



News & Record



Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble.
Henry Royce, mechanic

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

Issue 56 February 2019

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EDITORIAL

In this bumper issue, we have some splendid articles. Please keep your contributions coming! As Sir John Stuttard says in his article looking back on his years as Chairman, the *News and Record* is so important to maintain an interested and active membership. I am sure you will enjoy his article, which reminds me of several happy tours which we have been on together, including of course those organised by John himself, as well as many other events. The spirit of the Club, as a friendly and welcoming organisation, whose members genuinely enjoy spending time together (as well as with their cars), shines through in his article. I try to reflect this spirit in every issue as best I can, with the help of everyone who generously contributes their time to writing for us.

John Stuttard has recently agreed to become Vice President of the Club. John Fasal has been made an Honorary Member, marking the great assistance he has given to the Club over many years. I am sure you will remember the interview he did with me a few years back, in Issue 47.

Another article which I am sure you will enjoy is Mermie Karger's, who writes about her travels in the British Isles with Ghostie-O, her 1913 Silver Ghost Saoutchik tourer, 2442, who is also her soul mate. Mermie's article is written in her own inimitable style, and she modestly describes her achievements driving Ghostie-O, which included passing her driving test in the British Isles. You will see from Mermie's article, if you didn't already know, that she genuinely feels at one with her car, which to my mind marks out a true driver from one who (like me) has never had that degree of comfort driving a car. We look forward to many years of happy driving with Mermie, whose generous spirit in sharing Ghostie-O, particularly with the young, is something that Henry and I have noticed and benefited from, as have so many of us.

John Redmill has contributed a very amusing article, with assistance from Mary Narvell, about the trip with the London Chapter of the Irish

Georgian Society to Northamptonshire last May, held over from the last issue. These tours are always a lot of fun, and if you would like to join the next, which will be to Ireland, you will find an application form amongst the flyers.

Helen Banks has written an article about Brian Fidler's event last October in Buckinghamshire, which I was unable to go to, but Henry enjoyed the part he was able to attend, the visit to the Bicester Heritage Centre, which we have included with Helen's article.

We also have short article by Fokko Keuning about the fascination with Rolls-Royce in Spain, and an excellent contribution from Nigel Hughes on Clutches, a subject that will be of interest to many of us. In Members' News, we have, sadly, an Obituary about Tim Kelly, whom many of us remember with affection from the Tour of Poland and Germany in 2018. I talked to him about steam cars at breakfast, and never guessed he was so ill, but his fighting spirit is an inspiration to us all.

In 2019, we will begin the celebrations for the Club's 70th Anniversary with a visit to Leicestershire and a Gala Dinner, which is also organised by Brian Fidler. It will be a lovely event and further details are in the flyer with this issue.

Looking forward to 2020, the Club has planned a tour of Scotland, which we had a feeling will be very popular, the only problem being the relatively small capacity of the hotels. Henry sent an e-mail on behalf of the Committee, inviting expressions of interest to see if there was support for running the event a second time, three days later, to get around the problem of limited availability of hotel rooms. The answer was a resounding 'yes', so there are two sets of dates given on the back page for this event. We will announce booking arrangements in due course.

We look forward to seeing many of you at the AGM in March!

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE TOUR WITH THE IRISH GEORGIAN SOCIETY

*JOHN R REDMILL, with a great deal of assistance from MARY
NARVELL* MAY 2018

“Why on earth did they decide to start this tour at the Kettering Park Hotel at 1pm? We won’t even be able to check into our room first, let alone have any lunch” I asked myself as I patiently sat on the 6.30am flight from Dublin, waiting for its annoyingly delayed 8.00am departure for Birmingham on Friday 25 May. But all was revealed when we screeched into the hotel’s porte-cochere a mere 10 minutes before the ‘Take-off Time’. Recent tourism branding in Northamptonshire has declared the county “Britain’s Best Surprise”, and the Ruby Anniversary Tour of the IGS and 20 Ghost Club certainly found this to be true on this Bank Holiday tour, brilliantly organised by Marylyn and Tim Bacon, stalwarts of the Irish Georgian Society’s London Chapter. Forty years of doing these tours together is an amazing achievement, and this was to be an amazing tour.

Known as the “County of Spires and Squires”, Northamptonshire is home to ancient churches and vast estates. It is easy to imagine horses, sighting steeples on the horizon, galloping over the rolling meadows and leaping stone walls giving name to the “steeplechase”. Collections amassed by generations of families, many in residence for over 500 years, made our home visits memorable. Be it marquetry and marble at Milton, Boulle at Boughton, or architecture at Apthorpe, these treasures were generously shared with our group by estate owners offering us special access or private visits. Fortunately, the famous breezes of Northampton pushed the fog floating from the Norfolk broads quickly past leaving lovely sunny intervals throughout our weekend.

Thirteen cars with 25 Ghosters had barely time either to exchange greetings

with 26 IGS members or to select their passengers for the afternoon before the whistle blew for the off – actually a metaphorical blow, as the official whistle was still in my suitcase – and we wended our merry way to Milton Hall near Peterborough, ancient seat of the Earls of Fitzwilliam. We glided through the sheep-surrounded park and the magnificent main Jacobean front of the house eventually came into view, with Sir Philip Naylor-Taylor, grandson of the 10th Earl, waiting there to greet us. He took us through the beautiful rooms of this enormous house, mostly designed during the 1750s and 1770s for the 3rd and 4th Earls by two important architects, Henry Flitcroft and William Chambers, and now filled with the family’s wonderful contents. But despite its grandeur, Milton is still a family home as evidenced by the badminton shuttlecocks and Batman frisbee left on the window cill in the Long Gallery, and the family dog Paddy fulfilled his name by ‘padding’ around after our group with his wagging welcome. Swans floated on the lake serene in their enjoyment of the magnificent grounds that included an Italian garden and Orangery.



John and Desmond gliding through the sheep-surrounded park.

However, our first ‘failure to proceed’ was the Colliers’ 20/25 stalling in the Milton drive. The auto-vac failure was promptly identified and expertly repaired by David while Mary Narvell asked “why doesn't the car run if the Hoover isn't working?” We then returned to the hotel for dinner, and readied ourselves for the next day.

Saturday morning dawned, and participants from the 20-Ghost contingent, Peter and Linda Brook, had to travel as passengers when their 1933 Windovers 20/25 Limousine failed to hold its charge. Adhering to the creed of fearless aplomb practised by the seasoned R-R driver, neither gave a clue to their Friday passengers that anything had threatened their return to the hotel that afternoon. Our first house was Apethorpe Palace, another magnificent Jacobean mansion, and one that is being rescued from the near oblivion that almost happened during the 1980s and 1990s by its current owners, a French baron and his Italian conservation architect wife, who acquired it in 2014. She was also our guide, giving us a wonderful tour through its mainly empty rooms while she explained its fascinating history. Starting as a manor house owned by Henry VIII, it was remodelled by Sir Walther Mildmay, Elizabeth I's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then transformed by Sir Francis Fane, favourite of James 1st and husband of Mildmay's granddaughter, to be a hunting lodge for the king, whose image and presence is prominent in the house, and whose Royal State Apartment still exists there. The vast Long Gallery, with its stunning chimneypiece and decorative plaster



20-Ghosters lost in admiration at a plaster ceiling

ceiling, is surely one of the most impressive rooms in the county, while the incomplete Palladian transformation during the mid-18th century of the main courtyard into what looks more like an Oxford College than a country house certainly fascinated all those of an architectural frame of mind. Indeed it distracted us all from IGS member Penrose Halston who, having been delayed at the hotel, arrived by taxi only to be met by the labyrinthine ‘village’ that this vast and rambling mansion now resembles, and with countless closed doors. Eventually her

frantic banging was answered and she was finally able to join the tour in time for tea and shortbread. David Collier, having recovered from yesterday's embarrassment, was seen explaining the workings of the large rubber band under the bonnet of his car to a totally bemused foreign friend of the owners whom he'd obviously captured and forced into the driving seat, while we all enjoyed the stunning architecture around us, with the realisation that all was so recently very nearly lost to the nation.



Gervase and Margaret arriving in 60NE at Apethorpe Palace



The Armitages and the Colliers arriving at Kelmarsh Hall

Dragging ourselves away, we then drove on to Kelmarsh Hall near Market Harborough, and the sun broke for lunch in the garden before our introduction to Nancy Langhorne Lancaster's 'Kelmarsh Pink', a colour she invented for the hall at her favourite country home – more like Germolene to some. It's a fine early Georgian box – rather a large box, with matching flanking wings – built of beautiful red brick in the 1720s to the designs of James Gibbs who also designed St Martin-in-the-Fields Church for William Hanbury. Its exquisite interiors have survived, despite the estate changing hands a number of times before being let in 1927 to Ronald Tree and his wife Nancy, the famous interior decorator; she later married Col Lancaster, and it was his family that set up the trust that has managed the house since 1982. We wandered around the rooms and the gardens at will before going on to Lowe Farm, a modern farmhouse of local orange Hornton stone, designed in 2003 by IGS member Charles Morris who explained this simple symmetrical building and how the design came to fruition while the sheep tried escaping through the gates!! We then had a short time to glam up back at the hotel before a charabanc arrived to transport us all to Stanford Hall for dinner. Yet another large box, it was built during the last decade of the 17th century for the Cave family later Barons Braye although the interior was not finished until the 1740s. A champagne reception in the staircase hall involved taking care to steer clear of the iron supports under its landing, then we had dinner below the elaborate plaster ceiling of the Great Hall, totally remodelled in 1880 for the 5th Lord Braye complete with its gangrenous cherubs and scary battle scenes painted in the

coving. The 2 great side tables were equally overblown, so much so that a very unimpressed IGS member was overheard dismissively saying "not so much [William] Kent but rather more Essex." We also heard how Lord Braye had wired for electricity using 2 ferrets tempted by bits of dead rabbits, rather than lifting all the floorboards!

Sunday then dawned and off we went to St Edmund's Church at Warkton to see one of the finest collections of 18th century Georgian funerary monuments anywhere in England, those of the Ducal family of Montague from nearby Boughton House, together with Marlborough



and Buccleuch with whom they had intermarried. The Narvell passengers patiently waited while John navigated them to the wrong church, insisting St. Botolph's was the destination. Eventually they were united with everyone else to hear the scholarly description of the monuments - and the grief that the sculptors Roubiliac, van Gelder, and Campbell had so emotively captured in icy white marble. Was the Duchess the old crone on the right or was she, as some agreed, already safely contained within the exquisitely carved urn above? With these heavy thoughts weighing us down, we then arrived at Boughton, one of the grandest aristocratic mansions in the country, seat of the present Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury along with Bowhill, Dalkeith, and Drumlanrig in Scotland - and the odd 460,000 acres. What a treasure house Boughton is, full of wonderful French furniture, paintings, tapestries and carpets, silver, porcelain and armour, mostly collected by Ralph Montague, 'duked' by Queen Anne in 1705, for this very French house - 'the English Versailles' - that he had created from 1680 onwards from the medieval monastery his ancestor had acquired after the Reformation. Montague was hugely influenced by his time in Paris from 1669 to 1678 as Charles II's Ambassador to the court of Louis XIV, even using one of the French king's designers, Daniel Marot, as his architect. The house and its contents survive largely due to being more-or-less unused by the family from the early 18th century to the 1920s, so it fell asleep and passed by the late Georgian, Victorian, and Edwardian 'improvers' who could have inflicted 'modern' changes on it - what an amazing survival it all is. An excellent lunch then awaited us after our tour, where Maurice Whitaker reminisced, over mushy peas and carrots, about the English Boarding School lunches past - "But what, no spotted dick?" he queried. Shouldn't he see Matron about that?

Rockingham Castle was our next port of call where, arriving before Tim Bacon, we informed the ticket agent "Oh we are the Irish Georgians and the Rolls-Royces - we NEVER pay!" and then experienced a self-guided tour to the strains of Bach interspersed with Kander and Webb's "Maybe This Time" interpreted on the saloon piano, as we moved through the various rooms of the castle, the contemporary of the Tower of London, granted by Henry VIII in 1544 to the Watson family. They continually altered and

modernised the old castle, particularly in the middle of the 19th century. Most interesting to members of the 20-Ghost Club was the promised sighting of the ghost of Margaret Wentworth between the garden yew trees; would we see a white instead of a silver ghost, phantom, or wraith? Delightful as the Old Rectory at Harrington, our last house that day, was, it was really an afternoon tea stop - and what a wonderful tea Mrs Jackson-Stops laid on for us all - excellent! - before we returned for dinner at the hotel.

The first notable event of Monday was the sight of our motorcade being chased by a red guide brochure, so lovingly produced by the Bacons for our erudition, floating high above the A14, discarded by an unnamed driver while stopping to retrieve his beloved & far more important chamois on the tarmac! At Lowick Church we sighed at the moving early 15th century tomb of Drayton House ancestor Sir Ralph Greene touchingly holding hands with his wife in marble through eternity, along with other late medieval alabaster monuments and some Georgian ones too for good measure. We also noticed the grave of John Stoddart and his wife dated 1860 in the choir floor - was her name Lesley by any chance?

Our approach to Drayton House itself across its park was sheer magic, as the exquisitely romantic profile of this quintessentially English house hove into our view. Inside, Majesty side by side with Modernity illustrated the struggles between the historic yet family home of the Stopford-Sackvilles, priceless Japanned cabinets placed alongside an enthroned motorcycle and Bang & Olufsen speakers, and, in the corridor outside the State Bedroom, a wigwam and a Weber Gas grill. Basically a 14th and 15th century fortified mansion, the house was drastically remodelled during the reign of Queen Anne by William Talman for Sir John Germaine, whose first wife had been the widow of the Duke of Norfolk. Now it is the home of a lively young family, complete with toys and dogs, which give it a wonderful sense of continuity and purpose. Having seen the line of our cars, Mr Stopford-Sackville withdrew his previous instruction that absolutely NO photographs whatsoever were to be taken even of the exterior, so all started clicking away - outside only though. En-route to The Snooty Fox for lunch and Jimmy Valentine's now traditional ceremony of the Plastic Carrier Bag, we delayed



behind a pony trap bearing an unfortunately crumpled sign which thus warned us apparently to 'Please Piss Wide and Slowly' - rather than 'Pass'! Tim and Marylyn Bacon were profusely praised and thanked, and presented with a set of 6 Irish silver dessert spoons, hall-marked for Dublin 1790, as a small token of everyone's appreciation for all the work they had put into the organisation of this excellent tour. With that concluded, we motored on, as the heat intensified, to the very last house of the tour, Deene Park, seat of the Brudenells since the early 16th century and yet another village-like complex, its enormous Great Hall of the 1570s with a splendid hammer-beam roof. The family became Earls of Cardigan, married in and out of the Montagues of Boughton and carried on building and altering throughout the 18th and 19th centuries, the last major addition being the 1865 Ballroom of the famous Lord Cardigan 'Jim the

Bear' who led the Charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balacava in 1854 during the Crimean War. It was fitting that we ended this wonderful tour in our historic English motorcars with one of the greatest events of English Military History – all thanks to Tim and Marylyn Bacon.

And whither 2019 and the impending forty-first Annual Tour with the Irish Georgian Society's London Chapter? Well, the suggestion has already been made that we travel to Ireland again, and drive through some of the finest landscapes of the beautiful countryside of the north-west of the country as well as seeing some of the architectural sights of Sligo and the surrounding counties of Monaghan and Fermanagh, so book soon using the flyer or website!

Year	Model	Type	Reg.	Chassis	Participants
1920	SG	Tourer	79FLY	60AE	William & Clare Corbett
1921	SG	Tourer	SV 6608	60NE	Gervase & Margaret Forster
1922	SG	Tourer	EL1743	35RG	Albert & Monique Eberhard
1928	Phantom I	Tourer	TY5221	65CL	Anthony & Gilly Armitage
1929	Phantom I	Saloon	UV1923	1OR	Jimmy & Janet Valentine
1929	Phantom II	Sedan de Ville	GC2819	81XJ	Anthony & Teddy Beach-Thomas
1929	20/25	Saloon	ZV4501	GXO97	John Redmill & Desmond Barry
1933	20/25	Limousine	HS492	GBA62	Clive & Jane Barham Carter
1933	20/25	Limousine	FV4274	GHA40	Peter & Linda Brook
1934	20/25	Sedan de Ville	AYV921	GNC70	David & Sue Collier
1936	Phantom III	Sedan	DLY380	3AZK8	Nick & Maurice Whitaker
1939	Wraith	Saloon	985BGW	WEC27	John & Mary Narvell
1939	Wraith	Touring Limousine	HLL34	WHC77	Sue Taylor

ENTICING TASTE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Helen Banks

October 2018



Brian and Wendy Fidler's new Ghost, 181KF, winner of the large HP category

Clayton and I joined this short tour in Buckingham early on Sunday evening, having missed the Kop Hill opportunity which Brian had offered as an afternoon option. The variety of assembled Rolls-Royce cars, pampered and polished for Monday's Concours, did indeed enhance the squared frontage of the pleasant 12th Century Manor House Hotel, at Weston on the Green, where we would spend just two nights. Our first chance to meet and greet our fellow participants was over dinner in the most attractive panelled dining room, allocated for our use throughout the stay. We much enjoyed the company of old friends including Jimmy and Janet Valentine, Sir John Stuttard and Sarah and Graham Tyson. Discussing the history of the Manor over dinner, John and Sarah were most surprised to learn that Sarah's ancestor, Lord Norreys, Servant to Queen Elizabeth 1, had had the Manor House rebuilt as his home in the 16th Century.

Spotted from our front-facing bedroom window very early on Monday morning, Anthony Armitage was already crawling in, under and over various shining models outside the hotel, religiously checking each against the long list of competition criteria. As the morning progressed, others joined the search for their personal favourite in each category, a less arduous task!



GTZ18, winner of the small HP category

Brian Fidler's Ghost was the worthy winner of the large horse power category and Wendy's 20/25 of the small horse power. Ladies, who in the main prefer a roof on their car, voted Rolf Kuhnke's PIII winner of their Choice.

Voting over, we left immediately for lunch in the Gardens Visitor Centre at Stowe, prior to our escorted tour of Stowe House. In the past, a long, straight driveway ran from Buckingham all the way to the front of the house, passing through a Corinthian arch on the brow of the hill. It was here that we parked our cars over lunch. The Corinthian Arch, designed in 1765 by Thomas Pitt, is built from stone, 18m in height and 18m



Anthony carrying out his duties with Steve Horne's PII, 28GX



Rolf Kuhnke's PIII, 3AX59, the Ladies' Choice

wide and modelled on ancient Roman triumphal arches. The arch contains two four-storey residences originally for game-keepers.

Stowe House had been established, not by a member of the nobility, as one might expect, but by a successful and prosperous sheep farmer called Peter Temple, who had seen the land at Stowe while taking his sheep to market at nearby Buckingham. The Temples claimed the Earl of Mercia and his famous wife, Lady Godiva, as ancestors, which, true or untrue, indicated their desire for social status, something that members of the family were to demonstrate over the coming centuries.

The estate, having been leased since 1571, was purchased outright by Peter's son, John, in 1589 and it became the home of the Temple family. John's son, Sir Thomas, accelerated the climb up the social ladder by purchasing a baronetcy from King James I in 1611, but, having no heirs, the estate was left to his grandson, Richard Temple, to begin the building of what would become Stowe House in 1680. It was Richard's son, also named Richard (later 1st Viscount Cobham), who focused on the development of the gardens for which Stowe is famous. The wealthiest and most powerful of the family, he was responsible for

much of the splendid work on Stowe House that we admire today.

He initially called in Robert Adam to design the colonnaded South Front, but unsatisfied with the result, he turned to his cousin, Thomas Pitt, to finish it in a manner more to his taste. The result is said to be one of the best examples of neo-classical style still in existence in Britain. The beautiful interiors were designed over a period of decades by a number of architects employed by Richard and his nephew, who all had worked on the Marble Saloon between 1775 and 1778 - accepted as one of the most exquisite rooms in England. The rooms we visited were largely from



Some of the cars at Stowe (photo by Steve Horne)

this period, there having been few later alterations.

Despite a propensity to marry wealthy heiresses, the family fortunes dwindled rapidly, particularly in the 2nd Duke of Buckingham's tenure and underwent a sudden dip in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, money having been lavishly spent in order to entertain her and her entourage. In 1848 things had become so bad that a major auction was held of the furnishings of Stowe House. £75,000 was raised, but unfortunately, the 2nd Duke had debts of over £1.5m.

The house was put on the market and eventually purchased in 1922 to create a new public school. Stowe School opened its doors in 1923, and still occupies the premises today, though the house itself is owned by the Stowe House Preservation Trust, which has to date spent more than £25m on its restoration, £4m on the library ceiling alone. In 1989 the landscape gardens were handed over to the National Trust, with a large endowment for their maintenance.

Most of the group headed for home following a most interesting morning at the Bicester Heritage (see below). Only five cars continued to Claydon, where we first enjoyed a light lunch in their courtyard cafe.

Claydon has been the ancestral home of the Verney family since 1620. Sir Edmund Verney, who was chief standard bearer to King Charles I during the English Civil War, died at the Battle of Edgehill in 1642 but in 1661, following the Restoration of the Monarchy, his son, Sir Ralph Verney was awarded a baronetcy by King Charles II for his and his father's loyalty and bravery during the preceding period of unrest. He was later, in 1703, made Viscount of Fermanagh and his son was, in 1743, created an Earl.

Claydon, as it stands today, is a fraction of its planned size. The original conception was of a mansion to rival their richer neighbour's huge mansion at Stowe, only a few miles away, work on which had begun between 1757 and 1771. What remains today is the west wing, which at one time had a symmetrical east wing, that contained the ballroom, and other state apartments. The twin wings were separated by a huge colonnaded rotunda surmounted by a

cupola. As at Stowe, financial problems prevented the completion of the two wings and the 2nd Lord Verney, in order to avoid his creditors, spent the final years of his life on the continent. Following his death in 1792 his estate was inherited by his niece Mary Verney later Baroness Fermanagh. Unlike her extravagant uncle, rather than complete the house, she had it reduced to its present size.

The exterior of the house is quite austere, but by contrast, the interiors demonstrate significant rococo architecture and impressive Luke Lightfoot carvings, which extend from walls and ceilings to door cases and dado rails. A staircase of inlaid ivory and marquetry, no longer used in order to preserve it, rises the full height of the house. The mahogany staircase has a balustrade with wrought-iron scrolls, decorated with ears of corn and garlands of husks.

The Chinese room on the first floor is nicknamed the Marmite Room; one either loves it or hates it! Said to be probably one of the most extraordinary rooms in the house, if not England, the rococo continues, but this time in the Chinese version, chinoiserie. The carved pagodas, Chinese fretwork, bells and temples with oriental scrolls surround the temple-like canopy, which was created as a relaxing place to enjoy a cup! On this floor, we also visited a small museum dedicated to Florence Nightingale, who regularly stayed at the house in her later years because she was a sister of Parthenope, Lady Verney.

Busy days and only two evenings together meant that we had limited time to meet everyone on the tour, particularly our new members, Sir John and Lady Patricia Lindsay, Pete and Susan Walton, Albert and Margaret White and John Arthy, who was accompanied on this, his second tour, by Charlie Wells. It is good to know, however, that feedback along the grapevine indicates that the 20 Ghost Club retains its reputation for being friendly and very welcoming. We thank Brian and Wendy Fidler for the amount of work and the time it takes to organise these events and we look forward to meeting new friends, and old, at the next one.

Henry Fitzhugh writes: Bicester Heritage Centre was a truly unexpected treat! On first sight, it seemed to be an unreconstructed airbase

(RAF Bicester) unchanged from WWII. As such, it was actually used as a set for the film *The Imitation Game* in which Alan Turing breaks the Enigma Code. That wasn't as straightforward as in the film, but there's another story.

However, looks can conceal. In fact, most of the buildings had been very sensitively modernised, under the guidance of English Heritage, to become first class industrial premises with all modern services installed. This was achieved with the initial investment of five venture investors who obviously were classic car enthusiasts as well. What we saw was forty-one separate companies, all in leased premises, carrying on the

Heritage car trade. Many were total restoration shops offering full services, and packed with all manner and ages of cars. Even the outdoor car parks were a sight to be seen – all manner of old cars everywhere. Then there were the specialists - magnetos, exhausts, lubricants, carburettors, polishing &c &c. There was even a central cafeteria serving the whole site, deliberately aimed at getting the individual groups of staff from all the companies to meet and share experience and hopefully solve all our problems. It was a marvel to see, and a great comfort and opportunity to all of us who are maintaining our much-loved vehicles.

Year	Model	Chassis	Reg	Participant
1910	SG Roi des Belges	1365	AL1531	Albert and Margaret White
1912	SG Tourer	2154	R1487	Katie, Tim and Susie Forrest
1920	SG Tourer	50RE	MH2245	Michael and Linda Hilditch
1920	SG Tourer	97AE	CE454	Graham and Sarah Tyson
1921	SG Tourer	149AG	KE6676	Brian and Joan Palmer
1922	SG Tourer	34MG	JL1	Clayton and Helen Banks
1924	SG Saloon	181KF	SV9682	Brian and Wendy Fidler
1924	SG Tourer	68RM	S46	Ken and Jane Forbes
1928	PI Tourer	29WR	TL137	John Arthy and Chas Wells
1928	PI Tourer	65CL	TY5221	Anthony and Gilly Armitage
1929	20 Saloon	GVO60	GC3593	John and Patricia Lindsay
1929	PII Sedan	81XJ	GC2819	Anthony and Teddy Beach Thomas
1930	PII Tourer	98GN	SC8968	Peter Walton
1933	20/25	GTZ18	DRT99	Nigel and Ann Hughes (Brian & Wendy Fidler's car)
1933	PII Saloon	28GX	ESJ419	Steve Horne
1933	PII Saloon	47MW	AM-20-40	Fokko Keuning
1933	PII	118MY	CG4554	Charles Rentoul
1934	20/25 Saloon	GSF29	BXB12	John Stuttard & David Colvin
1936	PIII Saloon	3AX59	OSU966	Rolf Kuhnke



LEARNING TO DRIVE IN THE BRITISH ISLES

Mermie Karger

R designed our cars to be reliable and to be driven. Over the past 18 years, my soul mate Ghostie-O, 1913 Silver Ghost Saoutchik tourer 2442, has proved R right. I'm now 75, or as a friend has not-so-gently reminded me, 3/4 of a century. I do hope (?) expect (?) that the ride of my life will continue for many more years.

This selection of vignettes and photographs describes my experiences driving Ghostie-O ('O' for Odysseus who travelled the known world) about 12,750 miles in circumstances and with rules of the road nearly unlike those I had learned in the US. The pictures help show my destinations – iconic places of Rolls-Royce history, my ancestral antecedents, and my paths – steep and narrow roads, roundabouts, motorways ... and rain. I've learned to enjoy gardens, stately homes, railroads and pubs as destinations for the day, or as stops during a longer journey.

Wherever I drive 2442, I find an opportunity to talk with people along the way – I make them guess the age of the car when they ask, and describe how it's still able to handle the conditions reliably. I introduce them to Henry Royce and Charles Rolls.

2003 ~ 715 Miles

Ghostie-O came to the UK in 2003 on the way to participate in the Alpine Rally organised by John and Rae Kennedy. Instead of subjecting 2442 to the loneliness of a container, we sailed to the UK on the QE2. The captain was pleased to have cargo. On the return trip, I was seated with Kate Adie. Travelling with Ghostie-O continues to put me in contact with all sorts of people I would not otherwise have met – especially those reading this article.

I had worried that whoever drove 2442 onto or off the QE2 might have difficulty with such an unfamiliar car. It turned out to be easy. The longshoreman politely asked me to drive it on and that was that. Up the ramp, onto a lift, down a couple of decks and off into a storeroom set up

with tie down hooks already in place to secure 2442 safely. On the return voyage after I announced myself at the QE2 office: 'Oh, you're the woman who's going to drive her car onto the ship.'



We disembarked in Southampton. Driving west up the long hill on the A303, I was eager for my first view – ever – of Stonehenge. Nearing the top, we *had* to stop for the view – we were nearly boiling. I removed the radiator blocker that keeps the engine warm, and checked the coolant, waited a bit, then went on to the visitors' centre. Soon we saw a woman pulling her husband away from Ghostie. 'I'd much rather look at that old Rolls-Royce than go in there,' he grumbled.

Passing through Bath on the way to our stay at Tunnel House in Saltford required a lot of



concentration. At about 6 pm, in the rain, we just managed to manoeuvre around and up the steep narrow streets of that lovely city. The morning we departed, a trumpeter happened by and bugled us off. Apparently *all* of the townspeople of Saltford had stopped by to see Ghostie.

Before we left for the Alps, John planned a day of practice in which he led us, including John and Judy Callesen (in their 1917 Cadillac, shipped from New Zealand), on a route around Berks following all of the roads John could find that most resemble those in the Alps: up, down, straight away, even through a river ford. Steep included the need to shift down into 1st on the move – very helpful on the Loibl. I still have an Adnams bar cloth as a souvenir from the Dew Drop Inn.



The White Cliffs of Dover loomed over us as we arrived after lunch for the ferry to Calais, scheduled to depart at 02:00. The ticket taker had to rib me, saying he hadn't expected a 1913 car to arrive at 2 am. It wasn't only driving that was new, but the 24-hour clock.



After the Alpine, our ferry landed at Harwich. Ghostie-O woke up there the next morning to

the gorgeous sight of the sun coming up over the North Sea. We went to Coldwell Engineering to thank John Cockayne and the others who had repaired 2442's inlet manifold on very short notice. It had cracked in early April during a test drive before the trip. We couldn't have taken the trip without his kindness in getting the work done quickly and shipped to America.



In Derby, we visited the Rolls-Royce Heritage Trust workshop (pictured). Accustomed to aero engines, these gentlemen were delighted to examine 2442. One man said, "It's amazing what they could do with the little they knew then."

I was living in Exton, Pennsylvania in 2003. On the return to the QE2, Ghostie-O implored me to stop in Exton for a picture. Of the many Extons in the UK, this one is near Southampton, SO32 3NT. There is a pub. Perhaps we'll check it out one day.



2007 ~ 2966 Miles

Ghostie-O next came to the UK for the celebration of the Scottish Reliability Trials of

1907. Our visit had many adventures, including some before joining the others in London.

One day, on my return to the car park at a historic house, four people were admiring 2442. Noting my Pennsylvania license plate, they asked if I knew where Exton is. 'I live in Exton!' Amazement all around. They were from Australia, and as part of their trip they would be visiting some friends there. A few years later, a friend of mine in Exton asked if I had ever met some Australians looking at the Ghost. More amazement. A friend of hers was the Australians' friend in Exton.



What is John Blatchley, the great designer for Gurney Nutting and Rolls-Royce, doing sitting in a Silver Ghost? After several years of visiting John in Hastings, in 2006 I shipped my Phantom III, 3DL122 Gurney Nutting saloon, Ovid, to see him once more. Ovid bears the first body that John created all to his own design. He called Ovid his treasure. Considering I had some time to travel around before the Scottish, I drove Ghostie to meet John. He was delighted. Although he did not especially care for Saoutchik coachwork of the 20s and 30s he pronounced Ghostie to be 'better than most'.



27 May 2007 - on the way to the A5 after the start of the Scottish Rally.

Driving a historic vehicle with its own stories in a great city of historic stories is one more way to experience the greatness of a Silver Ghost. Not only can it traverse the country roads and the motorways, it can handle the trials of city driving with equal aplomb and character.

Did I leave that left turn signal on again?

Once in Scotland, Ghostie-O and I loved the sense of adventure on the rough roads throughout the rally. Ghostie-O and I also visited sites of my ancestors and met my new 20-Ghost family. Oh yes, and on this trip I met Colin Hughes, now my dear husband!



One day I invited Colin to ride with me. His photo shows my simplified directions hanging from the windscreen pillar and the Garmin GPS that serves as my speedometer and odometer. Now, even with Colin as navigator, I find it helps if I write down the order of towns instead of trying simply to follow a route number as we do in the US. If I write it down, I can remember without reading my notes. Mostly...

My family name is McKay. I was able to spot a blip on a long slope of a mountain near Tongue that is the ruins of Castle Varrich, where the MacKay clan once controlled the northern tip of Scotland.

On my mother's side, Thomas Curtis Clarke was a well-known American bridge builder of the late nineteenth century who sent plans and advice to Benjamin Baker during the building of the Forth Bridge. Ghostie-O could see the bridge from Dundas Castle where we had all assembled at the end of the Rally in the presence of various birds of prey. Ghostie allowed an owl to sit on his radiator before we found our way down to the bridge for a photograph.

Scottish weather taught me a lot about driving in the rain. I try to keep from erecting the hood. I must have been spoiled in 2004 by driving 9000 miles across the American continent and back top down the whole trip. There are no wipers, so the erected hood is in the way for wiping off even a small peephole. Having the hood up is also much harder on peripheral vision. The sky is obscured. It's a difficult, lengthy process to put up or down. I can (or could) do it alone, but on this trip, it was very helpful of Jeremy Greene to have assisted before I set off.

Ghostie and I went on to the RREC Annual Rally, then to Norwich where I drove him into his container for shipment home. After a few more days in the UK, I flew home and soon found out that I had a mild case of pneumonia, most likely due to the time spent stubbornly keeping the hood down in all the damp and wet. I recovered.

2013 ~ 580 miles

Ghostie arrived at the beginning of May and, with



Dick Frawley oversees 2442's tiedown in the container on the way to his new home. Dick had taken such good care of Ghostie-O throughout all of the years of touring and had been such a good friend to me. Sadly, he never saw Ghostie again. Dick died in December 2016.

Colin this time, left for the Alpine via the Channel Tunnel on 6 June. Most of 2442's touring for 2013 was on the Alpine.

Having been shipped directly to France for its Saoutchik body, then spending nearly 10 years there with its first owner before being shipped to the US in 1923, Ghostie-O's first time on the road in the UK had been in 2003. Never before registered, Ghostie had to settle for one of those numbers provided to cars built prior to 1960 – the unfortunate BF6606.

2014 ~ 625 miles

Even with minimal mileage, 2014 brought a few new



Ghostie-O thought the Forth Bridge was built specially for him. My maternal ancestor, Thomas Curtis Clarke, an American bridge builder, sent plans and advice during its building. Ghostie liked the long-eared owl at Dundas Castle,



driving experiences, including an all-important growing acquaintance with the M25. On one such outing, we drove to the RREC Paulerspury Section's event held in conjunction with the local Austin club. Ghostie was happy giving short rides around the field to members of both clubs and wanted to adopt the Austin 7 Swallow.



Ghostie-O's main stretch of the M25 is from Junction 20 (Hemel & Watford), on past Heathrow to Junction 10 and the A3. We travel in the left lane until we need to move right to avoid an exit. I've had to learn that even in heavy, hurrying traffic, I don't need to push into the next lane. As soon as I turn on my right signal, people understand what I need to do and let me in. It does help that I can turn in my seat and look right at them. They usually smile.



In America, I stay off our interstates and still achieve long distances on the older main roads – somewhat like the A5. I've had to admit that here, using the motorways can make sense. Heading for *The North* on the M1, we stay mostly with the trucks. Sometimes they balk us. Other times I slow down so they can pass without exceeding 60



mph. Sometimes, I put my foot down and pass them, doing nearly 65. Ghostie gets his best fuel mileage at about 50 mph.

From the time I first visited Colin, we regularly went on Sundays with friends to the Red Lion in Chenies, now sadly closed. We got to know the owners, and one day took Ghostie there to give Mike a ride in a simple loop. He was delighted and even had a tear in his eye due to memories from his younger days. On the return to Hemel, driving along the one track lane up from the Chess, we came upon a large lorry moving ominously down the hill towards us. I started to back up the short distance to a passing place. The driver signalled not to, and he backed up to one behind him. As we got near, he ceremoniously reached out to his mirror high above Ghostie and folded it back out of the way – respect and good humour both at one time, all for Ghostie-O.



At a 20-Ghost rally, 2442 exchanged memories with GWE67, Nigel Hughes' 1934 20/25 HJ Mulliner 3 position drophead coupé. It had also been under the care of Dick Frawley in the US. Ghostie didn't linger too long on the subject of being balked by the much younger car on one of the hills earlier in the day.



Not only was it difficult for the bride to step up into 2442 in her slim dress. I took great care in cleaning any excess lubricant from the rear spring, with the added protection of a black cloth over it. My warning against possible snags on the door frame helped, too. My passengers were all worried that they might damage such a precious car.

Chauffeuring at a wedding was part of the year's driving. I was to collect first the bridesmaids and the mother of the bride at Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons near Oxford, take them to the nearby church, then return for the bride and her father, and take them to the church.

Imagine four elegant women in very fashionable, very slim calf-length dresses, trying to climb up onto the running board, then into the rear seat. 'Hitch up your skirt', I said. That, and a step stool from the Hotel, worked, and everything else went smoothly to the delight of all.

Until the next morning. After checking over 2442, we drove the 30 miles from our motel to Hemel and pulled up to the garage. Where was the rear basket? At the motel of course. I've never driven off without it before, even though I have to remove it every time I fill up with petrol or even just check the level. We went back in the Saab, retrieved the basket, and stopped for an early lunch. There was the whole wedding party, who had spent the night at Raymond Blanc's Le Manoir, having brunch at the local pub.

2015 ~ 3958 miles

It took me three tries to earn my UK driving licence. I am extremely proud to have passed.

My test in Pennsylvania, taken in 1959, the year I turned 16, consisted of driving around a simple course in the State Police barracks and answering a few questions. No driving in traffic. No reversing. Not really a test. I took it in my mother's Plymouth station wagon with a push button operated automatic gearbox. It didn't matter that I was soon to buy (from my brother) and drive a 1953 Chevy convertible with a manual transmission.

Driving 2442 almost exclusively made it harder for me to pass my UK test in the required car.

Driving too far to the left was the main problem. Sitting behind the steering wheel in 2442, I am very close to its centre. In my Honda (and the testing Ford Fiesta), I sit farther to the right of centre. I drove the Fiesta as if centre is minimally to the left of me as it is in 2442, so too far to the left. I lost some points going through narrow spaces, especially between bollards. I must add



The main difference between the boys at the wheel above and to the right is that Colin is driving on the motorway. Learners aren't allowed, so after removing the L plates, I had to let Colin drive. The young boys are Colin's cousin Peter Hughes' grandsons.

that on 20-Ghost tours, I've seen others driving on or to the right of the centre line on narrow roads. Isn't that the reverse of my situation?

During my instruction, I had to be told to drive fast enough in towns and not so cautiously (=hesitantly). Thirty mph is too fast to expect 2442 to be able to stop, or manoeuvre, quickly enough to avoid a door opening, or a pedestrian crossing in the wrong place, or a car ahead stopping quickly. Moreover, I grew up with a 25 mph limit in similar places. That ingrained sense of correct speed is very hard to overcome, even in a small car with real brakes.

As a result of being used to 2442's high ground clearance, I once nearly damaged the Fiesta's front bumper on a traffic calming hump.

The requirement to use the brakes before slowing down (the light is a warning) was not my habit either. It's not possible to remove one's foot from the throttle without Ghostie slowing down. Expecting the same from any car, I had difficulty.

It's the width of the roads that's most unfamiliar, not driving on the left. My normal peripheral vision expects more space on either side. I'd have to creep along, not quite believing that I wasn't going to hit anything. Now I surprise myself with the spaces I drive through easily (mostly).

Ghostie is 16 feet overall. Those who drive any long cars know what it's like to have to use part of the right side of a narrow road in order to go



around a blind curve. No wonder I was hesitant. After 3 tries, on 30 December 2015, I became the proud holder of a UK driving licence.

We stayed with Colin's cousin Peter Hughes in Hythe for the 2015 RREC International Rally near Folkestone and also for Colin's niece Jane's 50th birthday celebration at Gravetye Manor. We didn't have very much time to get to Gravetye. I drove from Hythe, not in my usual unhurried manner, but learned to accelerate after a roundabout or other slow spot back up to the speed limit as quickly as I could. Obvious to most, but new-ish for me. It got us there in time. I should have tried it on my driving tests.

On the first day out during the SGA Wholly Ghost Tour of Ireland (5-28 September), I got myself into the stupidest thing I've ever done. Some cars were already stopped on the left. I drove past, waving. My attention distracted, I went off the road. I feared we were going all the way over. From previous experience, when 2442's chassis gets at an odd angle with itself, it's



Off the road? Into an Irish bog? After all of the warnings? It was the stupidest thing I've ever done.

impossible to put it into gear without the engine running. So before I shut off the engine, I engaged first gear. James Black kindly pulled 2442 out. I kept the clutch disengaged as I steered to the left. I don't remember when in the procedure I re-started. All was well, except for a very embarrassed Mermie.

After a week, we had settled into enjoying the spectacular and challenging Irish roads.

On 15 September, we joined other tourers on the 25 mile drive through the narrow Ballaghbeama Gap. Then the Ring of Kerry led us to a lovely overlook where everyone from a tour bus took 2442's picture. Our first driving direction afterwards was 'steep and bendy downhill'. 'Bendy' required both hands on the wheel; 'steep' required my third hand on the hand brake, while my foot helped out with the transmission brake. Tricky, but 2442 knew what to do.



The next day, Colin made an excellent choice of route from his memories of a family trip in 1963. We had a lovely day on a 60 mile round trip over the Caha Pass and through a few tunnels to Glengariff, a mid-18th century house and garden. When I started up 2442 the next morning, Colin immediately noticed there was no oil pressure. Advice from others indicated the likely cause was



failure of the square tube that drives the oil pump off the bottom of the distributor. I phoned Allan Glew for his advice. He knows my capabilities. He was ready to send one overnight and was certain that I could change it myself with his exact instructions and Colin's assistance. At nearly the same time, Jeremy Greene heard of the problem, found his spare drive tube and offered it to me as a replacement. I had the necessary tools. Jeremy also loaned a very large adjustable spanner to loosen the nut on the oil line.



There's one thing certain about Allan and Sue Glew – there will be laughter. The work done on 2442 since 2013 has been super due to Allan's excellent knowledge of all things Silver Ghost. More than that, he's come to realise that I have a reasonable mechanical aptitude, even if not the best knowledge or time sense. He offered me an apprenticeship. It was quickly retracted when he heard how long it had taken me to remove 2442's valves for cleaning and reassembly. Thanks for everything, guys!

With moral support from Colin and Jon Leimkuehler (who remained behind with us saying he'd never had to do it himself, yet), and



The drive tube had been on 2442 for at least 60,000 miles. 'Everyone' knows to carry a spare. 2442 was fortunate the tube cracked at start up and not while touring. What would we do without our friends?

The tour in Ireland may have included the most challenging rain for driving during my experience learning to drive in the British Isles, and still today. One morning, Mike Sierra asked plaintively, 'Mermie, why do we do this?'

Morris Franklin, temporarily without a navigator, followed us in 143JH during our very stressful drive through Galway in a steady rain. Hard to see ahead, hard to see through the small rear window that Morris was still there (an experienced follower, he always was), fairly certain of the route, but hard to see the signs, we finally made it to the rural

after a big fuss getting parts of the undertray out of the way, the pump came out, the new tube went in, and all was back together, allowing us to get to the next hotel on time. A rainbow shone along the way.

roads. After a very bumpy stretch, and an encounter with a large puddle that Morris, still following, described as 'spectacular', the rain let up, the road widened, a scenic view appeared, and we stopped for a breather and a photo.



Morris Franklin's 1923 RRCCW Mayfair 143JH and 2442 relax after a stressful drive through Galway in pouring rain. Morris described 2442's encounter with a large puddle after we made it to more rural roads as 'spectacular!'



I don't mind at all when people take selfies as pictured here. It's a compliment to 2442. What I do mind is someone slowing down on the motorway and blocking traffic. Or worse, pulling in front and slowing down, balking me, so the kids in the rear seat can take the picture. I don't mind if the guy in the passenger's seat of a lorry takes one as it passes me at its normal speed. From that height, it's probably a better picture.



The North Atlantic coast is one of the places with rocks and crashing waves that are worth a detour. After a demanding and worthwhile trip among new friends and friends of long-standing, it had to come to an end, and we left for home three days later.

2016 ~ 873 miles

The year began with 2442 at Glews for some much needed engine work, so I continued to learn to new skills by driving or riding in other people's Ghosts.

Allan and Sue kindly trusted me with their treasured Wendy, 1920 Flewitt tourer 89AE, in order to take part in the Irish Georgian Tour in Cornwall. It was full of the sort of challenges I

love in 2442 – driving along narrow winding roads, down steep hills to enter a town over a one lane bridge with priority to the other direction. Added to the challenge were Wendy's brake and gear levers being inside the body instead of 2442's long levers, and the foot brake on the rear wheels instead of a transmission brake. I'm very glad I accepted the offer. You go, Wendy!

In mid June, during the RREC Silver Ghost Register tour, we had the great pleasure of riding with Albert and Margaret White in their 1911 Roi des Belges 1831. The car is superb in all ways, but most enlightening was Albert's ability to drive everywhere with smooth aplomb and to put the car exactly where he wanted it to go, even into the tightest of parking spots in crowded Ashbourne.

Ghostie-O was ready for the 20-Ghost Welsh Tour in October. We encountered (on purpose) a particularly steep and narrow lane in Wales on the way to Monmouth and to the tour. Coming towards us was a new, clean, supposedly off-road





vehicle whose driver had no sense of its width or even that it was capable of going into the low brush at the side of the road to allow an oldster to pass. The driver did eventually figure out how to reverse. Unfairly perhaps, but I fear that's the sort of customer RR's new entry-level Cullinan will attract.

After a delightful tour in Wales, we headed back into England via the Menai Bridge. There's something about bridges that makes Ghostie-O want to cross them, and I feel that a bridge like the Menai must be pleased with Ghostie-O's presence.

Returning from the Glews' after the completion

of some work developing from the Welsh tour, I had another new driving experience. Considering all the times I've put fuel into 2442's tank, you'd think I'd know how to avoid diesel. The engine started as usual, I drove out of the station, onto the nearby roundabout, and all of a sudden it started stumbling and blowing a lot of smoke. Colin, following in his car, thought it was on fire. We got off the road and called Allan. He and Pat came, emptied the diesel into Allan's car and put a couple of gallons of regular into 2442's tank. I drove back to the station, filled up, and set off with some trepidation. All went well. But it was later than planned, and in mid-November. By the time we got to the A40 bypass near Hemel, I turned on the headlamps. It had started drizzling.

At the traffic light close to home, where I was waiting to turn right, the driver in the car next to me said, "That is an amazing car!" So it is.

2017 ~ 2464 miles

On 7 May, during the 20-Ghost day at Brooklands, I drove 2442 up the test hill. In 2nd of 4 with a 17:52 back axle ratio. By the time I got within six feet of the top, the engine was pulling so slowly I could hear and feel each piston fire. So could the marshal as we levelled off at the crest. He said, "That was incredible!"





Later in June, we joined the RREC Round Britain tour after a few days touring on our own. Parking is difficult for any long cars. Used to huge US car parks, and knowing parking would be tight when we visited Wells on the way, I studied Google's Street and Satellite Views prior to the trip and figured out how to find a specific place right at the Cathedral. Ghostie-O's luck made it available. Driving 2442 up the long steep Welsh passes means to remember to remove any radiator blocker (Colin is good at that), to watch the temperature gauge, and then keep on going. Cyclists have a much more demanding job in keeping on going. How can they do it?



Bwlch y Groes. Who was more ready to rest, Ghostie-O or these cyclists? Probably me.

Learning to pass cyclists on narrow roads has been very difficult and still nearly terrifies me, even in my daily car. Ghostie's length and relative lack of acceleration means blocking other faster

cars behind me while I wait for a straight stretch of road with no possibility of an oncoming car.

Cyclists often wave as Ghostie-O passes. I have friends who are cyclists. I respect their right to be on the road and try to be as careful as I can in passing – without getting too angry at those few who are riding side by side.

2018 ~ 415 miles

The French Westinghouse starter motor, fitted in Paris in 1923 before 2442 left for America, is an essential part of my pleasure in driving. This year the starter realised it deserved extensive attention.

It acted up in March at the RREC Yearbook launch at Goodwood House when it refused to engage properly and the pinion gear stuck in the gear on the flywheel. Luckily, a strong person used to starting tractors was nearby to turn it fast enough on the handle for it to fire. We drove back home to Hemel Hempstead and into our garage without shutting off, even though we stopped at a service station due to a desperate personal need before we got onto the M25. I removed the starter, took it to Glews where Allan machined new parts to replace these damaged ones. I installed the starter into its frame on the chassis. The starter turned. The engine started.



We made it to the RREC Annual and were able to let 15 people have a drive. But 2442 stalled, and the starter would not engage. With a big push, Ghostie got going. It started on the handle Sunday morning to return to the field, then Monday to drive home – all the way without stopping, staying down to 50 mph on the Motorway for best fuel mileage. Three gallons left, 12 mpg.

Allan was in Poland, and because Will Fiennes had assisted us at the Annual we took it to Fiennes Engineering. The 6 volt starter in a 12 volt system had worked very well over its 95 years. When under extra stress, 12 volts had gradually shorted wires in its winding, leaving the starter with no oomph. There was also a crack in its mounting, forcing it out of line with the flywheel. It's been thoroughly rebuilt and now works as it should.

On 12 November, I drove 2442 home with Colin following. He said we were moving along very smartly, and so we were. Everything felt right. There were roundabouts to negotiate. My very first experience with them (and driving on the left) was in a rental car leaving Heathrow trying to remember where I was going and follow the signs to get me there. Now I love them. They make sense. They are another example of everyone knowing what everyone else is meant to do and letting it happen. It seems a bit of a sport. It was a beautiful day. I wanted to take pictures of Ghostie everywhere – under the lovely white cloud in the blue sky; or with the 4 kites circling above; or at the overlook toward Aylesbury below Wendover Woods. I knew where I was and where I was going even without my careful notes.

What's next? More driving in the British Isles. I haven't yet seen enough of this beautiful land; Colin hasn't either; neither has Ghostie-O.

See you on the road!



We should use all the social media necessary to attract young people to our Club, but there's nothing like experiencing first hand the cars that Royce and Rolls created so many years ago.



EIGHT YEARS AS CHAIRMAN OF THE OLDEST ROLLS-ROYCE CLUB IN THE WORLD

Sir John Stuttard

When Rosemary asked if I would write something about my eight years as Chairman of The 20-Ghost Club, I began to reflect on my attraction to the marque and to the Club.

It all started at Royal Ascot, Ladies Day to be precise, in June 1989. My father's cousin, Uncle Tommy, had invited Lesley and me to be guests in their box in the main stand. Tommy had started collecting old cars after seeing *Genevieve* in 1953. He had a fine stable and was handing round photos of his latest acquisition, a Rolls-Royce 20/25 with a Drophead Coupe body. I gazed admiringly and was countered with the remark 'You know you're old enough, old boy, to have a vintage car of your own'. By the time of the fifth race, The Britannia Stakes, and after unrecouped

losses on the Tote, it was all settled. I would be looking for a 1930s 4¼ Derby Bentley Drophead Coupe, with sloping air vents on the side of the bonnet to present a sporty look. This would be ideal for driving fast across France, stopping at chateaux and Michelin starred restaurants en route.

Four months later at a Sotheby's auction of a car museum in Dargate, Kent, I spotted an attractive looking car which had been put in the auction at the last minute. It wasn't a Bentley but a 20/25 'Sports' Saloon with 'sloping air vents on the side of the bonnet' and a very large sunshine roof. It sort of fitted the bill. But there was more, the car had been delivered in January 1935 to a Mr HH Stuttard in Deganwy, North Wales. Stuttard is not a common name, except in north-west Lancashire where I come from. In the 1930s, the more successful cotton mill owning members of the Stuttard family often possessed second homes by the sea; hence the first owner's address was shown as Deganwy, North Wales. Not knowing what I was doing I outbid everyone else, had the car transported back home and immediately sought help. Richard Barton, the well-known R-R enthusiast and technical adviser for the RREC at that time, came to inspect the car and generously concluded it to be 'a very attractive car but rather tired'. He kindly prepared a list of work to be undertaken: engine rebuild, rewiring, clutch, brakes, wheel checks, springs, exhaust pipe, battery, tyres etc (in fact just about everything) and off went the car to Steve Lovatt of Ristes in Nottingham.

Just over a year later I was able to begin to enjoy driving the car. A visit to a Cognac estate in France showed me that the French love old Rolls-Royces which, in turn, admire the quiet French country 'D' roads. It also showed me that further work was required to the steering box. Then came my first outing with The 20-Ghost Club, in July 1991, when we attended the Summer



Sir John with that glass of champagne, but *not* the Derby Bentley

Picnic and Concours d'Etat at Windsor Village Flower Show in the presence of HRH The Queen Mother. The Chairman, Lynn Brua, with his Phantom II Continental (36MS) Hooper Sports Saloon, was very welcoming. I recall John Kennedy in the oldest car, his 1905 Light 20 (26350), showing the Queen Mother how the lights worked. There were Ghosts and Phantoms and, at the other end of the scale, the small horse powered cars. Among the 20/25s, Lesley and I were made very welcome by Clive & Jane Carter, Andrew & Pippa Ayres, Digby & Margery Wills and Brian & Jo Wootton (with GBA63, GXB77, GBT81 and GMU28, respectively). We felt at home and our 20/25, now named 'Harrison' after the original owner's middle name, also felt to be among friends. An appearance in the Lord Mayor's Show in 1991 demonstrated the love that the public has for pre-war Rolls-Royces.

As owners of Rolls-Royces quickly find out, they breed. In 1994, after four years' restoration, our 1931 Phantom II Continental (50GX) Barker Sports Saloon joined Harrison in our garage at home. It won several Concours at the RREC Annual Rally and at Pebble Beach in that year and the Fred & Joan Watson Trophy at The 20-Ghost Club's Concours in 1999. Most of all it enjoyed

the 2004 Rolls-Royce Centenary Tour to Monte-Carlo. In the meantime, Harrison had excelled by being driven all the way from Peking to Paris in 1997 (10,000 miles) without a single mechanical hiccup for which I (or rather Harrison) was awarded two of the Club's trophies: The Alpine and the Harding-Rolls.

But Rolls-Royces don't just come in twos. Attracted by other members' Silver Ghosts, in 2000 I acquired one of my own, a 1921 (33LG) Car Mart/Park Ward All Weather Tourer whose first owner had been the Maharaja of Porbander. With its V-shaped windscreen, its elongated scuttle, just two front and no rear doors, six white walled tyres and white and blue livery, the car looks sporty. With its 'Alpine Eagle High Speed' specification, it was just right for a 20-year old Maharaja and now it is just right for a dreamer in his 50s (or 70s). This car has toured in Malaysia with the RREC, in New Zealand at the time of the Rolls-Royce Centenary year in 2004 and then on two Alpine re-enactments (in 2003 and 2013) as well as many 20-Ghost tours and events. Just recently it enjoyed three weeks in Poland and Germany.



GSF29 at Bam, Iran in 1997



33LG on the Pordoi Pass in the 2003 Alpine

So, I am sold on the marque but what about the Club? From the outset in 1949, its founders decided that ‘the object for which the Club is formed is the social gathering of persons interested in Rolls-Royce Cars built prior to the 31st December 1939’. Initially membership was by invitation only. From the very beginning, the Club was elitist, yet open to everyone with a suitable car and the right approach – to maintaining their car, to using their car and to enjoying the social contact with other members of the Club. Today the Club is exclusive but also inclusive and, note the word ‘social’. I can’t think of how many long tours and short events, as well as lunches and dinners, and much amusement that Lesley and I have enjoyed over the last 30 years with friends in the Club. The visits to palaces, grand mansions, cathedrals, art galleries and museums have been matched by driving through spectacular countryside, enjoying impromptu lunches and fine dinners and the camaraderie that the Club engenders.

Thus, when John Kennedy, as Company Secretary, asked me in 2000 if I was interested in joining the Committee, my reply was immediate and positive. I wanted to contribute to the success of an already successful organisation. Tim Forrest succeeded Jimmy Valentine as Chairman in 2003. Then, in 2009, Tim announced that he had already completed two terms of two years (at that stage four years was the maximum length of service for a Chairman of the Club) and that he wished to step down. At a meeting in September 2009 at our house in Totteridge, North London, in the absence of any other takers, I agreed to become Chairman for three years, provided everyone stayed in place on the Committee.

Now, over eight years later, after rule changes to facilitate this and after, inevitably, some changes in membership of the Committee, I have finally handed over responsibility to a very able, experienced and committed successor.

When I became Chairman in 2009, I can’t say that I dissented from the objectives that the

Committee had agreed. Over the years, as Chairman, I have sought to build on these and to raise the status and standing of the Club as well as appealing to a wide audience of pre-war Rolls-Royce owners. I have sought to ensure that:

- There is a variety of tours and events that are attractive to members with varying interests and varying budgets
- The Club is exclusive, but inclusive, of all models of pre-1940 Rolls-Royce cars, not favouring one model over another
- The best of the marque is matched with the best of society – holding dinners at traditional and prestigious locations; visiting stately homes where the owner is delighted to host an event for the best of the marque
- The Club is professionally managed in every respect: financial resources, encouragement of new members and communication with existing members, the best publications, an efficient and effective database based around a web-based system
- The Club embraces the wider community of owners of pre-war Rolls-Royces on the

Continent and from the United States as well as in the UK and Australia

- The 20-Ghost Club remains firmly on the map as ‘The Recognised (as well as the Oldest) Club in the World for Pre-War Rolls-Royces’.

Based on my previous experience of advising and managing businesses, I know that providing the right ‘customer offering’ and ensuring the right communications are important. And, of course, having the right team with the right skills is key to success. In this, I have been fortunate.

- To ensure continuity, Tim Forrest has remained on the Committee and was made a Vice-President in 2009, ensuring that the Committee was reminded of its significant achievements and purpose. He and Susie continued to organise the annual dinners (with imaginative menu cards) and AGMs, with help from others. Tim was always a source of information about the marque that complemented the knowledge of Honorary Members Tom Clarke, John Fasal and Will Morrison
- Jimmy Valentine, another past Chairman, remained on the Committee for some time and was also made a Vice-President on his retirement in 2015 after serving for



Lady Stuttard somewhere in Wales

- a staggering 41 years of service to the Club
- Tony Dyas had served the Club admirably as Treasurer since 1999 and Company Secretary since 2003. On Tony's retirement as Treasurer in 2009, Brian Fidler was appointed in his place, serving for seven years before being succeeded by Philip Hall in 2016. From 2009 to 2014, Brian recovered 95% of the funds, which totalled £42,455, from the administrator of Kaupthing Singer & Friedlander in the Isle of Man
 - Ken Forbes, the Chief Executive of a company with major Mercedes car dealerships, became the Company Secretary of the Club in 2013 and ensured that the Club's risks were properly managed and that the Club had the best possible insurance arrangements
 - Nigel Hughes had produced some memorable issues of *News & Record*, from 2001 onwards, and was supportive when John Redmill took over as Editor in 2010 and was later succeeded by Rosemary Jeffreys in 2015. Nigel continued in the most valuable role of Technical Adviser and Technical Editor. John remained on the Committee in a liaison role with the Irish Georgian Society. Both John and Rosemary have produced regular, stunning issues of *News & Record*, so important to maintaining an interested and active membership
 - Graham Tyson was recruited to take on the role of Membership Secretary in 2012 and has charmed many a prospective member into realising that The 20-Ghost Club is 'The Recognised Club for Pre-War Rolls-Royces'. Graham has always been welcoming to new members and supportive of the Club's mission
 - The Club was blessed when Henry Fitzhugh took on the role of webmaster and database manager, developing with Mind Works, which supports the marketing of Rolls-Royce Motors, a state of the art database and website that is the envy of many car clubs
 - Helpful legal expertise has been provided by Michael Lyndon-Stanford who had practised as a successful and well-known QC. He gave informal advice on many topics
 - Meanwhile, Strone Macpherson continued to arrange the Spring Lunch meetings, with his wife Alex, and had organised a wonderful tour of gardens in Normandy in 2008
 - At the other end of the motoring season, Brian Palmer always volunteered to plan the Autumn Lunch at a hostelry usually somewhere in the Midlands
 - Roland Duce organised some magical musical and operatic events at Thurgarton Priory and a memorable tour of Northern Spain in 2010
 - Nick Naismith organised many milestone tours of which the Prince Henry re-enactment in 2011 will be remembered for its scenic routes, splendid hotels and a lunch at Broomhill, hosted by our former Honorary President, Earl Elgin. Nick also worked with Tim Forrest to organise the 2011 Centenary and Re-enactment of the London to Edinburgh 'Top Gear' Trial and the 2013 Alpine Re-enactment Tour, both hugely successful
 - Ashley Carmichael joined the Committee and is now the Trophy Master, having taken on the role from Susie Forrest who had assumed that responsibility for 21 years
 - For many years, the large Australian membership has enjoyed its own Chapter and in September 2017 celebrated its Silver Anniversary. The Club's Committee keeps in contact with its longstanding Australian friends in the Australian Chapter through the Club's website and *News & Record* and via its Chairman, Peter Crauford, who receives copies of the Committee meeting minutes
 - Then, in 2017, in discussion with Ken, I agreed that it was time to have representation from the two other geographic areas of major membership and interest, namely the US and Continental Europe. As a result, Fokko Keuning, a Dutch national who divides his time between Switzerland and Spain, and Doug Magee, a US citizen who lives in New Hampshire, were invited to join as members of the Committee.

I have been very fortunate, as Chairman, to have such competent and experienced members who have willingly given of their voluntary time to ensure that the Club works professionally and with imagination. I like to think that I have helped build a team that enjoys what they are doing and enjoys working well together. The style of meetings and discussions has been professional and dedicated, but with much fun and good humour. No one is allowed to become too precious.

I am also delighted that HRH Prince Richard The Duke of Gloucester agreed to become our Honorary President when Earl Elgin stepped down after 32 years. It has been such a pleasure to welcome The Duke to so many of the Club's events.

I was asked to describe two of the achievements or events in the last eight years that I am most proud of. There are, I think, two that stand out.

The first is the development of the Club's new website incorporating a new database. The Club's first website was initiated by Nigel Hughes in 2001 but, with the march of technology, it was ready for replacement by 2009 when Nigel stepped down as Communications Manager. An interim improvement was made by Graham Tyson, which he funded personally, before Mind Works were retained in 2013 to devise a completely new website. With the involvement of Ashley Carmichael and Brian Fidler, the specification was expanded to include a new database and Henry Fitzhugh volunteered to nurse this to fruition. Continuous improvements are being made to the database which now contains everything that members of the Club would wish

to see. It also includes all the Club's past publications, from 1960 onwards. Much of the scanning has been undertaken under the direction of Philip Hall at the Hunt House. The Club's website is considered by many to be one of the best of any of the old car clubs. It is attractive, easy to use and contains a huge amount of information. Henry should be congratulated, as Webmaster and Database Manager, for achieving this and for working with Rosemary Jeffreys to ensure that we are compliant with the General Data Protection Regulations.

The second 'achievement' of which I am most proud is one of the tours I have organised over the years. The Tour of Poland and Germany, which took place last year in June and July, stands out as the most demanding and, I think, the most memorable. The Club has always been good at celebrating anniversaries: Alpine Rally, London to Edinburgh in 4th gear, Rolls-Royce Centenary, among others. In 2014 I organised a tour of the First World War battlefields, where we were accompanied by the Reverend Paul Wright, a military historian and then Senior Chaplain at Sandhurst.

Four years later, I thought it would be



Sir John Stuttard giving an interview in Liege

appropriate to celebrate the end of the First World War by visiting Poland and Germany. We could commemorate the centenaries, in 1918, of

the effective end of the Prussian Empire and of the recreation of Poland as a nation state, after being swallowed up by Russia, Prussia and Austro-Hungary since 1795. The tour was a history lesson. Most of the 36 cars and 91 participants arrived in Gdansk, formerly Danzig, to learn about the origins of Prussia. A cattle-thieving tribe, called the Pruzzi, were causing problems in nearby Mazovia which lay alongside the Vistula River north of Warsaw. In 1220, the Mazovian Duke appealed to the Pope who sent a group of Teutonic knights to help and so they did. The Pruzzis' activities were 'calmed'. The knights were then granted land in northern Poland where they built huge castles and towns along the river. In time they became known as Prussians, establishing their capital in Königsberg, now renamed Kaliningrad. Later, in 1619, Prussia was joined with Brandenburg when the Elector inherited the Dukedom of Prussia through his great grandfather, Albrecht Von Hohenzollern, who had been the last Master of the Teutonic order.

The history lesson continued in Warsaw when tour participants learned about Polish history and its peak in the 16th century as part of a Commonwealth with Lithuania. From there, things went downhill, as Poland was invaded by all its neighbours: Sweden, Russia, Austria and Prussia – and even the Ottoman Empire, the Cossacks and the Crimean Khanate.

The castles of northern Poland were grand and impressive, as was the reconstruction of Warsaw after the Second World War. Krakow remains a jewel in Central Europe and participants took time to visit Auschwitz and Birkenau and to be shocked and appalled at what they saw. The countryside in Lower Silesia, with the Sudeten Mountains on the southern edge, made for wonderful driving. A performance by a Polish dancing group at one castle hotel was complemented by a barbeque in excellent weather. The following day the 17th wooden Lutheran churches of Jawor and Świdnica were on the sightseeing list.

Before crossing west into Germany, the Reverend Paul Wright, now the Queen's senior chaplain, joined us for more military history lessons, about Frederick the Great, Napoleon and finally the Second World War. He

accompanied us to Dresden and then on to Lutherstadt Wittenberg where we learnt about the Reformation. The first leg of our tour ended in Potsdam with visits to its three palaces, Sanssouci, Neues Palais and Cecilienhof, with a magnificent black tie gala at the Neue Kammern, part of Sanssouci. For those that wanted an escorted trip back to the North Sea coast a second leg was added to visit northern Germany. On a tour like this, in a country such as Poland, not frequented much by pre-war Rolls-Royce cars, there are always amusing moments. Polish police stopped one car not to give a ticket but to take a selfie. Tom & Mary Jo Heckman were surprised when a man crossing the road behind them deposited a young puppy on their tonneau cover and then walked off. Fortunately the puppy, since renamed 'Royce', was adopted by one of the kitchen staff at the next castle hotel where participants crowd-funded her to get the puppy vaccinated at the local veterinary surgery. Other participants, such as Bill Johnston and Alex Joyce, found that boys and full grown men (including more policemen), some with high blood alcohol levels, jumped onto running boards or even got into the cars for photographs to be taken. Or, perhaps, they just wanted to take the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to sit in a vintage Rolls-Royce.

It was a happy tour, with a marked international dimension: 25 participants from the US, six from Switzerland, four from Australia, four from Holland, three from Germany, two from Austria, two from Botswana, as well as 43 from the UK. Afterwards, Ron Elenbaas and Kimberly Shadduck separately produced two coffee table albums of wonderful photos, which Lesley and I treasure.

In addition to this recent tour of Poland and Germany, I like to think that the Club has organised many memorable tours and events over the last eight years. Some stand out for me and I hate to single them out, as other event organisers might feel put out by theirs not being included. But the following have indeed been exceptional (even if some of them have been organised by me, where I have tactfully omitted my name in brackets as the organiser)

- May/June 2010: Two week tour of the Spanish Pyrenees (Roland Duce)

- June 2010: A day of fine art, at St Mary's Church, Fairford and Kelmscott Manor, in the Cotswolds
- April 2011: Tulip tour of Holland (Klaas & Luus de Boer and Ernest van Arendonk)



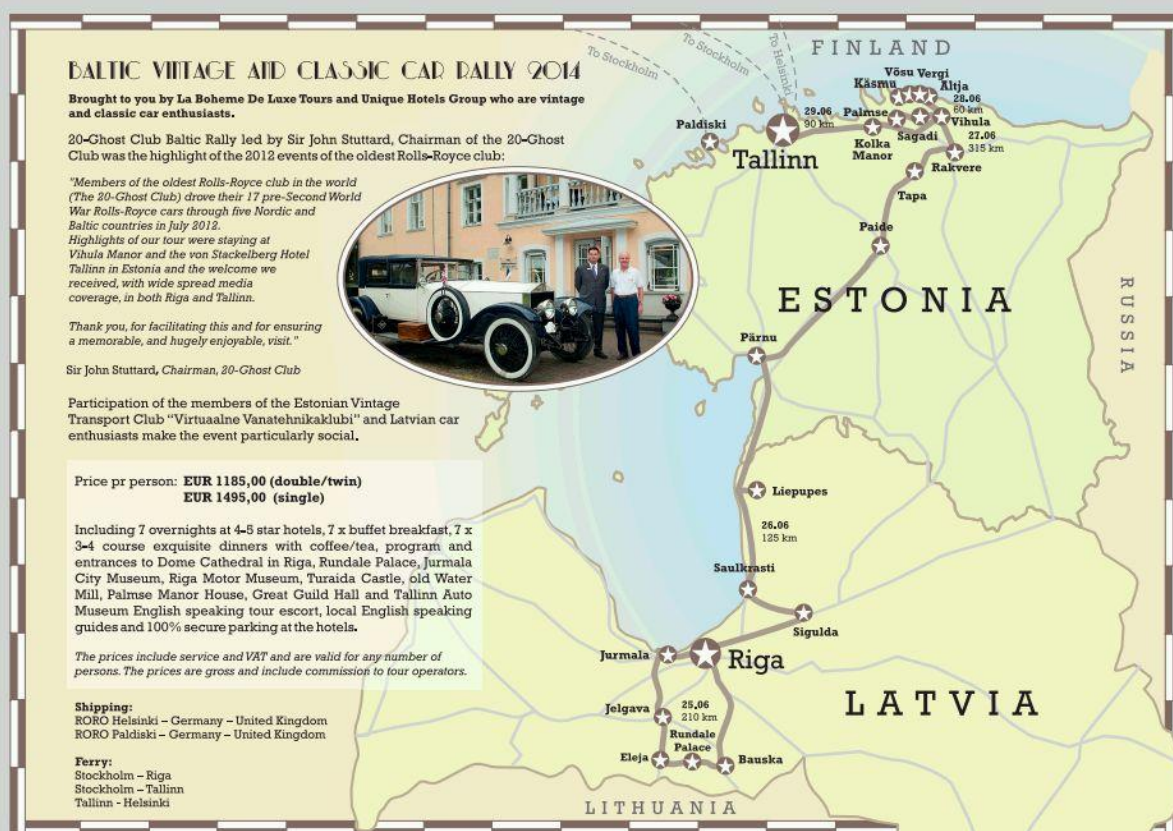
The Stuttards with 'Father Cheese' in Alkmaar

- April 2014: Mid-week tour of West Devonshire (Graham & Sarah Tyson)
 - May 2015: Tour of West Ireland (John Redmill & Desmond Barry)
 - June 2015: Chalke Valley History Festival and a tour of West County Houses and Gardens
 - May 2016: French sunshine tour and Concours d'Etat (Tim & Katie Forrest)
 - June 2016: Concert and Mozart's Requiem at Thurgarton Priory (Roland Duce)
 - June 2017: Tour of the Northern Iberian Peninsula (Ken & Jane Forbes and Albert & Monique Eberhard)
 - July 2017: Visit to Sudeley Castle with informal Concours d'Etat (Graham Tyson and Brian Fidler)
 - September 2017: Tour of the Achterhoek in the Eastern part of Holland (Ernest van Arendonk & Annemieke van der Heijden)
 - May 2018: A short tour of South and South West Cornwall (Graham & Sarah Tyson)
 - June/July 2018: Commemorative centenary tour of Poland and Germany
 - August 2018: Tour in Yorkshire and Gilbert & Sullivan Festival (Terry Bramall)
 - Every Year: Irish Georgian Society weekends
 - Every Year: Spring Lunches, hosted by Strone & Alex Macpherson
 - Almost Every Year: Driving tests and Concours d'Etat (Brian Fidler, Tim Forrest and Graham Tyson)
 - The Australian Chapter has also organised, according to *News & Record*, some memorable tours which sadly due to distance and cost constraints I have not been able to attend
- In addition to the tours, I am pleased that, with the commitment of Brian Fidler and Philip Hall,
- June 2011: Prince Henry re-enactment tour from Beaulieu to Edinburgh to Brooklands and the RAC at Woodcote Park, Surrey (Nick Naismith)
 - September 2011: Centenary and Re-enactment of the London to Edinburgh 'Top Gear' Trial (Tim Forrest and Nick Naismith)
 - September 2011: Autumn weekend and lunch at the Menzies Flitwick Manor Hotel, with visits to Bletchley Park and Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire (Brian Palmer)
 - June/July 2012: Three week tour of Nordic and Baltic countries
 - June 2013: The Centenary Alpine Re-enactment Trial (Tim Forrest and Nick Naismith)
 - August 2013: Weekend in the Chilterns, Buckinghamshire, including the Kop Hill Climb (Gervase & Margaret Forster)
 - October 2013: Autumn weekend tour of Norfolk, including visits to stately homes (John Redmill)

the finances have been managed well. We have enjoyed modest surpluses every year. I am particularly pleased that the annual membership fee has remained at £50 for the last 11 years. I am also thrilled that during my tenure as Chairman, membership numbers have increased from 278 in 2009 to 389 in 2010.

This growth is the result of the Committee and members of the Club organising a variety of events which owners of pre-war Rolls-Royces have enjoyed. There have been some extraordinary events and demanding tours. These have tested the vehicles, as well as the drivers and navigators. Members have enjoyed being taken to some fascinating locations and places which they wouldn't ordinarily see. My aim (the Club's aim) has not to become too large but to retain that special character of exclusive quality, as well as inclusivity and companionship, which are the hallmarks of being the oldest Rolls-Royce club in the world.

I hope that I have left the office of Chairman with the Club in 2018 in at least as good a position as I found it in 2009. And, I am delighted that, with his experience, common sense, drive, approachable manner and good humour, Ken Forbes has succeeded to this office. I wish him, supported by Jane, and all members of the Club much happiness and success in the years ahead.



Map of tour in the Baltics

THE SPANISH CONNECTION

Fokko Keuning

It may be well known to most of you that way back in 1948 a certain Fernando Fuertes de Villavicencio, being the Intendente General de la Casa Civil de Su Excellencia el Jefe de Estado, had the splendid idea to order 3 Rolls-Royce cars for his boss Generalissimo Francisco Franco, the Spanish dictator in short.

The cars were to be armour plated, a wise precaution no doubt. The idea was to have two limousines and one all-weather tourer. The British Foreign Office felt it would be unwise to refuse the order and so the factory delivered 3 Phantom IV in 1952. These cars are still in Spain and they belong to the Ejercito de Tierra de Espana, loosely meaning the Spanish army. Now you may be aware that the Ejercito de Tierra de Espana, which together with the Armada (the navy, yes) and the airforce make up the Spanish armed forces, is not the most progressive institution in the world. In fact, it is a very old institution, having been formed in the 15th century. Looking at their banners and splendid uniforms, some harking back to Spanish colonial times, one realizes at once: these people regard a RR Phantom IV as a thoroughly modern contraption and are not going to sell it any time soon. Which is a pity really, as especially that all-weather tourer must be one of the most desirable Rolls-Royces ever, armoured plating and all.

Rolls-Royce cars were very highly regarded in Spain and, as most of you will also know, that fact is, at least partly, due to the travails of Don Carlos de Salamanca, a nephew of the Marquis de Salamanca. He was an early motor car affectionado and became the official representative of Rolls-Royce in Spain. Because of his background, he knew many influential people, amongst them a good number of Grandees of Spain. Now, in the likely event that you have not been elevated to such august rank yourself, you may think little of it. But make no mistake: being a Grandee carried a number of interesting privileges, especially during feudal times, which, according to some, have only recently ended in Spain. You had to be addressed by the King as Mi Primo (my cousin) and you

could remain seated with your hat on in his presence, if you so wished. Add to this that you did not have to pay any taxes and could not be imprisoned, save on the King's orders. A leisurely life style, safely ensconced in your castle, surrounded by vast holdings and not being short of a bob or two, made you the ideal target for an aspiring RR sales man like Don Carlos. Many RR cars were sold in Spain and a good many are still there. Some of these make appearances in film, not the least of which is *El laberinto del Fauno* (Pan's labyrinth). If you have not seen this film, you should perhaps consider to do so at your earliest convenience.

It can be said, without succumbing to generalization, that many a Spaniard admires all things English, or those perceived to be English. Nearly everybody will have heard of *El Corte Ingles*, meaning the English cut, not, of course, the English court, as some Dutchmen seem to think. In Spain a certain clientele will buy garments of a home grown "English" style, that has either never existed in England or has gone out of fashion well before 1950. Thus, appropriately attired in green corduroy slacks, a pink shirt with French cuffs, a tartan checkered tweed jacket with brightly coloured lining and many pockets, a crocodile leather belt and black loafers, alighting from your Rolls-Royce, you will have less trouble getting a good table at *Zalacain* or similar institutions. A "pijo" or snob the man in the street will call you behind your back, but what do you care?

It is a fact that some British families have Spanish family links and vice-versa. If I am not misinformed, some Scots felt the late Duchess de Alba should have been their Queen. There appears to be a love-hatred relation between Great Britain and Spain, not unlike with France or Holland for that matter [We disagree - Holland is Love All the Way. – Ed.]. One of the things that unite us is our shared love and admiration for the works of Sir Henry. May his quest for perfection and beauty (in that order) long guide us.

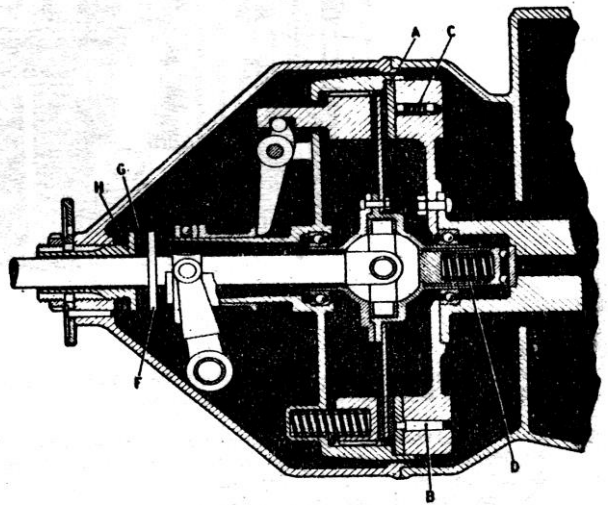
TECHNICAL CORNER

ROLLS-ROYCE CLUTCHES

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 will not be held responsible for any loss or damage caused by acting on such information. In particular, technical articles may reflect the author's or individual member's views or experiences and, unless otherwise stated, do not constitute formal Club recommendation. Anyone contemplating undertaking work on their cars is advised to study all available sources of information, noting that some sources are contradictory and may be out of date. Having studied all available information, it is for the individual to decide how to proceed.

Rolls-Royce clutches are long-lived items if handled with understanding. However, the stories of clutches roasting on tours involving 'challenging driving' suggest that a few reminders may be appropriate, as clutch failure can result in a 'failure to proceed' which cannot always be rectified on tour.

As you all know, the Clutch is there to cushion the take up of the drive from the engine flywheel to the gearbox input shaft. While the clutch is slipping, during the take-up of drive, it can, as when performing a hill start on a steep hill, be absorbing most of the power from the engine, which it has to dissipate as heat. One horsepower is approximately 746 watts, so the 50 or so from your engine amounts to 37.3 Kilowatts. It is easy to see that if the clutch is allowed to slip at full engine power, it will not take long to get very hot. Failures when boarding a transporter or reversing up a steep driveway are not unknown. There are three types of pre-1940 clutch: R-R cone, R-R single plate and Borg and Beck single plate. Cone clutches apply to all models up to the Silver Ghost. R-R single plate clutches were introduced on the 20Hp and Phantom I. Borg and Beck clutches were introduced on the last 20/25s, the 25/30 and some Phantom III. The Phantom I version of the single plate clutch is shown here. The clutch linings are mounted to the flywheel and pressure plate faces, rather than on the driven plate. This minimises the inertia of the driven plate, easing gear changing as the 'crash' is less noticeable when the input shaft and driven plate speeds differ during a poor gearchange.



The following gives an excellent description of the strengths and weaknesses of the Rolls-Royce plate clutch and is reproduced by kind permission of Will Fiennes, from whose web site it is taken. Comments on the Silver Ghost cone clutch follow below.

'The Rolls-Royce clutch - Use and Abuse

The clutch used by Rolls-Royce on the Silver Ghost was a traditional cone clutch, fitted with a fabric lining and effectively running in oil. With the advent of the Phantom 1 and 20hp chassis a plate clutch was specified. The basic design of this was common with a number of other contemporary motorcars. In this design the clutch driven plate is a thin steel disc about 2.5mm thick, mounted on a splined hub on the gearbox shaft. It does not carry the clutch linings. Instead the linings are mounted either side of the driven plate. They are fitted to the face of the flywheel in front of the driven plate and the face of the spring-loaded pressure plate behind. Any slipping of the clutch occurs between the faces of the steel plate

and the linings. The consequence of this is that heat generated between the linings and the driven plate has nowhere to go except in to the thin plate - the linings are not efficient conductors of heat. As a result the surface of the steel driven plate can become very hot if the clutch is allowed to slip for any length of time, and this will have a damaging effect on the linings.

Modern cars, with engine idling speeds often around 1000 rpm or more, and which have little or no power below 1500 rpm, require the clutch to be slipped to get moving. With the pre-war Rolls-Royce fitted with the Rolls-Royce clutch, slipping the clutch must be kept to an absolute minimum otherwise the life of the clutch will be severely curtailed. Because there is so much torque at low engine speeds it is possible to engage the clutch very quickly without any significant increase in engine speed to get the car moving from stationary. This can be done with the minimum of clutch slip and without stalling the engine.

For maximum clutch life it is important to develop the skill of pulling away from stationary with the minimum of clutch slip. It would seem that one of the most difficult and potentially damaging situations for the clutch occurs when a car is reversed up a slope into a garage. It is difficult to do this without slipping the clutch. We have also witnessed major clutch damage when driving a car on to a car trailer.

Once a Rolls-Royce clutch starts to slip there is usually little that can be done to cure it apart from renewing the linings.

It is uncommon for oil on the clutch to be a problem. There are sufficient oil catchers and drains to prevent oil from reaching the clutch.

The Bentley 'Light-Type' clutch, and Borg and Beck

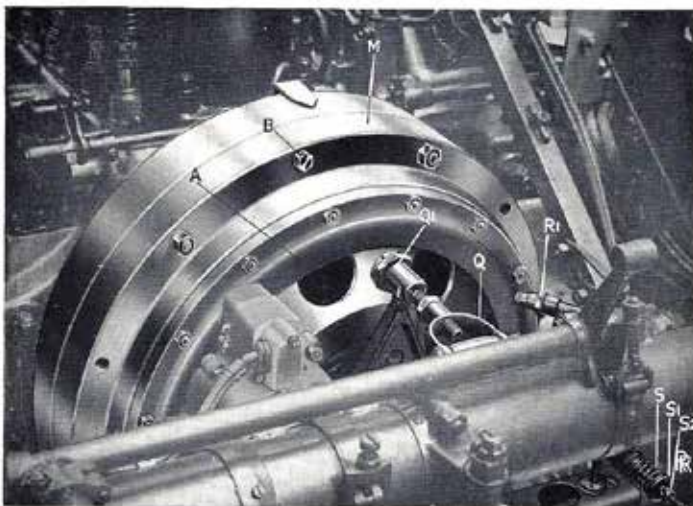


FIG. 30. FLYWHEEL AND CLUTCH.

For the last two chassis series of the Derby Bentley the 'Light-Type' clutch was introduced, with a lighter flywheel than the earlier model. Apart from the flywheel, the major change was the driven centre plate which now carried the friction linings. Any clutch slip that occurred now took place between the linings and the friction faces on either side of the driven plate. Thus the central steel driven plate was effectively protected; any heat generated went in to the more massive pressure plate and flywheel plate. *(The increased inertia of the driven plate was no longer a problem as the gearboxes were now synchromesh. NH.)*

However, the Light-Type clutch suffered from the complexity of too many parts.

Shortly before this clutch was introduced the Borg and Beck company had developed a clutch working on much the same principles. Being aimed at a much larger market they designed a clutch unit that could be mass produced and manufactured very much more cheaply. Seeing the advantages of the Borg and Beck clutch Rolls-Royce adopted it on all of the late pre-war small horsepower chassis, beginning with the very last 20/25 chassis series and the Bentley 4 1/4L.

Provided that you do not make a habit of racing the Porsche beside you away from the traffic lights the Borg and Beck clutch will last a very long time.'

The Silver Ghost Cone Clutch

In the S.G. cone clutch, the driven plate is an aluminium alloy cone, running inside a cone shaped recess in the flywheel. The alloy cone carries the clutch linings. Originally, the lining was a woven cotton about 0.25 inch thick when new and stapled to the cone. Some S.G. linings have been replaced with 'Ferodo'. Needless to say, original Rolls-Royce stock is no longer available, though 120EU came to me with a spare

original cotton lining, complete with Derby tags. I never used it and Jonathan Wood could hardly conceal his delight when I handed it over to him. Replacement cotton liners are available from Steve Litton in the USA.

The lining of the S.G. clutch is soaked in oil. Too little oil and the clutch will be fierce. Ghosts are particularly susceptible to clutch judder in reverse, though this is unusual in forward gears. (Why? Answers on a plain postcard please.) Adding oil to the clutch can ease the judder problem, also greatly eased by keeping the engine revs down to the lowest level achievable without stalling. Too much oil and the clutch will drag, overcoming the drag from the clutch brake and forcing the cone to continue rotating, even though the clutch pedal is fully down. This makes silent gear engagement from rest impossible. Too much oil may also cause clutch slip. This usually appears when the engine and clutch are thoroughly warm. It can happen when accelerating quickly and changing rapidly into top gear. The attentive driver will notice that the engine speed has not dropped to the expected level with the clutch fully engaged. Lifting off the accelerator then enables the clutch to catch up and, once slip has stopped, acceleration can be resumed without further slip.

Rolls-Royce saw the need to drain excessive oil from the clutch when slip or drag was a problem and fitted the clutch cavity with a drain plug in the flywheel. Rotating the flywheel to bring the plug to the bottom and removing the plug should enable excess oil to drain. Usually it does not, because the drilling to the cavity gets full of filth. Unfortunately, the drain passage has a right angle bend defeating the usual ploy of poking it clear with a piece of wire. Some writers say that clearing the first part with a drill bit enables enough filth to be removed to allow the remainder to be blown out with an air line. The official guidance is to use a syringe to suck out excess oil. An alternative I found to be very effective is simply to stuff a piece of rag into the clutch through the holes in the cone and use a stick to push it about in the bottom of the clutch cavity. You will be rewarded by a very oily rag when you extract it. The recommended amount of oil in the clutch cavity is an egg cup full.

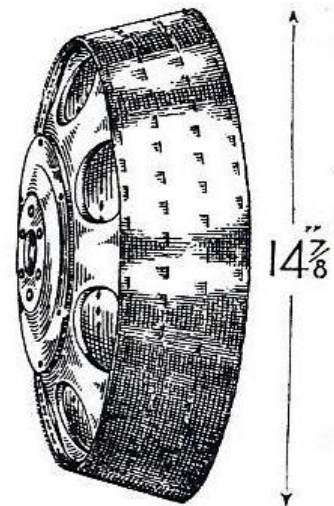
The question of how much of which oil should be applied to the clutch and when was the subject of much correspondence between individuals in the Rolls-Royce company, with little overall agreement. You will therefore be in good company if you decide to experiment with yours.

Known S.G. clutch failures are the liner breaking free from its staples and loosening of the rivets holding the aluminium cone to its hub.

Opinions differ as to whether the S.G. clutch should be propped in the disengaged position during periods of storage. A suitable prop is a length of wood cut to fit between the lower face of the ballrace housing on the steering tube and the top of the depressed clutch pedal. Use of prop is advised if oil is added to the clutch with the engine running, as advised in the owners' handbook.

I have deliberately avoided offering advice on dismantling and overhaul of the cone clutch. The flywheel parts are very heavy, the clutch spring stores a dangerous amount of energy and the driving pin to the gearbox coupling is an extremely tight fit requiring a special puller if it is to be removed without damage. This really is an area for the professionals.

Nigel Hughes (aka Dampfen Von Krankenschaft)



MEMBERS' NEWS

New Members welcomed to the Club – Details on the Website

Abrar Ali Khan and his wife Seham Ali Khan, Pakistan. 1929 PII chassis 76WJ, reg LEH 7266, Hunting Cabriolet
Rainer Kaifel, Germany. 1934 20/25, chassis GWE66, reg. BUC278.
Hugh Stephenson and his wife Mary of Devon Wraith chassis WMB4 reg BSR555 Hooper limousine.
Michael Dormer and his wife Lisa of Harrogate.

James Macpherson 1930 20/25, chassis no. GLR25, reg GH2959
Steven Plimmer and his wife April of Shropshire, 1923 20HP, chassis 84K9, reg EC5090 Barker torpedo; 1934 20/25 Chassis GNC53, reg BGP202 Barker Limousine
Paul Dezelsky and his wife Jenko of Cheltenham, 1929 PII chassis 33WJ reg BF6240 Weyman 2 door coupe; 1933 20/25 chassis GTZ46 reg ALY568 Park Ward 2 seater drophead.

The Committee invited Sir John Stuttard, now that he has retired as Chairman, to become a Vice-President of the Club, and we are thrilled that he has agreed.

The Committee also invited John Fasal to change his status from Member to Honorary Member. We will look forward to seeing them both again soon in their new capacities.

OBITUARY: TIM KELLY

Doug Magee writes: Being a collector of early Fords I was always anxious to meet others sharing the same enthusiasm. The name Tim Kelly kept coming up associated with a sizable collection of significant Fords ranging from 1903 to the Model A era. Our paths never seemed to cross until a Tour for pre-1914 cars in Proctorsville, Vermont in July of 2011. Tim was by himself driving a very rare 1907 Ford Model K touring car. I was driving a 1912 Silver Ghost, also by myself, but with one big advantage, my family previously had a ski house nearby and I knew all the tour routes. We hit it off right away and decided to travel together, with me in the lead as the navigator. Ford Model Ks are magnificent cars, Tim's was going through an enormous amount of water, we all know what that is like. From a positive side, we met not less than 20 Vermont farm families as we travelled the back roads, never being shy to ask to use their water hose. We successfully completed the weekend tour, had breakfast, lunch and dinner together every day, and got to know each other. This is when I learned Tim had a Ghost as well as a PI. I told him of some of the long distance tours I had done in both the US and Europe. He was excited to not only hear about them, but anxious to participate as well.

His wish came true, Tim and his wife Joan participated in the 20 Ghost Tour of Poland and Germany in 2018. Tim knew how sick he was at the time, but had such a positive attitude and good spirit that no one would have ever suspected there was something wrong. With the strong support of Joan and his many friends on the Tour, Tim successfully made it. He was thrilled with the many new friends he made in the Club, and so glad he did not listen to his doctor's advice, to not go, and just went for it, Tim Won.

Timothy Kelly was only 63 when he passed away. He was a resident of New Canaan, Connecticut, and died peacefully at home surrounded by his loving family on November 5, 2018 after a well-fought battle with pancreatic cancer. He began his career at Price Waterhouse Coopers in Denver, Colorado in 1982 and, after spending 29 years as a Tax Consultant in its New York City office, retired as a partner in 2016. Tim is survived by his loving wife Joan and sons: Jeffrey (Laura) of Hopewell Junction, NY, Gregory (Whitney) of Denver, CO, three grandchildren: Jennifer, Jessica, and Bridget, and his sister Maureen (Don) Crane.



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.

Friday 8th March 2019

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

Saturday 13th April 2019

Spring Lunch in Hampshire (Strone Macpherson)

11-15th May 2019

Tour in Ireland with Irish Georgian Society plus optional follow-on tour in Donegal

20-24th May 2019

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

22-23rd July 2019 70th Anniversary

A special event based at Stapleford Park in Leicestershire to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the Club, with tours of stately homes, Club Concours and Gala Dinner (Brian Fidler)

2-13th September 2019

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

October 2019 Autumn Lunch (Brian Palmer)

6th March 2020

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

13-25 June 2020 (or 16-28 June) 2020

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

11th -26th June 2021 (Provisional)

The Glories of the Austro-Hungarian Empire (John Stuttard and Angelika Elliott)