



THE 20-GHOST CLUB RECORD

Vol 13 No 2 1972



INTERLUDE IN AFRICA

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

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We learn with deep regret of the death at the age of 85 of George Clegg, one of the great characters of the early Royce days. His extraordinary memory, salty humour, and endless fund of anecdotes established him on both sides of the Atlantic as a fount of information on the beginnings of the Company. To the last he retained his intense interest in all its activities.

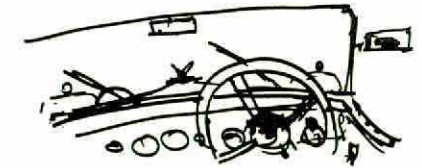
George accompanied the 20-Ghost Club on its first major foreign tour to Monaco in 1962, and frequently contributed to the pages of the Record. All our members will mourn his passing and wish us to convey our sincere sympathy to his wife and family.

I.M.

★ ★ ★

COVER PICTURE: Bob Johnston's 1921 Silver Ghost waiting at the "one man power" ferry at the Breede River near the southern tip of Africa. Note the ferryman's dog. This is the last of many ferries that used to carry motorists across South African rivers. See "Turning Back the Clock" on page 5.

Just for THE RECORD



Membership of the Club has been broadened to include the owners of all Rolls-Royces from the Silver Cloud II onwards by a decision of the Committee at its meeting on April 25th last. Owners of these newer cars may now, as "interested parties", submit their cars for inspection at any meeting, and, all being well, will then be invited by the Committee to become Associate Members. They will not be eligible for full membership. As Associate Members they will be eligible to attend all events, but not to compete with the older cars, nor to vote at the Annual General Meeting. Our 1972 season opened in tremendous style with the Club's participation in the Bath Victoriana appeal organised by Sir Edwin Leather to raise funds for the big Y.M.C.A. re-building project at their headquarters in Bath.

The story of this outstandingly successful weekend is admirably described by James Valentine on page 3. The purpose of these notes is to record our grateful thanks to David Dale, aided by his invaluable amanuensis Mrs. Gregory, who at very short notice and quite unexpectedly took over the entire organisation of an extremely complicated programme involving co-operation with the organisers of the car rally, the reservation of places for a Sherlock Holmes dinner, the booking of tickets for a theatre show, the handling of applications from members wishing to take advantage of offers to accommodate them in private homes in the Bath area, the reservation of rooms for those electing to stay at hotels, and the booking of places for the Club luncheon at the Petty France Restaurant.

No detail was overlooked in a really superb feat of organisation.

Those who elected to stay in private homes also owe a debt of thanks to Mrs. Olga Blair in Bath, who, working with David Dale, arranged the details at her end. This proved to be one of the most rewarding experiences of a memorable weekend. The kindness of our reception was beyond compare and in more than one instance new and lasting friendships were made in delightful circumstances.

Stanley Bull's dramatic story of the great Tomato Ketchup mystery and its solution has prompted some comment from W. A. Robotham, who, during his 44 years with the Company worked closely with Sir Henry Royce and was at one time technical assistant to Lord Hives.

"Rm" writes: "May I have the temerity to query Stanley Bull's explanation of the Tomato Ketchup mystery? I have far too much respect for his experience to say that the changing of the earth polarity of the car had nothing to do with aggravating the problem. I was, however, in charge of the team that developed the Mark VI Bentley and personally responsible for the introduction of the F head used on all 6-cylinder Rolls-Royce car engines post war and the B range. Stanley says of the MK VI power unit "It was a cast iron engine of fairly orthodox design." If my memory is not at fault, the MK VI and Silver Dawn were the first Rolls-Royce cars to use the F head, which was made of aluminium. I would think that mixing aluminium and iron in the cooling system was the root of the problem, which I fancy also occurred on the PIII, which had a light alloy cylinder block. The cure I recommended was anodic treatment of the light alloy parts. I cannot recall if this was ever adopted."

To this Stanley Bull replies: "Mr. Robotham is perfectly correct in remarking that the Mark VI power unit used the 'F' cylinder head design and that the head was made in aluminium. I did not refer to this in my article as I did not wish to complicate the story. I can assure Mr. Robotham that there was never any evidence that the mixture of materials was a factor in the boiling problem or in the production of corrosion deposits.

"The deposit which did all the damage was ferrous oxide in a form which was unusual in its chemical structure. Not being a chemist, I cannot explain very clearly, although a consultant chemist did at the time make it clear to me. From memory, the important difference from the usual chemical nature of ferric oxide—or rust—was that the particles were not ordinary molecules, they were 'ions', whatever that word means. They could only be produced by electrolysis, and this led us to the polarity theory.

"To mix metaphors, the Phantom III was a very different kettle of fish. This was aluminium corrosion in a big way. The problem was never solved. Anodic treatment was too late. Corrosion of the aluminium parts in later engine designs was inhibited by the use of silicon alloys and the use of tin or nickel-plating of all brass and copper parts in the cooling system."

Now that the experts have had their say, your Editors may perhaps be permitted to comment that on two occasions in recent years they have brought a Silver Wraith to Hythe Road for certain minor attentions. In each case a very senior person has opened the bonnet and wrung his hands in horror on seeing that the engine had not been "bonded". And in each case a slightly less senior, but highly experienced person, anxiously questioned on the subject by your Editors, has advised them to take no action. They have, each time, taken his advice, more on financial grounds than anything else, and have never had any reason to regret it.

So it would appear that there is still some conflict of opinion, even in the august precincts of Hythe Road, on this intriguing subject.

As members are aware, we shall be ceasing to edit the Record from the end of 1972 after virtually five years in our now rather worn editorial chairs. The time has come, we feel, for newcomers with fresh ideas, different contacts and a new approach to take over.

The plain truth is that for Clubs of our sort an Annual Report, Magazine or Record, whatever we may care to call it, should be entirely adequate to record our activities, and equally, give the people who produce it a real chance to collect and select material, to seek out and find feature contributors, and generally build up a first-class illustrated account of what the Club has achieved during the preceding year.

Fortunately we have had an offer from a lady member who is prepared to edit an annual edition of the magazine. This, however, will not be possible unless all concerned genuinely co-operate with speedy reports, pictures and so on, which unhappily is not always the case at present.

In short, unless some other member comes forward before the end of the year offering to edit the Record on its present basis of three issues a year, we shall from 1973 just have the one annual Record. As we have said above, this could well be adequate for our needs. We suggest that those with views on the subject speak out loudly and clearly at the Annual General Meeting later this year.

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

SPARE PARTS: Joint Clubs and R-R Meeting

Representatives of the various Rolls-Royce and Bentley Clubs at home and overseas held their annual meeting with officers of the Company at Conduit Street earlier this year and discussed the various problems associated with the supply of spare parts.

John Craig, for Rolls-Royce, opened the meeting by confirming that all spares for pre-1940 models would only be supplied through Appleyard Rippon. They would continue to be manufactured so long as there was a demand, and subject to a price that was economic to the Company. Owners of pre-war cars, it was suggested, could hardly expect the same service on spares as owners of later models.

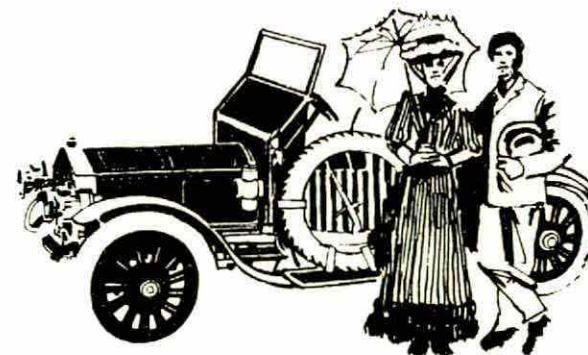
For Appleyard Rippon, Mr. Murgatroyd complained that of all the enquiries they received, only about 20% came to fruition in the shape of firm orders. Many of these enquiries wasted further time by omitting or giving incorrect part numbers, while his company's move from Huddersfield to Leeds had caused further problems. It was agreed that a leaflet be prepared outlining the spares position and giving the prices of about 100 of the more common items.

Mr. Murgatroyd also emphasised that Appleyard Rippon do not handle coach-building parts, for which they have received a considerable number of enquiries.

The subject of cylinder heads then became the central topic of the meeting, and considerable surprise was caused by the revelation that six Phantom II cylinder heads ordered two years earlier had now been produced at a cost of £450 each. Subsequent to the meeting, a Company representative confirmed that heads for other pre-war models would be produced if there was a minimum initial order for 75 of any one type. Manufacture would take three years and the cost of each cylinder head would be £500. If there are members of the Club in need of new cylinder heads I will gladly take orders and liaise with other Clubs, but it must be pointed out that a substantial deposit will be required at the time of placing the order.

On the subject of tyres two points were made: firstly, that any communications to Dunlops should be addressed to Mr. E. Cutler, Dunlop Limited, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham B24 90T, and secondly, that Dunlop tyres suitable for Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars produced prior to 1940 are only supplied by Vintage Tyre Supplies Ltd., 30 Dalston Gardens, Stanmore, Middlesex.

ANTHONY HEATHCOTE



Elegance at Bath

20-Ghost Cars Lead Early Motoring Parade

In support of a project to provide Bath with a new Y.M.C.A. hostel including a block of ninety study bedrooms, an Appeal Committee under the chairmanship of Sir Edwin Leather organised "Bath Victoriana"—an ambitious and successful three-week fund-raising festival. One of the attractions was to be a Veteran and Thoroughbred Car Exhibition and Rally on April 29th and Sir Edwin kindly invited the 20-Ghost Club to participate. Accommodation was arranged in private houses in and around Bath for members not staying in hotels.

Whanne that Aprile with her showers sweete . . . Chaucer

Participants in the Car Exhibition and Rally were to assemble at 10.15 at the Bath Garages' showrooms formerly the works which produced the Horstmann Cars from about 1913 into the 'twenties. The 20-Ghost Club was given pride-of-place and lined up outside on the forecourt, an honour not without its drawbacks as alternating drizzle and showers began to tan nickel-silver radiators into a flush of freckles. While the Official Programme promised a parade of Silver Ghosts, members attended in a wide variety of sizes and models over a range of dates from 1926 onwards. All the pre-war Phantoms and smaller chassis were represented and post-war models included three Silver Dawns. We were delighted to welcome the President in his Silver Shadow.

Within the Bath Garages we met members of the Sherlock Holmes Society dressed in period costume who were to accompany us on a tour of Bath.

Promptly at eleven we moved off in cavalcade headed by a Police car. Simultaneously the heavens opened.

In stately procession we wound our way amongst the Georgian splendours and narrow streets of Bath with total disregard of traffic lights, every junction being held open for us by a traffic warden temporarily diverted from the relentless pursuit of their prey. Now you may have read prior to April that Bath had a traffic problem that must be solved by tunnelling. Since April, all the talk is of abandoning this scheme. Is this just coincidence or is Bath's traffic congestion in fact negligible compared with the enforced standstill as eighteen motor cars paraded nose-to-tail at not much more than walking pace?

On completion of our intricate circuit of the town, we headed for the American Museum at Claverton, already known to members as the resting place of the magnificent Steuben vase presented to the 20-Ghost Club by David Stockwell during the 1969 tour of the U.S.A. During this stage of the journey, we were followed by the other Vintage and Thoroughbred cars. On arrival at the Museum we were handed most welcome cups of soup amidst magnificent examples of American folk-weave.

The cavalcade then returned to Bath for lunch, parking inside the Bath Garages, the medley of different makes recreating the appearance of a garage in the 1920's if one ignored the diagrams of nether parts of Morris Marinas on the walls, and the modern intensive-care units which today's motors require. Interspersed amongst the Rolls-Royces were fine examples of other makes including a 1926 6-cylinder Crossley and several Austin 7's in fine order, one of which commutes with its owner daily over a journey of 15 miles.

In the afternoon, the public were admitted to enjoy the spectacle, to fortify itself with excellent teas and to parade with gas-filled balloons marked Y.M.C.A., one of which, tethered to the Hellings' Weymann 20, was making valiant efforts to add uplift to the Spirit of Ecstasy. During the afternoon

the cars were judged for various classes in a Concours d'Elegance and the Watson Phantom II and Lockley-Cook Phantom III were worthy winners in their class.

In the evening, members attended a Sherlock Holmes Dinner in the presence of Dame Jean Conan Doyle. The Dinner was one of the highlights of the Victoriana festival and was held in the echoing Georgian splendours of the Ballroom in the Assembly Rooms. As Sir Edwin rose to address the company after dinner, a dastardly outrage was perpetrated. The Ballroom was temporarily plunged into darkness and Adeline (bearing some likeness to Miss Leather) who, we discovered, was seated at a central table with their Majesties the King and Queen of Bohemia, Professor Moriarty and Colonel Moran, announced with an appropriate cry, that her Pearl Necklace was gone. Luckily, the High Table included no less a person than Mr. Sherlock Holmes himself, who, according to Sir Edwin, had spent the last 75 years in the Foreign Office disguised as Lord Gore-Booth. Mr. Holmes, it transpired, had already performed discreet services for the Bohemian Royal Household and was able, with the aid of seventeen clues already observed by him, to deduce to the embarrassment of the Queen of Bohemia, that the pearls were under a magnificent silver dish cover.

On Sunday, the Spring Lunch took place at the Petty France Restaurant near Badminton; some sixty-seven members and their friends attended so that the Restaurant was reserved wholly for the club. Before coffee, the President was welcomed formally by the Chairman and in reply thanked, on behalf of us all, the Restaurant staff for such an excellent and enjoyable lunch and further expressed our appreciation of Mr. David Dale's organisation of the Spring Weekend.

In the evening, members attended "Going for a Song" with Arthur Negus at the Theatre Royal. The participants included Sir Edwin Leather, Lady Barnett and David Jacobs.

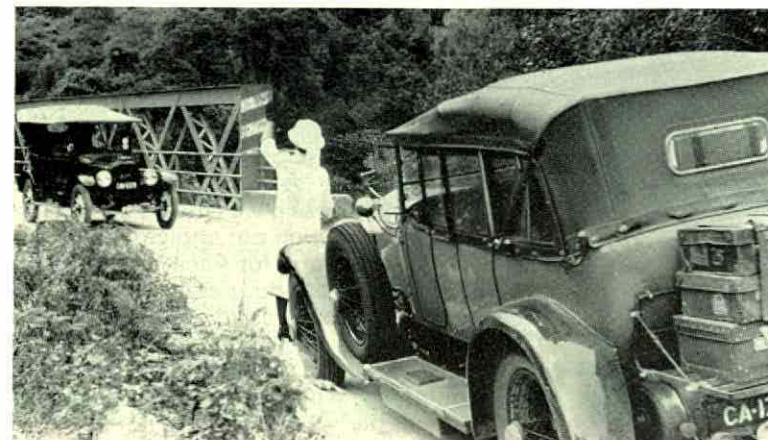
On Monday, some members were able to take advantage of a very kind invitation by the President and Mrs. Harding Rolls to a buffet lunch in their beautiful house, Rockfield House, Monmouth.

JAMES VALENTINE

(Editor's Note: Owing to the continuous heavy rain during the parade through Bath and the Club visit to the American Museum at Claverton Manor it was impossible to take any photographs. However the sun emerged briefly for the Spring Luncheon, and we reproduce below a photograph taken by Fred Watson of Club motor cars outside the Petty France Restaurant.)



Turning Back the Clock



Stopping a passing motorist
on the old Knysna-George road

My pictures were taken during a light-hearted journey from Johannesburg to Cape Town via Durban, which was a nostalgic attempt to recapture some of the spirit of rugged motoring in South Africa when my Silver Ghost was new. A local newspaper organised a competition for original ways of making the 1,500 mile journey and ours was one of the more sober attempts, but one that quite appealed to readers.

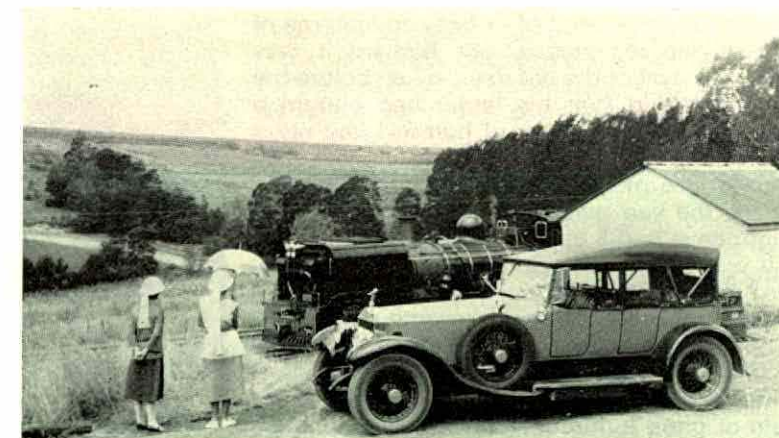
We tried to create an authentic effect, and clothing, luggage, touring equipment and even cameras were carefully chosen. The car carried tyre chains, a tow-rope, a spare tin of "Texaco Motor Spirit" and the canvas water bag once considered indispensable. Where feasible, original routes were followed, which meant some fair stretches of rough and dusty unsurfaced roads. Friends living along the route greeted us with all manner of period transport, including a Tiger Moth, a buggy and pair and several vintage cars and motorcycles. Even the South African Railways joined in the fun, halting a picturesque narrow gauge train at a remote siding to enable two of our party to ride to the next town.

We were invited to spend a night on one of South Africa's most famous farms, unaware that the owners had planned an armed ambush by mounted "bandits". Here we had the last laugh as 45 SG, cruising silently through the thick bush on a sandy track, so surprised the bandits and their horses that they broke up in disorder, one of their number being thrown!

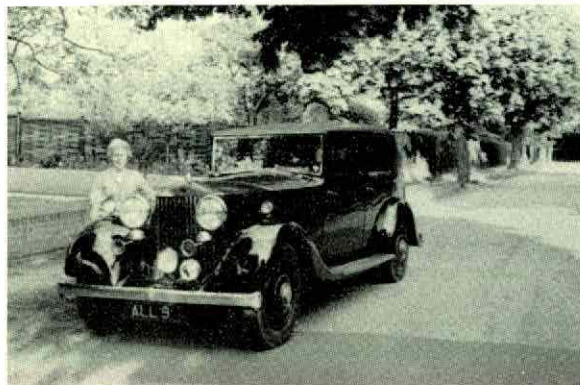
I should not like to subject the car very often to such a strenuous run in only five days, but she managed it easily enough, arriving in Cape Town to the minute at a reception arranged for us. The only trouble was a tendency to overheat, not surprisingly as we had a strong following wind over most of the route.

BOB JOHNSTON

Meeting a narrow gauge train
at a country station in Natal



Rolls on a Shoestring— from the feminine angle



ALL 9, known as Alice, with the writer

We were driving along the Lichfield Road in our Jowett Javelin in 1956 when Alice caught our eyes. She was poised majestically on the foreground of a petrol station, among a row of modern cars. We reversed and went back to have a further look at her. ALL 9 had a Park Ward body, sedan de ville, was a 20/25, 1934 PVT, in chocolate brown and black, she reminded one of a dowager duchess. She had been owned for many years by a local dentist, who had found the increase in traffic made it difficult to leave or enter his drive and, rather than find another house, had decided the car must go. The next day we took her out for a trial run. She appeared to be in good physical condition but needed a new leather hood, new bumper, plus some touching up on the paintwork.

I had never been in a Rolls before and I can still remember the feeling of sheer delight mingled with awe as we toured the countryside—her long bonnet appeared to stretch to eternity and the Spirit of Ecstasy an epitome of this unique experience. For Richard it was more a revival of the old days, when before the Second World War his father had bought a Bentley and, oh, horror of horrors! had put a van body on the chassis, to which they had done some most unethical things. Unfortunately, the van was a victim of the blitz or it might have had a very different history.

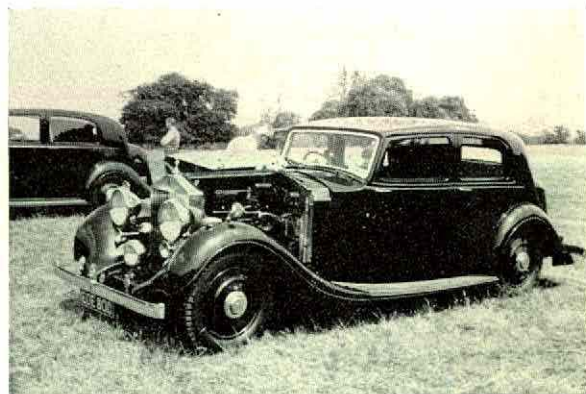
It was not easy to decide to swap Alice for the Javelin. The three months in which Richard took to make up his mind became a period of "courtship". Each weekend we took her home to try her out and to find out what gremlins, if any, she possessed. As it turned out she was a gem of good humour, always dependable and

a real eye-catcher. When at last it was decided to exchange her for the balance of £50, provided various repairs were carried out, I could hardly believe it.

From then on our life revolved round Alice. When we moved house it was the garage which imposed the criterion on our choice but eventually a home was found for Alice with a house attached, which suited our needs.

If anyone is in doubt as to the stamina of a 20/25 the records Alice put up would dispel any doubts. A day's trip to Folkestone from Sutton Coldfield, when there were no motorways, was easily executed, and in the four years we had her she toured the country and never let us down. Only once did we let her down and that was during one of those periods of deep freeze in the winter, when left outside Richard's Works all day the radiator water froze and on the way back she boiled, and had to suffer the indignities of being towed home. Remarkably she suffered no ill effects from this event. She had made her point and we took care to see she was cossetted sufficiently thereafter.

We were very happy with Alice and had no desire to lose her, but in 1960 Penelope came into our lives—EOE 800, Thrupp and Maberly, 25/30, 1938 PVT, sports saloon—unknown to us, she lived close by, had been treasured by her one owner until his death a year before and chauffeur maintained. Ted at the paper shop told Richard about her and it so happened that the chauffeur went into the shop at the same time and introductions were made. Richard promised to go round to have a look at her but showed little enthusiasm. He mentioned in the morning that he was going to see a car and,



EOE 800, or Penelope with the owner doing a final dusting



Some of the 700 cars at Blenheim. EOE 800 is on the right behind spectators

remembering the long period prior to decision-making over Alice, I imagined we should go through a similar episode if the 25/30 attracted him. I was in for a surprise. Richard returned at lunchtime to inform me that he had bought her! It transpired that on seeing Penelope, or EOE 800 if you prefer it, he was convinced a high price would be demanded—well, high in 1960—and financially a replacement to Alice was limited to a certain sum. He took a deep breath and offered £350. The chauffeur phoned the late owner's daughter, persuaded her that price was of no consequence since the right kind of future owner had been found. Without meeting Richard the sale was made. Penelope was ours.

The condition was excellent. She had lived all her life in a heated garage, with only the occasional long distance trip to Torquay, so the mileage was very low. During the war she had been laid up by Mr. Fisher of Rolls-Royce. Jet black with grey lizard upholstery, she was in perfect trim. Her original tools were complete in the boot lid and inside the boot itself were two hide suitcases. The latter posed problems as mildew had attacked the leather but saddle soap soon cleared this up. Penelope took over the garage and Alice, dear Alice, was relegated to a cover in the drive. The potentialities of owning a stable of Rolls never occurred to us, and even if it had, we would have been hard-pressed to keep two. Alas, Alice had to be sold but we made every effort to find her a good home. A family outside Bournemouth promised devoted allegiance to her and since they seemed to be sincere we made a deal. Little did we realise that a year or so later Alice would end up in a dejected state on a cinema car park near Norwich. We felt traitors when we sold her, but we felt far worse when we heard from a nephew, who knew the car well. Since then, however, we have heard that she has been rescued, restored and continues to attract attention. (If anyone has seen her or knows where she is we should be grateful to hear—it would be nice to see her again.)

Being continually described as "mad", I took little notice of Richard's remarks when I sug-

gested that we put Penelope in for the first Rolls-Royce Concours d'Elégance held at Blenheim in June, 1962. This was a Rolls-Royce and Bentley Meeting, organised by the four British Rolls-Royce Clubs and the Bentley Drivers Club. The car was in use every day and this left little time for work, especially as Richard worked on Saturday morning. During the week she stood outside the Works collecting all the grime and air pollution produced by Birmingham's industries. When I look back now I realise what a formidable task I had set.

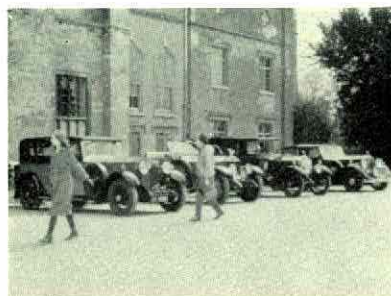
Once the entry had been sent in we began to work on her, removing layers of grease and grime from engine and chassis, polishing leather, woodwork, tools, suitcases—in fact, every nook and cranny. The garage was small and dark; we had no pit; all the work had to be done outside and to get underneath she had to be jacked up on two jacks, just in case one failed. All the wheels came off in turn, were polished and replaced. We did well if we succeeded in doing one a night. The body paintwork was polished by two layers of Simoniz and one of Turtle Wax. The result was astounding. A work-a-day car began to gleam. Her engine glinted in the critical rays of sunlight, her body shone and there was an overall appearance of general care and attention. Nightly we suffered aching backs, bruised fingers and a state of complete exhaustion. For a month our sole object in life was to get Penelope as clean and sparkling as we could. Daily use meant added work, especially if the weather was wet. Fortunately, May that year was generally fine and we were able to make slow progress. All the same there seemed so much to do. It was doubtful if we would ever succeed before Sunday, June 3rd. Two days before Richard was still wriggling under the chassis cleaning the sump, the exhaust and the aluminium pans. The more we did the more we realised how much more needed to be done. It seemed an impossible task.

After Richard brought her back on Saturday lunchtime we worked incessantly with numerous brews of tea to keep us going until twilight

continued on page 17

Concours d'Etat

Coughton Court: May 14th, 1972



SCENES AT THE CONCOURS
(Nicholas Taylor)

I accepted gladly the offer of Midland Rolls-Royce Club President Phil Taylor to accompany his party to the 20-Ghost Club meeting at Coughton Court. Having dabbled on the fringe of the business for many years it would be enlightening to see how it really should be done.

I should have known there was a snag. Firstly it was the Concours d'Etat, and secondly I was asked to write these notes, which are offered with some trepidation for the entertainment of those who have forgotten more about Rolls-Royces than I will ever know.

We arrived at Coughton Court (Coat'n, to those unfamiliar with the Midlands) in Andrew Taylor's recently re-fettled Rippon 20/25 to find that his elder brother Nicholas had already parked his Cloud on the gravel sweep below the mullioned windows of the gatehouse in which some of the plotters awaited news of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605.

The weather was cold and windy but dry, and the rain which had never let up for over a week held off as it nearly always does for Rolls-Royce events in the Midlands, in contrast to last year's event at Broughton Castle!

While Nicholas was gulping down an illicit cup of coffee brought by the kindly custodian, Miss Mary Thompson, a gentle purring away up the drive heralded the arrival of judges Hugh Keller and Ron Haynes in a discreet 20. It looked in first rate condition to me, but Mr. Keller was determined to hide it in the courtyard set aside for non-competing cars—"not clean enough," I think he said!

Soon Col. Lovegrove arrived followed by other contestants, and gradually the familiar scene of old cars surrounded by keen and dedicated people, all young whatever their years, was re-enacted with line-shooting and arm waving as phenomenal avoidances or incredulous reaction of non-Royce owners were described. Feather dusters were produced and flicked over sparkling coachwork to restore its immaculacy, white cloths polished crankchambers, brushes buffed up wheels and tyres and finger prints were removed from nickel plate.

The larger cars seemed to arrive after the 20's and 20/25's (is there any significance in this?) and Mr. Duce and Mr. Valentine had to tuck their Phantoms at an angle to the rest of the line up, but I'm sure no-one minded in view of the healthy turnout.

Lunchtime brought out the picnic equipment, and despite the wind, we all consumed our victuals al fresco. Those provided for your correspondent, who has a very low personal fuel consumption, were in such generous quantity that some was still being eaten a week later. A large and villainous fly committed suicide in the wine, although the flavour seemed unaffected.

It had seemed to the organisers that a leavening of unknown and less experienced judges might be introduced, both to give the others a rest and to ensure that if, as seemed likely, previous winners might repeat their success, no suggestion of partiality could arise. While these gentlemen were pursuing their labours, those of us not directly involved toured Coughton Court.

The Throckmorton family has lived in the Midlands since a lifespan after the Norman Conquest, but Coughton Court did not come into their possession till 1409, and these famous adherents of the Roman Catholic faith have maintained their connections with the house till the present day, although changing times have caused the dispersion of the great estates and the house itself has passed to the National Trust.

The judges were still being industrious when we returned, suffering a little by now from the cold, so much so that one enterprising member took pity on a judge and offered a generous measure of a warming fluid which was gratefully accepted . . . after all, the donor's car had already been marked.

Space does not allow comments on all the competing cars, but the following is condensed from notes made at the time.

Mr. Duce's Phantom II with its quiet idling is reminiscent of a Bentley 3½. Coachbuilders attention to detail is shown in such details as the neat flaps covering keyholes in all four doors of Mr. Jones' 20/25, the triangular rear vanity mirror/light/switch arrangement in Mr. Yates' Wraith, and winders for rear ¼ lights. R. W. Colton's Silver Wraith has elegant lines giving it the appearance of being smaller than it is.

My wife was much taken with Hugh Denton's Twenty Barker Landulette, which is a credit to its restorers, as its success in this and other concours testify.

Those owners who use their cars regularly have an almost impossible task keeping them clean, and one must forgive non-original items like modern spotlights or heated windscreens, but surely Ghosts should have spring gaiters and boots, and Barker dipping lights worked better when lubricated.

S. R. Southall's Ghost gives its owners much pleasure to drive, which is probably why Dr. Graham kept it till he died. Mr. Freeman's 20/25 has the most enormous interior mirror I have ever seen, and John Eastwood has made his 20/25 look lower by removing the Ace discs.

After tea in the old gunroom, a blast on John Eastwood's Klaxon summoned contestants to hear the results announced by Phil Taylor. The full table is shown below, and it is worth recording that despite the trepidation of judges new to the task, the winners were selected without difficulty.

R. N. D. FREDRICK

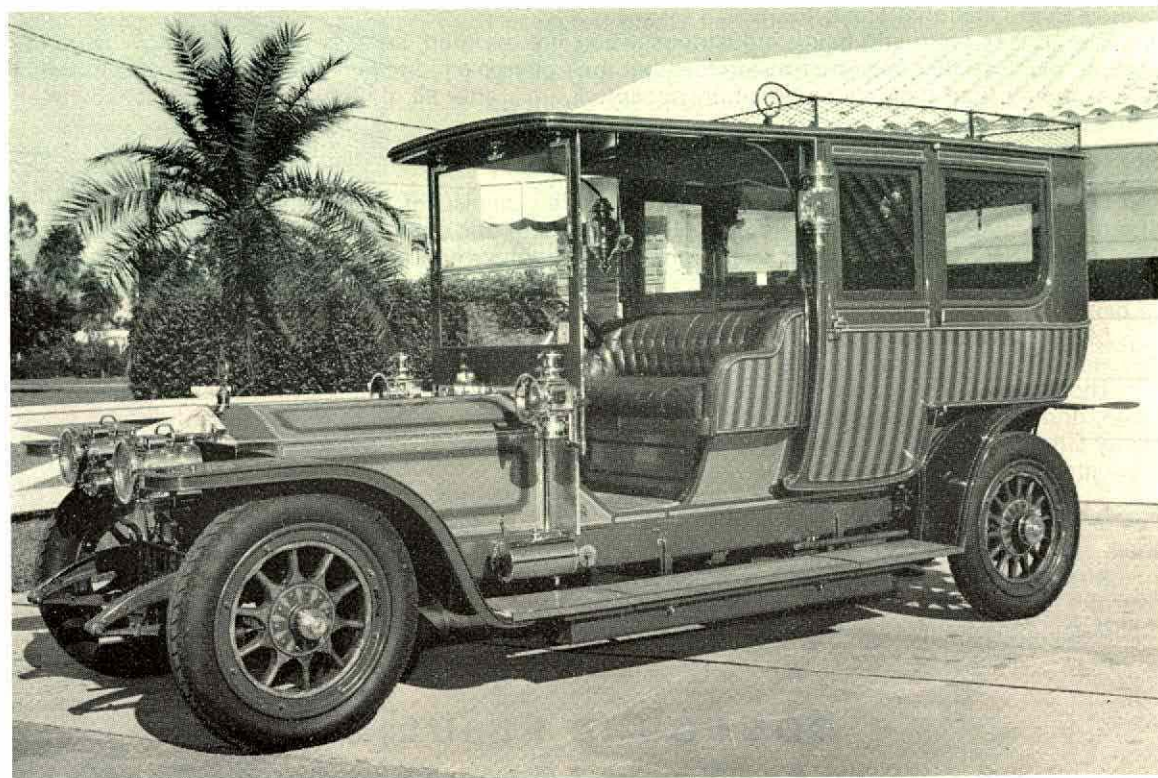
CONCOURS RESULTS

	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	100	100	98	91½	149	778½
R. W. Colton	SW	100	100	81	78	148	754
C. J. Curtis	SC1	100	93	73	81	140	732
S. G. and 20							
D. F. Wills	20	100	100	88	90	146	767
H. M. Denton	SG	90	100	85	59	138	711
S. R. Southall	SG	85	98	78	70	140	704
F. Helling	20	70	98	73	72	140	695
PI, PII, PIII, Wraith, 20/25, 25/30							
T. H. Eastwood	20/25	90	96	82	78	147	736
A. Heathcote	25/30	85	83	74	71	145	698
A. Taylor	20/25	83	94	83	81	110	676
C. G. Duce	PII	65	68	78	71	135	657
J. I. Yates	W	70	89	69	41	145	656
H. R. Jones	20/25	75	95	52	63	148	646
J. K. Freeman	20/25	55	88	65	65	135	638
F. A. Valentine	PI	70	81	66	63	135	605
Silver Wraith, Silver Dawn, SC1							
J. D. Townsley	SW	90	88	77	39	130	658
N. Taylor	SC1	85	84	73	78	100	620



1910 S.G. 1365

Present Owner:



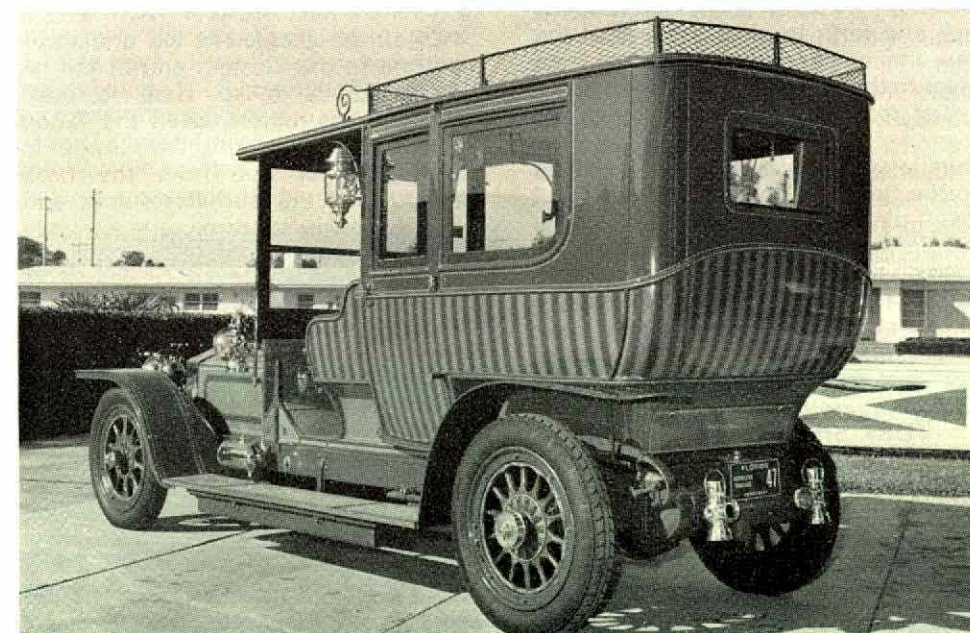
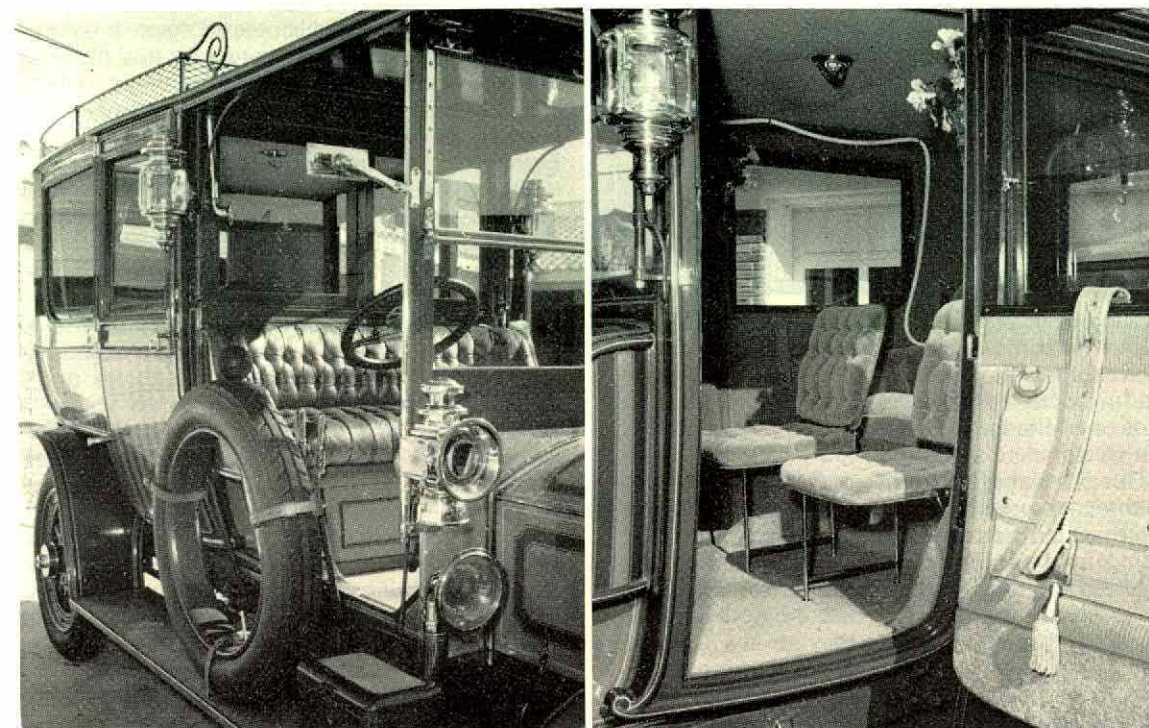
I am enclosing several photographs of my 1910 Rolls-Royce Limousine. It is chassis No. 1356 and came to this country in 1958. The car had very little mileage on it, and is a Barker Pullman Limousine. I believe it was originally made for Royalty. After I became the owner of the car it was restored with a great deal of accuracy.

When I received the car it was in a completely original condition in that not only were all the tools still intact, but even the dipstick to measure the height of the gasoline in the gas tank. This stick has litres on one side and gallons on the other. The car still had the dust covers which fit over the valves on the Warland wooden wheels. There had been virtually no alteration to the chassis and very little to the body. It took some time to restore the car, however, as every piece was completely dismantled, cleaned and put back just as it was. It left the factory with brass fittings.

An original accessory was still in the rear compartment of the body. This is a brass plate with several mother-of-pearl buttons which, when depressed by the passenger, cause a light to appear on the dash indicating "turn right, turn left, slow, slower, faster, stop, home, phone," etc.

Barker Pullman Limousine

Millard W. Newman, Tampa, Florida, U.S.A.



From the "Med", the "Dead" and



St. Hilarion Castle

When the time came to leave Israel, GAR 21 heaved herself aboard the Ferry Lindos in Haifa Docks and we set sail; soon after, the outline of the lovely island of Cyprus rose from the sun-soaked sea.

Our first landfall was Limassol where some of the cars were to be unloaded; unfortunately there are no harbour facilities so that the ship riding in the middle of the bay was going to off-load the cars on to a floating pontoon. For an everyday experience that puts "Hammer Films" in the shade there can be few equals. Imagine a gently yawing ferry releasing a car from its side door, down two U-shaped girders resting on a pitching pontoon to a chorus of "Ees easy" from wildly gesticulating Cypriot lightermen. Add to this the fact that there is absolutely no safety margin as each car shunts back and forth to clear the end of the ramp (a few inches overrun would send both car and driver to the bottom) and you witness a spectacle that makes every driver clench his teeth.

Two hours later, GAR 21 took her dignified turn down the ramps to the solid quayside at Famagusta. A pleasant, unhurried drive across the Mesaoria—the plains of Cyprus—to Nicosia, then on through a Turkish army check-point to Kyrenia; our base for the next three weeks. Unlike our journey through the Holy Land, we made no special plans for this part of our holiday—just to go and see as the mood took us.

TURKISH DELIGHT

In contrast to the "square boxes" favoured by most Europeans living in Cyprus, the quiet charm of the Turkish-style house of our son and his wife was a truly delightful experience. Kyrenia is a quaint, relaxed town where the local Greeks and Turks have settled their differences and live amicably with each other. Its

"county" atmosphere and predominantly retired middle class inhabitants make it a "Cheltenham in the Med".

A sidelight on the national character of the Cypriot people we discovered soon after our arrival on the island; we never, in any place or at any time, no matter what was inside, had to lock GAR 21, and the mascot emblazoned the bonnet throughout our stay. Also, most of the Europeans left their houses unlocked day and night; against this must be set off their Bazaar mentality when selling anything; bargaining should be energetic and remorseless!

Since GAR 21 was the only Rolls on the island it was again an object of interest for the locals. Outside the formidable and impressive St. Hilarion Castle, a fortress set into the crags and crevices of a mountain outcrop overlooking Kyrenia, the Turkish Army have a strong point, and the formality and discipline are more easily associated with Aldershot than the top of a Cyprus mountain, but even these extremely smart soldiers with their white helmets, could not resist a sidelong glance at GAR 21. There are, in fact, three castles that straddle the Kyrenia range, the other two being Buffavento (buffeted by the wind) and Kantara. These three have a strong place in Cypriot legend for it is from these that the mythical hero Digenis defended the island for a thousand years by hurling huge boulders at invaders. His was the name adopted by General Grivas during the Eoka campaign.

"MR. HEATH" ARRIVES

Of all the excursions we undertook, it was the one to the western end of the island that impressed us most. Here is the massive mountainous region called the Troodos. It is wild country covered with huge forests of every sort of tree from the broad-leaved deciduous in the foothills to pines, spruces and



Barn built over a church to avoid offending the Turks

the "Red" - GAR 21 returns

firs higher up, while the higher peaks ranging up to Mount Olympos are snow-covered for a good part of the year. It was in this isolated and desolate countryside that General Grivas evaded the attempts of the British and the Turks to find him. In recent years the forest has been very carefully husbanded by an energetic, British-founded Forestry Commission. They have also undertaken the work of protecting and rearing Cyprus's only remaining wild animal, the moufflon. It is a curious thin-legged sheep with amazing agility, which can leap from one tiny ledge to another on what to untrained eyes seem to be impassable crags.

The forest station at Stavros tis Psokas has a charming English-style chalet rest house for visitors; in order to be sure that the chalet was open, we attempted to telephone the house. Via four exchanges that gradually reduced words to a muffled hiss, we found out that they were indeed open. The name? Whichever way we said it, we could not get it across with any degree of clarity, so eventually we settled for HEATH as in Prime Minister.

We set out and headed into the hills. As the ground rose the scenery became more beautiful and changed dramatically each time we turned one of the hundreds of hairpin bends and at 5,400 feet we reached the chalet. In the dry, bracing air the staff were turned out as if on parade. If they were disappointed that it was not a Prime Minister they were certainly too charming and hospitable to show it. After a wonderful overnight stay (for less than 75p) and having seen the moufflons, we turned GAR 21's nose back to the "road" which previously had only ever been attempted by Land-Rover. Our descent to the western coast was as dramatic and spell-binding as our ascent. About halfway down the temperature and scenery change quite remarkably and become



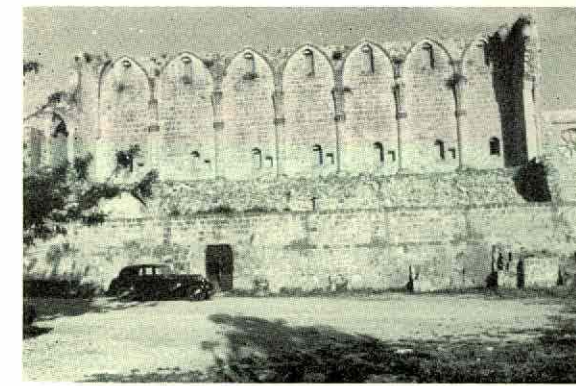
Mt. Olympos, 8,000 ft. The Observatory.

like a beautiful, warm, June day in Kent—this was, in fact, early April. Lush juicy cherries, apples, plums and all manner of fruit are spread out by the roadside for travellers to buy for a few pence per kilo, and the orchards are alive with pickers gathering the crops. Our destination this time was Paphos where legend has it that Aphrodite rose from the foaming sea. It is still hardly developed and has a wild unspoilt beauty, an ideal spot for the Goddess of Love to step ashore.

LIVING HISTORY

Our travels around the island spanned its length and breadth. Much of Cyprus is a blur between legend and fact. Everyone that comes and stays is absorbed into the backcloth of one of the most fascinating tapestries of life anywhere in the world. Each visit to a monument, monastery, or main street brings history almost within touching distance and in a curious way it is as if the people are living the events of long ago as well as the present. Most of the present troubles stem from the rise of the Ottoman Empire in the middle of the sixteenth century. At that time the island was under the control of Venice—then the richest and most powerful maritime nation in the world—and two incidents which illustrate the intensity of feeling can show also how history stares out from almost every brick. The siege of Nicosia was too protracted for the Turkish commander's liking; when the City did fall, 20,000 were slain on the spot and hundreds of thousands of others carried off into slavery.

The other story is of Marcantonio Bragadino. He organised the defence of Famagusta and held off a powerful siege army for many weeks. Finally, with no food or water left, he agreed to surrender on the promise of a safe conduct to Crete with his followers. Instead, he was suspended in an iron cage for two weeks without



Bellapais Abbey

food or water and finally flayed alive. The skin was then stuffed with straw and exhibited in every part of the Empire. In addition to the marks of the siege that can still be seen, the name, Marcantonio Bragadino, is used as a standard of courage.

Of course, our own Norman King, Richard Coeur de Lion, has left his mark as well. It was in Limassol that he married Berengaria and amid great pomp and ceremony had her crowned Queen of England on the same day.

MOTORING PARADISE

Despite the fact that to gain popularity, the Turks favoured the "Eastern Christian Rite" against the "Latin Rite" which the Venetians had backed, their coming to the island did not prevent the decay of some of the most beautiful buildings in the Mediterranean. Bellapais Abbey (the name comes from the corruption of L'Abbaye de la Paix) is one of the very few examples of Gothic architecture built on the island. Once a seat of great influence in the affairs of the island, it gradually fell from favour and when the Turks arrived the villagers were allowed to worship in the church, but the fabric of the mighty Abbey itself continued to rot. Everyone visiting Cyprus should read Lawrence Durrell's "Bitter Lemons", as it was here that he lived and grew to love the island and its inhabitants. The village nestling in the shadow of the Abbey is truly charming and, as is the custom, the local men sip endless cups of black coffee under the "Tree of Idleness" and

talk and argue and play a kind of baccarat with great vigour.

When the U.N. Peace Keeping Force took up its mission in Cyprus, it brought an unexpected economic benefit, and the officers from Sweden, Finland, Austria, Canada and Ireland and a host of other nations are the envy of the local sheltered girls, who do not go out unescorted; and a magnet in spring and summer for European girls who in the two or three weeks of their holiday, are swept into a whirl of parties and gaiety. English Roses are particular favourites, but it is a long way from England. Should the U.N. forces pull out at the end of the present contract, then it will hit the Cyprus economy quite hard—it would not be surprising to see a minor flare-up to ensure their continued presence!

Cyprus is ideal country for unhurried touring and we intend to visit it again this year.

One final event of considerable excitement occurred on the way home, when GAR 21 joined the Dymock-Maunsell Pass-Baiting Rally in the Alps. This meant covering the 15 major passes—Grand St. Bernard, Simplon, etc.—in seven days. GAR 21 again showed her versatility and stamina, the hallmarks of her breed, mastering these formidable obstacles with ease, speed and absolute reliability—much to the admiration of the local people.

Pictures and story by ANTHONY HEATHCOTE



MIDLAND EVENT: AUGUST

It was hoped that we should be able to go for the Midland two-day event to the Wheatcroft Museum at Donington, at the old Donington Park racing circuit.

Unfortunately, although work was due to be completed by now, there have been delays with the contractors doing work at the circuit and the museum is not ready; we shall therefore not be able to go in August, and the August event will be on Sunday, August 13th at the Skew Bridge Ski Club, which will be a Rally and concours with judging by members.

Tom Wheatcroft has a collection of forty racing cars from the 'thirties to the present day, and he is building a museum at the old pre-war Donington Park circuit to house them. He is also restoring and clearing the circuit itself with a view to its eventual use as a racing circuit. Much work has already been done but owing to delays it will not be ready on the planned date. We are, however, keeping in touch with Mr. Wheatcroft and as soon as possible, which will now be for 1973 season, we will arrange a visit which we are sure will be a most interesting and rewarding one.

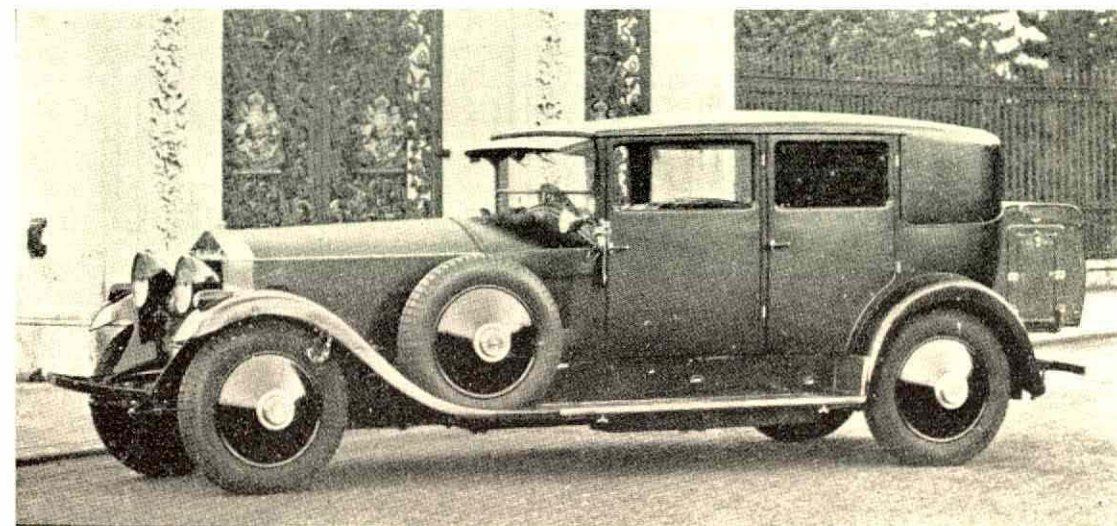
SLIMBRIDGE WILDFOWL TRUST: Members intending to visit Cheltenham College on Sunday, September 24th may like to take the opportunity of going to Slimbridge the day before. Hotels in the area will be suggested in the circular.

RICHARD COLTON

PICTURES FROM THE PAST

These two historical pictures, kindly supplied by Harry Fergusson-Wood, show, on top, a Gurney Nutting Weyman Saloon supplied to the late Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales. Gurney Nutting held a Royal Warrant to the Prince of Wales for building bodies. The lower picture shows Park Ward bodies leaving the factory on one horse loaders.

We publish both pictures with their original captions.



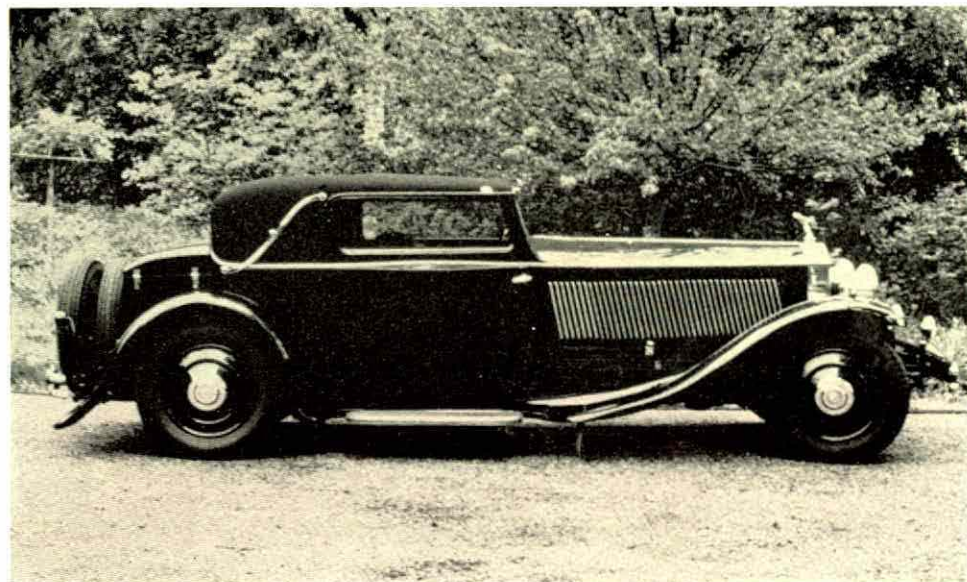
A Royal Car : The four-door light Weyman saloon fitted to a Rolls-Royce 40 50-h.p. New Phantom chassis, built to the order of the Prince of Wales, by J. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd. In conformity with the Prince's predilection for a high waist-line the windows are narrowed. The travelling trunk has extended sides to carry golf clubs. The car is fitted with Triplex glass throughout. This firm of coachbuilders has now supplied the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince George with Weyman saloon bodies



Special Park, Ward bodies on the first stage of their journey to America.

Members' Cars Described

(No. 11 New Series)



<i>Model:</i>	Phantom II Continental
<i>Chassis No.:</i>	72JS
<i>First Reg.:</i>	1932
<i>Coachwork:</i>	Thrupp & Maberley
<i>Present Owners:</i>	Doreen and Richard Lowe

Owner's Remarks:

The story of the acquisition of this car in November 1950 is a trifle unusual in that it was ultimately luck.

My wife and I had just spent three years in Venezuela with Shell and had taken out there a 1930 Monaco Riley 9, climbed the Andes in it to 14,500 feet and brought it back to U.K. for three months' leave. Being a keen motorist and not a lover of Detroit products, a more powerful car was felt to be in order. Steps had been taken to sound the market for a Phantom II some time before our return to U.K. and the owner of an open tourer was corresponded with but could not wait until our arrival. A Phantom III was considered too complicated particularly as all maintenance work had to be done by me and at the time my knowledge of Rolls-Royce products was somewhat sketchy.

After trying out a variety of pre-war Rolls-Royce models in stock in Yorkshire there was no doubt in my mind that the Phantom II was the answer but I wanted a small body, either tourer or drop-head. Two months were spent searching in vain when by luck a possible car was advertised in a local Malvern paper by a garage in Cheltenham. I was in that city an hour later and quickly realised it was the nearest to my specifications and so bought it. I learnt that the first owner had been Prince Aly Khan who had had it for two years and then it was owned by a Mr. Weston of Hereford Cider fame. He had sold it in 1950 after 16 years' ownership and I learnt its history from his chauffeur. I had minor items of work done to the car and it was then shipped to Venezuela. It suffered damage to a rear mudguard and some peculiar paint trouble all of which I have only recently overcome. The car was almost unique in that country as most people there had never seen a Rolls-Royce before. It created quite a sensation and a crowd would gather whenever it stopped.

We returned from Venezuela in 1954 and the car was laid up one year later while our search for a place to live took priority. We finally decided to build a house and garage with facilities adequate to accommodate and maintain the motor car in a style to which it was obviously accustomed.

In a somewhat leisurely manner work on the car started in 1961. The clutch was relined, the exhaust system repaired, etc., but the car was only put on the road in 1964 in time for the first "Goodwood". Subsequently, after seeing many other Rolls-Royces at various functions I was soon convinced that much more serious attention must be paid to the body. However, before time could be devoted to this work much more was done to the chassis including new rings, big and little ends, magneto overhaul and so on.

Late in 1969, body stripping began with removal of wings, bonnet, doors, boot, etc., and all items were repaired before stripping and applying a special painting system that comprised some 15 to 20 coats of various materials.

During this period the opportunity was taken to remove and overhaul rear springs which are otherwise inaccessible and the petrol tank. The car was back on the road in one piece by June 1970.

However, the other unrepaired items of the body now became more obvious. The roof of the car is fabric covered and is a dummy drop-head having a hidden sliding section. I had covered it in as the drainage system was quite incapable of coping with tropical rain.

After due consideration it was decided that the complete overhaul and recovering of the roof was beyond the skill of the ordinary engineer as an amateur finish had to be avoided. Arrangements therefore have now been made with a well-known and experienced organisation to overhaul and recover the outside and relined the inside this year. This will, we hope, make the car thoroughly presentable. At the same time it would have been possible to have had the car completely retrimmed but unfortunately, although this is desirable, funds are not available at this time.

Numerous mechanical tasks remain to be done, the chief being overhaul of cam shaft and followers and replacement of corroded exhaust-heated inlet hot spot pipe. Neither of these items are absolutely vital at present and it is not proposed to carry out this work until a 4½ litre Bentley at present under restoration is on the road. This may take a considerable time due to the many other demands on one's time.

Over the years I have built up a fair knowledge of Phantom II's and if I can ever be of help to any other owner in the Club I shall be only too pleased. One item of maintenance may be of interest. For the last 20 years I have maintained the water system treated with a chromate inhibitor and as far as I can tell no internal corrosion has occurred. The water pump being built as a galvanic cell is particularly susceptible to attack on the outlet pipe and this one is still in good condition.

Quite apart from the fun and interest in running an old Rolls-Royce one should add that it is a splendid means of getting to know so many very pleasant people of similar interests and this alone makes it a very worthwhile pursuit.

continued from page 7

fell. There would be no time left for more than a quick tidy up when we reached Blenheim. We only hoped we would not disgrace the name of Rolls-Royce. We felt we had been more than presumptuous in entering a work-a-day car. We knew the high standards set by Bentleys but had no idea what was really required of a Rolls, an entirely different proposition from a "Concours" point of view.

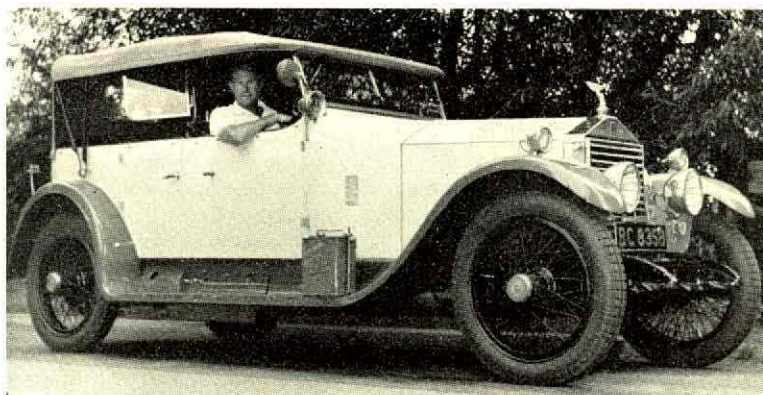
June 3rd was a glorious summer morning and the sun rose high. We were up early and on our way to Blenheim before most people had opened their eyes. We only passed two vehicles on the road and our run in the early morning

crispness, beneath a brilliant sun, was one I shall never forget. It was like driving in the 1920s, only the roads were better. We reached Blenheim before nine o'clock and joined the band of enthusiastic owners, polishing and dusting their well-loved cars. Our number was 169. Richard was far more interested in the other cars but I fussed about, like a broody hen, determined no crumb of dust or dirt should spoil Penelope's début at Blenheim. Eventually I gave up, laid out the rugs and opened up the picnic basket. Richard joined me for some coffee and together we awaited the arrival of the judges.

IRIS TERRY

(To be continued)

Taking French Leave



John Holyoak in his 1923 "20" torpedo tourer by Hamshaw 83-K-1

We decided to join the rally to the Haute Savoie last summer, organised by the Veteran Overseas Touring Club, when we heard that there was room for a few more participants. The group was composed of a variety of cars including commercial vehicles and a splendid fire engine.

On our way to Dover, we stopped to see the Romney Hythe and Dymchurch Railway, where there was a mutual admiration society, as we were travelling in our newly restored open 20 tourer, painted in jersey cream with coffee mudguards and chestnut brown interior. When the station staff, including the engine driver, at last returned to duty, we found ourselves surrounded by a coach-load of Japanese tourists, all trying to photograph honourable car!

The route to Annecy was by way of Calais, Paris, Beaune and Rochtaillee where there is a motor museum. We, alas, did not see the museum as we had an electrical fault and this was our last opportunity to repair it before driving through a tunnel under the mountains. We found that a wire to the manually operated radiator louvres, when slackened, touched a lighting wire, causing a short. With a lemonade straw, some selotape, two hours in very hot sunshine and lots of ice-cream passed to the head of the family as well as the necessary tools, we put our troubles to rights. The only other mechanical trouble, if you can call it that, was a puncture a few miles from our destination. Later, this proved to be rather a challenge to repair, as we had to make up a new rim band from heavy duty polythene which has served its purpose very well.

We all enjoyed the splendid countryside of the Haute Savoie and we found a truly French Inn at Faverges run by the Chapron family; we enjoyed their company immensely and hope to return there one day.

We did not participate in the day trip to Chamonix nor on the two-day trip to Turin, as the car's engine was still on the stiff side and we were in danger of a good boil if faced with too severe a climb.

We left the rally a few days early as we felt that we needed more time to get back to the Channel ferry than had been planned; also we had hoped to go via the Loire Valley to see some of the places which had been visited on a previous rally on which unfortunately I had been unable to go. However, the roads proved to be so bumpy that our luggage rack and trunk were suffering, so we made our way back via the more direct route through the ancient city of Bourges to Chartres, Clères and Dieppe. At Chartres, the staff of the Antar filling station were very pleased to see us and remembered very well a party of Rolls-Royces on their way to Vichy the previous year.

We visited the museum at Clères and leaving our car in the private yard, made our way into Jackie Pichon's restaurant; out of the corner of my eye I could see the staff putting a washleather over the car! We could have stayed with these kindly people much longer and were reluctant to leave; M. Pichon pressed upon us wine from his own cellar, and amidst much waving we took our leave for Dieppe.

We had left Bourges at 9.30 that morning and we reached Dieppe about 8 p.m., to be told that we would be unable to get on the 9 p.m. ferry; however, they found they had space for four more cars, of which we were the third, and we docked at Newhaven at 1 a.m. We decided to keep moving, so after filling up with petrol, we drove to Brighton and thence to London by roads we knew—through London and on to the M.1, where we parked at the first service area and snoozed until 6 a.m. We were in Market Harborough by 8.30 a.m. and there we enjoyed the most splendid English breakfast! We arrived home just twenty-four hours after leaving Bourges and literally tumbled into bed.

JUNE HOLYOAK

Visit to the Lord Mayor Treloar College

Sunday, June 11th, 1972

Thumbing through my dusty archives, I find that our first "Charity Event" ever was to Froyle on September 2nd, 1961. It was then hoped that the event would become an annual item on our programme, as indeed I am glad to say it has—to Ponds, to Stoke Mandeville, meets with the Disabled Drivers' Club and so on. The event is always designed to give the occupants the fun of inspecting our lovely motor cars, and perhaps to have a drive in one or two of them, and it has always proved a success, although never once, I think, in our biennial driving competition against the Disabled Drivers' Club!

This year the rendezvous was Odiham, that lovely old town on the road from Farnham to Basingstoke. I suppose largely 18th century, it is remarkable for its broad main street, once a sheep market, and the fact that there is scarcely a house in it, in spite of some mildly disfiguring shop fronts, which isn't an architectural gem. We were to foregather either in the car park of the George Hotel (a scheduled building first licensed in 1540) or in the broad main street itself. Sadly, perhaps because the date clashed with Blenheim, only 13 cars turned up, although they were reasonably representative. In 1961 there were 30.

We joined our cars at 2.15 p.m. and set off in convoy for Froyle, six miles away. The direct route turned out to be by narrow tortuous lanes among which inevitably we got lost, eventually emerging on to the Alton-Farnham road.

Just past the "Hen & Chickens", where we met in 1961, we turned left to the Boys College. Since 1961 a Girls School has been added to the Foundation, and in all it has become quite an extensive place. There are, as in 1961, 130 boys at the College and about 80 in the Girls School.

Many were around to welcome our arrival, and we eventually parked on the playing fields, approached by slightly tortuous (for our cars) macadam roads, which, however, gave us a good view of the numerous attractive buildings and lovely, beautifully-kept gardens grouped round the centre-piece, Froyle Manor and its immediately adjacent Church. I will not reiterate all the objects of the Foundation, but briefly the College was established in 1908 by the then Lord Mayor of London to train disabled boys for a craft at which they could earn their own living as useful citizens. The boys suffered from various ailments, largely hæmophilic and rheumatic. Nowadays it trains them also for "O" and "A" levels, and with no small success. They are also helped to be, as far as possible, self-supporting in domestic matters. A few years ago a Girls School was added for the same purposes. The whole place is lavishly equipped with classrooms in all sorts of subjects, a heated indoor swimming bath, gymnasiums and so on. (Who could better make a surgical boot than one who is condemned to wear one all his life?) I am not sure that it is *entirely* dependent upon individual benefactors, but it is certainly very largely so.

As usual, six cars were segregated for judging by both boys and girls, and the remainder were manned by their owners to answer questions. Much fun was had by all in their inspection, and the competition attracted a very good entry. The winners were a formidable pair of boys whose joint entry identified three of the six cars absolutely correctly—a remarkably good effort. Second prize also went to a syndicate, this time of half a dozen of the girls from the Florence Treloar College who had banded together in a determined effort to beat the boys at their own game. It was very pleasant to see their obvious delight in having succeeded in doing so.

Thereafter Phil Taylor started the joy-rides, filling his open 20 with up to a dozen or more ecstatic children, then moving off only to get out and walk beside it before regaining his pew (with some difficulty because of the crowd) and driving out of the field, around half-mile of lane and so back for another load, warning the original occupants to "mind your head as you get out!" Others followed his example, and soon there were four or five cars making regular trips, some of the more disabled sensibly availing themselves of the more sedate carriages.

There followed the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Johnston-Smith, the charming wife of the Headmaster of the College, and the usual speeches of thanks. Mercifully, in spite of heavy rain on Friday and showers on Saturday and Sunday morning, the afternoon had remained fine with sunny spells, and all our motor cars were looking their best.

The event may perhaps be best summed up in a remark to my wife by Phil Taylor, who brought two cars. "It's quite a long way from Birmingham, but every mile was worth it!"

DICK HONNYWILL

FUTURE EVENTS, 1972-3

*Sunday, August 13th	Skew Bridge Water Ski Club
Sunday, September 24th	Visit to Cheltenham College
Saturday, October 21st	Autumn Lunch
Saturday, January 27th, 1973	Dinner Dance: Hyde Park Hotel
May 1973	Nine day tour of Portugal

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.

* See page 14.

The Steuben Vase



This picture of the Steuben glass vase presented to the Club by David Stockwell during the 1969 U.S.A. Tour was taken by Fred Watson in the American Museum at Claverton Manor, which many members visited during the Bath Festival event. It would require special lighting and a professional photographer to do justice to its elegance, but those members who have not seen it personally will gain at least some idea of the appearance of one of the Club's most prized gifts.