell visited The Mount Murray Brewery which produces Bushy's beer, we had a very entertaining 1½ hours together with some mouth watering beer, following which we made our way to the hostelry where we had dinner.



Mike Fishwick's splendid 2.6 DB saloon



...and a very happy Mike, with John Longridge, enjoying its comfort

Wednesday, after breakfast and the distribution of the teddy bears (Ladies Only) 20 or so cars and their occupants met at the Harbour in Douglas to view and sail on the Wendy Ann at the invitation of Captain Stephen Carter of The Laxey Towing Company, more of this visit will form part of a separate article by Clive Dalton. Following this most rewarding morning, we then made out way to Laxey where the largest working water wheel in the world, Lady Isabella is to be found, quite a number of our members' cars were parked in Laxey while they were either travelling on the electric railway to the top of Snaefell or visiting the water wheel. We then travelled to the north of the island via Ramsey and then south to Port Erin where we had lunch, spending the remainder of the afternoon visiting Castletown, Port St Mary and various other areas of interest.

Thursday was another free day. Martin Yates who had come along with Mike Fishwick had not been at all well during the week, so visited hospital where they kept him in for observation, he was discharged on Friday morning, but not in time to join us, and had to return on the Friday evening crossing.

Today we were meeting at Peel for lunch at The Creek Inn. Peel being the Cathedral City of the island. I am not sure if it was more by accident than design, but when we arrived, Herb and Ann were already there together with several other people and their cars, but we were directed into an empty space by Herb, immediately outside the Creek, being told that it had been reserved for us. As a result of this I had to stand him a round of drinks and sandwiches. During the afternoon, we spent the rest of the day exploring the North of the Island which is extremely beautiful with some rather splendid properties. The evening was our last night together, and we all sat down to the final dinner in Murrays Restaurant, following drinks and the official photograph taken by Sergeant Major Gresty. Thomas Morgan (11 and a bit) had joined his Grand Dad John Breen and Uncle Bill This was a treat for

Thomas who had done exceptionally well with his exams. We presented Thomas with a pictorial book of the island which hopefully will bring back memories for many years of a holiday which he was clearly enjoying.

We were aware that some Northern Members had been in the club for several years, and after contacting Colin Bugler we found out that Gordon Rider (5 February 1952) and John Davenport (9 June 1952) were both celebrating their Golden Jubilees. Gordon was presented with a bottle of whisky at the Northern Dinner, and on behalf of the Knarr Mill gang, John was presented with a trophy of a Rapide Piston attached to a wooden plinth supporting a suitably inscribed brass plate.

The week made an enormous impression on at least one of our party, As I have previously said, Mike Fishwick has owned his Lagonda for 17 years, and whilst he is not at the moment a member of the club, he enjoyed the event and the people so much, and finds Lagonda people very friendly and interesting, that he will now be joining us.

Friday, all up bright and early for arrival at the ferry terminal by 8.00. We had a very pleasant crossing to Heysham, and following our farewells, made our separate ways home. We have been invited to the island in 2005 for the celebrations of the centenary of the TT. If you are interested, please let me know as we will have to give plenty of advanced notice of our intentions.

One of the pleasures in organising an event like this is the wonderful letters you receive. And I quote from Thomas Morgan who e mailed me : Thank you, Thank you, Thank you again for the best holiday of my life. I am definitely looking forward to joining the club as soon as I get a Lagonda. Also thank you for the sticker, the car rally thing, The Teddy and especially the brilliant book, From Thomas Morgan. P.S. The Murray mints are delicious.

We had a surplus of around £50 in the rally account, and it has been agreed that we send this to Captain Carter, to be donated to the IOM division of the RNLI.

The Trip on the Wendy Ann

Clive Dalton tells the story of a very special day

EXPEDITIONS THAT INVOLVE CARS with boating seem to have a different flavour. They are somehow in a parallel universe for a bit and the Isle of Man trip was no exception. Very well organised by Roger and Beryl Firth and Herb Schofield it was nicely arranged to have plenty of free time and was real fun. One notable participant was young Thomas Morgan who is John Breen's grandson aged 11. If this is the future I am in favour. It was nice to see you Tom.

Boating seems to add something, it certainly did here. The story goes back to Harry Rose whose very fine and immaculately maintained Blower 41/2 Bentley appears on the front cover of the paperback version of Clutton and Stanford's book "The Vintage Motor Car". Harry ran a towing company in Poole Harbour and our member Ann Shoosmith is Harry's daughter. One of her most vivid memories is of being brought down after school as a small girl to play on the deck of the tug, the Wendy Ann, named after her. Another is of the pleasure of being able to watch the comings and goings in the harbour from their drawing room window using a pair of binoculars that Ann still has

Time went on as it does, Harry died and Ann came to run the towing company until, eventually, the Wendy Ann came into the possession of the Poole Harbour Commissioners.

Now it came to pass that the Owner of Laxey Towing Limited, Captain Stephen Carter, knew the Wendy Ann in its heyday under Harry. Coming down to Poole one day about a different matter he learnt that the Harbour Commissioners were minded to sell the Wendy Ann.

"How much are you wanting?"

"Er, we haven't decided"
"meetings" "tenders" ... "etc"

The Captain rings up a short while later, gets the answer "Well, we thought about £X." "Done" says the Captain. And that is how the Wendy Ann fetches up in Douglas Harbour. Amongst her duties she assists the departure of the Heysham Ferry whenever a strong Northeaster blows.

Meanwhile, as they say, Ann establishes a reputation as a serious driver in vintage events not to mention attracting the eye of the young Herb amongst others. She becomes the Chairman of the Bentley Drivers Club.

Knowing Wendy Ann was at Douglas someone thought it might be good to see if we could get Ann onto the deck of her old ship.

Telephoned, Captain Carter caught on instantly, said he would be delighted and would have no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements. The precise phrase used was that he had some large and powerful chaps working for him who would have no trouble. It also turned out that the Captain has restored and runs an AEC Matador as a commercial venture. He has also restored a steam traction engine now used for desilting duties in the Island's reservoirs. Things are done differently on the Island, some slower, some faster.

Wednesday, therefore, found 13 out of the 25 Lagondas driving down to the North Quay at Douglas to line up for the festivities. Ready on the quay was the Laxey Towing crane and the painters' cage used for work over ships' sides. It's about low tide and Wendy Ann is some 20 or 25 feet below the quay level.

Enter Ann stage right to be secured in her wheelchair in the cradle with a crew of attendants then over the quay edge and down on to the deck to be

joined by twenty or more of the rest of us some by cage and some by climbing down the quay ladder. All aboard as wants to and we set out for a tour of the harbour in this quite seriously powerful tug. 8 tons push from the six foot propeller gives quite a respectable acceleration.

The weather was too lumpy, the Captain's word, for us to leave the harbour and besides Wendy Ann is not licensed for hordes of passengers but it was still a memorable trip and not only for the views outside. Lots of us got to have a good look at the engine room not to mention the demonstration of ship handling in a very restricted space. As for motor cars so for tug engines, there ain't no substitute for cubic inches.

One poignant exhibit in the harbour was the wreck of the 'Solway Harvester'

lost two years ago with all hands for the recovery of which the Manx government paid over £1M. Laxey Towing and the Wendy Ann had a big part in this recovery in very difficult weather and received an Official Written Commendation for their efforts.

With the ship tied up again Captain Carter was presented with a framed photograph from Ann's collection taken of his ship in earlier times.

Sadly, Ann died on Saturday 13th July, just after this article went to print. She was so touched by the kindness of Captain Carter and she and all those who took part in the trip had a wonderful time. Our thoughts go out to Herb and to Ann's family at this sad time, but the trip will be remembered as a fitting tribute to a very special lady.



Clive Dalton, Ann Shoosmith and Herb Schofield aboard the Wendy Ann

Letters

Dear Ken,

I was startled to see tyre pressures over 50 lb per sq. inch tabulated in "The Lagonda", Spring 2002, page 39. Such high pressures were normal with beaded-edge and straight-sided tyres, but became a thing of the past for car tyres when wired-edge tyres on well-based rims appeared in the twenties. They exceed the rated safe maximum pressures quoted by Dunlop in "The Tyre Book" (none more than 40 psi) and could result in accidents. So I sought some references, to resolve the apparent discrepancy, finding useful recommendations for some other Lagonda models in doing so.

Your article refers to figures "detailed by Ivan Forshaw in 1950/51". In those days, Ivan's prolific writings were, at least mostly, in longhand rather than typewritten and it seems that a misreading of handwriting must have taken place at some time past. *(No, no blame attaches to Ivan, whose writing was the envy of most of our members, the fault lies entirely with your Editor, who failed to proof-read the article as carefully as he should!)*

In "The Lagonda" No 20, Spring/Summer 1956, page 31, Ivan Forshaw's tyre pressure recommendations are quoted as:-

Model	Tyre	Pressure in Lb per sq in	
		Front	Rear
2 litre tourer	5.25x21	35	35
	5.50x18	32	32
2 litre saloon	5.25x21	37	37
	5.50x18	34	34
3 litre tourer	5.25x21	37	37
	6.00x19	35	35
3 litre saloon	5.25x21	37	40
	6.00x19	35	35
16/80 Special Six	5.50x18	32	32
Rapier	4.50x19	30	30
41/2 litre M45	6.00x19	35	35
LG46, LG6 and V12	6.00x18	34	34

A reduction of 3-4 lb. per sq. in. may be made in the front tyres at any time and in the rears, when the rear seats are not occupied. The pressure in the front tyres may have a marked effect on the steering of the car.

"The Lagonda" Nos. 91 pp 20-22 and 92, pp 15-18 refers to the booklet "Care and Maintenance of the Two Litre Lagonda", published by the former Davies Motors Ltd.

of London Road Staines, which quoted 32 lbs. per sq. inch front and 30 lbs. per sq. inch rear for the 2 litre.

Similar figures, also extending the range of models addressed, appear in "Tyres: A Book for Lagonda Owners" published by Dunlop in 1935 as follows:-

MINIMUM INFLATION PRESSURES for Dunlop Standard and Dunlop Fort Tyres fitted to LAGONDA 1935 cars.

Model	Tyre Size	Inflation Pressure (lbs. per square inch)	
		Front	Rear
Rapier Tourer	4.50x19	28	28
Rapier Saloon	4.50x19	28	28*
16/80 Special Six Tourer	5.50x18	30	28*
16/80 Special Six Saloon	5.50x18	33	31*
16/80 Special Six Family Saloon	5.50x20	33	31*
3 1/2 Litre All Models	6.00x19	32	31
4 1/2 Litre Tourer	6.00x19	32	30
4 1/2 Litre Saloon	6.00x19	32	31*
Rapide Tourer	6.00x19	32	30
Rapide Saloon	6.00x19	32	31*

* An increase of 4 lbs. per sq. inch is recommended in the rear tyres when the rear seats are occupied.

The Lagonda Quick Check-Over Data Sheet published as part of Newnes "Motor Repair and Overhauling" gives data on yet more Lagonda Models, as follows:-

Model		Tyre Pressures lb. per sq. in.	
		Front	Rear
1936-37	LG45	30	30
1938-39	LG6	32	30
1938-39	V12	32	30

Thus, the 55psi figures are surely erroneous and, in the interests of providing safe advice to Lagonda Club members, the discrepancy of these high figures in comparison with other published sources ought to be pointed out in the next magazine published.

Yours sincerely

Mike Pilgrim

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I am truly grateful to Mike for taking so much trouble to check so many sources, to ensure that the correct figures are published. The computer literate among you will understand when I explain that I scan text directly into the computer memory whenever possible and that the 'optical character recognition programs' are not always as clever as they should be. Nevertheless, I should have taken more care in cross-checking the scanned text against the original and I apologise to Ivan for giving the impression that his advice could ever have been so wildly inaccurate. K.P.P.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for sending me the excellent magazine of the Lagonda CC. I was very interested in the recall of Lagonda Fetes at Brooklands by Mr. Arnold Davey, in No.192. My mother had a family friend who was secretary to a Mr. Longden who had his office in Victoria Street, London and was, I think, an agent or proprietor of the company making those large shiny-black water and sewage pipes one then used to see stacked beside roads, awaiting burial.

Mr. Longden told his secretary that he was going to be a racing driver for a day, at the Lagonda Fete, in, I think, 1929 or 1930. On the Monday she enquired if he had enjoyed the experience. The reply was "Yes, except that I took a young nephew who showed no interest, reading comics all the afternoon". My mother's friend said how much her motor-mad son (me) would have liked to have gone and was told if only he had known...

I know the Fete programmes do not have entry-lists, but if anyone has a log-book with Mr. Longden's name therein, I would like to know if he had a Speed Model or a saloon?

I think these events were stopped due to the noise problems which the BARC met with a reduced fixture-list.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Boddy, MBE

Dear Ken,

I trust you are keeping well and have made some further progress with the 2 Litre.

I enclose 3 photographs of Rudy Wood-Mullers M 45 at the Northern Dinner.

I am also enclosing a copy of a puzzle which I will be handing out in the Isle Of Man, this may fill in a bit of time if the weather is not too good. Whilst it will not be released to the members before the rally, I thought your closing date for the next issue could be quite near and if you want to use it, please feel free to do so. I will send you the answers after the event when hopefully these can be printed in the following issue if necessary.

I will be writing to you again as I think I have solved the problem of the dreaded shimmy,. At least I have found what causes this on both of my M 45's, and I am going to try this on the 3 litre of Russell Squires (hopefully before the IOM) whose car after some work on the steering that he has undertaken himself has now joined "Come Dancing"

With best wishes and kind regards.

Yours sincerely

Roger Firth

The "Lagonda Puzzle" appears at the end of these letters K.P.P.

Dear Ken,

It is flattering to be asked in a letter to the Lagonda Magazine for advice on fitting a modern oil filter to a 16/80. (fame at last - it used to be notoriety). Unfortunately I cannot offer advice as my 16/80 is not fitted with a modern oil filter. Hopefully someone else will write offering advice on this matter. I too will be grateful to read such advice. I do have two comments:

1) Stephen Weld of Crossley competition fame said that he always changed the oil every 1000 miles.

2) A mis-fitted modern oil filter may reduce oil pressure. It must be remembered that the pump has to

circulate oil not just to the crankshaft journals but also up to the head and along the rocker shaft. My 16/80 ran for many miles with low oil pressure. As a consequence, the rocker shaft and the rocker arm bushes became very worn

Yours sincerely

Ron Gee

Dear Ken,

I had lunch with Colin Humphreys - Oates' Grandson - recently and he let me browse through the family albums.

He lent me some of many photographs and I have had six copied. Could you please send them to Arnold Davey when finished?

The postcard is rather fun and I enclose a bill heading from Oates' garage, just about five miles from here!

Best wishes

Jeremey Oates

Dear Ken,

There's nothing like publishing an article which admits a gap in your archives for someone to fill it for you. After the Lagonda Fetes article in Magazine 192 in which I admitted I didn't know the date of the 1927 event, Tony Hutchings, the Archivist of the Brooklands Society, was kind enough to hunt through the Society's copies of the motoring magazines and sent me photocopies of the relevant articles.

The 1927 Fete took place on Thursday August 18th and was reported in "The Motor" of August 23rd and "The Autocar" of August 26th. For completeness, I will summarise the reports. About 1500 people turned up, despite the Thursday date. There were no competitive events before lunch, the time being given over to an exhibition of current models including the brand new Speed Model and demonstration runs round the track. After lunch the day started with an appearance contest, fought between eight open 14/60s and a saloon. It was won by Major King in one of the tourers although "Motor" said it was a 14/60 and "Autocar" a 16/65.

Next were two heats and a final of a one-lap race for 14/60s, with a Le Mans type start. 'Mac' McCallum won the first heat in a saloon and Mr Fletcher in a tourer the second. The final saw both these beaten by Mr Reise's tourer at a speed somewhere in the 70's.

The next one-lapper was for 12/24s, six of them contesting it, with the winner Mr Ellis. The car entered by Mrs Church took a while to start and she was treading so hard on the throttle pedal in her attempts to catch up that it vanished through the floorboards and stayed stuck open - making fact of what had always been a Brooklands joke.

There followed a slow-running contest, also in heats and a final, in which after a rolling start drivers had to go as slow as possible in top gear (with an observer to check clutches were not slipped). Winner was Mr Grimaldi in a 14/60 tourer, last past the post, although several contestants overdid it and stalled.

The final event was a timed climb of the Test Hill, won by Mr Nicholls in a 14/60 semi-sports in 14.9 seconds from Mr Benson in 15.6 seconds. Benson was later a prominent rally and trial competitor in Lagondas and one can't help wondering if 'Nicholls' was actually Bob Nicholl of Fox & Nicholl. Actually, Benson and McCallum did identical times, but as there was only the one pot they tossed for it to decide second and third places.

My thanks to Tony Hutchings for filling in this gap in our history.

Regards

Arnold Davey

Dear Ken,

Peter Vowles in his letter about the 2 litre's engine failure asks how it was that fragments of the failed valve seat ended up in all of the cylinders. During the years that I ran a lab investigating engine failures, this particular phenomenon was one that cropped up time and again - bits of valve, valve seat, piston, carburettor or shirt button would mysteriously flow in



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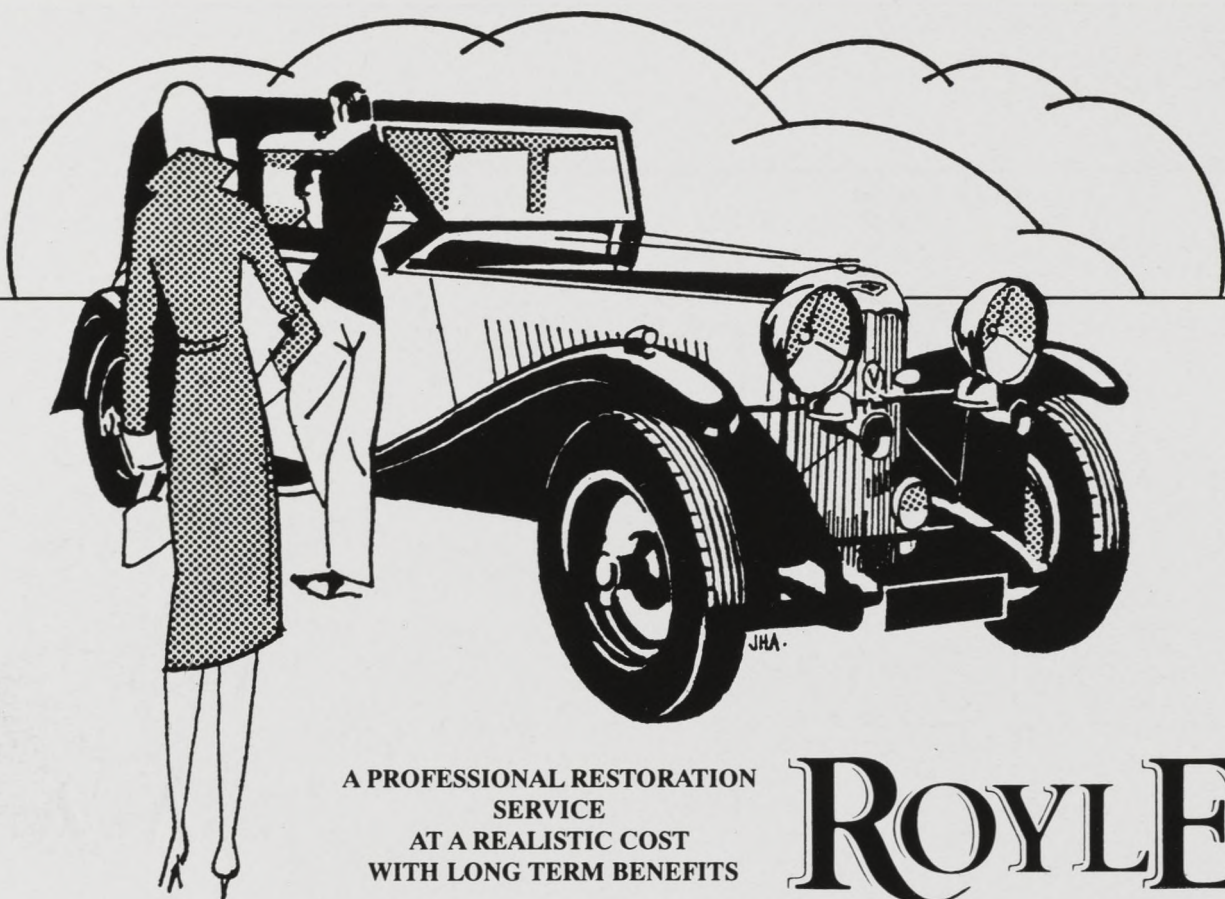
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M.....195.....

This hasn't reproduced perfectly, but this was Oates' bill heading



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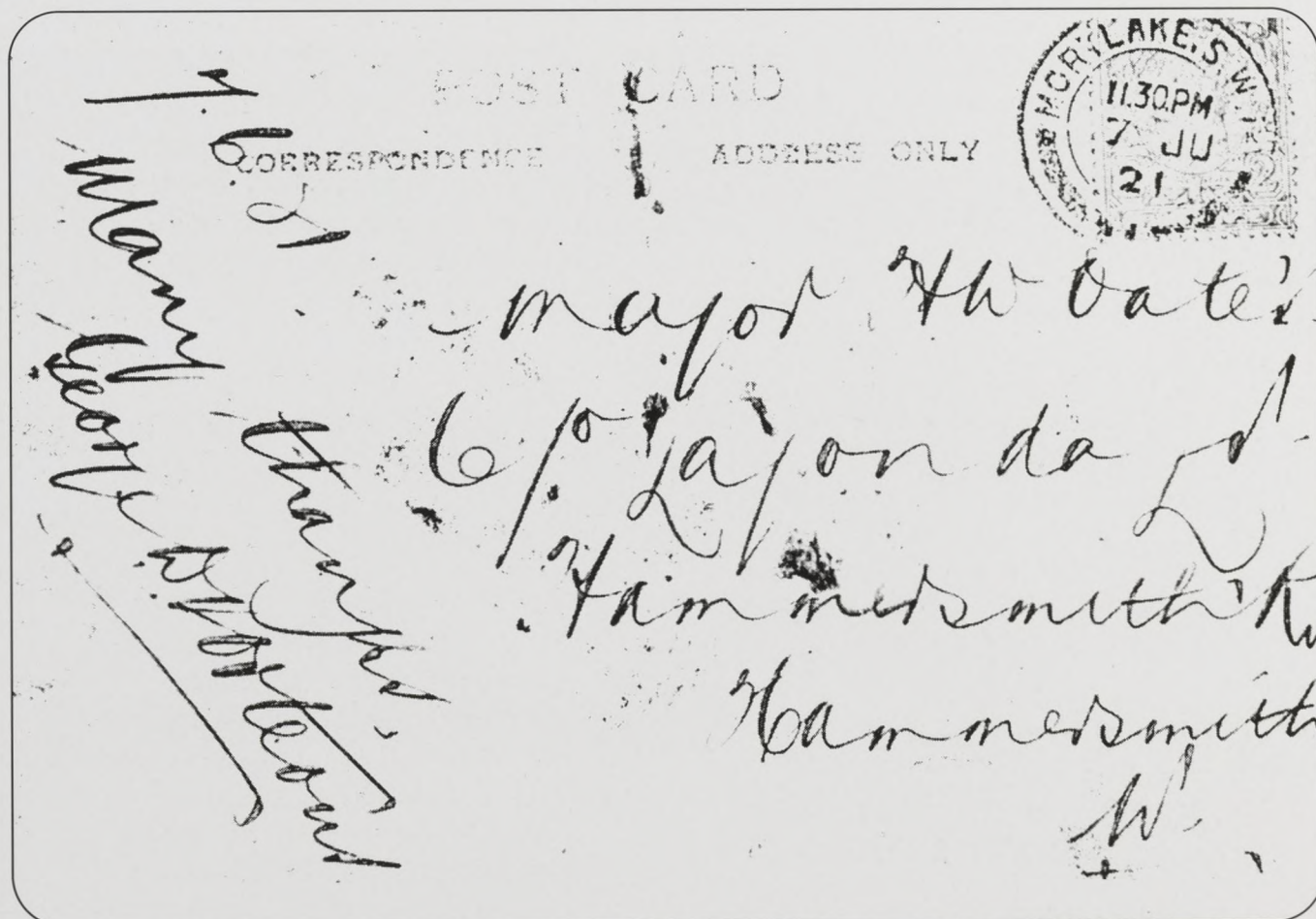
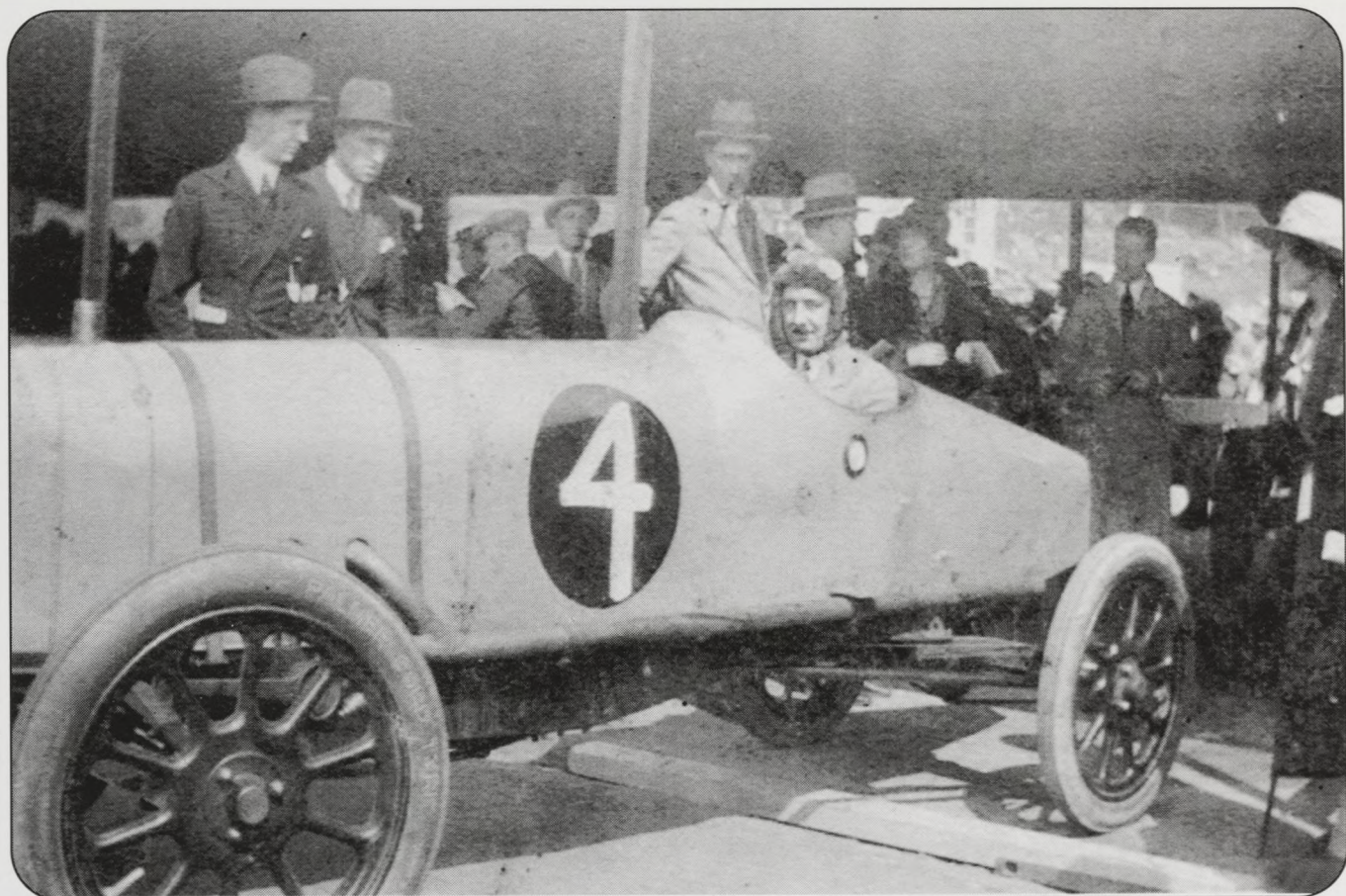
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The postcard to Major Oates



A wonderful pre first war scene! does anyone recognise the spot?



This is clearly an Army hospital, note the 11.1 in the front row



A n 11.9 apparently on a winter event. The card on the droor is numbered 132, or 232



Was this shot of an 11.1 taken at the end of a London - Landsend trial?

and out of the combustion chambers against the apparent air flow.

In fact, though, the patterns of air-flow have only quite lately been properly investigated. New fangled modern engines use hot wire anemometers to measure the air flow into the engine: a piece of wire is mounted across the intake, carrying a known electrical current, and the amount of air flow is determined from the cooling effect of the air going by. This flow mass is then used to control the amount of fuel injected. Trouble is, this device can't really tell which way the air is going – so if the air pulsates in and out, you'll get too much fuel for the actual amount of fresh air drawn in. This has been found to be such a problem that the engine management computer has to be told to ignore the readings at certain set engine speeds, and run a guessing program instead.

However, (to get back to real engines) it does show that a lot of air spends its time going into a cylinder then out again, before the valve has closed. Hence even quite large fragments can pass up and down the inlet manifold inside a few engine revs. This is another manifestation of Murphy's Law requiring things not just to go wrong, but also to do the maximum amount of damage while they're at it.

Yours sincerely

John Stubbs

Dear Ken,

Thank you for printing my short synopsis about the SU pressure pumps last quarter. I hope members found this useful although the last paragraph did refer to another diagram with part numbers, which was missing. If any member would like a copy I can supply this.

Phil Erhardt later rang me to suggest that it would have been useful to refer to the small pin size drain holes in each of the magnet housings marked M in the article. These provide for a breather and also an outlet for petrol, which may leak

through a worn diaphragm. Not only should they be kept clear of paint and other material but they should always be positioned on the underside of the pump to allow drainage. Phil recalls one occasion when they were not so positioned and a petrol build up resulted in an engine fire for an unfortunate Lagonda owner.

I am delighted to mention that Phil took the opportunity to invite me out for a run in the 1939 Le Mans Lagonda HPL 448. He is currently storing this masterpiece for Bernd Holthusen, who has decided to sell his Lagonda stable this autumn.

What an experience I had. A mixture of engineering perfection wrapped up in a car so well balanced and powerful that all but the best moderns are surely put to shame. I would mention that as the passenger, (I felt it only fair to let Phil drive) the lack of protection by even an aero screen, created sensations in places where I did not know I had places. If only the Lotto was kind I should put that car first on my list.

Incidentally, when referring to the splendid Le Mans Lagondas in an article I wrote for Automobile last May I had gained the impression that both were equally damaged by the war time bomb that hit the building they were in. This was not the case as can be seen by the photographs on page 101 of Arnold Davey's most recent book, Lagonda 1899-1999. She was running again in the Horsleys at the end of the war in a condition not far removed from the time after the bomb struck.

Must go now, to buy my Lotto ticket.

Regards

Michael Drakeford

The penultimate paragraph of this letter really got me going! I remembered that, in the second magazine I edited, I included a picture of what was claimed to be the wrecked remains of the two V12 team cars.. (Page 29 of issue no 137, if you are interested.) This shows three damaged cars, all with roughly the same

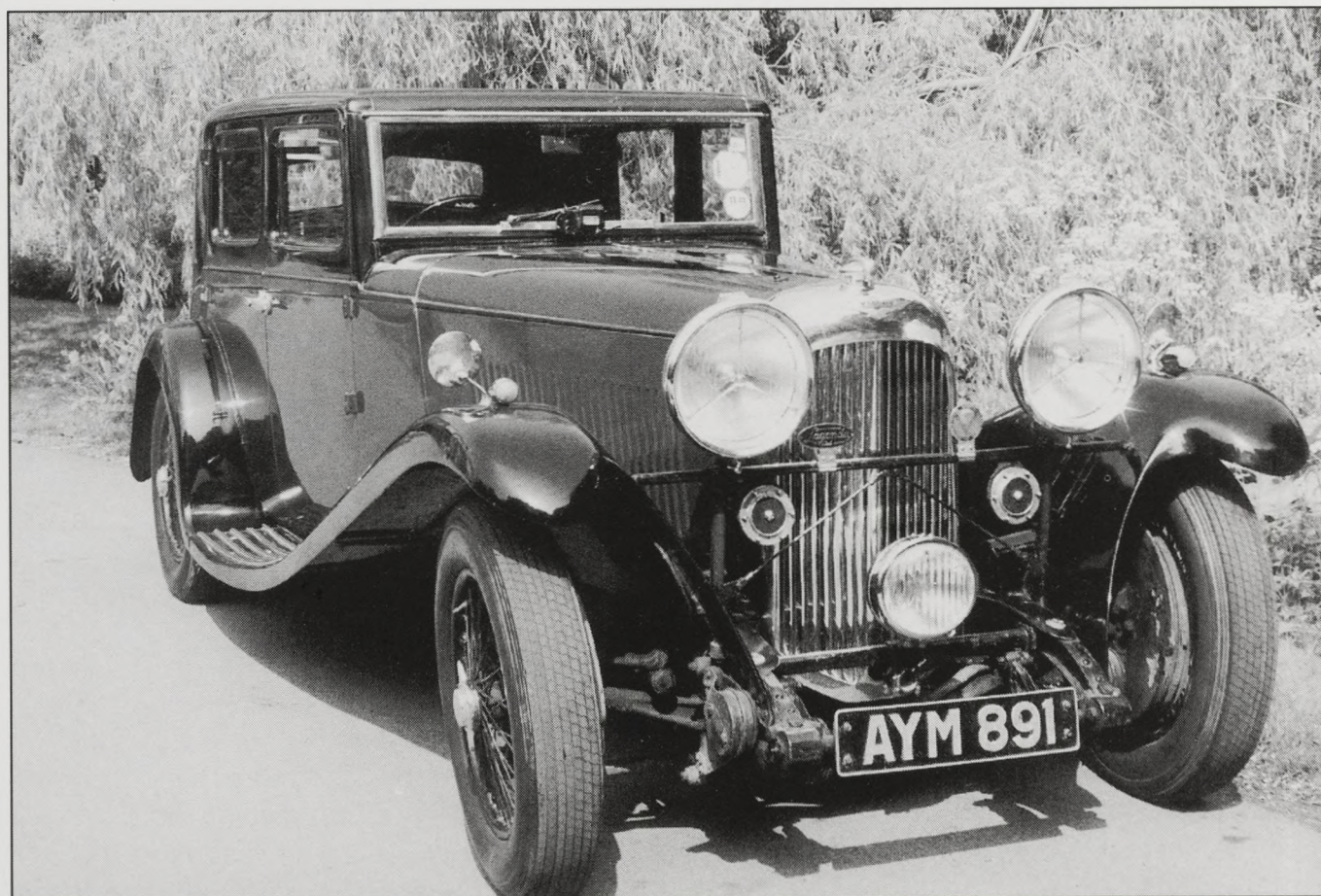
amount of damage. BUT, if one goes back to page 16 of Issue 118, where Arnold Davey has written a splendid article on the team cars, we learn that when he examined the original picture, it was clear that only one team car is in the picture. The other two wrecks are an LG6 and a standard V12, still with its chassis outriggers intact and these were removed from the racers.

So, we don't appear to have any pictorial evidence of the damage sustained by the second car, which was re-registered GRK 77 in 1948. It is probably this second car that Charles Brackenbury is shown driving on page 101 of Arnold's book and, in a different picture on page 19 of issue 118, if Arnold's estimate of the picture being taken in winter 1946 is correct. The pictures of HPL 449, show the bomb damage, on page 101 of Arnold's book and, on page 102, the same car, rebuilt in 1946.

It is not really possible to assess the extent of the damage to HPL from the picture of it covered by the wrecked panels. I have extensive personal experience of the effects of bomb blast damage, having served first as an RAF policeman in Cyprus during the EOKA campaign, then as the adjutant of No 5131 Bomb Disposal Squadron and finally on security duties in Aden and the Gulf. Lightweight aluminium panels would show serious damage, whereas the more substantial chassis and engines might escape, comparatively lightly damaged.

I don't understand Michael's reference to the car running again in the Horsleys at the end of the war, but no doubt he will have explained all to me long before you read this! As far as I am concerned, the jury is still out on the levels of damage to both cars, unless one of our members can offer further evidence.

K.P.P.



Rudy WoodMuller's M45 at the Northern Dinner, see Roger Firth's letter on page 37

The Lagonda Puzzle

In a courtyard, there are five garages (numbered from left to right), painted in five different colours.

Each garage belongs to a Lagonda owner, all of whom originally came from different counties.

The five owners drive a certain model of Lagonda, use a certain brand of fuel and use a certain make of tyre.

No owners have the same model of car, or use the same brand of fuel, or use the same make of tyre.

The question is - "who owns the LG 45 'Rapide?'".

CLUES

The Member who hails from Norfolk owns the red garage.

The Member from Staffordshire runs an 11.9

The Yorkshireman buys Esso fuel.

The green garage is one to the left of the white garage.

The green garage owner prefers Shell petrol.

The Member who uses Dunlop tyres promotes his business with his V.12.

The Member of the yellow garage will buy only Michelin tyres.

The Member of the centre garage calls only at Fina petrol stations.

The Member from Kent owns the first garage.

The Pirelli user has a garage next to the man who drives a 3 litre.

The M 45 owner has a garage next to the man who runs on Michelin tyres.

The Member who uses Goodyear tyres fills his tank with Total petrol.

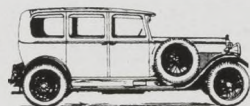
The Devonian will buy only Firestone tyres.

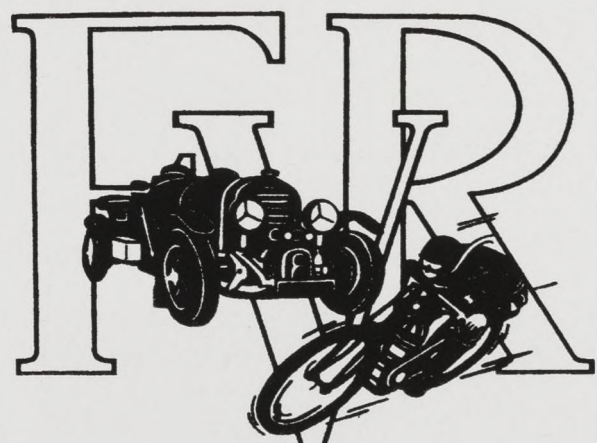
The garage next to the blue garage belongs to the man from Kent.

The Member who buys Pirelli tyres has a neighbour who uses BP fuel.

Albert Einstein is said to have devised a similar puzzle, and this has been adapted by Roger Firth to reflect the Lagonda motor car. Einstein claimed that 98% of the world could not solve it. Are you one of the 2% who can?

Answers in next magazine





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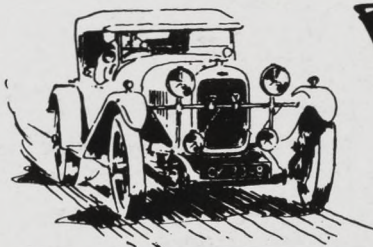


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