



News & Record



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

Issue 54 June 2018

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PRESIDENT: HRH The Duke of Gloucester

CHAIRMAN:

Sir John Stuttard johnstuttard@btinternet.com

HON. VICE-PRESIDENTS:

Brian Fidler brianhfidler@aol.com

Tim Forrest forresttim@aol.com

John L Kennedy jl原因@talktalk.net

Jimmy Valentine

f.valentine215@btinternet.com

COMPANY SECRETARY:

Ken Forbes kennethforbes@btinternet.com

TREASURER:

Philip Hall 10 Lodge Park, Whittlebury, Towcester, Northants,
NN12 8XG Pah.rr@btinternet.com

OTHER UK DIRECTORS AND COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

Ashley Carmichael Ashley@aacarmichael.co.uk

Roland Duce

roland@thurgartonpriory.co.uk

Fokko Keuning fwf.keuning@gmail.com

Rosemary Jeffreys **News & Record Editor** 56 Argyle Street,
London WC1H 8ER rosemaryjeffreys@talktalk.net

Strone Macpherson strone@stronemacpherson.com

Doug Magee dmagee@magner.com

Webmaster and Database Manager: Dr Henry Fitzhugh, henryfitzhugh@talktalk.net

AUSTRALIAN CHAPTER:

CHAIRMAN:

Peter Crauford

VICE-CHAIRMAN:

David Davis

HON. SECRETARY:

John Reis

TREASURER:

Bruce Humphries

Nick Naismith nick@nicknaismith.com

Brian Palmer

brian@bandjpalmer.com

John R Redmill barred@indigo.ie

Graham Tyson **Membership Secretary**
The Old Vicarage, St Minver, nr Wadebridge,
Cornwall PL27 6QH
gtyson@outlook.com

FOR FULL CONTACT DETAILS PLEASE SEE THE CURRENT MEMBERS LIST ON THE WEBSITE.

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EDITORIAL

In this issue, we have reports on several events, starting with the AGM and Dinner. Those of us who were able to attend had a splendid time, visiting the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, as well as having a candlelit dinner there. John Stuttard told the members present that he would be retiring as Chairman after two spells each of four years in October. We are enormously grateful to him for the wonderful way he has led the Club in this period. We are fortunate that Ken Forbes has agreed to succeed him, and will have an interview with Ken in the next issue. We are also extremely grateful to Lesley Stuttard and Jane Forbes for sharing their husbands with the Club. I can only begin to guess how much work it must be for all of them.

Our Club is financially in good shape, due to Philip Hall and his predecessors. Our numbers have grown quite a bit: at the end of last October, we had 372 members, an increase of 14 over the previous year. Over the last eight years our membership has grown by almost 100, thanks to the efforts of Graham Tyson, in particular, as well as other members of the Committee.

The next article is by Johnnie Gallop, who has written about his and Bella's first Spring Lunch with the Macphersons, which captures the happiness of the whole event beautifully. This is followed by an article about the Cornwall Tour, brilliantly organised by Graham Tyson. Graham went to extreme lengths to produce a truly rewarding tour, including personalised folders with all our instructions and maps, and even performed a rain dance which did the impossible and produced sunshine, except on the day we went home, which didn't matter. The shot of the Armitage PI on the front cover is a once in a lifetime opportunity to get that picture: the car park attendant saw us about to follow, and told us that health and safety did not permit, but thank goodness Anthony and Gilly nipped in early.

The article on the AGM mentions the various trophy-winners, and you can read more about the history of the trophies themselves in Issue 53.

We are enormously grateful to Susie for looking after the trophies for many years. You will have read about the Forrest family's exploits in previous issues, which were appropriately rewarded with the trophies this year again. We were particularly pleased to see Mermie Karger win the Woodmansee Trophy, and she has promised to write something for me for the next issue, which I look forward to very much. Rupert Grey has written a splendid article about his and Jan's adventures in Eastern Europe. He has taken a different approach in this article, talking about what happens when Things Go Wrong (i.e. a Failure to Proceed), which introduced him and Jan to new friends. What amazing adventures these cars lead us into, if we allow them to do so.

I feel slightly embarrassed about including a second article of my own, but several people have asked us about whether the leather upholstery on their cars can be retrieved, and I thought the easiest thing was to describe our own experiences. As some of you may know, I once studied archaeological conservation, and though our cars are not exactly archaeological or museum objects, the training turned out to be quite useful. I found an article about the leather on a 1906 Renault, which was worked on at the Science Museum, and discovered some rather good products, which I hope will be of some interest to you. The main piece of advice is to test anything on a small corner, e.g. on the back of a cushion before you do anything. The other is to attend to anything structural, e.g. stitching coming undone, before doing anything else.

This issue is coming out a little earlier than last summer, as Henry and I are off to Poland and Germany in mid-June. We look forward to seeing many of you on the tour, and sharing our experiences when we get back.

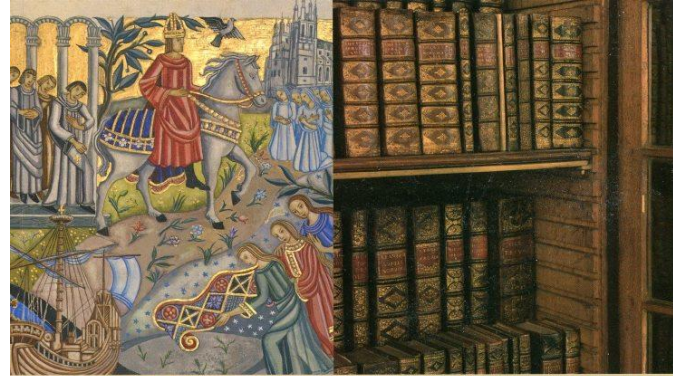
One final boring admin matter: we have received consent forms from many of you, but it is not too late for those of you who have not yet done so to return them to Henryfitzhugh@talktalk.net.

AGM AND DINNER, MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

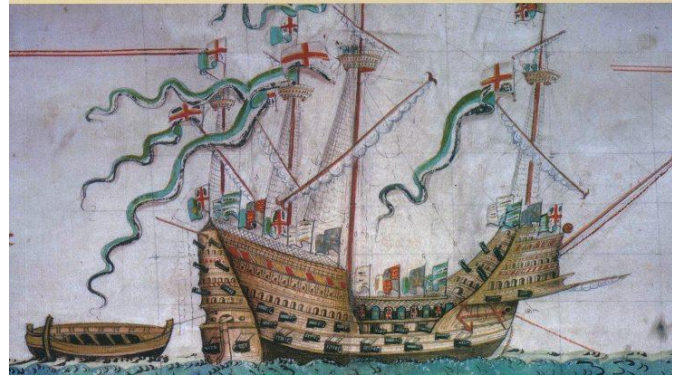
Rosemary Jeffreys

17th March 2018

Annual General Meetings are not generally events one particularly looks forward to, but in this, as in so many things, the 20-Ghost Club is the exception to the rule, and this year's AGM was a particularly enjoyable occasion. Our Chairman, Sir John Stuttard, arranged a treat beforehand, a visit to the Pepys Library, to which we were welcomed by the President of the College, Pepys Librarian and Keeper of the Old Library, Dr Jane Hughes. Henry and I arrived at Magdelene quite early, in driving snow, as we did not want to miss a minute of the precious occasion. It was so cold that most of us kept our coats on throughout the proceedings. Susie Forrest had arranged the AGM and surrounding festivities perfectly, and proposed that we split into two groups for the tour of the Library. Samuel Pepys had a collection of some 3,000 books and after the death of his nephew John, the whole collection went, in accordance with Samuel's will, to his old College, Magdelene. The books are preserved in presses, purpose designed by Pepys himself. One of his favourite pass times was reorganising his books in the presses, and they are now neatly housed in them, in two rows on each shelf. The collection was famous even in Pepys' lifetime, and contains many rare books and manuscripts, including Pepys' catalogue, in his own hand, and the famous Diary, written in shorthand. A new building was proposed to house it, which was finally completed in the early eighteenth century. We all had our favourites in the Library – Rupert Grey's was I think an engraving showing the Mary Rose, mine – probably – was the Diary itself, and the transcript by the Rev. John Smith, but it was the whole place, as an entity, that made such a strong impression on us.



THE PEPYS LIBRARY AND THE HISTORIC COLLECTIONS OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE



Jane showing us the smallest book in the collection. Photo by Colin Hughes.



Members of the Club, and guests, during Grace. Photo by Colin Hughes.

The joys of the Library were so attractive that our group only just made it back in time to the building where we were having the AGM. The business was soon done, under the gracious, and yet at the same time efficient, chairmanship of John Stuttard. Our President, HRH The Duke of Gloucester, could not be with us owing to a public commitment outside the UK. The accounts were passed and the directors re-elected, with two new faces, Fokko Keuning and Doug Magee, to whom you were introduced in the last issue. The Chairman then announced two important changes. First, Susie Forrest is standing down as Trophy Master, and handing over to Ashley Carmichael. She has held this position for 21 years and organised the AGMs over this period, and with Tim has devised the menu card and seating plan for each dinner. Susie was presented with a special gift at the end of the evening on behalf of us all. John's other announcement was that after two terms of four years he was himself standing down, and would be handing over the reins to Ken Forbes in October, as decided by the Committee. We are fortunate indeed to have had John in this post for eight years, and fortunate again to have Ken to take over. The Chairman referred to the wonderful events organised by the Club over the past year and concluded by giving details of

coming tours over the next year or so, which are summarised on the back page of this issue. The high turnout was another sign of the popularity of the Club's events, and we all duly signed the register as share-holders before we moved into dinner.

Dinner at Magdalene is an unforgettable experience, not least because it is in near-darkness. Candles are provided, but electric lights have yet to reach the hall. We all enjoyed the convivial atmosphere and catching up with friends before the award of the trophies, on this occasion presented by our new Committee members, Fokko and Doug. This Committee has decided to have replicas made of two of the most precious, the Alpine and Harding Rolls, because of their historical significance, which will be kept at the Hunt House, and the replicas of these two trophies handed out in future.

This year, however, the **Alpine Trophy** was presented to Fokko Keuning, for the miles driven in his 1933 PII Continental, 47 MW. The **Woodmandsee Trophy** for maximum mileage by a Silver Ghost was presented to Mermie Karger for her mileage in her 1913 Silver Ghost, 2442. I am delighted to say that Mermie has



Mermie with the Woodmansee Trophy. Photo by Colin Hughes.

agreed to write something for us in the next issue. Our heartfelt congratulations to them both.

The **Small Horsepower Trophy** was presented to Henry and myself for mileage in one of our

25/30s, GRP49. The **Stanley Sears Trophy** was awarded to me for advice about the GDPR. I was very touched. I never thought that my work on Data Protection would bring such a pleasant reward!



Rupert Grey being awarded the Harding Rolls Trophy by Doug Magee. Photo by Colin Hughes.

The **Harding Rolls Trophy** for notable performance was awarded to Rupert Grey for his amazing journeys with his 25/30, and in particular his drive, with Jan, from the Baltic to the Adriatic. You can read all about this on pages 1054-1059.

The **Fergusson Wood under-35 Trophy** was awarded to Katie Forrest, who continues to be our most active young member, and to whom it was awarded for her performance at the Concours at Hampton Court Palace last year, about which you will have read in issue 52. The **Phoenix Trophy for Restoration** was awarded to her father Tim for the remarkable care and attention to detail with which he has restored his 1924 Silver Ghost, 16RM. The Forrest family decided to concentrate on concours last year, since for health reasons they were not able to go on long tours. Tim planned participation in various events with great thoughtfulness and foresight. Both the Forrest cars have wonderful provenance, and most importantly are driven, which made exactly the right impression on the judges. Our congratulations to them all.

The **Fergusson Wood Photographic Trophy** was awarded to Nanette Elenbaas, for her great photographs of the Iberian Tour, which Doug agreed to accept on her behalf.



Susie Forrest with the Phoenix Trophy. Photo by Colin Hughes.



Nick Whitaker receiving the Dymock Maunsell Trophy from Fokko. Photo by Colin Hughes.

Further trophies were presented at the Annual Concours at Brooklands and Sudeley, and in particular the **Dymock Maunsell Trophy** for the best driver at driving tests was won by Nick Whitaker. The **Fred and Joan Watson Trophy** for the best large horsepower car was won by Tim Forrest, and the **Messervy Trophy** for the best small horsepower car was won by new member Peter Brook. Finally, the **Ladies' Trophy** was awarded to Daniel Ghose.

You can read all about these trophies on the website, and indeed in Issue 53 of the News and Record.



The Fergusson Wood Photographic Trophy accepted by Doug from Fokko on Nanette's behalf. Photo by Colin Hughes.

SPRING LUNCH CHEZ STRONE AND ALEX

Johnnie Gallop

14 April 2008



Johnnie and The Doctor ready to go

Who else had, like me, checked the weather for that Saturday each time they looked at their phone during the preceding week? Well you can hardly blame me given the winter we've just had! Strone and Alex's Spring Lunch is the traditional 20-Ghost 'season opener' and as newbie members we were excited to be attending for the first time.

At our home in Wiltshire, the day opened unprepossessingly, all wrapped up in a thick blanket of fog but nonetheless 'The Doctor', our 1929 20HP, fired up happily. I'm still getting to grips with the starting procedure for our wonderful cars. Whilst a long-time classic car enthusiast I am new to the vintage world.

To start a 1929 Rolls-Royce seems to me something akin to powering up The Queen Mary – or maybe Flash Gordon's spaceship! Lots of big levers and knobs everywhere – you sit in the seat and go through the checklist, mentally ticking off the starting procedure 'to do' list...and then press the pedal....yes!

I guess that on any given day, when playing with our cars, the first moment of delight is simply laying eyes upon the glorious machine awaiting your pleasure in the garage, but certainly the second thrill is that moment when the engine fires. Quickly followed by a 'deft and careful' adjustment of the controls to ensure she settles down to a barely audible

burble whilst warming up, punctuated only by the occasional wheeze of the Autovac. Or in my case substitute 'deft and careful' for 'slightly frantic' as I try to recall where all the controls had been set last time!

But with The Doctor nicely warmed and with lights on and charging we set forth into the fog. The car has only very recently returned from Mr Glew's care where he had sprinkled 'goofer dust' on the engine but more particularly had fitted an overdrive. Although we had tested the result briefly on our local roads this was the car's first proper outing – and what a difference. As the stones of Salisbury Plain loomed into sight through the fog (thankfully now dissipating) we zoomed past at a cool 50mph....a previously unobtainable speed. Downhill we might have even hit 60ish. Hmmm, hang on, slow down Johnnie; 50 to 55 is quite fast enough actually!

But at that pace we were soon done with the A303 and into Hampshire, pootling through the villages in – yes (whisper it please)...the sun. And that's the third moment of delight isn't it? Pootling through a village in the sunshine, with everybody looking, smiling, stopping whatever

it is they might be doing, and happily waving you on your way.

As we approached Strone and Alex's driveway, so a gorgeous Silver Ghost appeared in our rear-view mirror and we undertook the last section in a short but happy convoy. I hesitated fractionally just before the final left-hand turn – is this right? 'Poop poop' came our new friend from behind – and the driver waved and pointed – 'yes that's it!'

Welcomed at the gates by Strone who directed us to the field...the hard standing being reserved for the heavy cars. Well you can understand that!



Strone greeting Andrew and Pippa Ayres in their PI, 27TC



Charles Cross arriving with happy passengers in SG 120EU.

Parked up, we were soon armed with Champagne and chatting away to everybody. I am a member of many car clubs (eight, I think....) but the welcome given by the 20-Ghosters is second to none. There is something about the owners and drivers and the co-pilots of our cars which means everybody wants to

chat about all manner of happy matters (not just about cars actually). It's one of the things that Bella noticed immediately about club events and made her feel perfectly at ease from the off. So great conversations and then ushered into Strone and Alex's amazing barn for lunch. Shepherd's pie and peas (with Lea and Perrins



Bella chatting with the Forbes, and new members, Pete and Susan Walton, outside the Barn



The happy throng enjoying Shepherd's Pie (and mango chutney)

of course) followed by treacle tart – a proper Rolls-Royce lunch! A quick aside here is that mango chutney was served alongside the Shepherd's pie and Worcestershire sauce. This caused several on our table to hesitate initially – but I can report chutney as the most perfect accompaniment to the pie of the shepherds. What a hit! I thought afterwards that it must have been a nod to the Maharajas' Silver Ghosts – so pretty appropriate actually.

After a vote of thanks from Ken and applause, the happy crowd of about forty people wandered back out into the afternoon sunlight for some serious automotive inspection. I expect there were about twenty cars but there is only room here to comment on a few. In the field, parked next to The Doctor, was the most amazing Ghost, bought as an engine and chassis and developed over the last five years into a pickup truck – well of sorts. You could see it meant business! Rupert Grey brought along his lovely care-worn 25/30 well known for its Indian adventures – great to see it in the flesh. Up on the hard standing near the main house were three Phantom IIIs – like buses! Blimey! Two were fairly recent acquisitions. Fokko had

brought along his Mulliner sun-roof PIII; the former Pebble Beach winner and previously owned by Ken Wallis (of gyro-copter fame). What a magnificent machine. Fokko explained that his cars need to meet hefty mileage demands and he had invested heavily in catch-up maintenance since purchase. The other recent buy was a Park Ward PIII brought along by James and Alison Lifford and formerly in the ownership of the colourful Sir James Cayser.

I was fortunate enough to be guided round by Tim Forrest who has that wonderful knack of knowing just about everything Rolls-Royce but being able to communicate his knowledge in a fun, self-deprecating, and yet highly informative way.

Silliest moment of the afternoon was a discussion on the relative heights of Silver Ghost radiator grilles which led to Strone measuring up the contenders using his bright red polka dot handkerchief! Yes, the 1914 one was taller...or was that shorter? Who knows? Fabulous fun!



The Liffords arriving in their PIII



Fokko inspecting his new PIII, parked alongside Nick Whitaker's equally beautiful 3AZ168



The Doctor having a rest between 42EU and GRP4

Time to leave, and we were waved off on our way, vowing to be back next year, and now really looking forward to the Cornish Tour in a month or so. As we headed down a good straight stretch of country lane, so the Silver Ghost pick-up truck overtook us and zoomed out ahead. Couldn't argue with that!

Having got back in double-quick time, I poured us both a long drink and we settled down in the last of the spring sunshine to chat about the day, as daylight gently faded on The Doctor. A G&T and a 20-Ghost car after a brilliant day's motoring, fun and friendship - most certainly the fourth moment of delight!

The journey home was great. Windows down; The Doctor purring; the A303 easy and open.

With our thanks again to Strone and Alex.



Our hosts' lovely PIL, 62GY, next to Taj Mahal; 51487; the Macphersons' SG, 27BD can just be seen on the left.

Year	Model	Body Type	Colour(s)	Ch. No	Reg No.	Owner/ Passengers
1912	SG	Torpedo Tourer	Pearl Grey	2154	R1487	Tim, Susie and Katie Forrest
1914	SG	Torpedo Tourer	Grey/Black	27BD	LR6389	Strone & Alex Macpherson
1914	SG	Tourer	Grey	50YB	LE7478	John Snook and Amanda Chumas
1920	SG	Tourer	Blue	60AE	79FLY	William & Clare Corbett
1921	SG	Tourer	Yellow/black	60NE	SV6608	Gervase and Margaret Forster
1925	SG	2 Seater	Aluminium	42EU	CXU973	Chris & Sophie Evans
1925	SG	Tourer	Blue/Black	120EU	XY6932	Charles Cross and four guests
1926	PI	Cabriolet de Ville	Black	27TC	BF7415	Andrew Ayres and guest
1929	PII	Saloon	Red	3GN	BF5008	Pete & Susan Walton
1929	20	Doctor's Coupe	Maroon & Black	GFN80	PK5875	Johnnie & Bella Gallop
1930	PII	Dual Cowl Tourer	Black	62GY	GH2966	Strone & Alex Macpherson
1933	PII	Continental Sports Saloon	Black/Grey	118MY	CG4554	Charles Rentoul
1936	PIII	Sedan de Ville	Red/Black	3AZ168	DLY380	Nick and Maurice Whitaker
1938	PIII	Saloon	Black/Grey	3CM65	EYY333	Fokko Keuning
1936	25/30	Enclosed Limousine	Grey	GUN7	BXX123	Rupert and Jan Grey
1937	25/30	Touring Limousine	Black/Yellow	GRP4	ELH113	Rosemary and Henry Fitzhugh
1937	PIII	Sports Saloon	Black	3BT147	LKH869	James & Alison Lifford
1938	25/30	Touring Limousine.	Red/Black	GAR48	EYM997	Andrew & Pippa Walker
1939	Wraith	4-Light Saloon	Yellow/Black	WEC27	985BGW	John & Mary Narvell

2018 SPRING TOUR TO SOUTH AND SOUTH WEST CORNWALL

Michael Joy, OBE

6th to 11th May 2018



Our kind leaders, Graham and Sarah, enjoying the sunshine at the wheel (photo by Michael Joy)

This early spring bank holiday was predicted to have fine weather: remarkably this was the case and ideal for 26 aged Royces to head for Cornwall. The organisation was to be in the safe hands of Graham Tyson with his formidable energy and humour. The ethos of the tour was to be 'laid back' - a jolly time (in peerless company), but not too much driving, paraphrasing the Brooklands motif - *'the right crowd, but no crowding'*. As some of the roads were half the width of the cars, this was probably just as well.

Some participants such as Ernest and Annemieke and Rolf and Heidi had travelled significant distances - Eastern Holland and Northern Germany. We had only come from Taunton in our Prince of Wales PI Sedan, not entirely without incident. Fuel starvation possibly due to vaporisation which had previously been

corrected by a non-return valve in the afferent fuel line brought us to a near-standstill. The engine was successfully run cool though the problem later transpired to be in the on-line high pressure SU pump used only for priming the Autovac.

Others also had Autovac problems. During a go-phase we swept past John and Leslie Stuttard in their salmon mousse (FT) coloured Barker 20/25, concealed by Roy's van. Later we were passed with the panache of a post-war toothpaste advertisement by Katie Forrest in her magnificent (pre-war) Ghost. Charles Rentoul had to operate the APU (auxiliary power unit) of his PII at one point amidst a whiff of burning friction material consistent with the GWR Cornishman arriving at the Lemon Quay in Truro.

The first way-point was the Alverton Hotel, Truro. This one-time convent had been the property of William Tweedy, a banker who subsequently went bankrupt. Plus ça change. There was some resistance to the establishment of the religious order which was considered “Popish”. The nuns wore plum and the first mother superior was Sister Juliana, perhaps inspiring Pyotr Ilyich’s pas de deux? By the time we arrived the institution had been re-orientated to fulfil the more secular requirements of the 20-Ghost club. The accommodation was excellent although our food had to compete with that for the local rugby club, at least on the first night. Graham had already revealed obsessional characteristics by identifying dinner choices for each and every meal weeks beforehand. The staff were friendly and helpful.

The first morning (7th May) was spent visiting St Just in Roseland church on the Roseland peninsular. Some of the roads were single track with precipitous banks containing a profusion of bluebells, primroses and ragged robin. The effect was breath-taking for the navigators. Having parked the cars, the last part of the journey involved walking through semi-tropical gardens to the church on the edge of the water. In sunshine the spring flowers, like the gear changes on the blind corners, were unforgettable. After a visit to St Mawes castle (for some) over-looking Falmouth bay, there was a stunning buffet lunch at the Roseland Inn.



The lovely setting of St Just in Roseland (photo by Michael Joy)

After lunch we crossed the Fal on the chain ferry – lots of clanking but no perceptible sense of



Gilly, Sally and Anthony in the foreground, enjoying lunch at Roseland

motion - to visit Trelissick house and gardens. It must have one of the best positions in Cornwall, looking down the Fal estuary. The Georgian House and estate was built in 1824 by Thomas Daniel and later owned by Ida Copeland who was involved with the emancipation of women and was an early Member of Parliament. We were shown the gardens by a well-informed guide. Therefrom we went to the centre of Truro, passing through lovely Georgian Lemon Street and parked in the rain with a whiff of burnt clutch on the air. No names, no pack drill. The cathedral was shut in spite of Graham’s best efforts.



Even our drivers would have rebelled at this



Michael's PI, 57YC, crossing the Fal (photo by Michael Joy)



Some of the cars, looking splendid, in front of the maritime museum in Falmouth

After a leisurely breakfast on the second day (8th May) we proceeded towards Penryn and Falmouth – one of the largest deep water ports in the world, sadly no longer needed with the near extinction of both the fishing fleet (Edward Heath), and of the Royal Navy (successive chancellors). The dockyard still showed signs of activity with a RFA (Royal Fleet Auxiliary) vessel (built in Korea) in the process of being commissioned. Super yachts were also being fitted out. The maritime museum, before which we parked, had a presentation on the RMS Titanic. Following lunch, for some, in Rick Stein's facility, Graham had chartered a boat for us for a tour of the lower part of the Fal. Fortunately the weather, and sea, were favourable and we were able to see the beauty and some of the spectacular properties of that part of the world, including, again, Trelissick House and St Mawes Castle.

On the third day of the tour (9th May) we left the convent after Anthony Armitage's engineering skills had been placed at the disposal of those in need, and headed for Marazion. Our first stop was Trebah House and its stunning sub-tropical gardens which lie in a sheltered valley leading down to small beach. Before D-Day in June 1944, it was used for the embarkation of a regiment of the 29th US Infantry Division for the disastrous assault on Omaha beach. There were 2,000

casualties on that beach alone. A very good buffet lunch was to be had at the house before our departure for Godolphin House. Some of us who are interested in such matters sniffed around RNAS Culdrose, one of the largest helicopter bases in Europe. Godolphin House was the seat of the Dukes of Leeds and the Earls of Godolphin. It is Grade 1 listed Tudor/Stuart mansion with early formal gardens (sixteenth century) and Elizabethan stables. The Dukes of Leeds never lived in it and after passing through several hands it was acquired by the National Trust in 2007. It is available as a holiday let and is set in dazzling bluebell woods. Thence there was a cleavage, some of the party driving to The Mount Haven Hotel whilst the remainder, including ourselves, went to the Godolphin Arms Hotel on the waterfront in Marazion. It looks directly out at St Michael's Mount. We ate together at the Godolphin Arms, where the food was delicious.

On Thursday (10th) we visited the castle on St Michael's Mount. The causeway is only passable for a couple of hours or either side of low tide. Those who made the journey on foot had been preceded by Cormoran the giant (slain by Jack from Marazion some years ago now) and pilgrims. We wondered at the smallness of Cormaran's stone heart lying in the pathway. For



On the beach at Trebah (photo by Michael Joy)



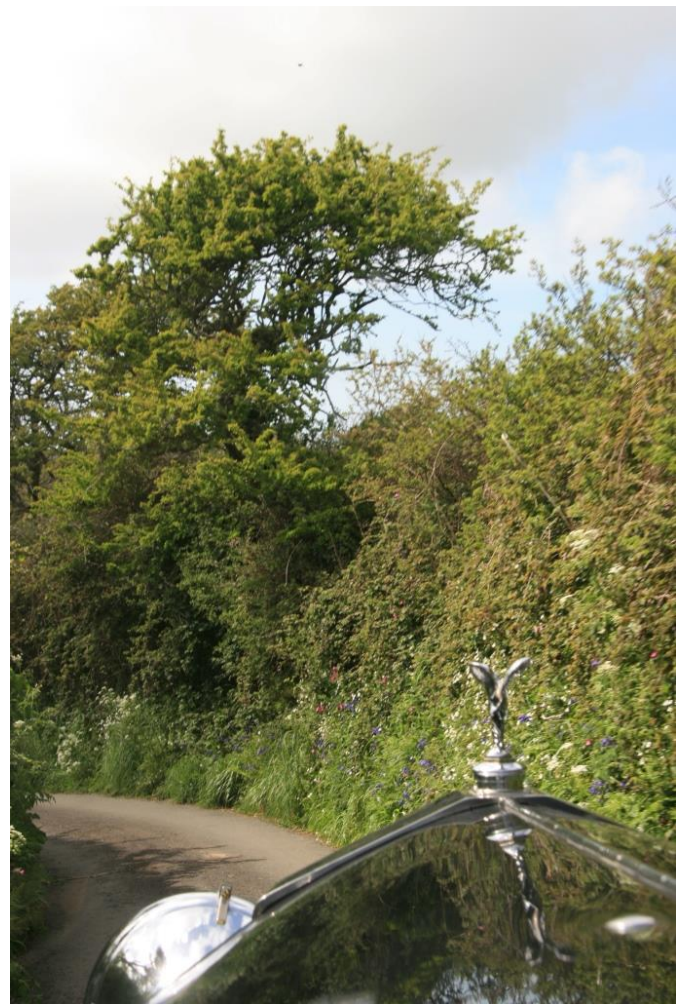
St Michael's Mount (photo by Michael Joy)

the visit we went in water taxis. The castle is a jewel and has been inhabited by the St Aubyn family since 1650. In addition to the castle is a mediaeval church, the tower from which the first beacon was lit to warn of the approach of the Spanish armada.

After lunch there was a diaspora. Sally and I bypassed Trewidden gardens to visit the Penlee gallery in Penzance where some of the Newlyn and Lamorna artists work was hanging. They were present from 1880 onwards and recorded the lives of the local fishermen in particular: we have an unsigned example.

Others from our group went on what Graham modestly described as a 'fairly challenging' drive, involving a steep climb through the village of Mousehole, and narrow lanes where both sides of the car touched the hedge! I am told there was an exciting moment when Henry and Rosemary met Fokko and Helene at a T-junction, but luckily all survived to tell the tale.

Our final visit was to Porthcurno Telegraph Museum. It had existed for 100 years before



The drive through a beautiful lane (as described by co-pilot)



Rolf and Heidi chatting with Brian Fidler (photo by Michael Joy)

being closed (as the Cable and Wireless Telegraph Engineering College) in 1970. The first transatlantic cable was laid by Brunel's (1806 – 1859) SS Great Eastern in 1865. The first of 22 cables from Porthcurno connecting the Empire was laid in 1870. Guglielmo Marconi (1874 – 1937) was an Italian who experimented with radio propagation in Italy before coming to England in those pre-Brexit days: he had not been backed in his own country. His first transatlantic transmission, to Newfoundland, was in December 1901 whilst he was staying at the Housel Bay Hotel, near Poldhu. At that time primitive spark technology used a tuned circuit of coils and Leyden jars, the receiver employing a “coherer” of iron filings to register reception. In 1912, inevitably, there was a scandal when the Liberal government of Herbert Asquith had profited by insider dealing in Marconi shares.

It would be nice to conclude with a bon mot about each participant – Fokko booming, Bella sketching, Jane laughing lustily, Jimmy predicting mechanical doom, but space denies this and we have to be content with a roll (geddit?). The cars spoke for the genius of Sir Henry and the participants for their devotion to his marque. There were Alpine tourers without Alps, doctor's coupes without

(on-board) doctors and divisions without chauffeurs. All agreed that it had been a very successful tour due in no small measure to the considerable forethought and planning of Graham and Sarah Tyson (the former aka Bertie). Many thanks indeed from all of us who were lucky enough to participate in the tour.



The bottle of champagne and orchid presented to Graham and Sarah said it all, for all of us (photo by Michael Joy)



Relaxing at dinner with the lovely view of St Michael's Mount (photo by Michael Joy)

Year	Model	Body Style	Chassis	Reg No	Owner/Passenger
1912	S.G.	Torpedo Tourer	2154	R-1487	Katie Forrest
1914	S.G.	Tourer	11AB	R-2114	Stuart & Margaret Evison
1920	S.G.	Open drive Limousine	47RE	AC-200	Ashley & Adrienne Carmichael; Bob & Kate Ingles
1920	S.G.	Torpedo Tourer	97AE	CE-454	Graham & Sarah Tyson
1921	S.G.	Tourer	60NE	SV-6608	Gervase & Margaret Forster
1921	S.G.	Tourer	149AG	KE-6676	Brian & Joan Palmer
1922	S.G.	Cabriolet de Ville	35TG	XN-5107	Knud Sassmannhausen & Katarina Kyvalova
1924	S.G.	Tourer	68RM	S - 46	Ken & Jane Forbes
1926	PI	Sedan de Ville	57YC	YR-2648	Michael Joy & Sally Whittet
1927	20	³ / ₄ Cabriolet	GHJ40	YH-793	Bill & Dilys Rich
1928	PI	Tourer	65CL	TY-5221	Anthony & Gilly Armitage
1928	PI	Tourer	29WR	TL-137	John Arthy & Carita Crook
1929	PII	Sports Sedan de Ville	81XJ	GC-2819	Anthony & Teddy Beach-Thomas
1929	20/25	Saloon	GXO97	ZV-4501	John Redmill & Desmond Barry
1929	PI	Weymann Saloon	10R	UV-1923	Jimmy & Janet Valentine
1932	PII	Sports saloon	4MS	GX-8578	Ernest & Annemieke Van Arondonk
1933	20/25	Drop Head coupe	GTZ18	DRT-99	Brian & Wendy Fidler
1933	PII	Continental Sports Saloon	118MY	CG-4554	Charles Rentoul; Zelda Kent-Lemon
1934	20/25	Limousine	GHA16	AXE-275	Johnnie Gallop & Bella Hoare
1934	20/25	Sports Saloon	GSF29	BXB-12	Sir John & Lady Stuttard
1937	PIII	Drop Head Coupe	3AX59	OSU-966	Rolf Kuhnke & Heidi Rische
1937	PIII	Saloon	43CM65	EYY-333	Fokko & Helene Keuning
1937	25/30	Touring Limousine	GRP4	ELH -113	Henry Fitzhugh & Rosemary Jeffreys
1938	25/30	Touring Limousine	GAR48	EYM-997	Andrew & Pippa Walker

THE TIME MACHINE

Rupert Grey

Old Rolls attract attention, particularly in Eastern Europe. This is not always convenient. There are, however, times when it is welcome: when Old Rolls fail to proceed, and interested bystanders come to the rescue.

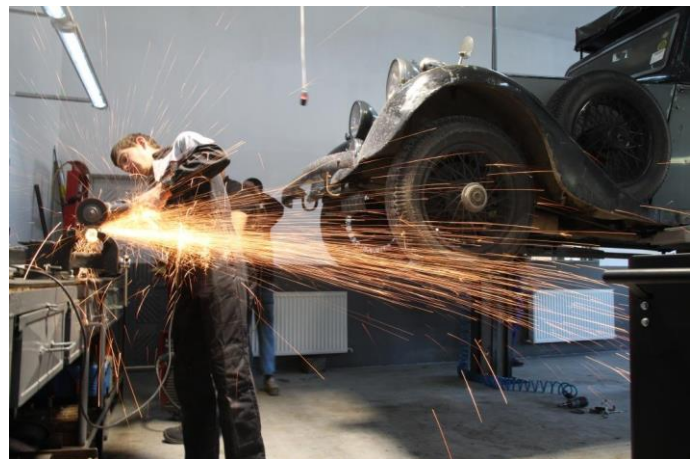
Ours failed to proceed three times on the way from Danzig to Athens late last summer. After knocking a rock on the Polish-Ukrainian border we pitched up in Krakow sounding like a tractor with tuberculosis. We parked just inside the doors of the small palace where we were staying, settled down to a fine dinner with our friends and idly wondered where we could find an exhaust-pipe-fixer.

We needn't have worried. The following morning there was a ring on the palace bell. Our visitor had seen the Rolls from the street and wondered if its owners might allow it to join the annual show of classic cars that weekend? Of course, we said, but perhaps, in exchange, he could find an exhaust-pipe fixer? And so he did, and thus we found ourselves two days later beside the sweet-sounding Rolls on a red carpet alongside five immaculate Jaguars; more to the point, we had become friends with most of the vintage car-owners in Krakow.

A month and a thousand miles later it was a concrete hump outside Count Kalnoky's hunting manor at Miklosovar in Transylvania that did for the exhaust. The silencer was ripped right off. A kindly girl offered to help. She called her boyfriend. We arranged to meet him by an abandoned communist collective farm ten miles away, whence he escorted us to a clean modern garage with a hoist, a welding torch and a crew of friendly mechanics bearing spanners and cups of coffee. 2 hours and it was fixed.



The car at the Palace in Krakow



The exhaust being fixed at Barout in Transylvania

From there, buoyed up by the laughing mechanics and the bonhomie of the road, we motored contentedly through fertile Transylvanian valleys for some 130 kilometers to the outskirts of Sighisoira, where we planned to have the best dinner in town. No such luck. The engine died on the outskirts. As in stone dead. Like Monty Python's dead Parrot it was

not coming back to life any time soon. Jan and I stood at the side of the road and looked at each other. We each knew what the other was thinking: was this fun, or highly irritating?

I had for some time harboured dark suspicions about the dynamo, and I was nearly right. Cosmin was more right: it was the fuse that fed the dynamo. He replaced it with one he purloined from his ancient Dacia. It was made of brittle clay and kept us going for months.



The Rolls-Royce in the market place at Sighisoara

We called our good friend Oli Broome the Slow Cyclist. He leads small cycle tours through the rainforests of Ruanda and the valleys of rural Romania. Luckily he was in the latter, and he is a man of resource. He was with us in a flash, with a truck full of bicycles and a long strong tow-rope. More to the point, he knew a man called Cosmin.

Cosmin met us in the cobblestone square below the castle with a fully-charged battery tucked under his arm. We were off. We followed him in the darkness through a series of narrow labyrinthine lanes up a steep hillside to his garage amongst the trees. His wife and daughters waved us in. A cup of tea appeared.

These moments, these turnings of disaster into good fortune, when bonds are built with strangers over an engine that's failed, are an unexpected but agreeable diversion from the over-riding architecture of the journey. For Jan and I were determined to catch a glimpse of



Cosmin and Christiana

eastern Europe at this moment in time, before traditional skills dissolve into folk-lore and become mere memories, portrayed in literature and artefacts in museum cabinets. We wanted to savour the strands of history which underpin our common heritage.



Jan outside the church near the Ukrainian border

So we motored south through Poland, where the legacy of the last war and half a century of communism is written indelibly on the landscape and powerfully evoked in several brilliant museums. We skirted round south-eastern Ukraine and crossed a slither of Slovakia to reach the land of the Magyars. The skies were clear as we turned East towards the Great Hungarian Plain, said by Paddy Leigh Fermor, whose account of his stroll across Europe in 1933 we read as we travelled, to be the westernmost Steppe of Europe.

This flat wide landscape has been the

battleground of Europe for centuries; Tartars and Visigoths, Crusaders and Ottomans, German Panzer Divisions and the Red Army all raped and pillaged their way across it, and the legacy of the destruction and despair they wrought is tangible, in the people, the literature, the monuments and the poetry. The most striking revelation of this journey was the determined individuals we met who are fighting to redeem this embedded despair, restore self-belief, reconstruct the buildings and recreate the cultural framework which has been deliberately and systematically destroyed by ruthless totalitarian regimes, particularly the last. In due course the plains gave way to rolling fields and the fields to darkened forest; the hills rose higher, the valleys grew deeper and we ascended the Carpathian Mountains in the pouring rain. We took a leisurely lunch in a grand hotel wreathed in rain-wet mist. When the afternoon sun bathed the forested mountains in light, we descended to a farm-house in Zalan Potak, a village in a valley in Transylvania.

There the autumn flowers still flourished, apples and walnuts tumbled from the trees, and carts piled high with hay were hauled by sturdy horses back to barns for winter. For the season was changing fast. We headed south to a Saxon village and took up residence in a Saxon farmhouse next to a Saxon church. We lit fires and stoked them high with logs; likewise every morning it was the first task of the day, so that we sat down to a mighty plate of eggs and bacon beside a leaping fire.



The Rolls-Royce being admired by a shingle-maker at Breb, Maramures



Apos village Transylvania



The Rolls-Royce in front of the Serf's house, Zalanpotak

Thus we laid to one side the business of earning a living and paid full attention to living on the earnings, so that there was time for each other, for our chosen authors (the Rolls' library had overflowed to the roof rack) and for the ordinary miracles of life on the road. Things like farmyard kittens and apple trees and the artisans of Eastern Europe.

One mid-October morning we heard that snow was on the way. The bears were out in force, stocking up on fat. Substantial piles of firewood stood by cottage doors and carts piled high with logs were hauled into village squares. So we packed the Rolls and followed the sun and the light to the Mediterranean; it was a 600 mile journey. The first day took us over the Transfagarasian Pass, one of the highest in Europe, and on the second we crossed the fast-flowing river Danube on an empty ferry to Bulgaria.

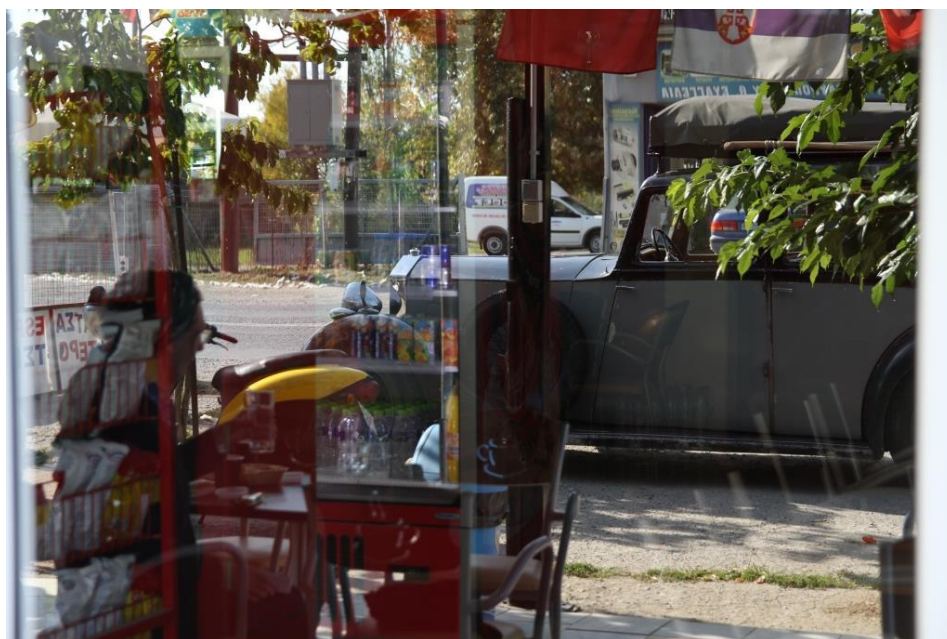
We passed through sparsely populated rolling country, with poor dwelling houses and narrow roads lined with trees whose leaves were turning. We stopped at a country fair at the side of the road and bought a small rucksack and a jar of fine honey from a cheerful round man who announced they were "a special Rolls-Royce price". So the marque was recognized even here, in one of the remotest corners of eastern Europe. I felt like Odysseus, who travelled for years with an oar on his shoulder searching for the land where no one knew what it was.

In southern Bulgaria we stayed in a monastery in the Rilas mountains and thence to the Greek border. Gradually the valleys turned to flat-lands, green pastures to brown. Trees shrank. We were leaving behind the fertile plains of central Europe and entering the sun-dried landscapes of the Mediterranean. We saw our first grove of olive trees. This was a moment of magic, for embedded in the

pungent taste of olives – as Lawrence Durrell wrote - is the tide-less Mediterranean Sea, the wine, the Arcadian mountains, the Homeric heroes, the Achean legends. It was if we had caught up with the sun, and we opened the windscreen of the Rolls and crossed into ancient Greece with the warm wind in our hair.

The road was old and worn, and the Rolls swayed with contours of sun-melted tarmac, the small towns though which we passed were deserted, shops boarded up, petrol stations surrounded by autumnal fields were forlornly empty, flocks of sheep crossed the road. We stopped at a café where vines grew up the wall, the melody of Greek voices harmonized with out of date English pop-songs and the sweet scent of Greek cigarettes. We sat outside, the Rolls reflected in the window. No one took much interest in it.

Eventually we arrived at a hotel outside which were parked eight German police vans. The German policemen watched us unload from their respective balconies. We asked what they were doing here. They were part of an EU delegation. 'More to the point', one of them replied, leaning over the balcony and nodding at the Rolls, 'what on earth are you doing here? Is that a time machine you've got there?'. He wasn't far out. The cover of the first edition of HG Wells's *The Time Machine* showed Pegasus at rest, his wings folded. Which is pretty much how Jan & I felt when we settled down that evening in a taverna by the lake in Byzantine Ioannina with a bottle of cold retsina.



Jan's reflection in a café in Greece



North face of the Transfagarasian Pass



The road on the south side of the Transfagarasian Pass

LEATHER CONSERVATION ON A 25/30

Rosemary Jeffreys

Several people have asked us about leather cleaners etc and I thought the easiest thing would be to show you the little report I did on the treatment we applied, while our car was being painted. We had a professional trimmer work on the head lining and carpets, and do some other work for us.

Our 25/30 GRP 49 has a lot of leather on the seats, the division, doors and other trimmings, which had been worn down to suede on the seats and was scuffed all over. It is all original from 1937, when the car was made, and so we wanted to keep as much as possible. The seats are made of springs with horse-hair padding.

Structural problems

The stitching was coming apart in the front passenger seats and on the back seat (offside). This was repaired by a professional when the seats were removed, but it would have been possible to repair them from the front if necessary.

There were two small areas of damage in the leather on the nearside back seat and the leather on the door, immediately below the ashtray and caused by a cigarette burn. They were repaired by inserting small pieces of matching leather, paring the edges to achieve a neat fit.

The leather under both the rear left and right windows had white patches, and was stiff and slightly brittle, suggesting water damage, no doubt caused by the windows being left open. The leather had become detached from the body, probably because the adhesive dissolved when it got wet.

Immediately forward of the area of water damage there was a patch of leather which had been eaten through by woodworm. The woodworm appeared to be still active when we bought the car, as there was powdery wood on a ledge immediately beneath the holes, and needed to be treated immediately with agglomerate of cuprinol.

The wormeaten leather and some of the other leather was replaced, in the areas where there had been water damage, and we also had to provide leather to the trimmer for the carpet edges. We bought some leather for bookbinding and dyed it to the colour we wanted. This was quite a lot of trouble, but I can give details of the suppliers to anyone who would like them.

Surface appearance

There were many scuff marks and the original leather looked dry and suede-like in some places. This was probably just due to normal wear and tear, rather than red rot, which is a serious problem caused by an acid environment and leaves a red powder when rubbed with the hand and has a distinctive smell.

All the leather in the car needed to be cleaned thoroughly using a vacuum cleaner and brush. It was then cleaned using a non-polar cleaner. Water, which is a polar solvent, was avoided as it makes leather become brittle (as in the water-damaged areas beneath the rear windows). Leather Groom is a cleaner used by a conservator from the Leather Conservation Centre on a 1906 Renault Landaulette to apparently very good effect and is still available as a product made by Ambersil. It should be tested before use on a small area as it can take the colour out of leather.

The appearance of the leather can be improved by use of a coating, which will make it shine. A variety of products is on the market. The products which I found had been recommended following a series of tests for scuffed leather were either Renaissance Microcrystalline wax (used in museums on wood and other surfaces), or a mixture of a neutral shoe polish with candellila wax (obtained from the shrub *Euphorbia cerifera*) A further alternative was National Trust Furniture Polish, which was used on an old suitcase with excellent results.

Results of tests

All of these and some other products I found out about were tested on a small piece of leather from the car, at the back of the seat cushions, to see which gave the best results and were the easiest to apply, after using a cleaner on the same area. I tested in small areas on the back of one of the front seats, where the leather had retained its original appearance in many areas although there was also some scuffing. A larger area on the seat was then tested with the best performers.

Croftgate Cleaner and Oil caused unacceptable darkening of the leather in scuffed areas, so we did not use further. Mylands Wax Polish was tested but left an unacceptable white film. Leatherbalm was tested which darkened at first then lightened. It produced acceptable results but not as good as three other products, so we discarded this. Woly Perfect Gel, Woly Neutra shoe polish and Renaissance Wax all performed very well, reducing the scuffing to a considerable extent, darkening the leather to very close to its original appearance and giving a shine. Of the three, Woly Neutra shoe polish gave the best sheen and overall appearance, blending in well with the existing unscuffed leather and darkening the leather close to its original appearance. Woly Gel gave a slightly matter finish. Renaissance Wax did not blend so well with the original leather, but applied on top of the Woly Neutra shoe polish it gave an excellent result. The leather also felt good after the application of all these products. I tested a mixture of candelilla wax and shoe polish which was unsatisfactory as the wax was too hard.

When trying to find the wax I contacted a firm called Premier Finishes who offered me some cream known as 4000 Victoria Cream which I tested, and which proved to be the most satisfactory product of all*. We applied this more than once, after cleaning, and have re-applied it at six-month intervals. It has improved the appearance of the leather enormously.



Underside of cushion before treatment with the various products (note the suede-like appearance on the left)



Underside of cushion after treatment with the various products (note the improvement a few inches in from the left)

*Premier Finishes, Catesby Street, Kettering, Northants, NN16 8XN. T. 01536 414401.

MEMBERS' NEWS

New Members welcomed to the Club – details on the database

John Healey and Susan Halliday, Cornwall.
1928 20HP chassis GBM39, Reg. no. YX
4095

Jeremy and Françoise Stubbs, Mesplade,
France.
1935 2-/25 chassis GLJ79, reg. no BTU 998

Keith Ward, Coventry
PII chassis 215AMS, reg. no. XBV489.

Maurice Whitaker (UK)

John Guehl, Pennsylvania, USA.
1925 SG chassis no. S169MK, reg. no. PA
26672; 1928 PI chassis S190RP, reg. no. PA
375370

Professor Paul and Janet Hollins, Yorkshire
1932 20/25 HP, chassis GZU29, reg. no.
YY6392

Gil Fuqua, Tennessee, USA
1924 SG chassis 3AU; 1930 20/25 chassis
GSR64 ; 1933 20/25 chassis GYZ32 .

Our Treasurer, Philip Hall, tells me that the Club has superfluous stocks of back issues of *The Record* (which was published between 1960 and 2000 before it became *News & Record*). In some cases these amount to well over 100 copies, and it is proposed to thin these out to more reasonable numbers. If any member would like to acquire any of these issues, please contact Philip Hall. There will be no charge, but arrangements must be made for collection from The Hunt House.

Finally, something which may interest you, which Henry found in the *Scientific American*:



1918 Raising the Alarm

'An organization of automobile owners in London has rendered valuable service to the public in connection with the raids of the German air pirates. When warning of an air raid is received in the city, explosive sky rockets are fired from various points. As depicted on our cover this week, the automobiles then drive through the city streets, honking their horns to attract attention. On each side of the car, a large sign is carried, on which is printed the warning, 'Take Cover.' When the danger is passed the reverse side of the sign is shown, which reads, 'All Clear.' A Boy Scout bugler who rides in the car also assists to inform the citizens that the Huns have departed.'

Scientific American, June 2018, p.79

COMING EVENTS

The following are correct at time of going to press, but may change as arrangements are progressed. Details, booking forms and other information are available on the club website.

Sunday 24 June to Sunday 15 July 2018

A two or three-week tour of Poland and East and North Germany (tour now full, but with waiting list) (John Stuttard - johnstuttard@btinternet.com)

Sunday 5 to Thursday 9 August 2018

Magnificent Yorkshire (based at the Ridding Park Hotel), with an evening at the International Gilbert & Sullivan Festival in Harrogate (tour now full, but with waiting list) (Terry Bramall - terry@bramallinc.com)

Sunday 16 to Tuesday 18 September 2018

A day at the Kop Hill Climb with two nights at The Manor at Weston on the Green, Bicester
Concours d'Etat and visits to Stowe and Claydon House (Brian Fidler - brianhfidler@aol.com)

Saturday 22 September 2018

One day tour with a visit to Croft Castle, Herefordshire (Ashley Carmichael - ashley@aacarmichael.co.uk)

Sunday 16 to Saturday 22 September 2018

Tour of Merimbula, New South Wales, Australia (expressions of interest to John Reis at roseta27@yahoo.com by February 28th)

Sunday 7 October 2018 (with overnight stay for those who wish the night before)

Autumn Lunch at Flitwick Manor, Bedfordshire (Brian Palmer - brian@bandjpalmer.co.uk)

Friday 8 March 2019

AGM and Annual Dinner, Vintners' Hall, London (Susie Forrest, John Stuttard and Ken Forbes)

April 2019 (date to be determined)

Spring Lunch in Hampshire (Strone Macpherson)

April or May 2019 (dates to be determined)

Three-night tour of West Kent and Sussex (Nick Naismith - nick@nicknaismith.com)

May 2019 Tour with Irish Georgian Society

Late June 2019 (dates to be advised)

Chalke Valley History Festival and Dorset Tour (John Stuttard – johnstuttard@btinternet.com)

End July 2019 (dates to be determined)

A tour of stately homes in Berkshire with a gala dinner to celebrate the Club's 70th anniversary
(John Redmill - john.redmill@indigo.ie, in consultation with Ken Forbes)

Monday 2 September 2019

11-night tour of Switzerland (tour now full, but with waiting list) (Fokko Keuning – fwf.keuning@gmail.com).

6 or 20 March 2020

70th Anniversary AGM and Annual Dinner, Goldsmiths' Hall, London

Early June 2020

A 12-night tour of Scotland and the Isles (Christopher Broom-Smith and Strone Macpherson)

2021 (Tentative)

The Glories of the Austro-Hungarian Empire