



News & Record



The Magazine of the 20-Ghost Club
the Oldest Rolls-Royce Car Club in the World

Issue 33 June 2011

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NEWS & RECORD ISSUE 33

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EDITORIAL

John R Redmill

To everyone's great regret, Lord Elgin has now formally retired as the club's President, and the Committee is now seeking a successor to follow in his distinguished footsteps. Our appreciation is on the facing page to this.

This issue has taken on a rather foreign flavour, of India and Australia combined with Holland – and a tiny touch of ancient Greece - which demonstrates how wide reaching the club has become. In fact, about 40% of the membership is based in Australasia, so I am particularly pleased that one of the Australian members has written about the restoration to his 1934 PIII, and another has sent an article about his 20hp, the first to arrive in Australia, for a future N&R. We hope such contributions will become an annual feature, and help bring the two sides of the club closer together. We welcome 28 new members already this year, and this makes me wonder how many cars are now cared for the membership – up to, or more than, a thousand?? We all love them, which is why we belong to the club, and want to hear about them, their stories, their problems, and their repairs. So please share your love of and pleasure with your car with short pieces for inclusion in N&R. It is not a literary competition, of course, so you won't be marked on your mastery of the English language - but you all can write – and you will be given extra points for sharing your car with us all! However long or short, send with a few photos to me at <barred@indigo.ie>.

By the time you receive this issue, the wonderful re-enactment of the great 1911 Prince Henry Tour will have taken place, together with the Annual Concours at Brooklands, all so kindly organised by Committee member Nick Naismith. This has been a major event for the club, and will be featured in the next issue of N&R. This issue also includes 'The Roycean', the annual production from Tom Clarke and his colleagues. Happy Summer reading – and driving!

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THE EARL OF ELGIN, K.T.

AN APPRECIATION OF OUR FORMER PRESIDENT

Jimmy Valentine & John Redmill

Andrew Bruce, the 11th Earl of Elgin and Kincardine K.T., stood down from the office of President of the 20-Ghost Club, the formal announcement of this being made at the AGM in February. Lord Elgin has been our President for 32 years, since 1979 – over half the club's lifetime! We are all truly grateful for his exemplary dedication to the club. He has owned and driven Silver Ghosts since the early days of the club and taken part in various tours with the resulting adventures that ensue; during the 1984 Burgundy Tour he was memorably overtaken by one of his rear wheels.

But it is perhaps not surprising that, as a direct descendant of Robert the Bruce and Chief of the Clan Bruce, he has particularly added lustre to any event with a Scottish connection. He has organised Scottish tours for us in both 1981 and 2000, the latter being the President's Scottish Tour. Whenever a haggis made its appearance at our feasts, he addressed such chieftains of the pudding race with full honours, notably at Ackergill Castle on the later tour, and at the Caledonian Club when he has arranged for our annual dinner to be held there.

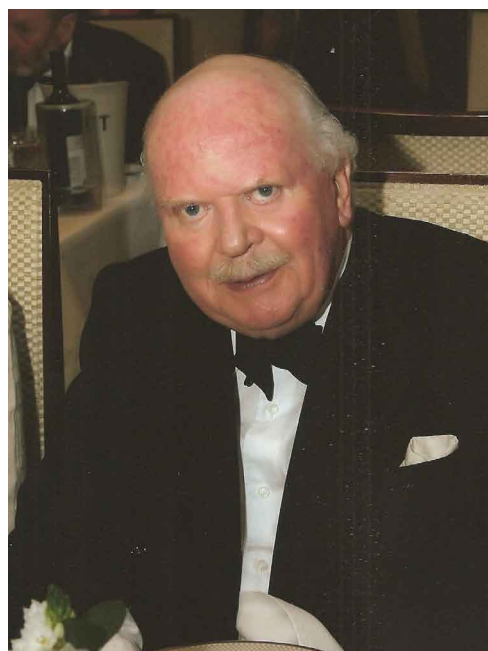
Broomhall, his ancestral seat just outside Dunfermline, Fife, contains parts of the famous Elgin Marbles that the British Museum rejected after his ancestor, the 7th Earl, British Ambassador to Constantinople from 1799, had brought them to Britain from the ruined Parthenon in 1816. Whatever the modern view of this may be, it is certain that Andrew's ancestor suffered considerably for his pains – he was imprisoned by the French for three years, his diplomatic career was destroyed, and his precious antiquities became the subject of a controversy that is still not solved over 200 years later.

Andrew has for many years grown malting barley, one of the main ingredients of whisky, and reared pedigree Aberdeen Angus bulls. These activities followed Eton, Balliol College Oxford, and his World War II days as an officer in a tank unit of the 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards, alongside the late William Whitelaw and Robert Runcie. He took part on the D-Day landings in Normandy, and had been reported missing, presumed dead, to his parents; however, he was rescued after being recognised, wounded, unconscious and bleeding, by a young auxiliary nurse, the Duchess of Wellington! Among many other voluntary activities over the years in the service of his beloved Scotland, he has been Lord Lieutenant of Fife and President of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club.

His quiet strength over the years has been a great support to us, and we are most grateful to him for lending the Club such prestige and dignity. We wish him and Victoria [Usher, whom he married in 1959], as well as their five children and seven grandchildren, many more happy years together, in particular of vintage Rolls-Royce motoring.



Lord Elgin, with his son Alex, and his 1920 Silver Ghost 42EE, coupé body by Henri Labourdette of Paris, at Broomhall earlier this month [June 2011]



Lord Elgin at a recent 20-GC AGM & Dinner

2011 AGM & DINNER

The King's Fund, Cavendish Square, London

25th FEBRUARY

A really gloomy winter was enlivened by the thoroughly enjoyable AGM and Annual Dinner on Friday 25th February at the headquarters of the King's Fund, facilitated by Committee member Strone Macpherson. This Health Care Charity founded in 1897 moved about 15 years ago into its handsome venue on the north side of Cavendish Square, recognised by all from the huge sculpture by Epstein on its front wall. All the 'mechanicals' of the evening were arranged, as always, by the inimitable Tim and Susie Forrest, but sadly our retiring President, Lord Elgin, and Lady Elgin were unable to attend. The drinks reception in the Stratford Room was much enjoyed by all and, following this, Chairman Sir John Stuttard lightly and concisely steered the AGM [the 61st since the club's formation in 1949] to its swift conclusion; our dinner was calling us across a crowded room

The usual formalities of adopting the 2010 AGM Minutes were followed by the Chairman's Annual Report and an account of the year's activities, including the Spring Lunch, the weekend in Lincolnshire with the Irish Georgians, the amazing tour of the Pyrenees organised by Roland Duce, the August Concours at Belvoir Castle, and the three events in September – the Fine Art day at Fairford, the long weekend in Derbyshire and the day in Worcestershire – ending with the Autumn Lunch at Upper Slaughter in the Cotswolds. The Treasurer reported that the club's finances continue to improve, with more of our funds being recovered from the Icelandic Bank by our Treasurer, and all was duly proposed, seconded, and passed unanimously. The Directors and Committee members [Roland Duce, Brian Fidler, Tim Forrest, Nigel Hughes, Strone Macpherson, Nick Naismith, Brian Palmer, John Redmill, Sir John Stuttard, Graham Tyson and Jimmy Valentine] were elected unanimously; Brian Fidler and Tony Dyas continue as Hon. Treasurer and Company Secretary respectively. Sir John thanked them on behalf of the Club members for all their work for the Club, and particularly thanked Graham Tyson for his sterling work in completely revising and modernising the club's website. Members are reminded that all our events and the booking forms are on this website, and regular inspection of this is strongly recommended; we continue to issue the flyers as always, at present. Sir John also briefly outlined the events for 2011, including the Tulip tour of Holland, the 1911 Prince Henry Re-enactment and the London-Edinburgh Run, and also gave notice of the Nordic and Baltic States tour he is organising for July 2012.



Sir John presents his Annual Report



Graham Tyson confuses himself while explaining how his new website works!

All then moved into the stunning modern Conservatory for an excellent dinner of scallops, Cornish lamb, and rhubarb cream, fine wines and coffee, after which the Chairman proposed Toasts to HM The Queen and to the Immortal Memories of the Hon. Charles Rolls and Sir Henry Royce. Then, with his customary aplomb, he presented the various trophies to their deserving recipients, as Colin Hughes's accompanying photographs record, and the evening finished on the usual high note of conviviality and friendship for which the club is well known.



Audrey Jamieson, Desmond Barry, Nick Thompson & Janet Valentine enjoy dinner



Roland Duce introduces John Redmill to Kay Marsh while Ken Fairburn looks on

THE TROPHIES:

Mileage related trophy - Alpine Large HP - Barbara Mead of Australia, 11,239 miles in SG 35TW [accepted by Tony Dyas]
Mileage related trophy - Alpine Small HP - David Else [8th time!], 5,596 miles in his 1928 20HP [accepted by Brian Palmer]
Mileage related trophy - Woodmansee - Dean Prangley of Australia, in SG 38MG - 6,740 miles [accepted by Tim Forrest]
Harding Rolls for most notable performance - Barbara Mead, as above, 39,000 miles in Australia! [accepted by Tony Dyas]
Dymock Maunsell for exceptional driving - Mermie Karger, over 7,000 miles across the USA, in PIII 3DL122 'Ovid'
Stanley Sears for meritorious service - Graham Tyson
Ferguson Wood Photographic - John Redmill [again]
Phoenix for notable restoration - John Fasal, for SG 1419 [accepted by Tim Forrest]
Brian Wootton for assistance to members on tours - Alan Glew [accepted by Kay Marsh]
Harry Watson for engineering/technical assistance - not awarded



Mermie Karger wins the Dymock Maunsell Trophy



Barbara Mead's Alpine Trophy is accepted by Tony Dyas



Graham Tyson merits the Stanley Sears Trophy



Kay Marsh accepts the Brian Wootton Trophy for Alan Glew

Photographs © Colin W Hughes

ROTOR ARM PROBLEM?

Andrew Sington investigates a common situation

I think I have at long last found the cause of an intermittent problem that has bugged me for some years.

Driving along with not a care in the world, the engine will suddenly begin to reduce power. One would at first suspect dirt in the high-speed jet, so you twiddle the mixture control and, when that doesn't solve it, you turn the car to 'Charge' and there appears to be a momentary improvement. Stopping the car can result in the engine simply fading away and it won't re-start or it will stop anyway. Leave the engine to rest and restart after say 10 minutes and everything seems OK - but the problem is still there. And the cause? There is a distinct weakness in the design of the round rotor arm which is the likely source of the problem - caused by the H/T earthing through the bakelite to the distributor shaft underneath. There are 2 specific indications that this may be happening - the first is that there may be a black shadow around the contact on the centre of disc, and the second is corrosion on the top of the shaft seen with the disc removed. A short-term solution is to check that the centre contact on the top of disc has a clearance of 1/10th of an inch. With constant use there is a propensity for the sprung contact to drop onto the disc, which immediately removes that very valuable space that acts as a barrier. The solution is to remove your distributor disc and check that there is a good space between it and the bakelite disc - and if there isn't, put a small screw driver under the contact and prise it up to give the required gap. As a 'get-you-home' solution, the addition of insulation tape under the contact can work wonders. However, once there is arching then you really must install a new rotor disc as the bakelite has lost its insulation - and it is recommended that a spare is always carried. These are available from Ristes and Fiennes. NEVER buy a second-hand one!

RECEIVED ROYALLY IN RAJASTHAN

Gervase Forster

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 2010



Our Royal Arrival in Aspur

On 25th October 2010, a small group of 20-Ghost Club members and their cars arrived in Rajasthan to be received as guests of the two main Royal Houses. Graham Ashley-Carter has for many years, repaired and maintained the Rolls Royces owned by their Highnesses, Shriji Arvind Singh Mewar, the Maharana of Udaipur, and Gaj Singhi II, the Maharaja of Jodhpur (Bapji), and he persuaded them to allow a selection of vintage and veteran Rolls Royces, mostly Ghosts and Phantoms, to tour the wonderful Palaces and forts of the region.

It took nearly two years for the dream to become a reality. Apart from the difficulties of putting together the itinerary, the logistics of shipping the cars to Mumbai and then trucking them in their containers to Udaipur, then back again from Jodhpur, seemed insurmountable. India is known for its bureaucracy, having been well taught by the British! We could get the cars to Mumbai but to release them from customs would require every participant to send their passports in advance for carnet formalities. But how were we then supposed to get to India without passports? After hundreds of emails, all of them blind alleys, we finally found a small company who had done it before. They were able to manage with certified copies of passports and to arrange for the cars to be transported in their containers. Loading and unloading facilities were something of an unknown, but in the end we were able to use a concrete ramp in the municipal yard at Udaipur and Graham was able to persuade the Palace at Jodhpur to construct one specially for us. Carnet costs were horrendous. The Indian Government require an indemnity for no less than four times the value of the car! Despite the values being massaged down, the insurance premiums to cover the liability were one of the major costs of the tour. For many months, it seemed that the tour would never happen, but finally all the pieces of the jigsaw were in place and then - great excitement as the prospect of touring one of the most exotic part of the world dawned.

The tour was to encompass some of the best historical sights in Rajasthan, starting in Udaipur and finishing at Jodhpur via a figure-of-eight route of some 1000 miles. The group congregated at City palace in Udaipur, staying in the magnificent ShivNivas Palace overlooking Lake Picola, Jagmandir Island and the famous white marble Lake Palace. Our timing had been perfect, the lake brim full from the recent monsoon rains which had been particularly heavy that year. Usually the lake is part full at best, and in the summer months is almost dry with no possibility to get to Lake Palace by boat. We, though, were able to sail across for a special lunch, normally only served to those with deep enough pockets to stay there.

There were seven cars shipped out from the UK plus a 1927 Phantom I Windovers Limousine borrowed by Peter Vacher from His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur. Peter is no novice to Indian driving having visited on many occasions in his six-year battle with bureaucracy to liberate a World War II Hurricane, R4118. For others, their first encounter with chaotic Indian driving was the scary taxi ride from airport to Palace. So it was with some trepidation that we ventured out on our first excursion with the cars. This was to be no gentle introduction; a hill climb had been arranged to Monsoon

Palace high up overlooking Udaipur and the lake. Needless to say, all the cars managed the steep gradients and hairpin bends with comparative ease. The palace, now an empty shell due for restoration by the Indian Government, has fine carvings and mosaics still intact. We lingered a long time taking in the magnificent views in all directions. Our trusty guide of unpronounceable name and therefore known simply as DV, led us back to Udaipur. Trying to play “follow my leader” through the city traffic was a nightmare and two of us managed to get left behind. We found ourselves going down impossibly narrow streets, having to avoid tuk-tuks, mopeds, cows and a sea of people, all piling into the bottleneck and adding to the chaos. But the lovely smiling local people all tried their best to direct us to the Palace, mostly by a number of different routes!. An hour and a half later we arrived back at the Palace, just before nightfall.

A two-day stay was hardly enough to do justice to the wonders of Udaipur. Apart from the sheer magic of wandering through the huge City Palace complex, we managed to take in the City Palace Museum and the Crystal gallery with its many thousands of crystal glass objects that had been hidden from public view for more than a hundred years, and also see the Sound and light show covering the 1300-year history of the Royal House of Mewar. Though little known by Europeans, the rich history and culture of this part of India is every bit as interesting and complex as our own. The current head of the dynasty, His Highness Shriji Arvind Singh Mewar, went to great lengths to make us welcome. A magnificent dinner, hosted by His Highness, was put on for us at the Palace garages where the Royal Car Collection is housed. Tables and carpets of petals were laid out in front of the semi-circular display of vintage cars whilst officers in traditional finery waited upon us. The following evening we were invited to drinks at the Royal residence, high up overlooking the lake; the hospitality was overwhelming.



Dinner hosted by His Highness Shriji in the Royal Car Collection, Udaipur

Day 4 was our first travelling day, a 91-mile drive South to Udai Bilas Palace at Dungarpur. Shriji, as we were allowed to refer to him, accompanied us in his 1934 Windovers Phantom II Limousine. This magnificent machine had been specially overhauled in preparation for his daughter's wedding and for our tour. En route it failed once to proceed but, fortunately, Graham had done much work to the car and, after his initial embarrassment at having to carry out a roadside repair on one of “his” cars, discovered the problem just to be the autovac vent blocked by dust.



Graham unblocks the Royal autovac



In front of the Udai Bilas Palace

The first part of the trip was on main roads with many heavy lorries, but we eventually turned off onto quieter roads with pleasant scenery to reach Udai Bilas Palace where a lunch of exotic Rajasthani cuisine was served on the lawn by the lake. The palace dates from the mid 19th century, and is exquisite Rajput architecture full of old world charm. The Maharaja's son, Yuvraj Harshvardhan Singhi, known simply as Harsh, and his charming wife, Sweetie, continued the special hospitality. A short distance away is the family's original palace, Juna Mahal. Now deserted and open to the elements, there still remains many fine carvings, painted walls and ceilings with mosaics of mirrored glass. And not to be missed, by some at least, were the intricate paintings of the Karma Sutra. Indeed, we had difficulty extracting one of our party who insisted that further research work needed to be done! That evening, dinner was laid on for us together with a number of other specially invited guests. We sat around a long marble table with a pool running down the centre, in which floated petals and lighted candles. Unbeknown to us, the special guests, including Shriji, were there for the inauguration of Harsh's Mews style Motor House containing his collection of vintage and classic cars, automobile memorabilia and a third scale working aeroplane. The event had been organised to coincide with our visit. Everything had been decorated for the occasion and those boozing at the bar were shocked sober when the floor beneath them started to rise up. It was a hydraulic car lift in disguise and someone had pressed the button!

The following day, we set off on the 90-mile journey northwest to Bambora. There was some doubt as to whether the road would be open so soon after the monsoon rains, but our guide had managed to find a route to circumnavigate those roads which had been washed away. This was our first proper experience of the back roads of India. There were bullock carts, camels, ladies in saris with urns of water or bundles of straw balanced on their heads. We passed women doing their laundry in the rivers, shallow lakes with water buffalo and every conceivable industry in progress at the side of the road. In Aspur Town, word must have got out that we would be passing through because the main street was jammed with spectators. Garlands of flowers were placed around our necks and it took an age to pass through the hordes of happy admirers. At Bambora we arrived along a dusty desert road and were led up to Karni Fort by tribesmen on horseback, blowing trumpets and beating drums. This was to be the usual style of welcome at many of the forts and Palaces. Karni, set high up on a hill with wonderful views, is the home of Thakur Sunder Singh, whose status is one removed from Maharaja. He had been instrumental in organising our complete itinerary, in conjunction with Graham. The fort that had seen some epic battles fought by Rajput warriors, had fallen into virtual ruin. It had been rescued and restored to its former glory by Sunder, who was proud to show us around. More hospitality ensued with a gala dinner in the open air. The intended early night in preparation for the long day to Ranakpur, did not materialise!

Our guide had promised us a route through the real rural India, through tiny villages and off any beaten track trod by tourists. He did not disappoint. The 130 miles from Bambora, northwest to Ranakpur, on some roads little more than tracks, took all day to complete. But we were rewarded with a very civilised lunch break at an HRH Hotel at Aodi and spectacular views of Kumbhalgarh Fortress with its soaring towers and amazing unbroken 36 kilometre long wall. Arrival at HRH Fateh Bagh Palace came none too soon following the long drive; after more garlanding with flowers and cool drinks, it proved to be a welcome rest in tranquil surroundings. The following morning it was planned to visit the Ranakpur Jain Temples, but confusion over opening times failed to take into account that mornings are set aside for religious activities. A brief phone call to Sunder and the gates were miraculously opened an hour earlier, only to find that bare legs are not allowed. A quick change into pyjama bottoms solved the problem for those in shorts and also provided a photo opportunity for those that weren't! The 15th century white marble interior of the temples, with 1,444 columns all different and intricately carved, were breathtaking, as were the ceilings, domes and door surrounds. Not a square inch is left unsculpted, and the workmanship is astounding. Then it was on to a late lunch in the pleasant surroundings of Maharani Bagh Jungle Camp before setting off in a northerly direction for Sardarsamand Lake Palace near Pali. Sardarsamand is in stark contrast to the usual palaces of Rajasthan being of rather austere Art Deco style. Those lucky enough to have the best rooms were able to enjoy classic Art Deco splendour, whilst others had rooms at the very top, overlooking the lake and, more importantly, nearest to the bar!

We drove the comparatively short distance to Jodhpur the following morning and assembled at the entrance to the vast Umaid Bhawan Palace to await the arrival of the Maharaja's 1935 Windover bodied Phantom II. Reputed to be the last one made, it has all the final version modifications and unusual features such as retractable running boards! A complete mechanical overhaul had been carried out in the UK in preparation for the wedding of young prince Shivraj and in anticipation of our visit. With the Phantom leading, a troupe of guards on horseback, escorted us slowly through the gates to the Palace entrance for a truly spectacular red carpet reception. As champagne flowed, whirling dancers provided entertainment to the accompaniment of traditional music and crashing cymbals. It was a welcome fit for kings. Now run as an exclusive Taj Group hotel, Umaid Bhawan, also remains the residence of His Highness Bapji, the Maharaja of Jodhpur. It was built by his grandfather between 1928 and 1943 in Art Deco style as a modern replacement of his previous residence, the ancient Mehrangarh Fort situated nearby. Built of great blocks of golden sandstone fitted together with no discernable gaps, it is one of the largest and most magnificent residences in the world. Later, at His Highness's request, we arranged the cars around the palace lawn, where each was floodlit against the backdrop of the palace itself. His Highness hosted a reception in the gardens amongst the Rolls Royces and, after speeches, the dinner and dancing continued well into the night [see Back Cover].

Our two-day stay enabled us to visit to Mehrangarh Fort situated in a commanding position overlooking the blue buildings of Jodhpur. Built in the 17th century, it is an impregnable fortress and despite many sieges, was never captured. It is a massive and foreboding place, and a number of people are reputed to have been sacrificed and buried in the foundations; the handprints of widows who committed. suttee are carved into the entrance stone. The visit could have lasted all day, but shopping for the ladies took precedence, and tuk-tuk raids into the centre of Jodhpur resulted in much booty being transported back to the Palace! We said goodbye to the sheer luxury of Umaid Bhawan and, accompanied by Bapji in the Phantom, set off for Nagaur and the prospect of tented accommodation. The long drive was broken by a surprise visit to Khimsar Fort where an enthusiastic Dhananjai Singh, son of the dynastic owners, proudly showed us his vintage and classic car collection including, much to the joy of Peter Vacher, photographs of un-restored Rolls Royces secreted away in various parts of India.

At first sight, the accommodation at Nagaur Fort appeared as basic as we had feared - a series of military style tents arranged in a parade ground within the walls - and as we drove into the compound, conversation between spouses, died! However, on closer inspection, we found that the tents were equipped with most mod cons, including flushing loo and air conditioning. This was certainly camping with a touch of luxury.



Camping in style at Nagaur Fort

Nagaur Fort itself is one of the most historic sites in Rajasthan, dating back to the 5th century. A huge area of crumbling palaces, pavilions and intricate waterways, it is not difficult to imagine what it must have been like in its glory days. Bapji treated us to an evening of music and dance performance amongst the ruins, the star being a young boy dancer, the Rajasthan equivalent of Billy Elliot! We were now in the northeast corner of India, not too far from the Pakistan border. The cacophony of sound, as each minaret in turn summoned the faithful to prayers, was not the type of wake-up call one appreciates after a sleepless night on a straw mattress! The long, hot, 112-mile journey to Pokaran was largely across desert, with the wind blown sand often encroaching upon the road itself. Bottles of water were an essential commodity but not too thirst quenching when drunk warm. One of our party managed to turn a front spring link over centre, probably due to Rajasthan's unmarked sleeping policemen. Graham had seen it all before and by jacking under the link then crowbarring it back, the drunken posture of the Ghost was set right again. Too short a spring leaf was apparently the cause.



Ships of the Desert meet

We were escorted through the red sandstone walls of Fort Pokaran by guards on camelback to a warm welcome by Thakur Nagendra Singh and Thakurani Yashwant Kanwar, known affectionately as Ruby. The fort was our base for two nights so that we could journey to the ancient walled city of Jaisalmer and back. We were persuaded to leave our cars at Moolsagar outside the city and to go in by jeep because of the city's reputation for hassling. We had no impression of this and it was a shame not to have parked the cars against the backdrop of the city gates. But no matter, we toured the city on foot, through narrow alleyways and past Jain temples to the famous street of Havelis. These were the historic residences of important ministers and have ornately carved exteriors and extravagantly decorated rooms.

That evening at Fort Pokaran, special entertainment was laid on. A band of musicians played traditional music whilst a troupe of performers, who had been summoned from their home town 300 miles away, enacted an ancient legend. The dark shadows of the battlements, lit by the flickering light of flaming torches, were hugely atmospheric, but the story itself was lost on us! We drove back to Jodhpur, our final destination, by a different route, staying this time at Balsamand Lake Palace. It was not quite the luxury of Umaid Bhawan, but the beautiful gardens made up for it. A reservoir had been constructed in the 13th century to supply water for the rivers and fountains; everywhere there were flowers, and trees where monkeys played. It is a cool green oasis amongst Jodhpur's otherwise arid surroundings.

Shopping in Jodhpur produced the necessary attire for the following nights' Diwali Festival. Turbans, saris and other finery were purchased for the occasion, which was to be held atop the battlements of Meherangarh Fort. Everyone went to a great deal of trouble to look the part; indeed, some were indistinguishable from the local dignitaries, apart from the dusky complexion! It seemed that every important person in Jodhpur was present at the banquet. A table some thirty metres long had been set with every type of cuisine from every part of India, including at one end, a huge spread of Western food. Dinner was taken whilst fireworks from all over the city penetrated the night sky.



LADIES OF STYLE – Jane Ashley-Carter demonstrates her anti-sun & sand system, while Angelika Elliot and Helen Banks charm HH Bajji

Next day we learnt that the lorries to collect our cars were not going to turn up before we were due to fly out. This was because the drivers were recovering from Diwali. Loading would have to take place in our absence! None of the usual loading facilities were available in Jodhpur, so a pair of ramps had been constructed. The idea of some inexperienced person driving the cars up, and into the containers, didn't bear thinking about. We commandeered a man with a tractor, who promised to be around on the day, and we practiced by towing up Graham's Phantom with a long hawser. The tractor driver didn't seem to understand the word "slowly" and the Phantom nearly overshot. On the day, the tractor driver couldn't be found! Fortunately during the tour, we had allowed DV, our very bright and enthusiastic guide, to have a go at driving some of the cars, and over the telephone he agreed, provided he had starting instructions, to load the cars for us. Not being present was probably the less stressful option. We were informed later that the lorries arrived to find that the ramp was the wrong height and they had to dig a trench 1 foot deep to sink the lorries to the right level! DV was an absolute star. starting all the different cars and driving them up the ramp, something that even we might have had difficulty in doing.

Eventually, the cars all arrived safely back in the UK, the ship having managed to evade the pirates in the Gulf of Aden. Throughout the tour we had been followed by camera crews and, on our return, we were rewarded with copies of the two main Indian car magazines with major features about The Rolls Royce Royal Tour of Rajasthan.

SOME OTHER EXAMPES OF INDIAN TRANSPORT, as seen by John Redmill in 2007, and Tim Forrestt ...



As we all know, young cygnets grow into adult swans – from baby carriages to the Maharajah of Nabah,s car, seen on the Tulip Tour in Holland



Doing zero miles an hour with two oxen



Doing 60 miles an hour with six sheep [dead or alive?]



Child's motor-bike side-car [home-made] seems to have grown into monster 3-wheeled taxi, taking at least 20 foolhardy & terrified passengers



It may be slower, but it has a lower carbon-footprint than one of yours!

DOWN UNDER, A MULLINER

The Australian restoration of 80SK by John - and Sofija - Virgo



Following our purchase in 1998 of 80SK, an elegant 1934 PII with Arthur Mulliner limousine bodywork, we quickly became most enthusiastic 'caretakers' taking every opportunity to drive the car through our picturesque Adelaide Hills on any club event available.

We had no problems at all (a complete body and interior restoration had been undertaken in the mid 1990s) until, on one of these drives, we rounded a sharp corner and the steering wheel locked solid; fortunately there was a generous grass verge on the side of the road and we stopped at an embarrassing angle, half on the road and half off. No matter how hard I tried, I could not turn the steering wheel back until I got out of the car and grasped the top of the wheel whilst my long suffering wife grasped the bottom of the wheel and we applied as much force as we could until the wheel freed itself. As this happened, I noticed the knurled ring half way down the steering column was turning as I turned the wheel, thus on one lock the steering was quite loose and on the other, it locked up tightly. After I got the car home, the steering box and column was removed, and to rectify the problem, we drilled and tapped a 3/16w thread into the knurled ring and after adjusting it to its best point, locked it into position with a grub screw. It's been fine now for over ten years.

After about another five years of happy motoring, I noticed a bubble in the paint on the side of the head and as I scratched at it, green coolant leaked out onto my garage floor; this proved to be much more of a major job than I first thought. I enlisted the help of a friend from Melbourne and we removed the head and left it with an "expert" to weld up and repair. About four weeks passed before it was declared that a patch up was not necessarily the best option, so a new head was ordered from the UK. In the meantime both blocks were removed and rebored, fitted with new pistons, con-rod bearings and the oil pipes to the gudgeon pins repaired. After the new head arrived, everything went back together well. The engine was now much quieter although it did not quite have the briskness that I had hoped for, given all the work that had been done. This lack of zip was to rear its head at a much later date.

A further five years passed, still with enthusiastic use before another lucky escape. I had noticed a leak in the radiator ever since I purchased the car, but it was never enough to cause any concern. I normally would top it up before any given trip and it would be okay. However on this occasion I had been driving the car constantly for four or five days on our national RROCA Rally in South Australia and always seemed to be in a hurry and so had not checked the radiator. I saw the temperature gauge go to very high and then drop back to quite cool but had not realised that it was due to a complete lack of water in what I considered to be my 'still' new head. When I started to smell the overheating, I stopped by the side of the road and had the car towed home. What had happened was that the solder on the bulb of the temperature gauge actually melted, fortunately with no damage to the motor. At this point, I decided to repair the radiator and enlisted the help of my friend from Melbourne to remove it (not a five minute job). I could not help but be surprised how heavy it was. On examination, although the core looked quite new, it had a number of leaks where the core joined the top tank so it was decided to dispense with the modern style core and have the original honeycomb type fitted. The radiator was dispensed to Melbourne to have the new core, the shutters refurbished, and the stainless steel section repolished. Whilst this job was being completed, I decided to remove the timing case and have the slipper flywheel checked. There had always been some engine vibrations and I suspected the slipper flywheel might be seized. When we looked at it, it was not seized but quite loose; this allowed it to move with very little effort. At some stage someone had unfortunately removed half of the pressure springs and bolts from the face. When tested with the lever and scales it had no resistance at all - another job rectified.

After the magnificent shiny (correct) radiator (complete with working shutters) was ready for fitting, it was suggested that we check the cam timing as a possible answer to my thoughts about lack of power. To our surprise, after carefully checking and re-checking it, we found it was a tooth out. With that now re-aligned, I am delighted at just how smooth and powerful these motors can be.



The front compartment and dashboard



The rear compartment and occasional seats

Later, we were travelling in what we call the “high country” in Australia and on one section the speedo was showing just over 80 mph; now I am very fortunate my wife never complains (much!) about anything I do, from racing cars, competing in classic rallies and driving the Rolls-Royce at over 80mph, but I did notice a furrow appearing in her brow as she leaned over to check the speed as we sat inches from the wind screen, unrestrained and in a car with a body of aluminium and wood. It was a far cry from the Arthur Mulliner show stand at Olympia in 1934 and its first retail owner David Griffiths, a well-known film maker in the 20s and 30s and, by 1935, managing director of 20th Century Fox in the UK, through to a stint in the USA from the late 60s to the late 80s and, in turn, to Roger Fry, a well-known Western Australian restoration expert. It then passed through another 20-Ghost Club member to me over twelve years ago.

We have never regretted a day of it.

A TESTING TIME for Nigel Hughes

I have no difficulty over the principle of submitting my car for an MOT test. I am an engineer and if another engineer finds a problem of which I was unaware, I want to know about it. In the good old days, MOT test inspection could be carried out by using a big floor jack to raise the front axle of your car for the purpose of checking wheel bearings and steering pivot pins. At some time, a rule was introduced which effectively required the whole car to be raised on a hoist or ramp. Very few local garages have hoists long enough to take the 12-foot wheelbase of a 40/50 hp Rolls-Royce. Some 20 years ago, I eventually found a local garage that had an inspection pit in its MOT Test Bay, neatly avoiding that problem.

Having moved to a different part of the country, this year I had to find a suitable MOT testing station for 120EU, a four-wheel brake 40/50 hp Silver Ghost type. A call to a local classic car repairer told me of a local garage they used, so I booked a test, only to find on arrival that they have just the usual test bay, not long enough for 120EU. A second call to an R-R specialist led to the information that they had a hoist big enough for the car, but only in the workshop and not in their MOT Test Bay. It appears that MOT tests have to be conducted in a designated area these days, so that was not much help. I was beginning to get pretty frustrated. Finally, a Land Rover agent directed me to my local Class 4 and 7 testing station, where they had all the right kit and 120EU passed with flying colours (65% footbrake efficiency and 35% on the handbrake, about as much as you can expect to get from a late SG). The young engineer who conducted the test was sensible, thorough and understanding about the test requirements and what to look for on the car. I look forward to seeing him again next year. I understand that use of an inspection pit for tests may be banned in future, so it could become pretty well impossible to find a 'normal' garage to test our cars. It would be a good idea to find where your local Class 4 and 7 test station is.

By the way, Class 4 covers cars, motor caravans and goods vehicles up to 3000Kg gross weight and Class 7 covers goods vehicles between 3000 and 3500 Kg. The weights of our 40/50s vary widely, but are unlikely to exceed the Class 7 classification. However, the combination of weight, wheelbase and overall length does require access to a big, powerful hoist with plenty of space round it. Submitting a really clean car for the test - and that means underneath too - creates a favourable impression and it is easy to check that all lights and horn are working before the test, so as to avoid an unnecessary failure. Carry spare bulbs in case one blows on the way to the test. The rules allow small adjustments and replacements to be made during the test.

THE SPRING LUNCH

AND VISIT TO GRANGE PARK

John R Redmill

16th APRIL



What country house in England looks more like a Rolls Royce [and its radiator] than any other? Ever since I first saw it forty years ago, I have always thought that Grange Park, near Alresford, was the answer. So when Strone Macpherson announced that he and Alex would be very happy to yet again do the club's Spring Lunch, and I realised that Armsworth is only a few miles to its east, I suggested that we should all visit The Grange after lunch. As always, the lunch was a great success – the weather in mid-April was better than usual, and all gathered in the courtyard before the barn at Armsworth Park in sunshine to enjoy the variety of cars driven by members.



David & Patricia Mills' elegant 1929 20hp Barker Tourer



Brian Fidler's 1933 P11 Park Ward Saloon

Curiously, most of the committee seemed to have 'failure to proceed' issues, and turned up in a motley selection of old jeeps, Hertz hire cars, VWs, Mercedes-Benzes, Nissan Micras and "what-ever-you're-having-yourself", as they say in Irish pubs. A photographic comparison of the car park in 2010 with that of 2011 would be embarrassing, so has been avoided to protect the blatantly guilty but, even as I write, a gallows is being erected Now a firm tradition in our activities, Strone's and Alex's champagne, shepherd's pie and treacle tart were much enjoyed by all in their spacious and comfortable barn



*Must have sailed over from Oz for the day?
The Channings' 1922 SG Replica Skiff*



As did this – Nick Naismith's 1911 SG Tour by Lamb of NSW

The time passed only too quickly, then, in the early afternoon sun, we set off on the short journey to The Grange. It was probably not what most were expecting, particularly if they had not paid the closest attention to the innocent flyer that had been sent out. The house appears extremely forbidding as approached, first along the narrow pot-holed drive across the valley, and then along the lime tree avenue that has more than a passing resemblance to a partial denture. Boxes of brightly coloured contractors' hard hats were waiting by the front door. Those who hoped for luxurious carpets and a slap-up afternoon tea were to be sorely disappointed. Grey clouds started to gather in some hearts, as well as above in the sky.



Colin & Anne Hughes, Janet Valentine & Graham Tyson prepare for the worst



So do Roland Duce & Kimberley Hughson

The Grange is one of the most interesting and unknown houses in the country, but in the last 12 or so years has become better known as the venue of a summer opera festival in June. And, in some ways, for us it is even more interesting than most other houses because its interior is just like a stripped down car, with all the insides exposed – an only too familiar sight to some members! The cars fitted perfectly around the curved sweep in front of the house and, while the hard hats were being colour-coordinated and tried for size, I explained my long association with the Grange, including helping to stop its proposed destruction by explosion in 1972 by the present owner. And this had seemed the only option for him then, as the house had been left derelict since the last war, its interiors smashed up by American troops stationed there, while its then owner had retreated to a far wing where he lived until his death in the early 1960s. Since English Heritage had taken over the guardianship of the house in the late 1970s, and conserved it as a ruin with a roof on it, its history has been researched and published. The basic structure was built in 1664 for a courtier of Charles II, just after his Restoration; of this large handsome red-brick mansion, the west façade is still visible. Altered somewhat during the 18th century, it was then dramatically transformed into a vast ancient Greek Doric temple in the first decade of the 19th century after it had passed to the young Henry Drummond, of the banking family; he spent over £30,000 doing this, then became bored with the whole thing, and sold the incomplete house in 1816 to another banker, Alexander Baring, who spent another £30,000 trying to make it work by adding further extensions, including a superb conservatory as a small Ionic temple. We walked through the ruined ground floor rooms, looking at their fascinating architectural archaeology, exposed by the removal of all the internal finishes, and then up the 19th century staircase. This had been removed in 1972, but was returned and reconstructed by the opera company in 2009. The original conservatory had been converted into a picture gallery in 1890, and was the room in which Churchill and Eisenhower planned D-Day. In 2001 onwards, the opera company completely transformed it into a

500-seat opera house, with all the back-stage accommodation housed behind a wall re-connecting the two temples. Having seen all this and as the ground was dry, Richard Loader of English Heritage then kindly allowed the cars onto the eastern terrace below the great Doric portico to be photographed in the gathering gloom. The official photographer provided by English Heritage balanced on his stepladder and snapped away, but finally the drizzle started, and we all departed.

Strone and Alex have very kindly agreed not to find an excuse that prevents them doing the Spring Lunch again next year!



All parked outside, including the Crossley-Cookes' 1926 20hp Doctor's coupe



The interior of the new Opera House



Strone's two magnificent tourers on display - 1914 SG Bridgewater Torpedo and 1930 PII Hooper Dual Cowl

Photographs © Elspeth Crossley - Cooke and John Redmill

MEMBERS & CARS PARTICIPATING:

Anthony & Gillian Armitage	1929 PI 65CL	Restyled Armitage Tourer	TY5221
Philip & Favell Ashby	1929 PI 62WR	HJMulliner Drop Head Coupe	RA7878
Andrew & Pippa Ayres	1937 PIII 3BT139	AMulliner Sports Saloon	637XUS
Guy & Guede Baird	1925 20hp GCK43	Park Ward Limousine	YM9546
David & Elspeth Crossley-Cooke	1928 20hp GOK47	Cookshoot Doctors' Coupe	NE7966
Roland Duce & Kimberley Hughson	1933 PII 31MW	James Young Continental Tourer	ALP178
Brian Fidler	1933 PII 101MW	Park Ward Saloon	157XUM
Tim & Susie Forrestt	1912 SG 2154	Barker Torpedo Tourer	R1487
Gervase & Margaret Forster	1921 SG 60NE	Lopes Tourer	SV6608
Nigel & Anne Hughes	1925 SG 120EU	Barker Tourer	XY6932
Ray Lockett	1912 SG 1861	Barker Torpedo Cabriolet	XH7396
Strone & Alex	1914 SG 27BD	Bridgewater Torpedo Tourer	LR6389
Macpherson	1930 PII 62GY	Hooper Dual Cowl Tourer	GH2966
David & Patricia Mills	1929 20hp GEN16	Barker Tourer	RR5320
Nick & Jo Naismith	1911 SG 1606	Lamb of NSW Barker-style Tourer	CH722
Brian & Joan Palmer	1921 SG 149AG	Barker Tourer	KE6676
John Redmill			
Ian & Anne Scoggins	1937 25/30 GAN37	Hooper Sports Saloon	DUL597
Sir John and Lady Stuttard			
Graham & Sarah Tyson			
Jimmy & Janet Valentine	1929 PI IOR	HJMulliner Weymann Saloon	UV1923

TULIP TOUR OF HOLLAND

Helen Banks

21st - 25th APRIL



Tour leader Ernest van Arendonk, alongside his 1926 PI Barker Tourer, talks to the press in Alkmaar

During the tour in the Pyrenees, organised by Roland Duce in June 2010, Klaas de Boer and Ernest van Arendonk offered to organise a tour of their homeland, Holland. Since it would coincide with the blooming of the tulips in the acres of pancake-flat bulb fields, they decided that the tour would attract maximum interest over the Easter week-end, when visitors would also have the opportunity, during its short open season, to see the Keukenhof Gardens, perhaps Holland's best-known tourist attraction. So, on the bright, fresh morning of Thursday 21st April, those eight couples, three Dutch, two German and three English who, the night before, had enjoyed a pleasant pre-tour dinner at the West Cord Hotel, were led by Klaas and Luus to the leafy Wilhelmina Park area of Delft, where all of the participants would assemble. There was disappointment that ill-health had prevented Rick and Yvonne Hensby from joining us, but we were pleased that Klaas's daughter Irene and her husband, Pieter, were able to take their place at short notice.



Luus, Irene & Piet at Keukenhof



Bulbs at Keukenhof

The tour was to be officially launched with a welcome from Klaas, who would warn us of the numerous 'plateaux' speed bumps throughout the country - and the Mayor, who would give us a historical backdrop to the small but hugely populated country we were visiting in exceptional weather at its most attractive time of year. This took place in the Nunnery Café, the cloisters of what was originally a convent, now Het Prinsenhof, which served as home to William the Silent of Orange and Nassau from 1572 until 1584, when he was assassinated there. Het Prinsenhof is accessible by a small passage to the Oude Kerke, around which we had parked the cars and where we had our first experience of the difficult to spot, low level bollards, which a day or two later were to cause John and Kay Marsh a failure to proceed. Despite its dense buttressing, the magnificent leaning tower has long been subject to subsidence and the angle of its lean has been measured by generations of worried town architects. Among the assorted tombs, there is a plain floor plaque in honour of Vermeer and a flashy marble memorial to Admiral Maarten Tromp, who led the Dutch Fleet at the start of the Anglo-Dutch War in 1652. The cars drew large crowds and huge interest wherever we were and we learned quickly how friendly and welcoming the Dutch people are. Roland Duce remarked on how their calm, level temperament reflected the terrain, and Annemieke translated their most common description of our 'surprisingly quiet' cars as 'majestic'. Waiting at traffic lights, a van driver alongside surprised us by shouting, "I love your Spirit of Ecstasy!" "You know what it's called?" we replied. "Yes," he called back innocently, "I collect them!"



Windmill surprise with the de Boers, the Sassmannschausens, & the Forrestts



Hopefully the bridge will support the combined weight of cars

This first day, described by Ernest van Arendonk as a 'road' day, identified the contrast of the uniformly good road network, with most of the major towns linked by some kind of motorway or dual carriageway, set against the alternative country routes with their interminable traffic lights (Peter Golding reckoned his car had not known so many gear changes in all of its previous history), the traffic calming 'plateaux' (those with tarmacadam less vicious than their cobbled, small brick counterparts) and the tedium of imperturbable cyclists who, despite their designated cycle lanes, required the drivers to twist and weave through villages and along the rivers and canals - favoured get-away places for Bank Holiday visitors. We lunched at Keukenhof, the bulb-growers showcase, the gardens resplendent in bright sunshine, endless varieties of tulips in full bloom, trees flaunting their subtle springtime blossoms and swans and ducks parading their offspring on the landscaped ponds which punctuate this glorious setting. The drive to the luxurious Hotel Duin en Kruidberg outside Sandpoort, once the hunting retreat of William III, took us past acres of rainbow-striped tulip fields, along the canals, past suburban gardens at their luscious springtime best, past picturesque and carefully preserved windmills and a variety of wetland birdlife which had attracted good numbers of camera-clad twitchers, most on bicycles! We were surprised by the plethora of obscure little towns and villages, steeped in history and fascinating architecture, which sprang out of the flatness of the landscape wherever we went.



The Stuttards with the Master of the Cheesemakers Guild



Unwittingly, Sir John buys 1000 kilos of cheese

On Good Friday (of which little evidence in this secular country), Sir John and Lady Stuttard left ahead of us, to ensure that they reached Alkmaar in time to ring the bell which heralds the official opening of the weekly Kaasmarkt, a tradition dating back to the 1300s. The entire rearguard was disappointed to miss this historic ceremony but was greeted later by the Mayor in the Stadhuis, part of which dates back to the 16th Century. Brian Palmer and Margaret Forster swapped their usual headgear for the ribbon-ed hats worn by the porters (in Dutch, more descriptively, kassdraggers) but resisted their ornamental carriers and, indeed, the waxed discs of Gouda cheese. We lunched at The Fabels, a popular street café by the ruins of the old church in Bergen, where Clayton Banks caused amusement to the locals as he washed JL1 in the street, unaware that this is an offence in Holland. This misdemeanour, however, impressed some of the Dutchmen, who, Annemieke reports were overheard to speculate that 'he must be Dutch; he is so keen to keep his car clean!' Here, late arrivals were Bob and Sheila Kilburn, whose car had been running rich. Plug-cleaning assistance was offered by Christopher and Mary Broom-Smith, who with Knud and Jacqueline Sassmannschausen made up the three new club-member couples who had joined us for their first 20-Ghost tour. All three couples enjoyed the camaraderie, remarking on the friendliness of the group and their very relaxed attitude.



Clayton Banks enjoys a little illegal cleaning



The Kilburns enjoy a little legal touring

Volendam, where we stayed overnight in Hotel Spaander, in the centre of the old town, was one of the towns along the coast which, due to its access to the open sea via the Zuider Zee, thrived as a result of Baltic Sea trade, ship-building and the demand for herring. Accumulations of silt, however, began to strangle these ports and, with the risk of flooding, the sea was finally sealed off and converted to the freshwater lake of IJsslemeer in 1932. Here we dressed in the historic costumes of the fishing folk for a group photograph, dined well and danced, the following morning rediscovering muscles we had forgotten we had! Bob, albeit with clean plugs, arrived here cheerful but with clutch problems and only one lens in his specs, meaning a trip to an accommodating "Closed for Bank Holiday" optician and four hours work on the car.



Lining up at the Cheese Market in Alkmaar



Klaas & Luus de Boer leave Hoorn

Before heading south to Amsterdam on this 'waterland' day, we spent Saturday morning driving north, through Edam, along the IJsslemeer dyke into Hoorn, for coffee and a walk to the harbour, one of the wealthiest of the 17th Century and a centre of operation for the East India Company. Applause welcomed the Bankses late arrival. Chatting later on how they had got 'the clap' in Hoorn, Helen was confused by Tony Dyas's raucous laughter! We motored on in brilliant sunshine, through the villages of West Freisland to Enkhuizen, home to Holland's largest 18th century fishing fleet, its citizens renowned for their seamanship and much in demand by the East Indian Company. Subsequently, Enkhuizen slipped into a long-lasting economic decline until tourism revived its fortunes. Following lunch, we spent an hour exploring the beautifully preserved outside museum, where the focus from 1882 to 1932 evokes the atmosphere of the busy Zuider Zee seaport that it was.

On to our final destination, the newly refurbished luxury Grand Hotel, right in the centre of Amsterdam, where Klaas and Ernest's lengthy negotiations enabled us all to park, or double-park, within the hotel's gated front square, on the edge of one of the city's web of canals. In his final speech at our grand finale dinner, Klaas expressed surprise that everyone was present. He declared that several people had lost their tour instructions, thus confirming the writer's suspicion that many stow sat-nav equipment surreptitiously in their cars! One, who shall remain nameless, let down by sat nav and instructions was relieved to spot two cars in the middle distance but recognising the peppermint green of JL1 exclaimed, "Oh no! Don't follow them, it's the Bankses!" William Corbett ventured that, appropriately in Holy Week, the Palmers exercised real panache, preferring to recruit an escort when navigation became too difficult - entering Volendam under police escort and Amsterdam with private taxi escort! So many gifts were bestowed upon us throughout the trip that Klaas was subsequently renamed Santa Klaas. The 20-Ghost Club has no sections, but Sir John, responding to Santa's farewell and thanking him for partnering him in the dancing at Volendam, invited him to become Honorary Chairman of the

Mythical Dutch Section of the 20 Ghost Club and Ernest to become vice-chairman, presenting them each with a jeroboam of wine. Michael, who had assisted so effectively with the organisation, was invited to become a member of the club.



We CAN'T be lost, Ernest – Holland is too small to be lost in!

..... and anyway, we're seeking The Holy Grail – The 1913 & 1914 Alpine Trophy in the Louwman Museum, The Hague

We breakfasted on board a canal boat on Sunday morning, enjoying the hundreds of houseboats moored along the way, the many bridges overhead lined with a tangle of bicycles, the bell and step-gabled architecture as we passed some of the major sight-seeing musts, the Rijksmuseum, Anne Frank's house, the Van Gogh Museum and the old Jewish Quarter. Negotiating the narrower bridges resulted in noises that suggested clutch problems. "How about going underneath to sort it, Bob!" called a unison of voices. A miscount by the on-board caterers necessitated a stop along the route to pick up extra cups and orange juice. "8.3 seconds! Excellent pit-stop," remarked an eminent lawyer, now retired. So, even on this last day, spirits remained high and humour undaunted by late nights and busy days. We left Amsterdam to drive through the Green Heart of Holland, stopping first in Voorschoten where we were presented with gifts by the Mayor, and then to The Hague, home to one of the greatest automobile museums in the world, the brand-new Louwman Museum, designed by American architect Michael Graves. Housed in a building with three floors, the museum has been named after the automobile enthusiasts Pieter and Evert Louwman, who had spent their whole life collecting valuable pieces of automotive art and cars. Connoisseurs consider the collection of 230 cars as one of the finest in the world. After an excellent lunch, we bade farewell to our hosts, thanking Klaas, Luus, Ernest and Annemieke for the months of hard work and the attention to detail, which had resulted in the huge success of this tour. We had been reacquainted with old friends and had made new friends. We had laughed a lot and enjoyed the camaraderie for which the 20-Ghost Club is renowned. Our cars had brought a smile to countless faces and pleasure to each of the communities we had visited. We had seen something of everything for which Holland is famed, polders and dykes, canals and bridges, tulips and bulbs and bicycles and cheese. Even the weather had been planned to perfection! Congratulations and thanks to the Chairman and the Vice-Chairman of the Mythical Dutch Section of the 20-Ghost Club!



Margaret Forster's appropriately tulippy shopping bag



Ernest's and Brian Palmer's appropriately cheesy grins

PARTICIPANTS & THEIR CARS:

Klaas & Luus de Boer	1910	SG	Roi des Belges by Mitchell 1302
Tim & Susie Forrest	1912	SG	Barker Torpedo Tourer 2154
Rick & Yvonne Hensby	1912	SG	Roi des Belges Replica 1888
Graham & Barbara Mead	1912	SG	Tourer by Crailville 2011
Tony & Viv Dyas	1912	SG	Hamshaw Torpedo Tourer 2087E
Roland Duce & Kimberly Hughson	1914	SC	Tourer Replica 30EB
Peter & Ann Golding	1914	SG	Marston Tourer 41YB
Graham & Gill Adams	1919	SG	Flewitt Tourer 51TW
William & Clare Corbett	1920	SG	Woodhall Nicholson Tourer 60AE
Brain & Joan Palmer	1921	SG	Barker Tourer 149AG
Gervase & Margaret Forster	1921	SG	Lopes Tourer 60NE
Clayton & Helen Banks	1922	SG	Hooper Tourer 34MG
John & Kay Marsh	1923	SG	Barker Shooting Brake 107EM
Ernest & Annemieke van Arendonk	1926	PI	Barker Super Tourer 23SC
Rob & Sheila Kilburn	1930	20/25	Robinson Tourer GRW64
Christopher & Mary Broom-Smith	1930	20/25	Windovers Tourer GGP8
Knud & Jacqueline Sassmannschaunes	1933	PII	Continental Gurney Nutting 132PY
Klaus Otto & Rensche Raker	1934	20/25	Oxborrow & Fuller Tourer GFE14
Sir John & Lady Stuttard	1934	20/25	Barker Sorts Saloon GSF29

Photographs © by Annemieke van Arendonk, Ernest van Arendonk, Tim Forrest & John Stuttard



The whole group dressed in the historic costumes of the fishing folk, in Volendam

HARD CHEESE... -

a rhyme commemorating the Tulip Tour which, in the words of our Chairman, demonstrates the sheer unadulterated, even unpasturised, talent of

John C Boothman

The land of Chaucer, Keats and Milton
Also gave us Yarg and Stilton;
Rich men with Phantoms and Arnages
Are classified as "grands fromages".

But those who rally *old* Rolls-Royces
Are faced with somewhat harder choices:
For minor faults in their suspension
Can lead to marital dissension.

They find, when touring other nations,
That cheese has many applications;
In which regards it seems there's much
To learn from studying the Dutch.

Some smart Ghost owners, scenting freedom
From punctures, swap their wheels for Edam;
While lesser models, being ruder,
Run on Boerenkaas or Gouda.

Yet only when the weather is cool-ish!
These chaps are certain to feel foolish
If it's scorching - bien entendu -
And their tyres turn to fondue.

COMING EVENTS 2011

and members' information, etc

EVENTS:

Details, bookings forms and other information for all events can be downloaded from the club website.

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]

Friday 30th September to Sunday 2nd October

Autumn Weekend & Lunch in Bedfordshire [Brian Palmer]

Also -

Saturday 27th August - VCCC Day at Madresfield Court, Worcestershire - see VCCC for details.

Sunday 18th September - Turweston Wings and Wheels showcase for vintage cars, etc, at the aerodrome near Buckingham; details from website <

www.turwestonflight.com.

AND FOR THE FUTURE:

17th or 18th February 2012 [tbc]:

AGM and DINNER, probably Cambridge

April 2012:

Spring Lunch at Armsworth Park [Strone Macpherson]

1st to 19th July 2012: Tour of Nordic countries and the Baltic [Sir John Stuttard]

September 2012:

Tour of Dorset [Brian Palmer]

2013:

Centenary of the Austrian Alpine Rally [Nick Naismith]

DATES OF OTHER EVENTS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN DUE COURSE

NEW MEMBERS WELCOMED TO THE CLUB:

Wojtek Kordel, esq

Hollies, High Street, GREAT BUDWORTH,
near Northwich, Cheshire CW9 6HF
1930 20/25 Chassis GNS65 YD1743 Park Ward Doctor's coupe
1932 PII Chassis 60-MS YY6397 Hooper saloon

Olle Ljungstrom, esq,

Danska Backarna 16, SE-13335 SALTJOBADEN
Sweden
1919 Silver Ghost Chassis 27PP NP 99 undergoing restoration

James & Breda Boland

Fairways, Dublin Road, NAAS, Co Kildare, Ireland
1913 Silver Ghost Chassis 2582 SV8276 Roi des Belges replica body
1921 Silver Ghost Chassis LG 17L Hooper tourer

Andrew & Heather Prestwich

Field Cottage, Field Lane, WOODBOROUGH, Nottingham NG14 6DU
1922 Springfield Silver Ghost Chassis 312KG BF 4226 Replica (Wilkinson) Alpine Eagle tourer

Sam Jaquet

PO Box 1072, MUDGEE, 2890 Australia
1926 Phantom I Chassis 119LC - Chassis only
1927 Phantom I Chassis 41UF replica tourer by Ferguson

1928 Phantom I Chassis 61EH BSW 2013 Replica tourer by Bill Cardno

Terence & Robyn Daly

44 Cranstons Road, MIDDLE DURAL, 2158, Australia
1936 20/25 Chassis GBK 41 90608-H Hooper sedan

Peter Jordan-Hill

PO Box 54, The Cabin, 27 Ridge Road, KALLISTA, Victoria 3791, Australia
1931 20/25 Chassis GNS 60 04705-H Barker Sedan de Ville

Knud & Jacqueline Sassmannshausen

Innocentia Str 9, HAMBURG, Germany, D20149
Phantom II Continental Chassis 132PY WNP 70 Owen Sedan de Ville Coupe.

John Bentley

The Tower, 4th Avenue, Hornbeam Park, HARROGATE, Nth. Yorkshire HG2 8QT
1914 Silver Ghost Chassis 26RB VDP sports tourer

Miguel Gonzalez

c/o Paul Wood, P&A Wood, Great Easton, DUNMOW, Essex CM6 2HD
1911 Silver Ghost Chassis 1701 R1075 replica tourer by Crailville

Lukas Huni

Lindenstrasse 26, CH-8008 ZURICH, Switzerland
1912 Silver Ghost Chassis 2104 R2104 Repro open tourer

Bill Ives

Woodacre, The Glade, Hutton Mount, BRENTWOOD,
Essex CM13 2JL
1914 Silver Ghost Chassis 32PB AX216 Repro open tourer by
Wilkinson

Max & Janny Watson

32 Martins Lane, DORCHESTER ON THAMES,
Oxfordshire OX10 7JE
1928 20hp Chassis GYL67 YX 2878 Repro Barker Doctor's
Coupe

Ashley & Adrienne Carmichael

Stone Lodge, Withybed Lane, INKBERROW, Worcester
WR74JJ
1920 Silver Ghost Chassis 47RE FA5849 (changing to
PX1780) Mulliner open drive Limousine

Dr Dan & Linda Suskin

135 Spalding Ridge Way, ATLANTA, GA 30350, USA
1913 Silver Ghost Chassis 1Na Repro Open drive Limousine

by Robertson of Glasgow

1924 Springfield Silver Ghost Chassis 256KF Piccadilly
Roadster by Merrimac
1925 Springfield Silver Ghost Chassis S175MK Pall Mall
tourer by Rolls-Royce Custom Coachworks
1927 Phantom I Chassis S389FM Sedan de Ville by
Brewster
1934 Phantom II Chassis 61RY Sedan de Ville by
Mulliner

Stanley & Angela West

Sulgrave House, Little Street, SULGRAVE, Oxfordshire
OX17 2SG
1923 Springfield Silver Ghost Chassis 314XH BP5157 Pall
Mall tourer
1926 20hp Chassis GYK74 YE1962 Maythorn tourer
1929 Phantom II Chassis 61XJ GC4690 Weymann Mulliner
Fabric Sports Saloon
1936 Phantom III Chassis 3AZ TSY684 Pillarless Saloon by
Henry Binder

John & Gwen McCaw Jnr

c/o Cavallino Holdings, PO Box 21749, SEATTLE,
Washington, USA
1912 Silver Ghost Chassis 2121 R2121 Barker Tourer

HONORARY MEMBERS:**Torsten Muller-Otvos**

CEO, Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd, The Drive, WESTHAMPNETT, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 0SH

Ian Cameron

Design Director, Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Ltd, The Drive, WESTHAMPNETT, Chichester, West Sussex PO18 0SH

HONORARY LIFETIME MEMBER:

Major Lenox Jamieson, of Dean Terrace, EDINBURGH, EH41NL, joined the club 50 years ago and, in view of his extraordinary loyalty and fellowship, has been awarded Honorary Lifetime membership by the Committee, who send best wishes to him and Audrey for many more happy years motoring together in 1924 SG tourer S46.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADDRESSES:

It is presumed that all members have now paid their subscriptions for 2011. If not however, please send this to our Hon, Treasurer, Brian Fidler, The Eighth House, Vernon Avenue, Oxford, OX29AU. Failure to pay the correct annual subscription could result in you not being considered a member of the Club.... Send any changes to your postal and e-mail addresses, etc, **NOW** to Graham Tyson at [<gtyson2@riscali.co.uk>](mailto:gtyson2@riscali.co.uk). If he does not have these details, or if they are not correct, 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, including "The Roycean"! As the world of technology continues to envelope us all, and the costs of postage increase, we will eventually be relying more on emails and the website to communicate with you in the future.

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

THE CLUB SHOP - Susan Glew [01386 700987 [<susan.glew@onetel.com>](mailto: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. – see website for details, ordering, etc.

BACK COVER: Reception at Umaid Bhawan Palace, hosted by His Highness Bapji – Cecil B de Mille lives!

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