



News & Record



The Magazine of the 20-Ghost Club

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FRONT COVER – Ken Fairburn’s PII KF634 enjoys the Lincolnshire sunshine [photo by John Redmill, design by Gerard Barry]

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EDITORIAL

John R. Redmill

I really did intend to have my second issue of N&R out rather earlier than now, and my apologies for that delay, partly caused by a glorious late summer for me to enjoy my repaired 20/25 and thus the fruits of someone else's labour. However, I hope you will be interested in the mix of articles and that you will enjoy reading these until the next issue N&R32 comes out after Christmas. There are a number of important features in this issue, not least the announcement of the Club's Centenary Re-enactment of the 1911 Prince Henry Tour, from Beaulieu to Edinburgh and back to Brooklands. Committee member Nick Naismith has fearlessly undertaken to make the arrangements for this momentous event, and places are very limited, so submit your booking as soon as possible. Graham Tyson has re-organised and redesigned the Club's Web Site, and he gives instructions about how to access this immediately below; we are very grateful to him for this.

This issue is as I hope all future issues will be – a variety of technical articles, records of the many marvellous events that members have arranged for us all to enjoy [hopefully in chronological order of them taking place], accounts of members' cars and their restoration -yes, both members AND cars! - and helpful items of information, to suit all tastes and interests within the ranks of this united club of ours. And as

seems to be becoming a regular feature, many of these are, and will be, by Nigel Hughes, without whose help I would find being editor a very difficult and lonely task – my profound thanks to his continuing assistance!

The AGM and Annual Dinner of 2011 will be in London on 25th February, and the flyer for this is enclosed – this event is always excellent for meeting up with many other Club members, so do book soon; a glittering evening in late February is the best tonic after months of dreary winter weather. As the weather improves, we will be venturing to Holland to see Easter bulbs, and the May tour with the Irish Georgian Society has been moved forward to allow maximum breathing space between it and the Prince Henry Tour. Other events already confirmed are listed on the penultimate page; others will follow in subsequent issues. A number of members have already very kindly sent in articles; some of which will be included, together with all the accounts of this autumn's events, in the next issue, and others in future ones I am planning. So please submit any material, however brief, and on whatever subjects you like, for the interest of all of us – it is these that will make future issues of 'News & Record' what its title says, and I thank you all in advance for all your contributions.

THE CLUB'S NEW WEB SITE

Graham Tyson

The web site has been redesigned with lots of photographs and articles. There is also a Forum which once it is being used will hopefully prove extremely useful and will allow far more communication between members around the world than has hitherto been possible. The security has been stepped up for the Members Only section and Members will need their own User name and Password.

Access to the Members Only area is easy – just go to the main site at www.20ghost.org <<http://www.20ghost.org>> that will open obviously at the Home page. You will see what the general public can see, 'About Us' with the drop down box giving brief News details, the Gallery showing a number of pictures without identification, and also the 'Contact Us' box with its drop down 'Membership Enquiries' box. Go to the Members heading and click on it. You will find a box on the screen asking for the Pass phrase which is "frosty" [use lower case, as it is case sensitive], and this will direct you to a page on which you put in your user name (of your own choice), your password (also of your own choice), and your email address. When you then click a message will come up saying an authorisation message is being sent to your email address.

Open your email address and when you see the message, which should get through in around 30 seconds, click on it and you will go straight back to the Members section, which can then be opened. This procedure will only need to be done once!

Once you have logged on, if you put your cursor back over the Gallery again, a number of drop-down boxes will appear with lots more photographs of past Events. In the members section you will find details of all forthcoming Events with downloadable application forms, travel tales, details of the Committee and Club merchandise for sale.

There is also the Forum, which I encourage everyone to use, as it is a marvellous way of exchanging ideas, seeking help over all sorts of mechanical problems, offering advice, etc.

Finally, I should like to thank Nigel Hughes, the previous Webmaster, firstly for his kindness in helping me with the new web site, and also for the monumental amount of time he has spent over the years in looking after the previous web site.

GOK65 - MY LIFE SO FAR!

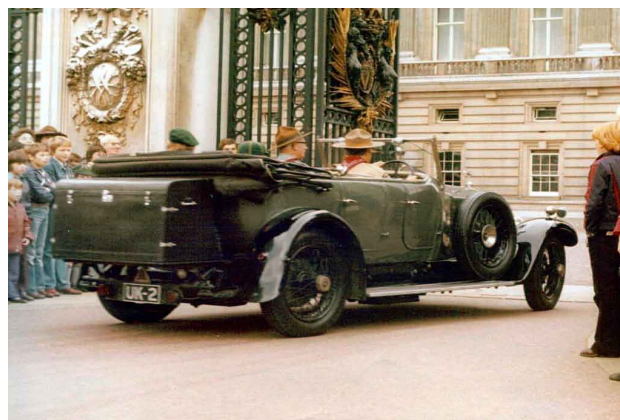
The elderly lady continues her autobiography with Andrew Sington



Most old ladies love weddings, and family ones were always very special – and the first I attended was Reggie's eldest son Jonathan – that was in the mid 1960's. Andrew was to get married in 1970 followed shortly after by Stephen. So that was the 3 boys sorted! I also attended all their children's weddings – first Amanda, then Jamie, followed by Derek, Clair and Zoe. Reggie was by this time involved with the Baden Powell Scouts and had the honour of taking me to Buckingham Palace. That was a great thrill and brought back many memories of my earlier life in London. The 'good old days' – you must be joking!

By July 1989 I was again in need of some TLC – so this time I was to spend 18 months in the hands of a real professional - Tony Smith of Inkberrow, Worcestershire. Tony returned me to my former glory – a real beauty and in perfect order – including engine rebuild and a full rewire. I returned to the Wirral in June 1991 and on the 6th July I moved to Southport where Andrew lives. He had polished me since 1960 so it was a natural move as he had also worked on the 20/25 and knew more about me than anyone else in the family. Membership of the RREC soon followed, as did many longer journeys not just in the UK, but also abroad – which I cannot recall visiting previously.

In June 1992 I attended a very influential meeting of 20hp cars at Weston-on-the-Green near Oxford. It was at this meeting that the President of the RREC – Lt Col Barrass – agreed to a '20hp Register'. Keith Jay was appointed the first Registrar (though at that time the position hadn't been given a name) and Andrew was the first Editor of 'The 20hp Newsletter'. Now all R-R and Bentley marques are represented by Registers - prior to which the older marques were feeling 'left out in the cold' with the preponderance of Shadows and their derivatives.



My first trip abroad was organised by Brian Wiggins to the Italian lakes in 1994. That was just incredible as we 'trained' to Bologna and then drove to Riva on Lake Garda and then had an incredible drive to Como. The train trip back was the one in which a number of cars were destroyed by fire – no names again except that the 1926 3-litre Bentley that had just completed a 5-year restoration by Tony Lambert was the next car to go had the fire not been extinguished at Chantilly just north of Paris and I was next behind the Bentley – a lucky escape! Regrettably it is for this reason that SNCF now refuse to carry vintage cars. Sorry! 1995 was the first year of the Keith Jay Brittany trips. Keith put his heart and soul into organising these and they are remembered with great affection by many – particularly those 6 cars that followed me into a farm yard in which a French farmer was minding his business and found 7 Rolls-Royce motor cars enter his farmyard, do a brisk U-turn and proceed out again. The map reading was somewhat at fault here I recall! 1997 took me to Arnedo in the Rioja region of Spain on a trip organised by Ted Kelly. An amazing experience and one that Ken Trent will never forget – I overtook him in his open 20hp whilst going downhill at 70mph. He then spent thousands getting an overdrive fitted only to find that I was in neutral at the time (and didn't have an overdrive anyway)! The hill was some 13 miles long and we really flew – and nearly flew!

The year 2000 saw me at the successful Guinness World Record attempt in Chester where 420 Rolls-Royce Motor Cars drove in an uninterrupted single-file procession for more than 2 miles on a public road. I was in my prime (as Miss Jean Brodie would say). The Northern Section of the RREC was asked by Lady Cholmondeley to be the first cars to drive down their new main driveway. Her son David Cholmondeley the 7th Marquess and Lord Great Chamberlain, had the pleasure of driving me as the lead car around the estate

- with Lady Cholmondeley in the back - so David was the second member of his family to sit on my seats. His family and the Plowdens (which was Mary Watson-Smyth's maiden name) are connected in some way.

2006 was my 80th birthday - and as a special present I was to take Andrew on a trip of a lifetime - to Jerusalem. He was 60 years old so it made perfect sense!

I drove him through France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Austria, Lichtenstein, Hungary, Serbia, Macedonia, Greece and finally Turkey where we were flown by '747' to Israel and then drove to the Sea of Gallilee, The Dead Sea, the Negev (aka Arabian Desert) so beloved of Lawrence of Arabia, and on to Jerusalem. I was pretty tired by then so I went home in a container - thank goodness! Over 3,900 in just 13 days driving!



The old lady braves e'ven winter's cold with relish

..... and enjoys relaxing and chatting with a chum



I've been to la Belle France twice recently - where they really know how to treat elderly ladies properly!! I had the pleasure of driving to Giverny in France to see Monet's Garden and attend a meeting of stationary engines (!) and a gaggle of Austin Chummies, and then last July to Bennecourt, to take part in a Clochmerle-like jollification with six other RRs. The roads in France are

a pleasure to be on which is not how one feels in the UK - just too much traffic, all going much too fast for my liking and dignity! My speedo tells me I have travelled either 210,000 or 310,000 miles - of which over 90,000 miles have been since I joined the Sington family.

For those who want to know some of my vital statistics, perhaps the following will be of interest:

Engine	6 cylinders with 6 overhead inlets and 6 overhead exhaust valves.
Capacity	3,127cc
HP	Whilst generally referred to as 20hp, I am officially 21.6hp [or as Sir Henry would have said - 'sufficient']
Brakes	4-Wheel cable brakes, Servo-Assisted.
Tyres	500/525 x 21" + 2 spares
Seating	4 Seats
Springs	Specified for Touring with 4 adults and their luggage.
Speed	I can cruise all day at 50mph (2,500rpm) which was my cruising speed in 1926.
Top speed	In 1926 it was 60mph (3000rpm) - top speed today is still 60mph!

GENERATOR OVER-VOLTAGE

Nigel Hughes

Graham Ashley-Carter's note on the 'constant current' type of generator reminds us of the disastrous consequences of running the generator if the battery is disconnected. Rather than the expected 12 to 14 volts, any electrical loads connected may experience as much as 50 volts.

I hang my head in shame, as this happened to me recently. I was driving in daylight but with battery ignition and side and taillights on and the ammeter happily showing the usual 10 amperes of charge. Suddenly, I noticed a kick in the charge reading on the ammeter. My car has the ammeter and oil pressure gauge right in front of me on the dash - "Good thinking Mr Coachbuilder Barker". I quickly hit the charging switch to kill the generator output and took a deep breath. We were still motoring. OK, I thought, what could have done that? Having been driving on 'M&B' on the ignition switch, I selected 'B' and immediately the engine died. On switching to 'M', there was a shotgun explosion from the tail pipe and we were motoring again. I completed the journey on 'M'. Thanks, Sir Henry, for proper dual ignition on the late Ghost. These days we call this dissimilar redundancy and the principle is used for safety critical systems. It means that your ignition comes from two completely independent sources and no single failure can knock them both out (except perhaps a timing gear failure which would stop the

engine anyway). Later in the journey, I discovered that my coil ignition had come back on, only to disappear again later. So, I was looking for an intermittent fault.

The obvious checks of fuses and connections in the fuse box, switchbox and under the dash revealed nothing. I found blown sidelights, but interestingly not tail lights and was very relieved that the ignition coil and ballast resistor were still OK. I then moved to the battery connections. Waggling the starter cables showed that the clamps were tight on the battery terminals. However, the terminal of one of the other leads was loose under its clamping nut. I usually spread the terminal clamps with a screwdriver, push them down onto the battery terminals and they spring back to grip the terminal tightly; hence the main starter cables were well attached to the battery. I had not then tightened the clamping nuts sufficiently to give a reliable connection to the other cable. This stems in part from the fact that modern batteries have the terminal posts recessed in a pocket. It is very difficult to get a spanner on to the clamping nuts, as they can appear to be tight when the spanner is actually fouling the plastic recess - see photograph; nicely whipped ends to the wires aren't they? Older type batteries had flat tops so it was easy to wield the required spanner.



MIRACULOUS PYRENEES!

Clare Corbett

The Spanish Pyrenees tour was notable for the number of miracles, and I ascribe these to the first rendezvous of all the participants on the 31st May at Sto Domingo. We were told that he was the patron saint of road workers and engineers, but I feel that Sto Domingo was also our heavenly sponsor just as Roland Duce was our earthly one. On my return I read that he is also the patron saint of pregnant women – Sto Domingo that is, not Roland!! Well that would have been a miracle!

The first miracle was that we all arrived. To begin with, there was the ferry contingent that gathered for dinner on the 'Pride of Bilbao', packed with happy "mini cruisers". As the website declared that departure time to be 9.15pm but in minuscule print changed it to 8.15pm, it was indeed miraculous that we all made it. The next hurdle was a gale in the Bay of Biscay, for which different remedies were produced. Pat Scott was vertical by virtue of patches, Mary -Jo Heckman was on pills, and poor Gervase Forster was nowhere to be seen until disembarkation on Sunday. He had been rendered horizontal by the rough seas but had been dreaming [we presume] of Margaret. She was with the airport party who left early from Stansted and nearly lost Joan Laybourne to a bollard, which tripped her up but despite bruising did not dint her spirit. In this group was our leader Roland Duce, gallantly accompanying the ladies while Susan Glew drove his Ghost to the airport. Then there was the Dutch contingent - the Arendonks arrived in their fine sporting Phantom 1, accompanied by Lizzie, a well travelled and fabulously well behaved West Highland Terrier, and Klaas and Luus De Boer were in their skiff-bodied Ghost on its first long outing.



The Dutch Treats – the cars of the Arendonks and the de Boers

Klaas was quite happy that Alan Glew was one of the party and a few under-the-bonnet tweaking sessions did occur despite Alan being very firmly on holiday! Jonathan and Ilona Woodhead were testing the

paces of their 20HP, and they too were all present and correct at our first dinner. Roland welcomed us all to the fine Parador, a 12th century former pilgrim's hostel, with rooms replete with gothic arches and wooden coffered ceilings.



first stop Sto Domingo!

So that first Monday, a day of relative leisure, had all the cars trooping off to a bodega for a taste of the fine wines of the Rioja region. Heredad Ugarte was visited under the auspices of Richard and Diana Conn; this family had tended their vineyards since 1870 but the current winery was founded in 1957 and had gone from strength to strength. In contrast, we however were rapidly weakening after a thorough tour of the caves and some delicious wine tasting. Lunch was hugely welcome when it eventually was produced with large quantities of barbecued lamb. Sir John Stuttard tracked down the only two bottles of white wine that were then happily imbibed. Although some continued the bodega tour, others were wined / wiped out, as reflected in a somewhat depleted crew at dinner in the parador that evening.

The most important miracle of Sto. Domingo, historically speaking, must be the story of the backpacker accused of stealing a silver goblet - in fact, it had been planted by a jilted barmaid. The lad was hanged, and his grief-stricken parents carried on down the Camino de Santiago, or 'pilgrims' way'. On their return months later and passing the gallows, they were amazed to see their son still alive and chatting, saved of course by Sto Domingo. They rushed to the judge who proclaimed their son was as dead as the two chickens roasted on his plate. Thereupon the chickens sprang up and began to cluck. Since that time there have always been two white chickens kept in an ornate medieval hencoop in the cathedral - for animal lovers, I should point out that they only do stints of one month each. To those of us that visited the cathedral they could be located by the delicate smell.

That evening for dinner was beef, not chicken.

The next day we learned about the wonders and perils of the Spanish roads. The scenery on this tour was truly spectacular. Our route described an irregular ellipse. On day 3 we went up the Brieda De Cameros, a steep and narrow road with hairpins galore, then down and up again to the Puerto de Piqueras at 1710 m. By the end of the holiday we had done many Cols of varying steepness and significantly varied road surfaces. The Col de Narjo, which we drove one hot afternoon, was the scene of a sadness. Round a blind bend, Sir John Stuttard had the misfortune to meet a motorbike that took evasive action to the wrong side of the road. The inevitable collision could have been very much worse. The car was damaged but ultimately saved by the crash barrier. Sir John and Lesley Stuttard were unhurt, and displayed admirable sang-froid, their only injury being to their dignity, and amazingly the biker suffered only bruises - St Dominic again? Sadly, it was Lesley's birthday, but hopefully the unfortunate event was tempered by birthday cake and a Heckman serenade at dinner. Richard and Emily Buckingham were able to take on the Stuttards in considerable comfort, so they were able to continue the tour for several more days.

We were on the whole incredibly lucky with the weather, the greenness of the scenery testifying to a generous average rainfall, but the wettest Col for us all was the Port de La Benaigua. This ski resort, with banked snow to prove it, also sported fog and driving rain. It was a relief to make the descent to Arties, most arriving in full rain gear. The sun shone the following morning and we set off once more, some of us in the wrong direction. The Australian Ghost Gertie set off back up towards the Porta perhaps, we thought, on a mission to retrieve Roland's coat which he had left at the top. However she had second thoughts and was to be seen minutes later coming back past the hotel in the correct direction. Mostly we followed the route maps assiduously, but Gertie had an anarchic streak and at times seemed hell bent on Barcelona; however she always made it to the hotel in time for dinner. We had doubts about her use of Tom-tom, and on several occasions her gallant driver Brian Tilbury was advised to ditch that in favour of his real life navigator, Roy Whitchurch, at times known as Roy-roy. This had support from the backseat ladies, Maria Tilbury and Lynette Whyte.

Sometimes the spectacular heights were decorated with lovely hill top towns, such as Olite (once the seat of the Court of Navarre), and Ujie, where only the brave headed for the main square as reversing back out was treacherous. From the 13th century Romanesque church there was a fine view of a stately procession of Rolls Royces travelling along a relatively unprotected ridge. Off the roads were often beautiful monasteries such as San Millan near Najera; this once housed Sto Domingo himself, and our visit was memorable for the vanloads of Guardia Civil. It was a further miracle that Wendy, the Glew's Ghost, was not impounded when Susan

started taking happy snaps, as the police were there to protect Princess Letitia who was expected imminently to open a new language centre. On the A132 was the option to disembark and climb the spectacular Los Mallos Riglos, the red rock formations that are part of the base of the Spanish Pyrenees; Jonathan and Ilona showed good mountaineering form! Further along the route was the Castillo de Loarre, which is a magnificent fairy-tale castle complete with Romanesque church inside. Featured in the Crusader film 'Kingdom of Heaven', it was built by Sancho Ramirez King of Navarre in 1100 as a base of resistance to the Moorish occupation. It was never captured and was in fact closed until 4pm, which may explain why the Moors never made it inside. Some of us waited and, as we were the only entrants, the guide gave us the key, a substantial piece of ironwork.

In addition to spectacular climbs the gorges were breathtaking. In particular on the N260 before Ainsa the deepest of all the canyons was also host to the largest number of articulated lorries seen on the whole tour. We decided it must be their breeding ground, and the whole canyon ground to a halt as lorries and buses battled for supremacy beneath the rocky arches.

Then there was Seu D'Urgell alongside the Nogera Pallaresa, which is the most powerful river in the Pyrenees. This was the site of the Olympic Canoeing events in 1992 and still a mecca for many water based sports. Helen Banks said that she might like to try water-boarding, but was advised that she might well not enjoy it! Later in the tour, Ochagavia was another showcase village, set on quays at the site of two rivers merging to form the river Salazar.



Mostly the hotels were set in interesting and beautiful locations - there was the parador in Arties, where the town is rather empty out of the ski season but also rather perfect, and the bijou Art-Nouveau hotel in Solsona, which is a delightful market town good for picnic-shopping with a gloomy cathedral. We all enjoyed the Hosteria de Guara [in Bierge], an unpretentious family-run hotel in the middle of the National Park, Canones de Guara. Gervase Forster was to be seen swimming lengths in the pool, while others enjoyed wine and fresh olives on the terrace. The hotel organised the tour of an olive oil factory with oil tasting at the end; no spitting in buckets so one bottle proved sufficient. The Villa Paulita was a haven of comfort in Puigcercada. The final hotel in

St Sebastian was the Villa Soro, a perfect base to explore and bemoan the end of the holiday. One hotel was the subject of much speculation - it was modern and extremely comfortable with an excellent dinner, but how did it come to be located on a roundabout next to a cement works with the train thundering past?

In addition to the wonderful driving and spectacular scenery, there were other high spots. The highest of these was the balloon ride from Puigcerrada. Brian and Joan Palmer were selected for the ballon-a-deux, otherwise christened "the Honey-balloon". Kim, an experienced balloonist with very little hair, accompanied the rest of us ballooning novices. Joan Laybourne had warned us to wear hats to avoid being seared by the burners; this was good advice, as Kim's shiny pate might testify. We soared over the basin of the Pyrenees and could see Llívia, a Spanish enclave surrounded on all sides by France. Because it was technically a town it was not given up to France in a treaty that gave up the surrounding 'villages'. We did in fact make our descent into France - possibly St Domingo was on standby here too, as the young lad who was tossed a rope with which he was meant to tether us gave such an exhibition of grunting that we feared for his heart. It was later explained that the grunting was purely to improve his performance, rather like Serena Williams winning Wimbledon.

For the explorers amongst us the trip through the industrial zone to Canfranc Station proved a delight with rotting carriages and locked engine sheds. Canfranc was apparently the station that featured in the film 'Dr Zhivago'. It is a magnificent white elephant inaugurated in 1928 as a collaborative effort between the Spanish and the French to traverse the Pyrenees. The French discontinued their part of the line due to undercutting of the French ski resort price. The closest we could get to re-enacting 'Dr Zhivago' was Margaret Forster as Julie Christie. There were no candidates for Omar Sharif. Clayton Banks spent some time discussing with waiters when the real Julie Christie was born - the answer was a long time ago.



Canfranc Station

Bilbao was our first and last destination. Fairly unpleasant motorways protect it but the Bilbao Guggenheim museum did not disappoint. Designed by Frank Gehry and inspired by the anatomy of a fish and the hull of a boat, it makes a fine impression. The art within was more controversial; in particular, the American artist Robert Rauschenberg who enjoys "detrusita revealing second life" was exhibiting "Gluts" full of treasures gleaned from The Gulf Iron and Metal Junkyard in Florida. This included car dashboards, traffic signs, exhaust pipes, radiator grilles and other parts dear to the hearts of enthusiastic 20-Ghosters. Mary-Jo Heckman reckoned Tom's garage could have supplied a thing or two, and the Beaulieu Autojumble would surely be a Rauschenberg heaven!



Lizzie and two happy Arendonks en-route to somewhere

So perhaps a word from our engineering patron saint Sto Domingo once again - "Muchos repuestos". Our own Spanish speaking was limited, but we will never forget the word for a beer - cerveza - as it is close enough to our very own Gerveza to make it memorable. Clayton Banks' fake parking ticket on the Corbett car in Jaca had us fooled - until we read the "Parking Fino". Amongst other phrases "another botello vino" worked quite well, and we were all very happy to say "Muchas Gracias" to Roland Duce for a fabulous holiday!



Ballooning over Puigcerda, with the Forsters, Corbetts, de Boers and Heckmans on board

A TOUR OF LINCOLNSHIRE

WITH THE IRISH GEORGIANS 21st to 24th MAY 2010

John R. Redmill



Improving the flat Lincolnshire landscape

Well, every so often we all have to go to events thinking “I am really not going to enjoy this” – after all, Lincolnshire is not famous for anything really, it’s all rather flat and out-of-the way, and does it have anything of interest? After 32 of these fabulous annual tours, was my palate becoming jaded, was I in danger of being very blasé about it all? Then Robert Jennings, the organiser, didn’t exactly help matters by circulating the following to everyone three weeks before the weekend – *“I have now visited the hotel [The Olde Barn, at Marston]. If – in spite of past of experience of these weekends – you are expecting rustic charm or even country house luxury, I am afraid you may be disappointed. First impressions are unfavourable: the hotel appears marooned in a sea of industrial scale agriculture (at present, vegetables and lawn turf), there is an extension built in “Motel Brutalist” style and no money has been wasted, or perhaps even spent in the first place, on prettifying much of the car park.”* Nor did Jimmy – he had declared my 20/25 to be ‘surplus to IGS and 20GC requirements’ and, duly humbled, my mood grew ever greyer as the weekend approached. But as we arrived near Grantham, so did the sunshine, then Robert pulled yet one more rabbit of a country house after another out of his capacious but well-concealed IGS hat – the whole thing was an utter revelation.

Indeed, the hotel was no architectural masterpiece, either externally or internally, but everything else we saw throughout the tour was. The weather was stunning,

only surpassed by the company of 30 Irish Georgians and 23 20 Ghost Club members and their 13 cars; the hospitality and sights were exceptional – just like all the previous tours, and probably one of the best! Clive Barham Carter, Jane-less at the last minute, further lifted my mood by insisting that I took the wheel of his handsome Barker-bodied HS492 – so I was away! And the 20-Ghosters were on their usual form as well – ignoring Robert’s clear directions at a roundabout before we had even arrived at the first house on Saturday morning, cars went in all three different directions possible – it was clearly going to be one of ‘those’ weekends.

Somehow, in glorious sunshine, we all managed to reach Thoresby Park, the fourth house of that name on the estate, at the same time! House no. 3, built in 1864 and now a hotel, is a major Victorian mansion [and we were to enjoy several of its near relatives over the next three days], but the house we visited had been designed in recent years by the owner Hugh Matheson, who followed extremely closely the Villa Caldogno of 1542, just outside Vicenza, by Andrea Palladio. Not quite complete yet, it is filled with some of the family treasures from the Victorian house, which fit in perfectly with the mock-16th century interiors – a remarkable architectural achievement, that some worried purists felt was ‘dishonest’.



Faux-Palladian – Thoresby No 4

Thus Jimmy Valentine was clearly anxious to get on to our next house, Papplewick Hall - so 'Auntie' was forced to uncharacteristically roar past a tractor, hooting wildly. This perfectly elegant Neo-classical box, of the 1780s, contains an even more elegant interior, particularly the cantilevered Staircase and the fascinating Drawing Room, where Jonathan Godwin-Austen told us of the family's connections with Lord Byron, and the rescue of the house from near dereliction by his father., while we tried to decipher the architectural changes carried out.



The Palazzo Motorini at Thurgarton

Lunch and other excitements called from Thurgarton Priory, where Roland Duce seemed to have built a new garden pavilion-cum-orangery especially for our visit - or was it really a garage for some of his cars? A carongery, perhaps?

Anyway, in the blazing sun we all enjoyed a sumptuous luncheon, and then gasped with admiration at some of Roland's splendid vehicles, and the surviving fragment of the 13th century Priory itself, remodelled as a church in the 1850s, and attached to the 1770s house, itself a replacement of a 16th century one.



Gothic and Georgian together at Thurgarton

Then afternoon tea beckoned us from afar, and was provided by Mrs Clark at her magnificent Culverthorpe Hall. One of the few houses we had also visited on our joint tour 25 years ago, it was more than worth seeing again. This superb late 17th century Baroque house built for the Newton family, and remodelled somewhat between 1700 and 1705, and with interiors of the 1730s, is the epitome of the English country house - as was said to its owner in 1734 - "I think I never saw a place more improved".



The Baroque splendour of Culverthorpe

While Mrs Clark's dogs went berserk around the gardens and threw themselves into the formal ponds, we stuffed ourselves with scones and cake, washed down with tea - what bliss - the Empire really did stop at 4 o'clock. However, we could not delay too long, as an extraordinary house was also waiting to receive us - Axel Gresinger and his partner Cameron Ford welcomed us to Barrowby Hall, a small 1690s house extended in 1852, on the edge of Grantham. They have filled the house with treasures from Axel's native Germany, and restored the extensive gardens - no one saw any temple dedicated to Lady Thatcher though; perhaps that's part of phase 2 of their works? Dinner that evening was a quiet, somewhat disorganised, affair at the hotel.

Recovered sufficiently, we were ready for Sunday's punishing programme. This included three absolutely magnificent houses, all quite near each other, a magnificent lunch, and a magnificent dinner – a typical IGS day, in fact. While the three houses had also been on our itinerary in 1985, “was we bovered”? Absolutely not – they are of such superb quality that they merit returning to again and again. Flintham Hall is a stunning mid-nineteenth century remodelling of a 1798 house, reconstructed from a mediaeval core by Thomas Thoroton. His son [also Thomas] married an heiress in 1815, taking her family name and spending her fortune building the stunning Library. Then his son, also Thomas, encased and enlarged the house from 1853 onwards, creating the spectacular Conservatory beyond the Library. Robin Hildyard who inherited the estate from his uncle Miles, our host on our earlier visit, provided coffee for us.



High Victorian Flintham, with its splendid conservatory

Then off we went through that blissful countryside, to Harlaxton Manor, not a house to be missed - although some did and had to drive round in several circles before locating the entrance gates.



Clayton Banks finally arrives at Harlaxton

Built half way up, and into the side of, a long ridge, the house totally commands its surroundings. Bizarre and magnificent, it could have been built by one of Queen Elizabeth I's most powerful courtiers, if not Gloriana



Harlaxton – just about large enough for a reclusive bachelor

herself. It has gables, turrets, towers, bay windows, cupolas, a complete fantasy in golden coloured stone – but was all created for a crusty old bachelor who hated his heir, one Gregory de Ligne Gregory. The house was started in 1831, and was only finished 3 years before his death in 1854, and contains interiors of stunning elaboration and interest in a variety of styles, all enjoyed and discussed during our tour. Bought just before WW2 by the daughter of a coal porter and a washerwoman, Mrs Van der Elst [who had made her fortune from beauty products], the house passed to the Jesuits in 1948 and, in 1966, to Stanford University of California, and then in 1970 to Evansville University of Indiana, who still own it.

What a contrast to the comfortable and friendly Witham Hall, now also an educational building – this had been bought by the parents of 20GC member Clayton Banks, who treated us all to a splendid lunch there with Helen, the headmaster and his wife.

Satiated with all that, we moved on to Grimsthorpe Castle, which, despite its name, does not feature in any of the Harry Potter stories. I will never forget the long stately procession of RRs in the summer sun, sweeping past lakes and banks of trees, as we wound across the park on the family's own private four mile drive – utterly memorable! Thanks to Gil and Martin Williams who arranged it, this is of course the most appropriate approach to the house, a majestic recreation of an Ancient Roman palace as seen through the eyes of an early 18th century English nobleman. Sir John Vanbrugh, the playwright and architect, had been commissioned by Peregrine Bertie, 2nd Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven in 1723 to remodel the 12th century castle, built around the courtyard that still exists, and enlarged in 1541, but only this great north front, a fortress in Roman Classical dress, topped with classical sculptures, and the vast Entrance Hall within had been completed. Cost prevented the rest of Vanbrugh's scheme from being carried out, although the superb forecourt flanked with arcades, towers and exquisite ironwork, ranks as one the most splendid to any country house. The interiors, mainly later 18th century in date,

contain magnificent treasures, some acquired on the death of a monarch as perquisites of family members when Lords Chamberlain.

Dinner that evening was at Stubton Hall, a delightful small house of 1813 by Wyattville for Sir Robert Heron, and now owned by Mr and Mrs Brainerd, an American couple who host weddings, conferences and dinners there – excellent. A coach had been provided to avoid the cars having to be used in the dark late at night; this did not deter Roland Duce, and I will always remember that thrilling white-knuckle journey back as we hurtled at high speed along the narrow Lincolnshire lanes in his Silver Ghost London Edinburgh Tourer, frantically hanging onto the low open sides of the car - what else was there to cling to?

Monday was calmer and more relaxed, starting with the gentle delights of the late 16th century Aubourn Hall, still occupied by the Nevile family, and possibly designed by John Smythson, son of Robert, architect of our next house Doddington Hall. Although built only 5 years after Aubourn, this is much grander in scale and atmosphere, and is a close relative of Wollaton and Hardwick Halls. The principal interiors were remodelled during the 1760s, and the White Hall and the Drawing Room, Staircase and Long Gallery are superb Georgian rooms now full of fascinating contents and furniture.



David Collier tries to mow down your editor at Doddington

After coffee, we departed for Winkburn, home of Mr and Mrs Craven-Smith-Milnes, who bought the estate in 1979 and lovingly restored this intriguing house dating from the 1680s and which had been altered in 1748 and again in the 1830s, from a state of almost total dereliction. The Staircase was found to be particularly fascinating by the architectural history pedants of the party, but even they found the C-S-Ms' lunch of even greater interest – yet another Irish Georgian blowout!!



Neo-Classical Winkburn

And the whole weekend finished with a house that provided all the essential elements of these tours; Leadenham House is architecturally interesting, has a good position and view, is still occupied by the original family [the Reeves] who retain a good collection of contents – and who were provided a really good tea. The house was built between 1790 and 1796, and was slightly souped up in 1829, of fine orange stone, it proudly looks out over its park and the plain below, it was a fitting conclusion to one of the most enjoyable and surprising of our joint tours since they began in 1978. Robert Jennings provided us with a fascinating itinerary, we had marvellous hospitality, particularly from Roland Duce and Clayton and Helen Banks, to whom we are all most grateful, and a wonderful time was enjoyed by all specially me, driving someone else's 1933 20/25 – thanks again, Clive.



Witham Hall

So where will 2011 find us, do I hear you saying? The plan is North Wales, from Friday 6th to Monday 9th May, seeing some of the splendid houses there and on Anglesea – details will be issued in due course.

Photos by John Redmill

THE PARTICIPATING CARS:

Derek & Helen Allen's 1920 SG Brewster Salamanca RE 1657
Clayton & Helen Banks' 1922 SG Hooper Tourer JL1
Clive & Jane Barham Carter's 1933 20/25 Barker Limousine HS492
Richard & Margaret Boggon's 1934 20/25 Park Ward Saloon
Davis & Sue Collier's 1934 20/25 Hooper Sedance-de-Ville AYV921
Roland Duce's SG Phantom ii Tourer
Michael & Angelika Elliott's 1933 Phantom ii Barker DHC AGN333

Ken Fairburn and Anne Haynes's 1932 Phantom II Freestoon & Webb Saloon KF634
Jeremy Greene's 1924 SG Windover Tourer B1924
Derek & Helen Allen's 1929 20hp Park Ward Landaulette UU4834, driven by Scott & Pamela Isquick
Lenox & Audrey Jamieson's 1924 SG Jarvis Tourer S46
Sue Taylor's 1939 Wraith Park Ward Limousine HLL34
Jimmy & Janet Valentine's 1929 Phantom I HJ Mulliner Saloon UV1923



Grimsthorpe – a ducal palace, fit for a Roman emperor

“Overtaking another car

“If you see a cloud of dust ahead of you, it is difficult to restrain the natural inclination to discover and overtake the cause of it, but this is often a very difficult and dangerous proceeding!

A stern chase is a long chase, especially if the cloud of dust is nearly at the top of a long hill and you haven't even reached the bottom of it. If you indulge in this chase, you are taking risks that you would not be taking in the ordinary way, more particularly when you catch the dust up and pass the other car.

Do not be too eager. Wait until you are on a fairly level stretch and then form an opinion of your respective speeds. If you have an advantage, give a bit of a spurt and get somewhere near the dust.

Then ask your employer whether you should pass or drop back. If he gives you the order to overtake, get up closer behind it and favour its driver with a liberal performance on the horn. The other driver may either draw in a little for you to pass, or else advance his spark a notch or two and show you that so far he has been merely ambling.

In the first case pass as quickly as possible and in the second apply to your governor for further orders.

Do **not** let the incident tempt you into a race, not even if your passengers, in their excitement, urge you on to it. You have far too much at stake to race as it will be you [who will be] locked up if anything happens!”

This extract from 'Etiquette for the Chauffeur', first issued in 1906 as 'The Chauffeur's Blue Book', is reproduced here by kind permission of Copper Beech Publishing, who republished this delightful little book in 1997.

For information about this and other publications, contact: 01342 314734 <www.copperbeechpublishing.co.uk>

BENNECOURT, OR BUST?

Andrew Sington

If you think you've seen most R-R cars on the road - you should have joined the 'Magnificent 7' who drove to Bennecourt for the celebration of 20 Years Twinning with Coldstream, on the Scottish Borders in early July. The weekend just happened to coincide with the Le Mans Classic - and did we see some classics! How many of you have seen the Merlin-powered Phantom II chassis that does 3 MPG? You Ghost owners don't know how lucky you are!

John Redmill and Desmond Barry (20/25) travelled from Dublin a few days earlier to meander around Normandy, crossing on the same Portsmouth - Le Havre ferry as Ken Fairbairn and Ann Haynes (P11) from the West Midlands, who then paused for spiritual and other refreshment in Deauville beforehand. Andrew Sington (the organiser) and Jonathan Sington (20hp) drove down from Southport, and joined the others - Glen Grinrod/Alan Osborn (20/25), Graham and Elizabeth Bennett (20/25), Tim and Susie Forrest (SG) and Chas and Joan Vyse (20/25), all from the South East of England - at Newhaven-on-Sea, for the crossing. We all rendezvoused at the Sports Centre at Bennecourt. Based as it is on the banks of the Seine, it's an easy afternoon's drive from Dieppe down the utterly delightful D154. This road was built specially for Vintage R-R's. It's just superb countryside between delightful villages in such perfect condition. Why can't our English villages be so clean and demonstrate such civic pride?



On arrival we displayed our trusty steeds and had a few minutes to prepare for the first reception given by Didier Dumont - the Mayor of Bennecourt. Drinks a-plenty followed by a sumptuous dinner overlooking the lake. Bed called after 11pm and at least one of the party slept on the balcony under the stars - it was incredibly hot!

Saturday dawned and we had a relaxing morning, but at 1300hrs we all had to get going as we had a procession through Bennecourt ahead of us. After drinks at Lavacourt (a village on the Seine and made famous by Monet) we drove to La Roche Guyon for ice creams - and, for some, something more substantial. The heat was unbelievable! The parade through Bennecourt, in the company of pipers of The Coldstream Guards and The French Guards, as well as many senior members of the French Senate, was followed by drinks (again!) in the Town Hall. The evening was taken up with an incredible private dinner in what can only be described as an ancient old French restaurant on the banks of the Seine at Mericourt - The Restaurant Les Notes de la Vie.

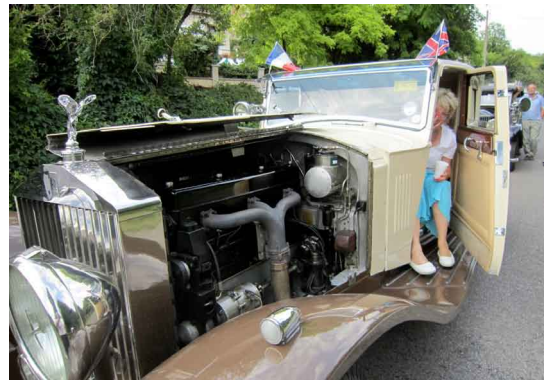
We must be in seine to be doing this!

Waiting for instructions to proceed - or did we fail to?





Chas and Joan Vyse cool off in the heat



Anne Haynes and KF634 cool off in the heat



Polishing up for the foreign cameraman



All hands needed to push - or some petrol might help?

The menu had been pre-selected and it was just wonderful – the French know how to present beautiful food with the owner of the restaurant choosing the wine but we had to keep control of our intake as we had to drive back to our beds! ! All cars though performed brilliantly and we had no problems – except for one pair of our merry band who that evening made the amazing discovery that their car goes somewhat better when it has petrol in its tank. Honestly, some people just shouldn't be let out on their own

Sunday morning was a rest period - some swam in the lake, others just relaxed, but we all had to be at the Chateau d'Aveny by 1800hrs. four cars travelled to Giverny to make a private visit to the most unusual 'Static Engine Museum' owned by friends of Andrew Sington. We left our cars there and walked to the Hotel Baudy where we had a fabulous lunch followed by further investigations into the complexity of pre-1900 diesel engines! Evening beckoned us to The Chateau d'Aveny where we all had lovely rooms and a brief rest before yet another beautiful meal - this time in front of the Chateau. This went on till after sunset and bed was a welcome diversion from all the eating and drinking!

Monday morning arrived bright and beautiful for the drive back, most to Dieppe and others to Cherbourg and Calais). Again the D154 called and it didn't disappoint! So after some 350 miles in France there were few mechanical problems but quantities of great driving, great company and phenomenal food. What more could we ask for anyone for afters?

Photos by Jonathan Sington and John Redmill

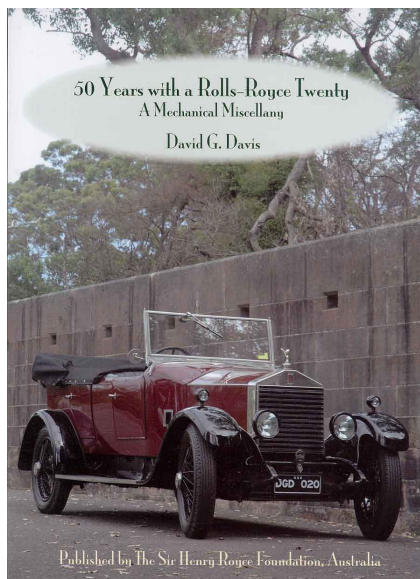
Chateau d'Aveny in the afternoon sunshine



BOOK REVIEW:

Nigel Hughes

'50 Years with a Rolls-Royce Twenty - A Mechanical Miscellany' by David G Davis



There are not too many people who have owned and nurtured the same car for 50 years, but David Davis is one. His 20 hp tourer 42 G 1 has had an eventful career, approaching a total mileage of one million or so - a tribute to the engineering quality of the model and to the care and maintenance provided by its owners. In fact, much of the maintenance of the car has been in the hands of Rolls-Royce agents.

David Davis, Hon. Secretary of the Club's Australian Chapter, has written this book to record his personal experience of how to keep a 20 hp Rolls-Royce working well. He assumes that every owner will have a copy of the handbook and that his advice is to be taken as an addition, not a substitute. In many cases, David also records the advice he had from Bert Ward and three generations of the Appleby family who worked at the Rolls-Royce agents in Sydney.

I can recommend this book to any 20 hp owner or driver.

David has paid for the production costs of the book as a donation to the Sir Henry Royce Foundation, Australia and the Foundation receives the proceeds of the sales. Individual copies can be purchased from David Vann, 149 Crosby Road, Hamilton, Queensland 4007, Australia, at \$20 including postage.

DAVID MORGAN 1935-2010

Howard Phillips



David Morgan, the well-known and respected Club member, sadly died on 13th June, after a 2-year illness. Living in West London most of his life, from 1957 to 1982 he was with the engineers R B Pullin, later Rank Pullin Controls, after which he set up his own business with other colleagues. Retiring in 1996, he was then able to spend more time with his cars. His first was a pre-war Packard, followed by a Hudson. Marrying Barbara on 1958 he acquired a sensible Ford Anglia, but soon progressed to a string of Cortinas, then a vintage Alvis. Membership of the RREC and friendship with Brian and Jo Wootton

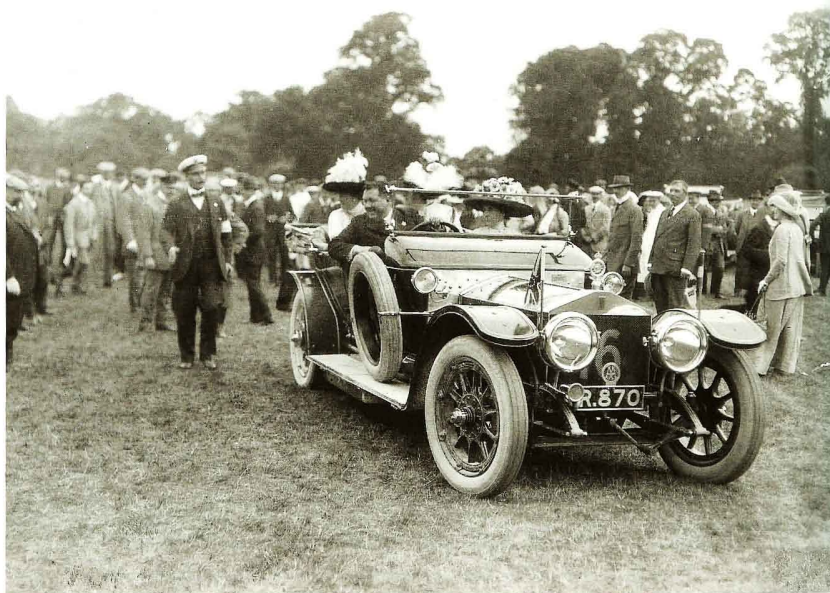
resulted in a 20/25 Barker Sedan, and frequent attendances at various rallies and tours from the late 1970s onwards. In 1997 He bought a 1919 SG Laybourne Tourer, which he took on Alpine and South African tours, and in 2004 drove 4,500 miles through Australasia. His knowledge of old cars, RRs in particular, was extensive, and he was a great traveling companion to all who had the pleasure of being with him. He was also a keen golfer and fisherman. His funeral in Chichester was attended by many friends, work colleagues and club members, all of whom offer their sympathies to Barbara.

1911 PRINCE HENRY TOUR

OUR CENTENARY RE-ENACTMENT 5th - 18th JUNE 2011

Nick Naismith

1910 1486 Barker torpedo in green for Norman C. Neill of London, S.W. The special bonnet was probably transferred from his 70 h.p. (60707) and the scuttle top is longer than Barker's usual. Below: 1486 in the 1911 Prince Henry tour. It won the German Empress's prize for the best appointed car in the R.A.C. team. The lady judges, who are on board, are the Princess Henry, the Duchess von Arenberg and the Countess von Prasich.



Winning the Prince Henry Tour of 1911 was a huge success for Rolls-Royce and the kudos the company gained was immense; from a sales point of view this was the company's most important event in 1911.

It was sponsored by HRH Prince Henry of Prussia who conceived the idea of a "goodwill tour" of cars from Britain and Germany of British and German National Motoring Clubs. Prince Henry himself led the procession driving a Brasier, and doing the repairs and replenishments with his own hands. His cup was competed for by a total of 90 cars from the Kaiserlicher Automobil Club (42 cars) and Royal Automobile Club (28 cars) and King George V and Queen Mary, the Kaiser and the German Empress presented additional awards. After a tour of Germany starting in Hamburg the participants embarked their cars for Southampton and proceeded to take a route northwards to Scotland and back again to Brooklands including many famous test hills. There were ceremonies and receptions along the route, with much speechifying and professions of goodwill.

Four Rolls-Royces were entered, and the car driven by "Fatty Neill", with the celebrated writer on motoring matters H Thornton Rutter as his co-driver and navigator, was finally adjudged to have made the most meritorious performance of the whole tour. Each of the ninety cars involved in the contest

carried a military observer from the opposite team and the competition was judged on the reliability of the cars. Conan Doyle who together with his wife Jean was one of the British Driving Teams, had a strong feeling that conflict was coming after the event. Conan Doyle was surprised at the hostile attitudes of many of the German observers and he also heard much talk about the inevitability of war.

The 20-Ghost Club will be re-enacting this important event on its centenary in June 2011, and will be a very exciting and grand event following the original UK part of the tour. The highlights (see enclosed flyer) will be the reception at Beaulieu, private viewings of important country houses, visiting Lord & Lady Elgin's home in Edinburgh, a rest stop in the Lake District and the opportunity to stay in the most luxurious hotels such as Cliveden. The finale will be the Annual Concours at Brooklands followed by a Gala Dinner at the RAC Club Woodcote Park.

There will be the opportunity for non-competing members to join the Prince Henry for the Brooklands' Concours and the RAC Club Dinner, which will be open to all Club members and their guests. A gentle reliability and fuel consumption competition will take place during the event, with prizes being awarded at the RAC Club.

PLEASE SEND IN YOUR ENTRY FORM IN GOOD TIME AS ACCOMMODATION RESTRICTIONS MEAN THE TOUR IS LIMITED TO 20 CARS, AND THESE PLACES WILL BE RESERVED STRICTLY ON
A FIRST COME FIRST SERVED BASIS!

COMING EVENTS 2011

and members' information, etc

IMPORTANT NOTICE about 2011 SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Subscriptions for 2011 are due **NOW**. If you pay by Standing Order from a UK Bank Account, **PLEASE** ensure that your bank is instructed to pay £50.00 [NOT £35.00 – this amount is INSUFFICIENT as it changed 3 years ago!]. If you pay by Sterling cheque, please send this, made payable to “The 20-Ghost Club Ltd”, to our Hon. Treasurer, Brian Fidler. If you pay in other currencies, please send your cheque for \$90.00 or £60.00.

PLEASE also send your e-mail address and any changes to your postal address, etc, **NOW** to Tony Dyas at [<adyas@gotadsl.co.uk>](mailto:adyas@gotadsl.co.uk). If he does not have these details, the 20-Ghost Club will not be able to communicate with you or, even more importantly, send your copy of News & Record with the flyers about future events, and other information, etc, including “The Roycean”!

Friday 25th February:

7th AGM and Dinner of the 20-Ghost Club Ltd, at the King's Fund, 11-13 Cavendish Square, London W1G0AN
Contact: Susie Forrest, tel: 01428 684208
e-mail: forrestsusie@aol.com

Saturday 16th April:

Spring Lunch at Armsworth House, Alresford, Hampshire, by kind permission of Strone Macpherson, and visit to The Grange, Northington
Contact: Strone Macpherson, tel: 01962 735562
e-mail: macpherson@lcbroadband.co.uk

Thursday 21st to Sunday 24th April [EASTER]:

Tulip Tour of Holland [with Klaas de Boer]
Contact: see enclosed flyer for booking procedures

Friday 6th May to Monday 9th May:

Tour of North Wales with Irish Georgian Society
Contact: Jimmy Valentine, tel: 0207 352 8503
e-mail: f.valentine215@btinternet.com

Sunday 5th to Saturday 18th June:

Prince Henry Centenary Tour, Beaulieu to Edinburgh to Brooklands
Contact: Nick Naismith, tel: 01732 860148
e-mail: nick@nicknaismith.com

Friday 17th June:

Annual Concours at Brooklands and Dinner at Woodcote Park, Surrey [Nick Naismith]

Saturday 10th to Thursday 15th September:

Centenary Re-enactment of London to Edinburgh Tour [Nick Naismith]

Friday 16th September: Goodwood Revival [after dinner at the Rolls-Royce factory 15th September]

Also – Turweston Wings and Wheels is an annual showcase for vintage and classic cars, motor bikes, other vehicles and aircraft and will held on **Sunday 18th September** at the aerodrome between Banbury and Buckingham; further details from their website [<www.turwestonflight.com>](http://www.turwestonflight.com)

AND FOR THE FUTURE

1st to 19th July 2012:

Tour of Nordic countries and the Baltic [Sir John Stuttard]

September 2012:

Tour of North Wales [Brian Palmer]

2013:

Centenary of the Austrian Alpine Rally [Nick Naismith]

DATES OF OTHER EVENTS TO BE ANNOUNCED

NEW MEMBERS:

We all welcome the following new members:

Guy & Guede Baird, of Wallingford, Oxfordshire: 1925 20hp Park Ward Limousine GCK43

Christopher & Mary Broom-Smith, of Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland: 1930 20/25 Windovers Tourer GGP8

John & Kathleen Deane: of Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire, 1934 PII Hooper Sports 121RY

Bernt & Monika Ehrnrooth, of Helsinki, Finland: 1920 SG Tourer 73TW

Thomas & Mary-Jo Heckman, of Pennsylvania, USA: 1914 SG Brooks Ostruk Tourer 36PB

Fokko & Helene Keuning, of Basle, Switzerland: 1933 PII Barker Sports Saloon 47MW

Johann & Joy Marais, of Constantia, South Africa: 1921 SG Barker Tourer 72CE, 1927 PI Barker Tourer 41LF, & 1934 PII GN DHC RV45

Richard & Donna Naish: 3 PIIs – 1930 Dickey 37GY, 1933 Convertible 128MS, & 1934 Saloon 168S

BACK NUMBERS OF NEWS & RECORD are available at £2.50 each from Tim Forrest 01428 684208 <forresttim@aol.com>

THE CLUB SHOP - Susan Glew [01386 700987 susan.glew@onetel.com] has Ties £15.00, Brass, Nickel or Chrome Car Badges £ 25.00, Cuff-links £35 pair & Lapel badge/scarf pin £20.00 in solid Sterling Silver, which are very tasteful [not flashy bling]

BACK COVER – all one needs for a really good 20-Ghost Club day out sunglasses, guidebook provided by the Irish Georgians, and a luxurious leather interior; Derek Allen's 1929 20hp Park Ward Landaulette UU4834 [photo by John Redmill]

