

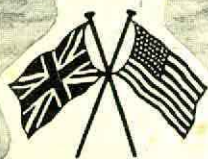


THE 20-GHOST CLUB RECORD

Vol 10 No 2 1969



1969

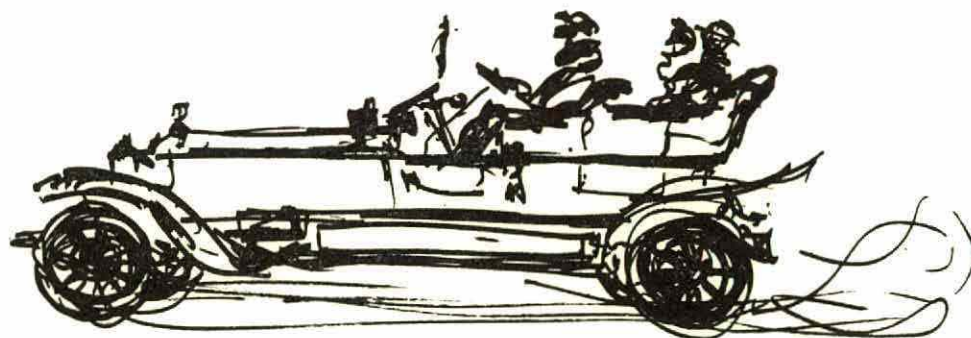


GOOD WILL TOUR OF U.S.A.

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Views expressed in editorials and articles appearing in the 20-Ghost Club Record are not necessarily those of the Executive Committee.



G. L. F.

J. E. C.

John Castle, one of the Club's Founder Members, died on April 2nd, after fighting "an unsuccessful rearguard action" against illness. We extend our deepest sympathy to Beryl and their daughter.

We have recently read in the Record about the early days of the Club and the parts John and Beryl played in laying the foundation stones, parts that were played with precision; and since 1964 they served on the General Purposes Committee. Those of us who also served will retain happy memories of the welcomes we received at our gatherings at Garden Mews.

John owned his 20 Tourer, "The Flivver", for some 33 years, during which it remained, except for a short period, his only means of transport for business and pleasure. He was absolutely meticulous about the routine maintenance of his motor car, which he always carried out himself. He loved discussing technical details of 20s, and was never happier than when he had "discovered" some new and obscure fact about them.

John underwent a severe operation a couple of years ago, and then last year the Rolls-Royce flame within him was rekindled against all sense and nature, and he covered nearly 6,000 miles in "The Flivver", including a prolonged tour of Ulster and Eire.

Those of us who attended his funeral felt it was most fitting that his coffin was covered with a Union Jack, for John was every inch a patriot, and displayed remarkable courage.

Perhaps some words written by the late W. H. Charnock are the most apt farewell:—

"If he is wakeful yet, then may the dear
and tuneless music of that engine note
which charmed him so into his silence float
and all his happy miles again be near.
And if he sleeps, then somewhere may he wake
and find a wheel to hold, a road to take."

J.C. D-M.

Editorial Notes

This is a specially enlarged issue of the Record to enable us to give as full a report as possible of the visit to the United States. We hope that it will interest those members who were unable to take part in this great adventure, and also that our American members will enjoy reading it.

We are most grateful to those members who helped us with photographs. Unfortunately the photographs taken by the Public Relations unit of Rolls-Royce Inc., New York, had still not arrived at the time of going to press, so that we have been totally reliant on amateur efforts.

A reporter and photographer from Life Magazine accompanied us for a large part of the tour, and we hope that pictures of our motor cars in America will appear in a forthcoming issue. For those who are interested, it might be worth keeping an eye on the bookstalls.

Talking of pictures, we are constantly being asked to include as many as possible in the magazine, but unfortunately hardly anybody ever sends us any and we find ourselves largely dependent on our own efforts. Could members please help over this?

Four Club motor cars went to Pond's Home for Spastics for the wedding of Miss Pauline Hibbert and Mr. Nigel Morrow last April and drove the bride, groom and relatives to the Church. It was a beautiful day, and we think that the 20-Ghost Club made an elegant contribution to a very happy occasion.

We had planned in this issue to publish the third and last instalment of Robin Barnard's series on the early days of the Club. Unfortunately Robin was unable to meet the deadline, but we hope it will appear in the next issue.

Regretfully also, we have had to postpone the first instalment of the series "F.E. Remembers..." mentioned in the Editorial Notes in the last issue, owing to extreme pressure on space despite enlarging the current issue. However, we are publishing the first instalment of a series of articles by John Oldham on his 20/25 which had already been set up in type.

We hope that intending contributors will not be put off by what at the moment is an over abundance of copy. There will undoubtedly be leaner times ahead.

Ian and Melanie Munro,
Calvert's Cross, Jordans, Bucks.

* * * *

Members

write . . .

From John Dymock-Maunsell

With regard to Silver Dawns with Hooper bodies, there are two which frequent the City from time to time, neither of which as far as I know belong to Club members. They are accompanied occasionally by a James Young Silver Dawn.

From R. D. Dale

I would like to bring to your attention, in case it is of interest to members, the Rolls-Royce services of Andy Stride, who has recently set up business on his own at the Arford Garage, near Headley, Hampshire. His telephone no. is Headley Down 2358. He worked with, and was recommended by the late Shane Chichester, and is fully competent to undertake any overhaul on Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars of any date. He has just successfully completed a decarbonisation and descaling job for me, together with renewal of back axle bearings. His charges are comparatively modest, and his own personal skills and attention are involved.

I need hardly add that I am in no way financially involved in Andy Stride setting up on his own.

UNTECHNICAL NOTE

My 25/30 has always been prone to vaporisation in hot weather, and this has often proved very embarrassing when the engine fades out at traffic lights, or refuses to re-start after a halt to admire a view.

I was anxious to avoid this awkward and potentially dangerous tendency during the American tour, so I bound the flexible petrol hose with asbestos tape, as this is the section which gets the hottest.

This worked like a charm, and I had no trouble at all, even when halting at lights after quite a long non-stop run in hot weather.

I.M.

1969



1,000 miles of Friendly Smiles

GOOD WILL TOUR OF U.S.A.

A spectacular and moving welcome to the Queen Elizabeth 2 on her arrival in New York after her maiden trans-Atlantic voyage, an International Friendship Meet at Wilmington, Delaware, attended by over 100 motor cars, a visit to Washington, and a farewell Meet in Central Park in the heart of New York—these were the highlights of the brilliantly organised and most happy and memorable visit to the United States in May by 36 members and friends and seventeen motor cars.

This, the most ambitious enterprise ever undertaken by the Club, was first conceived two years ago after the Goodwood Meeting and RROC visit to this country in 1967.

There followed months of correspondence, cables and telephone calls between John Dymock-Maunsell here and Tony Guerrero, Technical Vice-President of the RROC and a longstanding American member of the 20-Ghost Club.

Inevitably the main burden lay on Tony, and no praise could be too high, nor thanks adequate, for his truly superb organisation of the American end. Tony modestly claimed in a speech that he only organised the organisers, but even if that were wholly true it was a tremendous feat.

No less than 65 American committee members and sponsors took over local arrangements along the route, and no less than 245 American families, most of them with no previous interest in Rolls-Royces, were asked to open their homes to the British visitors, and gladly did so. (In fact we understand there was even a waiting list!)

These are formidable figures, but do no more than give some indication of the amount of work that went on before our arrival. Virtually every day of the tour we found a lavish reception awaiting us either at one of the many beautiful country clubs in the regions we visited, or at the home of one of our hosts.

Every driver was provided with a route map of the entire 1,000 mile tour, and every car was given a specially prepared plate for mounting in front carrying the inscription "Good Will Tour 1969" and bearing the two Club emblems and the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes. All the visitors were given pink printed name labels for easy identification by the Americans, who in their turn wore blue labels.

Such details as these require much preparation and work, but not content with this, Jack Frost also provided a special heavy baggage trailer for those visitors whose cars were too small for all their cases, and towed this behind our convoy almost throughout the tour, cheerfully using a piece of "Detroit iron" to do this humdrum job instead of driving his own Rolls. In addition RROC member Ann Klein provided a van containing complete sets of tyres, tubes, spares and tools for virtually every type of emergency repair. Driven by the ebullient and highly experienced Marty Forrer, it was a constant reassurance, and proved of great value.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a day by day report of our tour. Here it is our purpose to make some general comments, and our first task must be to express once again our thanks to those who did so much for us. In naming some of these, we do sincerely hope that those omitted will forgive us. In truth there would scarcely be space in the magazine for all of them.

We think firstly of course of Tony Guerrero and his untiring wife Mary, both of whom devoted all their energies every day to our welfare. The daily route briefings given to us by the "little man in the red hat", as Tony was quickly dubbed, will long be remembered, as laggards were threatened with having their "ears eaten", those who had run out of petrol the previous day were instructed to pay for a round of drinks for the entire company at the next stop, and the "white lambs" who had lost their way were sternly warned to study their route instructions more carefully.

Next in our minds perhaps will be the one and only Ed White, whose beaming countenance, constant good humour and utterly brilliant mechanical talents made him a universal favourite. We are happy to record that Ed was made an Honorary Member of the 20-Ghost Club in recognition of his wonderful services to us.

One of the most pleasurable surprises of the tour was the presentation by David Stockwell of a personal gift to the 20-Ghost Club of a magnificent Steuben glass urn. This very valuable example of American craftsmanship at its best will be greatly treasured by the Club.

Others that we remember with gratitude are those like Mrs. Frost and Mr. Ames who did major administrative work behind the scenes, those who entertained the whole group to our many parties and who are mentioned in our day by day account, and all those who so cheerfully piloted convoys of our cars along the intricacies of Turnpikes, Superhighways, Freeways, Parkways and just ordinary roads which, initially at least, proved so baffling to the visitors.

We also recall with affectionate gratitude the kindness and friendliness of the wives of so many of our American helpers. They endeared themselves to all of us.

Finally, it was a great pleasure to have Stanley Sears, the Master of the Club, with us again, driving his 1914 Silver Ghost, and looking very fit and cheerful.

One of the high points of the tour, it had been hoped, was to have been our visit to the British Embassy in Washington. All of us had had visions of our seventeen motor cars drawn up in its grounds with press men, news reel photographers and television teams vying with each other to give a wonderful boost for one of Britain's greatest products and the British industrial skill as a whole.

The circumstances were such that in the event only the 1907 Silver Ghost appeared, looking forlorn without its attendant satellites. Our Anglo-American party went by coach. Drinks (and potato crisps) were provided in a circular glass edifice known locally as the Goldfish Bowl, where receptions are usually held.

It was not an elegant affair, but at least we have the photograph of us all grouped round 551 to prove that we made it!



The 1907 Silver Ghost was of course the main object of interest throughout the tour, and perhaps we may be permitted to pay tribute to the indomitable Dennis Miller-Williams, Publicity Manager of Rolls-Royce, London, who drove it without cover for over 1,000 miles through rain, burning sunshine, and the occasional thunderstorm, handling his motor car, importunate pressmen and demanding photographers with equal aplomb. It would be too much to expect a man of his parts to be a highly trained mechanic into the bargain, and why Rolls-Royce failed to send one to accompany him on this great mission was a matter of mystification to British and Americans alike.

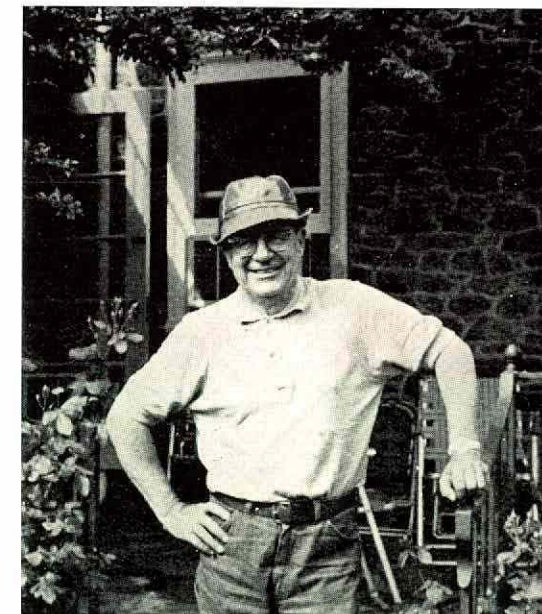
As it was, the British had the mortifying experience of finding themselves dependent on the Americans when a major fault developed half way through the tour which could have brought everything to a halt and earned jeering stories in every newspaper. One of the Ghost's rear wheel bearings began leaking very badly at Princeton, and it was clearly impossible to drive it further unless the trouble was rectified. It took the genius of Ed White to deal with the situation. While the rest of the party was being regaled at lunch, Ed took down the entire offside wheel assembly and traced the leak to a defective leather oil seal. He rushed round to a shoe repairer, had an exact duplicate made in double quick time, fitted this, reassembled everything, and the Ghost was able to move off with us after lunch with no delay to our schedule. This was a truly brilliant job, but why did the British have to rely on a gifted amateur American for repairs to this unique and priceless vehicle?

The ever helpful Ed had to be called in again when no one at Rolls-Royce's depot at Englewood, some 15 miles outside New York, could start Fred Watson's Alpine. It had been left there with the cars of others who had left the tour after the first week and flown home, or, in the case of Fred, on to Bermuda. It fell to the unenviable lot of Peter Young, the ever cheerful, efficient and helpful Rolls-Royce Manager there, to organise drivers to bring these cars, some 10 in all, down to the docks through the heavy New York traffic. However the Alpine defied all efforts to start her, and in desperation Ed was telephoned at 9 p.m. at his Connecticut home to come and help. Needless to say he obliged, and needless to say he got the Alpine to start where Rolls-Royce had failed.

Those members of the Club who were lucky enough to make this memorable tour feel that they will never be quite the same again. The warm-hearted welcome to the QE2 as she sailed up the Hudson River past the great skyscrapers, surrounded by helicopters, launches, pleasure steamers and fire floats, with a destroyer escort at her stern; the beautiful scenery along the routes chosen for us; the fantastic complex of bridges, tunnels, turnpikes and clover leaves on the approaches to New York, and above all the overwhelming generosity and kindness on every side—all these have given us unforgettable memories of a truly wonderful experience.

We say once more to our American friends—thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

I.M.-M.M.



(Picture by I. Munro)

TO ANTONIO GUERRERO,

In his orange sombrero,
and Mary, dear Mary,
who is never contrary.
They looked after their lambs,
There were black ones and white ones,
Got them out of some jams
and some corners, real tight ones.
With laughter and jest
they looked after the rest,
and guided them truly.
(They were often unruly!)
to lunches galore
and many things more.
We thank them for kindness
and patience displayed,
and also for all
the good friends that we made.

M.B.-J.B.

1969



GOOD WILL TOUR OF U.S.A.



Day by Day Diary

SAILING DAY—2. Participants to Southampton for photographs, T.V. publicity, etc.

SAILING DAY—1. All cars to Andrews' Garage in the morning for steam cleaning; 2 p.m. to docks for loading; 3 p.m. two cars aboard, tea break, dockers decide not to load any more, owing to owners doing their own driving on. 5 p.m. participants disperse in the hope that Cunard and the Union will sort things out by the morning.

SAILING DAY. 7 a.m. All assemble for loading. Dispute settled, so loading starts and the remaining 15 cars finally on by 11 a.m. after pauses for lift repairs, tea breaks, etc. Luggage on by 12.30, sail in pouring rain at 12.35, waved off by stalwart friends with streamers and tele cameras.

The next five days were spent on this beautiful floating hotel called the QE2 in a kind of suspended animation, and eventually on

DAY 1 we glided up the Hudson to a fantastic welcome. Owing to confusion in Cunard, the party on board at which we had looked forward to meeting our American welcoming committee, did not take place; indeed, they had trouble in getting on board at all, and it was only due to persuasive firmness on the part of Admiral Parry, travelling with Dick Honnywill, that tea was grudgingly given to only some of the party. However, Dr. Scher was one of those who did get aboard and on behalf of the City of New York, he presented the Club with an inscribed scroll from Mayor Lindsay welcoming the visit of the "world famous 20-Ghost Club". Those who were last off with their cars were unlucky indeed after a harrowing time in the ship's garage with longshoremen who insisted on working—and breaking—a lift they did not understand.

However, the American customs could not have been more helpful and co-operative, and we all disembarked at 6.30 p.m. having waited to avoid the New York rush hour. With High School boys allotted to each car as guides, we drove off to Nutley, New Jersey, where we were introduced to our hosts for the night. We went to their homes, put the Rolls to bed, and then, following what was to become a pattern, they took us—in their "Detroit Iron"—to the first of our many wonderful parties! Dr. and Mrs. Roberts welcomed us to their charming home; here we talked a lot, drank endless champagne, had a delicious dinner and started many new friendships.

Driving aboard.

New York welcomes the Q.E.2.

New Jersey Turnpike:
Tony leads the way

(Photographs by I. Munro)

DAY 2. There they were again the next morning, with coffee and buns for us, as we assembled at 10 a.m. for our first trip, 70 miles along a Garden State Parkway to Ryland Inn, where we had lunch and met our hosts for the coming night. They led us to their homes in and around Easton, Penn. and later took us to a grand party at Mariton, the lovely country home of Tony and Mary Guerrero. After lots of cocktails and gossip, we had a wonderful "covered dish" supper (Mary had prevailed upon her friends to bring their various specialities) and at a guess a hundred of us sat down at gleaming tables, with a passion flower from Tony's greenhouse at each place.

DAY 3 was the only really rainy day of the tour. We assembled and drove along the wooded banks of the lovely Delaware River, while high above us, 'Life' photographers were busy taking pictures of the procession. We drove on to Jenkintown near Philadelphia, for drinks and lunch at Dr. Miller's home. Some of us got lost on the way—and we heard whispers of cities traversed and ferries taken—but everyone arrived in the end and our only regret was that the weather was not suitable for making use of Dr. Miller's splendid swimming pool.

In the afternoon we had a seventy mile drive to the Wilcastle Centre just outside Wilmington, where again our hosts had assembled to greet us and whisk us away for a welcome cup of tea and a rest before the evening festivities began. For these we were taken to the Greenville Country Club for cocktails and dinner; this was the first of a number of these Country Clubs that we visited. They were all fine houses in lovely settings, usually with a golf course, swimming pool, tennis courts, with gracious rooms and beautiful furniture and excellent restaurants. This particular one was on the former estate of Eugene Dupont, and here we had cocktails with Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell before enjoying the famous Delaware Shad fish for dinner and later a most amusing entertainment by local talent.

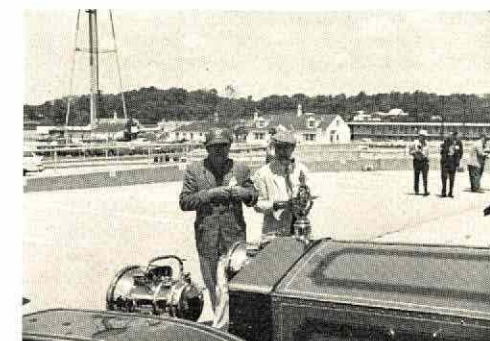
DAY 4. We spent two nights in Wilmington, as on Saturday, the RROC sponsored a big International Friendship Meet at the nearby Brandywine Racetrack, and we had a gathering of 116 cars with members coming from as far afield as Minnesota, Florida and Texas! The British cars were paired off with American cars, drawn out of a hat, and the judges were asked "Which pair of cars would you most like to steal?" Four first prizes were given. The winners were Roy Woollett (1923 Barker 20 h.p. tourer) and John de Campi (1953 Silver Wraith Sedan de ville); Dorothy and Frank Hellings (1928 Mulliner 20 h.p. saloon) and John McFarlane (1929 Brewster P I Derby Phaeton); Ian and Melanie Munro (1936 Hooper Sports saloon 25/30) and Tom Lewis (P II Formal Town Car); Jack and Molly Boord (1933 Hooper Sports Saloon 20/25) and Mr. Gibbons (Silver Cloud). Stanley Sears and Millard Newman, President of the RROC, won special prizes and the Ladies choice was awarded to David Stockwell.

During the afternoon many of us visited the gardens at Winterthur, one of the region's most interesting mansions which houses a museum and belongs to Henry Dupont; these beautifully landscaped grounds were ablaze with a superb and unique collection of azaleas and rhododendrons and were a feast of colour.



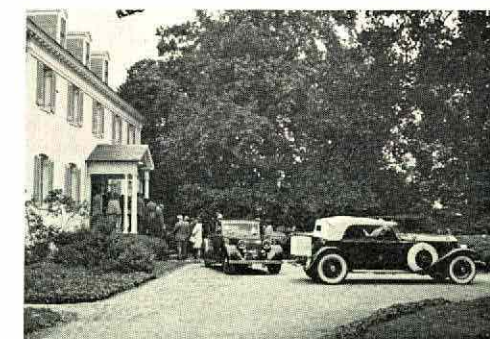
Wilmington Meet.

(I. Munro)



"How many marks?" A.G. & H.K. judging.

(I. Munro)



Harleigh House

(F. Hellings)

A feast of a different kind came later, when we had a gala night at the Wilcastle Centre; Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. de Campi and the Tour Committee were our hosts.

At the end of dinner, speeches were made by Mr. Millard Newman, Dennis Miller-Williams—who presented the RROC with portraits of Rolls and Royce on behalf of the Company, and by John Dymock-Maunsell—who told us that the idea of coming over on the QE2 was broached at an informal committee meeting on August 30th, 1967, and voiced the feelings of all the British guests when he said that no superlatives could express our appreciation of all the kindness and friendliness we were receiving.

The various trophies won at the Meet were presented and the 20-Ghost Club Alpine Trophy was formally presented to Tony Guerrero. On behalf of Rolls-Royce Ltd. and the 20-Ghost Club, for his unflagging work in organising the tour, Tony Guerrero was presented with a pair of Mappin plate candlesticks and an illuminated address; finally, Mr. David Stockwell made a personal presentation to the 20-Ghost Club of a magnificent Steuben Glass Urn—glass made to a new formula in 1930—and a very fine example of American craftsmanship. We are very appreciative of Mr. Stockwell's generous gift.

DAY 5. We left the beauties of Wilmington and its surrounding countryside and the friends we had made there, rather sadly, the next morning; this time we were divided into small groups of three or four cars each guided by an American car—Tony, our little man in the red hat, was by now fit to chew the ears of the black lambs who ran out of petrol and the white lambs who lost their way, and threatened dire punishment for those who continued with this behaviour—like buying a round of drinks for the whole party! Off we went to Easton, Maryland, checked in at the Tidewater Inn and then went for a delightful lunch at Harleigh, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hertelendy; thence a short drive took us to Hope House where Mr. and Mrs. Flaccus Stifel entertained us for tea and gave us a sight of some of his own veteran and vintage cars—including a 1908 Maxwell which runs close to boiling on 2 cylinders and a large flywheel.

As soon as we returned to Easton we were greeted at the Tidewater by Mr. Stifel again and Mr. and Mrs. John North and were entertained to cocktails. (The Editors ended the day, after dinner, by touring various garages in the town to look at some of Mr. North's fine cars, and fell for his Deussenberg!!)

DAY 6. Again in our small and admirably led convoys, we drove off on Monday morning the 50 miles to Annapolis, through rolling countryside and finally across the seemingly endless Chesapeake Bay Bridge, one of the longest in the world.

We arrived in the busy town mid-morning, but undeterred, our police escort, with wide brimmed hats and '45 revolvers, pushed traffic and pedestrians aside and conducted us in a slow sight-seeing cavalcade around the charming, old-world and historic streets for the best part of an hour. Then we parked under guard and the eager eye of the locals, and strolled off for drinks and lunch at the Statler Hilton Hotel, thanks to André Schneebeli, the Chesapeake Region RROC, and Dr. Estridge (regrettably absent).



Hope House: Who's for tea? Jack and Joe Howes, Henry and Joyce Wilkins (I. Munro)



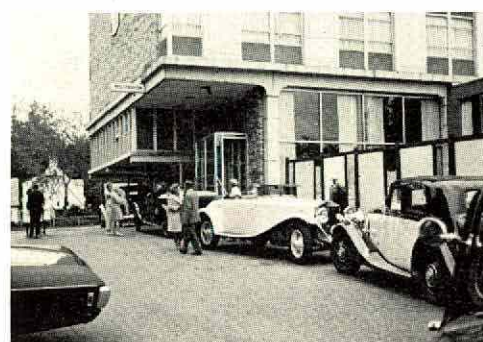
A 54 crosses the bridge. (F. Hellings)



Line up at Annapolis (I. Munro)



Annapolis: pause to refuel. (J. Howes)



Rendezvous at Washington Motel. (I. Munro)



Anglo-American Conference: Elk Ridge (I. Munro)

After lunch we left for Bethesda, on the northern outskirts of Washington, where some of us stayed in the Governor's House Motel, and others were greeted by their hosts and taken off to establish themselves for the next two nights. Again that evening we were royally entertained. Mr. and Mrs. William Bowles opened their house to us all and were our hosts together with Mr. and Mrs. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Schoellkopf and the Committee.

DAY 7. We were free the next day to pursue our own devices and some of us took a bus tour of the capital which gave us a very good idea of its many impressive and beautiful buildings. In the evening, after a cool non-reception for drinks at the British Embassy, we all had a happy time at the Smithsonian Institution—first wandering around some of the transport exhibits (a mere whetting of our appetites in this elegant and spacious museum)—then gathering for a glass of wine and a chat, and finally enjoying a delicious dinner at tables arranged by cars (P II, 25/30, etc.) and brightened by lovely bowls of flowers from Mrs. Ames' own garden and "match-box" Silver Ghosts presented by Dennis Miller-Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Ames (who had been responsible for propaganda, maps, triptiks and so on) together with Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Brooks had arranged this much-enjoyed banquet. We ended the evening with a showing of the film of the Goodwood Pageant 1967, brilliantly commented by John Dymock-Maunsell (owing to sound track troubles), and received with noisy enthusiasm as both American and British cars and members were recognised!

DAY 8. We were all a little sad as we bade goodbye to some of our party, who were not able to stay any longer, and who went off in a group to leave their cars in New York, in charge of Peter Young (R-R Inc.). The rest of us set off from Washington in small groups for a leisurely drive to the outskirts of Baltimore. Those of us fortunate enough to be guided on this occasion by André Schneebeli, suddenly found ourselves taking a very peculiar turning into Kentucky type countryside, and had a bonus—a visit to André's delightful home. Then on to the Elk Ridge Country Club, where Mr. and Mrs. Love and Mr. and Mrs. Richards were our hosts for cocktails and lunch. Another bonus for many of us in the afternoon was a visit to Tom Donoho's intriguing house nestling in hilly Maryland countryside, where we strolled in the fields, or slept on the lawns in the hot sun, while Bruce Wootton busied himself with cups to help Mrs. Donoho prepare welcome tea. Eventually we tore ourselves away and completed our day's journey to the Holiday Motel, just outside Aberdeen.

DAY 9. Eighty miles to Pottstown the next morning meant a fairly early start, but well worth the sight at the end of it, when we went into Mr. Pollock's Museum. Here he has about 55 old cars and a number of antique motor cycles and bicycles, a fascinating case of old toys, and a remarkable collection of dolls prams, baby carriages and so on, and some rare old posters. Within the Museum, which is not open to the public, but is shown to interested groups and educational parties, Mr. Pollock has workshops where restoration is carried out by skilled and dedicated men—he sometimes has to restrain his upholsterer from being too meticulous! There was plenty here to interest even the

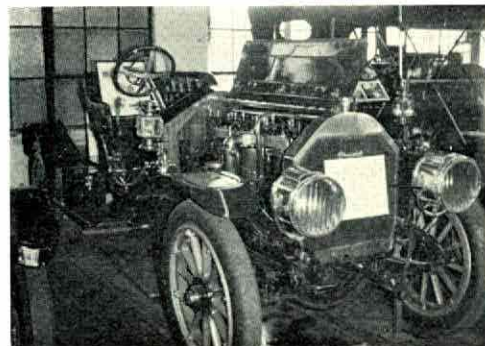
least technically minded of us. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, dragged us away to the Country Club where they very kindly gave us lunch.

From Pottstown we went east to Pineville, Bucks County, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kuhlmann, to meet our hosts for the night. Here we visited their lovely Lapidary Museum after a delicious and elegant tea. (The cucumber sandwiches had thoughtfully been considered essential for an English tea.) A local reporter, eyeing Ian Munro's pink (British) name label asked him how he liked Bucks County—"Fine! I live there!"—retreat of nonplussed reporter! It is a county that might equally be known as "leafy Bucks" (though the trees are not beech) with its rolling wooded slopes.

Having, as usual, tucked up our Rolls in our hosts' capacious garages (and always we found them insistent on leaving their own cars out for the night if that was necessary), they drove us to yet another of our fabulous feasts! This time, Mr. Rivinus, who lives in a lovely old Bucks farmhouse on a hillside looking over a rich valley, at New Hope, had cleared one of those enormous and well built homes that American Rolls-Royces obviously consider their right instead of common garages, and had laid tables for a huge party of guests. We strolled round, drinks in hand, meeting new friends, looking at cars and the landscape, till the small joint of beef, being cooked on the barbecue was ready for us—a mere sixty odd pounds of steamship roast—and precious little there was of it when we had finished, too! As if this was not treat enough, we had home made ice-cream as well. And then, Mr. Rivinus and a group of his friends gave us a delightful recital of unaccompanied part songs, which got tremendous acclaim.

DAY 10. We had a short morning drive to Princeton, where we were met by Bill Davis, who put us in charge of two charming young students of the University. They took us around the Campus—a very interesting tour, through buildings ranging from Greek Classical style to elegantly modern and all blending together in a background of beautiful old trees and flowering shrubs and lawns, giving serenity to one of the oldest American Universities.

We were very grateful to these two young men for giving up precious time to take us around, when they had exams to cope with the following week. They talked interestingly and knowledgeably about the University and its history and answered our many questions about life there and student unrest with great good humour—continuing even over drinks and the excellent lunch which Mr. Davis and his mother (impeccably dressed in Princeton colours) so kindly gave us at the Nassau Inn. It seemed hard to leave this attractive University town to drive back to New York, but this we had to do—and having survived the New Jersey Turnpike and the Lincoln Tunnel we wound our way up the five stories of the United Parcels Garage, parked the cars, had our bags taken to the adjoining Sheraton Motor Inn, and were welcomed in a private room on the fifteenth floor by M. Surmain and Mr. and Mrs. Ulman of the Club de la Carrosserie, who offered us a very fine "Vin d'Honneur", very refreshing and much enjoyed after our exacting drive. For the evening we were free to follow our own devices and explore New York as we wished.



1910 Chadwick, Pollock Museum. (J. Howes)



Princeton: lecture on the Campus (I. Munro)



Pause for laggards, N.J. Turnpike. Mary Guerrero and Henry Wilkins (I. Munro)



Assembly at Fox Hill Inn, Conn. (I. Munro)



Morning Ablutions: Major Pocock, Dorothy Hellings and friend (F. Hellings)



Tavern on the Green, Central Park, N.Y. (I. Munro)

DAY 11. After breakfast we were off again, this time north to Connecticut. The 60 mile drive to Fox Hill Inn (in a lovely rural position) was an example of what motorways can be—for a long distance we travelled on a State Parkway, open only to private traffic, an excellent road and beautifully landscaped, plenty of traffic but a pleasure to drive along. We arrived at Fox Hill to be the guests of the Atlantic Region of the RROC and to have a drink with them before lunch. This was an excellent meal but we were so long over it that it was decided to cancel the "point to point" which had been arranged and to go straight to Derry Mallalieu's home where we were due for early evening drinks in any case. After this we dispersed to our various hosts, who were giving small private dinner parties for their British guests.

One thing marred this lovely day. All the preliminary organisation had been done by Graydon Walker's wife, Emily. That very morning she was rushing out to buy strawberries for the evening's dinner when she slipped and broke her hip. So she was in hospital being "pinned" when we arrived and when she should have been enjoying the fruits of her labours. We hope that by the time a copy of this magazine reaches her she will be walking happily around once more. The way her friends rallied around was an example of the kind of hospitality and warm welcome we all encountered throughout the trip. Her house guests were taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Mallalieu at a moment's notice, and they and the other friends Emily had invited took over the cooking where Emily left off so that the dinner party could still take place.

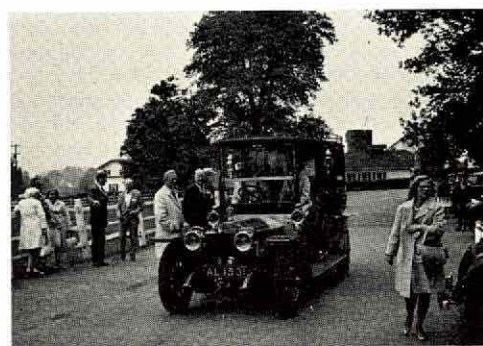
DAY 12. Back to New York we went on Sunday morning, down the Garden Parkway, along the river-side, till we turned off for Central Park and the Tavern on the Green and our final Banquet.

This was arranged by the Club de la Carrosserie and the Atlantic Region RROC. When we had finished our sherry and champagne, our clam chowder and country fried chicken, candied yams, Vermont cheddar and apple pie à la mode, we had our final speeches and presentations. Tokens of appreciation were presented by the 20-Ghost Club and the RROC to the Club de la Carrosserie and they in turn presented silver trays to those two clubs. Stanley Sears thanked the Club de la Carrosserie on behalf of the 20-Ghost Club, in the absence of both Fred Watson and John Dymock-Maunsell who had had to leave before the end of the tour. To everyone's delight, Stan spoke at some length in fluent French, and after a "Merci, du fond du coeur", went on in English to liken our coming to the end of the road in Central Park to a great steam locomotive arriving at a terminus, with the well known "whoosh" as the pressure was finally released. This release would be greatest for Tony and Mary Guerrero who had done the lion's share of the work. They had guarded us and shepherded us around the route and for those of us who seemed to be able neither to read maps nor to understand English, it was a case of "follow the little man with the red hat". The red hat had become a symbol, and he made the warmly received suggestion that it should be autographed by everyone present (and had taken the precaution to ascertain that it would take biro ink!) As we were so indebted to Tony and Mary for such a well organised tour, he asked us to give them a standing ovation.



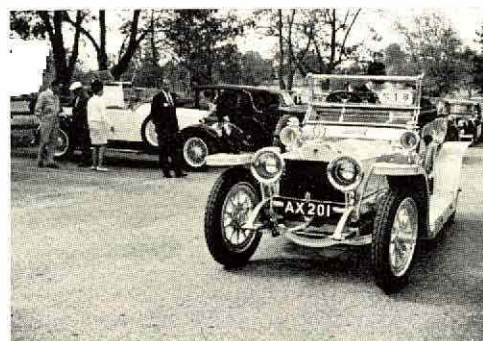
Chesapeake Bay Bridge.

(J. Howes)



Millard Newman's S.G.

(F. Hellings)



Ready for the next lap.

Dennis Miller-Williams with Silver Ghost.

(J. Munro)

Stan went on to thank Jack and Helen Frost for writing between 300 and 400 letters during the planning period of about nine months, and then for following us with a personally hired luggage truck, which meant that Jack had to forego driving his own Rolls-Royce. Thanks were due also to Marty Forrer who brought up the rear with a van equipped for every eventuality (and seemed sorry to use his equipment so little) and to Ed White, whose mechanical genius had solved all problems so smoothly.

We were so glad, said Stan, that Rolls-Royce Ltd. had sent over the Silver Ghost in the able hands of Dennis Miller-Williams, who had contrived to keep her so immaculately clean; it was not his fault that she was still not house trained—and when an oil seal gave up the ghost, Ed White rushed her off to the shoemaker, and all was put right. We were pleased to have had Norman Miller and Peter Young with us from Rolls-Royce Inc. and were grateful to Peter for his arrangements for dealing with the cars at the New York ends. Our appreciation was due to our Chairman, John Dymock-Maunsell, for his work from the other side of the ocean and for his liaison.

Our thanks, concluded Stan, were offered to all those who had helped, in big jobs and small. Our cup of good will had indeed been filled to the brim by those who had taken us into their hearts and homes.

Dennis Miller-Williams, paying tribute to the organisation of the tour, said that it had been a privilege to drive the 1907 Silver Ghost through so many miles of this fine country and to be welcomed to the homes of so many people; it was inspiring, too, to see members of the RROC from places as far apart as Texas and Montreal.

Tony Guerrero then rose to give his "final briefing". This time, he said, he had no instructions and would let his heart speak. First, he must thank John McFarlane (Editor of the 'Flying Lady') for work above and beyond the call of duty. Then he must report that from the start of the tour on May 7th, to that day, there had been no accident, no sick member, and no car had failed to stay the course.

Then he corrected those who had said that he had organised the whole tour—he did not do this, he had only organised the organisers and each region had been responsible for its own section of the trip.

He stressed that in a world where "country hates country", no less than 65 committee members and 245 families had offered welcome and friendship to the British visitors, gathered together through a hobby. Rolls-Royce cars had been their meeting point, and there need be no limit after that to what could be done for more international understanding. Feeling, he said, naked without his hat (which was being autographed) he thanked everyone from the bottom of his heart.

FROM THE U.S. PRESS

The Morning News, Wilmington, Delaware. Silently they rolled into Delaware. Engines muffled, nickel-plated radiators gleaming, from England, from Texas came these elegant Rolls-Royces. Dennis Miller-Williams, an ex-RAF pilot, was polishing the grandest of all Rolls, No. 551, the original Silver Ghost that put the company on the map. "This is the one that brought fame and fortune to us," he said.

Much like her 1929 Phantom I limousine, Lady Freda Valentine of Piccadilly, London, moved about with understated style. "Oh, so you're interested in my dear old Rolls," Lady Freda said. "Well, she's been in the family since 1934. We needed it then. You know, with two golfers, two sons, two nannies and six dogs."

The Express, Easton, Pa. The "finest rolling Rolls-Royce show" ever to visit the United States was seen this afternoon at the Ryland Inn parking lot. The invaluable automobiles began arriving about noon, peeling off Route 22 and gradually filling up the lot with cars dating from 1907. The drivers themselves were amazingly relaxed about handling their prizes on American roads. Commenting on being the driver of the original Silver Ghost, Dennis Miller-Williams said "It's an enormous responsibility really. We think it's the most valuable car in existence, this Silver Ghost which founded the fame and fortune of Rolls-Royce."

In Easton, a service station attendant joked, but with due respect, "Does it really take gas? Where?" A child murmured in awe, "It looks like brand new... or something!" It was—62 years and 500,000 miles ago.

Still running after three generations of users, this masterpiece of elegance and engineering testifies to Sir Frederick Henry Royce's motto, "Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble."

The Washington Post, Washington, D.C. You could see them coming down the Rockville Pike, and even from a mile away there was no mistaking them; the forthright flat round headlights as big as platters, the sincere, straight lines of the gabled radiators, the famed winged figures taking off from the radiator caps.

One of the first arrivals was William Watson in his 1913 Alpine Eagle with his wife. "This is the original Alpine Eagle," he said cordially but smoothly, as though he had said it before. "It won the international four-day Alpine Trial, the original one, in 1913."

Watson, ruddy, balding and retired, said he owns three other Rolls, classes of 1911, 1933 and 1935. He seemed eminently satisfied, however, with the one he was driving, a convertible painted a superbly dignified red.

"No trouble at all on the trip," he said. Did it ever give trouble in fact? "What? Oh, yes, yes—but," he added quickly, "it's a very good car." A Smithsonian expert said it would sell for about 50,000 dollars. Spare parts are still in stock.

The Star-Democrat, Easton, Pa. Lady Freda Valentine was there. Along with Sir Thomas Lund and Admiral Parry. In fact 17 British visitors converged on Easton with an eye-popping display of some of the oldest and finest Rolls-Royces in existence. After a royal welcome in New York harbour aboard the new Queen Elizabeth, the group caused gaping from Wilmington to Washington. The narrow curving road leading to "Hope House", the home of W. Flaccus Stifel, was lined with smiling faces, friendly waves and direction-giving. The drivers, realising the impact on Route 370 responded with playful toots. The British contingent was hosted by local members of the Rolls-Royce Owners' Club who joined the convoy for deployment around the estate. Heads huddled around the innards of neighbouring cars. Expressions approaching mother love were etched on faces as newly started motors evoked barely perceptible purrs.

THOSE WHO TOOK PART

Silver Ghosts

- 1906—Rolls-Royce Ltd.
D. Miller-Williams
Dunlop, J. Bell
- 1913—W. F. Watson
Mrs. Watson
- 1914—S. E. Sears
Miss Phinn
- 1921—H. F. Fergusson-Wood
Major Pocock

New Phantoms

- 1925—D. G. Silcock
Mrs. Silcock
- 1926—Lt. Cdr. J. C. Dymock-Maunsell
Cdr. H. Keller
- 1927—F. A. B. Valentine
Lady Freda Valentine

Phantom II

- 1932—H. Wilkins
Mrs. Wilkins

Phantom III's

- 1936—W. A. L. Cook
Mrs. Cook
- 1936—Capt. R. B. Honnywill
Rear Admiral C. Parry

20's

- 1923—R. Woollett
Mrs. Woollett
J. Randall
Mrs. Randall
- 1927—F. Hellings
Mrs. Hellings
- 1929—J. W. Howes
Mrs. Howes

20/25's

- 1933—Capt. S. J. S. Boord
Mrs. Boord
- 1935—Sir Thomas Lund
- 1935—R. D. Dale
Mrs. Dale
D. McCordell

25/30's

- 1936—I. Munro
Mrs. Munro

One unsuspecting soul, while browsing around the shiny trophies, was startled by a shriek as she was about to rest her leather hand bag on a fender. That's a no-no in classic-car land.

The maybe weather ended on a sunny note as the polished behemoths threaded their way back to the Tidewater Inn.

Regina Discovers America



"Hers" is known as Regina for no better reason than that her registration letters are RX; she has been in the family for seventeen years, has worked hard in her day, but is now semi-retired. We decided to take her to the States because of her interesting vital statistics—1927 Twenty, Mulliner Weymann fabric "sports" saloon with around 130,000 miles on the clock. Preparation started in January in Pembrokeshire, where she now lives, and consisted mostly of minor touches to the body-work and the complete rebuilding of her tool-box. Her five tyres had done only about 1,200 miles, but were taken off, the inner tubes checked and the valves tested for loss of pressure over a month. The battery, though good, we thought prudent to replace with a Dagenite.

Ashore in New York (with our highly efficient American guide to ensure that we were always in the right lane) the traffic was no problem, though it may have presented some difficulty to the larger cars. Driving in America is so disciplined and so lane- and speed-conscious that the result—at least for a slow car—is safety, and boredom. Admittedly they have a high accident rate; if one car has a blow-out in front of thirty others all doing 55 m.p.h., you get a pile-up. Also, there is no breathalyser or blood test where we drove, and plenty of tearaways in hot rods, but in all our driving we saw no such near misses as can be seen in any hundred miles on our A4. Basically, along the Turnpikes, Throughways, Beltways and the rest, it is boringly easy. Why bring a sports car to the U.S.A.?

We found that Regina much preferred the roads that link the highways. Here she could cruise at her usual 47/50 m.p.h., dropping down to 40 or less for a breather. We had been worried about overheating, because what she does not like is a steady 50, monotonously maintained. So we regularly cruised at not more than 45—once, and only once, did we overtake a truck—but although she registered 100°C. for long periods, she lost very little water. In 985 miles she burnt five pints of Castrol G.T., and the petrol consumption, at a maintained average speed of just under 40 m.p.h., was a fraction better than 20 m.p.g. (British, not American).

In Wilmington, our hosts (of fond memory) introduced us to Solvol-Autosol for our bright-work. New to us, though obtainable in this country, we think highly of it. Also, we were told of, and later acquired in Washington, something we had been looking for for years—"Vinylize", a cleaner-renovator for fabric hard-tops. Regina, who has been re-clad in P.V.C., clearly loved the stuff.

Mention of Washington reminds me that there we let some air *out* of the tyres. That, and an occasional tightening of the grease nut on the water pump, and a drop of oil in such points as I can see with a clear head and the light behind me, sufficed as "servicing". Regina needed no assistance from Ed White; and once, in a journey of 70 miles in convoy, her performance was such that a well-known technical expert of the RROC mistook her for a rather sluggish 20/25. What more can I say in praise of her marquee?

F.H.

(Ed. Note) The Munro 25/30 did 1,200 miles door to door, averaging 21 m.p. British gallon, and using 4 pints of oil.

1969



In Appreciation

May 7th to 18th 1969

GOOD WILL TOUR OF U.S.A.

At the request of Stanley Sears, we publish below a special article he wrote for the Flying Lady, the magazine of the RROC. on the conclusion of the 20-Ghost Club's visit to America.

This was undoubtedly the most enjoyable tour in which we have taken part, thanks to the excellent organisation, both preparatory to, and during the actual tour. The liaison between the Director and the various sections of the RROC and American members of the 20-Ghost Club, all along the route, was perfect.

Owing to considerations of space, I will leave it to others to describe fully the route which we followed and our daily activities. What I want to do, on behalf of the British members of the 20-Ghost Club is to offer our most sincere and grateful thanks to everyone who helped us in large or small capacity. It is quite impossible for me to mention all by name, but I must single out a few, and I sincerely trust that the many who cannot be named will also accept our appreciative thanks.

To commence with our tour directors, Tony and Mary Guerrero, who have borne the lions' share of the load, starting at least nine months ago on the preparatory work of planning and arranging and co-ordinating each day of our activities, and then when they must have been tired, started the arduous task of shepherding their flock along the route. In spite of splendid Triptiks, maps, and written explanations, some lambs contrived to get lost (including myself) but were always retrieved before the end of the day. The 'little man in the Red Hat' guided us, briefed us, sometimes wagged an admonitory finger at us, but brought us all safe and sound, without a single accident, to the end of the road at the Central Park at New York. A splendid achievement for almost 1,000 miles.

Helen and Jack Frost were extremely helpful, the former having typed, in the preparatory stages, hundreds of letters, and the latter followed us with his trailer to take our excess baggage. I am only sorry that due to the changed dates, they could not be with us all the way.

The many marshals and pilots who helped us in their respective sections, some taking small groups of cars at a time, contributed worthily to keeping us from getting lost at intersections when others got the green lights and we were stopped at the red ones.

And then the 'tail end Charlies'. Ed White, that master mechanic, followed, and administered tirelessly to the troubles which beset some of us. Of course a Rolls-Royce never breaks down, but like the rest of us in old age, may sometimes be a bit off colour! It is a pleasure to watch him use his tools, step by step, carefully and accurately. Finally Martin Forrer our universal provider, who from his van could conjure anything from a bar of chocolate to a complete set of tyres and tubes, a compressor, water, petrol and oil, and even a battery for me!

And so to a most important aspect of the tour. I refer to all those who so kindly helped us to conserve the meagre ration of dollars which a grateful British Government allows to its overtaxed subjects. The word is HOSPITALITY, which in this case should be spelt in double size capitals.

I am given to understand that many members of the RROC and the American members of the 20-Ghost Club, dug deeply into their pockets to provide a fund which gave us welcome liquors, lunches, picnic-boxes and dinners. Moreover many people generously offered us these delights entirely on their own account. First Dr. and Mrs. Roberts gave us a splendid dinner at their house at Nutley, and then Tony and Mary gave us a delightful evening at their lovely home with a "covered dish" dinner. This was followed by an excellent lunch the next day at Dr. and Mrs. Miller's home in Jenkintown. Unfortunately it rained hard and we were unable to enjoy their beautiful garden and swimming pool. That evening we had refreshing cocktails with Mr. and Mrs. David Stockwell at the Country Club. (Incidentally David has presented a magnificent and very valuable Steuben glass trophy to the 20-Ghost Club), and dinner as guests of Regional members of the RROC. The next day, May 11, we were invited to lunch at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hertelendy at Trappe. Here again it was rather too cold and windy to appreciate fully their beautiful garden and boathouse. That afternoon we inspected the interesting collection of cars and boats of Mr. and Mrs. Flaccus Stifel at Hope House, and enjoyed tea and cakes, dispensed by an elegant lady, seated at the head of the table, from a large silver urn flanked by silver hot water jugs to match. In the evening we were entertained to cocktails by John North and Flaccus Stifel at Easton. On May 12 we had an excellent lunch at the Statler Hilton Hotel in Annapolis,

as guests of André Schneebeli, Dr. M. Estridge and the Chesapeake Region of the RROC. In the evening we had a delicious dinner in Chevy Chase, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bowles and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schoellkopf and the Committee at the Bowles home, where I was fortunate to be staying. On May 13 we had a reception and cocktails at the British Embassy at Washington, and dinner at the Smithsonian Institute arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brooks and Mr. and Mrs. Ames, when Dennis Miller-Williams presented everyone with a splendid matchbox model of the 1907 Silver Ghost. On May 14 we had lunch at the beautiful Country Club at Elk Ridge as guests of the Chesapeake Region of the RROC whose chairman, Tom Donoho, had been so helpful along the route. John Love and Warren Richards were in charge of the proceedings. On May 15 we went to Pottstown to see the wonderful collection of Bill Pollock—perfectly restored in his own workshop, and were entertained to lunch by Bill and Hindella. In the afternoon we had a pleasant change from pistons and valves, etc. to view the Lapidary Museum of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kuhlman at Pineville. This is something quite unique, and the colours of the stones and the workmanship of the carvings magnificent. We enjoyed with them a refreshing tea.

In the evening we were invited to cocktails and dinner at the lovely country home of Mr. W. Rivinus at New Hope. In the yard outside his garage and barn, two chefs were preparing an enormous "Steamship Roast", over a charcoal fire, which had taken 8 hours to cook. Believe me it was delicious and we put away 62 lbs. of this succulent beef! May 16 found us at Princeton for a brief glimpse of the University and an excellent lunch at the Nassau Inn as guests of Bill Davis. Then we headed for New York and, as we made the run in, very careful concentration was needed (particularly by the drivers of the cars with only rear wheel brakes) to wrestle with the traffic. Safely at the garage near the docks we transferred our baggage to the Sheraton Motor Inn, where we arrived hot and tired. By a masterpiece of thought and friendliness the Club de la Carrosserie welcomed us with unlimited bottles of Blanc de Blanc as a Vin d' Honneur. If ever there was a life saver this was it. Their President André Surmain and their Treasurer Alec Ulman received us with open arms.

Next day, May 17, we went to the Fox Hill Inn, Connecticut. The beautiful country around reminded me very much of Sussex and the South Downs. Here we were greeted by some very fine cars belonging to members, and then went in to a splendid lunch as guests of the Atlantic Region of the RROC presided over by its President Mr. Graydon Walker. Unfortunately his wife, who had been looking forward to greeting us, had that morning, slipped and fractured her hip. We sent some flowers to her in hospital. And then on Sunday, May 18 we came to the end of the road at the Tavern on the Green in Central Park, New York. The Club de la Carrosserie and the Atlantic Region RROC gave us a farewell lunch—indeed it was a banquet—with delicious food and wines to speed us on our way, and a most attractive menu which we kept as a souvenir. We are very grateful to Mr. André Surmain and to all the officers and members of the Club for their charming hospitality.

Finally I would like to say a very special word of thanks to the hosts who very kindly invited a great number of us to stay a night or two in their homes for rest and refreshment. To open their doors and their beds to complete strangers, not knowing who they would get—a pig in a poke!—is a kindness that we shall never forget.

We are grateful to Rolls-Royce Ltd. for sending over the original 1907 Silver Ghost in the very capable hands of Dennis Miller-Williams, who maintained the car in a perfect state of cleanliness throughout the tour. Our thanks are also due to the Company for their assistance with the insurance and shipping problems, and particularly to Peter Young from the New York side.

I am only too sorry that more of our members could not stay until the end. They really missed something.

We particularly appreciated the meticulous restoration and splendid standard of maintenance of the American R-Rs which accompanied us or met us en route.

Here is the end of a wonderful tour. We shall never forget the friendliness, the kindness, and the generous hospitality of all concerned.

Many new friendships were made, and this is what we need more than ever in this rapidly changing world in which we live today.

You filled the cup of kindness to the brim, and we drank deeply and pleasurably of it.

STANLEY SEARS,
(Master of the 20-Ghost Club)

HORSE LAUGH

All the Rolls-Royces at the Tavern on the Green, Central Park, New York, were under the armed guard of a venerable New York policeman mounted on an even more venerable horse.

I approached him with the suggestion that I might photograph him mounted alongside my car, which he willingly agreed to do.

After I had taken the picture, he said "Maria will certainly like this" to which I replied immediately that I would be delighted to let his wife have a copy of the photograph. He at once said "No Sir, I am not married—Maria is the horse."

R.D.D.

West Country Luncheon March 29th, 1969

The great popularity and success of last year's Meet at Dodington Park had whetted our appetites for a visit to an interesting building to be combined with an adequate but frugal lunch. The difficulty was to find where. Thornbury Castle, a genuine 14th century building, now run as a restaurant, was unable to cope with even half the number of members who could be expected to come. Finally a venue was found at Corsham, with luncheon at the Methuen Arms, preceded by a visit to Corsham Court, the home of Lord Methuen and a residential college of the Bath Academy of Art.

The Court itself is an Elizabethan mansion, excellently preserved, and the State Rooms are embellished with a magnificent collection of pictures, furniture, and objets d'art which, in these days, it is delightful to know are all private property. Nothing is on loan or bequeathed from other Stately Homes.

Lord Methuen, a most distinguished artist himself, occupies the West wing, and apart from the State Rooms, the rest of the house is given over to the Bath Academy.

The Court was especially opened to us from 11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., but it was 11.30 before a sufficient number of members had arrived to make up a party to view the house. Eventually eleven motor cars were parked in "Church Square", which is reserved for those visiting the Court or attending services.

After a chilly start to the day, the sun came out at lunch time as members repaired to the Methuen Arms, a few minutes away, to meet their friends at the bar prior to a simple but well served lunch at specially arranged long tables.

We sadly missed Mr. Burnett, who had had a heart attack the preceding Thursday and died on Friday. It was a terribly sudden tragedy, and we offer every sympathy to his family.

All told the Club mustered over forty members and 12 motor cars for the Meet, compared, rather surprisingly, with the 66 members who said they would come bringing with them 20 motor cars.

R.B.H.

Visit to R.A.F. Station, Coltishall

Saturday, May 17th, 1969



Fifteen of the Club's motor cars attended this most enjoyable visit. This seems quite a creditable number as at the time a further sixteen were in the U.S.A. The picture shows Club members round Spitfire VB AB910.

We were welcomed in the spacious Officers' Mess on arrival, and after cocktails were served a most sumptuous lunch with wine.

After lunch we drove to the hangars, and were able to appreciate the spaciousness of the station in the pleasant countryside. We "inspected" the 18 ton Lightnings which could be ready for combat at short notice, and also the Spitfires of the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight. These had been very gaily painted, and perhaps one day we might have a State of Preservation competition between the Club and the Flight!

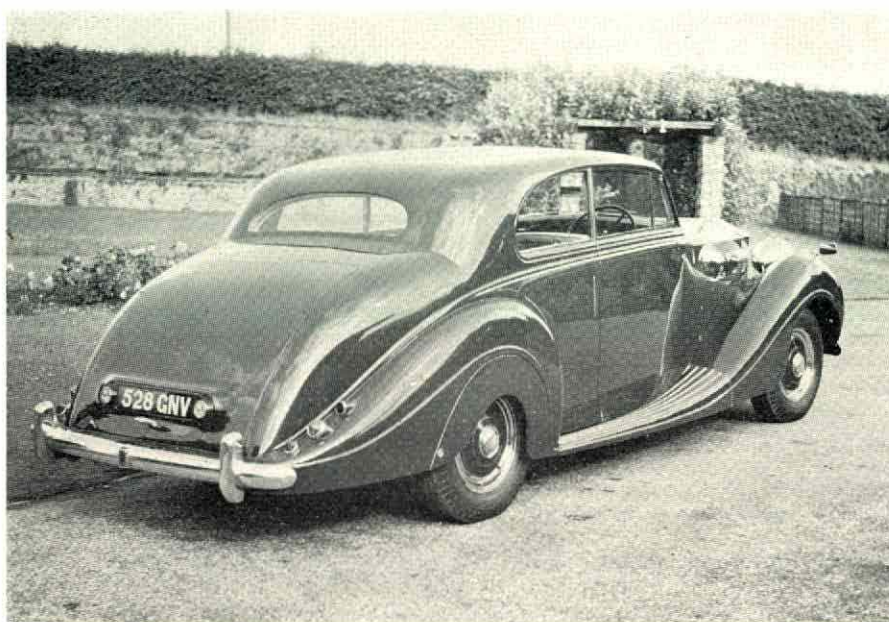
During the afternoon the weather deteriorated rapidly, and it rained like fury, so it was not possible to carry out the planned aerobatic display by a Spitfire and Hurricane.

The hospitality extended to us was of the highest order, and we have been implored to go back again, and not before too long. We were unable to accept an invitation for Battle of Britain Day, 1969, as it clashes with the Camberley Horse Show, but let's hope we can make it in 1970.

J.C. D-M

Members' Cars Described

(No. 2 New Series)



<i>Model</i>	Silver Wraith
<i>Chassis No.</i>	WOF 54
<i>First Reg.</i>	1951
<i>Coachwork</i>	Freestone & Webb
<i>Present owner</i>	R. W. Colton

Owner's remarks: My Silver Wraith is WOF 54, a 1951 chassis with 4566 c.c. full flow engine, which was completed with a Freestone and Webb two-door fixed head coupé body in early 1952. On the road I consider this a more interesting car than my 20/25 Vincent Tourer which I sold to my friend and Club Member, Hugh Denton. I have known of it since new, as it had lived one mile away all its life. It was originally owned by the managing director of a large local company from whom I managed to buy it after some protracted negotiations, because his father-in-law had just given him a 1957 Wraith (also Freestone, incidentally).

When I got it, it had covered 59,000 miles, and was in generally first class shape except for the paintwork, which was dull, but the application of five tins of assorted polishes finishing with Simoniz has brought it back to its original lustre. I also had the R.R. double dipping conversion done at Hythe Road preserving the original appearance of the headlamps. While there one of the testers was good enough to take the car out with me, and after I had confirmed that the mileage was genuine he said "Yes, it's very nice—but then there shouldn't be much wrong with it at this mileage, should there?"

The colour is dark green with chromium waistband and gold lining, and the interior is in fawn Bedford Cord front and rear, with the original loose covers on the front seats. It has a Radiomobile radio, adjustable rake individual seats, picnic tables in the rear and a large and well fitted boot. I have never seen another car with this body, although I believe there was at least one other made.

I like to use the car as much as possible, and in August last year my wife and I took it to Skye and the North of Scotland for a week's touring. I think that a situation like this makes one appreciate just what Rolls Royce motoring is all about. To live with the car for a week and to drive two or three hundred miles a day (we covered 1,700 miles in the week) one really appreciates the mechanical silence and refinement, the comfort (the sort you can only have with a two ton car, big seats

and cloth upholstery), the sheer effortlessness of the car. I do most of my mileage on a Porsche 911, so the contrast is considerable, but nevertheless the Wraith is still a great motor car in 1969, and was even more so seventeen years ago.

The performance is excellent for such a big car, with a maximum of just over 90 m.p.h. indicated (on private roads of course) and all day cruising at 70 m.p.h. Petrol consumption in Scotland was just over 17½ m.p.g., and no trouble of any kind was encountered.

The thing I enjoy so much about the Silver Wraith is the fact that it is such a usable car.

My picture shows the sweep of the tail and those exciting, I think, Gurney Nuttingish curves of the wings and rear quarters.

Huge Secret Horde of Rolls-Royces

CLUB MEMBER'S SENSATIONAL FIND

Some years ago I came across, quite by accident, a small house in the country where it was rumoured locally that the owner lived surrounded by long case clocks. On approaching him with a request to see them, I met with a certain reluctance and it was only after mentioning my similar interests that I was asked in. There I beheld a quite unbelievable sight; lined against every wall in the rooms, landings and staircase, were over a hundred grandfather clocks standing to attention, elbow to elbow and ticking in glorious cacophony.

The owner explained that he had started with five or six clocks which were on their last legs and were on the way to the local dump. He had felt sorry for them and had decided, as an old soldier, that they should not die, but be allowed to fade away with him. From that day his fate was sealed and he had spent all his money in rescuing all the clocks he could lay his hands on. There were certainly no Tompions or Grahams present, but it was the oddest assortment of veterans under one roof I had ever seen. He explained his reluctance to admit me by saying that he was afraid of publicity and being badgered by the press. I have respected his request for anonymity.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of excitement mixed with trepidation that I heard a few months ago another similar rumour, this time not about clocks, but about motor cars. I took the precaution of first telephoning the owner and met with the same sort of reluctance, which was only overcome by my promising not to divulge his whereabouts. After a journey through narrow winding country lanes, we arrived at a straggling set of buildings where obviously other activities than farming were taking place. The owner explained to me that he was a car breaker. The spares obtained from old cars were stored and sold to those requiring them. Some five years ago, he acquired a Rolls-Royce with bodywork still in good condition, but having, as he discovered, an engine quite beyond repair. To destroy such a magnificent vehicle seemed to him sheer vandalism, and from that moment he has devoted his life to the preservation of Rolls-Royces. Methodically, he scoured the surrounding counties, until today he has—perhaps not quite as many as the clock collector—but more Rolls-Royces, I venture to say, than anyone else in the world.

Their condition ranges from "one foot in the grave" to nearly (?) 20-Ghost Club standards; but the owner, an energetic man in his late fifties, is beginning the slow process of restoration, aided by an R-R trained mechanic, and intends to spend the rest of his life on this work.

At present they are parked nose to tail in several sheds, but when they are nursed back into some sort of health, they will be accommodated in a new shed which will have luxuries such as central heating and fluorescent lighting. At one end there will be a raised gallery with an old church organ, also rescued locally on the way to the scrap dealer! One should then be able to see gathered together one of the largest collections of the coach builders' art ever assembled. They range in age from 1920 to 1939, from Silver Ghosts to Phantom IIIs, from Coupés de Ville to Hearses, and none of them are for sale or ever will be whilst the owner is alive.

I hope that before very long I shall be able to persuade him to line up some of them in the open, so that they can be seen all together, and perhaps when we next meet in his area, some members might be interested in coming to see them. For myself, I wish him all the strength and health necessary to carry out this mammoth task. I shall keep the Club informed.

A.H.

Concours d'Etat June 1st, 1969

This year's meeting was held at Syon House, historic seat of the Duke of Northumberland, set on the north bank of the Thames near Kew Gardens. Capability Brown's park and pleasure grounds around the house provided a delightful setting, and our motor cars were drawn up in a handsome tree-lined avenue. There was a good total turn-out considering that the cars which had been on the U.S. trip had only landed at Southampton three days previously. The 26 entrants included no less than 9 Phantoms.

Rain fell heavily towards the end, but fortunately held off until the judges had completed their tasks. In between the judging and the presentation of awards by Dorothy Hellings several members took advantage of the proximity of the Gardening Centre elsewhere in the grounds to purchase bedding plants for their gardens.

It is a pity that such an attractive locale should be marred by the whistle and roar of low flying aircraft coming in to land at London Airport. These at times made it almost impossible to maintain a sustained conversation for more than 40 seconds at a time.

I.M.

		INTERIOR	EXTERIOR	UNDER BONNET	CHASSIS	ORIGINALITY	MECHANICAL	
CHAMPIONSHIP CLASS	MODEL	100	100	100	100	150	250	TOTAL 800
S. R. Terry	25/30	99	96	99	99	150	234	777
V. Hodgson	25/30	98	93	97	98	150	219	755
G. W. Wrapson	Wraith	93	88	97	94	150	228	750
C. J. Curtis	25/30	94	91	93	97	140	233	748
G. E. Price	20/25	87	82	86	92	150	226	723
40/50								
J. H. Coleman	P I	97	85	96	98	150	190	716
J. C. Dymock-Maunsell	P II	70	81	66	72	145	214	648
J. C. Dymock-Maunsell	P I	81	73	72	85	145	189	645
G. D. A. Price	P III	67	84	67	61	150	215	644
W. F. Watson	P II	82	81	49	68	150	211	641
L. H. Jamieson	S.G.	90	95	74	84	120	162	625
F. A. B. Valentine	P I	75	79	46	82	120	198	600
J. D. Townsley, Jr.	P III	82	86	69	62	135	158	592
L. A. Brua	P II	88	80	48	66	150	156	588
20, 20/25, 25/30 and WRAITH								
L. E. Dalton	25/30	97	95	97	98	150	218	755
A. Heathcote	25/30	88	82	94	86	150	220	720
J. I. Yates	Wraith	86	85	66	72	145	245	699
Mrs. F. Hellings	20	90	74	68	87	135	222	676
J. C. Dymock-Maunsell	20/25	92	87	58	69	145	225	676
P. H. Collinson	25/30	83	70	63	71	150	214	651
N. Taylor	20	88	77	75	74	150	177	641
A. Taylor	20/25	65	58	59	64	140	174	560
G. B. Lochée Bayne	20/25	75	63	60	74	100	182	554
POST-WAR CARS								
R. W. Colton	S.W.	98	93	63	77	150	239	720
E. C. Flynn	Dawn	99	87	61	75	150	218	690
R. M. Harrison	S.C.I.	88	74	65	70	150	226	673

Westward Ho !



With the West Country always fairly prominent in the Club programme, a few words about a long weekend tour last Autumn—with the Shaftesbury lunch as the focal point—might be of interest to anyone wanting a real change from the "bustle" of our urban roads.

From Yorkshire we headed for Shrewsbury, and then felt really free—albeit wet, and journeyed south on the A49/A466 to Tintern Abbey where we spent a comfortable night, without a prior reservation, at the Royal George (Trust House—recommended, but no garage).

On Saturday we crossed the Severn Bridge—with the gale lights flashing and a force 8/9 wind, which made a firm hand on the wheel necessary. At Trowbridge the rain had stopped, so we had coffee before proceeding to Shaftesbury.

The hill climb finished, we went on through Blandford Forum to Poole, Studland Bay, Corfe Castle and Wareham for the night.

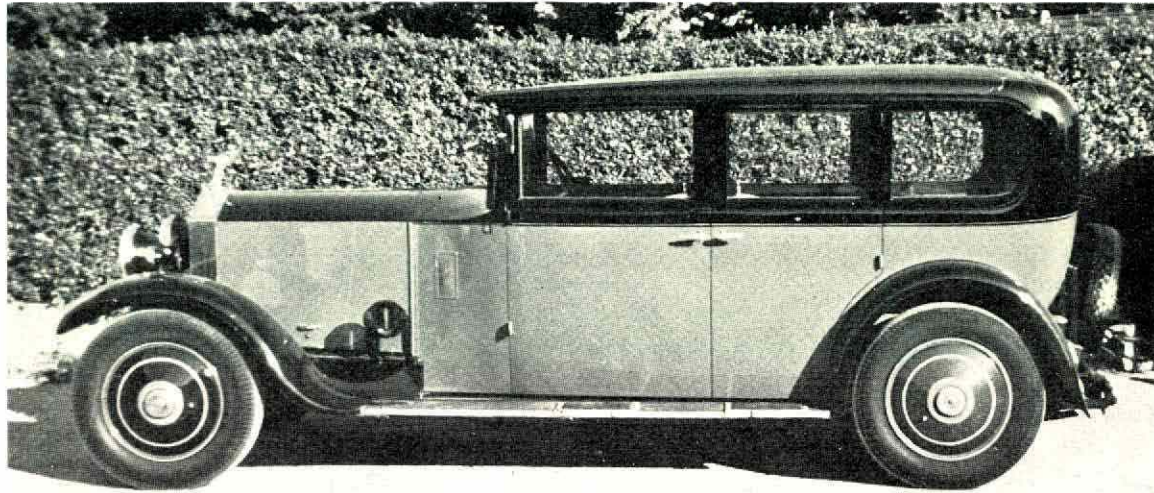
On Sunday morning we motored over the Purbeck Downs to Lulworth—not busy at this time, and with a Pub in the village which looked worth a visit—The Castle Inn. Then, heading north again, we retraced our steps back over the Severn Bridge and stopped for a picnic lunch on the B4293 behind Tintern, looking down over the Usk Valley towards Raglan. Here we joined the A40/A479 and motored up to Builth Wells through really delightful mountain scenery. A detour via Brecon and Llandovery is recommended if time allows. From Builth Wells we cut across country on the A481/44/B4362 to Presteigne, providing a wonderful upland panorama which reminded us very much of parts of south-west France. At Presteigne we stopped overnight at the Radnorshire Arms (Trust House—large garage opposite the hotel). This the County Town of Radnorshire, has a traditional character and rural charm of a type which is fast disappearing from our shores.

On the northward run, there is some good upland scenery to Shrewsbury via Knighton, Clun and Bishop's Castle, and you can eat a picnic lunch on Offa's Dyke if you have a bent for archaeology!

The roads were all but empty of traffic and this, coupled with the unspoilt nature of the country (how refreshing to see a landscape free of electricity pylons), gave motoring conditions reminiscent of 50 years ago, but with much better road surfaces.

D.B.

The Story of GGP 28



When I was gathering material for my book "The Hyphen in Rolls-Royce" and was discussing the various models which the Company had produced over the years, I was told that "the 20/25 type of car was one of the best models we ever produced." This sentiment is echoed by Sir Max Pemberton in his book "The Life of Sir Henry Royce" in which he refers to this model as "The Belle of the Ball".

My memories of the 20/25 go back to the year it "came out" as a 1930 model when it was announced in the Autumn of 1929 as a great advance on the previous "small" car, the 20 h.p., as it had an increased bore and one shot lubrication.

We were living at the time in Eaton Place, that area of London known as Belgravia; full of large houses staffed with five or six servants, butlers, footmen, maids, etc. Nearly every house had at least one large chauffeur-driven car, such makes as Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Lanchester, Packard, Minerva and Lincoln predominated. However, although both my uncles and my grandmother ran 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royces, my mother preferred an American car, and we had a Buick Master or a Hupmobile Straight Eight with English coachwork by Victor Broom and, coming back home, an Austin Twenty Ranelagh Coupé, which she considered better value at £950 than a Rolls-Royce 20 h.p. at about £1,850.

This caused our chauffeur to undergo a certain amount of "one upmanship" from the other chauffeurs who also housed their cars in the mews behind the houses.

I remember, as a boy of nine or ten years, one of my chief pleasures was to visit this mews and walk up and down studying all the cars as they were having their usual morning spit and polish, and chatting to and learning from the various chauffeurs. In fact, I spent so much time thinking and talking about motor cars that my governess told me I was "motor mad" and would likely end in a lunatic asylum.

By the end of 1930 several 20/25's appeared in Eaton Place and I was much taken with their appearance, with their vertical shutters, rear-mounted spare wheel and the curious curve in the exhaust pipe just before the fish-tail (to prevent the exhaust fouling the number plate.)

I was never able to talk my mother into buying a 20/25, and when the war came in September 1939 we had a Buick Viceroy saloon, a 1937 Rover Ten and an Austin Ranelagh limousine. These were all laid up for the duration. When I came out of the R.A.F. in 1945 the cars were brought out of store and owing to the fantastic boom in second-hand cars we were able to sell the Buick for three times its pre-war price in 1939 and the Rover for double what my mother had paid for it in 1937.

Petrol was still rationed and the old Austin Twenty, although as good as ever, had always been rather harsh running with its big 4 cyl. 95 x 127 engine. Mother asked my advice as to what she should do; I at once saw my opportunity and unhesitatingly advised her to buy a Rolls-Royce 20/25. We therefore went to Mascot Motors at Kensal Green, where we met Commander Hugh Keller. I quickly picked out an early 20/25 with six light saloon body by Joseph Cockshoot of Manchester, chassis number GXO 86. The interior in black leather with fawn carpets was spotless, the total mileage was 38,000; but the exterior in blue and black paint and varnish was very shabby. I showed the car to my mother, who promptly turned it down flat. However, I persuaded her to have a trial run and suggested that she had it completely repainted. She was reluctantly convinced and agreed to buy it. We had it re-cellulosed in Mascot Motor's paint shop. Fast Carmine Red with Black top, wings and wheels and very, very smart it looked, but somewhat conspicuous. I was simply delighted with it, except for the ride, which was terribly jolty (if only I had known then what I know now, the springs were crying out for oil; there were oilers on the gaiters and putting the oil gun on these would have cured it).

Mother never really cared for the car and in 1947, when basic petrol ceased and she went off to South Africa to see my brother for six months, the car was laid up. (I got Rolls-Royce Ltd. to come and do this.)

In 1948 I began farming in Sussex, and as a car to use for this mother gave me the old Austin Twenty. I wanted the Rolls-Royce 20/25 but she was adamant it must be sold, so it went back to Mascot Motors and I have never heard of it since. I have often wondered what became of it. The registration was VR 5269. It has never found its way into any of the R.R. Clubs and I would welcome news of it.

In 1954 I acquired my first very own Rolls-Royce, chassis number 101 SK. (Phantom II Continental, the Amsterdam show and Indian Trials car.) The following year, we decided to move the entire farm from Sussex to Kent. Not long after we had moved I several times encountered on the roads to Hastings and Rye what I thought was a particularly attractive 20/25. The car was invariably driven by a chauffeur and there were two elderly ladies sitting in the back; it was all black with two spare wheels mounted one each side of the bonnet and a Brooks trunk on the luggage grid behind. The mascot on the radiator cap was a parrot. This was in fact my first sight of GGP 28.

The car looked extremely well on the road, it was obviously an early 20/25 by the radiator, but the body was much lower built than most of those produced between 1929 and 1931.

I noted the number, SM 8225, which is from Dumfriesshire, and guessed that they were two ladies on holiday from Scotland enjoying the Sussex and Kentish scenery. When I had not met the car for some time I concluded they had returned north.

It was in February 1959 that one Saturday morning, when I went to the bank in Hawkhurst to collect the wages as usual, I was approached by a motor salesman, whom I knew slightly, from one of the local garages. He told me that Mrs. Violet Carruthers had died recently and had left her Rolls-Royce car to her chauffeur. It was a 1930 model with a total mileage of 125,000 painted all black, "a big, square car with a box at the back". The chauffeur wanted to part exchange the car for an Austin A.35 and as I had old cars the salesman wanted to know if I could tell him its value.

I said the description was far too vague, was it a Phantom II 40/50 or a 20/25? Was he sure it was 1930? Who were the coach builders? What sort of body was it?

As he did not know the answers to any of my questions, the following Saturday he took me to see the car at Wittersham. To my amazement and delight I recognised it instantly as the 20/25 which I had encountered and admired on the roads around Hawkhurst some two years before. The chauffeur was a delightful person and very much attached to the car of which he had taken great care over the years. He was happy to sell it to me and I have had it now for over nine years and never regretted it.

The coachwork is by a little-known coach builder, A. C. Penman and Sons Ltd., of Dumfries. I had never before seen a body by them, only illustrations of their work in "The Autocar". The firm is still in existence but now only builds bodies for commercial chassis, like many more old-established firms; but in the 1920s they had a stand at Olympia and seemed to have specialised in bodies on Daimler, Lanchester, Austin Twenty, the larger Wolseleys and Crossleys, apart from Rolls-Royce.

W.J.O.

(to be continued)



Officers and Committee

MASTER: S. E. Sears
PRESIDENT: W. F. Watson
VICE-PRESIDENT: A. J. Belsey
CHAIRMAN: F. Hellings
HON. SECRETARY AND TREASURER: W. F. Watson, Aldwick Hundred,
Bognor Regis, Sussex.

COMMITTEE

S. E. Sears; W. F. Watson; A. J. Belsey; W. A. L. Cook; S. J. Lovegrove; R. B. Honnywill;
Mrs. F. Hellings; J. G. Hampton; J. I. Yates; Mr. and Mrs. I. Munro.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

A. J. Belsey; W. F. Watson; W. A. L. Cook; S. J. Lovegrove; Mr. and Mrs. I. Munro.

EVENTS COMMITTEE

S. J. Lovegrove (Chairman); J. G. Hampton; R. B. Honnywill; F. Hellings (co-opted); C. Meachen
(co-opted).

GENERAL PURPOSES COMMITTEE

W. A. L. Cook (Chairman); Mrs. F. Hellings; Mrs. J. E. Castle (co-opted).

OTHER OFFICERS

Hon. Technical Liaison Officer: J. G. Hampton
Hon. Historian and Librarian: R. O. Barnard
Hon. Solicitor: F. Hellings
Hon. Co-Editors: Ian and Melanie Munro

GENERAL NOTES

LIBRARY — Members are reminded that the Club Library contains a considerable amount of
Rolls-Royce literature, most of which may be borrowed from the Hon. Librarian. This includes
issues of "The Flying Lady", instruction books, Rolls-Royce Bulletins and files of cuttings.

INSIGNIA — Club insignia available from the Hon. Secretary include lapel brooches (for ladies
and gentlemen) in sterling silver at 35s; Club ties at 22s 6d; silver cuff-links at 40s; and car badges
at 35s.

FUTURE EVENTS, 1969

Saturday, September 6th	Disabled Drivers: Brooklands
Saturday, September 20th	Camberley Horse Show
Sunday, October 5th	Eton College.
Saturday, October 25th	Sussex Luncheon: Lewes.

The Committee would like it to be known that members who wish to cancel their entries for
meetings and events cannot obtain refunds of their entry money unless notice of cancellation is
received 48 hours before the event.

The R.R.E.C. kindly invite our members to join them at the following events:

Sunday, August 3rd	Rally, Stapleford Park, Leics.
Saturday, August 16th	Rally, Arundel Castle, Sussex.
Thursday, August 28th	Investiture Parade, Monmouth.
Saturday, September 20th	Norfolk Game Fair.

For further details of these events please write to the Hon. Secretary, Lt.-Col. Barrass, Lincroft,
Montacute Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

20-GHOST CLUB RECOMMENDED HOTELS

THE PEACOCK, Rowsley, Derbyshire. Lock-ups for eight motor cars, all of large size. Very
comfortable and very good cuisine. Situated in pleasant countryside and near Chatsworth House.
(Contributed by John Dymock-Maunsell.)

THE CARLTON HOTEL, East Overcliff, Bournemouth, Hants. Tel.: Bournemouth 22011. Ample
parking and lock-up garages. Excellent service. Food and wine among the best in Bournemouth.
Heated swimming pool. Almost all rooms have a sea view. Owner run, ensuring personal
attention. (Contributed by Cecil Flynn.)

SALES AND WANTS

(10/- for each 50 words)

FOR SALE. Champagne Bar specially made to fit between the back of the front seats of a Dawn
(standard), or Bentley or similar car, with arm rest for front seats. £10 complete with Fizz, glasses,
etc. Apply Cecil Flynn, 163, Malvern Road, Bournemouth.

FOR SALE. Five 6-70/16 Dunlop Gold Seal tyres, part worn, suitable for Silver Dawn or "R" type
Bentley. £3 each. Apply J. C. Dymock-Maunsell, Endway Cottage, Fir Grange Avenue, Wey-
bridge, Surrey. Tel.: Weybridge 42817.

URGENTLY WANTED. 3-32 x 4½ SS Wheels; Rocker Plate with Coil and fittings and 1 pair of
Lucas Head Lamps for a 1923 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce; 1909 Silver Ghost Chassis Frame and Cylinder
Blocks; 1911/12 Silver Ghost 3 Speed Gearbox. Exchange possibilities for all items. Neale,
Little Grange, Brake Lane, West Hagley, Worcs. Tel.: Hagley 3422.

NEW MEMBERS

BASTIN, C. C. and Mrs., 14 Wilton Street, London, S.W.1.

SW	1949	WFC 89	Reg. KXL 407	Saloon, Freestone & Webb
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BRUA, L. A., Tir Na N'og, Coombes Riding, Kingston Hill, Kingston, Surrey. 01-546 3802

P II	1932	35 MS	Reg. GY 7719	Continental Saloon, Hooper
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H WHITE, H. E., 18 Mount Pleasant Road, Newtown, Conn. 06470, U.S.A.

HOPPE, Mrs. P., 77 Eccleston Square Mews, London, S.W.1.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

BULL, Stanley, Dalton House, Middlewich Road, Sandbach, Cheshire.

GRESHAM, Lt.-Col. J. F., Nant-Y-Glen, Cricceth, Caernarvonshire, N. Wales.

LUND, Sir Thomas, International Bar Association, 14 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

MARTIN, J. P. B., High Land, Lanham Lane, Winchester.

TOWNSLEY, J. D. and Mrs., 22 Croft Gardens, Ruislip, Mddx. Ruislip 39611.

YATES, J. L. and Mrs., Holt End House, Ashford Hill, Newbury, Berks. Tadley 3727.

OBITUARY

We regretfully record the deaths of the following members:

Mr. F. J. Burnett of Bristol.

Major W. L. M. Blount of Blackboys, Sussex.

Captain J. E. Castle of Linden Gardens, London.

Mr. S. R. Chichester, O.B.E., of Farnham, Surrey.

Who Cares for Spares?

ONLY 20 MEMBERS NOTIFY FUTURE NEEDS

Members take little or no interest in the spare parts position, judging by the alarmingly lethargic response to the Future Requirements Form enclosed in the last issue of the Record. This emerged at a meeting at Conduit Street, on June 26th, between Rolls-Royce Ltd., and the Rolls-Royce and Bentley Clubs, and it is hoped that members will speedily complete their forms which cost £6 to print and insert in the magazine, or at least write to John Hampton about their likely future needs. It is strongly suggested that in all cases a new cylinder head should be requested.

John Dymock-Maunsell, who attended the meeting on behalf of the Club, writes:

The second meeting took place at Conduit Street on June 26th. In addition to representatives from the Clubs, Mr. D. A. S. Plastow, Marketing Director, Mr. J. Craig, Servicing Manager and Mr. D. E. A. Miller-Williams, Public Relations Manager of the Motor Car Division, were present.

Most of the meeting was devoted to the question of spares and technical information for pre-war Rolls-Royce Motor Cars. The more this problem is investigated the more complex it becomes, both in assessing what spares are and will be needed and in collating the maximum information from owners as to their likely requirements, which will depend to a large extent on how much their motor cars will be used.

Whilst Rolls-Royce Ltd. will continue to provide spares, subject to demand and at a cost that is economical, it is up to owners to appreciate the various difficulties which will increase rather than lessen with the years.

Those in the Company with detailed knowledge of the older cars are becoming fewer, and within a decade or so certain Club members are likely to have more knowledge about the older motor cars than Company employees, who will have had little or no direct contact with them. There are many old cars of many makes on the road, but we are uniquely fortunate in having our manufacturer doing everything possible to provide spares for all our models.

From these generalities the following emerged:

- (a) Spares for pre-war Rolls-Royces should still be ordered via your local Rolls-Royce Distributor (not Dealer). For administrative and logistic reasons this will in all probability lead to the earliest delivery of the required part.
- (b) Since our last meeting in January, 250,000 drawings had been recorded on microfilm at R-R. Ltd.
- (c) An average of five letters a day, explaining technical matters, are written by the Company to pre-war owners. These will be collated and sent to Club Secretaries for promulgation to members.
- (d) The Company will make technical information available to the Clubs through their Secretaries or Technical Representatives.
- (e) Only 20 members from our Club returned forms for spares. None had so far been returned to R-R. Ltd. by any other Club. Obviously many more will need spares in the next five years.

PLEASE SEND OFF YOUR FORM IF YOU HAVE NOT DONE SO ALREADY OR WRITE TO JOHN HAMPTON.

- (f) An inter-club technical committee will be formed to attempt to collate information and assist the Company in other logistics of spares requirements.