



THE 20-GHOST CLUB RECORD

Vol 12 No 2 1971



A P11 "ORIENTAL" RETURNS HOME

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

ANTONIO P. GUERRERO

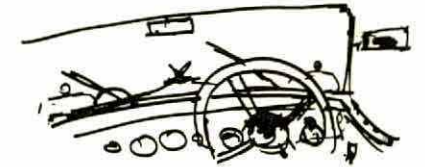
Tony Guerrero, International Relations Vice-President of the R.R.O.C. and long-standing member of the 20-Ghost Club, died at sea last May on his way to re-visit Spain, his homeland. In him the Club lost its best friend in the United States, and those of us who knew him personally are shocked and grieved at his sudden going.

He was a gay perfectionist in his life, and in his care of the cars he loved. Those who went on the Club Tour of America in 1969 will always remember him affectionately as "the little man in the red hat". He wore it so that he could be found in a crowd by those needing his help, and this was always fully and freely given. He drove others as he drove himself, and was wont to explain "I am a Spaniard" whenever his exuberant volatility overflowed.

We all owe him an immense debt for his tireless work in promoting inter-Club and international fellowship. On page 1 we report the formation of an inter-Club Technical Committee, a development of the highest importance. This owes everything to Tony Guerrero (his name means "warrior") who, almost a lone voice, had long striven mightily for its formation. It was he who arranged the meeting from which the Committee has sprung—a posthumous reward if ever there was one.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to his wife Mary, who supported her husband so staunchly in all his widespread activities. We hope we shall continue to see her on this side of the Atlantic, so preserving a link which means much to us all.

Just for THE RECORD



Of vital concern to all owners of pre-war Rolls-Royces is the preservation and publication of technical information, and the continued supply of genuine Rolls-Royce spares.

The late Tony Guerrero proposed the establishment of a Technical Federation to maintain liaison with the Company on these matters. A big step forward in this direction was taken when representatives of the British and American Clubs, Rolls-Royce and Rippon Brothers met at Conduit Street in June and with support from Continental, Australian and South African Clubs agreed to form an International Joint Technical Committee. This Committee will broadly undertake the task of cataloguing technical information and spares, and maintaining liaison with Appleyard Rippon on the continued supply of spare parts.

Dennis Miller-Williams of Rolls-Royce has agreed to act as Secretary to this Committee, and we hope to publish news of its activities in subsequent issues of the Record.

Unquestionably this development is of the utmost importance to all club members, and the work of the new Committee deserves our closest interest and support.

The Committee has decided to abolish the model allowance hitherto used in the calculation of the results.

When the competition was instituted the model allowance was introduced on the assumption that because of convenience and cost the larger models would be used less than the smaller ones.

The Committee is of the opinion that this no longer applies and that the use of this factor is unfair to the owners of the smaller cars.

Total marks awarded for 1971 and subsequent years will be the age of a car multiplied by the number of miles covered by that car during the twelve months ending 30th November.

Members with friends who would like to join the 20-Ghost Club, but perhaps because of the condition of their cars are uncertain about the position, might care to bear in mind that the Committee has decided to continue the existing "interested party" system rather than introduce some form of Probationary Membership as has been suggested from time to time.

Interested parties are always welcome at meetings, and if their cars do not come up to standard they will be sent constructive letters explaining the shortcomings and urging them to come again and not hesitate to ask for advice.

The standard of the Club, in short, is that a car is acceptable provided that it has passed its M.O.T. test and that the owner has satisfied himself that the accepted danger points are satisfactory. It must also be acceptable to the eye of the Committee in style and finish; it must be clean, well kept and free of damage, not drop oil or water, nor make dubious noises, and not have been defaced by the fitting of non-Rolls-Royce assemblies.

Testing cars along the French Routes Nationales in the years between the wars had its unexpected diversions. Mr. W. A. Robotham (Rm) who was this year's Guest of Honour at the annual dinner-dance, was based with his team of testers at the Hotel de France, Châteauroux, and in this issue, under the title "The Girl in the Yellow Rolls-Royce", he describes how "one flicker of romance" came his way in a highly unexpected fashion.

In our next issue we plan to publish an entertaining account by 16-year-old Junior Member Jonathan Samuelson of a recent tour of Brittany in the family 1922 Silver Ghost. We hope also to hear from Anthony Heathcote something of his epic trip to the shores of the Dead Sea in his 1938 25/30, perhaps the most enterprising solo trip yet undertaken by a Club member. From the other side of the Atlantic we hope to receive an account of the R.R.O.C. Spring Tour of the Washington area in which a dozen American members of the 20-Ghost Club are taking part. This year, incidentally, we have been very glad to welcome over here Bill Davis and his Mother, Ed and Ida White, and Tom and Ginny Donoho.

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

Members write ...

The Bull-nosed Rolls

From Bob Johnston, Johannesburg:

I thought you might be interested in the following reference to the armoured cars which comes from the book "Trekking On" by that fine South African, Deneys Reitz, who was for many years High Commissioner in London. The setting is the almost forgotten German East African Campaign of 1916-17.

"The enemy opened rifle and machine gun fire on our men and a fierce little battle began. Then there came from the rear, two engines of war that were new to me, although I had read of them. They were Rolls-Royce armoured cars just arrived from base, and immediately sent into action. It was the first and last time, I believe, that they were used in this country, as they were found unsuitable for rough work, but on this occasion, at any rate, they justified themselves.

Capt. Goldberg, a Jewish officer, was in charge, and he took his machines straight at the enemy barricade across the road. As he neared the work, machine-gun bullets rattled like hail on the steel plates, but he continued on his way, hosing the enemy with fire as he went. Old Hilgaard's face was a picture when he saw the Askari running for all they were worth before the armoured cars. He clapped me on the back and cried in Dutch (he knew no English): "By God, man, those things look for all the world like two rhino bulls charging up-wind!" and he chuckled with glee at a sight that had thus far lain beyond his military ken".

Major Hilgaard de Jager was a rugged old soldier who had fought against the British in the First (1880) and the Second (1899-1902) Boer Wars.

* * * * *

Grain of Truth

From John Oldham:

I read Captain Honnywill's letter with great interest, and though there is a grain of truth in what he says if a radiator is very badly choked, I can only speak as I find my radiators, which have never been allowed to get into that condition. I have been using the Bar's Flushing Gun for the past nine years, and the radiators on both 74 GN and GGP 28 are the original matrixes. They are now both 41 years old and filled with Bluecol AA which will find even the smallest leak. Surely this speaks for itself.

It takes very little sediment to impede the flow of water in the radiator of a Rolls-Royce because the tubes are so fine.

Swift Identification

From George Clegg:

I was interested to see the Instruction Chassis on the cover of The Record. It brought back nostalgic memories. Although some of the faces are remembered by me, there is but one whom I can definitely identify. That is the chap on the front passenger seat. He is Harry Swift, one time Assistant Works Manager to his cousin Arthur Wormald.

Swift and his pal Henry Watkin were in digs together, as were also myself and Arthur Biddulph. They used to visit us on occasion. Swift is still knocking about Derby, but Henry Watkins and his wife are long dead.

* * * * *

Sole Faux Pas

From Leonard Taylor:

When I mentioned "makers" in my paragraph about lubricating road springs, I meant the gaiter manufacturers—not Rolls-Royce—who have always specified engine oil for springs. Perhaps you will correct this in the next "Record" because our good friend Dick Honnywill seems to think that I was criticising the creators of our beautiful cars.

I think the only faux pas I ever noticed from Rolls-Royce Ltd. was in their instructions for adjusting the old friction type shock dampers where they state that the centre bolt should be tightened "so that a load of 20lb may be hung on the end of the lever without slip", which meant in effect that one could adjust it until a 50lb weight would not shift it. Of course we all know what the instruction intended, but it would have been better had it stated "so that a load of 20lb hung on the arm would only just move it."

* * * * *

Still in Print

From Kenneth Neve:

In the little piece which you were good enough to publish in The Record just before Christmas last year, about an evening with G. R. N. Minchin in South Africa, I wrote that his book "The Silver Lady" was out of print. In this I was wrong.

I have since learnt that the publishers, Foulis, still have in stock some 800 or 900 copies of that delightful autobiographical story of a London-Edinburgh Rolls-Royce.

My apologies to everyone concerned.

Elizabethan Splendour

Spring Meeting: April 18th, 1971



One of England's finest Elizabethan houses, Castle Ashby, provided a magnificent setting for the opening event of the 1971 season. Twenty-three motor cars were drawn up on the great sward facing the South Front, and members had the privilege of a specially conducted hour long tour of the house and its superb collection of Italian, Dutch and English pictures, 15th century furniture and tapestries, and the remarkable moulded ceilings and panelling.

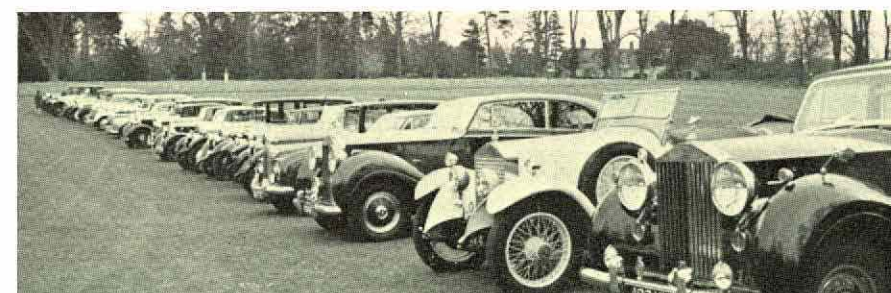
The house, which lies seven miles east of Northampton, is the home of the Marquess of Northampton, who also owns the exquisite Compton Wynnyates in Oxfordshire.

Some fifty members and their guests, who had earlier met for lunch at the Wenstone Hotel, Northampton, were present, and happily the weather was dry, though slightly chilly.

John Hampton and Bill Banks arrived with a full complement of passengers in their Silver Ghost open tourers, and Bill Meredith-Owens brought a car hitherto unknown to the Club in the shape of the ex-Maharajah of Rajkot's 1934 P II, pictured on the front cover. This has a Thrupp & Maberly cabriolet body finished in a rather startling shade of orange with polished aluminium bonnet and wings—the original finish specified by the Maharajah. It has covered less than 6,000 miles from new and was used as a hunting and estate car, which explains the twelve lights and two spotlights which swivel with the front wheels à la DS Citroën. Nothing new under the sun?

David Berry, who won the award for travelling the highest mileage to the event, came from Yorkshire via Worthing, where he had taken his family. Frank Hellings had come from Wales with his fabric bodied 20 driven by Dorothy Hellings. Our President Fred Watson had driven up from the south coast in his P II, but the customary number of Taylor cars was depleted by the incapacity of father Philip, who had dislocated his shoulder falling off a penny farthing bicycle. John Oldham was over from Jersey with his P II Victoria coupé. Claude and Peggy Curtis arrived in their "new" under 50,000 miles S.I. while, not to be outdone, Ian and Melanie Munro came in their "new" under 23,000 miles 1950 Silver Wraith.

The cars started moving off in the late afternoon after a most enjoyable and well attended meeting.



Pictures by FRANK HELLINGS

Story by RICHARD COLTON

Three Years Hard

Rebuilding a 1908 Ghost

I was well on the way to completing my rebuild of No. 1899, a low bonnet 1912 car fitted with an Open Drive James Young Landaulette body when I first heard of 60756.

I have always tried to steel myself to part with one of my cars if a more desirable example comes along, but I had grown very attached to the 1912 car, particularly since reaching the stage where she was roadworthy but without paint, upholstery and many of the finishing touches. In this state I had been able to drive her on the road for reasonable mileages to settle down the mechanics, and great fun it was.

A second good reason for my really not wanting to swap was the reluctance I had to rebuild one car having just done precisely the same work on a basically similar machine. Nevertheless I always have the fear that if I pass over any of the more unusual chances that come my way I may regret it in years to come. After all, what will another three years' spare time hard work mean in ten years time anyway?

I managed to do a good mental sales job on myself, and soon reached the stage when not to have bought 756 would have been unthinkable. She was after all a very early Ghost, 1908, and not only that, she was the short wheelbase model with low steering. A further bonus was the brass radiator and fittings. The Company later confirmed that she had been fitted by Barkers with a light tourer body.

My state of euphoria was completely dashed on first seeing the car. She apparently consisted of a chassis frame, (nicely sandblasted and undercoated), rear axle, gearbox (three plus overdrive), lower half of engine with one block, front axle and very bashed about radiator. Other than some very dirty undertrays, obviously partly off a Phantom I, that was all.

My unrehearsed expression of disgust and annoyance, as the car had been described to me as mechanically complete, called for some explanation, and I got it.

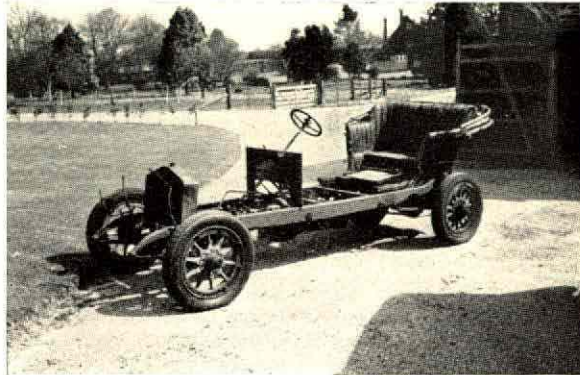
MISSING BITS

It seemed that the owner had been talked into paying some exorbitant price for it not long after the war. I think he said £60, and it had been complete then other than for its prop shaft. He had soon started the rebuild,

but unfortunately this had ceased once the chassis had been cleaned off and painted (I hope I get further than that in twenty years).

He assured me that he had not let any of the bits go, but as he admitted that the parts were distributed throughout other buildings in the town, and that he had had many other Ghosts through his hands in the meantime, some of them in pieces, I was sceptical of his finding more than a fraction of the missing bits.

We ferreted around for an hour or so and found the lovely "Pepper Pot" carburettor



with its small bore inlet manifold and other sundry items including four pistons and rods. I found the other two later as you will read. All in all however I was far from happy and went home very dejected.

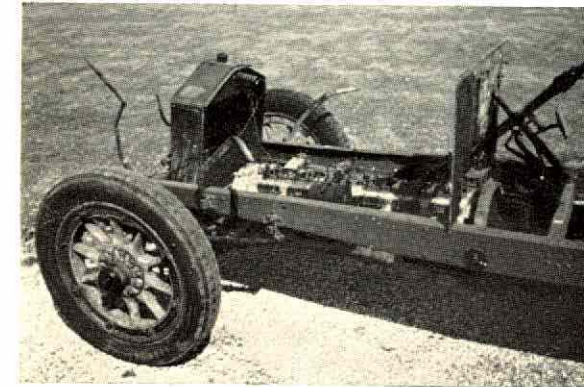
Some weeks later the car was advertised but clearly did not sell as he came back to me in due course and proved willing to talk of figures rather nearer reality than had been mentioned before. Price was far from being my only worry though as I just did not really want to get myself half a car and then spend years searching for the other half. He was still so insistent that he really did have it all that I eventually agreed that if he would get everything together and do a kind of "mock assembly" I would come up and see if we could do a deal.

Well, he did not do at all badly, but I am sure that a good part of the machine would never have come to light if I had taken a

chance earlier. He said that he had spent hours searching in lofts and cellars.

FIVE HOURS CHECK

Whilst he was doing his bit, I had made a complete list of every part on a Ghost, other than nuts and bolts, and to give you an idea of the number of parts involved I can tell you that it took two of us five hours to check the list against the assembled chassis. From memory, there were about forty parts missing, which may sound a lot but really represented a very small percentage. About half of these were subsequently found and the only important absentees were the prop shaft, both universal joints with their aluminium covers, the complete exhaust system other than one rusty downpipe with the remains of the hexagonal fixing ring (different from the later rings which used a "C" spanner), and the two manifolds. The governor and distributor tower



were missing, although luckily the distributor itself was there. The oil pump and transmission brake shoes made up the list of what I called serious losses. Less important items were the coil box, air pressure gauge, bonnet clips and sundry levers.

"W ↑ D" LAMPS

Part of the equipment he had agreed to produce was a full set of lamps. I was very suspicious of the oil side lamps which had iron tanks and handles. I was assured that I was wrong in thinking that they were later than 1908 and had probably come off a commercial. To his credit he laughed almost as loudly as I did when I saw and pointed out that well known trade mark "W ↑ D". I was prepared to accept them as soon as I saw the magnificent pair of self-generating Ducellier headlamps he produced. These I would place at 1904 or 05, certainly not right for the Ghost, but what beauties! Anyway I had at home

just the right pair of Lucas lamps which have been decorating our dining room inglenook for the last two years.

It was immediately after unloading her from the lorry that delivered her that I took the only photographs of her that I have, two of which are reproduced here. Unfortunately they are not very good, but before I found that out, the car was in a thousand bits once more.

The time had now come to take stock of what I had got and to do some research and planning.

All the early cars seem to be uncommonly short of stamped numbers on either chassis or engine, and we had to rely on the chassis plate and magneto number. It is typical of the thoroughness of the factory that they even kept a note of these, and I was lucky that the magneto had not been replaced during its original working life.

I had been told that the rear mounted petrol tank was an original and experimental feature. This, as I had expected, turned out to be nonsense, and the works record sheet confirmed that the conversion had been carried out in 1910. I intend to revert to the original system, and if anyone can help with parts or drawings for the tank, vertical brass firewall mounted pump or exhaust pressure control valve I would be very grateful.

The wooden wheels were rotten and will need rebuilding, so I will take the opportunity of reverting to the original fixed rim type with 895 x 135 rear and 880 x 120 front.

Whilst detachable rims were a boon, with modern road surfaces and butyl inner tubes, punctures are really very rare. As far as I can tell, mine will be the only Ghost on fixed rims.

TWISTED CHASSIS

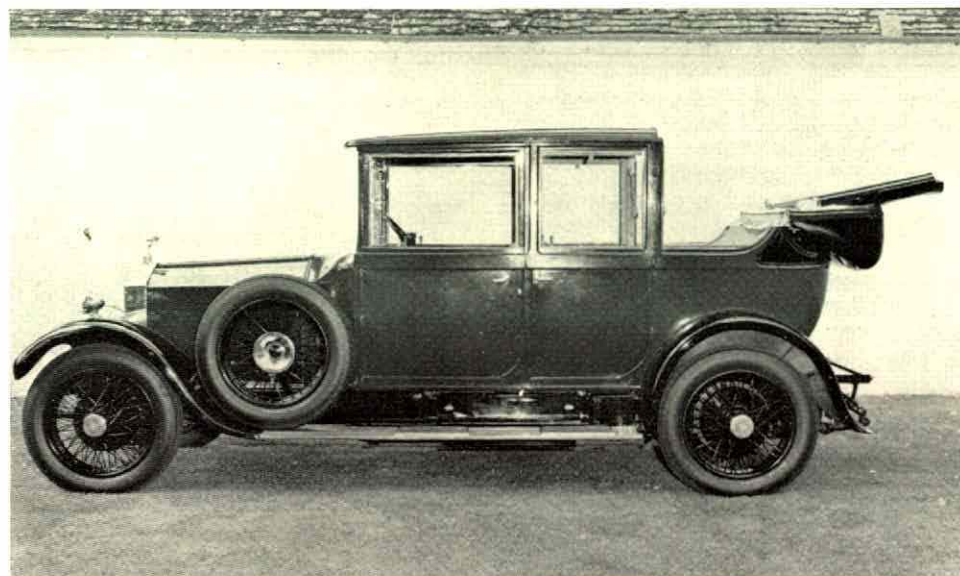
Casual measurement showed the chassis seriously twisted, the front axle bent and the track rod a very odd shape indeed. I think it had been used as a jacking point. These will all need to go to Blakers, whom I have found very reasonable in the past.

The radiator was sadly damaged in several places, with seam leaks repaired by large soldered patches. However I was very pleased to see the original gilled tubing still in place and I determined not to be forced to fit a modern core. That well-known radiator repair company which does such marvellous work for all of us with old cars was unable to help unless I let them repair the core, and so priced themselves out of my bracket. I am now in touch with an aircraft engineer who says he can tackle the job, but we shall see.

continued on page 7

Members' Cars Described

(No. 8 New Series)



Model:	Twenty
Chassis No.:	GOK 48
First Reg.:	1926
Coachwork:	Barker
Present Owner:	Hugh Denton

Owner's Remarks:

I first met Richard Moss some six years ago when I visited his workshops with a friend to see just how a car should be rebuilt. There were most models of Bentley in various stages of completion, from 3 litre to Speed Six, and his standard of workmanship together with his attention to detail impressed me enormously. Over the next few years I was to spend many hours drooling over his work, and we often talked of doing the same sort of thing to a Rolls-Royce, if a suitable vehicle could be found. At that time, I did not think this would be any problem, but in practice this turned out to be by far the most difficult part of the whole exercise. I eagerly scanned magazines and Club bulletins and spent a considerable amount on advertisements, all to no avail.

However, one Saturday in 1967 I went to Stratford-on-Avon to see what the advertisement said was an immaculate 20 Saloon, only to discover what most members will have found out long ago, that my interpretation of this word, and the advertiser's, differed considerably. I remember little of this particular car other than it was very scruffy and it was plainly obvious I was wasting my time yet again. Before leaving I fortunately accepted a cup of coffee, and it was whilst drinking this I was told of another Rolls in the area that was also for sale. A note was made of the address, and as I was in no particular hurry, I decided to call and see the car on the way home. This address turned out to be a scrap-yard in Leamington Spa, and as I entered the gates, there before me were two RR's. One of them was a 20/25 Tourer, but it was not this vehicle that caught my eye, but the one that stood next door to it. Though in a pitiful state by comparison, with badly abused body-work, torn roof and quite appalling interior, it was obviously very much more original than its neighbour. I had great difficulty in finding anyone on the site who could tell me the name of the present owner, and whether the car was in fact for sale. The more I looked at the car, the more certain I became that this was just the car we had been looking for, as it had a Barker Landaulette

body complete with all lights in good condition, the dipping mechanism was there and working, the door handles, both interior and exterior were unmarked and even the blinds and rollers to the rear compartment were intact. As regards the engine this also appeared to be complete and quite original. Without more ado, the owner was found and a cheque pressed into his hand and a suspended tow organised direct to the workshops of Richard Moss. I clearly remember arriving an hour or so before the car turned up, wondering whether I had done the right thing buying the car without Richard being present to guide me. When the car finally arrived and the breakdown truck had left it really did look in a very sad state, but Richard said nothing as he examined the car in great detail. His first words to me were "do you realise just how lucky you are?" He later wrote to me in December 1967 to say that he had completed the dismantling, "and to let you know the frame appears to be in extremely fine condition. There is no doubt that the construction of the chassis is so incredible (remember he was comparing it with a Bentley!) that it lends itself to a most interesting restoration job. I am sure you will be well pleased with the finished article."

One could fill the entire issue of this "Record" describing some of the many items that came to light during the course of the rebuild, but unfortunately space does not permit. I will therefore mention just two points that might be of interest to readers. During the dismantling we noticed that every piece of wood used in the car, instrument panel, floorboards, door surrounds and pieces from the division were all stamped with the number 5290, which did not appear to tie-up with any of the other numbers we had seen on the car. We found the answer at a later stage when work was progressing on the body itself and the paint being removed, for attached to the rear door was a small circular plate and the words—Barker Body No. 5290. It is also interesting to note there were more than 265 components in the make up of one rear brake assembly, together with some 40 split-pins. No, I did not count them, but Richard did!

From start to finish, it took just under two years and we managed to enter the car for Blenheim in 1969 where it won its class. Since this time it has completed over 5,000 miles, all of which have given enormous pleasure. With some embarrassment I should mention YN 9313 has won every concours entered since and only last year it was awarded the very lovely Phoenix Trophy for the best restoration. I claim no credit for this other than buying the car in the first instance, but it is nice to bathe in reflected glory at 20-Ghost events and be told by knowledgeable members of the Club when you lift the bonnet—"what a joy to look at". I would therefore like to take this opportunity to place on record my thanks to Richard Moss, and his assistant Geoff Huckle, for the patience and the care that went into the restoration of GOK 48.

continued from page 5

My major catastrophe was with the blocks. Each one had a con-rod sticking out of the bottom where the piston had been reluctant to be drawn. This was not altogether surprising I suppose as the car had been standing with no bonnet and some plugs missing for years. Everything was tried from tapping inward—to get an initial movement—to applying hydraulic pressure from inside and soaking with diesel oil. With no sign of success I just could not risk damaging the blocks, and we had to break them up. The bores were in a terrible state, and liners will have to be fitted. The valve seats can be reclaimed, but new valves will be necessary. One rather interesting feature was the brass valve covers/sparking plug holders. Some were standard 18 mm. and some 24 mm. The latter were fitted with Lodge

plugs marked "Rolls-Royce Type". Rather nice, I thought!

I have been able to do a bit of trading with these caps and now have six of each size. I will use the larger ones for the battery ignition and tell everyone that it was the original feature. Who knows? I may be right.

I had two incredible bits of luck early on in finding a correct air pressure gauge (actually off a 30 h.p. car broken up not long before the war, I was told), and was then offered a box for the trembler coil. On the early cars these were not like the later ones. They had hinged wooden lids and not lift-off aluminium lids. This box is in perfect condition except that it has been robbed of the two little brass catches on the sides. They should be easy enough to make anyway.

BILL LAKE

(Next article—The Work Starts)

Rolls-Royces at Sotheby's

May 20th, 1971

Over the last few years a number of interesting and unexpected Rolls-Royces have appeared under the hammer at Sotheby's—General Sikorski's open P III, the Maharajah's special 1911 Silver Ghost come to mind—so I went to view this year's sale with some expectations and a little excitement. On this occasion, however, there were no real surprises.

The two cars that stood out in point of condition were both 25/30 h.p. and both well known at club events: GUL 49 James Young saloon with division and GUL 39 Freestone and Webb sports saloon. Removed from the usual company of their peers and placed alongside varied examples of other makes they looked all the more dignified and elegant. The angular lines of the F & W were, I thought, most attractive and this car subsequently reached the excellent figure of £3,100. The James Young, however, did not reach its reserve.

No pre-1914 Silver Ghosts were present, but there was a fine drophead coupé of 1921 (body by Plaxton of Scarborough). This car, 73 JG, was in nice original order consistent with its reputed total mileage of 82,000. The hood leather was original. But the car had been painted white, with white side-rims to black wheels, and the colour scheme did not suit it. In maroon or dark blue, and black, it would have looked very well. A high reserve price must have deterred would-be buyers and little interest was shown. 51 EM, a 1923 chassis without any coachwork, was unusual in having artillery wheels and a brass radiator. Clean, but not faultless, it changed hands at £2,000. The next two cars had clearly come from our former Indian Empire. The first was a handsome 3-door Barker saloon on 1925 Silver Ghost 24 EU, with a V-front windscreen and a delightful little ventilating door in the roof. For a closed car of this date it was an unusually pleasant and useable design and was complete down to most details (the top of the coil cover was missing and the petrol tank cap incorrect). But close inspection revealed that the renovation of the car was rather unsatisfactory: the silencer was rusty, the chassis in need of cleaning, the new paint already scratched. No serious bids came up for it. But 47 YC—an early P.I. Windover tourer with Grebel lighting, louvred bonnet and repoussé instrument board, glistened with new paint and new trim, and attracted £6,200.

The only Phantom II, chassis 60 MY, bore a fixed-head coupé body equipped with a large fabric-covered box at the rear. The body was said to have been fitted at sometime in the 1940's; the paint and trimming were certainly of the 1970's.

Twenties were represented by a 1928 chassis with a new wooden body on sporting lines, not in my view a happy marriage, but £1,350 was bid.

Although a delightful and nostalgic picture of the late Shane Chichester with his elegant 1928 Hooper Weymann saloon appeared in the catalogue, the car itself did not materialize. A nice early 20/25, GXO 27, with a Hooper 2-door fixed head coupé did not seem dear at £1,500. Another, this time 1934, also had a fixed head body, by Freestone and Webb, and was fitted with a special large speedometer and rev. counter. For a car in "average" condition, it made a high price (£2,200), and, as it was sold to the trade, will now presumably be sold for more.

What of Royce's rivals? In 1908 the 45 h.p. 6-cylinder Napier was a challenger and here was one to see, a rather shabby specimen, but in one family from new. It was impressive, but rather lacking in the "artistry in small details" characteristic of Rolls-Royce. The 1919 Lanchester 40 saloon with floral marquetry interior certainly had abundant artistry and design skill. Yet the model never quite caught on. But a fine Speed-6 coupé was there to remind us that Bentley luxury models were a real threat to sales of the 40/50, and £4,600 was bid for it.

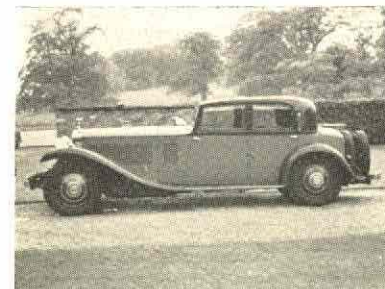
A final item of historical interest: three blueprints of early Rolls-Royce cars (1905 period) covering the 3-cylinder, 4-cylinder and 6-cylinder models inscribed "F. H. Royce". These found a fitting home in the Sears Collection.

ROBIN BARNARD

Concours d'Etat

Broughton Castle: May 23rd, 1971

All the Winners



(Richard Colton)

Among the less enlightened of the populace there will without doubt be some who would question the sanity of those dedicated members who, with a complete disregard of the rigours of the English summer, drove their magnificent motor cars through fog and flood, cold and tempest, to attend the Concours held at Broughton Castle by kind permission of Lord and Lady Saye and Sele. None of these dauntless spirits can fail to have felt amply rewarded as they passed over the broad moat, through the archway of the Keep, and peering through the torrential rain and pervading gloom, viewed this magnificent stately home in its beautiful setting.

The Club were privileged in that they were allowed to park their motor cars in the walks surrounding the lawns in front of the castle. The owners and their gardeners are justly proud of the lawns and their meticulously kept edges and all the competitors had due regard to the impassioned plea of the organiser of the event that on no account should motor cars be driven on the lawns or touch their edges. It is true that there were moments when shudders of apprehension passed over Colonel Lovegrove and his assistant as Ghosts and Phantoms manoeuvred around the sharp corners, but their fears were unjustified and these large and splendid motor cars left no more evidence of their passage than their names would suggest.

Punctually at noon the judges, whose devotion to their task must be recorded, dripping with rain, commenced their skilful and searching examination of the motor cars to reveal the secrets and defects in the innermost recesses. Everyone else refreshed and fortified themselves against the worsening climatic conditions. Luncheon was taken in the shelter of the stables, and then it was time to join the specially arranged tour around the castle. What treasures were seen and what tales unfolded by Mrs. Baldwin, our charming and knowledgeable guide. For an hour we were dry and well entertained.

At 4 p.m. we were summoned by Colonel Lovegrove to assemble on the lawn when, after reference to a limp and sodden document, he announced the names of the winners. Mrs. Watson, with her usual elegance and charm, which even the weather could not curtail, presented the prizes. Then, with a perversity to which we have become hardened, the rain stopped, the sun shone through the clouds, and as we prepared to drive away from those beautiful surroundings we remarked one to another that if we had been given this weather throughout the day what a wonderful occasion it would have been.

CLIFFORD MEACHEN

CONCOURS RESULTS

1. INTERIOR 2. EXTERIOR 3. UNDER BONNET 4. CHASSIS 5. ORIGINALITY 6. MECHANICAL

	MODEL	100	100	100	100	150	250	TOTAL 800
Championship Class								
H. M. Denton	20	97	100	100	83	145	230	755
S. R. Terry	25/30	90	98	100	98	150	224	740
D. W. Neale	S.G.	95	94	93	70	150	234	736
S.G. and 20								
L. H. Jamieson	S.G.	100	81	93	75	150	218	717
D. F. Wills	20	90	95	97	70	145	212	709
F. Hellings	20	86	92	90	64	130	223	685
N. Taylor	20	60	76	94	62	150	216	658
S. W. Samuelson	S.G.	45	92	85	62	150	223	657
J. G. Hampton	S.G.	71	83	84	54	125	228	645
PI, PII, PIII, Wraith, 20/25								
L. A. Brua	PII	79	86	81	53	150	221	670
W. F. Watson	PII	85	93	88	52	145	200	663
J. D. Townsley	PIII	69	94	89	54	120	235	661
R. D. Dale	20/25	58	94	84	60	125	217	648
A. L. Tipton	PIII	70	88	82	50	140	210	640
F. A. B. Valentine	PI	69	91	62	52	130	223	627
J. I. Yates	W	40	90	84	56	130	225	625
D. Burness-Smith	W	54	89	82	54	125	218	622
R. A. Lowe	PII	55	91	61	51	100	235	593
Silver Wraith, Silver Dawn, SCI								
C. J. Curtis	S.C.I.	84	98	86	52	150	236	706
E. C. Flynn	S.D.	80	92	94	59	150	230	705
A. Taylor	S.W.	62	92	89	51	150	245	689

... OF NUTS AND BOLTS

AND MOTOR OILS ...

Two queries have been raised about oils.

The owner of a 1922 Silver Ghost has asked if an oil consumption of "about 1 pint every 100 to 150 miles is correct". When doing oil consumptions it is no good talking in "abouts"! In fact to take an accurate oil consumption on any car, the oil should be drained for a given time, weighed, put back, driven a given mileage and weighed again, only then will you get any accurate figures. Oil expands when it is hot so it's no use saying about one pint and about 100 to 150 miles; that's about as inaccurate as you can get. There are also other unknown quantities—what the cylinder bores are like, what the ovality of the bores is, how much oil is being lost through the tappets, what oil leaks there are on the external oil pipes of the Ghost. The most likely cause of excessive oil consumption is the maladjustment of the extra oil to the cylinder walls. If that is cutting in at half throttle and not $\frac{3}{4}$ ths, then up goes the consumption by leaps and bounds. So much for that!

Regarding the query on rear axle oil—"that since Castrol were taken over they no longer produce 140 spec. HP SC but sell Hypoid B 90 instead, a much thinner oil and not suitable"—my information is that if you ask for 140 specification High Press SC you will not get it, but if you ask for HP SAE 140 you can get it in five gallon quantities for delivery either in England or the U.S.A. In other words, it seems that the nomenclature in their catalogue has been changed, but not the product.

H. F. FERGUSON-WOOD

Up the Steps

During a short leave from Chatham, where my ship was recommissioning in 1923, I learnt to drive, under the tutelage of one of the local garage mechanics, on my Father's elderly 1910 Wolseley, a temperamental old dear with a speedometer registering up to 40 m.p.h. (Later I drove it, down hill and with the wind astern, at about 48 m.p.h. and the speedometer never recovered.) The lessons, two of them, lasted in all $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and then the mechanic said he could teach me no more and the rest must be just experience—how right he proved to be! I returned, as a Midshipman, to the Mediterranean for 18 months, often riding hired motor-bikes and, on one or two occasions, driving a hired 6-cylinder Nash of about 35 h.p.

On return, in the spring of 1926, I bought a 1919 GWK (Goes When Kicked) with infinitely variable gears and an open 4-seater body. It was grand in the summer but on wet roads the gears, operated through two transverse discs, one fore and aft and the other athwartships, tended to slip. Also, going up a steep hill in Portland, intending to drop to first, I unfortunately went straight through neutral into reverse; my two passengers dismounted in great haste! Come the autumn and wetter weather, it was turned in for a 'used' AC two-seater with dicky and solid wheels, the business executive's car of those days. This was much more fun and on the level would do 52 m.p.h., but it had no windscreen wipers. It was used most week-ends to travel between the Royal Naval College, Greenwich and my parents' home in Godalming and, of course, on sundry jaunts to London in early 1927. (It was an admirable idea to station Acting Sub-Lieutenants at Greenwich at the age of 21 with all the thrills of London close by; I knew all the theatres and, more important, small side streets where one could park the car, in the capable hands of a cripple, for 6d., dress circle seat 7/6, and 2/- for a drink at the theatre bar—10/- the evening, which, even on the small service pay of those days, one could reasonably afford once a week.)

One Sunday night, en route from Godalming to Greenwich, I passed a m/c AA patrol, with light burning but, thinking he could not in

Staircase

the darkness see my badge, I pressed merrily on without his salute and ran straight into a speed trap (20 m.p.h. limit everywhere in those days)! Thereafter the AA patrol was always there on Sunday night and I learnt to slow down as I passed, whereon he would shout "Quarter of a mile further on tonight Sir" or something similar and, forewarned, I took the necessary precautions as I went through the trap. One of the tricks was to stop in the middle of a trap, slip behind a hedge to relieve nature and drive on again at 45-50 m.p.h., cocking a snook at the bobby at the far end of the trap.

But the lack of wipers got me into trouble. Instead of going back one Sunday night in the autumn of 1927 I decided to return early on the Monday morning. Going east through Brixton, in sunshine after rain, my view through the windscreen was minimal, because of muddy spray thrown up by vehicles ahead, until I came under the shadow of a railway bridge, only to see a traffic cop at a crossroad ordering me to stop. Such a manoeuvre was out of the question and the only thing to do was to push hard on the accelerator and hope to get clear of a R.R. coming in from the right. Too bad, no luck. It says much for the construction of both cars that the R.R. dumb iron carved a chunk out of my solid offside rear wheel, but both cars were able to proceed serenely on their way. I had been, of course, entirely responsible but, in the magistrate's court, defending myself, I got away with a 30/- fine! The AA, whose lawyer had failed to turn up, being detained in another court, congratulated me.

As the winter dragged on, I got bored with the scant protection of celluloid side-screens and an often leaky hood on the week-end journeys back and forth—often at night—and traded in the AC for an Essex saloon. It, the younger brother of the Hudson, had a radiator slightly reminiscent of an R.R., but its body looked like a matchbox; still its 6-cylinder, engine performed yeoman service on cold, wet nights and only once let me down, at night in heavy snow, two miles from home. I thumbed a lift and, next morning, walked up to inspect; the snow had to be swept from the windscreen and bonnet but, after a touch on the starter motor, she responded and I drove home. What held me up the night before I shall never know. In the spring of 1928, con-

sidering that my Father, now nearing 60, and more particularly my Mother, who had a game leg and walked only on crutches, needed more protection than the open cars he had always driven, I had the Essex repainted (coach painted that is and finished off with five coats of varnish, the wheel spokes and body picked out with white lining, etc. all for £37) and left it with them. It continued to give excellent service for a number of years.

A year or so later, I returned from Malta, where I had enjoyed myself with an outboard speed-boat which was timed, with a passenger, at 37 knots and must have done 40 knots or so with me alone—quite a speed in those days. But, appointed to a ship at home, I needed a car; a girl friend, the daughter of a gent in the trade, rang me up one day saying, "I've found just the car for you—it's white but it's painted red!" On this ambiguous information, I went to see it. A huge open Voisin—4 cylinder, 20 h.p.—white indeed, but with red wings and wheels, which I acquired for £35. Its speedo was out of action, so I sent it to be repaired; meanwhile I drove it about Chatham at what I presumed to be about 35 mph; only when the repaired speedo was returned did I realise that I'd got my figures crossed and was, in fact, doing 53 m.p.h.!

That car, with a sleeve valve engine, was the devil and all to start, but fortunately, had a subsidiary starter button on the offside dumb iron. Seize the starting handle and wind like fury to un-gum the oil in the sleeves, then, still winding, press the subsidiary button and, hey presto, she fired. The gearbox, too, had been maltreated and, when I bought her, had been filled with rubber solution. As that wore away, she made considerable noises in the intermediate gears but, once in top, was as silent as the grave. And she offered up to 80 m.p.h. in top—I reckoned I had my money's worth when I was doing 70 m.p.h. (10/- per mile per hour). She served me very well for a year; returning to Portland one very stormy night, I was in doubt as to whether to tackle the road from Weymouth alongside the Chesil Beach, but decided to risk it. I was two thirds of the way along, just able in the pouring rain to see the wall on the near side, when I ran into flood in the road—not fresh but sea water driven *through* the Chesil Beach! I slammed her down straight into first gear and made it. I was glad to get back to my cabin in the ship.

After a year in that steamer, I was appointed to a Navigation Course in Portsmouth and, trading in the Voisin for £75, bought a brand new Austin 16, with Weymann body, the first

new car I ever owned. Alas, within three months, I "rolled" it. I was returning to Godalming late at night after playing bridge with friends when, on the long straight stretch over Witley Common I fell momentarily asleep. I woke up to see a telegraph pole ahead. My reaction was instantaneous—either I or the pole was out of position! I came to the immediate conclusion that the former was more likely, put the helm hard over but, unfortunately, trod on the clutch at the same time. Result, I careered completely round, rocketed across the road, hit the verge and overturned into the ditch. None of the doors would open but, happily, the sunshine roof was; I clambered out of it into a gorse bush, and pricked myself twice. I flagged a passing motorist and we righted her, and then another took me to the garage in Godalming. I roused the chap out—it was now 1.30 a.m. and, good soul, he came out with an Austin 12, carrying a couple of spare wheels; he dragged my 16 onto the road where we fitted the spare wheels, pressed the starter, and so drove gently home. I insisted upon summoning an Austin inspector from Birmingham and, believe it or not, he pronounced the chassis to be in absolutely perfect shape and order after going over it with a micrometer gauge. So the total result of the mishap was one new wheel, two new tyres and a refill of the battery. Where do they build cars like that nowadays? Crewe—perhaps.

I only had the car about six months because I was posted abroad again, this time to the Persian Gulf where, in those days (1931-33) motors were little known. I sold it back to the local garage proprietor from whom I had bought it and he suggested keeping the proceeds, and paying me interest, until I returned; of course it meant going to him for my next car but there was no objection to that as I trusted him and would have the money ready for a replacement. I even wrote to him from the Gulf, asking him to look for a 2-litre Lagonda. By the time I got home he'd found three, all in London, for me to choose from; so we motored up from Godalming and found a beauty (1929 model) just being finished off in a paint shop. It had the narrow front wings attached direct to the wheels and turning with them and, again, a Weyman saloon body. She was a beauty to drive and the only car where I have ever been able to go through the crash gear box, up and down, without touching the clutch.

But, later in 1933, I married and soon found that a wife and a Lagonda did not make financial sense and, by January 1934, I parted with her—the car, that is!—and bought a new

Austin 10 with a soft top. It was delivered in a snow storm and the driver told me that, had I not insisted on twin windscreen wipers (one only was then standard), he would never have got through. Within a matter of months, twins were standard. We changed her after about two years for the more modern but similar model; again I insisted on a modification—wings and wheels (fitted with discs) were not to be black but the same colour as the rest of the car. That, too, became standard practice shortly after, so I suspect that at least twice I have influenced Austin design.

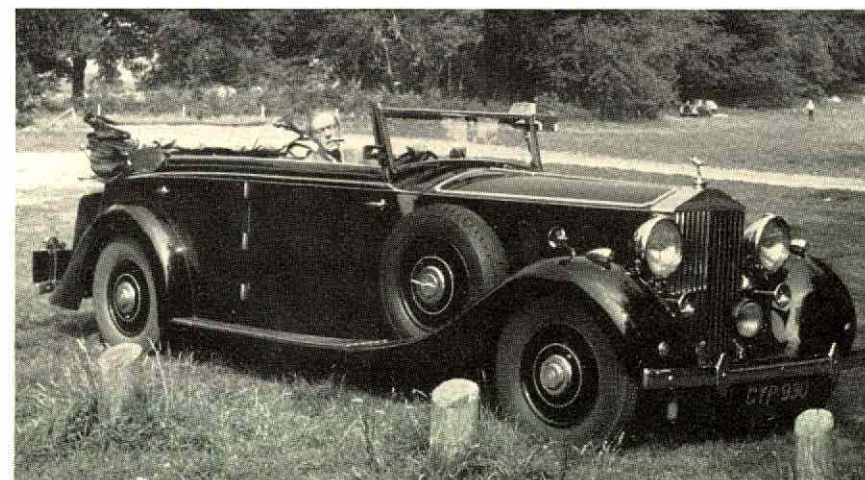
Then, in 1938, I had a legacy. Without discarding the Austin, we bought an ex-demonstration model Railton "straight 8" (29 h.p.). Believe it or not, that magnificent vehicle, with a close coupled soft top body again, cost £450. She had tremendous acceleration, three forward gears, exceptional, if rather harsh brakes and did well over 90 m.p.h. These two, the Austin and the Railton, did us yeoman service throughout the war, the Railton usually only when I was on leave (but much of her petrol ration went into the Austin tank). A petrol inspector in Guildford once hearing that I was in the Navy said, "Of course you shall have it Sir. Bless me, if it weren't for you

chaps, we wouldn't have any petrol at all. But, just to make it look all right, would you mind getting the Railton ration from the Reading Office?" Civil servants can be human.

So we come to the end of the story. Whilst I was at the Admiralty my Mother died at Christmas 1949 and, going to her funeral, I happened to notice, as we passed a garage, a large soft top Rolls-Royce. On the return journey I contrived to be the only passenger in the hired car and stopped at the garage. The goal was won, the ultimate achieved, and I bought it there and then, my dear "Rosalind", christened by a cousin of that name at the expense of the glass, and the sherry it contained, smashed on the windscreen.

Our second car has varied, through the original Austin, to a Land-Rover, a couple of Fords (one to take out to the Far East in HMS Newcastle) a Healey Sprite, a Jaguar XK 150 and now, for country roads and in retirement, a Triumph Vitesse. Apart from the Voisin all have been British and I think I can truly say "good buys". Certainly I've been spared a rogue such as, sometimes, comes off the production line of even normally reliable British cars. But Rosalind, 3AZ76, is my dream come true.

R. B. HONNYWILL



*From the East to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.*

(As You Like It)

Irish Tour 1971

Rolls-Roistering Round the Republic



(Frank Hellings)

The majority seemed to have chosen to cross from Swansea to Cork in the "Innisfallen" and around eight in the evening began to gather on the dock—only to have the sad news that a seaman had had to be landed on the homebound voyage seriously ill. So the ship arrived in Swansea an hour late, but, "no problem", loading began smartly. Mechanical horses weaved in and out towing unbelievably large double containers—and the Club was given a place of honour among those vast monsters.

The weather was not encouraging and, to cheer us up, a most enterprising Royal National Lifeboat representative collected from all the cars on the dock, expressing the hope that we would not need the lifeboat services on the voyage. In the gloom, misfortunes were recounted. John Sears had had a somewhat incomplete service on his Wraith, which left him with a blown cylinder gasket, a petrol gauge that would not budge and no screenwiper. But, as was to be expected, Ralph Harrison, who drives a 20/25, was able to produce the required Wraith gasket for use, after provisional repair work with shots of gun gum.

We arrived in Cork on Friday, 18th June, to the general Irish assurances that the torrential downpour was indeed a phenomenon, and then dispersed on varying routes in preparation for the first gathering the next day at Bantry House. Here we were greeted by the owner Mrs. Shelswell-White, who had so kindly arranged a special opening of the house for the Club, and to whom we are very grateful. She was aided by Mr. and Mrs. Breckinridge, who had come from nearby to make us welcome. He widely spreads the gospel of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in the County of Cork and we were able to assure him that all was well on the voyage. Bantry House is possessed of a fantastic assortment of antiquities, which the faithful butler explained to us were the collection over a couple of hundred years by the first, second and third barons, when booty was cheap in Europe.

The view from the terrace across the bay gave us a foretaste of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, which we were to see and enjoy on the tour. It was a fitting atmosphere, in which to be greeted by Miss Overend in her 1926 Twenty tourer ("as new—one owner who has herself maintained it—in daily use for the past 45 years only"), to whom we gratefully owe the idea and much of the planning of this tour.

And there too was Lady Freda Valentine (the "Life" and soul of the 1969 United States tour) to charm away the evils of the weather. Only very recently she had suffered a severe wound on her leg with some six weeks in bandages. To her doctor: "Perhaps it would be easier, if you cut it off." No expected smile in his reply: "We may have to do just that." What a fitting background to Lady Freda's participating at Bantry House, on the first evening of her arrival, in 18th century dancing!

Misfortune was still with us, however, striking Capt. Boord, whose gun turret of H.M.S. Rodney replaces the Spirit of Ecstasy on his 20/25. He had reason to fire a naval broadside in no ecstatic manner, when his exhaust manifold split. Layers of bandages and gun gum were applied by a local garage mechanic, who cheerfully said that it will last you another five years, and that if he had had to do the same job on a modern Rolls, he would have had to have stood on his head. And then, in military rather than naval fashion, the Dales (with David McCardel) in their 20/25 had ceased to charge and were on the mag (which really worked). A word of effective advice from Skit Poulter on the unwisdom of having aluminium filings on the cut-out soon corrected that.

The Chairman, who has marshalled the whole tour, sent us on our way from Bantry House with the happy announcement that we would next meet at the Castlerosse Hotel, Killarney as the guests of Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, D.B.E., to welcome the Club to Ireland. From Bantry, we spread far and wide, some to the sub-tropical wonders of Garinish Island, some to the south west tip at Mizen Head, which we believe exists although the rain precluded it being seen, and then the Beara Ring a scenic drive, which stands comparison with any in the world. Indeed it is a great road construction achievement in the interests of Irish touring: the road was perhaps designed rather for a mini than for a Twenty or a Ghost.

THE IRISH TRADITION

And everywhere a real welcome—at the hotels, at the petrol stations and especially in the streets. Enormous interest was shown in our cars, with anxious enquiries as to future production. In Killarney, we even heard of a blacksmith of that city who, in 1912, had so repaired the front axle of a Ghost that the Company had offered him untold gold to join them. Sadly, no one could remember his name or even the site of his smithy—gone away with the little people into a better land.

There were many aspects of the tour that were in the best Irish tradition. At the entrance to Kilkenny there was the garage owner who when asked the way to the Newpark Hotel began with a kindly "You're very welcome" and then gave complex directions ending with "then you go straight on—but of course you can't because the road winds." He then offered to give directions again by an alternative route "if you'll just turn your car around."

A motor hedge cutter was being guarded by an old gentleman, whom Lady Freda described as "a white-haired saint come down to earth." His excitement at the sight of a New Phantom was so great that he waved both his red and green flags at the same time as a symbol of his joy—and Irish ambiguity.

And then, as the Chairman and Dorothy Hellings drew into a garage for petrol, a character emerged, whose last tooth had long since departed and whose business with Wilkinson Sword was limited to once a week. Neither of these shortcomings prevented him from bursting into song in a dulcet baritone, composing (calypso fashion) an Irish ballad to the joys and beauty of Rolls and Royce—a real Irish idyll.

To give us all an Irish background, it was Lynn and Midge Brua, who suggested that we attend an Irish Mediaeval Banquet at Ballyseede Castle near Tralee. As we drove into the grounds, there were peacocks strutting on the lawn. Was this a foretaste of the first "remove" of the Banquet, which was "Ye Peacock Soupe"? Fair wenches in 16th Century costume were there to serve us with a "Yes, my lord" and "No, my lady". Refectory tables, unsullied by fork or spoon, groaned under the rybbes of ye kindlie Boare, ye Hennys in Cowle (or chicken boiled in honey) and Appry-cottes en Gelye, all washed down with generous draughts of Irish mead and wine. Before each dish appeared, the Grand Vizier led the wenches in rhythmic verse and song to the strains of an Irish harp beautifully played by the Lady of the Bedchamber. The final ceremony was the presentation of the "Rose of Tralee" to the lady who would always have the love of a good man. On a velvet cushion, this was handed to Midge Brua to the joy of her good man, his stepmother Mrs. Lynn Brua who had flown from the States and of us all. The Phantom and Ghostly "carriages at midnight" brought us abruptly like Wraiths back into the Twenty-eth century and on our wandering way to our hostleries, some seventeen miles distant in Killarney.

Tales of great achievement were told, none less than the convoy of a 20, a P II, a 20/25 and a Wraith that went over the top in the Ring of Kerry, where one bridge barred vehicles over 30 cwt and the next gave a limit of one ton. The cars had, we are sure, all been checked beforehand on an Irish weighbridge.



(Frank Hellings)

Visit to
Powerscourt



SELF-HELP

The mishaps were always with us, Henry Wilkins' Klaxon had ceased to function but this was easy meat for our new junior member the Boords' grandson, Tim Sassoon, who had flown over from Houston, Texas to give his services and cheerfully bring down the average years of our party. David Dale backed his 20/25 into a bank at Cashel Castle which somewhat changed the shape of the exhaust system. Paul Hoppé promptly tied it up with cable to get it into a local workshop, where the foreman, having ascertained the 20/25's weight as 2 tons, confidently put it on a one-ton lift. "We'll have it better than new within an hour." Some fifty minutes later, the foreman and his mate were underneath, with naked oxy-acetylene flame, smoking cigarettes, some few inches beneath the unprotected petrol tank. "Oh! don't ye worry yerself—we're usually much closer than this." And what a splendid job it was. Where else but in Ireland would you see Clifford Meachen bearing a pitcher of petrol to John Sears' Wraith, which had developed an insatiable thirst and a bout of hiccoughs—possibly after the mediaeval banquet.

The beauty of the ever-changing countryside was always there and from what better vantage point to see it than from the ruins of the castle of Cashel—where a lady guide took us with great clarity into the history books of Ireland.

On to Kilkenny, where we found a happy welcome by the President and Joan Watson to a cocktail party, to which they invited us all, a splendid finale to a day's travel from the rugged south west to the rolling pastures of the centre. A day of leisurely sightseeing and wandering from Kilkenny prepared us for the final crescendo of the tour.

We travelled from Kilkenny to Port Laoise (pronounced Leeshier, or more simply Maryborough) whither we had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Denis Lucey to visit their car museum. We asked a courteous young Garda, if he knew the entrance to their drive. "The Sergeant told me to expect a lot of Rolls-Royces and to show them the way. Sure, we'll have no difficulty in finding it together." We were indeed fifty yards from the Luceys, who gave us a grand Irish welcome with a spread of home-made fare to be seen to be believed—and eaten with relish. The museum has eleven cars from 1901 to 1922 concentrating mainly on Wolseley and its associates, the highlight being a pair of 1910 20 H.P. Siddeley-Wolseleys bearing consecutive chassis numbers, which left the factory on the same day, 4th March 1910. The kindness of the Luceys and all their friends, who came to greet us, we shall always gratefully remember.

IN SEARCH OF GUINNESS

On to the Keadeen Hotel, Newbridge for lunch in preparation for the journey to the home of the national beverage, where the waters of the Liffey are traditionally converted into the creamy pint—the brewery of Guinness. An easy place to find in Ireland—but no. We were to meet opposite the Aspro-Nicholas factory on the Naas-Dublin road and be escorted by the motor-cycle mounted Garda, but sadly Aspro had sold that factory over three years ago—a detail which had been over-

looked—and consequently no Garda. Our Irish owners in two Twenties took up the lead and we were confident—but more than puzzled when shortly at a fork one Twenty went left and one to the right in Irish ambiguity. Belatedly but triumphant we arrived to see the wonders of Guinness brewing and to sample the finished product. The Dales had lost all power on the way and failed to make the Guinness visit. John Sears, the Harrisons and Meachens generously gave up their Guinness tour to help. John went off into the blue saying that he knew that a leading light in the veteran car world had a garage nearby—in no time he was back with Jimmy Boland, who has his own museum and whose daily car is a W.O. Bentley. The diagnosis by Jimmy was a shorting rotor and from the depths of piles of luggage Clifford Meachen produced a Twenty spare which fitted the 20/25! The coil was also changed to a modern spare but it lacked a nut—again no problem: a passing driver of 5ft. 2in. who commanded a 15 ton diesel insisted on donating his whole tin of nuts and bolts "in case who should have any more trouble in Ireland. These beootiful cars must be kept alive." There was a nut to fit.

Capt. Boord too had had another problem. His dynamo had failed, but the mag had proved its point and enabled him to finish the tour without delay. Paul and Leo Hoppé had a tragedy with their early 20/25, always so spotless with sponge and leather. A nearside Irish wall had proved too near when they swerved to avoid a lorry—a wing and, very sadly, a hub were the victims.

And then to Powerscourt—granted to the forebears of the present owners Mr. and Mrs. R. C. G. Slazenger by the first Queen Elizabeth just before her death. Surely this is the showpiece of Ireland the glorious house and the gardens of world renown. What a setting for our cars (now swollen to fifteen in number by the addition of three of our Irish friends) which were scattered by our hosts to show them off to wonderful effect against the facade of the house. We were greeted by Mrs. Slazenger with coffee and a privileged tour of the house which is allowed to few—a great experience for us all.

Soon after noon, we formed into convoy and moved off from Powerscourt, led by that great lady of Ireland and the 20-Ghost Club, Miss Overend, at the wheel of her Twenty for the journey to her home in Dundrum, the climax of the tour. In the lovely house, the two Misses Overend had prepared a stupendous Irish lunch for some sixty people, comprising our party and Irish friends who had come to greet us. The President expressed the feelings of us all in a speech of gratitude to Miss Overend for founding the Irish Tour 1971 and for its planning. He handed to Miss Overend an ashtray bearing the emblem of the Club and mounted with a miniature "Spirit of Ecstasy", which she acknowledged most touchingly in the last words of the tour.

DAVID DALE

LIST OF PARTICIPANTS

SILVER GHOST	
*Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Roe	1914
Mr. & Mrs. H. R. Wilkins	1922
NEW PHANTOM	
Lady Freda and Mr. F. A. B. Valentine	1929
PHANTOM II	
Mr. & Mrs. Lynn A. Brua and Mrs. Lynn Brua	1932
Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Watson and	
Mr. & Mrs. Poulter	1935
20 H.P.	
*Mr. & Mrs. H. St. George Smith	1923
*Miss L. Overend	1926
Mr. & Mrs. C. Meachen	1926
Mr. & Mrs. F. Hellings	1927
*Mr. & Mrs. Bill Crosbie	1928
20/25 H.P.	
Mr. & Mrs. P. Hoppé	1930
Capt. & Mrs. S. J. S. Boord and	
Mr. T. Sassoon	1933
Mr. & Mrs. R. David Dale and	
Mr. D. L. McCardel	1935
Mr. & Mrs. R. M. Harrison	1935
WRAITH	
Mr. J. Sears and Mr. W. Bagnall	1939
Total 15 cars: 34 participants.	
* Joined the tour in Ireland.	

Rolls-Royce Illustrated Index of Parts

Jonathan Samuelson has written to the Secretary, drawing attention to the availability of parts books for early Rolls-Royce cars, and Mr. Fergusson-Wood has been able to furnish us with details from the R.R.O.C., of Australia, which we print below:

Index books for all Silver Ghost, 20 hp, Phantom I and Phantom II models can be ordered for delivery in two to three months.

These illustrated books can be of great assistance in identifying parts, providing exact measurements, verifying whether parts from one model will fit another, and for dating of the various modifications. There were no other parts books published by Rolls-Royce Ltd., for pre-1940 models.

SILVER GHOST SERIES: Modifications were introduced for almost every series of Silver Ghost and consequently parts from one chassis may or may not be interchangeable with another. It is therefore important to know the series of your Silver Ghost.

NUMERICAL SERIES: From 1909 to 1913 Silver Ghosts were classified into series of one hundred by reference to the chassis number. Thus No. 1699 is in the 1600 series and the correct catalogue is 1400-1600 series.

A TO H SERIES: 1913-1916: We have taken the following list from the parts catalogue, adding the additional numbers listed in the 20-Ghost Club "Record".

Series	Inclusive Chassis Number
A	1 CA to 20 CA; 1 NA to 59 NA; 1 MA to 31 MA.
B	32 MA to 56 MA; 1 AB to 68 AB; 1 EB to 25 EB.
C	26 EB to 60 EB; 1 RB to 12 RB; 14 RB to 68 RB; 1 PB to 4 PB. (Commencing C series, No. 13 Chassis number will not be used).
D	5 PB to 65 PB; 1 YB to 62 YB (No. 13 omitted).
E	63 YB to 66 YB; 1 UB to 67 UB; 1 LB to 23 LB.
F	24 LB to 68 LB; 1 GB to 49 GB; 1 TB to 29 TB.
G	30 TB to 37 TB; 55 TB; 1 BD to 32 BD; 1 AD to 32 AD; 1 ED to 34 ED; 1 RD to 21 RD; (In G Series, no Chassis comes between 37 TB and 55 TB).
H	22 RD to 35 RD; 1 CB to 37 CB; 1 PD to 30 PD; 1 AC to 28 AC.

R TO U SERIES: 1922 to 1925: Here also the engine number indicates the series but this parts catalogue distinguishes only between chassis with four wheel brakes and two wheel brakes.

The prices set out below are based on actual cost including postage and are a fraction of the price of commercial copying. Please forward cheque payable to Rolls-Royce Owners Club, when ordering.

OVERSEAS PRICES: as at February 1971

Model	Year	Series	No. of Pages	Aust. \$	£ STG.	U.S. \$
S.G.	1909	Prior to 1100	127	15.00	7.00	16.80
	1901-10	1100-1300	179	17.00	7.93	19.03
	1910-11	1400-1600	183	17.00	7.93	19.03
	1911-13	1700-2600	232	19.00	8.87	21.29
	1913-15	A to H	252	19.00	8.87	21.29
	1919-21	J to P (with 1925 Supp.)	228	19.00	8.87	21.29
	1922-24	R to U (inc. 4 W.B.)	234	19.00	8.87	21.29
20 hp P.I	1922-24	A to D	201	17.00	7.93	19.03
	Same bound with 1928 Supp.	A to K	321	23.00	10.73	25.73
P.II		V, W, X	238	19.00	8.87	21.29
		J2, K2, L2, M2	178	17.00	7.93	19.03

These books are only photostated after receipt of orders, and therefore the order can take two to three months for delivery.

ADDRESS FOR CORRESPONDENCE:—

Victor J. B. Caulfield, R.R.O.C. of Australia, (Victoria Branch), 10 Evelina Street, Box Hill North, Victoria 3129, Australia.

The Girl in the Yellow Rolls-Royce



R-R Test Team H.Q.

We had one flicker of romance in the early days of our Châteauroux activities. I was having lunch in the Hotel de France one day when a brand-new, black and yellow, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, which could have passed for a replica of the car in the film, drew up and from it stepped a beautifully dressed brunette of middle age. I suppose that she might have been forty, and was unaccompanied. She was interested in one of our experimental cars which was standing outside the hotel, and discovered from the Patron that we were carrying out testing in the locality. She lunched and then drove off.

About an hour later, the Patron came to my room and said that the lady was on the telephone asking for the "chef d'équipe de la Maison Rolls". When I got on the line, she told

me that her car was badly smashed up and could I help her to get to Limoges where she could catch the train to Luchon in the Pyrenees. I said that I would do what I could and, knowing the routes which the test cars were taking, got the police to send one back to the Hotel post haste.

I set off with three of the testers, and found the beautiful yellow Rolls with the front-end badly damaged and the wheels completely out of alignment. It had hit another car at a crossroads. The engine would still run, and it seemed possible that, with the tools we had, we could straighten the steering sufficiently to get the car back to Châteauroux. I therefore left the drivers to get going as best they could, and drove the lady to Limoges. It transpired that she was of Argentine nationality and was on her way to holiday at the Spas in the Pyrenees. She spoke English fluently and, on arrival at Limoges, booked into the best hotel in the town. She gave me an excellent dinner, although I felt a little out of place and my working suit was scarcely worthy of the occasion. Half way through the meal I realised that apart from the fact that we were both interested in Rolls-Royce cars, we had absolutely nothing in common. By this time it was getting late, so I thanked her for her kindness and took the road.

Five miles from Châteauroux I caught up with the gang. The front wheel alignment was so bad that the tyres were worn to the canvas, but they had got the car back to base. In due course, much to my surprise, a note came from the Managing Director saying that he had received a letter from Madame Cousino Lyon in which she thanked the Company for rescuing her and enclosed a very nice little cigarette case as an appreciation of the kindness shown to her by Mr. W. A. Robotham.



Ghosts out for a test run

W. A. ROBOTHAM

WANTED

Can any member trace spare copies of the following issues of the RECORD?

Vol. 1. No. 1. Spring 1960; Vol. 1. No. 2 Summer 1960

Vol. 2. No. 4 Winter 1961; Vol. 5. No. 1 Spring 1964

Please contact the Editors.

BOOK REVIEW: *Rolls on the Rocks* by Robert Gray

(Compton Press, Salisbury)

The vogue for "instant books" purporting to give the full inside, exclusive, in depth background of some major national or international event almost as soon as it has happened might cause one to look with some dubiety at "Rolls on the Rocks", not least by reason of its rather catch penny title. Although admittedly written in haste and with recourse to many existing sources of material which are handsomely acknowledged, this little book is warmly recommended to anyone interested in the history of the Company in the light of recent events.

With great lucidity and economy of words, the author traces the beginnings and development of the Company in most readable fashion, introducing yet more "personal anecdotes" about Royce hitherto unknown to this reviewer at any rate, graphically describing the work of Claude Johnson, of whom he clearly has the warmest admiration, and even finding space for a gripping description of the 1913 Alpine trial.

Almost half the book is devoted to the motor car division since "the car, in fact, is the source of the legend, and the legend will not be quickly forgotten."

The author gives a most interesting description of Rolls-Royce in the First World War, including some excellent material about the armoured cars, and then goes on to trace the development of the aero engine side in the period between the wars, and of the Merlin engine in particular. And so to Rolls in the Second World War, with Merlins installed in Cromwell and Challenger tanks as well as in aircraft, and so developed that by 1944 they had almost doubled the rate of climb of Spitfires, increased their speed by nearly 100 m.p.h., and their horsepower from 1,000 in 1939 to 2,100 in 1944.

Then on to the post-war years and the gradual unfolding of events which led with the seeming inevitability of a Greek tragedy to the disaster of bankruptcy. Writing with great insight and sympathy, the author concludes that Rolls-Royce simply had no option but to develop the RB.211 or a similar engine if they were to maintain their position as one of the big three aero engine manufacturers in the western world, and rightly or wrongly, the U.S.A. rather than Europe was preferred as the potential customer.

And so to the ill-starred Lockheed contract, hailed by Mr. Wedgwood Benn as "a terrific boost to British technology and its export potential" and by Sir Denning Pearson as confirming the "ability of a technologically based British industry to expand its penetration of the United States market." "He caught the contemporary mood exactly," writes Mr. Gray. "Theirs was not to count the cost, theirs was but to export and die. For though the public were applauding a triumph, Rolls-Royce's head had been forced into a noose. The 483 page Lockheed contract was just that. Rolls could only have signed it in hopes of better orders to come. Their hopes could only be of survival."

As everyone knows, costs of every type in developing the RB.211 multiplied at horrifying speed. All sorts of unexpected problems arose. Early this year it became evident that even if the engines were delivered on time, £110,000 would be lost on each of them—£60 million on the whole contract. And that not counting any of the now inevitably late delivery penalties which were conservatively estimated at £50 million.

Although Rolls-Royce were still providing engines for 70 air forces and 200 air lines and harbouring some of the country's most treasured technological expertise, nothing now could prevent the final collapse.

"Thus," writes the author, "the company that had served its country so well was left to die for the same cause."

IAN MUNRO

★ ★ ★

RR/B BANKRUPT: When the dust settles, we'll have a report on this. It is sad that RR/B Eagle and Bentley Rotary engines powered bombers in WW-I; RR developed the engines for the first non-stop Atlantic flight; RR engines won the Schneider Trophy that led to the WW-II Merlins that helped Spitfires and Hurricanes to save England from invasion, and that RR Meteor engines powered British tanks in WW-II—all this tradition smashed by an American plane builder which couldn't figure costs. I am writing the Queen suggesting she sell the Crown Jewels, melt Landseer's Trafalgar Lions to be made into paper-clips, saw up "HMS Victory" to make orange crates, and rent out rooms in Buckingham, Windsor and Balmoral castles—all to get money to save RR from beady-eyed vulture/creditors. Gad, is nothing sacred anymore?

R.R.O.C. Atlantic Region Newsletter



Officers and Committee

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PRESIDENT: W. F. Watson
CHAIRMAN: Frank Hellings
SECRETARY AND TREASURER: W. F. Watson, Aldwick Hundred, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

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Trophies:	C. J. Curtis
Inventory:	Mrs. Castle
Recorder:	Clifford Meachen
Co-Editors:	Ian and Melanie Munro
Membership List:	F. A. B. Valentine
Hon. Solicitor:	Frank Hellings

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 Librarian. This includes issues of "The Flying Lady", instruction books, Rolls-Royce Bulletins and files of cuttings.

INSIGNIA—Club insignia available from the Secretary include lapel brooches (for ladies and gentlemen) in sterling silver at £1.75; Club ties at £1.12½; silver cuff-links at £2; and car badges at £1.75.

MAGAZINE—Binders for the Record available from the Editors 87½p each post free, also copies of previous issues 62½p each post free.

★ ★ ★

NEW MEMBER

SASSOON, T. J. F. (Junior) c/o Capt. Boord, 7 King Street, Emsworth, Hants.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

SEARS, S. E., Vale do Lobo Club, Vale do Lobo, Almansil, Algarve, Portugal.
WOOTTON, Mr. and Mrs. K. B., c/o Camping Fanadix, Benisa, Alicante, Spain.
WRAPSON, G. W., Heathfield, 3 Hardwick Park Gardens, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

FUTURE EVENTS, 1971-2

Saturday, August 21st
and Sunday, August 22nd
Saturday, September 18th
Sunday, September 19th

Saturday, October 23rd
Saturday, January 29th 1972
Friday, April 28th
and Saturday, April 29th

Sunday, April 30th
Sunday, May 14th
Sunday, June 4th
Sunday, July 2nd

Saturday, August 12th
and Sunday, August 13th
Thursday, September 14th
to Monday, September 18th
Saturday, October 21st

Visit to Shuttleworth Collection, Biggleswade and Skew Bridge
Water Ski Club.

Camberley Horse Show.

Meeting with Disabled Drivers' Club, Chailey Heritage, near
East Grinstead.

Autumn Luncheon: Home Counties.

Dinner-Dance: Hyde Park Hotel.

Bath: Sir Edwin Leather's Y.M.C.A. Festival.

Spring Luncheon.

Concours d'Etat.

Charity Event.

Driving Tests.

South-East Midlands: Double Event

Brittany: Short Tour.

Autumn Luncheon.



The Phoenix Trophy, presented by Dick Honnywill for the best restoration. Current winner: Hugh Denton.