



News & Record



Issue 70, Winter 2022



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Front Cover: A Phantom (II?) in The Strand by Alan Fearnley. The Gaiety Theatre was on Aldwych, at the junction of Catherine Street; the painting is looking along The Strand towards Fleet Street, with St Clement Dane in the background. The Gaiety went bankrupt in 1939 and, following wartime bomb damage, the building was demolished in 1956.

Back Cover: Three super ladies left to right: 1912 SG 2154 AKA 'Nellie', Katie Forrest, Anna Maltin all at the Autumn Lunch (pic Michael Joy).



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Letters, Emails & Pictures

Friday 17th March, AGM & Dinner at Stationers Hall, London.

Saturday 22nd April, Spring Lunch at The Three Horseshoes Alresford.

12th-15th May, Irish Georgian Tour in Hereford.

9th-26th June 2023, Alpine Tour - 17 nights open to all club cars.

4th-7th July, Cheltenham Tour.

Sunday 30th July, Concours and family & Friends day at Sandhurst.

4-10 September, Loire Valley, St Patrice near Tours.

10-15 September, return leg from the Loire tour back to Le Havre

Late September/Early October visit to Highgrove.

We will send out a full events flyer in early 2023. At the moment several of the events/tours above are still a work in progress. Contact Johnnie on jgallop66@gmail.com in the first place if you would like to come and he will forward to the relevant tour organiser.

Johnnie, You asked for summer pictures in the last edition of N&R, the attached is a picture of myself with the Appleyard Trophy for the Best Pre-1940 car at the RREC Northern Rally at Harewood on August 7th. The car is a 1925 20HP GYK91 Windovers 4 door Sports Saloon.



Immediately after Harewood Mary & I attended the 20HP Centenary Northern Rally based at Headlam Hall.

The car's engine was re-built last winter and by the end of the visit to Headlam Hall had completed over 1100 miles but unfortunately suffered a FTP 2 miles after leaving Headlam to begin our journey home. The temperature gauge was off the scale and I stopped immediately. Both water pump gaskets had failed and dropped all the car's coolant. [Ed: Alan tells me this was the same type of rubber gasket as reported as faulty by Henry F. in Issue 69 p.7] The only solution was a breakdown recovery 200 miles back to Shropshire. I have nothing but praise for the service provided by my insurer, a recovery truck was with us within 40 minutes which took us straight home without need for other drop offs and further loading en-route. **Regards Alan Harris**

Below left: Katie Forrest and partner Teddy at Hampton Court after Katie came second in the inaugural Levitt Concours event.



Named after Dorothy Levitt 100 years after her passing, the Levitt Concours is a female-only exhibition and driving tour, featuring 28 female collectors and their beloved motorcars. Regarded as the first female British racing driver, Levitt gained the moniker "The Fastest Girl on Earth" for her impressive racing achievements. Her racing career began in 1903, after joining Napier as a secretary but she was soon taught how to drive and her new role became to race for and promote Napier.

Levitt set the first female land speed record in a Napier in 1905 (80mph). She had already set what is widely believed to be the first water speed record in 1903 at 19.3mph. Later she turned her hand to a different type of vehicle and forged a new path as a pilot, conquering land, sea and air. Our Katie Forrest is a worthy successor! Right: Dorothy Levitt



Huge congratulations to Dr Rosemary Jeffreys who is now a Doctor of Philosophy (the highest academic award) from Oxford in Classical Archaeology



Dear Johnnie, You wouldn't believe it.

In the dining area of a pub (the Kirkstile Inn) miles from anywhere in Loweswater, a fairly inaccessible lake in the NW of the Lake District, I spotted some photos by George Abraham, after my attention was drawn to the unmistakable photo of Sir Geoffrey Summers 1920 SG at Lake Maree and that vertical fir tree on the right [Ed: see issue 63]. See photo above

There were six or seven photos in the dining area taken by George Abraham mainly of cars in the Lakes as well as this one shot of the Summers' SG in Scotland in 1920.

The landlord was most impressed in this very specific identification and further information about Keswick's famous photographer. Perhaps it's not surprising after all, as Loweswater is just 13 miles from Keswick where the Abraham family had their photographic shop. **Best wishes, John Stuttard**

Dear Johnnie, I was just now reading N&R issue 68 and your endnote. You mention that the original fuel tank of the PII is unusable. I thought the same about my PII. After serious abuse from lack of use, my petrol tank was filled with garbage. A rinse revealed lots of foreign solids which were flushed away. Then the brown silt from persistent rust invaded the entire fuel system from the AutoVac to the carb. Three modern fuel filters could not stop it. I was replacing the fuel filters every 200-300 miles during the Scottish tour. I resolved over last winter to get a new stainless tank but Carl Ford advised that a less expensive option would be to 'paint' the inside of the tank. It is a multi-step process to acid wash the interior and then coat it with a permanent liner. **PROBLEM SOLVED!** I drove the entire Austro/Hungarian tour without a hiccup. And I got to keep my original fuel tank. And much less expensive than fabricating a new one. **Kind regards, John Narvell.**



I was driving along Pall Mall when, on the otherside of the road outside the RAC, I spotted a PIII. By the time I had realised what it was it was too late to stop. Happily a pal of mine, David Kempton, took this pic. It is, of course, Goldfinger's Rolls-Royce from the 1964 eponymous film. The RAC were holding a James Bond exhibition '60 years since Dr No'. I don't know much about the car - can anybody help with more info?





In 2012, during my trip to the UK, I visited the Science Museum in London.

My attention was attracted by a large and very detailed model of Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost. I took several photos but unfortunately the quality of my images was not perfect because the model was under glass. Years later I found a photo in a vintage Russian magazine *Automobile*, issue 23 of 1911 featuring a report from an exhibition in 1911. It was said that the model cost Rolls-Royce five times the price of a real car. Later I found another mention in a Polish magazine *Aviator and Automobilist*, issue 1 of 1913 which quoted the price as 25000 Russian rubles (roughly £2,643 in 1913).

I asked Tom Clarke and John Fasal about the model and they advised that at the beginning of the twentieth century, three identical models of the original 'Silver Ghost' registered AX-201 on chassis 60551 were made. One is in the Science

Museum in South Kensington. The second was donated to the Smithsonian National Museum of American History in Washington. (https://americanhistory.si.edu/collections/search/object/nmah_214550)

The third is in London's Royal Automobile Club.

The model was actually made by Braun and Company of King's Cross, London, rather than by Rolls-Royce itself. In my opinion, it is one of the most successful models of the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost motor car. According to the information from the Science Museum the scale is 1:4.

It is interesting that the photo was published first in a 1911 Russian magazine, and then later in a 1913 Polish magazine. At that time, Rolls-Royce began to explore the Russian market and, perhaps, this was part of their marketing effort in Russia. **Maxim Kartashev**

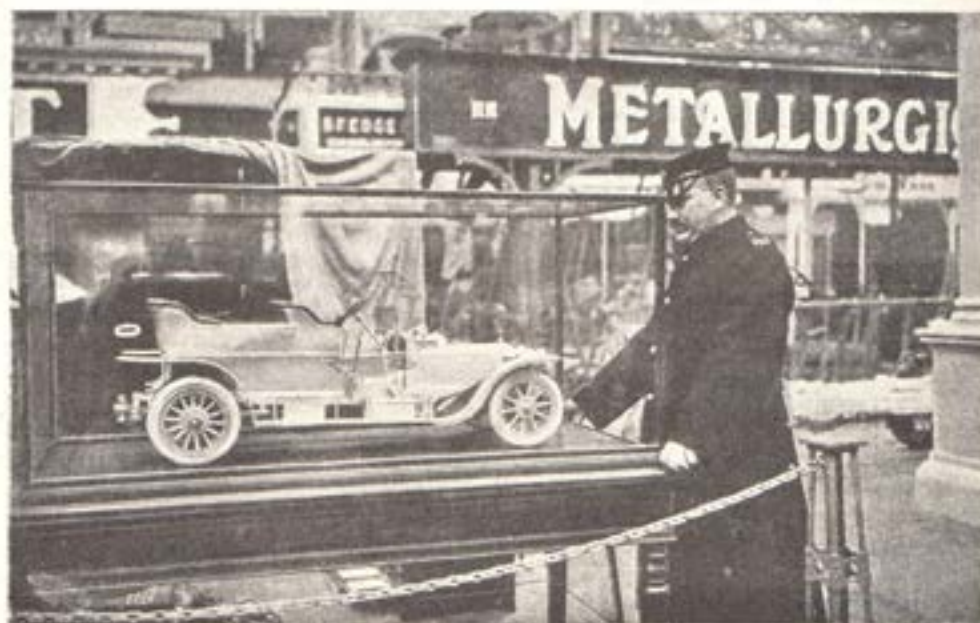


Рис. 3718. Точная модель автомобиля Роллс-Ройс, работающая как настоящий автомобиль. Эта модель обошлась авт-ду разв-е пять дорожке настоящего автомобиля.

Hi Johnnie, Thank you for a very well stuffed Autumn N&R with that super photograph of 101EM on the rear cover. It started me thinking about the old 'trade' bodies on Ghost chassis, especially when reading through Harrison Royce's superbly researched article about the Jack O'Lantern. A comment that 89RM was to lose the bus body and have a reproduction open tourer started me thinking. Hilary and I bought 101EM partly because we heard it was under threat of losing the camera platform body and becoming another tourer. The chassis had the camera platform body for 70 years and we believe this is 'the car as it should be'. We have refurbished the body and chassis as best we can, keeping as much originality as woodworm and rot permits.



A question for members is whether we followed the correct path? The car is restored in body (new roof sections, tailgate and so on) and mechanicals (rebuilt engine, brakes etc) but not repainted as we rather like its slightly down at heel appearance reflecting its history. There are few commercial or trade bodied Ghosts left, but are we letting the side down? It would be good to hear club members' views.

Happy motoring! **Bob and Hilary Vass**

Hi Bob, you pose an interesting question. Bella and I are fortunate to own three R-Rs; 1. Peabody a 1933 20/25 Windovers Limousine and very original; 2. The Doctor is a 1929 20HP originally a Park Ward 4-light, later bodied in 1979 as a two door FHC with dicky, cosmetically shabby but structurally and mechanically sound; 3. 1935 Phantom II which had a rotten (physically and visually), albeit original, Lancefield limousine body which we are replacing with a new 2-door roadster.

There is perhaps a nod to your thinking between our three cars. When is it right to change away from the original? Why should you change back to 'original' by way of reproduction?

Your camera-car is not the original body but is far more authentic than many Ghosts out there. It's also eye-catching. I think that to fit a 'normal' torpedo tourer to your Ghost would be a crime!

Within the club I think the diktat is that the cars should have an 'original R-R chassis & engine' – fair enough. But can we fit a modern twist-off oil filter – a thermostat – seat belts? What about power steering?

The answers aren't clear cut. I'm pretty sure that when our Phantom II is complete some will turn up their noses and frankly they might have a point. But I won't care (or hope I won't!) 101EM is fabulous! Never change it,

best wishes Johnnie Members - what do you think?

Editor: Just as we went to press we learned of the very sad and sudden death of Bernard King. Bernard attended John Fasal's Twenty HP centenary event in October - see page 40 - and was on very good form having just published his latest book. He will be much missed; our condolences to his friends and family.

Klaas de Boer (1945-2022)

Our Dutch member, Klaas de Boer, died on 5th September 2022 following a heart attack. He and his wife, Luus, who passed away in October 2021, were enthusiastic members of the club and always great company. Klaas was a keen Rolls-Royce owner, possessing three pre-War cars, a 1910 40/50 (1302) Mitchell Roi-des-Belges known as the 'Silver Lion', a 1914 London to Edinburgh (23UB) with a replica Labourdette-style skiff body and a 1926 20HP (GYK23) Hooper Tourer.

His first tour was in 2010 when he and Luus brought their 1914 Silver Ghost to the Pyrenees organised by Roland Duce. Then, in April 2011, Klaas and Luus organised a memorable 'Tulip Tour' of Holland. The tour involved visits to the bulb fields at Keukenhof as well as Hotel Duin en Kruidberg outside Sandpoort, once the hunting retreat of William III, a Mayoral welcome at the Town Hall in Enkhuisen and coffee in Hoorn, the 17th century port which was a centre of operation for the Dutch East India Company. Those who participated in this tour will recall members of the club being dressed in traditional Dutch costume for a group photograph.



In 2012, Klaas and Luus came on the Nordic Tour of Denmark, Sweden, Latvia, Estonia and Finland, organised by Sir John Stuttard, in their attractive skiff Ghost (23UB).

In 2016, Klaas and Luus were joined on the tour of Wales organised by Anthony & Gilly Armitage and were accompanied by their good touring friends, Rijn & Mieke van Baal in their 1923 Silver Ghost (72NK) Laybourn Torpedo Tourer, and fellow compatriots, Cees & Lida Castricum in their 1920 Silver Ghost (46PE) Barker Cabriolet.

In the same year they participated in the club's Iberian Tour, organised by Ken Forbes and Albert Eberhard, also in their skiff Ghost (23UB).

Klaas & Luus leave four daughters and nine grandchildren to whom members of the club send their condolences.

Evelyn MAUD MILL

From servant to socialite

PAUL TRITTON

**148 pages, soft cover,
A4 size, indexed,
coloured and black
and white photos, and
personal letters.**

**"A GUARANTEE OF
WONDERFUL READING"**

HAVING PAUL TRITTON'S name on anything associated with the history of Rolls-Royce is a guarantee of wonderful reading. Paul's track record is an enviable one. Most aspects of Rolls-Royce history have received coverage down the years but not the women behind the company's key figures. It's quite a story and evokes both the belle epoque of the Edwardian decade and the freer 1920s. The human side of the Rolls-Royce story is well told here.

Tam Clarke

THE
SIR HENRY
ROYCE
FOUNDATION
AUSTRALIA

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From servant to socialite



Lover, mistress, wife and widow of
Claude Goodman Johnson, 'the Hyphen in Rolls-Royce'
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New Members

David O'Connor of Spilsby, Lincolnshire owns three cars:

1924 Silver Ghost chassis 36EM, Hooper 3 position Cabriolet (formerly owned by Brian & Wendy Fidler - see issue 67 p.30)



1928 20HP chassis GWL8, Brainsby Limousine



1929 20HP chassis GEN18, Windovers 3 position Cabriolet



Marius Jorgensen of Bergen, Norway, no car at present, he is actively looking out for one.

Welcome!

Persuade your friends to buy a pre-war R-R and propose them to Graham: gtyson@outlook.com

Opposite page: A really super picture of The Tulip Rally, organised by the late Klaas De Boer in April 2011. Klaas is far left on the second row with his wife, Luus, (who died a year ago) seated far left in the front row. With a few omissions it's: Clayton Banks, Allan Glew, Ernest van Arendonk, William Corbett, Brian Palmer, xxx, xxx, John Stuttard, Klaas, Sue Glew, Otto Raeker, xxx, Gervase Forster, Tim Forrest, Luus, Rensche Raeker, xxx, Margaret Forster, Chris Broom-Smith, Clare Corbett, Joan Palmer, Helen Banks, xxxx, xxxx. Many thanks to John Stuttard for the picture and identifying (nearly) everybody! Can anybody help with the others we can't name here? Looks like a brilliant tour.



THE 20-GHOST CLUB LIMITED REGISTERED NUMBER 5224633

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Please see the website for full contact details of our committee, directors and the Australian Chapter

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Printed by Parchments Print of Oxford, Crescent Road, Cowley, Oxford OX4 2PB

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The Forbes Report:

As our season of formal events draws to a close for this year, we can reflect on a broad range of happy and enjoyable events this year and we finally managed to complete Covid delayed tours from last year too. A particularly unique and enjoyable feature of 20-Ghost Club tours is the personal involvement and invitations from members. This has included hosting lunches at their homes (thank you to Andrew & Pippa Walker and Roland Duce this year) or gaining exclusive access to interesting places for tours to visit. This also reflects the dedication and effort of tour organisers to make their tour special. Covid has tested the resolve of tour organisers with delays and cancellations, so it has been good to actually complete these tours and for organisers to finally get the plaudits they deserve. It is the gratitude and appreciation from participants that makes the job worthwhile.

Our Autumn events started with a tour of the Peak District. After epic rain at the beginning, the weather improved dramatically and enabled us to appreciate beautiful and challenging passes and countryside each day. It is hard to believe that this lonely and dramatic landscape exists so close to Manchester and Stoke on Trent. I managed to leave my tonneau cover on my trunk when setting off for the day, but after much searching was relieved to hear that Charles Rentoul had retrieved it at the first roundabout! I must be driving more enthusiastically these days, as 10 years ago I managed to drive between house visits on an Irish Georgian tour with a cup and saucer on the running board. Taking this inside on departure, I was informed this was from the previous house!

Ashley Carmichael was tasked with finding something special for the Autumn Lunch, to refresh the

format of a hotel Sunday Lunch in a nice location. He did not disappoint, with an intriguing visit to Chavenage in Gloucestershire, hosted by the family. It was good to see Susie and Katie Forrest, together with Kay Marsh and Bryan Fitton enjoying the company of 20-G members. Ashley tells me he has another intriguing venue in planning for 2023, so more details to follow.

For 2023 we are working on some UK short events in the Summer, to complement the main Alpine and Loire tours. As soon as we have confirmed dates and venues for these, we will be sending out a full calendar of events, as we did last year. As always, these will also be on the Club website.



The first event in 2023 will be the AGM and Annual Dinner on Friday, 17 March at Stationers Hall in London. The special surroundings of one of the traditional livery halls in London have always been popular, so after 2 years of Zoom AGM's, we look forward to seeing as many as possible there. The flyer is attached and also available on the website. Do get your applications in promptly to Jo Naismith to ensure your place.

Planning for the Alpine is well advanced. Please get in touch if you are interested in joining this spectacular tour.

I wish all of you and your families a happy and peaceful Christmas and look forward to more motoring adventures in 2023.

Best wishes
Ren



Tyson Holds Forth

Graham Tyson, our membership secretary, owns a fine 1920 Silver Ghost (97AE) fitted with a touring body made by Cunard. Fearless of controversy he provides a regular source of fun, wit, and thoughtful reflection!

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, or so they say, but you have to wonder whether the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir was struggling with an incorrect prescription for his glasses. His 1933 20/25 received one-off (thank goodness!) bodywork by a company called Wylder. The only reference I can find is a 1928 advertisement for G. Wylder and Co of Kew Gardens claiming they were the largest builder of Laudalettes for the hire trade. If this is the same Wylder it seems an odd choice.



Of course, it bears comparison with that ghastly (Editor will you red pen this comment I wonder?!) [Ed: No!] one-off Rolls-Royce motor car built last year for some American singer/actor/social media 'star' for a reported £21 million. As featured in my ramblings in Issue 65 – that had a boot that transforms into a picnic table and umbrella and the Maharaja's 20/25 did the same thing – presumably to fortify him after a long day of tiger hunting. The 20/25 is believed to be in Germany – the owner is not a member.



Perhaps more controversially, I would also place the 1925 Phantom I Aerodynamic Coupe by Jonckheere in the 'ghastly' category. I have heard people say that the design is the epitome of elegance – but its not for me I'm afraid.

Same thought goes to a 1937 Phantom III Aero Coupe apparently built on a chassis that was once home to a Rippon Limousine, anyway that sold for \$473,000 at Sotheby's in 2012 – so somebody must take a different view from mine!

I suppose it really comes down to somebody with a ridiculous amount of money but no taste making an offer which cannot be refused. I also came across a 1954 long wheelbase Silver Wraith with a body by Vignale.



I realise this isn't a car from our era but it is nevertheless 'stunning'. Apparently it had a number of interesting additions including electric seats (most advanced at the time) a TV (presumably a black and white cathode tube model) but most bizarre of all: a lavatory under the back seat that dumped straight onto the road (how about that for exhaust emissions!) I wonder whether it is still around – I do hope not!

I have occasionally pondered over whether I should begin a religious sect as a way of coming up with more cash to fund a decent car collection but, frustratingly to date, my wife Sarah has put her foot down and won't let me. In the 1970's Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh owned the largest collection of Rolls-Royce cars. He had 93 of them and his devotees gave him so much money he could buy two Rolls-Royce cars per month plus the ubiquitous private jet.

The Beatles favourite spiritual Guru the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, son of a tax inspector, did pretty well. At his death he was estimated to have amassed a \$2 billion fortune, lived in a 200 room mansion, had a pink private jet and numerous Rolls-Royces. Whilst Sun Myong Moon leader of the Unification Church (aka 'The Moonies') once had his followers raise money to buy him a new Rolls-Royce. It was explained that "Father" needed this brand-new motor car to restore the souls of all the people who have owned R-Rs in history. Of course, we should have realised they needed saving eh? I suppose it includes all of us as well – you see I knew I should have started a sect...off to see if I can persuade Sarah to change her mind!

Mywordfortheissueis: QUOMODOCUNQUIZE

Vb. To make money any way possible

First documented use 1652

Example: ...“...whereof those quomodocunquizing clusterfists and rapacious varlets have given of late such cannibal-like proofs, by their inhumanity and obdurate carriage towards some...”

From The Discovery of a Most Exquisite Jewel, 1652



Left to right above: The Wylder 20/25 in a distinctive livery; the Jonckheere PI; the PIII Aero Coupe, and finally another picture Graham found of a 1947 Hooper which looks like something that might have come out of the back of the Vignale!

Just a century ago....

Herodotus casts an eye over R-R related matters within The Autocar during October - December 1922.

The new 20HP: The exciting news in early October 1922 was the launch of the 'Twenty'. The Autocar ran a 4-page feature, which was preceded by a statement explaining that no chassis had been available for them to examine and prepare an article, so the description of the outstanding features that followed had been compiled by Mr F H Royce.

Royce stated that no expense had been spared in making the parts as perfect and lasting as possible following the motto "spend as much money in the construction as can be done wisely, but not unnecessarily". He went on to say the chassis was designed to carry bodies of moderate dimensions and is capable of high road speed. He warned about fitting heavy bodies.

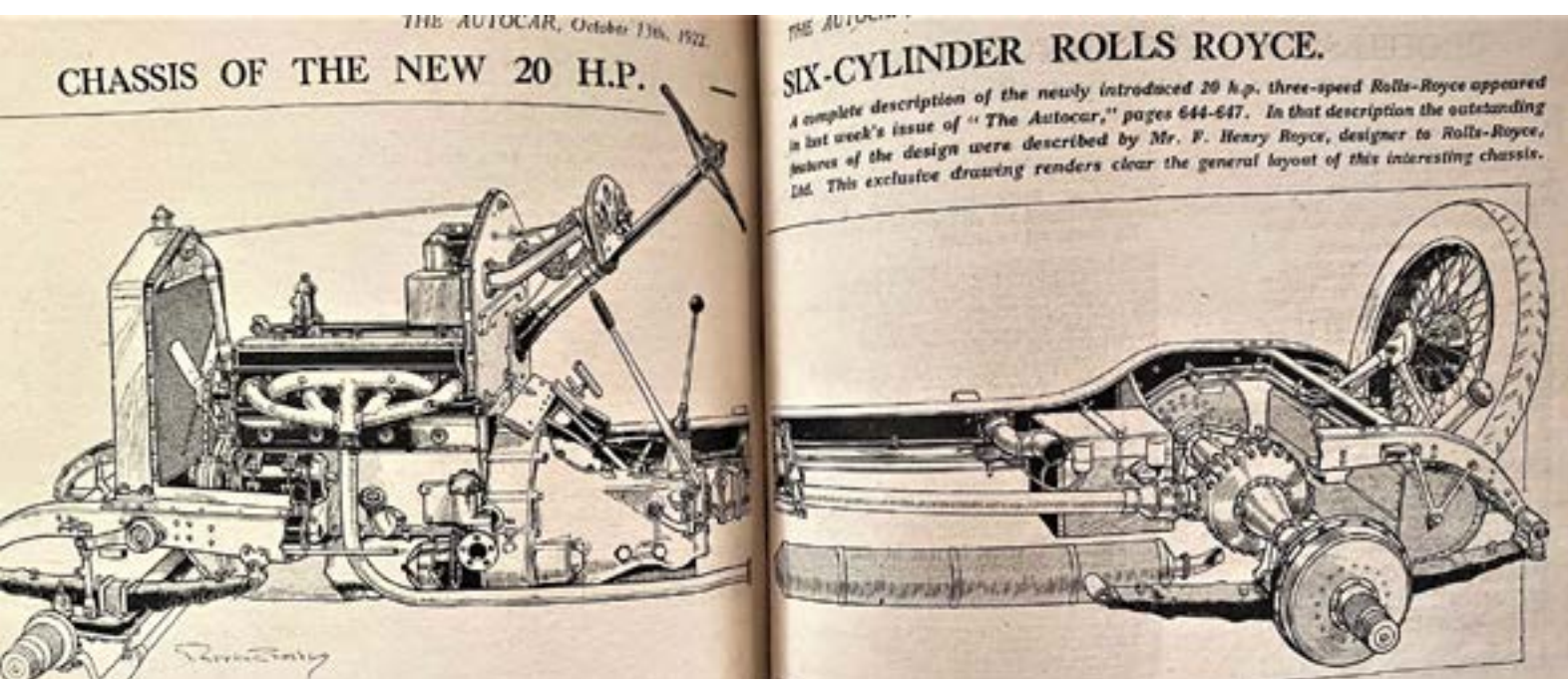
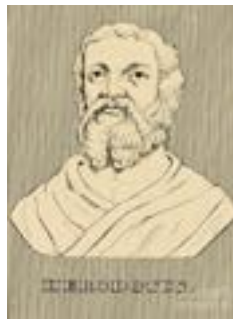
Royce remarked that the engine had been run successfully on a mixture of petrol and paraffin but he did not recommend this in general use. He went on to say that the vacuum feed tank was of extra-large capacity. Oil consumption was remarkably low at 1000 miles per gallon.

Notwithstanding the side-mounting arrangement seen on many Twenties, Royce warned that it was important to carry the spare wheel at the back of the chassis to make the rear

wheels more effectively hold the road.

This issue also featured an advertisement for the car, but apart from prices, it gave no details.

The following issue showed a drawing by Gordon Crosby of the 20HP chassis spread over two pages.



In the following week's issue of the Autocar, a correspondent who claimed to be an admirer of the 40/50HP Rolls-Royce wrote at great length to express his disappointment with the 20HP model. He listed eight features that he objected to, namely: push-rod operated valves, high oil consumption, manual radiator shutters, three-speed gearbox, no front wheel brakes, semi elliptic springs, no luggage grid and the tank-mounted petrol gauge. He explained in detail his reasons and offered his opinion of what should have been done. He did however confess that he had not yet seen a new 20HP model, let alone having tried one on the road...

This brought forth in the next issue letters by two highly indignant correspondents rushing to the defence of the new car. One said he was tempted to answer the criticisms in detail, but did not want to waste valuable space. A further issue included a letter from William Morris of Morris Motors Ltd also defending the car. Letters on this topic raged on for the next seven weeks, with over thirty being published, the majority of which were generally not critical of the car itself. 'The Cause of all the Controversy' was how the Autocar captioned a photograph of a 20HP car in Hyde Park.

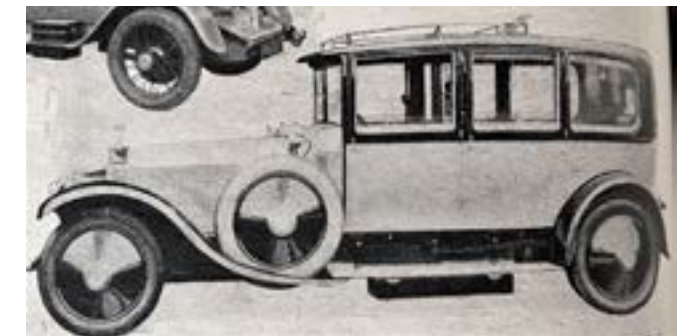


The Autocar commented that the 20HP was not exhibited at the Paris Salon, but that there was a demonstration saloon running around outside. The magazine's reporter stated he had enjoyed a short trip.

In late December a detailed article described the testing of the new 20HP Rolls-Royce. At the time the Derby works was producing ten to fifteen 20s a week and eight to twelve 40/50s. Each chassis had to develop a minimum of 52 bhp at 3000rpm, giving a petrol consumption of 22-24mpg. Every car was tested on the road for a minimum of 150 miles, but frequently this was extended to 300 miles or even more. Testing accounted for about one-third of labour costs in manufacturing the car.

The Autocar's report on the Olympia Motor Show remarked that it might have been supposed that new 20HP would be Rolls-Royce's principal model for the forthcoming year. Instead, a 40/50HP tourer took pride of place on the company's stand. It stated that it was the regret of many show visitors that the new 20HP model was not staged.

Welsh Coachwork: A seven-seater 40/50HP car built by John Norman Ltd of Cardiff for Sir Henry Webb was described as a dignified saloon.



Motorist Sultan: A brief article described HH, the Sultan of Johore, as an enthusiastic motorist and thoroughly practical owner-driver who strongly favoured British Cars. It showed photographs of him at the wheel of three of his cars, a Vauxhall, a Rolls-Royce and a Sunbeam.



Weather Protection: An article described how the evolution of hoods and side curtains, with particular reference to G R N Minchin's Rolls-Royce, was enabling sporting cars to maintain their elegance with the hood up, while keeping the occupants as snug as they would be in a closed car.



Herodotus

Longer than anybody else.

Part 3 in this final instalment Gary Richardson talks through his ownership and love for 1929 P1 81CL.

It was bustling with activity at Sotheby's New Bond Street premises on a sunny October afternoon in 1992 when my wife handed over a substantial cheque for a car that she had never even seen. Although there was an auction on that day the car we were buying had failed to sell four months earlier at Sotheby's RREC Castle Ashbury sale. Having driven hundreds of miles and seen many cars over the previous months, I had only laid eyes on 81CL for the first time, some 24 hours earlier.

So, why a Rolls-Royce and why this particular one? To answer I need to go back to the early 1970's, before I had even got a driving licence. I was influenced by my father (an engineer involved in designing everything from gearboxes in satellites to defence weapons) and with his help brought back to life numerous 2, 3 and 4 wheeled vehicles I had been given or bought for a pittance.

At 16 my first project, a 150cc motorbike, became my daily transport to school and then at 21 (in the hot summer of '76) I bought a Lotus Europa for £700! It was in a barn and took me six months to get it up and running. LOTUS: Lots of trouble usually serious (I sold it after only six weeks on the road). But the Lotus set a trend as, apart from a ubiquitous Mini, all my cars back then had either aluminium or fibreglass bodies. I owned eight Reliant Scimitar GTEs!

However in 1984, just before getting married, I moved over to steel bodies and bought a Triumph TR3a and restored it to concours condition. Some years later a 1933 MG J2 joined the Triumph.

Whilst our two boys, sitting in the back of the 847cc lightweight MG, hooted with delight as we charged up the Brooklands test hill (I am surprised

that social services didn't pay us a visit!) it became clear that we needed a 4-seater classic. The MG was duly sold but we kept the Triumph.



I had been given a set of RREC Bulletins and the mechanical excellence of R-R was beginning to draw me in. Costs initially directed me towards a closed car, most likely a 20/25, or if I were lucky a 20HP. I preferred the 1920s styling.

I went to see a 20/25 that John Coventry had for sale but he also took me out for a ride in his Phantom I. I recall that drive vividly; motoring through the open roads of Wessex, sitting up so much higher than would have been the case in a small horsepower car, effortlessly keeping up with modern traffic. It was pure joy. Poor John: he lost the 20/25 sale and convinced me that I needed a large HP car!

I had also had numerous open cars in the past and realised how much more I enjoyed them over closed cars but a large HP tourer meant dipping deeper into the piggy bank than I had originally planned. "The quality will remain long after the price is forgotten" - perhaps should read "The enjoyment will remain long after the overdraft is repaid!"

I looked at a many great cars, driving all over, but none fitted the bill.

Then, at the 1992 Beaulieu Auto Jumble I got chatting to Stewart Skilbeck of Sotheby's who gave me some old catalogues. One of these covered a sale some months earlier which had included a 1929 Phantom I dual-cowl torpedo tourer. I was very interested and discovered it had not sold. Everything took much longer in the pre-internet age, but persistence paid off, and after five weeks, arrangements were made for me to view 81CL.

When I first caught sight of the car in its shiny dark blue livery my heart took over completely from my head. It was the body style that won me over together with the detailed fettling which clearly been carried out over the years.

It was obvious to me that the car had been loved in the past if, perhaps, not recently. A broken hot spot meant it could not be started but I decided that I would take a chance and struck a deal. At last I would become the owner of a 'proper car'. Not sure if it was a case of fortune favours the brave or fools rush in where angels fear to tread? Ironically, I later found out that the broken hot spot had prevented the car from being started at the auction which is why it hadn't sold.

Anyway, my one and only viewing of 81CL led to my dear wife Karen hand-delivering the cheque to Sotheby's in Bond Street the following afternoon (I couldn't do it as I was catching up with meetings postponed from having taken time off to see the car!)

Upon delivery of this magnificent motor car to my garage I gazed in awe. But I knew enough not to rush in. It was clear that she had to be awoken slowly from some years of slumber. Firstly, I got to grips with the hot spot. As luck would have it the inner skin was undamaged and after taking heed of advice from those more familiar to such matters I decided that the volatility of modern petrol was such that I could do away with the diversion of exhaust gasses through it completely. To do this I inserted a vintage farthing back to back with a new one pence piece in the entry pipework and sealed off the return where it joined the new stainless steel exhaust. All fluids were drained and replenished and all 72 points of lubrication were addressed. It took a few months but by Christmas 1992 she was ready for an MOT. Having passed with flying colours I attended the VSCC New Year's gathering at The Phoenix Inn at Hartley Whitley.

All along the Phantom had continued, as it does today, to share its garage with the trusty TR3a. But in the late 1990s the garage was reshuffled to accommodate a Lotus 69 racing car - Jochen Rindt's actual race car from 1969 - which I stripped down, fully rebuilt, and painted.



Karen and I have enjoyed many highlights with our Rolls-Royce motorcar, but the most emotional occasion was the 1995 Royal Tournament. 81CL had the honour, along with a number of other Silver Ghosts and Phantoms, of presenting former Victoria Cross winners from across the globe to take the Royal Salute from Her Majesty the Queen. My two passengers were Bhandari Ram and Umrao Singh both VC winners from action undertaken in 1944.

The indoor practicing during the morning was quite intense and the clutch stop decided that, after 67 years of working perfectly, this was the moment to misbehave. The result was that engaging 2nd gear (I rarely use 1st) from a standstill became very noisy. My workaround was to leave it in gear, which was fine until Her Majesty stepped forward in front of 81CL to take the Royal Salute, at which point I started to imagine what life would be like in The Tower if my foot were to slip! I immediately put the car into neutral, this relieved me from the pressure of thinking that two tons of 81CL might lurch forward. But how was I going to get it back into gear?!

If I can set the scene, there I was in front of several thousand spectators, near centre stage with two enormous BBC Cameras, which like the Mona Lisa, had eyes only for me (so it seemed). I reduced the governor to as low a tick-over as I dare and depressed the clutch pedal long before the time when we were due to majestically (and silently) sweep our occupants around the arena for one last time. What a relief it was when the biggest drums in the band gave a rousing drumroll, loud enough to drown out the gnashing of my precious cogs and allowing me to pull away as planned. Although

friends in the audience said that everybody watching was blissfully unaware of my predicament, it ranks high in my all-time stressful situations.

Fortunately my dad came to the rescue and 81CL took up residence in his double garage while he mended the offending clutch-stop. All that trouble due to such a small item (see right).



I hope that I am not tempting fate when I say that in 30 years I have never had a "failure to proceed". I have broken an inner valve spring (happily there are two springs on each valve) on my way back from attending a Technical Seminar at the Hunt House. Thankfully there is a special tool available that you insert into one of the two spark plug holes that allows the valve to be held in place while the springs are replaced. I took the opportunity to replace all 12 felt valve stem seals. I also had the electrical control box fail, which in turn led to a generator failure, but again the way our wonderful cars are designed, the magneto brought me home

once the battery had gone flat. One swing of the starting handle and 81CL sprung to life as easily as pressing the starter button.

So, after all these years what can I say about our relationship? It's been most satisfactory. I haven't made any changes and to look at the car it's the same as when I bought it. I was lucky that items like the hood and paintwork were new when I acquired her. Yes,

she drinks a bit more than I would like and has expensive tastes but I have been rewarded with a vehicle created from engineering excellence and the very best materials. I get huge pleasure from doing my own maintenance and repairs. When the dynamo burnt out and the manuals urged against delving into the internal workings, I almost treated it as a challenge. The satisfaction achieved, when the rebuilt item was returned to the car and the amp meter confirmed that all was again satisfactory, was immense.

Have I any tips to share, well yes:

1. Never skimp on servicing, there are a number of items that need to be addressed every 500 miles!
2. Use the very best materials, not just the oils but think about things like the water you use in the cooling system. I use rainwater carefully collected in a clean water butt and this together with the right antifreeze is changed on a regular basis.
3. Somebody once told me that chauffeurs "back in the day" would put a thin coin under the pilot jet when first starting the car from cold and immediately after switching from the starting carburettor. I find this gives me easy starting every time and allows me to get off the starting carb' as quickly as possible.
4. Yes, modern fuels will vaporise in the Autovac if you leave the system as designed. Fuels of the 1920s were very different from those of the 2020s. I have a stainless shield to deflect the radiant heat from the exhaust and the pipes are lagged in the bonnet space.
5. Whilst on fuels, I have fitted a modern fuel tap between the Autovac and carburettor. I make a habit of turning this off and letting the car run dry at the end of my usage. The advantage of not leaving fuel to evaporate in the carb and leaving that horrible ethanol gunge offsets the momentary period of lean burning of the engine as it stops.

I took early retirement a few years back and like our very own Graham Tyson take great pleasure in doing some serious DIY, we have completely remodelled what was our holiday home in Swanage, Dorset to its new function as our permanent home. I now have the time to pursue my passion for sailing and boating. I volunteer as a Safety Officer with my local RNLI station and teach sailing at our local sailing club. Honestly, I don't drive 81CL as much as I would like these days but I have thoroughly enjoyed completing the research for this series of articles.

In finishing I should mention a mystery that perhaps a member can solve. In an idle moment I Googled my chassis number and registration. Imagine my surprise to find a scale model, one of a series of 20, of my car offered on a well-known auction website. Looking closely I realised that it was not just another Phantom 1 but an accurate copy of 81CL produced in 2005/6, even incorporating the changes made by Colin Crabbe all those years ago! Has anybody else seen copies of their cars? Lord knows how they got the information and detail in order to produce such an accurate replica?



Opposite page top right: The Richardson stable - 1961 TR3A, 2010 MX5 (now with son Thomas), 1951 BSA B33 500cc, and 81CL

Conserving our Heritage: Part 3: Jack O' Lantern - Lawrence of Arabia

By Harrison Royce, photos by Rick Ford & other contributors

One day in 1961, a film company scout called in at the Jack O' Lantern Garage: *'We're making a film featuring old Rolls-Royce cars. No-one in the London trade has them. They recommended you down here in the wilds - ridiculous of course!'* Mrs Bates made him a cup of coffee and Wade led him to the workshop, passing a row of Silver Ghosts. The visitor stopped in his tracks, slack of jaw, *'But are those Ghosts?'* *'All but one'* replied Wade. The film scout asked if he could use the telephone. Eventually he reached the Art Director, John Box, who told him to book into an hotel for the night and that Box's assistant would be down first thing in the morning to report.

So began a most educational two-year relationship with the multi-million dollar movie production *Lawrence of Arabia* produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by David Lean. The film company's shopping list was initially quite demanding, six pre-WW1 Ghosts to create two tourers, two armoured tenders and two armoured cars to be built with ply-wood bodies and *'could you also supply five period motorcycles, one a combination. All to be in running condition and available on call at all times!'*

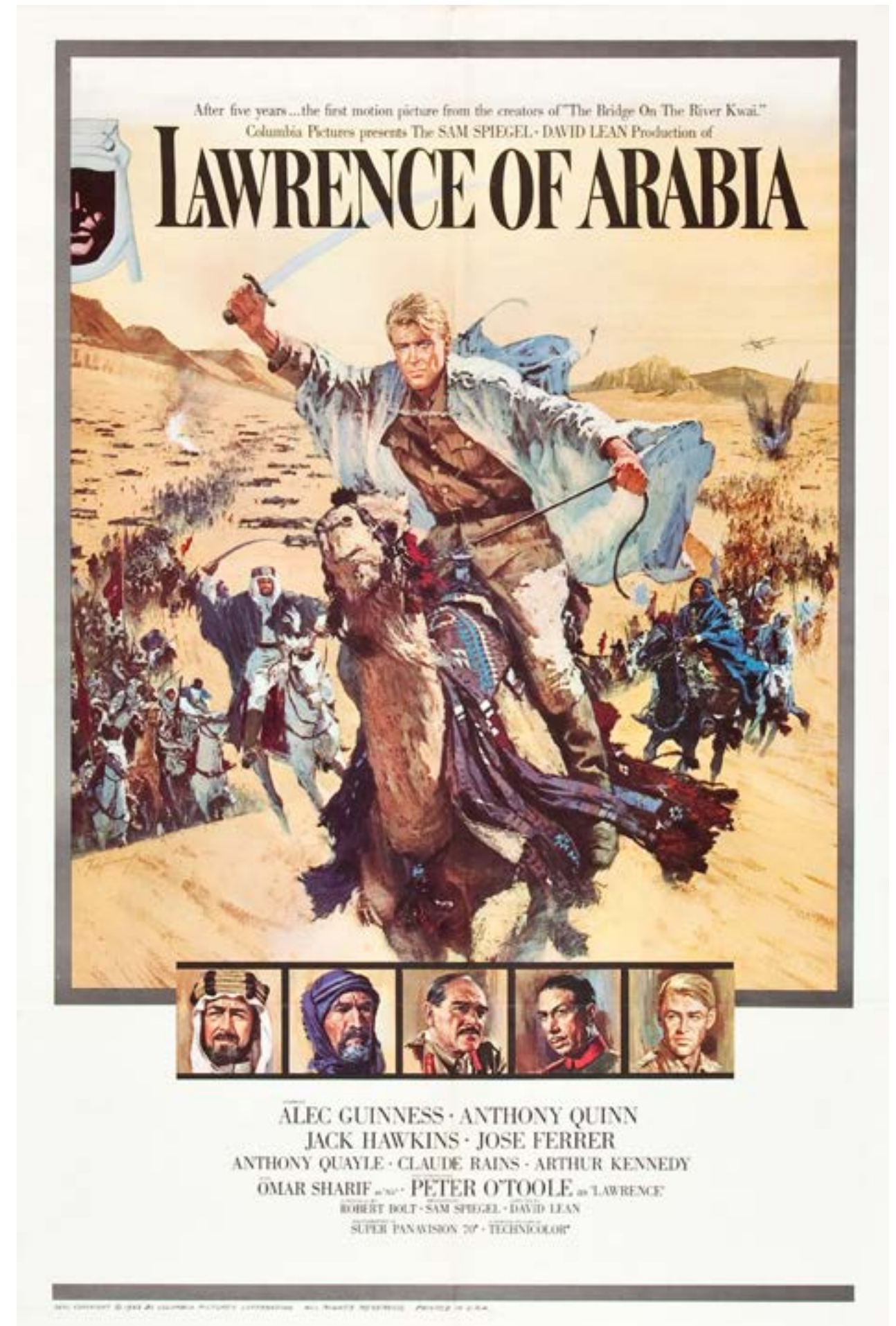
Having explained the different features and the lack of availability of pre-WW1 chassis compared to the later cars, Wade suggested otherwise.



Above: 82EM converted into an armoured car by the Challenge Engineering Works.

He recommended 1920s chassis for the Tourers on beaded-edge wheels and the armoured cars to be built with steel plate since ply bodies travelling over rough desert terrain would shake and not look realistic on camera. Wade knew the, recently demolished, Romsey Town gasometer meant that steel plate was readily available locally. He also insisted that three-ton armoured cars should be later chassis fitted with four-wheel brakes, as previous experience of chaotic location filming dictated that the cars needed to be able to stop easily. The two open tenders were put on hold as they could be built quickly to order, if needed. He concluded his advice by saying *'Oh, of course you will have to send out staff to the desert to maintain this fleet of specialist vehicles.'* So, Rick Ford, alone was assigned to fill this role with his visa for The Royal Hashemite Kingdom of The Jordan dated 7th June 1961.

The vehicles were prepared following a detailed study of plans of the bodywork of armoured cars provided by the Imperial War Museum and the Royal Tank Regiment's Bovington Museum. The Moody Brothers at Challenge Engineering had dismantled the Romsey gasometer and now they dressed the two 1924 Silver Ghost chassis (82EM and 68RM) in steel plate and sent out the finished military vehicles to Jordan by sea.



Jordan had not yet developed its tourist industry and the conditions were testing for the production team, with for example, a Dakota aircraft having to fly in twice daily to bring fresh water. Sometime later Sam Spiegel arrived in a lavishly furnished yacht which was anchored off-shore. He called all the major players on board and announced. *'Costs are out of control. Either this is the end of Lawrence, or we re-locate to friendlier climes.'* Director David Lean (pointing below) protested that the magnificent desert scenery could not be found anywhere else, but was over-ruled although was given an extension of a few weeks to record the most important scenes.



The production team and camera crew decamped to Seville in Spain. They were joined in due course by the two armoured cars, which arrived on flat bed railway trucks, suffering from a surfeit of Middle Eastern desert sand. One of the two tourers (34PE) arrived directly from England and being driven around town, were much appreciated by the local populace. The second tourer (18NE) remained in the UK as back-up and was never used in the film. The three Silver Ghosts on location were joined by the motorcycles: two Douglas, two Triumphs and a splendid BSA Combination. Rick is seen below right on location in Spain.



The filming began. The warrior machines were not needed in the Seville scenes but 34PE, in green livery, was used extensively in the takes in the city.

The Art Director, John Box, announced that had found a 'patch of sand' in the south at Almeria in Andalucía. So, the remaining desert scenes, left over from the hasty departure from Jordan, were filmed there.

As Rick Ford later recalled, *'These monsters gave absolutely no trouble in service, except during one battle in the desert. I drove 68RM at high speed across the rough desert with my machine gunner hanging on for dear life above my left shoulder, his head and shoulders in the turret with the Vickers gun. I came to a sliding stop, and he let rip at the Turks ... blanks of course. One of the many spent shells flying around the noisy hell that was the spartan interior dropped into the clutch housing and locked solid the leather cone clutch. Fortunately, the 'take' was a good one and 'Print it!' was followed by 'It's a wrap!' I still remember vividly the twenty mile drive back to Almeira with a solid clutch. The car was not easy to drive in any event due to the restricted vision. In one small village a pressurized fire extinguisher rolled from the cabin and exploded on the road, to the consternation of the villagers and the panic of the livestock ... I didn't stop.'*

Above: 34PE in Seville (the 20HP mascot was acquired from a taxi driver who had it on his Chevrolet!)

Right upper: The Warriors at speed.

Right lower: Jack Hawkins as General Allenby in 34PE with 68RM behind.



According to Rick, the touring cars (34PE and 18NE) were much more fun. The design of these four seaters was austere but strictly to the photographs of the actual car used by General Allenby. They were built by Chris Martin of Basingstoke. The car used in the film, as mentioned above, was the 1920 Silver Ghost (34PE). It was originally built as an Open Tourer for George Granville Sutherland, the 5th Duke of Sutherland. Later, it was acquired by the Jack O' Lantern Garage as a breakdown truck with a small baggage area behind what had been a Litchfield two-seater Fixed Head Coupé. In addition to being used in the film, 34PE was the staff car and became Rick Ford's personal transport regularly carrying David Lean, Freddie Young and Peter O'Toole.





Above: the real T.E. Lawrence (1888-1935) in a Silver Ghost

After filming in Almeira, the next location was Ouarzazate in Morocco, beyond the High Atlas Mountains, to which 34PE was shipped in a crate and Rick flew by DC3. Despite the temperature climbing on occasions to 50 degrees centigrade, 34PE never missed a beat, although Rick's backside had more than one uncomfortable experience when climbing into the driver's seat after the car had been sweltering in the Saharan sun.

On his return from filming in Spain, Rick was asked to drive one of the armoured cars to London for film publicity purposes at an exhibition in Olympia and at the Odeon cinema in Leicester Square. This gave him another one-off experience – driving a Silver Ghost armoured car in central London traffic including the Hyde Park underpass.

Lawrence of Arabia was nominated for ten Oscars at the 35th Academy Awards in 1963; it won seven, including Best Picture and Best Director. It also won the Golden Globe Award for Best Motion Picture and the BAFTA Awards for Best Film and Outstanding British Film. The film is widely regarded as one of the greatest and most influential films ever made. In 1991, it was deemed 'culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant' by the United States Library of Congress and selected for preservation in the National Film Registry. In 1999, the British Film Institute named the film the third-greatest British film of all time. In 2004, it was voted the best British film of all time in a *Sunday Telegraph* poll of Britain's leading filmmakers. Undoubtedly the period Rolls-Royce motor cars, duly fitted out to match the occasion, contributed to the historical authenticity of the Great War scenes in the desert.

After completion of the filming life must have felt quite ordinary and Rick returned to restoration work at the garage but, in 1963, he decided it was time for pastures new. He accepted a job as a photographer with the Cunard Line, operating out of Southampton, and sailed with many ships including the *Queen Mary*, the *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Mauretania* and the *RMS Caronia*, known as the 'Green Goddess' because of her unique livery of four different shades of 'Cruising Green', making her a highly attractive and instantly recognizable vessel. From his role with the Cunard Line, in 1968, Rick joined IBM at Hursley Park, Hampshire as a photographer, which involved yet more transatlantic crossings.

The era of the magical Jack O'Lantern ended but the name lives on within the history of numerous, wonderful, Rolls-Royce motor cars; as well as many films: most notably the stunning epic *Lawrence of Arabia*. Why not go and re-watch it now?



Above: Anthony Quinn, Peter O'Toole and Omar Sharif look like they mean business!

Thanks, in particular, to Rick Ford for his help in writing this article and providing so many photos of the Jack O'Lantern and the cars which passed through their hands.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aXPdaIanaz8>

<http://www.rick-ford.co.uk>

"Yes! We've got it!"

Andy Wood chats to the editor about the first Rolls-Royce motorcar he and Paul ever bought: 1932 20/25 GZU17

Recently, I visited P&A Wood's fabulous showroom and workshop at Great Easton near Dunmow where Andy Wood and I got chatting....

"After our parents separated I was living up in Nottingham with my mother whilst my twin, Paul, had to stay in London with my father. I finished school and joined Rolls-Royce in Hucknall Nottingham straightaway. To save on the bus fare I bought a James Cadet motorcycle for £5. It was a horrid thing but every day when I got to the factory I would take off one screw, or a nut and bolt, or some other component, and take it inside. There I would clean it up and go and get it re-cadmium plated. That evening I would screw the part back on and ride home to mother. As a result I ended up with a rather fine motorbike which I managed to sell it for £25. With all that money I bought a Bond Minicar. I remember taking mother round the Peak District but the Bond's carburettor was gravity fed and it wouldn't go up hills. Going backwards up the hills was the only thing to do but mother wasn't impressed!

Later on, in about 1963, I managed to get a transfer to the Rolls-Royce London Factory at Hythe Road. Once I was there I lobbied hard to go into their pre-war department becoming their final apprentice in that section. Some of the old-stagers who had been around when the cars had been new were still there so I really did learn from the best and saw every aspect of the mechanical rebuild.

But the best part of the move back to London meant that Paul and I were reunited - thank goodness. Paul was working in a bodyshop called 'On The Spot Car Services' in Leytonstone and as I developed my role on the mechanical side of things so he began to focus on coachwork and, of course, later on sales.

When we were very young we had bought old vans and did them up as well as a lovely old Austin 7 but we knew that working on Rolls-Royces was going to be our future.

So we were living in digs in Leytonstone - not a great area at the time - and at the bottom of the road was this old, very unloved, Rolls-Royce 20/25. Its tyres were flat and it was covered in a couple of years' worth of leaves. But it was a Park Ward saloon - we knew it could be lovely. Anyway, having walked past the car on lots of occasions we finally left a note on the windscreen asking if we could buy it. The owner made contact and of course it was Paul who did the deal. The price was £60 which we didn't have so it meant I had to sell my Bond Minicar to raise the cash. I recall that I was at the London Motorshow and had made a plan to meet Paul by the Rolls-Royce stand. He arrived and said "Yes! We've got it!" I will never forget that moment.

But at the point we bought the Rolls-Royce we were too young to drive it so Paul's governor's son drove it up the road after we had pumped up the tyres.



Then I set to work repairing it on the road. I remember changing the slipper drive and being up to my knees in snow during that terrible winter of 1963.

Having got it running and reached the age where we could drive it the next problem was how to afford the petrol and the insurance. We went everywhere with as big a group of mates as we could muster so that everybody chipped in for petrol and then we could insure the car for one month in a year - which was something you could do at that time. A great gang of us went to Scotland in it and I recall we clocked 70mph at Glencoe! One of the boys had an old cine-camera and there's a film somewhere with the dashboard shaking like mad as we hit 70!



But we made the car run really well and made the engine look nice. Then we took the car to RREC events and left the bonnet open. Members came and looked at it and that was the start of people beginning to ask us to do things for them.

After a year or so we put the 20/25 into an auction and it sold well but that was the car that really got us started in the business.

We had a succession of small garage workshops - Norton Heath near Ongar where we would work all day and then all night by the light of a Tilley Lamp. And then at a garage and barn at Morton which also housed an old traction engine. It was just a dirt floor and you had to lie down plywood sheets to jack up the cars. We bought, repaired, and sold all sorts of cars back then and I remember you could pick up a MkVI Bentley for £25. Once I was driving a lovely two-door James Young Bentley only to see the passenger door vanishing into the distance in my rear-view mirror!

By then we lived in a caravan behind the workshop which was great fun although it made "courting" slightly challenging. I remember working to the small hours thinking I couldn't go back into the caravan because Paul's girlfriend's car was outside. Eventually I was too tired to work any longer and grumpily banged on the door only to find they had gone out!



Back then we also thought we should look at other makes and toyed with Aston Martins for a while. What with James Bond I was expecting the Astons to be the ultimate in precise control but in fact they were very crude by comparison to Rolls-Royce. I think the end of that relationship came when I realised the track-rod ends were from a Morris Minor. Astons proved to be disappointing cars and we stopped doing them.

Our first proper premises were in Great Bardfield in Essex where we had a 350-year-old house with the ground floor converted into a two-car showroom. By then we had been able to build up a bit of a reputation and Bernard Preston of Rolls-Royce came to see us and offered us a dealership which was just amazing. It was sometime after that I heard that Rolls-Royce were thinking of restoring AX-201. I wrote to the company and said "please let us do it"...and they did! I think that put P&A Wood on the map; it was a huge accolade for us.

We also rebuilt a Phantom III for one of our best customers and that has also given us a bit of a name for specialising in those cars. In fact, just at the moment, we have five PIIs in the workshop. I recall Stanley Sears coming to see me and asking that we speed up his PIII so he could drive at 100mph. We raised the compression and more or less got it to 100mph and it would cruise all day at 90. I remember powering down the M3 overtaking everything else and getting some funny looks from the 'reps' in their company cars as I sailed past in a 1930s three ton Phantom. A PIII has the best suspension of any pre-war car. It is truly a true magic carpet ride, rather better than, say, a more modern Silver Spirit or Spur. But Phantom IIIs are complex cars and you can sense the complication when you're driving them. They are not like a Silver Ghost which is both refined and simple.

I think a Silver Ghost has to be my favourite car but other than that a Bentley MkVI. I currently drive a Silver Dawn (small boot) to work each day – a manual rather than an auto. The only problem with the MkVI type of car is the heavy steering but I have added roller bearings in the bottom of the kingpins to lighten the steering. Some people, these days, fit electric power steering which is quite a cheap thing to do but as a

result the car loses its precise feel to the steering and the steering column controls. I don't approve.

I'm a R-R man through and through but I do think that when W O Bentley built the 8-litre Bentley he probably built the best car in the world. That's not an easy thing for me to say; but the engine is so smooth. At 100mph it will still be pulling and will still be smooth at a point when most Phantom IIs will be a shivering jelly! Although a Rolls-Royce Phantom II is a real charm too.

One car I never liked was the Twenty. I always thought they were slow and under-powered but recently I bought one. A chap was selling it in Athens and it had been restored years ago by Mr Archer – another well-known restorer who worked very close to us in Great Bardfield. He was known mainly for Vauxhall 30-98s. The price was right and I thought, well if Mr Archer has done it, then it should be okay, so I bought it. It's a standard box saloon, nothing special, but I have completely revised my opinion of these cars. They are indeed slower than the large horsepower Rolls-Royces but they are lighter and their suspension set up makes them faster and nimble on more difficult road surfaces. You don't have to slow down so much on a bumpy road. It's been brilliant; the best buy you could get. It goes like a Swiss Watch and I've fallen in love with it.

Last year my daughter Louise and I drove AX-201 on the 20-GC Scottish Tour and that was a real joy. There were some brilliant roads although we took down the 'worst' road that I think I have ever encountered. It was from Loch Ness to Need (near Lochinvar). A single track, very cambered with the edges on both sides breaking away and a sheer drop. Not a road that I would ordinarily wish to drive one of the world's most valuable cars along – but we did! AX-201 is only three speed but has a fourth speed overdrive and certainly got a move on during the Scottish rally – we didn't hang around.

Paul owned a wonderful cottage near Loch Ness and although he didn't know it when he bought it, one of the bridges was a bridge travelled over during the original Scottish Reliability Trial. During the 20-GC tour we managed to park AX-201 on Paul's bridge and got a great photo of Paul and AX-201. That's a golden photograph for me.



A couple of days before he died Paul had bought an old Rover and he took me for a spin. As usual he drove it with his normal enthusiasm – far too fast in my opinion – but Paul was always a brilliant driver. I remember we had a smashing chat about the business as we always did. Paul was a business genius and he always found the money to do any business expansion we needed. All I had to do was the mechanical work and that made me very happy. Everybody knows about Paul's collection of Austin 7s – he ended up with eleven of them. It goes to show that you don't need a R-R to enjoy pre-war motoring; an Austin 7 gives you all the fun and goes like the wind especially the early fabric bodied cars with magnetos. The day after I saw him he was zooming about in one with the grandchildren and they had a whale of a time.

Today, Paul's daughter Georgina and my daughter Louise are the future of P&A Wood and are both excellent. We all treasure the amazing reputation

we have and so much of that is down to Paul. The other day I was reading a lovely letter about him from one of our customers who is an Indian Maharajah. Are we really as good as they think we are? It's difficult to believe but we are genuinely enthused and try to do everything we can to be perfect. It's a case of looking at any job, checking for anything that might let it down, and going into the detail to fix it and get it right.

Back in 2004 a good man came to work for us – Maxim Grillet from Belgium. Maxim mentioned that his father owned a 20/25 and showed me a picture. Well would you believe that it was the very same car as the one we bought for £60 all those years ago – the one that got us started. Anyway, he has very kindly loaned it to us and its wonderful having it back here again. I did laugh because 60 years ago when we first had the car I put a GB plate on the back slightly crooked – it's still on there today and still wonky! Let's go and have a look at it!"



The line up at Tedworth Square, SW3 on 14th September 2022 (see Last Word on p.62):

Left to right: Charles Armitage's push bike, John & Mary Narvell's 1931 PII 67GX; Simon Tindall's 1926 20HP GUK50; Johnnie & Bella's 1929 20HP GFN80 'The Doctor'; Greg & Patricia Leniston's 1935 PII Continental 36UK; Miles and Jane Preston's 1933 20/25 GHA37; Nick Whitaker's 1935 PIII 3AZ168; Charles Rentoul's 1933 PII Continental 118MY.

The Club's 2022 Autumn Lunch

Ashley and Adrienne Carmichael organised a superb day.



You need a few specific ingredients to make the perfect 20-Ghost event: A stately pile to visit is fairly key, decent food obviously, usually some sort of exclusivity (opening just for us - sort of thing), but then there is something else which is slightly tricky to put your finger on. And it's that final ingredient, the magic ingredient you might call it, that makes our events different from the run of the mill.

Staying with the food analogy what tasting notes would we give that final spice - a new sort of nutmeg perhaps - that gives our events that distinct 20-Ghost flavour? Quirkiness is probably a good place to start, but add enthusiasm, a level of knowing comfortable friendship plus a sprinkle of self-deprecation.....oh and wit. Don't forget the wit!

Our Autumn Lunch this year at Chavenage House had the magic ingredient. And with Ashley and Adrienne Carmichael's organisation we had the perfect chefs as well.

Chavenage is a very fine country home. It is perhaps the archetypal English country house. No point in reciting the history here have a look at www.chavenage.com. Recently they've used it for lots of filming - notably Ross Poldark's home in the BBC series....rather a long way from Cornwall but when you're there you can see that it made sense.

The Lowsley-Williams family came to live at Chavenage at the tail end of the 19th Century and have been there ever since. After our elevenses of tea and bacon butties, we were split into two groups and given the tour by brother and sister team David and Caroline L-W. They were excellent - it is so much better to have the owners tell you about their home than a normal guide - however well informed.

After the tour we enjoyed some fizz and then sat down to a really slap-up and delicious lunch cooked by Joanna L-F.

Chavenage has about a millenium's worth of history and the cumulative age of our cars in front of the house added a further 1,000 years or so. A truly great day.



Opposite top: Gervase and Margaret Forster arrive in 1921 SG 60NE.
Opposite below: Katie Forrest with 1912 SG 2154 'Nellie' and the Maltins
(Tim, Charlotte, Anna and Aubrey arrive in 1937 25/30 GHO49.

The 2022 Peak District Tour

In early September we enjoyed a short tour of the Peak District. The few days away kicked off with a lunch at Roland Duce's house, Thurgarton Priory. As you can imagine Roland was the perfect host; we ate in this orangery where he laid on great food and also allowed us to fawn over his very special collection of cars.

After lunch we motored an hour north for a tour at Haddon Hall before moving on again to our hotel The Cavendish Hotel at Baslow which did us proud for our time away.





Sisters at Christmas

Mary Narvell's play, in one act. A tale of sibling rivalry!

Our Players: Phoebe, a 1931 Phantom II Continental Sedan Coupe, and Winifred, a 1939 Wraith Sports Saloon.

The Scene: a London garage, the year is unclear. There are paper-chains and a sprig of holly on the handle of an oil can. The sounds of a trailer packing up outside and driving away can be heard as Winifred is wheeled into the garage alongside her sister.

Phoebe: Good to see you again dear, it's been a while. Not just a little nip and tuck to the undercarriage this time I think? More of a full blown restoration - yes?

Winifred [crossly]: It is simply improper for a lady to shimmy. I can't vibrate like some loose woman. It was inevitable any corrective ministrations would be lengthy. No Wraith should ever wobble.

Phoebe [smirking]: Oh don't overheat, darling, although so much for your welded chassis supposedly mitigating the shudders. My rivets might just be superior to your blobs of weld after all. Or perhaps you just prefer it off the road... to on.

Winifred: Poppycock! I perform brilliantly and am considered distinguished by my effortless handling. None of your heavy steering for me or that ridiculous double clutching! My synchromesh enables me to float through gear changes silently and smoothly. I am a swan.

Phoebe [with sacasasm]: A swan you say - I think you mean duckling Winny; you are a weakling. Gutless is the word they use although I find it rather ungenteel. Sadly, you just don't have the torque heritage of a Ghost....you poor thing.

Winifred: I think you'll find I'm made of perfectly stern stuff - my driver merely selects the correct gear for the speed of travel - your problem is that to engage a lower ratio at speed is nigh on impossible.

Phoebe: Or your drivers are too fainthearted to shift! Mine crave the control in each gear change. Yours are so cosseted they could be driving from their lounge sitting on a davenport. It's racy vs sedate. Any enthusiast will tell you there is

nothing like the view over my bonnet. My driver practically touches the surface of the road with every Continental kilometre. Look how I settle into any curve. It's all down to my low-slung suspension and shorter rear axle. Add my stiffer five leaf springs and you have the definition of sporty.

Winifred: It's at this point you normally mention your jolly clever shock dampers invented by Andre Hartford - ho hum!

Phoebe: Ah, Andre. I remember him well. Dashing fellow. Now he could turn a head or two just like my chassis. No one could say I am staid.

Winifred: What you label staid and sedate, I prefer to call dignified and serene. I garner just as much admiration as you. And when a head turns my way, it isn't because my exhaust system is exploding. You really should review your diet and consider additives. Or just drink less! There! I said it! Your emissions are foul. That soot is unseemly.

Phoebe: I am not ashamed of an occasional backfire. It proves I am combusting. I am generations beyond the horseless carriage, yet still deliver that initial thrill of motoring. At least I don't need those nappies under me for oil leaks like someone else I know. You are 8 years my junior yet incontinent.

Winifred: Really, Phoebe! Some decorum, please. I can't help that my automatic lubrication has been tweaked several times but never seems to improve. It is but a minor lapse in stellar deportment.

Phoebe: Deportment, decorum - translation, dull, Winnie. Where's your engine rev, your hum? You barely emit a sound. Oh dear sister, that might be cruising but it certainly isn't driving. My high compression upgrade means I power along the flat and laugh in the face of an incline. It's just my genealogy. you see. I am pure Royce proudly sporting my red badge pedigree as proof.

Winifred: Well, if you prefer to be mired in the past, so be it. I represent innovation. In the few years between us, advancements were huge.

Synchromesh is essential. My independent coil sprung front suspension, anti-roll bar, and brakes assisted by the engine driven mechanical servo all contribute to my superior handling. My horsepower might be deemed 'small' but my motor flies, unencumbered by an over-weight seven-litre belly. Have you looked at yourself in the mirror recently sweetie?

Phoebe: You honestly can't be bragging about your suspension, dear? It is from a Packard! Talk about cushy. Why that Soft/Firm lever on your steering column is proof our cousins across the pond are wusses. You are all about the passenger. Your unfettered smoothness and elevated seats emphasise the ride is paramount. I was created for the driver itching to ditch the stodgy chauffeur and take to the road.

Winifred: What a palaver! Who can pay attention to the route when worrying about monitoring your temperature gauge? I almost never overheat because my thermostat automatically controls my radiator shutters. Your driver must constantly fiddle that annoying grill louvre lever. Your rudimentary lack of automation would even make me "hot under the bonnet".

Phoebe: There is nothing wrong with being hot blooded. I have a pulse. You lull your driver to sleep with nothing to do but turn the steering wheel. Admit it - you are Rolls-Royce light. No Ghost driver would come within a running board of you.

Winifred: Rolls-Royce light?

Phoebe: A Wraith is the purest example of polishing all the rough out of the diamond. Stylists created you, not engineers. You have none of the rugged essence of the Ghost - it has been innovated out of you. I represent the perfect balance in the evolution of the marque. I champion the spirit of speed while retaining the ethos that driving is a marvelous adventure. I have just the right amount of improvement without losing the magic and mystery of Rolls-Royce engineering. You resemble a colour enhanced ruby: Fancy but no fire. I have soul. A purist drives me, never a poseur.

Winifred: You do prattle on, Phoebe. I am every bit the quintessential badge wearer as you. Mind you, dear Sir Henry was renowned for transformative engineering. He revolutionised

motoring. Recall his words: "Take the best that exists and make it better." I am the outcome of that statement. Look at my fuel pumps if you need proof of reliability through invention. No Autovac falderal here with its annoying perpetual pinging. Just another example of how antiquated you are.

Phoebe: Again, I despair at your zero understanding of mechanics. It's no fault of yours or an insult. A monkey could drive you. Turn the ignition and Go. No advance and retard. Automation is mindless, not skilled. Besides, my Autovac was already a progression over earlier models. I have a dedicated vacuum pump guaranteeing me constant, continuous vacuum pressure.

Winifred: Hmm - well what about all those "failures to proceed". From where I'm parked, reliability is alluring. My carburettor "fires on all cylinders". The innovations you deride as so-called 'RR Light' mean my driver's experience is surely rather less interrupted than yours.

[The Sisters regard each other in silence for some moments.]

Phoebe [wearily]: Oh darling, must we always bicker so? It is jolly tiresome. And you know it is ridiculous when we share so much.

Winifred [fondly]: Of course dear sister - I hate it when we fight so. We must uphold Henry Royce's maxim: "Quidvis recte factum quamvis humile praeclarum - Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble." And we are noble!

Phoebe: "Strive for perfection in everything you do." What a marvellous man. And if I am honest, Winifred, you know I am more than a little jealous of your elegance and dignity. You are practically flawless darling.

Winifred: Well I so wish I had your passion, your "drive". "Passion drives perfection". Let's revel in our differences while taking pride in our illustrious shared pedigree. We are both Rolls-Royces after all and that means we are both sublime.

Phoebe: Spot on dear sister. I mean...perish the thought if he'd bought Bentleys!

[Curtain falls to laughter]



The Twenty at 100

John Fasal laid on a splendid day. Peter Vacher reports.

John Fasal, better known as 'Mr. Twenty', was hardly going to allow the date of 6th October 1922 to pass without throwing a great party for 20HP aficionados and their motor cars. On Saturday 8th of the month, the nearest day to the announcement in the pages of 'Autocar', owners were most generously invited to John's home in Hertfordshire for a grand picnic.

The weather on the Friday was pretty dire which must have put quite a number of owners off any ideas of venturing out. Over thirty enthusiasts responded but on the day 20 cars appeared on what turned out to be a beautiful sunny day.

Bob Roberts from Australia brought GUK76 complete with trailer. Also there was GEN45, the well known James Young saloon owned for decades by the late Commander Hugh Keller and now with Richard Edgell, as well as Rob and Jane Pedler's GSK80 Barker tourer, another of the cars from the early formation of the 20-Ghost Club. Simon and Angie Slaffer came from Jersey. Ralph Bunger who resides in Seville was present with his recently acquired ex Indian polished aluminium Barker tourer 66H9.

The owners of the early Twenty 85K8 John and Catherine Hickman were so taken by the pleasure they derived from meeting so many like-minded enthusiasts that they plan to hold a similar event next year!

Peter Vacher enlightened an audience to the extravagant specification, including assorted horns, which adorn his 1925 ex Maharaja of Bharatpur's Windovers polished aluminium cabriolet on chassis GSK15. It is a most remarkable car, combining purdah conveyance for ladies of the court, with, in the open configuration, providing transport for His Highness' guests on shikar.



Colin Hughes, the doyen of Club car photography was present to record the day on camera, even commenting that the light was too bright on the day! *[Ed: Thank you to Colin for all the pictures.]* It was a delight that the font of all knowledge on the history of Rolls-Royce, Tom Clarke, joined the proceedings.

A marquee provided guests with refreshments. Bernard King set up his stall selling the latest of his publications. '100 years of the ROLLS-ROYCE 20 H.P.' by Ben Grew and Bernard King. It was good to see Ben and Adrienne at the celebration.

Like so many enjoyable occasions the day passed so quickly and John and Tara were touched by the many letters of appreciation and thanks for holding this event. The older custodians of our favourite cars compared the atmosphere to the more intimate rallies held in the earlier days of the Club.

Many who came enjoyed seeing the Indian Durbar Hall that John created in the central barn of Bury Farm, opened in September 2012 by the Grandson of King George V, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and members of Indian Royalty.

After a few words of welcome John and Peter Vacher cut two large cakes mounted on an appropriate Twenty mock-radiator. We must record our thanks to Andrew Ball of Rolls-Royce Motors for their sponsorship, Johnnie Gallop of the 20-Ghost Club and Tom Jones of the RREC for their support.

John Fasal is one of the die-hard enthusiasts who has owned his 1922 Twenty 42G0 for more than 50 years. All those present were so grateful to John and his family for providing a memorable day among friends and 'The best car in the world'.



Previous page: Peter Vacher with 1926 GSK15; John Fasal celebrates in style!
This page: 1926 GUK76 plus trailer.
Opposite top: Tom Clarke with Bob Roberts.
Opposite bottom: John Fasal's 1922 42GO in blue; the Pedlers' 1926 GSK80 in green; and Ralph Bunger's 1923 66H9 in aluminium.

The Twenty at 100: Down Under

Australia's own 'Mr Twenty' David Davis reflects on the enduring appeal of the first baby Rolls-Royce Motor Car



The Twenty was too expensive for what it was and it should have been sold with Factory bodywork, thus avoiding weight issues. I feel certain that Royce considered standard bodywork and, indeed Ivan Evernden was detailed to work with Park Ward to produce such but it never came to anything. Why, I believe, is because Royce did not have the time to give to it. Perhaps he should have given the job to Springfield as in Hives' opinion, its bodywork was far superior.

Looking back over R-R history, the Twenty, having spent most of its history being dismissed, seems an aberration in what is regarded as the essence of Rolls-Royce today. Royce said that he would never have contemplated it if the Silver Ghost market hadn't collapsed, Hives stated that its performance was depressing, the Factory called it "Sweet Lavinia, the gutless wonder". Sales didn't even display it at the Olympia Show shortly after it was released.

In many ways, the Factory messed up the production of the car intended to meet the professional and upper middleclass market. Royce's first design was a smaller version of the Silver Ghost which proved to be too expensive to produce. His next design was conventional following American practice, the leader in the Auto Industry. That approach met with sustained criticism as the expectation of Rolls-Royce was for a chassis which was ground breaking and innovative.

Despite its underwhelming beginnings, the Twenty sold well. The Motoring Press gave it great praise, in fact well over the top. There is no doubt that the name of Rolls-Royce was the major reason.

By the time I came on the scene in 1959, the Twenty was still lowly regarded. While there were some pottering around the city, it was mostly students who bought Twentys, many in extremis, much to Bert Ward's disgust as he was wary of time wasters and late payers. Shortly after I bought the Twenty I arrived at the Service Station in McEvoy Street, in trouble, to be firmly told to get lost. A week later I returned and pleaded incompetence so was accepted on the following conditions; I would never touch the car mechanically, that I would pay my bills on receipt, that I would take the car to the Station when requested and forget that I owned it until I was told to collect it and that I was not to buy another car. I agreed to all this, I had no alternative really. I foolishly loaned the car to Stan Nash who adjusted the carburettor. Bert rang to scold me about the adjustment and when I demurred, he forbade lending the car in the future. He had a go at Stan Nash too.

The apprentices did most of the work on my Twenty, as John Vawser told me that they hated working on it as it was so dirty underneath. Nevertheless, engineers liked the Twenty, it being relatively simple and so well constructed, even if some of it is over-engineered, such as the rear brakes. I have been fortunate to have had a succession of experts who have returned my Twenty to as first envisaged by Royce.

Having covered 75,000 miles in the first three years of ownership and many many more since, it has

never entered my head that the Twenty would be anything but reliable. While it could be said to be an unremarkable car, it has a beguiling charm and sets about doing its thing in a quiet and unobtrusive way, so much so that there is no doubt that it has moulded my driving habits and formed my approach to motoring. I don't like driving fast, do like smooth acceleration and braking and am conscious of the comfort of passengers, all influenced by the Twenty. Totally captivated from early days is why I have stayed with it for over 60 years. It was for these reasons that I believed that the Centenary of the Twenty should be celebrated in a permanent way. I thought that a souvenir booklet would be appropriate and have been working on it for over two years.

The Twenty's origins, driving experiences, who helped Royce in its design, bodywork and the working documents produced by Rolls-Royce provided the topics to consider and which are included in the booklet now released, called, **Concerning the 20hp Rolls-Royce 1922 to 2022**.

The name is taken from a House publication of 1923 which collated press comments on the Twenty when released in 1922, many of which are hilarious in retrospect. Ian Berg made it happen and has put the whole thing together to make the souvenir what it is.

I hope that the Booklet gives its readers an insight to the background of the Twenty and perhaps, helps in understanding its position in motoring history.

Editor: We did hope to be able to distribute David and Ian's book *Concerning the 20hp Rolls-Royce 1922 to 2022* with this issue of News & Record - alas the shipment of books from Australia didn't arrive in time to catch the pre-Christmas post. You will receive a copy of the book very early in the new year.



Wiesloch and its Pharmacy

Ralph Bunger tells us about Bertha Benz' ground-breaking road-trip and his own association with this lovely town just south of Heidelberg

Graham Tyson, in his article in News & Record 68, mentions that Wiesloch in Germany made history in 1888, when Bertha Benz, Carl Benz's wife, stopped in their newly invented machine for petrol at the city pharmacy – making it the first fuel station in the world. I wondered if readers might like to know a little more.

Bertha Benz (1849 – 1944), automotive pioneer and inventor, was both business partner and wife of automobile creator Carl Benz.

The Benz Patent-Motorwagen Number 3 of 1886, was used by Bertha for the highly publicized first long distance road trip.



On 5 August 1888, 39-year-old Bertha drove from Mannheim to Pforzheim with her teenage sons in a Model III, without telling her husband and without permission from the authorities. Before this historic trip, motorised drives were very short trials, returning to the point of origin, made with assistance of mechanics. Following wagon tracks, Bertha's pioneering tour covered a one-way distance of about 106 km or 66 miles.

Although the ostensible purpose of the trip was to visit her mother, Bertha wanted to prove to husband Carl that their automobile (a huge personal investment) would become a financial success once shown as useful to the general public. Carl had failed to consider the marketing aspects and needed confidence that the creation had a future.

She left Mannheim around dawn but with no fuel tank and only a 4.5-litre supply of fuel in the carburetor, she had to find ligroin, the petroleum solvent required for the car to run. This was only available at apothecary shops and so she stopped at Wiesloch's pharmacy – thus making it the first fuel station in the world!

She solved numerous problems along the way demonstrating her significant technical capabilities. A blocked fuel line was cleared with her hat pin and using her garter as insulation material. A blacksmith helped mend a chain and when the wooden brakes began to fail, Bertha visited a cobbler to install leather – the world's first pair of brake linings. An evaporative cooling system was employed and water supply was a worry along the trip with water added every time they stopped. The car's two gears were not enough to surmount inclines and her two boys often had to push the vehicle up steep roads. Benz reached Pforzheim somewhat after dark, notifying her husband of her successful journey by telegram. She then drove back to Mannheim several days later.

Bertha's trip received enormous publicity which was exactly her aim. The drive was a key event in the technical development of the automobile and the pioneering Benz's introduced several improvements after Bertha's experiences. An additional gear for climbing hills was added along with brake linings to improve brake-power. The trip demonstrated to the fledgling automotive industry that test drives were essential to their business.

Notwithstanding this important story, why was I so interested, even amused, when reading about Wiesloch and the first fuel station in the world? Simply because I have an important personal relationship with this nice town located at some 13 kilometers south of the world famous city of Heidelberg and in an excellent wine region.

I was born in Magdeburg which has an important scientific heritage as well, being the city where the fundamental experiment showing the effect of physical vacuum was carried out by Otto von

Guericke, mayor of the city, in 1656 with the help of his famous two hemispheres emptied of air and which up to 22 horses, 11 on either side, were unable to separate.

In May 1945 I was living in Magdeburg with my mother and elder brother – my father was at that time a prisoner of war. Russian troops had reached the eastern bank of the Elbe and mother took the decision to leave before they crossed to the west side where we were living. She took her two little boys dressed in all the clothing she could find and, with her bicycle, headed west, towards the British and American troops. We arrived at a refugee camp in Hamburg where the clergyman asked if we remained unchristened – yes – and we were therefore baptized with the same Elbe water flowing through both Hamburg and Magdeburg.



Father had suggested that mother should try to get to the region of Heidelberg, where he had several friends having studied law at the University. That way it would be easier to reunite after the fighting. And so it was we were allocated a room in a house in Wiesloch with a family (who were not too happy about having to put us up). A year after that mother got a flat in Heidelbergerstrasse, once freed from the troops who had previously occupied the place. Some time later, in 1947, my father returned – thank goodness his prison had been run by the Americans rather than the Soviets.

My mother applied some pressure to the local authorities and managed to get my brother and I into the Wiesloch primary school.

Also in Wiesloch, my father bought his first car just days after what was called 'Währungsreform'

(20th June 1948) when 100 Reichsmarks became 1 Deutsche Mark. With our last Reichsmark banknote my brother and I bought an icecream! Father's car was a lovely 1936 BMW drop head with a 2 litre six cylinder engine. He paid DM 2,000 in cash and I was present when he handed across all the freshly printed DM 50 notes to the seller. And with this my interest in cars was born. We soon began to assist at the first motor races at the nearby Hockenheim circuit.



Whilst the immediate post war years were not sunny I have many happy memories of my time in Wiesloch. Although I have to say that life improved massively when we moved to Barcelona in the early 1950s – where my grandparents had emigrated at the end of the 19th century and where my mother had been born.



The Big Orange

Ernest van Arendonk on his colourful Silver Ghost

For many enthusiasts, their classic cars are their greatest love. In contrast to life, however, the older the better for this target group. In a way that happened to me too. My interest in classic cars started with a nice Triumph TR6 and gradually developed via an Austin Healey 100 towards a Maserati 3500 Sebring and a Jaguar E-type. These are fantastic cars but I found I was looking for something more challenging. I found it at the end of the last century in a 1926 Invicta 4.5 special. With that purchase I made all the beginner mistakes that you can make if you are not prepared properly. With my second pre-war acquisition, a 1925 Minerva AC, I was much clearer in my head!

In 2005 I was caught by chance by the design of EX16, a Rolls-Royce that didn't look anything like a Rolls-Royce. Because it is a unique car, that would always remain a dream as I won't build one myself. And that's what happened. With this Rolls-Royce I participated in several club events and other international rallies. This first acquaintance with Rolls-Royce left me wanting more as the reliability and comfort of the product really appealed to me. This led to me purchasing a Phantom II Continental in 2008, which had spent most of its existence in the United States. Because 4MS had had a lot of overdue maintenance and too little attention, it took a few years before I could safely hit the road with her. The Phantom II is fantastic, which gives driving a pre-war car another dimension. She can compete with many modern automobiles and has the 'King of the road' appearance, which gives you a dominant position in many traffic situations.

Due to my participation in many club events as well as the strong urging of Klaas de Boer, who unfortunately passed away recently, I was more or less pushed in the direction of a Silver Ghost. Because pre-WW1 Silver Ghosts are very precious, I started looking at a vintage Silver Ghost. An interesting opportunity arose when Klaas pushed a catalogue from RM auctions in Phoenix under my nose in 2018. S360RL was glowingly described as 'an ideal automobile for Rolls-Royce Owners' Club and Silver Ghost Association rallies, or for CCCA CARavans, this is one of the finest Tilburies that

survive'. I found out later that this was far from the truth!

Because I didn't have the time to travel to Arizona myself, I asked Klaas, who went to this auction every year, to bid for me if he thought it was a quality car. He owned two Silver Ghosts and had enough knowledge and experience to objectively assess a car. That's how I became the owner of one of the last Springfield Silver Ghosts that was produced. Many Ghost owners may consider Springfields as a lesser product but, respectfully, I disagree.

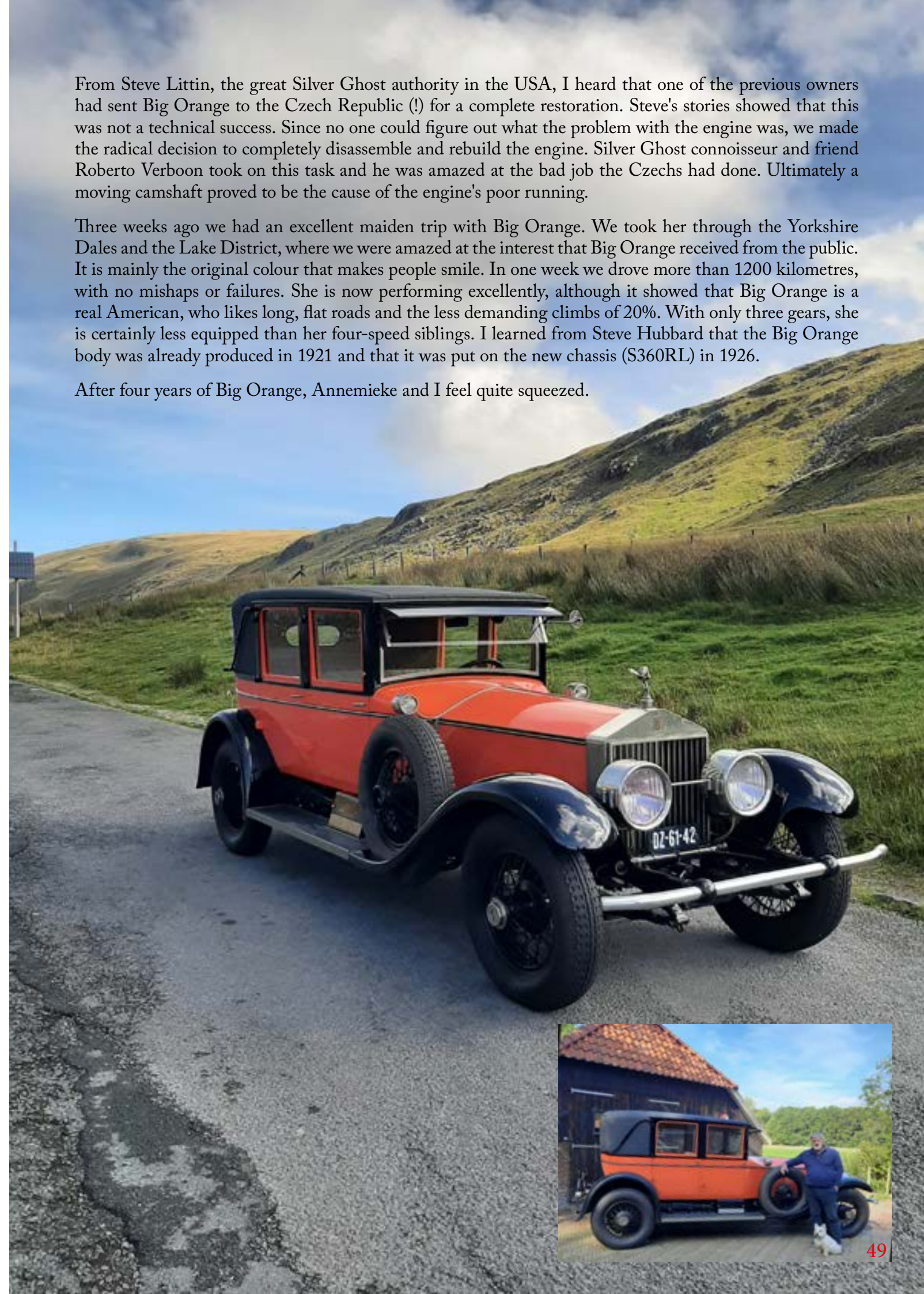
However, the arrival in the Netherlands of S360RL was the start of an agony, which gave me a lot of headaches and frustrations. Except for the description in the RM catalogue I had absolutely no idea about the history of this car. In retrospect, this description turned out to be largely fabricated and the data did not match reality. The vivid orange colour made the S360RL a flamboyant car which appealed to many people and it was quickly christened Big Orange by me. I also quickly learned that Big Orange's technique was less flamboyant. My advice is that without extensive background information and without history it is often irresponsible to buy a classic at an auction, as you do not have the opportunity to extensively test and inspect it.

The engine ran poorly and didn't have enough power to give Big Orange an acceptable speed so my mechanic spent a huge amount of time and energy adjusting the motor - but without success. I realised that most of the knowledge of Silver Ghosts is in England and brought Big Orange to Allan Glew with the assignment to set her up as optimally as possible. Although some improvement was noticeable, it had nothing to do with the characteristic silky smooth running of a Rolls-Royce engine. Believing that Big Orange had recovered enough for her to be safe on the road, I took her to the 20 Ghost Club's 70th anniversary meeting. That was not a success. So much so that Allan Glew had to come to our residence location to rework Big Orange. Despite all efforts, Big Orange continued to perform poorly.

From Steve Litten, the great Silver Ghost authority in the USA, I heard that one of the previous owners had sent Big Orange to the Czech Republic (!) for a complete restoration. Steve's stories showed that this was not a technical success. Since no one could figure out what the problem with the engine was, we made the radical decision to completely disassemble and rebuild the engine. Silver Ghost connoisseur and friend Roberto Verboon took on this task and he was amazed at the bad job the Czechs had done. Ultimately a moving camshaft proved to be the cause of the engine's poor running.

Three weeks ago we had an excellent maiden trip with Big Orange. We took her through the Yorkshire Dales and the Lake District, where we were amazed at the interest that Big Orange received from the public. It is mainly the original colour that makes people smile. In one week we drove more than 1200 kilometres, with no mishaps or failures. She is now performing excellently, although it showed that Big Orange is a real American, who likes long, flat roads and the less demanding climbs of 20%. With only three gears, she is certainly less equipped than her four-speed siblings. I learned from Steve Hubbard that the Big Orange body was already produced in 1921 and that it was put on the new chassis (S360RL) in 1926.

After four years of Big Orange, Annemieke and I feel quite squeezed.



The Goodness of Grace

Rosemary Jeffreys and Henry Fitzhugh on a recent trip to Germany

For years we had talked of visiting some of the places of Rosemary's youth, so when we were liberated from the pandemic, we planned a trip through France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. So we set off in Grace (R-R 25/30, 1937, GRP49) all on our own, with no backup except a big bag of spares. Were we foolhardy? Read on and see.

We departed from London under semi-sun and dry skies, but as soon as we exited from the Channel Tunnel, we were deluged with rain. How can the continentals say it always rains in England?

On the first full day of our holiday, we started up. Horror! – our oil pressure had dropped by 15 psi! I telephoned Ben Smith who suggested it could be the pressure relief valve sticking open. I had heard of this but knew nothing. Within half an hour, he sent five photos of a disassembled valve and what needed to be cleaned. On the strength of that we drove to Strasbourg and set about looking in the industrial suburbs for someone to carry it out. Rosemary spent the drive concocting phrases in French and German like “we have an oil pressure problem and we have photos of it.” First we tried Norauto (an upmarket version of Halfords) who wouldn't touch it and didn't have proper lifts anyway. But they sent us to Valcantra, an ordinary dealership, who said they weren't insured and recommended Ichtertz, who said we needed a “garagiste”. “Go to Americars”. We found them in a back street with a parking lot full of Ford Mustangs. One look at the photos and our new best friend Novick was underneath and had it sorted out in five minutes. It saved our holiday or the anxiety of driving with 5-15 psi oil pressure, or both. All due to Ben's help and Rosemary's research and navigation.

The next day we started up with oil pressure perfect at 32 psi, and proceeded to drive through the Black Forest. It certainly was black, made more so by the fog and rain. But now begins a series of adventures many of which were nothing like we expected.

The weather suddenly improved dramatically. We went on to Ulm to see the Lion Man, a sacred icon to archaeologists – 43,000 years old, 10 inches high, carved in bone, a man with the head of a lion. This

is one of the earliest known representations of a human figure. Next day we went to Vogelfeld Archaeo Park to see the actual cave where it was found. It was rather sobering to see what was considered a des res in those days. Perhaps the Lion Man was passed around at the fireside to weave stories, or that he was a “ritual object”, which is what archaeologists fall back on if they don't understand something.

Then onto Fussen, the village below Neuschwanstein, where King Ludwig II built a “Medieval Castle” and lived a life like the Wagnerian Heroes of the Ring Cycle and other operas. He drowned in his own lake in a foot of water, I think by his own councillors, who knew that Bavaria could not afford his extravagances.

We slept in Erwald in the shadow of the Zugspitze – the highest mountain in Germany, although we were in Austria at the time. Arose in sunshine and took a ski lift up to 1550m. Hiked for two hours in baking sun and then drove through mountains to St. Johann.

In St. Wolfgang in Austria we went up the mountain on a cog railway, with a gradient as steep as 35%. A steam loco going up a cog track is easy to understand, but there were no brakes, so how did it come down? It became clear – the engine is always pushing uphill, but not enough to keep the train from slipping downhill. To an engineer, it was an object of fascination.



On to Eagle's Nest at Obersalzberg, Hitler's mountaintop retreat – obviously built to impress and intimidate. Much of it was bombed by the RAF on April 25, 1945. The Nest is now a restaurant.

On to Pfunds, 35 miles of gradients greater than 1 in 7, with engine screaming in low gear and the smell of burning brakes in our nostrils. Following this, we had a good look around Old Chur in Switzerland, which is delightful and preserves many medieval features. Sustenpass was even steeper and even more sheer rock faces with a huge glacier on the other side of the chasm on a level with us. Grindelwald, so beautiful that we stayed three nights, fronting up to the North Face of The Eiger.

We took another cog railway up to the Schynige Platte, an alpine garden of perhaps ten or more hectares, displaying all of the native plants all in flower, and took a “panorama” walk to see the Eiger and Jungfrau in full frontal glory.

We are used to people noticing and talking to us about Grace – she is an exceptionally striking car. But it seemed just a bit extreme when we were near Garmisch-Partenkirchen when we saw 18,000 police and more than 200 police vans. Alas, it was not for us, but for a G7 Meeting. The closed roads gave us real cause for angst. Much the same happened when suddenly the roadside was filled with people waving, but it turned out to be for the Tour de France. In Hintertux, we found a note on our windscreen in excellent English saying how much all the locals had been admiring Grace. The note identified the car's year as 1937 – I can only think the author had looked her up on the web.

Overall, the driving was wonderful, over extremely good roads although some of the parking arrangements were less so. In Fussen, we foolishly tried to take advantage of a hotel underground car park, only to find the gradient was so steep we could not hold her but had to reverse up to get out. In Grindelwald the road up

to the hotel was so steep that we walked up to test it first, but we did not think about coming down. That was achieved at 6:30 AM by coasting down in first gear on a cold dead engine and brakes on hard with Rosemary running ahead to ward off any upcoming cars. I think she had a white flag too.

In Chablis, our landlady kindly offered us her basement garage which was not reversible out of. Easy to get out this other door, she said. She hadn't told us the exit was on a narrow riverside walk. I would have given anything for power steering! In Chalons-en-Champagne, the hotel gave us a lovely lockup garage, but it was only accessible by driving the wrong way down a one-way street, something the locals did with gay abandon.

We had been buying bottles of wine all along, but now on the way home it got serious. An overnight in Chablis, then an overnight in Vertus to buy champagne. We came home with 42 bottles of wine and 24 bottles of champagne, all, you understand, just to help us remember the beautiful places we had passed through. In all, it was 2271 miles driven in 24 days. And all by the grace of our goddess, Grace.



Reviving my Maimed Goshawk: A 14-month engine rebuild on my 1930 Rolls-Royce 20/25

Hamish McNaught

Sublime summer heat, wind in my hair and the quaint purring of my 20/25 at 55 miles per hour; nothing could be better. Well, that's what I thought on the way back from Bicester Heritage after a Sunday Scramble on 6th June 2021, which was the first proper car show that I had attended for over eighteen months. Very rarely does one 'fail to proceed' in a Rolls-Royce and it is almost inconceivable to think that the engine of one of these glorious cars would fail; however that would be an understatement in the case of GTR31 that particular summer Sunday.



About seven miles from home I heard a faint chopping noise - akin to that of a Chinook helicopter - and, with the finely tuned aviation ears of both myself and my father, we passed this noise as just that. But the noise became increasingly louder until an almighty thunder surged through my Goshawk engine. The vibration juddered through every bone in my body and, just as I thought it couldn't get any worse, GTR 31 turned into the Flying Scotsman - billowing steam everywhere.

I managed to nurse the car into a service-station car park to assess what had happened but fortunately didn't switch off. Had I done so the engine would almost certainly have seized due to the colossal temperatures and I would have been in even more expensive trouble. Happily, we were quickly recovered and the car ran into the garage under its own power. Father and I had to deduce the monstrosity which had just occurred.

We thought the head gasket had blown, so removed the cylinder head in half a day although we were not too sure what we were looking at. Thankfully, Graham Downes, a local mechanic, kindly inspected the engine to find horrendous scoring on cylinder one: an engine rebuild was required!

I didn't realise just how difficult it is to obtain a sensible estimate for an engine rebuild on one of our type of cars. We had a budget but it didn't stretch to anything like the 'over £25,000' heard from at least five companies. I couldn't afford that and was panicked as to what I would do next.

We started looking for local classic car garages who would allow me to work on my car, yet to no avail, then my father had an epiphany; there's a chap locally who owns a 20/25 and we knew that his brother owned a classic car garage.

Sure enough, a visit to Manor Garage, Wantage struck gold. I received instructions to clean the engine bay thoroughly and take apart and label the ancillaries; then, once some space had been made and other projects completed, I could bring the car in to start work.

So, one Saturday morning, Simon my friend (and vintage tractor enthusiast!) helped me move GTR 31 to Manor Garage on a trailer. Richard, the owner, was waiting for us having passed up on his own passion of gliding that particular weekend in order to welcome us. We carefully backed the car into the bay and the rest, as they say, is history!

Before writing further, I must introduce the Manor Garage team; Richard Chapman, the owner, is a highly skilled mechanic specialising in post war British sports cars - particularly MG and Triumph. He has two mechanics working with him, Steve Proudlock and Steve Webb, who made me very welcome and taught me many skills that I could never have picked up had I not embarked upon this challenge myself.



On the very left of the picture above, one notices that the piston rings have fused themselves into the piston, and the leading edge of the piston is very heavily damaged. This only occurs during intense heat distortion within a cylinder. According to my own calculations, the temperature must have reached at least 660 degrees Celsius, as this is the point where aluminium warps.



The photo on the left demonstrates what a bore should look like (perhaps slightly glazed) and a destroyed bore as a result of intense overheating. The photo on the right shows the damaged piston next to a perfectly good piston. The contrast between the two is almost unbelievable.

Upon a thorough inspection, Richard and I were surprised to discover that only two parts had been destroyed: the number 1 cylinder in the block and the number 1 aluminium piston.

Our conclusion was that cylinder 1 had got far too hot possibly due to a previous modification to block off certain water channels which go from the block to the cylinder head around cylinders 1-3. I think this had been introduced in the 1970s to push water round to the back of the block as some 20HP and 20/25s used to overheat on number 6.

Furthermore, the water jackets were full of crud and corrosion. This blocked any water from circulating around the cooling system and radiator, thus the heat generated by internal combustion could not be effectively dissipated, hence a large rise in temperature occurred. As the water channels to the cylinder head were blocked, the steam (which resulted due to overheating) would have circulated within the front of the block and could not escape upwards to the block, causing a rapid increase in surface temperature of the cylinder itself. Essentially, the internal temperature reached at least 680 degrees Celsius as this is the approximate temperature of thermal deformation for both the cast iron cylinder block and the aluminium piston.

Subsequently, I have heard of seven other Goshawk engines which failed on cylinder 1 and suspect that the same localised overheating occurred.

[Editor: Hamish's suggestion for the reason for the failure could be controversial - are there other views/thoughts?]

Steve Taylor at Alpine Eagle was most helpful in advising on how to approach the restoration of the block and the steps required: no less than seven separate processes from start to finish!

- 1) Physically removing the corrosion from the cylinder block.
- 2) Drilling out and removing the copper tubes from the water jackets.
- 3) Chemically dipping the cylinder block to remove the embedded corrosive deposits.
- 4) Boring out the cylinders to take full length liners, and pressing in the new liners.
- 5) Fitting the new copper tubes into the water jackets.
- 6) Pressure testing the water jackets.
- 7) Ceramically sealing the block to ensure that the porosity of the cast iron is reduced.

From September 2021, the process of restoring the block alone took 5 months, and finished with the ceramic sealing in March 2022.

Below you can see the mass corrosion present in the water jacket. What you can't quite see is the two inches of crud built up in between the cylinders!



You can hardly tell that the pipes are made from copper! A scary demonstration of why you should always use an inhibitor in your coolant system, and flush it every six months.



The restored block ready to go back onto the crankcase and to receive new pistons. You can just make out the swaged in copper tubes on the top face of the block.

Once the block was restored, we handrailed Stephe Boddice's website as well as 'Small Horsepower Rolls-Royce Engines' by R.A. Haynes; every source of information was studied before placing the engine back into the chassis. It was at this point Richard and I realised why these engines cost so much to rebuild; over 80 hours to put back together and added to the 50 hours to take everything apart, the labour bills swiftly add up, before including the costs of machining and in the worst case, white metal bearings. We had the engine back together and in the car by May 2022, although we had not quite finished at that point!

On our first running in journey, there was a horrific roaring noise emanating from the carburettor. We made the 65 mile journey home to Worcester but I was not satisfied with the sound. I tinkered for the whole of June to no avail, and Allan Glew very kindly took time to talk through with me on the phone about what may be at fault, and I came to the conclusion that I had set the valve timing incorrectly. So, at the end of July 2022, my Father and I took the front of the car apart, reset the valve timing but now we had a very lethargic engine.

Steve Lovatt at Ristes spent 30 minutes with us on the phone as we desperately tried to find the problem. Guess what, I had the rotor arm pointing at the wrong HT lead! Almost instantaneously, the engine revved up silently and with power. The rebuild was now finished and this was on the first weekend of August 2022.

Overall, the final project cost was £5,672.80, and I am most grateful to the Club for the kind gift you gave me, which covered the majority of the cost of parts on my project. Through rebuilding this engine, I have learnt a plethora of mechanical skills, as well as a deep understanding of why pre-war RR engines are smooth, quiet and very powerful. The mechanical engineering design of the engine is advanced, and runs with very fine tolerances which could only have been achieved with the highest quality machines and workforce available.

My engine now runs smoother than ever, with immense torque and the fuel consumption to match. This was partly due to the painstaking running in process of nearly 800 miles, which although very long winded, enabled my engine to have an average wet cylinder compression of 125 psi. I have completely documented every step of this rebuild in a booklet, and will be publishing this in the near future. Also, I now have a YouTube channel, 'Goshawk Engineering', to provide an insight into all Small HP related engineering matters, including the correct setting of valve timing!



What I found fascinating was the presence of the original fitter's stamp on the far left journal web on the crankshaft, which reads "XG 4492 U65". On an unrelated note, some later 20/25s and Derby Bentleys have extra weights added to some of the journal webs to increase torque and rotational balance. The crankshaft weighs about 25 kilograms or half a hundredweight in old money.



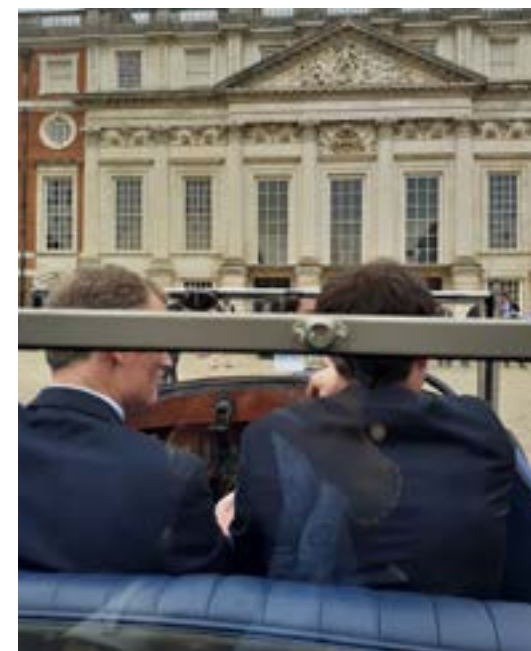
View of the crankshaft secured in position.

Main bearing oil delivery pipes fitted, with the main bearing caps tightened down.



All conrods secured onto the journals. Notice the small socket drive we used, to avoid overtightening the bearings

The finished engine ready to go back into the chassis. We placed the spark plugs into the apertures to stop contaminants entering the cylinders.



This page Hamish and GTR31 at the Hampton Court Concours. Top left with judge Harry Metcalfe, top right with his mother Sarah, and below right with father Kenneth.



Mrs Rosenbloom: 1929 PI, S138FR

Dave & Kimberly Shadduck's PI graced the cover of Issue 68.

Kimberly tells us a little bit more with some reflections on the drive.

In 2013 Dave and I purchased a 1925 Silver Ghost Pall Mall for touring with the Silver Ghost Association (SGA). Our inaugural tour with the Ghost was Doug Magee's 2014 SGA New England tour. We had a wonderful time and the experience had us immediately hooked on touring. Then in 2015, we participated in the SGA's Emerald Isle tour in Ireland. That tour, in particular, sparked a new desire to tour outside of the United States, which then led to us joining the 20-Ghost Club. Our goal became to participate in as many international and U.S. tours as we could. This evolved into us having to make decisions on which tours we could go on based on scheduling conflicts and the extra time required in shipping the car back and forth across the Atlantic. We realized quickly we needed a better way in managing the shipping issue and then the solution became obvious...we needed another Rolls-Royce!

I said to Dave that if we were going to get another car for touring that I really wanted a convertible body with roll up side windows. Since the 20-Ghost Club welcomes all pre-WWII Rolls-Royces, we did not need to limit our search to just Silver Ghosts, which opened the door to us finding a suitable car. In 2018 a 1929 Phantom I Newmarket (S138FR) was available and we bought her. The ownership of S138FR (aka Mrs. Rosenbloom) is known and documented since it was built. The body is of the owner-operated style, which means no divider window allowing the front seat to be further back in the body which provides more leg room.

The chassis was manufactured in 1929 in the Springfield, Massachusetts factory and remained unsold until purchased on June 16, 1931 by Mrs. C. Rosenbloom of New York City. The chassis was first mated to an Etoile open chauffeur town car body, which possibly could have been a leftover Silver Ghost body. Mrs. Rosenbloom traded the car in during 1933 at which time the dealership (Inskip) installed a new Brewster Newmarket body on the car.

It was common practice in the U.S. to re-body limos for re-sale with Newmarket or Playboy roadster bodies. The dealership also updated various features such as chrome plating, current style bumpers, door handles and a dash mounted starter button.

Key chassis specifications include: 7.7 liter 6 cylinder aluminum head overhead valve engine, 3 speed transmission, 4 wheel servo-assisted brakes, dual distributor ignition, Bijur chassis lubricator system, vacuum tank fuel delivery, cantilever rear springs and weighs nearly 5,600 pounds.

After acquiring the car we had certain cosmetic elements refreshed and had Steve Littin's shop perform work on the engine and chassis. Dave installed a Gear Vendors overdrive unit and now the car tours very calmly at 55-60 mph with a top speed of 70-75 mph.

Our inaugural tour with S138FR was on the Austro-Hungarian tour which went through Germany, Austria, Slovakia and Hungary in June of this year. The car performed very well, except for two minor issues -1) Dave had to replace an auxiliary fuel pump upon arrival in Feldafing, Germany. 2) Dave left the lights on one night and drained the battery!

I have driven the PI many times back home, but I didn't drive on the Habsburg tour this year. Dave and I have a simple rule - he drives unless I say "I want to drive today" and there was so much wonderful scenery on this tour that I was too focused on capturing it with my camera so taking a turn behind the wheel didn't happen.

However, when comparing the drive between our two Rolls-Royce Motor Cars I would say the big difference is that the PI has real brakes! There is just no comparison between the servo-assisted four-wheel brakes on the Phantom vs the two-wheel brakes on the Springfield Ghost. And the PI has more power, but the wider tires make low speed steering a bit more strenuous.

I think I am slightly more partial to the PI over our Ghost because of the styling of the car and also because of the brakes being so superior. But I still love the reliability of the Ghost - it is just an amazing vehicle.

Dave tells me that it's the Ghost for him over and above the PI though.

Ultimately, the plan is to leave the PI in the UK permanently for future 20-Ghost Club tours. We are looking forward to seeing everybody soon.



The 20-Ghost Club Record



Volume 20
1978



The following is taken from THE TIMES, 7th September 1978, and was reproduced under the title of "The Tribal Notice Board" in the OBSERVER colour supplement on 28th January 1979. We would apologise for the poor quality of reproduction, but the original photograph, kindly offered to us by the photographer, Mr Julian Flouwright, failed to reach us from its previous users.

Forthcoming marriages

Mr J. Valentine and the Hon Janet Weir
The engagement is announced between Francis Anthony Brinsley (James), younger son of the late Dr F. C. O. Valentine, FRCP, and Lady Freda Valentine, of All Albany, London, W1, and Janet Sibella, daughter of the late Viscount and Viscountess Weir and stepdaughter of the Dowager Viscountess Weir, of Kilwinning, Ayrshire.



Loose ends:

Overheard at a club meeting:
Notable Club Member, politely, *What car have you come in?*
Second member, sheepishly, *Actually, I've come in a tin car.*
Notable member, shocked, in tones redolent of Lady Bracknell, *Is it... a Ford?*
Second member, aghast, *Oh no, Lady Freda, I've never sunk that low!*
Chuckling, Lady Freda and tin car driver move out of earshot.

◇ ◇ ◇

Scene outside a London Tube Station.

A Gold Ghost Next?

America does give rise to some eccentrics, perhaps even more than England. Wayne Pritchard, proprietor of a garage in Great Bend, Kansas, is a millionaire and an eccentric. He also owns 17 oil wells and half a dozen ranches.

In about 1947, he bought a 1920 Pierce-Arrow opera coupe for \$62,500.



From the Archive: Scrolling through old issues, looking for something vaguely wintry to feature here I alighted on Volume 20 from 1978. The cover is a slightly over-exposed shot of Nicholas Taylor standing by his brother's 20/25 reg VH7842 (not on the club's database any longer - does anybody know it?)

Flicking through the issue I noticed a lovely picture of Jimmy and Janet Valentine at the time of their engagement. There was also a report of a 20-Ghost Club tour to (then) Leningrad now St. Petersburg - and I think Jimmy and Janet were on that tour. I show here a rather grainy shot of the cars in front of The Church of The Savior on Spilled Blood. Given the centenary of the Twenty appropriately the car facing the camera is 1929 GEN16 then owned by Leo Williams and now owned by members David and Patrica Mills.

The Last Word

Back in early September Bella and I invited all the 20-Ghost London members for lunch at our flat in Tedworth Square Chelsea. The weather was good and we managed to get everybody who bought a car to be able to line them up in our block's car park. You will have seen the main pic in this issue's centre-spread (thanks to John Narvell for taking that shot from our balcony). I think we had twenty-one people in all (including my daughter Flo) – a lovely day.

I was reflecting on Bob Vass's email to me (see page 6 in this issue). It's interesting how different people treat their cars, and in some ways it's like owning a listed house as your home. The fact that it is of historical interest won't have been lost on you when you bought it but who could live in a house without electricity or modern plumbing? Should you restore the house to as it was when new or let it crumble slightly to reflect its age? Also, do you build that big conservatory to the side so that you can extend your kitchen and live the way your family demands in today's world? I think we face similar dilemmas when we become custodians of 'our' cars.



Anyway, despite everything that 2022 has thrown at the world I have to say that it's been a super year for the club: lots of good driving and great friendship. This is my tenth issue as editor of the N&R and I'm still really enjoying it but always on the look-out for more stories, news, and pictures. I'm very happy to travel to see you, take some photos, hear the stories, grab lunch at the local pub and then write it up for the magazine when I get home. Drop me an email or give me a shout!

Thanks for all your company this year – see you in 2023, best wishes,

jgallop66@gmail.com 07930 531231

Johnie



L to R: Miles Preston, Greg Leniston, Henry Fitzhugh, Patricia Leniston, Bella, Maurice Whitaker.

Opposite top: Simon Tindall, Bella, Miles and Jane Preston.

Opposite bottom: Simon Tindall, Jane Preston, Bella, Charles Armitage, Greg Leniston.

