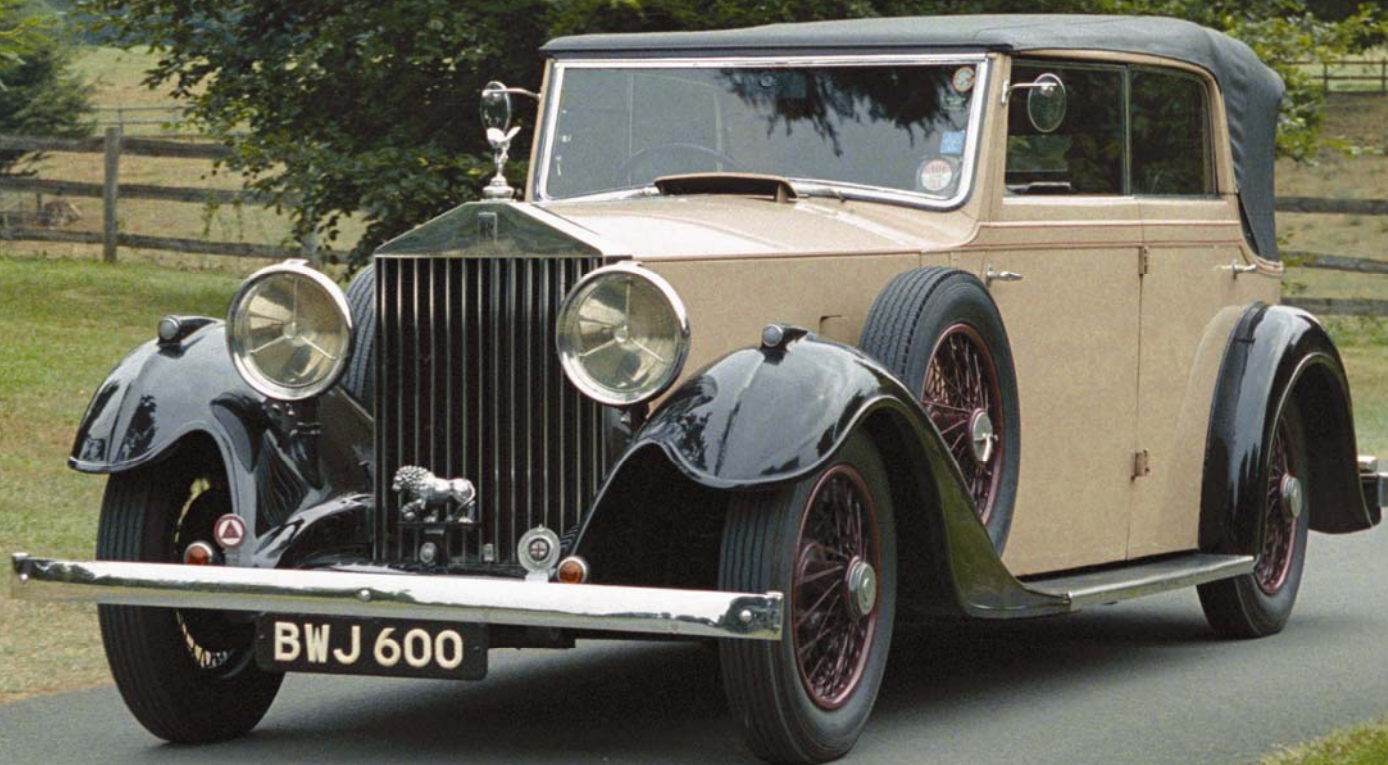




News and Record



Issue 14
November 2005

20-GHOST CLUB LIMITED

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Front cover picture

Timothy and Gemma Boyd
Maunsell's 20/25 GBK65
with All-Weather Tourer body
by Offord



Note:

Opinions expressed in any articles, letters or editorials may not be construed as being necessarily those of the 20-Ghost Club. Although the Club, its editors and contributors of all articles always endeavour to produce accurate information, illustrations and advice, they cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage caused by acting upon such information.

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EDITORIAL

Annual Concours

A big Thank You to Andy Butcher, who once again organised our Concours d'Etat and wrote the excellent report in this edition. I was delighted to be honoured with the Fred and Joan Watson Trophy for 120EU. She certainly did not have the best paint or trim in show, but her chassis and engine room were the result of two weeks of hard cleaning and polishing which even included the fish tail! On balance, this was enough, given that all areas of the car go towards the final total. We will of course be out of the running next year, and I will be serving my penance as a judge.

20HP and Ghost

Andrew Sington took me to task over the last edition of News and Record for no coverage of the 20HP, when the Club is called the 20-Ghost Club. I pointed out that there were several Twenties in the picture from the early days of the Club, but he has a point and I hope I have redressed the balance this time. There is a full page of 'Small HP' pictures in the Concours report and Andrew has also provided some material which is included in this edition. There is much of interest in all our cars, but I am governed by what you send me. So, can I encourage all of you, but especially the Small HP brigade to put pen paper or camera to eye and let me have your stories, histories, experiences, hints and tips or whatever.

Why have a 20-Ghost Club?

The Rolls-Royce owner has a wide range of clubs from which to choose, so what is special about the 20-Ghost Club? Aside from being the oldest Rolls-Royce Club in the World, its main feature is that it caters only for Cars made before 1940. This inevitably limits the size of

the Club but also ensures that members are relatively like-minded.

The Club believes that the cars were made to be enjoyed and tries to arrange significant tours every year. These tours are chosen to provide interesting driving and are adapted to the capabilities of the cars. The relatively small numbers of members on each tour allows us to choose smaller, high quality hotels and to visit places inaccessible to larger groups. The existence of a very strong Australian Chapter in the Club ensures that visitors from UK to Australia or vice versa can be sure of a very friendly reception.

Congratulations Sheriff

Our congratulations go to John Stuttard, a well respected member of the Club, who has been elected to the rank of Sheriff in the City of London. This represents a major step up from his previous position of Alderman. Each Sheriff's badge of office is individually designed to reflect the wearer's interests and background. Suffice it to say that John's badge is in the shape of an R-R wheel nut,



complete with spokes linking the various coats of arms and symbols which record his exploits and allegiances.

E-Mail etc

As members may have noticed, it is not always easy for us to give as much advance warning of events as

we would wish. With the best will in the world, sometimes arrangements for venues and accommodation can only be cleared rather late in the day. While we normally expect to distribute flyers with full booking details with *News and Record*, well in advance, we have this year had to publicise one or two events at the last minute. Such events, some of which we used to class as Get-in-and-Go events could only be publicised quickly via the Club web site and by e-mail. This is perhaps OK for those with internet access, but it is not great for those who do not. In part, we try to help by publicising events personally at our meetings, but would like to be more effective. In particular, we need to have the most up to date information from members on their e-mail addresses. We will continue to use hard copy flyers for publicity wherever practicable, but there will be some things which can only reach you in a timely way via the internet.

Bludners

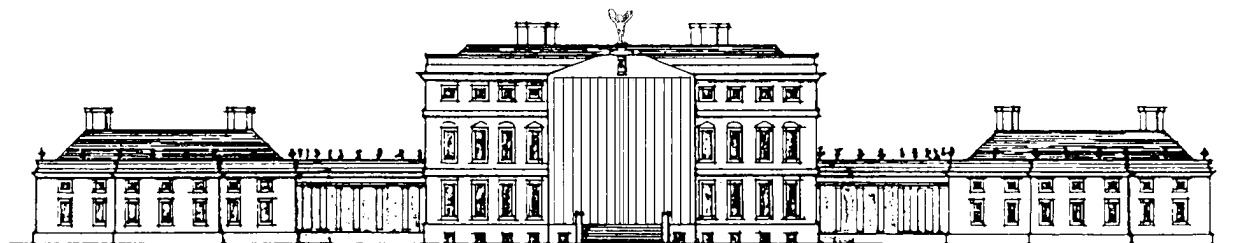
The only sure way for an editor to get feedback on his magazine is for him to make mistakes as there are usually several people who would like to put him right.

The photograph of the 1950s meeting at Heathrow produced a comment from Colin Hughes that the attribution of cars to Stanley Sears in the black and white photo was incorrect. The Alpine Eagle and Tulip Back Edwardian Ghost Limousine were owned at that time by Fred Watson, not Stanley Sears.

NHH

THE IRISH GEORGIAN SOCIETY TOUR OF SHROPSHIRE

3-6 June 2005



To 'The Feathers' at Ludlow

'The Feathers' is a deep-beamed Jacobethan Coaching Inn with a narrow, covered archway leading into a modest car park. This meant that, though we were comfortably enough lodged, the spectacle of the cars arriving, and even more of them attempting to leave in the mornings, afforded much amusement to the populace: "like an Italian traffic jam" said one. Ludlow was worth it, though. A prosperous market town, and once the administrative centre of the Council of Wales, it stands on a hill - an attractive mixture of half-timbered and jettied, or cool and Georgian frontages. At the top of the hill stand the castle ruins and a Parish Church which is at least half of a cathedral. Ludlow has been 'discovered' so there is a bustle of repair and restoration. There is also an attractive mixture of non-clone shops (12 butchers) and an abundance of first class restaurants. In all, perfect for an Irish Georgian weekend.

Saturday



We began at **Oakley Park** (*above*), where some of us recalled being in 1989. In a neat replay, John O'Dowd drove the son of the house round the estate as he had

previously done his father. This is a slightly severe 'Greek' house, but learned discussions about cornice and frieze painting allowed scope for IG experts to show us how complex restoration can be – and the evidence of extensive repair following dry rot attack, how expensive, too. The present owner has been gradually buying back many of the pieces which were sold off during the war. Here we first came across Clive of India, whose great wealth allowed him to have a hand in improvements to several of the houses we visited. His portrait at Oakley, we were told, was definitely the authentic original.



Thence to **Sibton Castle** (*above*), described, rather unfairly, by the owner as 'a small, tatty manor house with some 18th century battlements'. It was delightfully domestic. Well-trained cows posed at strategic points of the extensive views. These were to be a feature of many of the houses – mediaeval Salopians clearly had a good eye for sites. We were enthusiastically welcomed by Crinkle the miniature long-haired dachshund – plucked from beneath the wheels. We were shown the airy attics by the children

(holds 18 for sleepovers), and allowed to roam freely through the Jacobean interiors.

As a complete contrast we came to **Stokesay Court**, a giant, Victorian pile being gradually rescued from dereliction by Miss Magnus. Before she took on the house, the army had been in residence during the war, and the family had later retreated to a few rooms while rain poured through the roof. Some impression of the size of this great stone building can be gained by the lofty, galleried and panelled hall easily accommodating a full suit of elephant armour, on a full sized elephant. Jane played the Lutyens-designed piano with delight. Original design placed bachelors in their separate wing miles from the ladies, which makes it look even larger, but the house was completed with astonishing speed – fitted out wholesale by London suppliers. Huge bay windows gave on to distant views, and though the house was spare (all the contents, discovered stacked in attic and cellar when the army arrived, had to be sold to fund the new roof) it contrived to be charming. Miss Magnus' courage is of a high order.



Loton Park (Above) combined all the periods we had seen so far; Jacobean centre, 18th century frontage and what looked like a slice of a Victorian public school tacked on one end – the enormous Great Hall, built for family theatricals which must have been epic in scale. It made a grand setting for a sustaining family tea which revived those who accompanied Sir Michael on a sporting hill-climb. The equally-welcoming dog here was a Labradoodle of great charm called Armani.

The last house before return to dinner at the hotel was **Shipton Hall** (Right). Set on a slope and attended by an accumulation of barns, stables, the church and a large dovecot, this proved very agreeable, as was the charming and articulate owner Nicholas Bishop. 'A loveable house, easy to live in,' say Jane's notes: they also say, evocatively, 'damson jam' and 'furniture polish'.

Sunday

We went roundabout to **Hatton Grange** – advised to approach the house up the old drive for a more impressive approach up the 'gorge': the IG think about these things. The cool plasterwork of the interiors here are celebrated but much learned garden talk was had too, as parties went round the ponds and rides with Mrs Kenyon-Slaney. Less wide views this time, but an airy parkland setting, fringed with rhododendron and silver birch walks around massive stables and walled kitchen garden.



Morville Hall (Above) was a slight surprise: turn off a suburban road and you are suddenly in the park, the house on the right with elongated enclosing arms ending in pavilions, and parish church to left. Ha-ha in the middle to fend off the usual, picturesque cows. The house has been much modified; always a pleasure to stand on the lawn to try and work it out, in this case a completely new top floor explained the stumpy pilasters. The IG notes say that the owner in the 1930s 'made some alterations'. How tactful they are: he was a film producer who removed the staircase.

Dudmaston was a shock: a full-on National Trust house doing a brisk trade on a fine weekend, slightly un-scottish Scottish dancers included. The grand rooms shown were very few, unless I missed a door, but



there was much interpretation and plenty of shopping available in the servants wing. How wise of Robert to include it in the middle of the tour, for it brought home how privileged is the access we usually enjoy and are prone perhaps to take for granted.

On then to **Walcot Hall**, by coach (a kind thought) for supper. This was another Clive of India house, and another much altered in the 1930's. In this case, however, the alterations had removed much Victorian addition with great success. The apparently miles of surviving outbuildings, stables, coachhouses, walled gardens etc., glimpsed from the drive gave a vivid impression of the scale of the Victoriana. One slightly odd result of this clearance was that the ballroom and anteroom where we dined (exceptionally well) were now free-standing at the back of an open courtyard. Robin Parish rather nobly gave hope to all magpies by allowing us to see his study crammed with an eclectic melange. His welcome was enlivened by his son who slid down the banisters behind him as he addressed us. A very pleasant end to a full day.

Monday

Our last day began with the party in two halves.

Willey (*Opposite*) was palatial, pristine and magnificent I'm told. **Acton Round** is none of these, but remains my ideal of a 'liveable' small stately home. Perfectly situated on a site which slopes from the church and gardens behind to views of Shropshire, it is domestic in scale and full of charm. It was extremely difficult to prise our half-party away in order to keep to schedule.

Davenport was grand – witness the whole party of about 60 fitting easily into the state dining room, and the fact that it had not the usual two, but four pavilions. The IG notes speak of 'somewhat lavish completeness' and how right they were. The house looms impressively, there is a giant, shallow-treaded oak staircase, and the plasterwork is sophisticated. The lunch reflected these vast proportions, so we were a touch reluctant to be under weigh again to our last house, well behind schedule.

Downton Hall is pretty grand, too. The approach alone, winding up the side of the valley with occasional distant views of the house, must have been nearly a mile; but it meant that the house sat agreeably sheltered by the hill behind yet affording delightful prospects. For this, our last visit of the tour, the posing cows were reinforced by sleek, well-bred horses. Much time was spent outside discussing the complex history of the build, before we explored the impressive plasterwork in the grand rooms.

And so back to Ludlow, where the municipality celebrated our departure by digging up the road in front to the hotel. Still, our passengers made it to the train. This was a delightful weekend, full of interest, in stunning countryside. Since Shropshire has been so

rich, the houses are relatively close together, so there was less driving than before, and the quality and variety of the houses was exceptional. As ever the Irish Georgian weekend proved fascinating - and a privilege.

Clive Carter

Photos Jimmy Valentine



THE GRANGE OPERA

8 June 2005

Very much courtesy of John Stuttard, who is a founder member of the Grange Opera Company, and with some help from Strone Macpherson, an evening out was arranged to see *Don Giovanni* at The Grange, near Old Alresford, in Hampshire for Wednesday 8 June.

Some twenty members and their cars arrived in the mid afternoon of a simply glorious June day and drew up in front of this fine neo classical mansion, set in the best of rural Hampshire and overlooking a beautiful lake complete with swans! The cars were admired as we sipped chilled Veuve Clicquot before the opera began. It proved to be a first class performance of this much loved opera, with the cast playing to a packed house. We all enjoyed the surroundings during the 90 minute break for dinner—with some of us picnicking under the Indian tents and others dining inside the Mansion itself. Though it was twilight as we left, the drive home for those in open cars was vintage driving at its best, with cool night air and a full moon. The editor would welcome comment on whether this should be repeated next summer.

Strone Macpherson

COTSWOLD TOUR

21-22 July 2005

Although we were disappointed by the number of cars attending, we had a great two days touring in the Cotswolds.

We stayed at The Wyckhill House Hotel, 3 miles out of Stowe on the Burford road, where we were tempted to sumptuous dinners.

We travelled approximately 100 miles each day in very good weather, lots of sun and no rain. On Thursday we criss-crossed lanes to villages that only the Cotswolds can produce, all in their splendour with flowers

everywhere, gardens at their best. The Slaughters, The Swells, Stanway, Broadway, Chipping Camden, Compton Abdale, where we all called on Nigel & Ann Hughes, who very kindly gave us a super coffee stop in their lovely garden. It was very hot but we had fun with their delightful grandson and family.

On then to the Bibury over bridges into Hatherop to Burford and back to The Wyckhill Hotel for cream teas. We all had many different tales to tell as we mainly travelled individually but met up for lunch.

Friday was cooler and we set off towards Burford and on to some of John's hunting country, very narrow lanes into Duntisbourne, Winstone, up Witcombe Hill to Cleeve Hill, then Snowhill to Bourton-on-the Hill, Moreton-in-Marsh, Stowe-on-the-Wold. We left no stone unturned.

The participants were Tim & Susie Forrest, Teddy & Anthony Beach-Thomas, Tony & Viv Dyas, Gervase & Margaret Forster and John & Kay Marsh.

John & Kay

Photos: Ann Hughes



A mini Tsunami of Ghosts bursts upon Compton Abdale



Tim Forrest, John Marsh, Tony Dyas and Margaret Forster take coffee

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Strone Macpherson

ANNUAL CONCOURS & PICNIC 2005

GREY'S COURT

SATURDAY 23 JULY 2005

Greys Court is near Henley-on-Thames in Oxfordshire. In the Domesday Book the de Grey family are recorded as owning the estate, but the present house is Jacobean, though a ruined tower in the garden dates from the mid-14th century. Sir Felix and Lady Elizabeth Brunner bought the estate in 1935, and gave it, together with an endowment, to the National Trust in 1969. Lady Brunner continued to live there until she died in 2003; Sir Felix had died about 20 years earlier. Their eldest son, Hugo, is Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire.

Valerie got to know Lady Brunner in 1978 and we often visited her in the 80s and 90s, notably for the opening of the new maze in 1981, and for her 90th birthday party in 1994. She was a really remarkable person, retaining an aristocratic but kindly bearing, with the most perfect manners, which always made everyone feel comfortable. She had been an actress as a young woman, a grand-daughter of Sir Henry Irving. I regret that I didn't organise our concours at Greys Court in her lifetime – she always enjoyed it when we visited in our 20/25, although she invariably expressed surprise that it wasn't yellow. It was black and claret!

At last, in 2005, I did choose Greys Court but there were two small disappointments. We couldn't visit on a Sunday because the NT doesn't open the property at all. It is open on Saturdays, which we chose perforce, but only the grounds except on the first Saturday of the month, which it wasn't. I didn't find it possible to persuade the current custodian to be flexible, but as it turned out, we had a warm dry Saturday for the event, followed by a thoroughly wet Sunday, so it was all for the best.

Twenty five cars were entered, and for the first time in history, one of the cars was 100 years old! John and Rae Kennedy came on their Light 20, 26350. There were 8 Ghosts, 8 Phantoms, I, II and III and 8 small horsepower cars, 20, 20/25, and Wraith, so a very representative selection of what our Club is about. As I have recently sold my Ghost, I had to hide our modern car, but from about 1030 was ready to welcome the arrivals, while Colin Hughes photographed each car as it came up the drive. It was a great pleasure to greet Diana and David Jones, who had made the trip from Australia! The full row of 25 cars, once parked, looked magnificent,

and picnics grand and casual were soon set up too. The lure of popping corks was difficult to resist, as I waited for late arrivals.

Tim Forrest and Colin Hughes, whose cars had won the concours awards last year, allowed me to twist their arms to be the judges for this year, and set about their task very rigorously and efficiently. If there was a downside to their work, it was when picnickers suddenly found themselves in a haze of exhaust fumes, as an owner was obliged to start his engine – there wasn't much wind. As usual the ladies were asked to vote for the car that they considered most attractive. The trophies were awarded after lunch by Tim Forrest, as listed below, and the judges reported a high standard, in line with the objectives of the Club.

A further presentation was made by John Stuttard to Derek Smedley, who is wine consultant to the Mansion House. He had arranged several memorable wine-tastings for the participants on the recent (Sept 2004) Tour to Monaco, and he and his wife had come to Greys Court as John and Lesley's guests.

Fred and Joan Watson Trophy large HP cars	120 EU.....	Nigel Hughes	
Messervy Trophy	small HP cars	WXA107	Bernard Crowley
Ladies Trophy ..		GSY 42	Ian Eccleston

Footnote: I have now bought a yellow Rolls-Royce – wouldn't Lady Brunner be pleased!

Andy Butcher Photos: Colin Hughes



Photos:

Top: Bernard and Margaret Crowley's 1938 Wraith WXA107 Park Ward Sedan de Ville, winner of the Small HP Trophy

Middle Right: Nigel and Ann Hughes' 1925 Silver Ghost 120EU Barker Tourer, winner of the Fred and Joan Watson Trophy

Bottom: Ian and Pat Eccleston's 1933 20/25 GSY 42 Freestone and Webb Coupe, Winner of the Ladies Choice Trophy



Photos:

Top Left: Roland Duce's 1933 PII
31MW James Young Continental Tourer

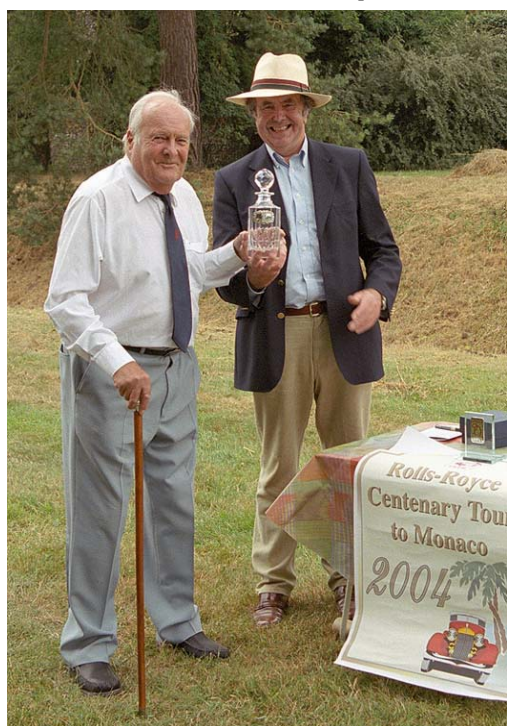
Top Right: General view of the line

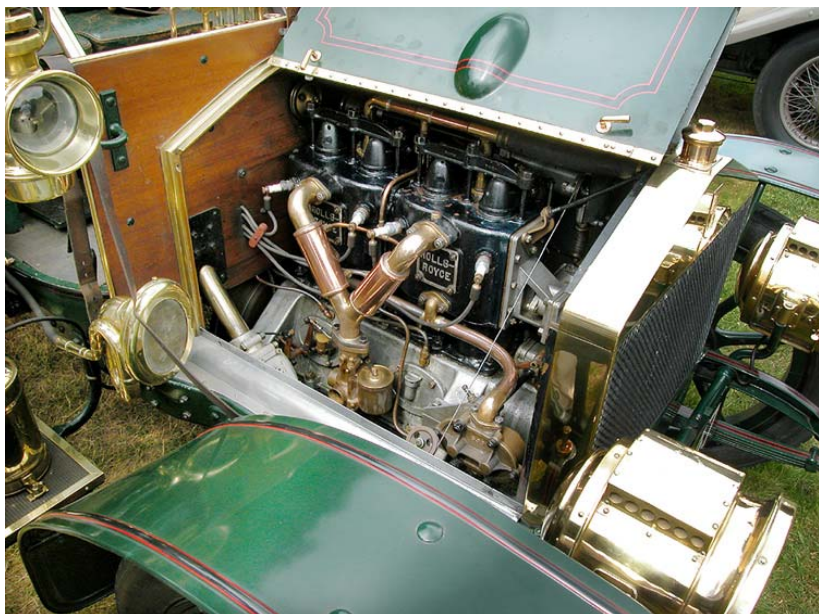
Centre Left: Anthony Beach-Thomas'
1929 PII 81XJ Barker Sedan

Centre right: Ken Forbes' 1927 PI 95LF
Robinson Tourer

Lower Left: Ashley Wills' 1932 20/25
GBT81 Barker Sedan

Below: Tim Forrest presents the awards to Ian Eccleston, Bernard Crowley and Nigel Hughes





The Small HP Page

Top and centre right:
John and Rae Kennedy's 1905 Light 20 26350
replica Isle of Man TT tourer by Harrington.

Left:
John Allaway's 1926 20 HP GCK74 replica
Barker Tourer

Charles Vyse's 1929 20/25 GXO71 Thrupp and
Maberly Tourer

UK-2 JERUSALEM. MAY 2006

UK-2 isn't just a pretty face! Built in 1925 and first registered on the 1st April 1926 (someone had a sense of humour!), this beautiful Rolls-Royce 20hp 'Thrupp & Maberly' Tourer is a well-loved family transport. The accurate speedo reading shows just 88 miles – it's just gone round the clock for the third time! However, the well-kept log book shows the location of every petrol fill, oil fill and service item since 1959 and that the real mileage is 300,088 – just run-in! And still on the original gearbox!

In the past few years, trips to France, Spain and Italy have been taken as well as all round the UK and when being driven through Southport for the preparation of this report, you can see just how wonderful such excursions must have been. One sits high up above all modern traffic – and that includes those iniquitous Chelsea Tractors too! Mind you – with petrol at £4.50 a gallon and only doing about 15mpg, annual mileage of around 2500 makes it an expensive hobby.

UK-2 isn't just any old motor car – over the past 3 years it has twice won 'Best in Class', and just a few weeks ago – won 'Best in Show' at the Southport Vintage Motor Show. She really is a beautiful example of the quality workmanship our country produced all those years ago.

UK-2 has been in the Sington family for 45 years, and to add to its triumphs, in May 2006, UK-2 will be driven by Andrew Sington and Mark Lewis all the way from Southport to Jerusalem – a one-way trip of around 2500 miles. The itinerary is through Belgium, Germany, Austria, Czech Republic, Greece and Turkey – culminating in Istanbul where a short flight in an Antonov cargo plane (the biggest plane in the world!) takes them to Tel Aviv (you can't drive through Syria due to the state of war still existing since 1948!). Once back on terra



firma, the final destination of Jerusalem is reached by driving first to the Sea of Gallilee (Tiberias) and then the Dead Sea – a mere 1300ft BELOW sea level. will be some drive through the biblical desert!

Return for UK-2 is by way of a container ship to Harwich – Andrew and Mark have the pleasure of flying back - they'll need the rest!

The car seems well fit for the trip – but how about Andrew (this is his 60th year!) and Mark? Well – they

are now in training doing quite what, we don't know, but a lot of effort is being spent in raising money for specialist homes being built in Tel Aviv, Beersheba and the Negev for children of all denominations who have learning difficulties – a fine and noble objective.

Andrew is looking for sponsors – individuals and businesses - so if you can make a contribution to this worthwhile enterprise with either a single payment or a few pence per mile, please contact Andrew via his E-Mail address of

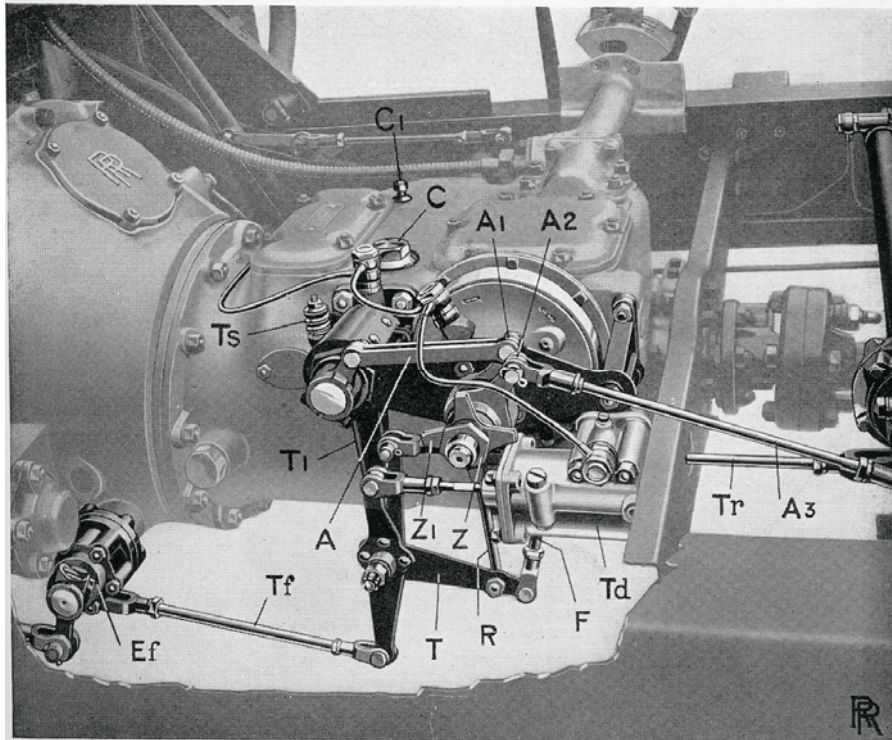
asington@aol.com or by phoning him on Southport (01704) 562 343 where you can leave a message and he will call you back. All contributors of £50 and above will receive a professionally prepared DVD of the whole trip.

Andrew is involved in running a jewellery business in Ormskirk and West Kirby and in his spare time works for Southport CAB, and Mark is a solicitor in Manchester.

together with a reminder of how to adjust the servo clearance:

OK, so you have 4-wheel brakes, but do they work as they should? I appreciate that the servo has been set at the factory (was that at Nightingale Road when new?) and whilst Sir Henry's minions only sent the chassis out when perfect, the servo was deemed a beastie and not to be disturbed. Braking distances today are far less than they were all those years ago, and

Action 1 - and this is easy. The cables to the front brakes will probably have stretched. To 'take up the slack', simply remove the shackles at the end of the cables from their connectors on the front axle and - using a small spanner - twist the cable so as to shorten it - and simply refit holding the twisted cable in place. Try to get a balance between the cable tensions to assist in more even braking.



R-R 20hp 4-Wheel Brakes.

All pre-1940 Rolls-Royce chassis with four wheel brakes, apart from a few Springfield manufactured cars, use the 'famous' R-R mechanical servo system. If you find that you are wearing out the back of your jacket leaning hard on the brake pedal to stop the car, you have probably either got badly bedded brakes or a less than perfect servo. The main cause of servo inefficiency is oil on the servo linings, cured by relining or decreasing. In emergency, a can Halfords spray brake cleaner sprayed into the gap around the servo drum can work wonders. However, it is important in all R-R braking systems that the various levers and rods work over the right range of travel. Stretched brake cables can affect this and Andrew suggests one way of attacking that problem,

it is possible (shame on me!) that the performance is now less than acceptable.

Fear not - there are certain SIMPLE adjustments you can make that should bring them to the best level of performance before you need to re-line the servo unit. Of course - we have to accept that you have acceptable brake

shoes all round and have set the adjusters at each wheel so that they are just shy of applying the brakes before any pressure is put on them by either the footbrake or the handbrake (not too tight at the front as turning the steering to full lock will bring the brakes on slightly).

Action 2 - still quite easy. Get access to the brake servo on the left of the gearbox under the front floorboards. If you need to press the footbrake more than half an inch to activate the servo, the servo plate needs tightening up. At the extreme left of the servo is a large nut (Z in the picture) that can be tightened clockwise and in doing so will 'click' over resistances. If you tighten a couple of clicks, you

can take the car on the road, and when moving forward or reversing, the braking side of the servo should NOT be activated (i.e. moved) until the foot pedal is depressed. Keep tightening this nut until this does occur - then back-off 2 clicks. You can do this equally well by jacking up one rear wheel (remember to put a block in front of the other wheel) and then running the engine in gear.

